



## A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

If the readers of this paper will accept of my solemn avowal of truth, and be contented to receive and believe in the following narrative upon no other evidence than the word of one whose motto is "the truth against the world," they will here find a page of the strongest possible illustration that truth is stranger than fiction. I am not permitted to give the names of the parties concerned in this history, for reasons that will be obvious as I proceed—yet no other link will be wanting to assure some, at least, of my readers that they can endorse the fidelity of my statements; and reluctant as I am to put them forth without this desirable reference, I am at last compelled to do so at the urgent request of one whose proximity to me as a spirit makes him become somewhat importunate.

"Those who can receive it have a right to the benefit of my experience, Emma," remarks my spirit-friend in my ear. "Let who will reject my story. Some can vouch for its truth even here on earth, and to such my experiences will be a cup from the same fountain of strength which for so many years I have quaffed at, and been filled."

It is now nine years since I gave my services to the public of New York as a test medium. Sitting as I did, free of charge, and being a really strong and successful test medium, I was soon both accounts popular, especially on the former.

Among those who availed themselves of my services, was an old man, whose narrow means and extreme poverty were clearly enough labeled on his outward appearance. He was old, blind and very poor. He came to me, led in by a very shabbily-dressed child, who, like the old man, was scarcely redeemed from the appearance of mendicancy by neatness and the cleanly arrangement of threadbare patched garments. These poor visitors came to me but seldom, and spoke little. I fancied that the old man was not a firm believer in the spiritual phenomena, but he was evidently a deeply interested inquirer. He spoke like an educated man, seemed very intelligent, extremely gentlemanlike, and even aristocratic in his bearing, strongly impressing me with the belief that "he had seen better days." I did not at that time know his name, history, or residence, and though he always expressed his thanks for my services in grateful tears, he never proffered any explanation respecting himself.

The first time he came for a sitting he was accompanied by the spirit of a lady, who appeared to manifest herself coming out of a profusion of splendid long dark hair, and afterwards exhibiting to me a large board, on which was rudely painted a *huge blue bear*. Both these presentations were instantly recognized by my visitor, and seemed to command his confidence, so that from this point the communications, though mysterious to me, appeared to flow on with perfect intelligibility and great satisfaction to him. All I knew of them was that the lady's name was Lucy—her relationship to the visitor that of wife—her occupation on earth, sign painting, and her characteristics, extreme tenderness and a highly poetical temperament.

I became much interested in my venerable, though reserved visitor, and often wondered who and what he was. So pale so very sad with a crushing, though mysterious sorrow upon him; and especially why he so very strangely veiled his queries, often bringing them to me written, and carefully folded, and always as carefully destroying them before he departed.

One day, whilst passing along the street, in a bitter snowy sleet, whilst the piercing wind entered my very nerves, like a knife, and the driving rain chilled me to the soul, I was greeted with the sound of a violin, mocking the day, (New Year's)—the scene a chill, desolate storm—and my own gloomy and weather-stricken feelings, by scraping forth a singularly lively air.

"Poor wretch!" I mentally exclaimed. "You must indeed be pining for a New Year's dinner, when you are driven to such straits to obtain it, as to play in this wintry scene."

Crossing the street to put my pittance into the hands of the poor musician who was earning his dole at such a bitter rate, I was astonished and shocked to find myself confronted with my venerable blind investigator. His thin white hair flew out in the biting wind as he doffed his tattered hat in acknowledgment of my gift. His sightless balls rolled beseechingly toward me, as if still pleading for spiritual light where earthly darkness reigned. He was alone; the little child was not there to recognize me. He seemed familiar with the road, and stumbled and groped his way on, as if well accustomed to it. His threadbare garments waved in the wind; his tall, emaciated figure bent in the blast like a winter leaf faded and sere. I spoke not, for my heart was full.

I saw him many times after this, making doleful music in the streets for bread, and received him again, evidently "dressed up," and led by the little boy, all prepared in their very best, to visit me as a medium. One day I spoke, as I deposited my little fee for street music in his withered hand. He started, and with a look almost of horror, cried:

"Good heaven! Do you know me, madam? Are you not Miss Hardinge?"

"I am, sir," said I. "Why do you hesitate to tell me your circumstances? Don't you know enough of medium power to be assured I know this?"

"I cannot say, exactly, madam," replied the musician. "I do not know this wonderful Spiritualism enough yet, to think how much it may, or cannot do. Please, madam, to let me call on you soon."

An appointment was made, and kept; and then, and in succeeding years—not all at once, for my visitor was still very reserved—but in many in-

ter laws, and each succeeding revelation, in various ways, I learnt the following history:

Mr. B. had been, as a young man, an orphan, well brought up, but poor; an English gentleman's son, and obliged, by reverse of fortune, to accept a clerkship to earn a livelihood in London.

Being very lonely and friendless, he sought to indulge a kind, social nature, by forming a home; and for this purpose sought out and married a young lady very similarly situated to himself—poor, struggling and orphaned. His young wife had been striving to accomplish herself in the art of painting, in the hope of thus making a genteel livelihood, in accordance with her birth and feelings, rather than her broken fortunes. A few months after these two poor waifs of fortune had joined partnership in such a humble life transaction, the unfortunate husband, whilst preparing some little chemical experiment with which he was accustomed to recreate his leisure hours, caused an explosion, which resulted in utterly destroying his eyesight. I may not dwell on the extent of the blow which this fearful catastrophe inflicted on the young couple, depriving them at once of the means of support from the husband's exertions, and so unfavorably affecting the nervous system of the wife, that the child unborn, to which she (soon after the accident) gave birth, proved, from the shock, to be, in after years, a helpless, hopeless idiot.

Pitying strangers relieved the suffering pair in their deepest hour of calamity; but the burden of their maintenance, as a family, at last fell on the poor wife.

In her bewilderment and doubt as to what direction she best could labor in, she applied to a very wealthy uncle, whom she believed to be a resident in America. To her great joy, she received a letter from this relation, who was himself a widower and childless; and though he did not propose, as he expressed it, to burden himself with the support of a whole family, he was willing to give them "a start," and so sent them the means to emigrate to America, and a small sum, when landed, to set them up, together with a letter of introduction to a sign painter, where he presumed his niece could obtain all the employment she desired.

The grateful family cheerfully followed out his suggestions, landed in New York, presented the credentials prepared for them, succeeded in obtaining really good employment in sign painting, and then sought out their benefactor. He was old, harsh and repulsive; told his niece he had done enough, and more than he should ever do again. Warned her that he was about to sail immediately for France; hence she could hear of, or see him no more.

For a few years no more was needed. The patient, toiling wife worked on, and by her humble labor, succeeded in earning a plain but sufficient provision for the darkened companion and the hopeless little idiot girl; but the grief, the care, the incessant effort and the unwholesome nature of her labor, were too much for a naturally fragile frame, and after fifteen years of toil, that only just sufficed to feed the helpless creatures dependent on her for bread, she sickened, wasted away, and passed from the little household of which she was the only staff, into the land of light, from whence she became "eyes unto the blind," and "feet unto the lame," in another sense than she had been.

I must here add, that the first sign she had ever painted, was to order—a *blue bear*—and the last meal's meat she ever purchased on earth for her little dependent family, was procured by the sale of her own magnificent head of hair, which she parted with just before her death, being no longer able to provide for her nestlings by her painting. Well might her desolate companion recognize his Lucy, when the shadowy semblance of his lost one first appeared to the medium's eyes coming out of her long, dark locks, and holding up before her puzzled eyes the deeply momentous sign, to the conscious inquirer, of a *blue bear*.

Let my readers imagine, if possible, the situation of a man stricken in years, bowed down by sorrow, overwhelmed with grief, but, above all, penitence, houseless, blind, and with an idiot daughter to provide for; the staff on which he had leaned, broken; the last and only light by which he had walked, and his miserable offspring had lived, gone out forever!

A poor laundress, herself a widow and a child of toil and misfortune, had helped the afflicted family for years, working for them at the smallest possible rate of compensation, bestowing every spare hour she could give to the care of the unfortunate idiot, and tendering the services of her little boy to lead the helpless blind about the streets, and to perform their little errands; and this creature, herself so poor and lonely, was the only friend and counsellor to whom the widower could open his heart, or with whom he felt he could take counsel.

Jeannine was from the old country; knew what it was to have seen "better days," sympathized with the fallen gentility of the proud, reserved couple, and for the sake of the clanship which attaches foreign exiles in the tender, but indescribable bonds of national sympathy, had felt proud in rendering herself thus useful to "the gentle folk."

To Jeannine alone the "fallen gentry" could speak with confidence; and to Jeannine, as she fulfilled the last unpaid services to the precious dead, the blind man poured out the fearful significance of his terrible situation.

"I could get admission into some asylum, doubtless," he said; "but the child, she, Jeannine—what could be done with her? Who would bear with her, support, endure, or nurse her?—an idiot! a driving idiot! To me so dear, to every other living being so repulsive! I cannot, must not leave her, Jeannine. I WILL NOT, God leaving me what she has—my senses!"

The result of this counsel by the side of the silent dead, was the hiring of the very humblest of the gentry in the tenement house where Jeannine dwelt, for the father and his charge; the pledge of Jeannine, "to look after them," which she did in

full; the voluntary service of little Bob to lead the darkened one, when he wanted to go to unfamiliar places; the investment of the last dollar of Lucy's hard money in the purchase of a violin, which the blind man could play fairly, and his final settlement in business as a street musician on a certain popular beat.

Mr. B. was not very old, scarcely fifty, indeed, though sorrow, darkness and suffering had written the furrows of extreme age on his brow, and whitened his locks with the snows that belong to the very last of life. So he got on pretty well as a pedestrian, braving summer heats and winter blasts, weary days and often hungry nights, with great power of endurance; but then, as he himself reminded me, he was "not a good performer"—"that is to say, there was always an echo in the catgut of the tone of heart-strings strung up so tightly that one always feared they were just about to crack. I always heard the murmur of a breaking heart in his very merriest tunes, and I think that every cent he earned was a bribe to urge him to take his dismal music out of happy, well-fed people's ears; and so he made very little at street music, scarcely enough to buy bread with, certainly not sufficient to pay the rent; and as this fact became painfully apparent when the first month's payment of his garret became due, and as he was fully aware that his landlord's custom was prompt payment or prompt ejection, his affairs looked dark, even to hopelessness, as he arose from his straw pallet on the rent-day morning, with two cents only beyond the necessary sum to buy Mary's breakfast, for which she was, as usual, pitifully waiting.

"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!"

Such was the utterance that broke from the lips of that crucified soul, as Jeannine stood beside him, asking mournfully what he meant to do to pay the rent.

"Go and dig for twelve and a half silver dollars," cried a loud, clear, sonorous voice from the other end of the garret.

Both listeners raised their eyes in amazement. Mary, the idiot, stood on the floor, erect and strong, fixedly regarding them with a look full of sanity and composure.

"Mary!" they both ejaculated in a breath.

"Go and dig for twelve and a half silver dollars," she repeated in the same firm, clear and sweetly intoned, "Go to—dig, next to No. —. There, in the ruins of the old house, just under a piece of freestone, on the left of a broken heap of china, under a black beam, you will find a leather bag, half burned, with the money."

Before the listeners could begin to collect their scattered senses sufficiently to question the weird child, she had relapsed again into her old idiotic state, without retaining one single trace of the recent wonderful development of speech, intelligence and strength. Up to that day, though over fifteen years of age, she had never spoken clearly, or indeed at all, except in thick, guttural, half-formed words, never stood upright, or uttered the words, "money," "dollars," "dig," "twelve," or, indeed, anything she had then said. The whole speech, time, circumstance and revelation produced an almost stunning effect upon the persons present; but it was in view of their desperation, no less than the astounding character of the incident, that, after some consultation together, they went to the place indicated, searched as directed, and found twelve dollars and a half in Spanish silver quarters. And from that time up to a few months ago, my informants assured me that during a period of some eight years this extraordinary scene had been repeated nearly a hundred times. The circumstances were generally pretty similar. The poor old musician played his "best and prettiest," but whenever the receipts from this humble source fell short of the required sum to meet their sordidly economical expenses, when the *last moment* had arrived, and help there seemed none, the wonderful lucidity of the idiot returned, and for a few moments only, fairly transfigured her, and in these moments she always gave such directions as led to the discovery of some petty sum, (invariably enough, but never more than sufficient to meet their present wants), hid away in different comestible parts of the great city of New York.

The striking features of the case were these: The idiot's periods of lucidity were not at stated or regular intervals, never came except in these financial crises, never lasted longer than the expression of a few sentences, and never failed in giving the exact indications of the amount and situation of the treasure. Moreover, the relapse was almost as sudden as the improvement, and never seemed to quicken her faculties subsequently, or leave the slightest image on her darkened mind. Very commonly she prefaced her revelation by starting up with the exclamation of "I'm a gipsy! I'm a gipsy!" She always seemed indignant at being doubted, and admitted of no questioning, relapsing into her helpless imbecility almost simultaneously with an attempt to interrupt her by questions.

As to the sums thus strangely brought to light, as stated above, they were very small, and never exceeded the supply of the exigencies of the hour, but never failed to come at that hour. They were generally found in silver, once only in gold, and now and then in New York bills. To test the circumstances as fully as possible, the father remained off his beat for a couple of days, thereby reducing the little household to the requisite condition of exigency to need a supply, but *none came*, and he afterwards remarked to Jeannine, "The gipsy is shrewd, as well as kind. She does not or cannot give when there is any earthly channel of supply open to us."

I found one other point worth remarking in this strange narrative, which, to my thinking, is significant, and consists in the position in which the money was most generally found, namely, very near the surface of the earth, or else so disposed of as to suggest the idea of being PLACED THERE, rather than of being buried; and this led to the conclusion, in my own mind, that some medium

force was exhaling by the poor lunatic, which permitted kind spirits, who were otherwise unable to provide for this most helpless family, to convey small sums of money to the places indicated, procuring this timely relief by methods known only to the spirits, but still so surely known, that innumerable instances exist of aid thus rendered by guardian spirits, although, I believe, never, in any other instance, in such abundant frequency and extreme need. The venerable old musician was of another opinion. He had been induced to come to me to inquire into Spiritualism, by his friend Jeannine, who had strong proclivities in that direction; but despite the proofs he received, in such mass of evidence, that spirits did communicate, and could influence human destiny, he inclined to the belief that the discovery of the money was due to occasional glimpses of "clairvoyance" on his daughter's part, and that immense sums lying buried, or lost, or scattered over the world in various places, might, by similar means, be discovered, if the right clairvoyant conditions could be induced in susceptible subjects for the gift; and it was this opinion, which, like others in his mind, was strongly fixed, that made him adverse to any disclosures of his mysterious life and circumstances. He feared lest designing and avicious persons might tamper with the poor imbecile—abuse her gift, or divert it into unworthy channels.

I agreed in the result, though I differed entirely from the father in the cause of the manifestations, still believing that the smallness of the sums found, the invariable intelligence that directed their discovery only in the time of extreme need, and a constant charge always insisted on in the girl's revelation "not to tell any one," all intimated that kind spirits availed themselves of desperate means to aid in a desperate strait of human need, but objected to a disclosure, which might have attracted painful and injurious attention to the unfortunate medium, and stimulated the idle and shiftless to prefer depending on spirits, or searching for buried treasure, to working whilst they had eyes and senses to earn the same.

And now for the finale of this "o'er true tale." Some six months since, a great change came over the poor suffering girl, whose lunacy seemed to diminish with the evident decay of her physical strength. The change was very marked, but rapid. Though wild and unconnected, her speech became clear and pleasant, her body fearfully emaciated, and her appetite almost entirely gone. She complained of no pain, but always gleefully repeated that she was "getting ready to go to angel-land," and should very soon be there. Two small, fairy gifts were discovered during this her final condition, and when the last sum was nearly exhausted, she suddenly began to be very earnest about procuring "a new dress to go home to angel-land in." It must be a silken gown, she said, white and shining, and all covered with flowers. She had never seen a funeral, and could have no realization, because no opportunity, of observing the surroundings of death; yet she besought her father and Jeannine to promise that she should have a fine silver-studded coffin, a white satin pillow and bed, and a sweet, white shining dress; and "won't you promise?" "won't you promise me, father?" was repeated in piteous accents so often, that the poor, bewildered parent at last mechanically answered, "Yes, darling, whatever you wish." He never questioned that she was dying, but believed the wonderful gift by which they had so long been supported must have departed before she could thus wildly plan expensive outlays without the least intimation of where the supply should come from.

One morning the kind Jeannine made her usual visit to the garret where affliction, in its saddest aspect, reigned supreme, to find the desolate blind man sitting silently, patiently, clasping the cold hand of the dead girl in his own.

"She is in the angel-land, Jeannine," he murmured, in reply to her exclamation of distress—"at rest in peace, in glory, perhaps. Now she has broken through the prison walls that shrouded her pure but darkened soul."

"And she has left no word behind her?" asked Jeannine.

"None."

"She has!" cried the woman, triumphantly; "and she shall be buried just as she said, in every particular—satin pillow and all. Listen, father!" And then she read aloud to the astonished blind man a letter addressed to himself, which she had just received, and, according to the usual custom of her service to him, she read aloud:

"I came from a lawyer, who, as one of the executors of the will of Mr. B.'s wife's uncle, was commissioned to inform him that he was the inheritor of a property of fifteen thousand dollars; that learning he, the heir, was in distressed circumstances, and knowing that his presence, or that of a representative, would be needed in France, where the uncle had died, the man of business enclosed, by way of installment and for present use, the sum of one thousand dollars."

Late that night a minister of religion stood in that lonely attic to perform service, according to the custom of the day, over the faded form of clay which had held the enfranchised soul of Mary. Before the man of the Church departed, he had performed another ceremony, namely, the marriage rite, which entitled the grateful blind man to call Jeannine wife, and make her mistress, by law, to the property, which in deep gratitude he resolved to claim alone for her.

Mary was buried in every respect as she had desired, "shining coffin, sweet flowers," and all; and but six short weeks saw the same green mound which held her form, uncovered to admit that of the weary pilgrim father, who, in the loss of his most miserable charge, appeared to feel as if, life's business ended, he would "try to sleep"—"to rest awhile," and never awoke again.

