



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, mellowing 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 looked to find myself confronted with my venerable blind investigator. His thin white hair flew out in the biting wind as he doffed his tottered hat in acknowledgment of my gift. His slightless 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 sore. 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 don't know this wonderful Spiritualism enough yet, to think how much it may, or cannot do. Please, ma'am, 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 instances, I have been able to ascertain the following particulars: 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 cold, 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, tolling 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 into the blind," and "feet into 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 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 her long, dark locks, and holding up before her puzzled eye 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, penniless, 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 landress, 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. Jeannie 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 Jeannie alone the "fallen gentry" could speak with confidence; and to Jeannie, 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, Jeannie—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, Jeannie. I WILL NOT, God leaving me what she has not—my senses!" The result of this counsel by the side of the silent dead, was the hiring of the very humblest of the garrets in the tenement house where Jeannie dwelt, for the father and his charge; the pledge of Jeannie, "to look after them," which she did in

force was exhaled 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 Jeannie, 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 avaricious 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 Jeannie 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 Jeannie 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, Jeannie," 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 Jeannie. "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 services to him, she read aloud. It 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 Jeannie wife, and make her heiress, 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 fool 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

ful; 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 blind 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."—What 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 whining. "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" Such was the utterance that broke from the lips of that crucified soul, as Jeannie 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 ——— next to No. ———. There, in the ruins of the ——— house, just under a piece of frieze, 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 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 Jeannie, "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

have been known to me for years, with the earnest request of herself and her dead 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 He 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 waves, 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 ministring spirits' aid, nothing exists, or moves, or has its being. Boston, May 20, 1865.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE. BY GEORGE STEARNS. SIXTEENTH PART. TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM. THE MISSION OF REFORMERS. THIRD SECTION 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. of 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 inclusion 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 discretament 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 subsequent 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 maternity 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 roof 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 sensibly mysterious and indeterminate. Yet we should not ignore its Divine source, which is naturally apprehensible, nor any phase of its sensible manifestations as the writing of God, whose methods are mis-called "the operations of Nature." Indeed, there is no perfect intelligence without a recognition of the truth here obliquely expressed; because it is the only idea that can eliminate mystery from the realm of human science, or any part of it; because again, this idea completely alters the all-embracing 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 naught 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 inceptive act of generation where by a nucleus of insentient vitality is animated and endowed with increscibility.

This embryonic power of growth is hereditary, being a property of life common to both parents, and transmitted by the same procreative 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 curly fulfilled as that of the father. But it so occurs in Nature's order, that the pristine measure of the subjective power to grow, as parentively 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 off-shoot 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 ulcerous 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 pharmacologic preparations (calomel, for instance,) which being taken into the fluids 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, aiding 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 phenomena of a *nativus*. This species of *lunus natus* is perhaps as rare as any, though with its long duration its 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.

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.

Palo Virgins look from canvas old—
Their martyrdom wild legends told—
And shrines their names repeat;
Miseal and Brevari's clasping toes,
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,
Hall from the Rumparts 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,
Frail 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.

Written for the Banner of Light
MARTYRS.
BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

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Children's Department.
BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

SOMETHING ABOUT GENERALS.

"He looked just as I thought he would, mother; so grand inside, and so modest outside; and then he didn't 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, my father, 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 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 rosbush over the piazza at the back of the house, for he called it his rosbush; 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 he 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 his enemies to true manliness, and become a hero indeed—a General over himself.

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 the 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 eye 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 sprung 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 Galeatea.' 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 macons; 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 'Galeatea,' attracted his attention; and espying a scaffold, and a wall in readiness for the painter, he ascended, and dived with a piece of charcoal, a granite 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 acted 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 Boom.
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 effluent 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 set 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 today? 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 toil and sacrifice, he won the greatest good that can bless a nation? Should we have been less 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-renunciation; 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 in 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 done 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, overflowing 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. For 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 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 all 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 terrific 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 it is 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? No! 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. "Fervently 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 willed 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? Yea, 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 reverent love, and such love as calls forth obedience. Could those cold, dumb lips have spoken, would one of all that silent, fearful 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 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, 'twere best 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 execrate 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 mid 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 martyr! 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 of 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 at the entrance closed, and shut therefrom the wayward 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 hero-souls of the past, thou hast a place, and seat 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 thy sign his glory I over us we wear his crown. His arch of life suspended, as it sprang 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, sees 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 Abram Lincoln had not been a chosen man of God."

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 sweats at every pore, sometimes oil, but more frequently water, either salt or fresh. We traveled down Oil Creek to Rousseville. By railroad to Shaeffer in rough cars, with a single board seat all around, and standing room in the middle, all of which was occupied. At Shaeffer, 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 Shaeffer.

And 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 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 gives 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 refulgent 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 Calvanism 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 lends 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 plant 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: "See, saw, fum! 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. The sons of earth are waking To potential 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 we shall be, in

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 overgreen 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, preaching 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 his Scripture fulfilled." I was fully convinced that Job was more patient than most men now, for whom 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 clanking of the steam engines night and day, as they were boring, boring incessantly. Everybody in this classic land of Grasse 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 plank. In many places you are compelled to walk a single plank, in danger of taking a plunge bath of mud on either side. At

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. Circles are held weekly and new mediums are being developed. On the 6th of June the Spiritualists are to have a "pleno," 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 3, 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 dancng brooks and sparkling trout; her cottage gardens and fragrant flowers; her chattering birds—shrill voice of whippoorwill, musical notes of the "loved nightingale," comic bobolink, sober robin and mournful cuckoo, and even the "shining 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 extravagance 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-tops.

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 Vinland, 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 Vinland, 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. WARREN CHASE. South Hardwick, Vt., June 3, 1865.

IN PEACE. Come, let us make his pleasant grave Upon this shady shore, Where the sad river, wave on wave, Shall grieve forever more; O, long and sweet shall be his dream Lulled by his 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 biomy grace, When sobbing Autumn's tempests come To sweep 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, untroubled rest, Fall softly, 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.