Mrs. B. has gone to France with her boy, now growing a fine lad, and her well-earned legacy. Before her departure, she communicated the final particulars of a narrative whose chief details

have been known to me for years, with the earnest request of herself and her dear husband that I would give the details to the world, only suppressing the names. Something of pride, but yet more of obedience to the commands of the spirits who had so long and wonderfully befriended them, dictated this wish; but with it came the irresistible pleading that for all who could receive it I would write, and, in my own phrase, "assure the forsaken of all men," the comfortless, and those who have none to save, that His who careth for the lilies of the field, and feedeth the raven, has given his angels charge concerning them, and is equal to the needs of every living thing, and every suffering human soul.

I have fulfilled the bidding of the spirits gone before. I have narrated experiences strange enough to those who sail on the flood of life, unmoved by storm or change, to make them question the truth of what I write; but unusual as was the shape in which this Providence appeared, the spirit, cause, and effect were the same as saves, provides, and orders means for you and I and everything which lives and is; for he holds us all in the hollow of his hand, and without his ministering spirits' aid, nothing exists, or moves, or has its being.

Boston, May 20, 1865.

## THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

THIRD ACTION CONTINUED.

Woman to be Man's Redeemer.

(By an oversight on the part of the printer, this number of the series was omitted in its proper place; it should have appeared previous to the last two numbers. We regret the misplacement, but, as it cannot be helped, we now give place to the omitted number, for these able articles are too valuable to allow any portion to be lost.—Ed. B. or L.)

It has been always and generally maintained, though only with the dogmatic assurance of men and the tacit assent of women, that the masculine function of parentage is exclusively re-productive, and that the mother merely fosters the father's progeny. Thus it is written in the oldest of human genealogies, that "Adam lived a hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image, and called his name Seth;" that "Seth begat Enos, and Enos begat Cainan;" and so on to Noah, Abraham, and the twelve tribes of Israel. So the world was peopled, according to the fabled genesis of human beings, and so the word father has become by common usage, synonymous with generator, progenitor and procreator. But this is a gross exaggeration of paternity, which, as a direct agency in propagation, is coeval only with the transient act of coition, and thus but a moiety of that conjuncture which denotes the overt incubation of the generative process. Therefore, both as to temporal duration and in its relation to maternity, which embraces the whole term of parentage, it is only as an epoch to an era. Nor does it favor the masculine side of this collation to presume, as we may with good reason, that the seminal deposit of the male parent, being an extract of vitality from his organism, is also a vehicle of psychometric impression whereby all the elements of his character are transmitted to the ovum of reproduction; because this instrument of fecundity belongs exclusively to woman; and this feminine receptacle of marital impregnation, containing the susceptibility thereto, and being previously prepared in and through the organism of the mother, is in like manner a disengagement of her selfhood, which it represents so permanently that the character of neither parent is reproduced, but that which is begotten is inevitably participant of both.

So far, then—in all that constitutes the initial epoch of parentage, the two agencies thereof are apparently equal; but in describing this we say all that is to be said of paternity, whereas very much remains to be declared of its cooperative function, as the sole subsequence ministry of propagation. Indeed, the whole era of parentage after its initial epoch, with which the masculine agency terminates, is more expressly styled the era of maternity. This includes the entire process of fetal development, whereby an inanimate embryo is transformed into a personal entity, and born to conscious life with all the attributes of a human being. The mother is the only direct virtual agent of this process, her organism being the natural medium thereof. Her arterial and digestive systems furnish all the food which the growing fetus requires during the long period of utero-gestation; enough to increase a thousand-fold its original size and weight.

But, that I may not seem to exaggerate the maternal agency in this particular, I note the probability that the power to grow (so far as this power belongs subjectively to anything in Nature), is lodged in the fetus; growth in all its different phases appearing to be effected by the principle of attraction rather than impulsion. Just as every plant draws nourishment from the soil, and as every organ of physiological assimilation is adapted to take food from the place of its gastronomic preparation and bear it to the ends of vital and sentient development, so it is likely that the umbilical cord is the root of embryonic life, whereby vegetable nutriment is derived from the maternal fountain, according to the growing needs and appropriate capacities of the unborn infant.

This point being settled, the question arises as to

"This is wonderful to think of, inasmuch as the essence and seat of reproductive power are sensually mysterious and indeterminate. Yet we should not ignore the Divine source, which is rationally apprehensible, nor any phase of its sensible manifestation as the working of God, whose methods are intelligible to the operations of Nature." Indeed, there is no perfect intelligence without a recognition of the truth here obviously expressed; because it is the only idea that can eliminate mystery from the realm of human science, or any part of its phenomena again, this idea completely alters the all-encompassing philosophy of Universal Being and the rationale of every particular phenomenon.



how the quickened embryo becomes induced with power to grow. The answer is found on learning why a union of the sexes is necessary to begin the work of generation; and the reason of this is contained in the statement that two principles are requisite to the inception and process of growth, which of course is essential to every form of reproduction. These two principles are *entity* and *activity*. The former is the basis of the latter, and growth is the product of both. Now it is obvious enough that the uterine ovum is the germ of being only, inert as it is and inanimate though not lifeless, until quickened to action by marital impregnation, which completes its constitutional power to grow.

I know not which is the greater part of life, to be or to act; but I know that either is lacking without the other. It is certain that neither of the sexual functions is alone effective of generation, though it is hard to determine, in the overt, physiological sense, with what purport of mutual agency both are indispensable to it. If priority is to be affirmed of either parent, it can be only of the mother, since the germ of her offspring is indefinitely older than the male matter of its impregnation. For this reason, as well as the abstract one that *entity must precede activity*, the beginning of maternity is plainly primordial to the paternal function, and only seconded by it in that apparently inept act of generation where by a nucleus of insensitible vitality is animated and endowed with incalculable.

This embryonic power of growth is hereditary, being a property of life common to both parents, and transmitted by the same progenitive principle as that which in the moment of coition begets a blended impression of all their personal characteristics. And this first impression of parentage would be final—would be its only issue, if the mother's agency were as curiously fulfilled as that of the father. But it occurs in Nature's order, that the pristine measure of the subjective power to grow, as parentally imparted, is essentially limited, and subsequently modified, by the prenatal condition and means of growth. The nascent child can live and grow only in vital contact with the heart of its living mother. During the gestative term of nine lingering lunations, the life of her offspring is pendent to her very breath. With power to grow and therefore need of food, yet with no ability to masticate or digest it, the babe in utero can not appropriate a cruder aliment than is supplied by the mother's eating for her own bodily sustenance. Thus subsisting on the mother's blood, the body of the fetus is made of the same material as the mother's body, and in part—in all but the work of assimilation, its growth is effected by the same agency. In this predicament, the unborn infant becomes subject to all the physiological effects of the mother's nutrient habits. The former can not be better nurtured than the organism of the latter is properly nourished. If the mother's food be insufficient in quantity or unwholesome in kind, or if her organism be in any way diseased, her parasitic offspring will participate in all her consequential sufferings, and duplicate all her physical frailties. On the contrary, if the mother's dietary and habits of eating and drinking are such as hygienic wisdom directs, and if her organism is free from distempers and every possible predisposition to disease, then will her progeny inherit the natural fruits of her personal and ancestral temperance, and its bodily constitution will be correspondingly healthy and vigorous. And all this is because the body of the fetal child is so infolded in that of the pregnant mother, its vital existence is so completely an offshoot of her own, that the physical experience of the one is equally that of the other; from the beginning to the end of generation; only with this difference: One is conscious, the other not; the current of life being from the mother to the child, making her vitality positive to its, and causing the latter to live and grow as if it were a member of her own body. Thus life in the womb, being a mere appendage of maternal life, having no external wants, is also free from external danger, and liable to no malady or other evil, except what may reach it through the sole medium of its temporal support. In this direction, however, the fetus is not only contagiously subject to every disease with which the mother is casually afflicted, but is immediately infected more or less with any such morbidity as either springs from or terminates in a corruption of her blood. If she have the measles, the small-pox or other cutaneous distemper; or if she have inherited any predisposition to venereal humors, as a taint of scrofula or syphilis; I see not how it is possible for a child in embryo to escape some modification of the one or measure of the other. If she take medicine, it cannot be without effect upon the parasite of her own body. Since there are certain pharmaceutical preparations (calomel, for instance), which being taken into the folds of the body, the latter has no power either to assimilate or excrete; and since, as the best physiologists and practicing physicians tell us, it is impossible to predict with certainty the final lodgment of such extraneous matter, as well as to forestall its morbid issues, I dare say the poison is as likely to be conveyed by the arterial system of the doctored mother to that of her unborn offspring, as to be detained anywhere within her own organism. And when a healthy mother dines on pork, or other greasy meat, adding digestion with a cup of tea or bowl of coffee, morning, noon and night, her fetal offspring cannot be a Jew, nor born a soldier of the cold-water army. So, if addicted to a pinch of snuff or any of the coarser vices of men—should she ape full many a father with a pipe or quid, or even personate the victim of a dram (as some dames do, and every mother might, but for the sex's better taste or temper), the cryptic nursing of her own damaged body must be as often drunk as she, and share with her in most of the natural forfeits of intemperate living.

Here I pause a moment in my designation of the plastic forces of maternity, to remind the reader that there is nothing in the paternal relation to counterbalance the suggestions of my last-written paragraph: which is no exaggeration of the mother's power to modify the process of generation as initiated by both parents, and so to determine the results of parentage. In fact, my exposition thereof as conducted hitherto, concerns only the physiological issues of the consanguinity and mere bodily conjunction of the mother and fetus, without a hint at what I am about to announce as the most essential principle of maternity—their physical relationship, whereby the child in embryo is temporarily and permanently impressed with every item of the mother's conscious experience, during her whole period of utero-gestation.

The truth of this statement is not very obvious, I admit. It is difficult to conceive how the unconscious fetus becomes impressible; or how, as an unmentalized body, it can be either receptive of, or in any wise affected by, the mother's mere thoughts and feelings. Yet that it sometimes is, however unaccountably, is demonstrated beyond a reasonable doubt, by the occasional phenomenon of a *revue*. Time speaks of these nature's surprises as rare as any, though with its long duration the occurrence is frequent enough for general notice; so that everybody knows, or is at least credibly informed, of here and there a person who carries for life, either in body or mind, and sometimes in both, some peculiar "mark" of a mother's excessive longing or extraordinary emotion.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARTYRS.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Through scorn and pain, through dust and heat,  
Up Calvary, with bleeding feet,  
The first great Martyr went;  
And down the ages, dim and far,  
No light has shone like Bethlehem's star,  
That lit the shepherd's tent.

Where frowned the Coliseum's pride,  
And Tiber poured its yellow tide,  
The Christian martyrs stood.  
The lions shook the dens beneath,  
Like flame the tigers' eager breath,  
Expectant of their blood.

Pale Virgins look from canvas old—  
Their martyrdom wild legends told—  
And shrines their names repeat;  
Missal and Breviary's clasping tome,  
Hold sacred lore, while heathen Rome  
Yet held her imperial seat.

Reproach passed from the Christian name;  
Pomp, power and prestige to it came—  
Then hate and bigotry.  
Again for Truth, witnesses must dare  
Dungeon and gibbet, Inquisitor,  
And fires of "autodafe."

To-day cathedral masses roll,  
The Pope sends forth encyclic scroll,  
Canute-like, bars in vain  
The march of Progress; but its time  
Is kept by hosts, whose thoughts sublime  
Thrill earth with hope again.

The Pioneers of Truth to-day,  
Hail from the Ramparts far away  
The new Recruits that come.  
Of old their whisperings thrilled the ear  
Of pallid saints, who quailed with fear  
At their impending doom.

Brave men are stronger for the Right,  
Fraud women speak with fearless might,  
With the ranks of error cope;  
The Martyr's seed of blood and tears,  
Periled through all the adverse years,  
Blossoms with love and hope.  
Ann Arbor, Mich., 1865.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,

192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
—LEON HENRY.

(Original.)

SOMETHING ABOUT GENERALS.

"He looked just as I thought he would, mother; so grand inside, and so modest outside; and then he did not make long speeches to tire a body out, but just bowed, and thanked the people; but I wonder he wasn't proud, with so many people hurrahing at sight of him, and so anxious to shake hands with him."

This was Walter Severance's account of his evening at Union Hall, Cooper's Institute, at the Reception of Gen. Grant. To see that great hero had been his earnest desire, and so he had been permitted to brave the crowd in company with his father, and to remain to hear some of the speeches; and as he was able to take several short naps during the longest, he felt quite fresh and active the next morning.

"I believe, mother," he continued, "I would rather be a great General than anything else. I just thought, as I sat there, what I would do when I got to be a man so that I could be promoted, and be made a General. I intend to study fortifications, and learn all about drill, and how to flank the enemy, and—"

"Did you ever understand that Gen. Grant had two Generals greater than himself," said his mother, "to help him, and that without them he would never have accomplished anything?"

"I am sure I have heard of all the great Generals, but I do not think of any two especially great ones, unless you mean Generals Sherman and Sheridan," said Walter.

"I mean those Generals that helped him through every difficulty, and never deserted him; and unless you can get them to stand by you, I fear you will never accomplish all you desire."

"But most likely they'll be dead before I'm a man," said Walter. "I am only twelve, and I should not expect to do any great thing before I was forty. I suppose I should be a great many years gaining any place of distinction."

"Fortunately, Walter, these Generals do not grow old," said his mother; "but they are the same that helped Caesar and Alexander. They are Patience and Perseverance; and if you expect to be great, or a noble man, you must gain their constant aid."

Mrs. Severance was called out by friends, and Walter was left to himself.

"I suppose women know a great deal," he thought; "but I doubt if they know much about making Generals. I prefer to investigate for myself."

So thinking, he went into the library, and took down many books that gave descriptions of battles, and the histories of nations; but he had no sooner looked at one volume, than he threw it down, and went to another; until he had the table covered. But nothing fixed his attention long, and he went out into the street for a play before the hour for school. His friend Tom was there before him, and quite anxious for a game of ball in the open lot around the corner.

Walter had concluded that it would be no easy task to study himself into a great General, for he found so many tiresome pages in the books he had examined, that he was quite discouraged, and concluded that perhaps his mother did, after all, know more than he thought. He commenced the game of ball feeling quite wise, thinking of all he had learned. Tom took his place opposite him, and the other boys formed in line. It took only a few moments to arouse all Walter's impatience and fretfulness, for the boys would not follow the laws of the game. He began to use language quite unbecoming one who was on the way to a high office. Instead of trying to instruct them, he got quite angry, threw up the game, and went away in disgust.

In company with Tom he went to seek amusement at something else.

"Let's have a game of marbles," said he, stopping in a quiet place on the sidewalk. "Here's the chalk in my pocket. I'll mark out the pool."

No sooner was the game fairly begun, than Walter got quite out of patience, because Tom snatched his marble into the gutter, and had to spend some time in recovering it. He grew so disagreeable, that Tom concluded it was best to retire.

Walter went home, and thought he would train the rooster over the piazza at the back of the house, for he called it his rooster; but the thorns pricked his fingers, and he became so impatient that he took no care, and thus got severely scratched.

ed. He threw down his pruning-knife and cord, and went to school.

It was a very warm day. The sun sent down his most loving rays, and the wind blew from the south in such hot blasts, that there seemed to be a great fire just out in the harbor, instead of the fresh, cooling waters. Walter became so heated that he felt in no very good temper, and the thought of his morning's adventures did not cool his blood. His books had no attractions. Instead of calmly endeavoring to commit his lessons, he went from one book to another, turned the pages, and impatiently put them all by. When the hour for recitations commenced, he failed, of course; lost all credit, got very much vexed, frowned disagreeably, and when the hour for dismissal came he felt himself every way dishonored.

In a few minutes he was at home, and, with his usual frankness, told his day's experience to his mother.

"You find," said she, "that it requires some effort to begin to be a General; and I wish to tell you a little of the history of one of the heroes of the last century, to prove to you the truth of what I have to say. Your grandfather, when a boy, had many ideas like yours. He wished to be great, and to achieve something noble, and he said to himself, 'The only way to do all I wish to do is to begin now.' He had a very irritable temper. 'How can I,' said he, 'expect to govern others, if I cannot govern myself?' So he immediately set to work to conquer his impatience. Many a hard struggle he had, but when at last he was able to do what he resolved to do, he felt sure that he could influence others. He soon had an appointment in India, and although a young man, he was said to have filled his office better than any one before him. People said to him, 'How are you able to control men to do as you wish?' He answered, 'Because I first control myself to do as I wish.' He became known as the General, and often was called the great General."

Sometimes people asked, 'Pray what is the General of?' Others answered, 'He is the General over the greatest force in the country, and they say he and his force are never beaten. He is General over himself.'

Now, Walter, I'll venture if you'll follow his example, and become General over yourself, you'll make quite as good a use of your talents as other Generals have of theirs. If you are not needed to storm forts, or invest cities, you can do something that requires great bravery; and you will have to seek for your assistants the same Generals that assisted Grant, namely, Patience and Perseverance. If you allow them to desert their posts, you will be as badly off as Grant would have been had Sherman and Sheridan, with all their forces, failed to follow his plan. You will find, Walter, that the only way to prepare yourself for greatness is to begin now."

Walter, when left to himself, had many thoughts about his grandfather and Gen. Grant; but he made one resolve to try and be brave enough to become a General over himself.

That evening, in a game of dominoes with Tom, he felt himself growing quite angry, because Tom had better chances than himself.

His mother gave him a gentle reminder, by saying: "General, call up your forces and try again."

This was enough, and he quickly gained his good nature. One triumph made the next easy, and he felt his forces growing stronger. The next morning he seemed to himself to be quite a hero, and it is hoped he will compel a speedy surrender of all the enemies to true manliness, and become a hero indeed—a General over himself.

(Original.)

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE CITY.

NUMBER THREE.

I suppose almost every one has learned that a person who gives a great deal of love to others has a great deal of love given in return. It is quite easy to find out whether people love children, without asking, for almost all children are wise enough to find out who loves them, and they always flock about such a one. Now, I have a neighbor that I call the man with no one to love, and I think I understand just how he came to live the lonely life he does. There are children in the house with him, and on the street; but he never speaks to one, and they never speak to him. Never a kindly smile lights up his face as they draw near. There is no jumping or running when he appears at the door. I feel quite sure he does not even know that there are children about. I expect there is no place in his heart that needs their love. The bright spot began to grow dull and cloudy long ago, I think, and now he does not know it is there.