From our Special Correspondent.

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 wide, and runs from Randolph to Washington street, about four hundred feet.

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.

The "Horticultural" display is quite meagre; but the building and its general arrangement is all that could be desired.

The great feature of the past week was the visit of Gen. Sherman on Friday, and on Saturday Gen. Grant to the Fair.

Even in the Church of England—where we would least have expected it—hoary with the traditions within whose impenetrable influence it has so long been able to entrench itself, a revolution was begun some years ago.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"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 do not they do it, then?"

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."

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

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.

Even in the Church of England—where we would least have expected it—hoary with the traditions within whose impenetrable influence it has so long been able to entrench itself, a revolution was begun some years ago.

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"Well," said the General, "why do not 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.

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.

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 talents, the substantial momentum of their religious influence, and the overruling 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.

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 proffered 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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

Practicing 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.

St. Louis.

A correspondent writes us that "Spiritualism is waking up 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.

A New Paper.

We have received the Circular of the Religious-Philosophical 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 ere they can expect to travel on the smooth avenue of success.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Lecturers' Announcements.

Amster. B. Stephens 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:

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.

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.

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."

New Music.

From the publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co. we have received the following named musical compositions: "Morning Devotion," 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. Kipper 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 Chocopee, 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 rejoice to attend her efforts.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Next Sunday the meetings, given in this hall, will be an address in the evening only, given by Miss Lizzie Doten.

The Spiritualists' Picnic at Abington Grove.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Spiritualists of Boston held their first Picnic for the season, on the old ground in Abington, June 13th, under the direction of Dr. H. F. Gardner. The day was the best it could be, neither too cold, nor oppressively hot. The rain of Saturday had laid the dust, so that the ground was in the best possible condition. Six car-loads went from Boston by special train, and many others followed on other trains later in the day, while from the south came still more, to swell the number, and increase the joy. Everybody seemed in the best imaginable state of feeling, and, though on a pleasure excursion, evidently intended to have the useful as well as the agreeable, for a large number went directly from the cars to the speakers' stand, where they remained until the speaking commenced.

At fifteen minutes to eleven, Dr. Gardner appeared upon the platform, and appointed J. S. Loveland Chairman of the day.

Dr. Gardner spoke earnestly in favor of organic effort, in order to the education of children. He foresaw a great religious war of ideas impending in the future. Conservatives, supernaturalists would gravitate toward Catholicism, while liberals would be obliged to unite in self-defense. For Spiritualists to send their children to Orthodox Sunday Schools, was to recruit the weakened armies of their enemies.

Mrs. Stockwell, who won golden opinions by her splendid readings at the late Convention, was introduced, and read Whittier's Poem of Barbara Frietchie.

John Wetherbee, Jr., was then called to the stand, and spoke in his usual happy and interesting manner.

He commenced, by alluding to the poetry of the place and season, as fitly symbolizing the poetry of our religion. But so far as the great mass were concerned, he thought they were oblivious of the "all hall hereafter"; were more interested in a foot here, than in acres in the Summer Land. It is deemed an impertinence almost to mention it. And, even those who seem most ready to leave the present, are very much like the old negro, who was always waiting and anxious to go, but, when his colored friends tested him one night, by pretending to come from the hereafter, and telling him God wanted him, was in the greatest trepidation—wasn't at home—had the small-pox—was fifty miles away—anything to get rid of God's call.

O. A. Hayden said our religion came nearest to nature of any. He then drew a contrast between the living, leafy temple of nature, and the monotonous services of the church. Probably most of those present are interested in Spiritualism; therefore, let us blot out the old terms, and not speak of part of man as dead. He thought that heretofore we had been preparing, for organic effort. The young feel the need of some idea of the hereafter. In the old Sunday School they are dissatisfied and skeptical—do not believe in their doctrines. Young men in Worcester had told him lately, that when their parents would take hold of the Progressive Lyceum in earnest, they were ready to go forward. In Lowell, the sects had confessed that the hardest blow ever struck at them, was the establishment of our Lyceum. He cautioned the people against the small ambition of all wanting to be the greatest, and said those who opposed organization most, did so because they feared they should not be the chief, and somebody else would secure some office and emolument. If we took a hundredth part as much interest as the old sects, our success would immeasurably surpass all expectations.

N. Frank White was introduced, and declared that though he was very happy in being present, yet it was entirely out of the question for him to make a speech. On such occasions, he was too mixed up—needed an hour of quiet before speaking. There were no people so well fitted to have a good time as Spiritualists. He thought, when out in such places, we had better listen to nature's voices than to speeches. Bro. White then related an amusing story of the Widow Murphy and her pig, in illustration of one of his positions, and concluded with a most eloquent and powerful reply to the charge that Spiritualists were weak-minded and simpletons. The friends concluded that Frank was a little mistaken, and had really made not only a speech, but a capital one, too.

In the afternoon the friends met again at the stand, and Mrs. Stockwell, by special request, read a patriotic poem, given through Miss Lizzie Doten.

J. S. Loveland spoke upon the Progressive Lyceum. Great changes have occurred in the general condition of this country during the past year, but no more so, than have occurred in the general feeling and purposes of Spiritualists. Everywhere, East and West, there is manifested a purpose to enter upon practical work. Spiritualism proposes to revolutionize present conditions. We of the present are but imperfectly prepared for that work. We are too much identified with the past in feeling and habit—old influences sway us too much. We can begin the work, but our children must complete it—a generation educated independent of old notions. But how can this be done? All the methods in all our schools, and all the books in them are poisoned with the falsities of the old religion. We must have new schools, methods and books. We must go to work, or as sure as the heavens have opened and spoken to us, so sure they will cease to speak; and the gifts and manifestations we have and prize so highly will be taken away. The bread of life is not given us for gluttonous riot, but to strengthen us for toil. "The wine of refreshment" is not bestowed for intoxicating, delirious ecstasy, but to cheer the heart in its great labor. No institutions grow up like the grass; nor does any person become greatly wise and good spontaneously, as the herbs do grow; but there is, must be the affectionate desire, the volitional purpose and the co-operating labor. Misses Hastings and Stearns then sang the beautiful words, "We shall know each other there," after which

Lizzie Doten spoke of her experience as a medium. In her spiritual condition she is more intensely conscious than ever. After speaking a few minutes, she feels a living, quivering influence; producing a sort of quivering sensation through her entire system—thoughts flash like the scintillations of light, and words flow like the running brook. In childhood, she was taken from its ordinary pursuits and pleasures, and thrown back upon herself. Used to visit the Cold Spring, in Plymouth, her native place, and often, when returning in the evening, would feel this strange influence, and see earnest faces looking at her, and wished to speak to them. Often, after sitting all day toiling to support herself, would feel a strange restlessness come over her; and would be obliged to go to a retired place, and would preach for an hour. But when Spiritualism came, who was at first too proud to acknowledge it! The time is not far distant when this power will come down on you as you have never felt it before; and then you will become as little children, and go to work as you never have before. You can't be entirely free

yourself, but the next best thing is to give freedom to your children. Don't allow them to be taught the horrid dogmas of the old theology. Put your shoulders to the wheels, and not waste your lives in mere words. Miss Doten made a most powerful appeal to her audience to take hold of the Children's Lyceum in earnest, and closed by relating a singular experience she has had the last few years with a spirit who calls herself Marion. For three or four years a strange influence has come to me, and calls herself Marion. She has presented herself in a remarkable manner—with torn garments, and barefoot—and says she comes to present strange emblems and figures. She says her tattered garments, etc., are to show that she is not in the Divine Order. I asked her why not. She said, "I was not in the order of society when on the earth." When she went to the spirit-world, at about the age of sixteen, she wasn't prepared for the Divine Order, and didn't want to be in it, and could not be till she wished. When I first went into the Progressive Lyceum in New York, and saw Mrs. Davis come in with a flag in her hand, Marion came, and, crouching down, fairly shivered with emotion. I was myself moved to tears on her account. I asked what it meant. She said, in answer, these children are in the Divine Order, and this good man (Mr. Davis), has got this just as it is in the spirit-world, and I feel good through them. After that she came, and said she had joined the Lyceum, and hoped she should gain the prize. At the time of the examination she came, looking so sad and grieved. She said when the time came, all the other members of the group answered the questions readily, but when it came her turn, all she had learned went out of her mind in a moment, and so mortified and despairing was she, that she left the group, and ran away. About an hour later she returned extremely happy, saying her teacher had come and given her the prize—saying that those who were so prompt in their replies, were only wise in their own conceit; but she who had been so empty, and in childish simplicity had confessed it, was really in the Divine Order.

Dr. Uriah Clark followed, and went in for the mirthful, by relating a story. Another Dr. Clark, from Cambridge, spoke of his experience as a Methodist preacher, and highly amused the friends by his phenological examinations of Dr. Gardner, J. Wetherbee, Jr., and Bro. Thayer.

The cars being in waiting, notice was given of another picnic in the same place, announced for July 10th, and the crowd made their way to the place of starting. On the home trip every one seemed in the best possible humor with each other. We reached Boston safely, and will wait for the month to bring us another gathering equal to this.

New Publications.

A VIEW AT THE FOUNDATIONS; OR, First Causes of Character, as Operative before Birth, from Hereditary and Spiritual Sources. By Woodbury M. Fernald, author of "God and his Providence," "Compendium and Life of Swedenborg," &c. Boston: W. V. Spencer. This meaty little book by the author of the "Compendium and Life of Swedenborg" is, in substance, "a treatise on the organic structure and quality of the human soul, as determined by pre-natal conditions in the parentage and ancestry, and how far we can direct and control them." A delicate subject, as society is wont to say of it; but of the very highest importance to all those who have the least care for the welfare of their offspring. As long as regeneration is a necessity of our nature, and a condition precedent of immortal life, would it not be easier and better, so far as it may be done, to accomplish this new birth in vessels, as the author expresses it, "so cleanly, nobly, and originally prepared"? If we make even an approximation to purity in this world, will it not give us a wonderful impulse to greater purity in the next? The whole aim and object of the author's theory is to improve the births by improving the marriages, and to scientifically regulate all the marriage duties. By this means he holds, and holds correctly, that a prolific cause of discords will be removed at once, and the way prepared for the coming of a better class of men and women than any the world has yet seen in a single generation. The illustrations of a negative character which he adduces to establish his position, have an absolutely positive force in the body of his argument. As an example: a mother had desired the death of her unborn child, and taken measures to secure it. Failing of her purpose, the child was finally born, and developed the nature of a hardened murderer. He was callous to every good impression; and incapable of being moved by appeals to his feelings and sensibilities. Had this unhappy mother pursued just a contrary course previous to the birth of her child, the author urges that her boy would have been a comfort to herself, and a noble and beautiful gift to his race.

With Chapter Seventh of this little volume opens the practical discussion of what is really the question of the work. It relates to the laws and conditions of sexual intercourse and parentage, treating the subjects in a candid temper and unaffected style. This "most private and responsible practice of human beings and of parents" is held to be at the foundation of any thorough and radical reformation of the masses of mankind. The suggestions thrown out under this head are of the most valuable kind, and should be duly read and heeded by every one who would realize in even the smallest degree his responsibility to himself and to his offspring. "Until the nuptial act," says he, "is made holy, in vain do we look for holiness in the temple of humanity." "And yet," he adds, "there is nothing, perhaps, of any approaching importance which is so overlaid with utter vacuity of mind, divorced from its sacredness, and surrendered to earthliness and vanity. The sin of it is scarcely contemplated from the utter indifference to its virtue." Such a book as this is greatly needed at this time. There are thousands of persons of both sexes who are awaking to the importance of this great subject, and they will find this little volume exactly what they need to aid them in their thoughts and purposes.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL.—J. E. Tilton & Co. have issued Part I. of "The Conspiracy Trial for the Murder of the President, and the attempt to overthrow the Government by the Assassination of its Officers; Edited, with an introduction, by Ben. Parley Poore." It is issued in an attractive style, printed on large clear type. It gives the testimony in full, with questions and answers. It is the best form in which the details of this noted trial have been placed before the public. "Man and His Relations." In noticing this excellent book, by Prof. S. B. British, which may be had at the Banner of Light Bookstore, the Boston Courier remarks: "This work treats of a curious branch of inquiry, and contains the results of a great deal of reflection, observation and study; though many of the author's conclusions will not command universal assent. It is very handsomely printed, and illustrated by a portrait of Dr. British, which reveals a thoughtful and poetical countenance."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

On the first page of the Banner will be found a very strange, but interesting story, by Miss Emma Hardinge.