As I see my neighbor go in and out, with no smile on his face, with no pleasant greeting to any one, as I see him sit by the window, looking so gloomy, I can go back to the days when, as a boy, he began to shut the little gleams of love out of his heart. Instead of coaxing the sweet flowers of kindness to grow, he neglected them entirely; and so, as he grew older, there was no beautiful blossoming and sweet fragrance. How I wish my poor, solitary neighbor had some gentle, loving one to coax him from his loneliness. I often think, as I see him, of a neighbor I once had that I called Uncle Beneficio. He lived by himself, for his wife was dead and his children away from him. But there was no lack of children about his home, for the whole neighborhood watched his coming in and going out; I used to think, for the purpose of catching his smiles, and children gathered about his door to receive his kindly words. On warm, pleasant days, when the old gentleman walked out, you could hear the patter of little feet after him, and the news of his coming seemed to spread like the coming of sunlight in the morning, and there would gather a little crowd with sunny faces to feel the warmth of his goodness. It was quite easy to think what his life had been. He had never blighted the little flowers of affection, that was certain. He had never put out the light of goodness. When he was a boy he let his benevolence grow, instead of his selfishness. What a rich harvest he gathered in his old age from all the seeds of love that he sowed!

These two neighbors of mine are like a great many people in the world; and every little child is daily becoming like one or the other. I dare say that all children think that it is quite easy to be selfish now, and will be quite easy to grow loving by-and-by. But I presume you have noticed that if you take a little plant when it is young, and trample on it, and tear off its leaves, and destroy its tender roots, that, if it lives at all, it is only a poor, little, stunted plant, without any vigor. Just so it is with the little plants of love and affection. If you trample on them, and leave them without any care, they will not grow. I am expecting great things of the girls and boys of the present day. I expect that when they become men and women that there will be a better order of things; that there will be more kindness to the needy, more love to the lonely, more gentleness to those who do wrong. And so I wish every girl and boy would begin this very day to prepare his way for that good time.

BROTHER HARRY'S PAULA.

AND HOW HE OVERCAME IT.

BY E. M. R.

It was public Wednesday at the school, where Brother Harry and I went, in the nice old town of Appleton. Compositions were to be read, and pieces declaimed in the afternoon. Some time before, the teacher had given out word, "For the best original declamation, a gold pen, with a silver holder, should be given by way of reward."

There were many of the boys fine speakers for our village academy, and many original pieces had been declaimed, which caused the teacher to offer a prize, thinking, no doubt, to draw out all the energy and talent of the boys.

Brother Harry had always been one of the first, and it was generally thought, by all the scholars, "that Harry Stevens would win." He said nothing, however, but night after night I could hear him walking softly over my room, and then I knew he was preparing his declamation.

It was a lovely morning that ushered in this important day, and when we came home to dinner, Uncle John said "we could not have had a better day if we had wished." I think my heart beat as rapidly as Harry's; and when we entered the academy, I fancied the scholars could hear the steady stroke of my heart as it rose and fell.

There were many visitors that afternoon, for it had been noised abroad of the brilliant pieces that were to be declaimed. Of course all the people of our nice town had an interest in the school, which made it doubly pleasant.

I sat and looked at my darling brother, and I thought he was the handsomest boy there. I thought, too, how proud I should be, when, a little later in the afternoon, he would be proclaimed victor.

Three o'clock came, the hour appointed. Piece after piece was spoken, which would have done honor to any academy of far greater renown than ours. "Last, but not least," as I thought, came my noble brother. He was a number of years older than myself, and I think I always looked up to him with a sort of reverent pride; for ever since dear papa died, he had been mother's comforter and friend.

It was a brilliant declamation of brother's; you could have heard the breath of a whisper in that large, old room, so intent were they upon listening. When he ceased, murmurs of approbation went from lip to lip. What an exultant moment of pride to me. Tears came into my eyes for very joy, and I thought how proud Harry would be when he received our warm praises.

But hark! there is another voice speaking, and I turned my head, in dismay, to behold Harry's only rival—the only one he had ever had. George Somers, a pale-faced boy, that had been quite overlooked; but the teacher had not forgotten him, and I almost felt angry. His face lost its pale hue, and after the first introductory sentences he gradually warmed with his theme, until every eye was riveted upon his intellectual face.

He ceased. There was a short pause, then came a deafening cheer, which could only have been excusable in the good people of Appleton. Oh, how all my exultant pride vanished. I dared not look at Harry, and yet I would have given a great deal to throw my arms around his neck and have a good cry. The teacher, after making a few remarks, during which he bestowed a great deal of praise upon the vanquished, my brother in particular, produced the coveted prize, handing it to George Somers, amid murmured applause.

I did not wait to hear any remarks after school was closed; and when little Alice Somers came to me, saying, "I am so glad," I pushed her one side, and ran home as fast as I could.

"Oh, Harry, I am so sorry!" I exclaimed, as he came into the room where I was sitting.

"Never mind, little sister; I'll pay him off some time," he replied.

It made me tremble to look at him, he had altered so much since noon. There was fire in his eyes I had never seen burn there before; his usually red cheeks were as pale as death. Then I knew my brother was more angry than I had ever seen him before.

"Did you speak to George?" I ventured to remark.

"No, indeed!" he replied, with a toss of his chestnut hair, which I had so often combed and curled with my fingers. "No, indeed; I felt like crushing him into the earth!" And brother, in his angry excitement, twisted off a spray of my Oleander, thinking, no doubt, he was toying with a stick.

"Well, Harry," said Uncle John, stepping out of our little sitting-room—and then we knew that he had heard all that we had been saying—"would you like to hear a true story?" taking the chair that brother had offered him, for Harry never forgot to be polite to dear Uncle John.

Harry seated himself, and Uncle John went on: "History informs us that somewhere in the fifteenth century, there was born a child, who was named Michael Angelo. He grew up, and soon distinguished himself as a great painter, sculptor, architect and poet, although I never saw any of his poetical works. Any one of these talents would have made the fortune of an ordinary man. Notwithstanding all of these qualities, a warm rivalry sprang up between him and the painter Raphael, although history does not record him as gifted with any other talent, of which Michael Angelo became so celebrated."

The Farnesian family had built a house upon the banks of the Tiber river. Cardinal Farnese wished to have the walls adorned by the pencil of Raphael. The artist accepted his proposals, but stipulated that no one should inspect it until finished. The friends of Raphael spread abroad highly colored reports of the triumphs the painter had achieved, praising especially the 'Banquet of the Gods,' the 'Nuptials of Cupid and Psyche,' and the 'Triumphs of Galeata.' These reports inflamed the curiosity of Angelo, and he swore by the 'Inferno of Dante,' he would enter the Farnesian Villa, examine the works of Raphael, and prevent their completion."

"How envious!" exclaimed my brother, his fine lips curling with contempt.

"Yes," replied my uncle; "but listen, and you shall hear how he accomplished it. Michael Angelo having discovered that Raphael went late to his work, disguised himself as a 'brandy vender,' and taking with him a large basket filled with biscuits and brandy, he directed his steps, at an early hour, to the gate of the Farnesian palace. His cries of 'brandy! brandy!' roused the masons; the gate was opened in a twinkling. The workmen were soon engaged upon the biscuits and brandy, and he passed through the corridors, and soon stood before the frescoes of Raphael. The fine picture of 'Galeata,' attracted his attention; and espying a scaffold, and a wall in readiness for the painter, he ascended, and drew with a piece of charcoal, a grand head of Jupiter; after which he left the palace, never stopping for his basket."

"What did Raphael say?" asked Harry, his fine features glowing with interest.

"When Raphael arrived, at noon," continued

my uncle, "on beholding the splendid head, he exclaimed 'Michael Angelo!' From that day he painted no more in the Farnesian Villa, and his work remained unfinished. So you see, Harry, if he had been more punctual to his work, the enemy could not have stolen in unawares."

"True, sir," replied Harry; "but I know what I should have done if I had been in Raphael's place. I would have washed off the head, said nothing about it, and finished my work. That would have plagued him more than ever."

"That would have been a good way," laughed Uncle John. "But would you have noted differently if you had been in Michael Angelo's place?" and Uncle John's eyes twinkled, as he looked at Harry.

"Why, sir, I would not have been so mean as to envy him of his well-earned reputation; but would have gone to him and told him I was glad," and Harry looked up with manly pride shining in his countenance.

"Very well," said Uncle John, rising, as he spoke, "I would go and do so now;" and Uncle John had left the room.

The color came and went in Harry's face; and then I knew there was a great struggle going on in Harry's mind, and my heart gave a great bound as I thought of his pride.

Presently he exclaimed, "I'll do it!" at the same time taking his cap from the table.

"Do what?" I cried, springing after him.

"Why, go and tell George Somers I am glad he won the prize," and he was gone.

I never knew what George Somers said, but certain I am, that ever after there were no firmer friends than George Somers and brother Harry.

Answer to Transposition in our Last.

I went with my little brother to buy a humming top. "Oh," said he, "I want that big yellow one, because it will make such a whizzing." So I bought that one, and the dear little fellow trudged home delighted.

The Lecture Room.

Abraham Lincoln, Our Nation's Martyr.

A Fast Day Discourse by Fred. L. H. Willis,

M. D., of New York.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

What a halo of glory has ever rested on the martyr's crown. The golden hue of its sanctity touches the clouds that rest on every age and every nation. While Egypt and Judea and Arabia yet sat in the shadow of ignorance and superstition, the finger of celestial aspiration pointed through the gloom, and the watchword of the earnest aspirant, from the midst of sensuality and physical life, was: "I renounce all and give myself to the highest."

There is something so noble and grand in this effulgent radiance, that we seem to feel the inspiration of it, even more than we feel the depression of the darkness and ignorance from the midst of which it sprung. We love to catch the reflex glory, until again the day seems dawning that sets thousands of years before our own time, and we are ready to believe that the glory of self-sacrificing devotion has made this world a fit representation of the progressive tendencies of the universe.

How we love to recall heroic names! What a grandeur rings from the name of the old prophet of Israel—Isaiah! How the soul kindles as it hears the reverent name of the martyr, Jesus! Paul never seems so grand as when he renounces the honors of his country and his nation, and dies for daring to declare the truth. Are we not glad that Stephen died heroically, rather than yielded ignominiously? And what a splendor lights up the funeral pile of Savonarola, the martyr of Florence! When was Luther so grand as when he laid aside his honors and distinction, and faced the splendor of Ecclesiastical pride in the simple garb of a monk? And how glorious to know that Servetus could not be intimidated by John Calvin, but willingly, gladly died for his faith. Has not the fair image of Joan of Arc made many a manly form that was disposed to bow in weakness, rise in strength, as it presented the sweet but grand heroism of self-sacrificing devotion? And the Huguenots have left their triumphant songs as the heritage of a world, for they rose as the voice of souls emancipated from selfishness, and aspiring to the crowns of glory that await the faithful.

What is the chief pride of our national history to-day? Is not the May Flower, freighted with its wealth of human aspiration and touched with the fire of enthusiasm, a grander light to the earnest man than all the monitors and iron-clads of to-day? Who are not proud in recalling how our ancestors dared and braved all perils, all misfortunes, and, from the midst of plenty and ease, came to poverty, want and toil, all for the sake of conscience; making the sacrifice of home, friends, hopes, desires, and meeting cold, want, desolation, death, all with a cheerful, hopeful piety that could see the right hand of God amid all darkness, and, never-fearing, went heroically forward where that led, as if saying to the coming age: "Behold what remaineth for thee to do!"—I say, who is not proud to claim descent from such men and women?

And tell me what it is that makes a revolutionary hero a type of the noblest form of humanity, but the fact that, amidst toll and sacrifice, he won the greatest good that can bless a nation? Should we have been so proud of that day and age if there had been less sacrifice—if the work had been easier? No; we love history best when it tells of achievement through sacrifice. We are proudest of our humanity when we know that it has dared and suffered and conquered through all obstacles and perils, through all dangers and difficulties.

Thus we find ourselves re-lighting the fire of glory that rests on the martyr's head, and, in the midst of all our selfishness and weakness, we pay the tribute of our homage to strength and sacrifice. And, in our hearts, we do know that there lies within ourselves something worthier than indulgence, something more beautiful than ease, something diviner far than satisfied desires. Yes, we pay tribute continually to the beauty of self-sacrifice. In our daily life we honor the man, or woman, or child, willing to yield individual pleasure or comfort to the greater good of others.

So true is this, that, as has already been said, we ever read with the greatest delight, in the pages of history, of those who achieved noble deeds through self-sacrifice; and no saint, no good man or woman, claims so much of our love as when we find that suffering came through devotion to the right. Many a humble, unwritten name has thus won for itself a grand heritage and silently given its best and holiest for conscience's sake. They are the world's hero-souls, though the world knows them not. It is only once in centuries that one individual can represent principles, and, by yielding up all for them, and dying therefore, become a nation's or a world's martyr.

When from Calvary a young and earnest spirit went forth at the cruel mandate of priestly power, the very day was darkened; but the world, that



day, took a grand step forward toward the light; for that young Israelite, so brave, so firm to principle, so strong in the right and the truth, has ever since represented the highest type of manhood, and has been said to have died for every child of Humanity. Every man since has inherited the truer and nobler utterances from his life and the memory of his deeds, and thus has been born to a truer and nobler condition of being.

Men since that day, have died for forms of faith, for adherence to principle, for unyielding devotion to right; but not one has made the world by the memory of his sufferings and his death for righteousness sake, behold in him the actualization—the incarnation of the principles and truths he uttered, till in our own day a man has been found worthy to die a martyr's death for his country, and to become a representative of principles to the world.

The days of intense excitement are over. A fearful time has passed. Men have experienced more intense horrors than ever before, and have been again and again called to experiences that have made days assume the magnitude of years. The grand ovation of a people has been given to the silent body—the inanimate corpse of a man of our day. The measured tread of thousands, through crowds of thousands more, is hushed; the great heart of the people has ceased its muffled beat, and the world moves on. Yet, even before that body rested in its final home, it was said of that man, "He was the martyr for principles. He was the representative of ideas. He died because of his adherence to them." It has hitherto taken centuries to do this for a man; but now, ere the ashes of the dead President had been consigned to their last resting place, the name of Abraham Lincoln was, by the unanimous voice of a mighty Republic, written high on the scroll of National Fame—second not even to Washington's. And already has come from the Great Fraternity of Nations the response, "Well done."

This is a glorious renown, a grand eulogy. No more need be said. One word tells it all. That word was written on the banner borne by those colored men who brought up the rear of the splendid funeral pageant that a brief time since, in this city, did honor to the illustrious dead. "He was our Emancipator." Yes, the time has come a mighty deed. This nation has achieved a second freedom, and a whole nation has done the work; and yet, to this man is given the exceeding great glory of representing the nation's work. For think you that anything less than that made men go marching through the streets, and gather together by hundreds of thousands in the cities through which the murdered dead was borne? It was not to honor a man; no, it was to honor the principles that he represented—principles of freedom, that a whole people declared were now their own. It was, indeed, a nation's voice that spoke through him; and yet, only through such a man could a nation have spoken. A man so simple in his manners, so unpretending in his address, yet so firm, so adherent, so unbiased by party, so rigidly true to the ideas that to him represented justice, that he belongs no longer to any party, but to the people; and it was not a party that came forward to honor his memory. That memory eminently belongs to the nation, and his acts are the people's own.

We have said it is honor enough, glory enough, it is a fitting eulogy, this spontaneous tribute to a man; but we should be prouder than of all else, that our time has been able to individualize principles. That the great, overlying heart of the nation has centered itself on one object, and glorifies the man, who, spite of contentions and prejudice, bore himself so calmly and persistently to represent the principles of freedom, that the wonder is now that the world knew him not better and loved him not more, ere yet a cruel death had placed upon his brow the crown of the martyr.

The terrible experiences of the last four years must have made their stamp upon that heroic nature, so that he could feel in a measure the grandeur of his position; and yet by no word, or act, was there any pride evinced, any assumption of power, any laudation of self. To do the whole will of the nation was his overmastering desire. We all remember how impatient we became at his seeming tardiness. Men blamed and censured, and were ready for any severity of denunciation when measures seemed delayed that were by partisans deemed imperative. Yet look back now, and see how a wisdom superior to the one-sided wish of a party, governed public affairs; and that wisdom was sufficient to grasp the coming time, and we now find ourselves looking forward with hope to the successful end of our struggle, and to the inauguration of a better, truer, nobler national independence.

No nation is independent that places itself in antagonism to universal human progress. And in taking this position, as our government did at an early period in this struggle, it was found not to embody fully the great spirit of the age. We were false to the position we claimed. The great, overruling Providence that holds national destinies as well as individual, would no longer permit this false position. We must become what we professed. The age demanded it, and how wonderfully have we been led toward that end. To become true to the great principles of equality and fraternity, was a necessity of the Nation. How sublimely have events followed each other, and how majestic now seems the rising tide of the popular will outworking the will of the divine.

And this man, whose heart was so full of charity and mercy, was the chosen man of this same Providence. How eminently fitted he was to the part given! A man of the people! Self-taught, self-aided, he rose from humble walks in life, through steady effort, to the highest positions, and took naturally upon himself the duties of a prominent citizen. But no wild ambition swayed him. He early saw the right and adhered to it, and those who, with him, felt the glow of a diviner hope for humanity, soon made him a sectional leader. Thus the scope of his intellect was enlarged. He was able to trust his judgment, and to try his opinions by those of others.

It seemed no great event when he, chosen from the many aspiring men of the day, was proclaimed the successful candidate for the Presidency. The four years to follow that event, seemed prospectively like other four years. But what great events leaped forth from that time. A great and powerful nation at war within itself! And for what? Ah, none but the prophets of the land said for what. Few recognized the grand workings of the future. None comprehended the terrible conflict. It came steadily on, event following event, while men's hearts quailed and grew timid within them. The shock of war was too great. The bravest knew only a present hope.

But this man, with his ever cheerful courage, never faltered. Pay this tribute to him. He never became doubtful. Like all great and good men, he knew the coming of the grander future was sure. Yet if he had been hasty because of this recognition, he would have found the people unwilling to respond to his measures. He was patient, as well as hopeful. He waited for the masses to see. They said, "If you touch this question

of slavery, we will not bear you out;" but how long was it before the Emancipation Proclamation was hailed with delight by all but a few? He interpreted the public mind, even before it could frame itself into a definite wish, and straight, every man knew that it was his own thought.