The Banner of Light this week contains an unusual variety of very interesting original articles. "Industry must prosper."

Read Fred L. H. Willis's carefully prepared discourse on the character of Abraham Lincoln, on another page of this paper. Dr. Willis is one of the finest speakers in the ranks of Spiritualism, and this lecture will be perused by our thousands of readers with the deepest interest, no doubt.

CORRECTION.—Anna C. Doubleday wishes us to correct the report of her remarks in the Banner of June 10th, as follows: "Nothing which calls us to depend for strength outside of our own selfhood is true. The very truthness of our strength calls us out of self as workers, yet our life, rest and sustenance is in the soul which we truly individualize."

We acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful bouquet of flowers from Dr. A. B. Child, of Somerville.

In these hot days, all should be careful what they drink; for this reason we call attention to Dr. Octavius King's Medicated Beer. It is a healthy beverage, and a most delicious drink, as any one will readily decide after having tasted it. Dr. King also has a fresh supply of all kinds of botanical medicines, at 634 Washington street.

It is now stated on good authority that the government is feeding two hundred thousand inhabitants of Virginia, eleven thousand of whom are in Richmond.

Mediums are multiplying all over the country. Jo Cobb is rusticated among his strawberry-beds. Dicky has not seen nary red yet.

The Pope of Rome was seventy-three years old on the 13th of May, and on the 16th of this month will reach the nineteenth year of his pontificate. Out of the long list of two hundred and fifty-nine Popes, only eight have worn the tiara for a longer period than Pius IX.

The bones of a huge antediluvian animal have been excavated by miners in California, the knee joint of which weighs fifty-six pounds.

Four miles of butterflies passed over San Leandro, Cal., recently.

A Memphis paper heads its list of divorce cases in court, "Matrimonial Shipwrecks."

Those who feed on slander are always hungry. A good looking editor we wot of, cautions his readers against kissing short women, as the habit has made him round-shouldered.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had just slipped and fallen down on an icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

DESTINY.

The tissue of the life to be We weave in colors all our own, And in the field of Destiny We reap what we have sown.

"When Ninevah has departed and Palmyra is in ruins; when Imperial Rome has fallen, and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay, it is no wonder," sighed a French humorist, "that my old black coat should be getting seedy at the elbows."

The Davenport Brothers are still in Paris. Our late Convention has stirred up the Second Adventists in this neighborhood terribly. If they don't get over their fright pretty soon, we shall have to send for Rev. Elder Hull (Moses) to preach the true word to them.

A CURIOSITY.—Mr. H. D. McCobb, has presented to the museum of Santa Clara College, Cal., a small section taken from the heart of a redwood tree, containing a sound and perfect acorn, firmly imbedded in the solid wood. The vanity of human life is like a river constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

Almost every community embraces a number of professional croakers who never appear to be satisfied with anything. Artemus Ward says: "Boston is about the only city where a person is not liable to be swindled in some way, from the rain of the sun till the goin' down thereof."

"Sic semper tyrannis!" the assassin cried, As Lincoln fell. Oh, villain, who than he, More lived to set both slave and tyrant free?

There are many Christians who all their life long carry their hope as a boy carries a bird's nest containing an unfledged bird that can scarcely peep, much less sing—a poor fledgeless hope.

Job.—The first to "strike it" it now appears, was Job, who says: "When I washed my steps with butter, and the rocks poured me out rivers of oil."—Job xxix: 6.

The special applications of rebels for pardon under the amnesty proclamation, are so numerous at the Attorney General's office that the papers may be measured by the bushel.

Quarrelling and disputing should never be engaged in by any one. If one hates another, or wishes to retaliate, let him go and do some kind act, that he feels will be appreciated by his opponent. This will make both parties feel better—depend on't.

An Indian boy received a diploma at a recent school examination in Sacramento. The Union advocates the admission of Indians in the public schools.

Some people observe the rules of honor as we observe the stars, from afar off. Bought friendship is a very poor commodity.

VICTOR HUGO TO AMERICA.—The following eloquent passage occurs in Victor Hugo's letter to the American minister, at London: "The thunder-bolt which has broken on Washington has shattered the world. Darkness of this kind occurs in history. After the dawn the bronze. Traitors can scratch it, but they know not how to destroy it. If liberty should fall in America, there would be a shipwreck in humanity."

COLORED PERSONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The late Massachusetts Legislature passed an act forbidding unjust discrimination on account of color or race, as follows: "Sec. 1. No distinction, discrimination, or restriction on account of color or race, shall be lawful in any licensed inn, in any public place of amusement, public conveyance, or public meeting in this Commonwealth."

"Sec. 2. Any person offending against the provisions of the act shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars."

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the United States and Canada, the National Executive Committee send GREETINGS!

The SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION of Spiritualists will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of October, 1866, and continuing in session from day to day till Saturday following.

Each local organization is requested to send one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members.

This call extends to all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization.

All Spiritualists and other Reformers throughout the world, are respectfully invited to send delegates to attend and participate in the discussions of the questions which may come before the Convention.

S. S. JONES, Chairman, F. L. WADSWORTH, Sec., HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., H. F. GARDNER, M. D., M. P. SHUEY, SOPHRONIA E. WARNER, MILO O. MOTT, WARREN CHASE, STEDEN J. FINNEY, MARY F. DAVIS, A. M. SPENCE, M. M. DANIEL.

April 15, 1866.

Picnic to Dungeon Rock.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown, Chelsea, and Malden, will hold a Grand Picnic and Grove Meeting, at Dungeon Rock, Lynn, on Wednesday, June 21st, under the direction of A. H. Richardson. This famous "Dungeon Rock," is situated in one of the most romantic spots of New England, in the midst of a beautiful forest of trees, under whose shady branches paths intertwine in every direction. A general invitation is extended to all friends of the cause who wish to have a pleasant time. A band of music has been engaged for the occasion. Good speakers will be present. There are also accommodations for dancing. Mr. Marble will furnish refreshments, and allow those who desire, to peep into the dungeon. Cars will leave the Eastern Railroad depot at 9 and 10 o'clock A. M., stopping at Chelsea and Malden. Price of tickets for the trip, fifty cents; and can be obtained of the committees of each society.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. E. S., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We have not room for such matter as you propose to send us.

M. H. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Doc. received. Will print it as soon as our space allows. Say to the friends that we are always happy to publish their notices, etc., whenever we receive them in season for the press. God bless the noble workers everywhere.

L. K. C., PEORIA, ILL.—\$3.00 received.

H. B. N., HALE, ILL.—"A Ride on a Whirlwind" will appear in our next. No. 2 received. Thanks.

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GEDAR GAMPHOR FOR MOTHS. Sticking to Insect Life. Sold by druggists everywhere. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Factors, Boston, Mass. June 24.

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OF A LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, ON THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, BY LIZZIE DOTEN, INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

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

Q.—Will the intelligence please 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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

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

Q.—Do spirits appear at the present time?

A.—They certainly do.

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

A.—It is not always possible to place yourself 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 you call spirits.

Q.—What is understood by a spirit?

A.—An aggregation of thoughts individualized.

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

A.—No, they do not.

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

A.—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, His 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?

A.—No; the great, Eternal Presence of God, that is found in yourself 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.

A.—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.

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

Q.—Do their spirits associate together now?

A.—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 so 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?

A.—No; we would have you understand us 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?

A.—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?

A.—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.

A.—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.

A.—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.

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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.

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

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

Q.—Do not you think the United States would do very wrong in punishing me for such an offence?

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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. Whoshall 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?

A.—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 offence is overruled, we believe, for good; but at the same time, we ever follow the offender. Here are but two manifestations of power. The offence has come; the offender has been punished.

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

A.—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?"

A.—We are able to trace this beautiful saying further 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.

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

Q.—What would you substitute in its place?

A.—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?

A.—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?

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

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

A.—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.

A.—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?

A.—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; then 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?

A.—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 did not 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 do not 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 not 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, Cap'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. 'T was 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 any things 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 exercised 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 n't 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 representations 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 tried, 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.—Beth Hinchaw, 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?"

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

CHAIRMAN.—B. F. C., 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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—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?

A.—In one sense, the soil is their parent; but they are a result of influences from the soil, from the atmosphere, from all conditions by which they are surrounded. No, they are not bred in that particular locality in which they are found as pests and annoyances.—That, we believe, has been already proved by men of science on the earth.

Q.—Do you believe that mankind has arisen step by step from the animal known as the baboon?

A.—As physical beings, we believe so. We believe that the physical body, the external mechanism, has arisen, step by step, from the lower gradations of animal life.

Q.—Where can you see the same process taking place to-day?

A.—If you are able to discern Nature in all her subtle movements, you will see the same process going on to-day. The disposition to migrate to different parts of the globe is a something that is peculiar not only to birds and insects, but to human intelligences. All this is kept up through the law of attraction and repulsion. By the action of these laws, you are constantly mingling and intermingling with each other. The Hottentot would remain the Hottentot forever and forever, in our opinion, unless there was an intermingling of the spiritual and animal of the Hottentot with something beyond it.

Q.—Are we to understand these teachings are given by individual intelligences?

ermitting all things in existence. Intellect is the highest of all the manifestations of life. It is the crowning point, the brightest gem in the diadem. Now, then, if this is true, and all these manifestations are not the result of chance, why then they must be the result of intelligence, of an intelligent law. It matters not whether that law comes to you through a thousand times ten thousand mentalities, God, or the Great Designer, may manifest himself through innumerable channels, and yet be God after all. Yes, it is our opinion that there is a Designer and Intelligence above and beyond all life, governing all things in the past, all things in the present, and all that shall be.

Q.—Is there an individual preexistence of human intelligence?

A.—Yes, in yourself. If you would ask if we believe in God as a Personality, we should answer, No, certainly not. And yet this intelligence is personified, individualized in an infinite number of ways and forms—individualized in every exhibition of art or science, but most of all in the human. Here you find intelligence something that is never ready to stop. Here you find a spirit that is not ready to say, "I am satisfied, and do not care to proceed on in life further." On the contrary, you find a spirit that is never entirely satisfied, that says, "Teach me something higher. If this is heaven, I want you to show me a higher heaven. If this is God, I want to know more of God." And so the soul is never satisfied.

Q.—What is consciousness?

A.—There are two kinds of consciousness. One belongs to the things of the external world, or the world of matter; the other to the internal. That is ever active, never is silenced, never sleeps. But consciousness that belongs to the things, or takes in the things of the external world, is very often lulled to rest, sleeps. It is shut in from that external. It is an attribute of the soul, we believe.

Q.—That is simply saying it is an active attribute.

S.—Yes.

Q.—How would you define it?

A.—Consciousness, then, is to us that which is able to separate form from spirit; that which is able to keep correct account in harmony with memory. Consciousness, again we say, is twofold. It is the mirror of the external world, or the mirror in which the external world is reflected. It is also the mirror in which the internal is reflected. It is said that the soul is sometimes in an unconscious state. We do not believe that this is strictly true. So far as form, or material things are concerned, it may be true; but it is not true when applied to your own internal self.