Growing out of this measure how many gigantic ones were to be undertaken. When he began his work, traitors boldly assumed their national rights. Public forts and arsenals were in their hands, with all their appliances of power. They must be regained for the nation. The territory that had been claimed for Freedom was claimed for slavery; it must be held to its first claim. The doctrine of State rights was boldly asserted; the authority of the National Government must be sustained. The National Capital could not shut out the clank of chains which reached the ears of its men of power, even while in legislative session, and the fugitive bondmen could be torn from the very steps of the chosen Temple of the Goddess of Liberty.

This must be changed, and the terrible reproach wiped out, and the Nation's Capital made to represent freedom for all. The nation was divided on great questions that concerned its future prosperity; it must be united. What a work to be done! And yet that murderous assassin's hand stayed until it was accomplished. Yes; triumph came to every measure, defeat to none. And yet, all these measures were but superficial ones; they were the result of that terrible power which was working insidiously underneath all measures, and calling them forth to strengthen itself. The triumph of this day, and the true renown of Abraham Lincoln, posterity will declare to be the assertion of the manhood resident in every human being. Let, indeed, the world be glad at the incarnation of this idea in a law and a government. It has taken eighteen hundred years for men to understand a life so simple as that of Jesus, whose grand ideas all centered in this same idea of the divine in the human. But now a nation proclaims it again in another form, and again has the proclamation claimed its martyr. For this idea, the hate of tyrants centered on the President, and he died for this. The martyr's crown rests on his head. Already the halo encircles it; already is it glorified for all time, and the simple, unassuming man, is greater than the greatest monarch the world ever knew. Oh, the sublimity of truth! Oh, the grandeur of right! Oh, the strength of justice! They are the mighty rulers—Justice, Truth and Righteousness—and he who is swayed by them becomes a monarch.

We find in a recent daily paper so beautiful an illustration of Mr. Lincoln's rare modesty, that we cannot pass it by. It may, indeed, be called his Autobiography; and with this before us, we need not ask of his life from youth up; it lies before us mapped out by his own hand. It was written in reply to the Compiler of a "Dictionary of Congress," who, in 1858, sent to him a circular asking information as to the date and place of his birth, the character of his education, his profession, or occupation, and a list of any public positions he may have filled. The simply great man replied thus:

"Born July 12th, 1809, in Hardin Co., Ky. Education defective. Profession, a Lawyer. Have been a Captain of Volunteers in the Black Hawk War.

Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature; and was a member of the Lower House of Congress. Yours, &c., A. LINCOLN."

This unassuming record we can all fill out to its mournful close. From those brief minutes, what great events loom up. And was the greatest, the grandest, to be overshadowed by the cruel hand of a poor, deluded play-actor? Was Providence to be thus thwarted? Had all things gone so well, and yet failure come up at last? Not there was a mighty power still at work. The country had had its martyrs, thousands of them. Brave, heroic souls had gone up from the conflict of battle-fields; from the darkness and weariness of prisons; from hospitals, and from the sea. Shadows had rested over thousands of hearts as the martyr's crown was won; but another one was needed. Something more must call out the nation's sense of justice; something more must rouse it to bear and conquer. Listen to those almost prophetic words of Mr. Lincoln's last inaugural address. "Perfervently do we hope, earnestly do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword—as it was said three thousand years ago—so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

And God will yet another testimony to be given us. The inevitable effects of that system of wrong which first imbrutes the upholder of it, must stand out in the hideousness of this awful deed, in a clearer light than ever before. And are we not more thoroughly committed to the right than ever before? Have we not the memory of a great and good man ever to inspire us? Yes, by his bloody and cruel death, do we not more solemnly swear to make the principles for which he died, more abiding in our land?

We have so many testimonies of this that it is useless to repeat them. While that solemn pageant passed through our streets, the very air seemed filled with the attestations of reverential love, and such love as calls forth obedience. Could those cold, dumb lips have spoken, would one of all that silent, tearful crowd, have refused to obey the uttered wish? Would not a country have arisen at any word of desire and become the ready instrument of fulfillment? Yet if those death-sealed lips could not speak, there was something that could, and did. There is a sacred memory whose voice must not, cannot be silenced till the great principle for which he contended shall be asserted everywhere. We are bound by our acknowledgment of them to see to it that they are asserted by every word and law that goes forth as a power, or authority, in the land.

But is there not something else that calls upon us besides a memory? Do we not know that even while that lifeless body receives the homage of the nation, the immortal spirit, active, earnest still, was seeking out new channels through which to give testimony to the right? The spring air of those solemn days was not more beneficent in its effect, or more positive in its power, as it lifted each little bud and leaf into the freshness of a new life, than was the spiritual power which, through hearts touched with the sad and cruel fate of the nation's leader, opened themselves to receive of that higher life and power which, with Pentecostal fervor, sat upon the heads of the multitude, and baptized them into a liberty and grace they had not known before. The vast magnitude of our nation and its responsibilities never was felt as then by all earnest men. If the lesson of those mournful days be ever lost, we be to us, for we shall be as those who received the seed on rocks, and straightway it is withered, because there is no depth of soil.

To go into an analysis of Mr. Lincoln's life,

seems quite unnecessary at this day; it is before the world, known and read of all men. He early received the appellation, "Honest Abe"—a higher and nobler title than that of crowned monarch or prince. Let that speak his virtues, and extend the memory of his goodness.

And now it remains for us not to extol his virtues, but to live more true to the great principles he exemplified. We will not exorcise the mad perpetrator of this dreadful deed. His miserable life has paid the forfeit. Enough for him shall be the consciousness—which shall surely come to him and the great realities of the spiritual existence he has entered—of one tithe of the misery he has caused, and the detestation with which the act is regarded throughout the civilized world.

But oh, let us hate with more severe hatred a cause which could permit such a deed. Let us look beyond the crime to the results of that system of wrong which we have harbored so long; and we thank God that an hour came at last, when the glory and dignity of the human race could be asserted, and chattel slavery be among the dead relics of a barbarism which sought to wrest liberty from the nation's hand.

And now on the pedestal of fame stands this martyred statesman. His name could never be so glorified as now. Never would he have been so loved; and is it not true that the embodiment of his ideas will be realized, and become honored and beloved, till we stand truer and higher as a nation, and more united as a people?

The light of an immortal glory rest with thee, oh martyred hero! How gladly would many of us have died for thee! How many would have given up their beloved ones, that thou mightest have been spared. But no sacrifice would serve save this. We cannot bid the stern destiny of nations, or of individuals, be changed. We cannot alter the grand progress of eternal law and Omnipotent will; but we may all take the heritage given to us; we may live in and for the right, the noble, the true.

As only the sacrifice on Calvary of a noble, pure man for humanity's sake could have elevated it to the recognition of its glorious destiny, so let us believe only this sacrifice could have taught us fully to cherish the principles of freedom, and to fully appreciate the grandeur of an independent government, when it stands committed to right and justice; and also, that nothing could have shown us so clearly the dreadful consequences of a government committed to wrong and to despotism.

And do you not know that the spirit of the good man we mourn feels all this, and rejoices greatly in the self-sacrifice he was able to make? Just at the entrance of a better time he stood. Just upon the threshold of a new, more glorious national life. Already he saw the beautiful green pastures of the promised land he hoped to walk in. Already he caught glimpses of the still waters. His weary feet that had toiled through four of the most perilous and fearful years ever experienced by any nation, drew nearer to the cool shadows, and the blooming flowers were already in sight; but he could only look a moment; the entrance closed, and shut therefrom the way worn leader; but not to banishment. Oh no! The beauty and rest, the peace and refreshment are all thine, oh honored dead; for though not with us, yet with the patriots and statesmen, with the world's great heroes—souls of the past, thou hast a place, and seest with clearer vision the great future of the country of which it is thy glorious destiny to be named for all time, the Deliverer, the Saviour.

"But while we tell his story, and we talk of his renown, Above they sing his glory; over us he wears his crown. His arch of the supernal, as it springs in heaven, appears A splendid bow of promise—we may see it through our tears. In the dark hour of duty he had seen God's glory shown, And now, in all his beauty, seen the Lord upon his throne! Some angel-mute did lead him blindfold through the thorny ways, 'Till on a sudden, lo! he stood full in the glory's blaze. Aloud for all the world to hear, God called his servant's name. And led him forth, where all might see, upon the heights of fame. And we know not but that America had gone down on that red flood, If Abraham Lincoln had not been a chosen man of God."

## Correspondence.

### The Oil Regions—Titusville, Crawford County, Pa.

Ever since the reports of the flowing of oil here, I have desired to visit this region.

Two days ago I stepped into the cars of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and in twenty-four hours found myself at the Moore House, in this place, nearly four hundred miles from home. Traveling by railroad is so common now, that we do not realize what a miracle it would have been to our forefathers.

Seating myself in an easy though not very graceful position, I soon left my body and traveled far away, visiting friends and reveling amid scenes of beauty in another condition of consciousness. Eight hours afterwards, I found my body sitting just where I had left it in the car, but in reality far away. The grey peep of dawn revealed to my outer vision the mist-clad peaks of the Alleghany mountains. We were rolling along the banks of the Susquehanna river, passing beautifully cultivated farms, with their immense barns. The apple trees were in blossom, rich and magnificent poetical prophecies of future fruits. Then, again, we passed through rude mountain scenery, vast primeval forests of hemlock which have never yet resounded with the axe of the woodman. It seemed as though the Indian spirits were still roaming through them. As I looked upon the tall, straight trunks of these immense trees, my eyes turned upward, and then I beheld the beautiful evergreen boughs, types and emblems of immortality and eternal youth. I saw the long trunks of some of them lying prostrate, yielding to slow decay, or being consumed by fire, precluding the last great lesson of life, as their elements separated and rose up from earth to be commissioned again to return to earth and unite with other elements and say to these, "Come up higher."

After a good night's repose, I opened the only book in the room—the Bible Society has not neglected the oil regions. Turning to the twenty-ninth chapter of Job, I read it and exclaimed, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled." I was fully convinced that Job was more patient than most men now, for when the oil ceases to flow now, we do not hear the exclamation, "Oh, that I were as in the days of old," but they often use language more strong than polite in reference to the being who is supposed to reign over the regions below where the oil lays.

We could hear the regular clicking of the steam engines night and day, as they were boring, boring incessantly. Everybody in this classic land of Grease seemed to have oil in their hearts, for "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and we heard of nothing but oil, oil leases, forty barrel wells, etc., etc.

The streets of Titusville are remarkable. The footways are planked. In many places you are compelled to walk a single plank, in danger of taking a plunge bath of mud on either side. At

first I thought the horses were very small, but on closer inspection I discovered that they were very modest animals, and you could no more see their feet than you can those of a modern dressed lady. I estimated the average depth of the mud at twelve inches; in many places much deeper, and of various consistencies, from stiff clay to a thin, creamy character. The horses always selected the latter, as it was more easy to navigate in.

I walked out to the wells, and there was green and greasy oil running into black tanks. I cannot describe the wells here. I am preparing a lecture, and will be ready to give any information on this subject to those interested. The earth is terribly bored here, and awakes at every pore, sometimes oil, but more frequently water, either salt or fresh. We traveled down Oil Creek to Rousseville. By railroad to Shafter in rough cars, with a single board seat all around, and standing room in the middle, all of which was occupied.

At Shafter, a son of Erin was ready with "a splendid new packet" to take everybody to Oil City, about eleven miles, for ten dollars each. My companion made a contract with him to take three of us to Rousseville, eight miles, for seven dollars—two dollars and thirty-three cents each. He informed us we would find the packet in the creek, and "it would be off shore in ten minutes." Wading through mud, and over and under railroad cars, we found ourselves, with about a dozen others, on the bank of the creek, but the packet did not appear. There were a number of flat boats, some loaded with oil, and very greasy. On one they were loading bales of Timothy hay. We felt like the Apostle, when he addressed his "beloved Timothy," and thought if we could sit on those bales, we should avoid the danger which seemed imminent of "striking oil." When the captain came, he informed us that a small, green flat-boat was "the packet," and as soon as the boy shoveled the water out, we took our seats. Patrick said the boat cost eighty dollars, and the fare received from this trip was more than a hundred dollars.

Appointing another captain to keep our boat from breaking the rocks, we were soon pushed out into the stream, and in two hours floated down to Rousseville. The surface of the creek is kept well oiled, and presented beautiful colors. It reminded me of the text of a contraband minister: "Though Paul may plant, and polish wild water, God alone giveth the increase." We passed through forests of derricks and wells. At Rousseville, we visited several wells belonging to our company; and after waiting two hours, we started back, but there were no packets now, and we traveled on the primitive plan—up to Shafter.

Amid all this bustle and confusion, there is a substantial basis in the oil, and though many feel disposed "to make light" of the whole oil business, I feel satisfied to make light of the oil, which is emphatically the source of the poor man's light. The time will soon come when practical business arrangements will dispel the wild speculation that has been attached to this, and the extraction of oil from the earth will be as legitimate as raising wheat.

Yours truly, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

### Notes by the Way.

Stopping a few hours in Cleveland, I sought for Mrs. Hutchinson, who has been speaking there during May, but she was absent. Mrs. L. M. Thompson I found at home, and, as usual, with the spiritual harness on, ready for any and every good work. She is a medium of rather unusual powers, of great versatility, and able to adapt herself to a greater variety of purposes than any one I have ever seen. With a large share of good common sense—an excellent quality, by the way, for a Spiritualist—an earnest, conscientious, large-hearted woman, Mrs. Thompson is doing a good work in her own way. The good cause in Cleveland needs some fresh stimulant to wake up the drowsy and arouse the laggards. But the good seed is there in abundance, and will bring forth in our Father's own good time.

Mr. J. H. W. Tooley closes a course of lectures in this city next Sunday. These lectures have been of a physiological character, and illustrated by charts, which adds much to the interest.

As I have heard but two of the course, perhaps I am not competent to judge in the matter, but it seems to me such "lectures" are not what the times and the occasion demand. We need to know more about ourselves physically, and cannot too highly value this all-important subject. But at this point or epoch in the history of Spiritualism, all such matters should be held and treated as of secondary importance, and not allowed to take precedence to the great fundamental and cardinal truths of our New Theology. Therefore, on the Sabbath, the only day in the week when an audience can be obtained to listen to the truth, let the glorious truths of Spiritualism, the new light which is just breaking upon the world in such glorious splendor, be set forth in all its resplendent beauty and loveliness. Let us drop all side issues, all collateral matters, and sound the trumpet of truth so loud and long, that the brazen ears of *Calibanism* will be compelled to give heed. This naturally leads me to notice a very interesting discussion now going on here among the daily newspapers.

The *Inquirer* leads off in its own peculiar lugubrious style, about the imminence of a "RELIGIOUS WAR," and with a kind of logic, as clear as mud and as pliant as Indian rubber, succeeds, finally, in convincing folk—that they are very unhappy. The article is altogether too heavy and dull for your columns, but a brief synopsis will give an idea of its import. Says the *Inquirer*: "It is pretty evident that blood enough has not been shed to satisfy the consciences of the loyal clergy."

And so the *Inquirer* works up the catastrophe; the right of coercion once established, it will not confine itself to politics; the appetite for blood once excited is insatiable; the clergy are all crying: "fee, law, fun! blood, more blood!" This is a Protestant canon, and if we have a right to put down political heresy, which only affects man's temporal welfare, why not a heresy which affects his "undying soul through all eternity?"

But the "Gazette" comes to the rescue and ridicules this wretched effusion in excellent style, going through the whole article in detail, but, of course, turning the whole thing to a political account, and making some telling points in that direction.

Well, go on, gentlemen; a little discussion in this direction will do no harm. I quite like it. But this "Religious War" is not so far off as you may suppose, after all. The only difficulty in your case is, that you don't understand it quite yet. You are looking just now in the wrong direction. But

"The morning light is breaking, And darkness disappears. To some of earth are waking To spiritual tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from afar. Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war."

And come it will—but not in blood. The contest will be fierce, bitter, and rage with savage fury, but the sword will not be unsheathed! Persecuted, maltreated, imprisoned, outraged you shall be, in

every conceivable way that malignant hate and envy can invent. Are we ready for the trial?

N. B. Starr, the well-known spirit-artist who resides here, has some paintings just finished, of rare excellence as works of art, and, what is still better, truthful portraits. Why is it that there is no representative of this man's works to be found in our "Picture Galleries?" I shall take it upon myself to look into this matter.

Dr. Warren is now in the city, but I have not been able to learn from personal knowledge—for want of time—what success he has met with; but, from those I have heard speak of him, the accounts are favorable and encouraging. Cures are held weekly and new mediums are being developed.

On the 6th of June the Spiritualists are to have a "picnic," and I should think from the zeal I see manifested, that it will be a decided success, if the weather favors them.

Now I am off for the great Fair. W. B. B. Cincinnati, Ohio, June 2, 1865.

### Vermont.

Once more in the round of seasons, after an absence of over two years, my feet again are on New England soil, and my heart beats in concert with the loved ones of my native land, and the soul, as well as body, feels the genial atmosphere of the sacred rocks and holy mountains of the Pilgrim homes of my ancestors. Vermont, somehow most sacred of all, has unspeakable charms for me. Her green slopes, with rocky tops; her deep foliage of summer, green maple and beech mixed in valley and on hill with the deeper green of pine and hemlock, spruce and fir; her verdant vales and rocky pastures, furnishing "short and sweet" feed for sheep and kine; her dancin' brooks and sparkling trout; her cottage gardens and fragrant flowers; her chattering birds—shrill voice of whippoorwill, musical notes of the "loved nightingale," comely bobolink, sober robin and mournful cuckoo, and even the

"Rhining black crow, with his loud caw, caw."

has a charm for me, and all combined remind me of and call me back to the weary days and lonely hours of my boyhood, when earth had no charms for me even in these to me now so lovely and so sacred manifestations of Nature and the goodness of God. Vermont was not my native State. I have more of the Granite; but she stands first in the list of States in some essential features of civilization. Her whole population are better housed, sheltered and protected from storms than those of any State in the nation, for the whole population have better and more commodious buildings for man and beast than any other State. Less people, in proportion to her population, suffer for food in winter than in any Northern State, and for the common necessities of life fewer people suffer than in any State east of the Alleghenies. Of luxuries and extravagances they have less, but sufficient to make a good show, especially in the large towns on Sundays at the churches. They are more liberal in their religion than in any State, having a larger proportion of Universalists, and smaller of Catholics. A large per cent. of Spiritualists and advocates of woman's rights is to be found all over the State, and she has long held up the banner of anti-slavery from her hills.