Q.—Do you suppose that the soul existed previous to entering the human form?

A.—We do suppose that the soul has ever been in existence, for that which had a beginning must have an ending, and we ignore the idea that we shall ever cease to exist.

Q.—At what age do human beings generally awaken to self-consciousness?

A.—So far as we are able to judge, we should say that they awaken to consciousness in early childhood.

Q.—Animals have a similar consciousness, do they not?

A.—They certainly do.

Q.—Do they have it in the internal?

A.—Yes.

Q.—When do they become aware of it?

A.—That we cannot tell.

Q.—The trees have consciousness, the vegetable kingdom possesses it?

A.—Yes, peculiar to themselves.

Q.—Do minerals have consciousness?

A.—They do; and yet the consciousness of the mineral and the lower order of animals is not that of the human being.

Q.—Do they have these two kinds of consciousness?

A.—We believe they do. This is a very strange assertion to make, but nevertheless it is a true one, for the mineral has a spirit, as well as the external form a life—that is, mineral life. Be sure, if this were not true, there would be no minerals. The diamond could not be a diamond unless it were held together by life. Life is everywhere, in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. Everywhere there is a stream of life permeating all things. And this life does not belong simply to the external form, but to the internal. The life is the spirit, whether manifested in the vegetable or mineral world.

Q.—Does the earth have a consciousness peculiar to itself as a unit?

A.—It has the combined consciousness of all its children, vegetable, mineral, animal and human.

Q.—Has it two kinds of consciousness?

A.—Yes; from the fact that all things that are found upon it, or beneath its surface, are twofold. They have form, and that form has spirit.

Q.—In other words, it is as limitless, as boundless as God himself, is it not?

A.—Yes, you are right.

Q.—And matter is coeval with Deity, I suppose?

A.—You are right.

Q.—Is there any other God than the intelligence that pervades all life?

A.—In our opinion, this is at least the only God you will ever know.

Q.—Is not matter, also, comprehended by the term God?

A.—Yes; why should it not be?

Q.—If your answer concerning God be a correct one, why should not man worship himself?

A.—From the fact that he does not, in the truest sense, we are to suppose there is a something outside of himself that is superior to himself, and therefore being superior, he naturally worships it.

Q.—I do not see what that can be.

S.—There are many intelligences, individualized intelligences, either in one form or many, that are superior to ourselves, and being so, we intuitively or naturally worship them. You say, many of you, that Abraham Lincoln was a good man, an honest man; and because he was, you worship him. You fall down before his virtues. This is well, and so far as that idea will suffer you to go, you worship him as God. You say that Jesus of Nazareth was a good man. Now it was not the form, but the goodness that was manifested through the form, you worship.

Q.—Can any one call upon another for direction above man better than his own judgment?

A.—Unless you are exceedingly egotistical, you would naturally suppose one individual could not know all things. So it is well to call for wisdom from an outside source.

Q.—Can we get the answer always?

A.—The answer may come not in the exact way you expect it, therefore you fail to recognize it as such. You do not know the spirit that speaks to you;—it is in truth being the same spirit that manifested thousands of years ago to the children of Judea, which said, "When I come again I shall not be known"; and yet, after all, it is modern Spiritualism. You do not recognize it in its new garb; and so you say it is not the spirit that lived and manifested through the Nazarene eigh-

teen hundred years ago. You feel that your prayer for the coming of the Holy Spirit has not been answered. Nevertheless, we believe that all true prayer ever receives an answer. You cannot send out an earnest thought that will not return bearing an answer to you.

Q.—Are not many things prayed for that are never answered?

A.—No, we think not.

Q.—Are not many of the chattering prayers offered, meaningless and no prayers at all?

A.—That is not prayer, by any means. The poet says, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." It matters not whether that prayer be expressed in words or not.

Q.—Do you not think the liturgy of the Episcopal Church more beautiful than that of the Orthodox Church?

A.—Yes, there is much of truth, of beauty, in the liturgy of the Episcopal faith. All true prayer is possessed of power enough to bring back an answer to itself, to the one who prays. But a mere enunciation of words that possess not life enough to hold them together while you are enunciating them, is not prayer, by any means.

Q.—The Pharisee's prayer at the corner of the street was not a true one, was it?

A.—No, but a show without a soul.

Q.—About half the time I seem to have no conscious existence. Do I have one?

A.—Certainly you do.

Q.—What is the use of it, if we are not conscious of it?

A.—The soul is conscious at all times. The consciousness that pertains to this life is often suspended, but the consciousness that pertains to the inner life is ever active. As a soul, you are ever wide awake.

Q.—What is the use of invoking outside intelligences, if the greatest intelligence is in the human?

A.—Prayer brings us into a more elevated and spiritual atmosphere, and therefore puts us in a condition to receive an answer to prayer. Prayer knocks for us at the door of all intelligences that will harmonize with our will. It does more than this: it unites us with those intelligences, and therefore makes us strong.

May 15.

John Herney.

Well, sir, I am John Herney. I am here to get some sort of news to my people, if I can. I died in the hospital at Danville, Georgia. I'm pretty bad off, sir, and I can't do much in the way of talking. I was wounded in the shoulder, and I had a fever following it. I was sick, in all, pretty high a month and a half. I died, sir, the first week in April. I was in hopes that when I should be able to get out into the warm weather, I should get over my fever and get well again. But it was somehow ordered otherwise.

I was a Catholic when here, and a firm believer in the doctrines of the Church. But since I have come to the spirit-world, I get nothing at all for my belief. Well, I am not satisfied, sir. I don't know what I am to do, what is to become of me.

When I was told I could come, I did my best to try and get here. I am from the 4th New Jersey, sir. This is Massachusetts, I believe? [Yes.] Before I went into the army, I was for awhile—well, the last I was in was one of the Mississippi boats, was fireman most of the time. I got kind of—well, I got kind of tired of waiting. I tried to get into the navy, but could not do it—at any rate, not as I wanted to; so I went into the army as a private.