A warmer-hearted people cannot be found in any country, nor a people with purer morals and higher principles. Here is the place and the people to first try the new measure of extending to woman the right of suffrage. Here she is in the majority, and here she is well educated and highly refined, and here she should have a share in legislation. Already a large amount of property is in her possession and ownership, and she is taxed equally with man for it. It seems befitting that Vermont should lead off in this great measure of reform and progress, and I have long hoped she would; but if she does not soon take the step, some Western State will lead the movement, for it surely must follow soon after the abolition of negro slavery.

I hope the liberal friends in Vermont will not forget that we have already secured the land and are needing assistance to start the Male and Female Industrial College at Vineland, N. J., where both sexes can earn and secure an education, with healthy labor for exercise, recreation and profit, combined with study. John Gage, of Vineland, is President, and C. B. Campbell, Secretary, of whom further information can be had by all who wish to aid one of the noblest enterprises of the age, and I feel sure Vermont will have a share in it. I hope to meet many of the liberal friends at Conventions this summer, and that they will be ready to confer with me on this subject.

South Hardwick, Vt., June 3, 1865.

### IN PEACE.

Come, let us make his pleasant grave  
Upon this shady shore,  
Where the river, wave on wave,  
Shall grieve forever more;  
O, long and sweet shall be his dream  
Lulled by its soothing flow—  
Sigh softly, softly, shining stream, because he loved you so!

Fair blossom daughters of the May,  
So lovely in their bloom,  
Your ranks must stand aside to-day  
To give our darling room;  
These dew-drops which you shed in showers  
Are loving tears, I know—  
Bloom brightly, brightly, grateful flowers, because he loved you so!

Here, all along, warm Summer days,  
The yellow bees shall come,  
Coquetting down the blossomy ways  
With fond and ringing hum;  
While warbling in the sunny trees  
The birds fit to and fro—  
Sing sweetly, sweetly, birds and bees, because he loved you so!

Here with their softened, cautious tread,  
The light feet of the shower  
Shall walk about his grassy bed,  
And cool the sultry hour;  
Yet may not wake to smiles again  
The eyes which sleep below—  
Fall lightly, lightly, pleasant rain, because he loved you so!

And when the Summer's voice is dumb  
And lost her bloomy grace,  
When sobbing Autumn's tempests come  
To weep above the place,  
Till all the forest boughs are thinned,  
Their leafy pride laid low—  
Grieve gently, gently, wailing wind, because he loved you so!

And when, beneath the chilly light  
That crowns the Winter day,  
The storms shall fold his grave in white,  
And shut the world away,  
Above his sweet, untrodden rest,  
Fall soft, careering snow—  
Drift tenderly across his breast, because he loved you so!

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," Jerrid interrupted, "that is precisely what you want!" The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.



### The Great Fair in Chicago.

Here, at last, after some unavoidable detentions, I found the Fair in good working order, and have spent one week in and around it.

The main building is one hundred and seventy-five feet long, and runs from Randolph to Washington street, about four hundred feet. Through the centre of this building, which is called "Union Hall," may be found the pianos, melodeons—a very good and really fine assortment—some stands of silver ware, a glass steam-engine in working order, glass blowers, sewing machines, and other miscellaneous articles.

On each side of this central line or row of goods is an avenue about fifteen feet wide; and still outside of these two avenues are arranged the "booths" in which are displayed the great bulk of the fancy goods contributed. At the end of this main building, or "Union Hall," on Washington street, is a gallery where the orators and others who have anything to say, can do so to good advantage. This main building has an arched roof, and from floor to top of arch is over fifty feet.

On each side of the main building is a one-story edifice, the same length as the main; one is devoted to agricultural implements and machinery; the other to miscellaneous goods, soda-fountains, eating stands, and the main restaurant. These three rooms—the Union Hall and two one-story rooms on each side of it—comprise the main building. On the side toward the lake is the "Horticultural Hall," a building the same length as the one already described. At the end of this hall, on Randolph street, is "Wright's Ice Cream and Refreshment Saloon." In about the centre is "Jacob's Well," where Rachel and Sarah serve out to the thirsty, lemonade at ten cents per glass. The well is elevated some ten or twelve feet from the ground-floor of the hall, and is reached by a half-circular gravelled road on an inclined plane. The "Well" is decidedly *wellish* in all its appointments, and the "old oaken bucket" brings up very delicious, cool lemonade. If the Rachel of old was as attractive, and performed her duties as gracefully as the one I saw at the "Well," I do not wonder Jacob "served fourteen years" to win her. From the "Well" to the end of the hall, on Washington street, are two rustic bridges crossing miniature lakes. At the end on Washington street is an observatory, from which a fine view is had not only of the entire hall but out upon the broad lake for miles.

The "Horticultural" display is quite meagre; but the building and its general arrangement is all that could be desired. Perhaps having seen the "Horticultural Department" in the Fair at Philadelphia one year ago, may make some difference with the way this looks. But I cannot help contrasting the one with the other. But to leave particular descriptions and generalize a little, I can say that, having seen all the large fairs which have been held, this one will compare favorably with any one of its main features. Philadelphia excelled *all* in the Horticultural display and works of art, particularly in the Picture Gallery.

The great feature of the past week was the visit of Gen. Sherman on Friday, and on Saturday Gen. Grant, to the Fair. The immense room of "Union Hall" was crowded, and the enthusiasm unbounded. Grant and Sherman both appeared in the Gallery, at the end of the Hall, where Gen. Hooker made the introductory address; after which Grant was vociferously called for, but bowed his acknowledgments, and as usual, declining to speak. Then the call was for Sherman, who responded by saying he was always ready to do his duty and obey his commander; "but," said he, turning to Grant, "I know he will not ask me to make a speech." To which Grant replied, "I never ask a soldier to do what I cannot do myself." This clever response was received with a tumult of applause and laughter by the vast audience.

The display of goods by the Spiritualists and "Friends of Progress" is highly creditable, but the result would have been far more satisfactory, had there been that unity of action which there should have been. I do not propose to go into the details of this unfortunate wrangle, but will say this much: that the attempt to throw discredit upon Mrs. Fuller, and charge her with "sailing under false colors," is disgraceful, and deserves the severest censure.

The plea that Mrs. Fuller obtained her authority as one of the "Friends of Progress" is false in every particular; and even if it were true, there would be no excuse for the course which has been pursued toward her in this respect.

The cause of Spiritualism all over the country has been injured very seriously by this Fair difficulty. Many contributions have been withheld by our friends, as they did not know to whom to send them, because of the contradictory statements concerning the matter.

I may allude to this subject again at some future time.

The exhibition of "Spirit-Pictures" is too small and meagre to merit much attention. This Department could easily have been made one of the most attractive in the Fair, and the good cause would have been greatly benefited thereby. The collection, though small, comprises some exceedingly beautiful and interesting pieces.

Two by Mrs. Laurie of Washington City, a Fruit and Flower piece in crayon.

Some five or six Portraits, by Anderson of New York, in crayon. One of these, two female figures nearly full life size, is very beautiful.

"Transition," by E. Hineley of Ohio, in oil, representing a death-bed scene, and the spirit going from the form to "spirit-land," the couch of death surrounded by friends of the departed, who are consoled by spirit-friends hovering over them. The collection would show to much greater advantage if better arranged.

A very amusing scene occurred just before the opening of the Fair this morning.

General Grant was passing around the different apartments with a few friends, when he was met by two ladies of the Executive Committee, who wished to introduce some friends. One of the ladies said:

"General, the ladies all seem so anxious to see you and shake your hand; but many decline to trouble you, thinking you must be tired of this business; and I think they want to kiss you, besides."

"Well," said the General, "why don't they do it, then?"

"So we will," said the lady who was spokesman, "and now is a good time to begin."

And they did begin, and gave the General a regular broadside, which he received in splendid style. General Grant is a very modest man, but he does not object to being kissed by the ladies—that is certain.

There are many things I will take another time to describe in detail.

"Monitor Hall" attracts many, as a mimic battle between the "Monitor" and "Merrimack" is going on at all hours. There is a circular pond about fifteen feet wide, with an island in the centre. The two vessels are propelled around this cir-

cular pond by little engines in each vessel, which drives a stern wheel. As they pass each other, the "dogs of war" blaze away, much to the amusement of "Young America" and the "Soldier Boys." "Bryan Hall" I will leave for another letter.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch is engaged to speak here for the Spiritualists, at Metropolitan Hall, for the present.

The meetings were exceedingly interesting and the audiences large. The discourse in the morning was on the subject of "The Disease of Crime, and Crime of Disease," and is to be continued next Sunday. The large audience was held spell-bound, from the beginning to the close. Such seed sown must in good time bring forth abundant and good fruit.

W. B. B.

Chicago, June 12th, 1885.

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

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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**Banner of Light.**

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1885.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communication 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 Spiritualist*.

**Revolution in the Churches.**

We have recently had a revolution in the State—we are next to have one in the Church. Not necessarily with arms, in the excitement of passions, and with bloody accompaniments, although such have usually been the characteristic tokens of ecclesiastical warfare since the establishment of Christianity as a social power in history. This revolution is by no means a new matter, either. It promises to culminate in something akin to an outbreak shortly, yet it has been making progress along back through many years, working with the sure but silent efficacy of leaven in the lump, sapping and undermining those huge theologic fortresses of creeds, and forms, and professions, in which men thought themselves secure, confronting bold and bald assumptions of power with the firm but gentle and persuasive arguments of truth which know nothing like defeat and utterly refuse to be put aside, and preparing the easy passage which the world is soon to make from the low and murky places of credulity and superstition, of doubt and despair, to the heavenly highlands that lift themselves unto the sunlight and invigorate the believer's soul with healthy airs and welcome voices.

Even in the Church of England—where we would least have expected it—hoary with the traditions within whose impregnable influence it has so long been able to entrench itself, a revolution was begun some years ago; the supplemental part of that work which, for purely selfish and worldly reasons, was undertaken by Henry the Eighth. It has been going forward without interruption, though perhaps not with the accompaniment of a herald, ever since; involving in the radical changes it is bringing about not merely the rank-and-file of the Established Church, but the leading intellects and largest spiritual natures to whom professed believers have long been wont to pay respect and reverence. One evidence of this great and permanent work of revolution in that Church is to be found in a published volume which bears the name of "Essays and Reviews," written by various clergymen, some of them Professors in the learned Universities, and exhibiting a thoroughness of treatment upon every topic discussed, that a liberality of view, and a strong faith in the future of man, which promise grand results for the reformation which they had the courage to lead. The influence of their discussions has by no means ceased yet. It is making itself more and more felt all through the body of the English Church. It shows itself at the most unexpected points and in the most unaccountable ways. Men in ecclesiastical orders who would have been thought furthest removed, by reason alike of their interests and inclinations, from the possible reach of any sort of innovation, have proved to be the very ones whom this reforming spirit has reached first. So that we may look with confidence for a wide and radical movement before long in the Church of England, which will result in awakening that powerful ecclesiastical institution to a new spiritual life and the exercise of a higher quality of power.

Although not related to it in any logical manner, a similar movement has been going on for some time in the Episcopal Church in this country, whose culmination is at hand in the practical division of that Church upon a question of actual liberality and genuine fraternity. The Bishop of the Diocese of New York, it seems, has recently issued a sort of Pastoral Letter to the several clergymen of his diocese, composing the entire State of New York, warning them against the practice, which was rapidly growing up, of inviting ministers of other religious denominations into their pulpits, and even of participating in the proceedings of any of those so-called Christian Unions which had for their object nothing but what could be legitimately done within the pale of the Church. This admonition was intended to put a stop to the liberal practice in which such men as Dr. Muhlenberg, Dr. Tyng, and other noted clergymen, had been in the habit of indulging—men who are ranked as of the Low Church, whose service is given rather to the spread of Christianity than to the special strengthening and building up of any one Church or form of worship.

The result might have been foreseen. Some of the clergymen of other denominations, who felt that the discriminations in the Bishop's Letter was aimed in a decidedly invidious way at their heads, at once called a meeting to publicly discuss the spirit of the Letter, which was held in the Tabernacle in New York City, and attended by some of the Low Church Episcopal divines also. For attending this meeting and taking a part in it, not on the side of the Bishop, but on the other, one of these Episcopal clergymen—Dr. Muhlenberg—is to be brought to trial before a regularly constituted Church tribunal. The case is to be made a test case. If he shall be convicted of the charge of insubordination, it will involve the condemnation of some of the most pious and influential clergymen of the Episcopal Church in the city of New York. A split will of course ensue, and parties will exist within a Church whose standing boast has been

that neither heresy nor schism, politics nor temperance, has yet found lodgment for mischief within its fold. The Bishop's order for a public trial of these alleged offenders is only another proof of the sure progress of the spirit of liberalism, inquiry, and universal freedom for the human soul. The Episcopal Church, like all the other Churches, has withstood the advance of this spirit as long as it could, but is compelled to turn and obey the current of great spiritual and intellectual events at the last. Protest is no longer of avail. The naked employment of power is found to do no good in checking that advance. Even those forms and rituals which are endeared to so many thousands and tens of thousands by the powerful ties of association and habit, cannot hold back the native impulses and yearnings of the human spirit for all the freedom which is its own.

And so in the rest of the Churches, too. The Beechers have broken down many a barrier for which the conservative ecclesiastical doctors would have rejoiced to bring them to open punishment; but the instinctive force of their talons, the substantial momentum of their religious influence, and the overlying magnetism of their native character, greater than creeds and more powerful than the informing spirit of moribund forms, have served to keep the hands of would-be judges off of them till now, and now it is too late to venture upon so rash an experiment as that of charging them with wrong and dragging them to trial. They will go on and do their work as they have been doing it; and the theology of fifty years hence will be so very much unlike the theology of fifty years ago because of their valuable services in helping to liberate it from its thralldom.

At no time has the Spiritual Philosophy made such rapid and thorough progress among the various Churches as during the year or two past. Had it been put under the professed protection and guardianship of a powerful Organization, whose purpose it would have been in the nature of things to accumulate influence and establish power, it would inevitably have spent much of its strength and time in the work of its own defence, in consequence of the attacks which it would have invited, instead of employing it all without any waste in direct, silent and wide-spread spiritual labor. The result is apparent in the spread of Spiritualism rather than in the existence of a strong Party devoted to its authorized propagation. Who will lament that one course rather than another has been pursued, when more actual work has been accomplished by following that course than would have been by following the other? The good seed has certainly been sown, and by the hands of faithful husbands, guided and inspired by the angels. In due time it will not fail to spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold.

**How to Do It.**

The Banner has a friend indeed in the person of Mr. N. Church, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, who presented its claims to general support before a Spiritual Conference in that enterprising place, and was at once rewarded for his pains with a handsome list of subscribers, which he has duly forwarded to us with the money. This is exactly the way to do it. Wherever Spiritualists assemble for the discussion of those great principles in their beautiful Philosophy on which their faith is firmly based, the proper and timely presentation of the exponent and organ of those principles would result in its more firm establishment and in greatly extending its field of service. Let the friends of the Banner all remember this, and interest themselves so far as to practice on the hint as often as the opportunity offers. Where so many thousands are eagerly asking for the perusal of publications which they crave to satisfy their spiritual hunger and allay their spiritual thirst, it is no less than a work of charity to propose movements, however unpromising at first, which will certainly end happily for all.

We therefore ask our friends everywhere to call attention to the BANNER on every occasion when service to the cause could thus be done, and to collect whatever subscriptions, great or small, they find their hearers ready to make. Even a single additional subscriber helps on the good work, by making the position of the Banner stronger, and spreading the knowledge of the heaven-born principles to which it gives its constant advocacy. If every one of our friends should emulate the example of Mr. Church, our subscription books would have no blank spaces on their pages, and Spiritualists could quickly assemble crowded meetings in almost every place.

**A Congregational National Council.**

A National Council of Congregational Churches commenced a Session in this city, on Wednesday last, in the Old South Church. The Council is made up of delegates from nearly three thousand Congregational Churches, in the United States, representing a constituency of about two hundred and seventy-five thousand communicants, being one clergyman and one delegate for every ten Churches, which would make the Council consist of some six hundred delegates, and nearly this number are present. Delegates are also present from Churches in England, Ireland, the British Provinces, and the Canadas.

At the preliminary meeting in New York, Committees were appointed to present the following subjects to the Council for its consideration: "Evangelization in the West and South; Parochial Evangelization; Education for the Ministry; Ministerial Support; Statement of Church Policy; Declaration of Christian Faith; Systemizing Benevolent Contributions."

**Practising Charity.**

In urging even the demands of justice, if we do it with passion and heat, and without charity, we grow revengeful and the true ends of justice are lost sight of. Whether Jefferson Davis is to be hanged or not, it argues anything but the divine spirit of love and forgiveness to pursue him into his place of confinement with all the burning words of hate and the feelings of the murderer in our hearts. The worst of punishments is not that which is visited upon the body. The spirit, after all, is the real sufferer. Besides, we are apt to forget that in giving way to these feelings of revenge we are in fact doing the greatest possible wrong to our own natures. If we fall into a habit of cherishing harsh feelings, they will soon master us altogether. The law will be fully vindicated and justice be strictly answered, without our exciting the wicked feelings of others to see that it is done in haste and with malignancy.

**St. Louis.**

A correspondent writes us that Spiritualism is making a little in St. Louis. Several good mediums are located there—Mrs. Mitchell, and Mrs. McQuestion from Boston. The latter is a trance medium, and the manifestations through her are said to give great satisfaction. Our correspondent also mentions the fact that he has just had a sealed letter satisfactorily answered through the instrumentality of Mr. L. L. Farnsworth, of Battle Creek, Mich.

### Verification of the Burroughs Test.

We have received from our Washington correspondent some facts in regard to the communication, which purported to come from the spirit of A. J. Burroughs, given at one of our public circles, through Mrs. Conant, and published in the Banner on the 15th of April, which give conclusive evidence of its genuineness. Our correspondent obtained his information from reliable parties who were very intimate with Mr. Burroughs, and who, satisfactorily to themselves, identified the message. One fact mentioned by the spirit, relating to a conversation between himself and wife, when in earth-life, is corroborated almost to the letter, by a member of the family. The affectionate tenderness and goodness of soul which he ever manifested when speaking of Miss Harris, are plainly exhibited in the message—which is free from all vindictiveness, and full of the kindest expressions of sympathy for the one who cut short his mortal life. In reference to the assertion of some, that the name was given wrong, our correspondent learned these facts: that during the time Burroughs resided in Washington, he was always called by the familiar name of Andrew Jackson Burroughs, and usually gave his name as A. J. Burroughs; that in order to identify him with the tragedy, his name was given at the Coroner's Inquest as Andrew Jackson Burroughs; and that the name was placed on the docket of the Court, Andrew Jackson, and then afterwards, at the suggestion of one of the family, it was changed to Andrew Judson, and again, subsequently, to Adoniram Judson, the name by which he was christened, but which he did not use except by the initial letters, and which his intimate friends and even some of his own relatives, living in his family, always supposed stood for Andrew Jackson, and so addressed him. Had he given the name Adoniram Judson to his communication, it would have required more proof, our correspondent says, to have identified him, than it has by giving the name by which he was familiarly known in Washington.

### A New Paper.

We have received the Circular of the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association of Chicago, S. S. Jones, President, announcing the intention of the Board of Directors to publish at Chicago, a first class weekly newspaper, to be called the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," as soon as sufficient subscriptions to warrant it are received.

We hail the advent of reform papers with great pleasure, and desire that such journals may be amply sustained; but our experience—a somewhat perplexing one—has convinced us that the pioneers in any great and good cause have, always, much up-hill work to do, even if they can expect to travel on the smooth avenue of success. We have been eight, going on nine long years in the literary treadmill, sometimes in funds, but many times without; yet we have been able to keep our bark afloat, and to accomplish much good, we trust—thanks to the friends who have stood by us during the squally weather we have experienced; and we hope to do more in the future for the benefit of humanity.

Having had such an experience, we can but hope and trust our Chicago friends will be successful in their new enterprise, without being obliged to be tossed about on the sea of adversity, as we have been, ere reaching the haven of success.

### Mrs. E. A. Bliss.—California.

Among the able speakers who addressed the late Spiritual Convention in this city, we noticed Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass. Her speeches were terse, energetic, and to the point, and were delivered with an eloquence that always commands the closest and unabated attention. She has been in the lecturing field over six years, and ranks among the most popular of the female orators engaged in promulgating the Spiritual Philosophy. She intimated that she would like to visit California, and we advised her to do so, for there is great need of just such an earnest and able pioneer in the Golden Land, to teach our beautiful Spiritual Philosophy; and she is one who can, with inspirational aid from the angel-world, lay bare the truths of immortality, in so clear and unmistakable a manner, that the simplest may take hold of and appropriate them to their own everlasting good. We advise our California friends who are interested in the important spiritual revelations of the nineteenth century, to write at once to Mrs. Bliss on the subject, and by that means, she may feel more encouraged to start on such a long journey. She is a quiet, unassuming lady, of irreproachable character, and one who wins the confidence and sympathy of an audience as soon as she commences speaking.

### Departed.

Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney, one of America's bright literary ornaments, has changed spheres. Her tired spirit left her mortal casket on the 10th inst., at her late residence in Hartford, Conn., to soar away to the realms of the immortals, and mingle with kindred spirits who have been patiently waiting to receive her. She was born at Norwich, Conn., on the 1st of September, 1781, and was consequently in her 74th year. During the quarter of a century ending, perhaps, somewhere about 1850, her name was more widely known, in either hemisphere, than that of any other American authoress. Her heart and purse were ever open to all good works of philanthropy and charity; and she had a host of friends and never an enemy.

From his late residence on Greenville Street, Roxbury, Mass., the spirit of our friend, Alfred Allen, Esq., took its flight for the immortal shores, after a sojourn here of seventy-three years. We tender our kindest sympathies to his noble-souled companion, whose knowledge of and faith in the truth of the spiritual philosophy, will sustain her under the most trying circumstances.

### Mr. Howitt's Literary Services Acknowledged.

We are glad to see a public acknowledgment of Mr. Howitt's long literary services amongst the grants on the Civil List, says the London Spiritual Times. Though small in itself, and somewhat late, it will, we are sure, be observed by the public with satisfaction, as well deserved. Mr. Howitt and his amiable partner have done too much in the way of literature to cause any surprise that they should receive a grant from the Civil List. We congratulate them heartily, trusting they may have lengthened days to enjoy their well-earned prize. When it is remembered that Mr. Howitt is the author of "The History of Priestcraft," and one of the sturdiest leaders of the Spiritual movement in England, we think our Government is learning a lesson, though late—viz., that a man's sterling literary merits are not to be ignored because of his creed, or want of creed.

### Lecturer's Announcement.

Antonia B. Simpson, will speak at South Royalton, Vt., on Sunday evening, June 28th.

### Elder Grant vs. The Spiritualists.

We find the following in the last issue of the Boston Investigator, and transfer it to our columns for the purpose of showing our readers what "outsiders" think of us:

"The Spiritualists of this city and vicinity recently held a three days' meeting to consider the important question of so educating children that their young minds should not be injured by theological or sectarian teaching. As Sunday schools are now managed, the children who attend them are drilled in Orthodoxy, Methodism, &c., and the Spiritualists desire to counteract that kind of influence. Their efforts in this respect are commendable, and we shall be glad to hear that they are successful. We notice that the Elder who edits 'The World's Crisis' is very much troubled because the faith of the Spiritualists (or the doctrine of demons, as he facetiously terms it) increases a great deal faster than his own. But this does not prove that mankind are deteriorating in common sense; on the contrary, it shows improvement in that respect. The Spiritualists are in favor of saving the whole human race here and hereafter, but the Elder and his few followers are anxious to have Jesus come and burn up the entire world, with everybody in it, except themselves, who are to be 'caught up in the air' (by the nape of their necks, probably,) until the great incendiary act is completed, when they all come down on the run, establish the millennium, possess the new earth, chain up 'Splitfoot,' and have a high old time for a thousand years. Such is the Elder's faith, when told in plain language, and the man who can believe in such unmitigated humbug, is doubtless a very proper person to be constantly taunting the Spiritualists with using deception."

### Spiritual Literature in the West.

Tallmadge & Co., Book and Periodical Dealers, in Chicago, Ill., have recently removed to their new and elegant store, 109 Monroe street (Lombard's Block), a very central and convenient location, being only two doors west of the post-office, and adjoining the Fourth National Bank. This enterprising firm do a large business in supplying the Southwest with the most desirable literature of the day, and especially all Spiritual and Reform Publications, and which they sell at ruling Boston prices. They are also agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and will furnish it each week at the price charged here. This is a convenience which our Chicago friends will fully appreciate. This firm also deals largely in stationery of all descriptions. They are prompt in their business transactions, and have won the entire confidence of the community. We bespeak for them great success hereafter.

### Second National Convention of Spiritualists.

By the Call, in another column, of the Committee appointed for the purpose at the first Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Ill., the second week in August last, it will be seen that another Convention is to convene in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 17th of next October, to be continued five days.

The Call for the Convention is published at this early day to give all local organizations ample time to choose delegates, and to get notice in season to Spiritualists in distant localities. Spiritualists and reformers throughout the world are invited; and, as questions of the greatest importance will come up for discussion, it is desirable that all who possibly can, will be present on the occasion contemplated.

### New Work.

A book has just made its appearance in England, entitled, "Supra-Mundane Facts in the Life of the Rev. Jessie Babcock Ferguson, M. A., LL.D." Edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D. Price, ten shillings. In noticing it, the London Spiritual Times says: "Few who have had the privilege of listening to the masterly eloquence of Mr. Ferguson will fail to feel intensely interested in his career. His connection with the Brothers Davenport, in England, has had the effect of intensifying the interest in their manifestations. The book we are reviewing contains some astonishing revelations of Providential or spiritual interposition. If we mistake not, the Spiritual experiences here described will set inquiry on the *qui vive*, and give a fresh impetus to metaphysical and psychical research."

### New Music.

From the publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co. we have received the following named musical compositions: "Morning Dew," a nine page brilliant, by Sydney Smith; "Then turn thy thoughts to music soft," a duet, arranged by O. A. Ingraham; "Jenny of the Mill," a ballad; "Little Tad," a ballad, words and music by J. W. Turner; "The Union Restored," composed for the piano by Wm. Willing, and dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln; "The Dawning of Peace," a march composed by J. W. Turner.

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, has just issued a musical novelty in the shape of a song, entitled "Scandal on the Brain," in seven eight-line verses, composed by Mrs. M. A. Kidder and set to music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. It is rather severe on slanderers generally.

### Miss Jennie Lord, Musical Medium.

This most remarkable medium for physical manifestations informs us that she intends visiting the West in the Fall. She will go by the way of Cleveland to Chicago and Quincy, Ill., and so on. Those desiring to make engagements with her, should address her at once, at Chicago, Mass. We hardly need assure our friends in the West that Miss Lord is one of the very best mediums for physical musical manifestations, similar to those given at the séances of her sister, Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, with which all our readers are familiar. We have witnessed the manifestations given through the mediumship of Miss Lord, and know her to be reliable and truthful.

### Belle Bush's Poems.

The New York Standard says: "VOICES OF THE MORNING, by Belle Bush, is an elegant little volume from the eminent house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, the author of which will be recollected as a former contributor to the Standard. Her Voices are meant to herald 'the dawn of justice and liberty to a world over which has long brooded a night of slavery and in her easily flowing verse, devoted to liberty, faith in justice, and the inspiration of noble sentiments are not wanting.'"

### Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

We received last week a pleasant call from Mrs. Brown, late associate editor with Moses Hull, of the Progressive Age. She was on a brief visit to Boston. "She is an earnest and disinterested worker in the cause of Spiritualism, and all reformers may hideous attend her efforts."

### Lyndon Hall Meetings.

Mr. Lyndon Hall gave two capital addresses on Sunday, June 14th. Next Sunday the meetings close, in this hall. There will be an address in the evening only, given by Miss Lizzie Doten.







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who chose the name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Goss.

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 that beyond—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. 138 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 solicited.

### Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, Spirit of all Life, our faith in thee cannot be measured; therefore it is that we come to thee through the sacred influence of prayer; not that blind faith that trusts thee without knowing thee, but that sublime faith that comes from a knowledge of thy divine law, that leans upon thee because it has dwelt with thee and has become accustomed to thy holy ways. Oh Father, may we be enabled to dispense something of that faith upon these thy children in mortal. May they seek to know, hourly and momentarily, still more of thee, as manifested in the countless works; ever questioning concerning thee, ever asking to know more of thy infinite law. Oh Father, Spirit, thou knowest we cannot love thee nor serve thee without knowing thee. We cannot obey thy law without an understanding of that law. We cannot worship thee in the deep sincerity of spiritual truth, unless we love thee. Oh we cannot love thee without knowing thee. Father, sometimes we seem to dwell in shadows; sometimes there are mists and fogs around us, and all our vision seems obscured. But when we turn within the sacred sanctuary of our soul-lives, there is an ever-abiding recognition of thee; there is a confidence in thee which neither Time nor Eternity can ever obliterate. It is there, has been written there by thine own hand, and the characters are indelible and immortal. Father, we commend this nation, with all its rushing tide of human possibilities, to thee. Keep it, bless and restore it to peace, and the song of joy shall sound out on the air of ages with gladness, forever. Amen. May 11.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We now propose to give an opinion concerning the inquiries of correspondents, or those of our audience.

Ques.—Will the intelligence phase inform us if the landscapes, flowers, birds, &c., as seen in visions, are really in a far-off land beyond the stars, or only scenes of our earth-plane, spiritually discerned?

Ans.—In some instances, in all probability, they are but scenes that belong to the earth-plane, spiritually discerned. And then, again, it is very possible, under certain spiritual conditions, they may be entirely spiritual in themselves, and yet not belong to some far-off sphere beyond the stars.

Q.—It is affirmed, from a reliable source, of Edward Everett, that he responded to calls the morning after he passed away. Since then, from another source—and, it would seem, equally reliable—it is said that he thought he had been dreaming all the while. We would ask: May he have not, in what he thought a dream, responded as reported?

Ans.—It is by no means unreasonable to suppose that the spirit of Edward Everett would seek to return and manifest itself among those conditions of human life from which it had been so recently separated. Yet we would counsel you, in all kindness, to weigh in the balances of good sound common sense, everything that comes from a source that you are not perfectly acquainted with.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent, E. T., introduces a subject as follows: A gentleman from the far West, who is acquainted with the Mormons, recently related to me the following incident, which, he says, they regard as a miracle wrought by Brigham Young, and which they consider proof that he is "divinely inspired." Some years ago swarms of crickets appeared in their settlement, and so much injured vegetation that they feared it would be entirely destroyed. Their leader encouraged them in the belief that, in answer to prayer, the Lord would in some way remove them; and prayer was offered for that purpose. Very soon flocks of sea-gulls came and devoured them, so that their crops were saved. And every year since, whenever crickets threaten damage to vegetation, the sea-gulls come, though they were never known to be in that vicinity before. The question is:

Q.—Can it be possible that the prayers of Brigham Young, or the combined influence of "the saints," had any agency in bringing those birds there?

Ans.—If we were to give an opinion concerning the matter, we should say, in all probability the crickets themselves attracted the sea-gulls, and not the prayers of either Brigham Young or his associates. This is but a result of natural law, an effect following a cause—no miracle whatever.

Q.—In what condition, as understood by human senses, did Christ appear after his crucifixion.

Ans.—In a spiritual condition, precisely similar to the appearance of disembodied spirits at the present time.

Q.—Do spirits appear at the present time?

Ans.—They certainly do.

Q.—Can any one see them, providing they place themselves in a proper condition?

Ans.—It is not always possible to place yourselves in the requisite condition. There are certain persons among you, called mediums, who are gifted with what is commonly termed second sight, who are constantly seeing these disembodied intelligences who call spirits.

Q.—What is understood by a spirit?

Ans.—An aggregation of thoughts individualized.

Q.—Do spirits know more of God than we mortals?

Ans.—No, they do not.

Q.—Shall they know more of him as they progress in spiritual life?

Ans.—That is a question that cannot be decided upon any general plane. You may, in all honesty and sincerity, suppose you know more of God than certain of your fellows. Well, so far as your faith is concerned, you do know more of God, yet, in reality, the God-principle cannot be defined either by human or spiritual senses. It is an infinite Power that the finite individual cannot fully comprehend.

Q.—You asked God to bless this country, in your prayer. Did you mean an individual God?

Ans.—No; the great, Eternal Presence of God, that is in you, and in all others. In asking God to bless this country, we ask you to bless the

nation with holy thoughts and holy deeds. We ask all other intelligences the same.

Q.—In that case, Spiritualists would be Pantheists.

Ans.—Underlying the theory of Pantheism is a very great truth. If you are of God, and are sustained by God in your present condition, something of God is with you. If you are children of that Divine Power, certainly there is something of that Divine Power within you. Yes, in our opinion, you are all parts of Deity.

Q.—Both good and bad? If so, Booth is a part of God as much as Lincoln.

Ans.—Booth is just as much a child of God as Abraham Lincoln.

Q.—Do their spirits associate together now?

Ans.—No, certainly not, for they are not attracted to each other now, any more than they were here. The law of repulsion is active between these two spirits. Each gravitates to its own proper sphere in spirit-life. Their souls were as widely separated here as two individual souls possibly can be separated. If they had not been, John Wilkes Booth could not have assassinated Abraham Lincoln.

Q.—Did I understand you to say that Christ appeared to his friends as disembodied spirits do in the other world?

Ans.—No; we would have you understand that he appeared to his friends, and those persons recognized and felt his presence, precisely after the manner that disembodied spirits appear to mediums at the present day. They will tell you that they see their spirit-friends, that they shake hands with them, that they are, in every sense, real, so far as they are able to judge. Now, then, it is our belief that Jesus appeared to his friends in the same way.

Q.—Then Thomas was deceived, or it is not true that he put his fingers into Christ's side, as stated in the Bible?

Ans.—No, he was not deceived. He desired to know whether the intelligence that appeared to him was, in reality, Christ, namely, his crucified Lord, or not; and in answer to his inquiry, Jesus says: "Examine me; put your fingers upon the print of the nails, and thrust your hand into my side, and be satisfied that I am the same Jesus of Nazareth." This spiritual form in which Jesus appeared to his friends, was so far materialized as to be an exact fac-simile of the one that was crucified. This is done at the present day.

Q.—But where was the former body, that was found, upon examination, to be gone from the sepulchre?

Ans.—Well, it is affirmed by those who declare they have correct knowledge of the matter, that the friends of this Jesus, this reformer, took possession of that body, despite the vigilance of the guards.

Q.—That is a worn-out story of his enemies.

Ans.—It is not a worn-out story, for truth can never be worn out.

Q.—But there was no evidence of this at the time.

Ans.—No, surely not; for had there been evidence, at that time, of many things that occurred, then there would have been more crucifixions than one at that time.

Q.—One account says he appeared, ate fish with his friends, and told them to put their fingers upon the print of the nails.

Ans.—Well, have we not referred to that? If you will attend one of the circles held by Mrs. Chamberlain, in an upper room in this building, you can all satisfy yourselves as to the tangibility of spirit-power. You can all satisfy yourselves that spirits do appear to mortals with a form quite as material, in every sense, as the one they left. Now if this can be done in these days, might it not have been done in the time of Jesus as well? The same law exists and controls these things now as then.

Q.—Then the resurrection of Jesus, as the Bible teaches us, was not true?

Ans.—So far as the physical body was concerned, it certainly was not true, for law is ever law. You cannot break that which is, in the truest sense, a law. After Jesus had been thoroughly separated from his physical body, after that chemical change had taken place, then he spiritually and physically came under another law from what he had been living under here. So, then, he could not have walked the earth in his physical body; or, if he did, he was not dead.

Q.—I believe your interpretations are given as opinions. Do you give them as such?

Ans.—Yes, we certainly do; and yet, our opinions are, in this case, founded upon knowledge.

Q.—But knowledge is not wisdom, for that is attained by the senses.

Ans.—There you mistake. Knowledge is not always attained through the senses. It comes by reason of wisdom. It is a direct and legitimate child of wisdom. It is not born of the senses alone; although at the same time it is inseparably connected with them.

Q.—If your knowledge of certain subjects is absolute, why do you give that knowledge as a matter of opinion?

Ans.—We present them to you as opinions, simply from the fact that you may not receive for truth that which comes to us, namely, by absolute knowledge. So, then, they are to you but the opinions of another individuality.

Q.—Then in that case, truth is not always truth?

Ans.—Truth is always truth, but its manifestations are numerous. That which may be an absolute truth to you to-day, was not so a year ago, only because you stand in a different relationship from what you did to it a year ago.