Since I have been in the spirit-world, my father and my oldest brother that were at home have died. I suppose the folks may know about it, but I did not. Anyway, they was thinking of going to Ireland for what's left. Well, there was nothing, and it would be all nonsense going there for it, thinking there was something. I don't like to see them spending their time and money going, only to be disappointed, if it's not what I ought to say.

I sent three, I think I sent four letters; yes, I'm quite sure I sent four letters to Jersey City to my folks from the hospital. But from what I'm able to see in the spirit-world, only one, and that was the first one, reached them. I don't know why.

Well, I don't know about this. All I've got to say to the folks is, if they've not got the idea clear that I can come back just the same as I was when here, let them give me a chance to come to them. That's what I want, sir, and if there's anything to pay, why, you see, I know very well I'm not where I have much to do with greenbacks. [We admit you free.] Well, I did not know about it; thought it would do well to speak about it. [We are happy to have you come.] I'll come again, if I don't do what I expect to this time. Good-day, sir.

May 15.

"Cousin Benja."

Here I am, you see, true to my promise—"Cousin Benja." Well, I did not expect to be here quite so soon, but I'm here, at any rate. [You only passed away on Saturday.] Well, what's the use of procrastinating? They say procrastination is the thief of time, so I thought I'd get ahead of that thief, if I could.

Well, I've only to add my testimony to the many millions of others, who are constantly returning and communing through the various organs scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, that Spiritualism is true, a divine truth, too sacred for any one of you to trifle with. It is a truth that you must all become acquainted with, sooner or later, because you've all got to change worlds; and if you happen to change worlds when ignorant of this matter, why, I should rather be in my place than yours.

I am happy, you see, in my spirit-home, as I was happy here. Oh, it is glorious! glorious! No more sick bodies, no more sorrow that belongs to the physical body, but go on, go on, "Cousin Benja," throughout all eternity.

Well, brother William, I am glad to come. I send greetings to all my dear friends on the earth. Say to them that I've fulfilled my promise in coming here.

I am happy, I am well, I am satisfied. My Father's house has many mansions, and I thank him that I've got one of them, anyhow. Good-by, [shaking hands with the Chairman].

May 15.

Joel Warren.

Ab! Joel Warren, 10th Connecticut. Look here: tell the boys I wout out yesterday—died yesterday. I'm here to report, all right, just as I said I would.

[Will any member of the 10th Conn. inform us whether Joel Warren agreed to report here or not, previous to death? We possess no information on the subject whatever.]

Joel Warren.

That chap from the wooden putmeg State's little in a hurry; do not possess the coolness and deliberation of the boys of the Green Mountain State. [He got a little of your might, didn't he?] Well, if he'd a asked for your might had it in welcome; but instead of that, he chose to humble in all his own hook. I shan't and any fault.

Won't you say that Hosea Williams, of Montpe-

lier, would be glad to make or renew the acquaintance of his friends that he's left on the earth, now that he's crossed over the bridge? [Yes.] Most of my friends are Universalists, none of them Spiritualists, but I'll trust to luck for a welcome. I'll expect to get it, whether I do or not.

To Mr. Clark, the good self-constituted preacher who did not like to see me dying with no better staff to lean upon than the Universalist faith, I would say, the staff didn't break. It has been very efficient in carrying me across the river, and, if I mistake not, it's made of tougher wood than Orthodoxy. If he sees fit, he can report his views of the case, so long as I've been honest enough to come back and report mine.

May 15.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, May 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Hugh Fitzwilliam, who resided near Danville, Ga.; Willie Short, of Buffalo, N. Y.; to his father's friend, Mr. Thompson; Mary Goding, of Lowell, Mass., to her husband, Michael Goding.

Thursday, May 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harrison Ekins, son of Col. Thomas Ekins, to friends in Elizabethton, Ala.; Geo. Phillips, of Lewiston, Me., to B. C. A. J. Parks, J. Kelly, and P. Andrews; Herbert Shelton, of Indianapolis, Ind., to his mother; Virginia Thompson, of New York City, to her mother.

Monday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Leonard Herman, of this city, to his wife, Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Thursday, May 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Harrison Ekins, son of Col. Thomas Ekins, to friends in Elizabethton, Ala.; Geo. Phillips, of Lewiston, Me., to B. C. A. J. Parks, J. Kelly, and P. Andrews; Herbert Shelton, of Indianapolis, Ind., to his mother; Virginia Thompson, of New York City, to her mother.

Tuesday, May 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, June 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, June 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, June 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, June 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, June 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, June 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, June 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, June 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, July 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, July 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, July 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, July 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, July 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, July 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, July 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, July 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, July 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, August 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, August 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, August 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Monday, August 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Willie Demorest, to his parents, at No. 11 King street, New York City; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Tuesday, August 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmond, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents; Wm. Matthews, to his wife Mary; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to A. H. Allan, of the City of France, son of Eliza French, of Chicago, Ill., to his parents.

Miscellaneous.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. THESE unparalleled Powders, known as the GREAT FEBRIFUGE, NEURALGIC AND FEMALE REGULATORS, possess the most perfect control over the Nervous, Circulatory and Digestive Systems of any known agent. They are wholly vegetable. In all cases they work like a charm, without purging, vomiting, nausea, or the least possible injury or bad effects, producing their results gently, soothingly, silently and imperceptibly, as if by magic.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Febrile Disorders, such as Typhoid, Typhus, Cholera, Malaria, Intermittent, Scarlatina, Small Pox, Measles, etc.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Negative Disorders, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Gravel, St. Vitus Dance, Locks of the Hair, Piles, Strains, Sprains, Stomachic Disorders, Nervous or Spasmodic Convulsions, Sleeplessness, etc.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Menstrual Disorders, such as Leucorrhoea, Threatened Abortion, Painful Menstruation, Nausea, Cramps, and Disruption of Pregnancy.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Negative States, such as Indigestion, Coldness, Chills, Languor, Stupor, Depression, Nervous or Spasmodic Irritation, Relaxation, or Exhaustion of the System.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Throat and Larynx, such as Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all other Disorders of the Throat and Larynx.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, such as Indigestion, Constipation, and all other Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Head, such as Headache, Neuralgia, and all other Disorders of the Head.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, such as Dropsy, Pleurisy, and all other Disorders of the Heart and Lungs.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, such as Gravel, Gout, and all other Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Liver and Gall Bladder, such as Jaundice, and all other Disorders of the Liver and Gall Bladder.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Spleen and Pancreas, such as Dropsy, and all other Disorders of the Spleen and Pancreas.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Testes and Prostate Gland, such as Dropsy, and all other Disorders of the Testes and Prostate Gland.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Uterus and Vagina, such as Dropsy, and all other Disorders of the Uterus and Vagina.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Ovaries, such as Dropsy, and all other Disorders of the Ovaries.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Fallopian Tubes, such as Dropsy, and all other Disorders of the Fallopian Tubes.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Cervix Uteri, such as Dropsy, and all other Disorders of the Cervix Uteri.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All Diseases of the Vagina, such as Dropsy, and all other Disorders of the Vagina.

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Boston.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MY SISTER, MRS. M. A. WHITTAKER.

BY CORA WILBURN.

This day, a year ago, my heart was dreaming 'Neath the sweet sunshine-promises of Spring, With joy of late life my soul was teasing;

We planned our future; heart-linked in the cause Of Freedom, Justice, human Brotherhood; To live inspired of Godlike, holier laws—

But change decreed it sadly otherwise; In seeming sadly, for we toil apart; The shadowy veil of separation lies

Alone! but heavenward yearning, for the joy Of blest reunion on that summer shore, Where, in the fullness of great Heaven's employ,

It is a noble privilege to claim Kinship with those so close allied to God! To know thy Charlie hath an "angel name";

Look upward and within! an angel guest, In the sweet reminiscent twilight hour, Shall come to thee with promises of rest,

It is a noble privilege to claim Kinship with those so close allied to God! To know thy Charlie hath an "angel name";

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:

President—Thomas Hunt, Salem, Mass. Vice-President—Daniel Farrar, Boston, Mass.

Executive Committee: L. Stockwell, Bangor, Me. J. Duran, Lebanon, N. H.

By vote of the Convention, the afternoon of Thursday was devoted to fifteen-minute speeches.

At the close of Mr. Ripley's speech, Mrs. Stockwell read a patriotic poem, given through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Dotten.

Giles B. Stebbins was the next speaker. Said he, since the liberal people cannot have schools for grown persons, we should have them for children.

At the close of Mr. Ripley's speech, Mrs. Stockwell read a patriotic poem, given through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Dotten.

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way by which we can work basely 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 instituting methods of effort is concerned?

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.

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

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.

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.

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 Sundays, to large, interested and excited audiences, which convene 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 it is a new and untried thing.

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 on which it is established, and develop the process of reasoning by which its truths are revealed.

Quite a number have already been made to feel the reality of the presence of their departed friends in this new field of our meditative labor.

The spiritual life is a wonderful thing, and may seem to answer part for part to the body, and as face answers to face in the glass.

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."

Petroleum Poetry: "Isle of beauty, fare thee well." The sixth annual festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society will be held at the Grove in St. Charles, Ill., commencing on Saturday, and continuing till Sunday evening, July 1st and 2d.

Annual Festival—Basket Picnic. The sixth annual festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society will be held at the Grove in St. Charles, Ill., commencing on Saturday, and continuing till Sunday evening, July 1st and 2d.

Trance and normal speakers are, 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."

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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.

Chicago, May 20th, 1865. Dr. P. B. Randolph, who is at present located in New Orleans, closes a letter written to us under date of June 6, 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 will every day, sleep with a revolver under your pillow, pick your breakfast with a seven-inch bowie, and walk 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 family 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 hound away at Banks as much as they choose! to the black man he has proved a friend indeed! Proof: twenty thousand negro children are attacking barbarism, armed with spelling books and primers. Vive le General Banks! Vive le Banner! Vive le 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, then shall the Spiritual Church arise, and appear! Brings the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as 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 storms 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.

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

JUNE. First-born of Summer, artless as the rose That from the bosom of the changing earth Gath'ers beauty, of immortal worth— Comes June, and 'long a lowly pathway strews Joy-tinted thoughts, untried but by those That prompt the lowly heart to venture forth From sorrow's vale, far up the hills of Mirth, To where the flowers of Poetry repose.

And like the roses that the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as 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 storms of winter, from November until April, it was picked up, and not a line effaced nor word obliterated.

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

JUNE. First-born of Summer, artless as the rose That from the bosom of the changing earth Gath'ers beauty, of immortal worth— Comes June, and 'long a lowly pathway strews Joy-tinted thoughts, untried but by those That prompt the lowly heart to venture forth From sorrow's vale, far up the hills of Mirth, To where the flowers of Poetry repose.

And like the roses that the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as 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 storms 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.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont st., (opposite head of School street), every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission fifteen cents. Lecturer engaged—Miss Lizzie Dotten, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Temple Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Religious Service, with vocal and instrumental aid, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock, in the Health Institute, 18 Gloucester street, Sundays, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Free.

Charlestown.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Chelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

North Cambridge, Mass.—Meetings are held in Bruce's Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged—J. M. Allen, June 25.

Quincy.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10, and in the afternoon at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Foxboro, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Charles A. Hayden, July 7. Meetings during the summer months at 10 and 8 1/2 P. M.

Taunton, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Lovell, Sp. S. Mass.—The Spiritualists of Lovell hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, 75 South street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Portland, Me.—The Spiritualists of Portland hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Old Town, Me.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley Millard and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Hockland, Me.—Meetings are held at Hanks Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodges.

New York.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. A. Whittaker, June 13 and 20. Free Conference in the same place.

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A Journal of Romance, Literature and General Intelligence; also an Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.

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