Q.—Then truth is subjective, and not objective, is it not?

Ans.—Truth is both subjective and objective. It belongs to both senses, internal and external. But it has as many forms, as it has need of limitless forms to manifest itself through. Now we may declare your earth to be square. Science demonstrates it to the contrary. So far as my sincerity is concerned, to me it is truth that the earth is square.

Q.—But is it so?

Ans.—Not to you; but to me it is so, if I fully believed it.

Q.—A man may fancy that he has money, and so claim that which really belongs to another person. Is it his because he fancies that it is?

Ans.—It seems to me, it is yours, provided you are sincerely honest in believing it to be yours.

Q.—Don't you think the United States would do very wrong in punishing me for such an offense?

Ans.—No, certainly not; from the fact that the United States Government would look at the affair in a very different light from you.

Q.—Then I should suffer for conscience sake?

Ans.—Ah! and that is the worst of all suffering. That internal judge will not fail to pass sentence upon you. There is nothing like it. It rebukes always, when rebuke is necessary. It punishes, to the fullest extent of divine law all its delinquent members.

Q.—If you say whatever is, is right, then the present sorrowing state of this country is right, is it not?

Ans.—Far back of all human law, outside and beyond all human fancy, there is a divine reality.

That power, that life, sustains all beneath it. From the fact that Booth was Booth, and nobody else; that he assassinated Abraham Lincoln, one of the kindest and most merciful souls that humanity ever knew; from the fact that a power governing all things permitted this deed to be done—we believe that that power was God—for a purpose wise and beneficent, grand and glorious. Who shall say that Abraham Lincoln's time had not come? Not you, nor I. Who shall say that the man, Booth, was not delegated by God to perform such a deed? Surely, I cannot say that it was not so, neither can you.

Q.—Then where is the responsibility of murderers?

Ans.—Because we affirm that all these individuals are parts of God, you must not suppose that we rob them of their responsibility, in any degree. As individuals, they are responsible to their own higher law. Every offense is overruled, we believe, for good; but at the same time, *we* ever follow the offender. Here are but two manifestations of power. The offense has come; the offender has been punished.

Q.—Are we bound to accept the New Testament as true?

Ans.—It certainly cannot be taken as a safe guide, in our opinion. This is a very broad assertion to make, we know.

Q.—Do you find any fallacy in the teachings of Jesus, when he says, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you?"

Ans.—We are able to trace this beautiful saying far back than the time of Jesus. It is true that Jesus of Nazareth preached a most beautiful philosophy, and he practiced it also. He demonstrated a most merciful and just spirit; but you have but one type of truth contained in the record of Jesus of Nazareth.

Q.—You have cut away the New Testament.

Ans.—It is fast cutting itself away from you as a guide.

Q.—What would you substitute in its place?

Ans.—We would substitute that reliance upon that ever wise Power that has sustained you, and will continue to do so, aside from written volumes—aside from an aggregation of one man's thoughts, or the thoughts of the nation.

Q.—Do you mean to say that reliance upon the power you speak of has brought us to our condition as a nation? that the Bible has no influence upon the children of earth? that we have risen to our present prosperous state through reliance upon this sustaining power? It is our belief that our nation, (the English)—as well as your own—has risen to its own proper high moral and mental position through the influence of the Bible. Is it not so?

Ans.—No, we think not; but rather by that more perfect power known as God, manifested through his acts.

Q.—Do you mean to say that the Bible is not to be relied upon?

Ans.—No more than any other record—than any other book given to-day.

Q.—Then all miracles are not to be believed in?

Ans.—We do not believe in miracles. A miracle, justly defined, means something outside of law.

Q.—If the child is cold, the mother takes it away from the ice and warms it. So if we pursue a certain course that is ruinous to our happiness, God, with his own kindness, takes us away from the evil, and thus causes a miracle.

Ans.—If that is your interpretation of miracles, we certainly agree with you. But we believe all so-called miracles to be done by virtue of law, even to the turning of water into wine; all are the simple results of law in themselves. This power—call it Lord, God or Jehovah, or whatever you will—is just as able to take care of humanity without any written record, as it is able to take care of the worlds in space, and to keep them in their proper position. The earth has not any need of a written record to keep it in place.

Q.—God was not once acknowledged in the Feejee Islands, where men used to eat one another. Now there is a great change in them, morally and intellectually. Is the Bible able to overrule the changes of climate?

Ans.—Are you sure that all these changes have really taken place in them, that is said to have taken place? Are you sure that they are really any better now than before missionaries set foot upon their shores? They know how to lie, how to steal; they know how to eat one another. Now they steal men's thoughts. They are spiritual thieves. They have learned good from the coming of the missionary, also. But who shall say that the changes of atmospheric life have not had something to do in sending the missionary to those hitherto unfriendly shores?

Q.—You do not mean to say that the Bible has taught men all these evil things?

Ans.—No, certainly not; but we do say that the coming of the missionary among these unenlightened people has instructed them in the evils of civilized life. The Bible, as a spiritual record, will never lead you astray. May 11.

### Peter Fitzgerald.

Well, Mr. Chairman, it's a fact to me that I'm back here speaking. I don't suppose it is to anybody else; it is to me. You want, I suppose, what will be evidence of our personality, don't you? [Yes, whatever facts you may choose to give.]

We are generally known by our names, I believe. Mine was Peter Fitzgerald. I was a volunteer in the 11th Massachusetts, Company B. Died down South in a hospital, just about a month ago.

I'm back here to-day for the purpose of making myself humanized again to my folks. I'm strangely confused, I must say; in this kind of life, because I don't expect just what I've met with; but think if I could get a chance to talk with my folks, I should soon get over this cloudy state, and come out all right. What do you think about it?

Do you publish a magazine? [Newspaper.] Well, if you'll be kind enough to say that I—in the first place, say I'm dead—well, yes, I don't know any other word to use; don't exactly like the word. [It will be better understood by your friends than any other.] And what's better—that I'm in a condition to come back and talk. How'll that do? I don't know; I can't seek out any person myself, don't know anything about 'em, these persons you use. I want my folks to seek out a good one. They must take advantage of the best there is, and I'll tell them about things they don't know much about—things pertaining to my earthly life, and the one I'm living now.

I was considerably amused at the discussion taking place between the old gent and the gentleman here a few minutes since. I was considerably amused, though I did not know what to make of it. [Did n't you understand Metaphysics?] Well, no; only it seems to me just as though from what I've learned since I came to the spirit-world, just as though the Bible was a pair of crutches to lean upon, and by-and-by when taken away you won't want to walk at all. Well, I was carried right back to the hospital where there were plenty of crutches, and of course associated my Bible ideas with them. Yes, the Bible seems to me like a pair of crutches, and by-and-by when they're taken away you won't want to use your

own legs at all. It's all right. I suppose you have to use crutches when your own legs are weak.

Well, I am only here, sir, for the purpose of getting a nearer opportunity for conversing with the folks at home. I'm perfectly honest. If you have any doubt as to my being the person I say I am, just refer to our rolls; there's no mistaking them. Good-day, Capt'n. May 11.

### Henry H. Downs.

I died of fever in the hospital at Vicksburg. I had no knowledge of these modern manifestations, though I'd heard something of them.

My name, Henry H. Downs, son of the late Commodore Downs. I have some few friends who are somewhat acquainted with these things, who occasionally have inadvertently dropped a few ideas concerning their faith in these things, and those things led me to consider my power, I suppose, so far as return is concerned after death.

I was born in 1831, so you see I had thirty-four years of experience on earth, which I must say seems very short, and I have felt since I've been in this new condition that I learned nothing, absolutely, for there are so many things that I did learn that I've been obliged to unlearn in the spirit-world, that I, like many others, have made very little progress.

One of my particular friends, Thomas Anderson I am informed, knows a good deal about these things. Perhaps it may be well for me to call upon him to assist me in returning this way. Am I out of order? [Not at all.] I never witnessed anything of this kind before death, so I positively know nothing about it. [You'll learn very fast.] Although my friend Anderson never expressed his views to me upon Spiritualism, yet I am told by his father, who is in the spirit-world, that he does know about it, and that he probably withheld that information from me, thinking I would not understand nor appreciate it. Well, he was right there. I find no fault with it; but I will ask that he assist me in returning positively to the friends I've left. Good-day, sir. May 11.

### Charles G. Hill.

My mother, sir, says she will be perfectly reconciled to my death if she could know all the circumstances attending it. [Can't you tell her?] Yes, sir; do not know of anybody else can do it any better than I can.

My name, Charles G. Hill. I'm a Southerner; not from this side. My father's name was Alexander Hill. My mother's name was Maria. Her name was Collins before she was married. She was from Tennessee.

I was in my sixteenth year. I enlisted in the 2d Virginia. I was shot at Petersburg, the battle before Petersburg. I was taken up by your men, as I guess most of the field fell into their hands. I was taken up, carried to the rear, placed in an easy position, and I don't think I lived to suffer long. Well, perhaps I did an hour or so not longer, I think.

My mother heard I was wounded, and died, and had no care at all, after suffering. I want so. [Were you kindly treated?] Yes, sir; I did not need attention long. I was taken to the rear, placed in an easy position, and given a drink of water. One of your surgeons told me I would not suffer long; talked very kindly to me; asked if I had anything I wished sent home to my folks. I had nothing to send home, so the folks need not think my things were appropriated by others. I had nothing with me to send, nothing at all. Then I had no strength. I had no time. Well, I thought of so many things, I didn't have anything to send, even if I'd thought of it. [You did not have any fear of death, did you?] Well, no, sir; no, I don't think I had much fear; I was a little excited about it when they told me I was mortally wounded. I should like to have lived.

I understand, sir, that you have taken Richmond? [Yes.] Are the mails open? [They are about establishing a post office there, I believe.] Well, sir, if you'll send what I've given here to Mrs. Maria Hill, I'll be obliged to you, anyway. May 11.

### Alfred N. Sprague.

You'll say, sir, that Alfred N. Sprague, from Concord, New Hampshire, died in the hospital at Richmond, this morning. My folks know I'm sick, do not know I'm dead. The letter is on the way now with the news of my death. I want to be a little ahead, if I can. May 11.

### Nellie F. Weir.

I am Nellie F. Weir, and I'm from Germantown, Pennsylvania.

I lived here nine years, and I was a medium myself. I could talk with the spirits before I died, and my parents once had me exorcised to have the wicked spirits leave that were around me.

I've been in the spirit-land since October; been trying ever since to come. [Do not your folks believe this?] No, sir, they are Catholics; but I've come back to tell them that I—I was—I was only a medium for spirits, and good ones, too—not bad ones. And if they will find me one like what I was, I will come and talk with them. It was not the evil influences that were the cause of my death. I was took sick of fever, and died that way.

My father will go next. He's well, now, but he will come to me. My mother is sick. She thinks it will be her, but it will be my father. They know about your paper, sir, because the spirits told them about it before I died. Good-by, sir; I wish you'd spell my name Weir. May 11.

### Invocation.

Wondrous Eternity, Holy Spirit, whose representatives are everywhere, whose written volume is all life, either of Time or of Eternity, thou who art the life of the day and of the night, of joy and sorrow, of peace and war, thou who art our Father, this hour we come to thee through prayer, for thou hearest prayer, and answerest prayer. The little flower lifts its head to thee, and asks for thy blessing. It comes through sunshine and shower, and air. So we lift our souls to thee. The answer comes to us in the still small voice of reason, telling us that thou wilt hear us, wilt bless us, and guide us forever.

Oh Spirit of the Hour, teach us to give forth that which shall be of infinite value, namely, a knowledge of our immortality, to these thy children lingering on the Shore of Time. May they cease to fear death, and know only life. Give us power, oh thou Source of strength, to plant seeds within the soul that shall spring up and bear fruit. Oh Father, Spirit, may each and every individual who yearns to know, feel that there is an open door between the two worlds, and that the angels expect much of them. Oh, may we impress thy power upon their inner natures, and write it even upon the outer tablet of life. Oh, may they demonstrate that fact in every thought, and go forth ministering angels of light, dispensing gifts of wisdom, and giving forth those gifts to all who stand in need of them. Oh Father, endow them all with an especial mantle of inspiration. May that mantle be wrapped about

us at all times, and when we lift our souls to thee in prayer, may it be with the satisfaction that we have tried to do well. May each one be able to say, I have sought for high gifts; I have cried, but not without the hope of attaining them; I have sought diligently for the shortest way to Heaven. Oh, Father, Spirit, may each one of thy children be blessed with a consciousness of thy presence. May they know thou art leading them through darkness as well as through light, that thou art in the night as in the day, that every sorrow is a blessing bestowed by thee, that thou wilt care for them constantly, and finally crown them with wisdom, for which we praise thee, our Father. May 15.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—Seth Hinshaw, Senior, thus writes us: "I am a part of God, hence I and God are one, one in body, yet I am inferior to God." As my hand and my head are one, one body, yet my hand is inferior to my head, and so with all other people; hence we are all one body, and should all love one another as being parts of the whole, although some intelligences are superior to others. Am I correct, or not?

Ans.—Your correspondent, in our opinion, has very correct ideas concerning himself and God. We agree with him entirely.

CHAIRMAN.—B. F. O., of New York City, thus queries:

Q.—Can the spirits at your public circle give any information in relation to the cause and prevention of the chinch bug, and other bugs and flies that damage farm crops?

Ans.—From the fact that they appear in certain localities at certain times, we are to suppose there is a cause for their appearance. Scientific men declare the cause to lie partly with the soil, partly with the atmosphere, and partly with the combination of the plants, or vegetation itself. Now, then, their coming is legitimate, because they have been attracted to special localities; and inasmuch as they are a pest and annoyance in the localities where they are found, you seek to destroy them. This is well; and yet while they are an annoyance, while they destroy, perhaps, almost entire crops, yet at the same time they prevent greater difficulties, they absorb that which would result in greater annoyances, namely, pestilence, and a variety of diseases peculiar to that particular atmospheric condition. You have asked, or your correspondent has, if there is any preventive that we could recommend? Yes, there is. If your agriculturists will use pulverized borax sparingly, avoiding shaking it upon the leaves of plants, putting it only upon the soil, they will find that these living annoyances will speedily take their departure. This can be done very easily, and at very little expense.

Q.—Will the spirits also enlighten us in relation to the Russian plague, and whether we may expect it here, and the cause and prevention, if any, and the cure?

Ans.—Sometimes Nature institutes her own mode of cure for such things. Thus when it is a necessity that the atmosphere should be repeatedly cleansed, why you have a large preponderance of electrical storms. The air is frequently purged by these electrical fires, that burn up the bad and leave the good; or, in other words, burn up that which is inimical to human physical life, and leave that which is not. With regard to this Russian plague, we are informed that it was very extensive, that the people knew very little concerning the cause of its appearance among them, and therefore knew very little concerning the theory of its treatment. You of this enlightened age have been repeatedly warned of that class of diseases coming among you which is but the legitimate child of war. You have also been told what course of treatment to pursue in case this enemy to physical life did appear among you. But it is our opinion that Nature has in store for you her own preventive; or, in other words, the very effluvia that is to-day exuding from the soil of southern battle-fields, will so organize itself, by mingling with your atmosphere, as to produce that very electrical fire that is needed to quench its life. Mark us, we predict that the Great God who controls this atmospheric life, will care for you in this respect, as he cares for the lilies of the field.

Q.—I would ask whether, in the opinion of the controlling intelligence, there will be great mortality in the Northern States the ensuing six or eight months?

Ans.—We have just stated that we believe that the great law of atmospheric life will be so used in your favor as to prevent this great mortality. And although no doubt you of the North will be visited by new diseases, by that which the medical faculty, as a faculty, cannot understand, yet at the same time, we are able to perceive that there is in store for you a cure, if not to a great extent, a preventive.

Q.—You spoke of the coming in Illinois of the chinch bugs. Whence do they come, and where depart to?

Ans.—That we cannot tell, nor would it serve you usefully if we were able to give you this knowledge.

Q.—Are not these bugs bred in the soil?

Ans.—In one sense, the soil is their parent; but







## Boston.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## TO MY SISTER, MRS. M. A. WHITE-TAKEN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

This day, a year ago, my heart was dreaming  
 "Nenth the sweet sunshine-promises of Spring,  
 With joy of life my soul was teeming;  
 The burden of my long unrest to fling  
 Down at thy feet, was infinite relief,  
 For the long hoarded love and pent-up grief!

We planned our future; heart-linked in the cause  
 Of Freedom, Justice, human Brotherhood;  
 To live inspired of Godlike, holier laws—  
 To seek the Beautiful and serve the Good;  
 To consecrate the life-thoughts, speech and pen,  
 Unto the service of our fellow-men.

But change decreed it sadly otherwise;  
 In seeming sadly, for we both apart;  
 The shadowy veil of separation lies  
 In folds of distance between heart and heart;  
 Thy mission 'mid the crowded city's throng,  
 My silent task where thrills the wild bird's song.

Alone! both heavenward yearning, for the joy  
 Of blest reunion on that summer shore,  
 Where, in the fullness of great Heaven's employ,  
 Our souls shall clasp the loved ones gone before.  
 There, sister dear, thy sorrowing heart shall own,  
 One to the stature of the angels grown!

It is a noble privilege to claim  
 Kinship with those so close allied to God!  
 To know thy Charlie hath an "angel name,"  
 To feel that dread affliction's searching rod;  
 For thee has blossomed with a glory-sign,  
 A token from the source of Love Divine!

Look upward and within! an angel guest,  
 In the sweet reminiscent twilight hour,  
 Shall come to thee with promises of rest,  
 Fraught with the peace-spell of his heavenly  
 dower;  
 Shall whisper, "Mother, I am safe and free,  
 Yet ever thine—thine own eternally!"  
 Loathe, Ill., March 4, 1865.

## SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION

## IN BOSTON.

## IMPORTANT MOVEMENT

## FOR THE

## EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

## THREE DAYS' SESSION.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

## THIRD DAY.

After the adoption of the Constitution, the following persons were appointed a Committee to nominate permanent officers for the Convention: C. A. Hayden, Mrs. Sturtevant, Maine; E. J. Durant, Clara Durant, New Hampshire; Dr. N. Randall, Vermont; J. E. Eaton, Sarah A. Southworth, Mass.; Sarah B. Birn, Seth Vose, Rhode Island; G. W. Burnham, Conn.

This Committee reported the following persons for permanent officers for the ensuing year, all of whom were elected:  
 President—Thomas Hunt, Salem, Mass.  
 Vice-President—Daniel Farrar, Boston, Mass.  
 Secretary and General Agent—J. S. Loveland, Medford, Mass.  
 Treasurer—John Wetherbee, Jr., Roxbury, Mass.

**Executive Committee:**  
 L. Stockwell, Bangor, Me.  
 E. J. Durant, Lebanon, N. H.  
 Thos. Middleton, Woodstock, Vt.  
 M. Bugbee, Killingly, Ct.  
 L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.  
 Jacob Edson, Boston, Mass.  
 A. B. Child, Somerville, Mass.

The following named ladies were also appointed to act with the Executive Committee:  
 Mrs. J. C. G. Brown, Maine.  
 " Clara Durant, Lebanon, N. H.  
 " M. S. Townsend, Bridgewater, Vt.  
 " Abbie Potter, Providence, R. I.  
 " L. H. Clark, Willimantic, Ct.  
 " Daniel Farrar, Boston, Mass.  
 " John Stratton, "

By vote of the Convention, the afternoon of Thursday was devoted to fifteen-minute speeches. W. K. Ripley was the first speaker, and occupied his time in some general remarks upon the subject of Education, and his general conduct in relation thereto.

At the close of Mr. Ripley's speech, Mrs. Stockwell read a patriotic poem, given through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten. She was greeted with immense applause during and at the close of the reading.  
 Oliver B. Stebbins was the next speaker. Said he, since the liberal people cannot have schools for grown persons, we should have them for children. If the old churches can yield such an influence through their Sunday Schools, can we not do something? There are two methods of educating. The first is the theological one, which is putting in. The second is the educational, or calling out. This, I trust, will be the one adopted. The great work to be done is forming Lyceums to carry out this plan. Robert Ralke is perhaps doing more, through the Sunday-school system, than any man living to mold the character of society. A great responsibility rests upon those who are seeking to escape from the old, in reference to the children. I was in Sturgis, Mich., recently, at the Free Church. Their Progressives Lyceum is larger than any Sunday School in the place. Children from all denominations attend. In Toledo, O., I attended the Unitarian Church. They had a school of some seventy children, and had adopted, to a considerable extent, the methods of the Progressive Lyceum. They did not attempt to dogmatize, but to draw out. The children work of every lover of education, in the home and set to work to form a children's Progressive Lyceum, on a large or small scale, as the case may be. Let not all you have heard here die out when you reach your homes.

Mrs. E. C. Clark said: We have no word of condemnation for Christianity; but we have some criticisms for that cant employed by its professors. We have said in nothing more than this in our meetings. Goodness is not negative—it is positive; it is more than good nature merely. I wish everybody lived somewhere—were Methodists, Baptists, Spiritualists, or something. The pulsations of the soul are subtle yet powerful, and beautiful are all these spiritual truths. Charity is no mere surface thing; it is simple concealing of faults, but it is to make the most of all persons that is possible. Education is this: that each one imparts what he has. But how can mothers learn their children to think, when they don't think themselves? Education is not so much to create, as to preserve. It is a great mistake to suppose we don't need to know much. In the Methodist Sunday School, one-half the teachers are ignorant, giddy girls. In the one where my girl attended, her teacher was an Irish girl. The great trouble with us, I fear, will be, we have not the material for teachers—we are only half grown.

Mrs. A. E. Bliss was most interested in the Lyceum, but was fearful of the want of teachers. There are not properly qualified persons; and I am afraid it will fall through. The teachers will grow weary, will not wish to be confined; the work will not be pleasant to them, and they will fall out by the way. She thought we did not need any system for teaching the young any religious truths. If she had children, she would not allow them to go even where they were told to must believe in God, though she herself had faith in him. Don't attempt to learn them anything, but clear away the rubbish, and allow their own spiritual instincts to have free play.

Miss Susie M. Johnson said: I did not come here to talk merely for the sake of talking, but if we have here the organization of an association, to promote the formation of institutions to teach the young, let us enter heartily into the work. Some of our organizations, and yet all things are done through them. I am willing to work in any

way by which we can work basically and organically for the education of the young. Spiritualism has not been recognized as a power. Our professions have been large, but what have we done, so far as inculcating a method of effort is concerned? If Spiritualists who profess a higher life, if they are really in earnest, taking hold of some form of practical effort for the education of their children. Many had rather pray half an hour for them than to labor. The only hope for the world is the working apparatus instituted for the children. War and suffering will continue until we institute these measures. I want all these complacent spirits who say as men are treacherous to go to work. It is a reflection upon ourselves to make such charges against others. Every man and woman is organically good. Miss Johnson was often and heartily cheered during her speech.

Dr. Gardner remarked that he had been sorry to see some petty jealousies about the mode of calling the Convention. Dr. Gardner has a right to call a Convention on his own responsibility and when he pleases. I had no axe to grind, no personal, selfish ends to serve. I felt the need of a Convention on Anniversary Week, and sat down in my office and wrote the call. Mr. Loveland has brought forward a plan for action. Some have found fault; yet it was presented to the Committee of one from each country represented, and by them unanimously adopted. It was considered at length in the Convention, laid on the table, taken up again, considered, article by article, and adopted. And yet not a few have whispered around that it was a private thing, got up to subvert selfish purposes. I have not done this; you have done it. I have only presided.

We append the resolutions passed by the Convention. The fourth one, as will be seen, has reference to the Constitution reported in the last Banner.

1. Resolved, That we are fully convinced of the great defects in the present systems of education, and especially in those which presume to teach religion and morality.  
 2. Resolved, That no true friend of humanity can reflect without shuddering upon the frightful demoralizing tendency of the popular theological teachings upon the minds of children.  
 3. Resolved, That the time has come for Spiritualists to make an effort to institute measures for teaching the truth instead of falsehood, by organizing Sunday Lyceums at once, and as soon as practicable, such other institutions of learning as the wants of the age and our philosophy most imperatively demand.  
 4. Resolved, That, to further these objects, to secure a more perfect acquaintance with each other as Spiritualists, and also with the general condition and wants of our country, to promote a more genial fellowship, and to effect a more hearty and efficient co-operation in our great work, we now become permanent, according to the following articles of Constitution.

A resolution of thanks to Mrs. Stockwell for her beautiful readings, to Misses Hastings, Stearns, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence for their sweet songs and music, was passed, and the Convention adjourned.

This Convention has been one of the most important ever held in New England. It is the first one that has ever resolved that something should be done, and instituted means to carry out its resolutions. By perpetuating its sessions, by appointing a working committee and agent, the promise is made of practical, reformatory work. It is to be hoped that the small amount needed to carry out the purposes of the Convention will be forthcoming without delay. Notwithstanding some misunderstandings, and warmth of feeling occasionally, it was somewhat remarkable to witness the substantial oneness of sentiment among the speakers, and apparently among the great mass of those present. Indeed, we doubt if any body of people has met in this city, during the week, among whom a more substantial unity of opinion and purpose has existed. Spiritualists differ as to how things shall be done, more than they do as to what needs doing. The difficulty, so far, has been one of method only. And, if we read the signs of the times aright, as manifested in the Convention, even that difference is disappearing, and we are coming to see eye to eye in that respect. We trust, when it meets next year, that its report of work done will be cheering.

## Correspondence in Brief.

## Dr. H. P. Fairfield in Kansas.

In compliance with the request of the friends of human progress, I am now lecturing on Sunday, to large, intelligent and excited audiences, which converge Sabbath after Sabbath in the Unitarian Church.

In this city, Lawrence, Kansas, the spiritual gospel is comparatively new, and to most of the people in this State; therefore a trance speaking medium or a clairvoyant physician is a wonder, a mystery; yet the people treat such kindly, and are more than anxious to know the cause and philosophy of such manifestations.

I have labored and am still wrought upon by the power of the spirit, to present the claims of the spiritual gospel, and to unfold the foundation of reasoning by which it is developed. Quite a number have already been made to feel the reality of the presence of their departed friends in this new field of my mediumistic labor. The people heretofore, in this State, have had no time to investigate this subject, as their time has been all taken up in cultivating the rich soil and building up towns, villages and cities, and protecting their homes from the despoiling invader. But now that the good time of the spirit has come, and quiet is again restored, the people are becoming passive and susceptible to the higher influences from the angelic world. Thus peace and confidence in each other is being restored, while life and immortality for man is being revealed.

The spirit-life is wonderfully analogous, nay, seems to answer to the body's life, as face answers to face in the glass. The spirit is born into a truth, and assimilates it to itself as food, and this becomes strong and more useful, and grows up into spiritual experiences. There is a spiritual birth for the soul, a coming into a new state of existence, where it will be nourished by new and heavenly influences, and nourished by spiritual thoughts, words and actions. How fresh and enchanting to the truthful and truth-loving soul is this higher gospel of "Peace on earth and good will to man." The Kansas people appreciate this blessing which you, my friends, in the east, enjoy; and they call for more mediumistic laborers to come here and spread the truths of Spiritualism among the people who have borne the burden of ignorance, falsehood, deception, and rebellion, but who are now unobscured, and are free and ready to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good;" and as Spiritualism is good, they will receive it, and cry, "God bless you!" And more—they will sustain you in your mission, by providing for all your needs. The way is open; come and speak words of life, immortality and heavenly communion, to the anxious people of Kansas, and greet them by your reward in this world, and in the world to come.

I shall continue to speak here until the 1st of July, and then go to fill other engagements. Who will come and take my place until I return again? Please to drop a line to Dr. R. Hanson, H. T. Davis, or E. B. Sawyer, Lawrence, Kansas. These gentlemen are the active Spiritualists of this city, and will see that no medium suffers or wants for any thing, while with them.

H. P. FAIRFIELD,  
 Lawrence, Kansas, May 22d, 1865.

## From Chicago.

Will a few lines be acceptable from a resident of the "Garden City of the West?"—the city of progress in every sense of the word—but I fear our progress is more of a material than spiritual nature; still our Banner finds many readers who gladly welcome its loving messages and cheering counsel to the home circle. The poetry alone in the Banner is worth to me the subscription, to any nothing of the inestimable value of the Message Department.

A few years since I believed Spiritualism to be a cunning device of Satan, to lead mankind away from the truth, and to sow the seeds of discord and strife; but now I own my conviction, and part to the Banner, I gladly send you a word of cheer, who have so long and earnestly labored in the cause of the great truth that spirit can and do communicate with mortals.

I can give no general information regarding the advance of Spiritualism here; but can bear testi-

mony to the worth of Mrs. Jennie Dutton, (who resides here) as a healing medium.  
 Mrs. Dutton as a Clairvoyant Physician will, in my humble opinion, bear comparison with any known. She is controlled by a circle of spirits who were physicians in the form. They now control her while in an unconscious state to delineate disease, and prescribe and treat. Although she does not claim that she will never fail, yet in my experience I have never known her to do so. She has treated successfully many cases of my family in cases requiring great skill, and I feel that I would be doing her justice did I not speak a word in her favor.  
 My desire to benefit suffering humanity is all the plea I urge for this wearying your patience.  
 Yours for the right,  
 ELLEN M. DOLE.

Chicago, May 20th, 1865.

## New Orleans.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, who is at present located in New Orleans, closes a letter written to us under date of June 5, 1865, as follows:

Taken altogether, New Orleans is a delectable place. Geographically, the city is bounded on the north by rebels, south by secession, west by alligators, and east by rattlesnakes. Its principal productions are gumbo, crawfish, divorce suits, and bogus patriots. You make a fresh view every day, sleep with a revolver under your pillow, pick your teeth with a seven-inch bowie, and warm your breakfast with "Southern Fire," close by that famous "last ditch." But do not understand that Spiritualism has not invaded this place, for I have seen several persons quite familiar with it; and one gentleman of very high standing, that of Dr. E. O. Hyde—which is at least a century ahead of the rest of the population; the Doctor being—outside of the Board of Education—the most perfect gentleman I have met with in all Dixie.

The cause of education, and therefore of civilization, and therefore of spiritualization, is onward here, under the magnificent development of N. P. Banks's idea, backed by the splendid efforts of E. M. Wheelock and B. Rush Plumley. These three—Love, Will, Wisdom—have done more for the negro than all others combined. God bless them evermore. Let the carpers bound away at Banks as much as they choose! to the black man he has proved a friend indeed; roof; twenty thousand negro children are at school; Spiritualism armed with spelling books and primers. *Vive la General Banks! Vive la Banner! Vive la everything good!*

## Singular Incident.

The Banner of Light has been a welcome messenger to many a home-circle, as a beacon light to the lone traveler by the wayside; and when the light of truth shall illuminate the dark corners of the earth, the shall the Spiritual Church arise, and apply "Bright as the sun in the moon, and as the moon in an army with banners."

In passing from one neighbor to another, one number of the Banner was lost; although diligent search was made, it was not found; and yet, after the storm of winter, from November until April, it was picked up, and not a line effaced nor word obliterated.  
 Though the storms of calumny and persecution may assail the light of truth, yet it will shine the more brightly and clear, until the millennial glory shall be ushered in. May the "angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," speedily reach the uttermost bounds of his domain; so that love, pure and free, as the mountain air, that works no ill, and permeates all life, shall dwell within each breast.

Yours for Truth and Progress,  
 MRS. A. R. COLE.  
 North Cornwall, Conn., June 10th, 1865.

## JUNE.

First-born of Summer, artless as the rose  
 That from the bosom of the changing earth  
 Gathereth beauty, of immortal worth—  
 Comes June, and "long a flowery pathway strewn  
 Joy-tinted thoughts, untried but by those  
 That prompt the lowly heart to venture forth  
 From the vale of tears, to the hills of Mirth,  
 To where the flowers of Poetry repose.  
 O June! thy charms I love, like, adore,  
 And like the roses that as sweetly blow  
 By cottage gates, as by the palace door,  
 My simple soul, untried in Wisdom's lore  
 Would fain entwine a garland for thee now,  
 And proudly bind it on thy queenly brow."  
 [Eugene Tiedde.]

## A Great Truth.

Man—the incipient truth, perhaps, of a higher development—is at present at the end of the universe, the complete creature, in existence, such being a little world in himself—an image or reflection of infinity. Hence the individualities of such a being are utterly innumerable, and every attempt to adjust the capacities, the adaptations, the wants or the responsibilities of one human being by the capacities, the adaptations, the wants, or the responsibilities of another human being (except in the broadest generalities), is an unqualifiedly futile, hopeless and useless. Hence, every civil or ecclesiastical, governmental or social institution, which is based on the idea of demanding union, conformity or likeness in anything, has ever been, and ever will be, frustrated by the operation of this law or method of nature, this subtle and all-pervading principle of individuality.—E. G. Harris.

Petroleum Poetry: "Isle of beauty, fare thee well."

## Annual Festival—Basket Picnic.

The sixth annual festival of the Religio-Philosophical Union will be held at the Hotel in St. Charles, N. H., commencing on Saturday, and continuing till Sunday evening, July 1st and 2d. Trance and normal speakers, as usual, especially invited.

Let free-thinkers from far and near come, laden with cheerful souls and well-filled baskets, and we will, as usual, have a "feast of reason and flow of soul." By order of the Executive Com.  
 A. V. SILL, Sec'y. S. B. JONES, Pres.  
 St. Charles, June 1, 1865.

## The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 26th, 27th and 28th of August.

Dr. J. L. BRAFFETT,  
 SILAS SMALL,  
 DR. COOPER,  
 AGNES COOK, Committee.

## Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Verona, Mo., and vicinity, will hold a Grove Meeting at their place, one-half mile from Bucksport village, on Tuesday, July 4th, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Isaac P. Greenleaf is engaged to deliver a lecture, and other speakers will be present. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all, as the platform will be free. Come one and all, and let us have a good union meeting. Per order Committee,  
 Verona, May 15, 1865. NEHEMIAH BASSETT.

## Spiritual Festival.

The Spiritualists of Eden Mills, Vt., and vicinity, will celebrate the coming 4th of July, and hold a Festival in the evening at the Hall. Speaker for the day, Mrs. E. M. Wolcott.

## L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Battle Creek, Mich.

James W. Mansfield,  
 Test Medium,  
 Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street,  
 New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Bread for the Suffering Poor.  
 Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

Those who wish to consult an excellent clairvoyant, are recommended to visit Mrs. E. D. Gillette, 530 Washington street.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, on Sunday, June 25th, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Admission free. Free Conference in the afternoon. The public are invited. Seats free.

This BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings on Sunday in Temple Hall, corner of Bromfield and Providence streets, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Bliss, regular trance speaker, will lecture on "The True Mode of Communicating with the Spirits." The public are invited. Seats free.

Religious Services, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, in hall at Dr. Sparks's Health Institute, 18 Channing street, on June 25th, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

CHARLESWORTH.—The Spiritualists of Charlesworth hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 and 9 P. M. Meetings are invited. Speaker engaged—A. B. Whiting during June.

CHelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week, in communication concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Cranston, Chelsea, Mass. Speaker engaged—J. M. Allen, June 25th.

QUincy.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Sermons by Rev. J. M. Allen, June 25th, 26th and 27th. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, July 2 and 9.

FOXBORO, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Charles A. Hayden, June 25th, 26th and 27th. Meetings during the summer months at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

TAUNTON, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Admission 5 cents. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, June 25th, 26th and 27th. Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, forenoon and afternoon. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November. J. M. Peabody, Dec. 3 and 10.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in First Hall, West corner of South and Main streets, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged—S. M. Johnson during June and July. Charles A. Hayden during October; J. M. Peabody during November.

HAVENHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill hold regular meetings at the City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Miss Emma Houston, June 25th; Charles A. Hayden, July 9 and 16; N. Frank White, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Laura Cuddy during August; Isaac P. Greenleaf during September.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during June; Miss Emma Houston during July; N. Frank White during September; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November. J. M. Peabody, Dec. 3 and 10.

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PORTLAND, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clepp's Block, corner of Congress and Commercial streets, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Nattie L. Beckwith during September; Mrs. Laura Cuddy during October.

MILFORD.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuddy during June and July. Charles A. Hayden during October; J. M. Peabody during November.

ROCKLAND, Me.—Meetings are held at Franklin Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Regular speakers—J. N. Hodges.

NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel corner of 10th and 11th streets, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. W. W. Will, regular speaker. Meetings are also held at Elliott Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. W. W. Will, regular speaker. Meetings are also held at Elliott Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. W. W. Will, regular speaker.

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CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured a lecture hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. W. W. Will, regular speaker.

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