

# BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XVII. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865. NO. 18.

## The Spirit-World.

THE ANNUAL MESSAGE  
FROM THE SPIRIT OF  
**HENRY WHITEMORE,**  
THROUGH THE  
MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. L. SMITH.

October, 1863.  
The near approach of the time of my annual round, and your comparative freedom from active duty, admonishes me to write when I can. I have come again for the purpose of giving another long message; and, with your permission, I will speak of some things after my own fashion, for I am Henry Whitemore still, and none other—your own brother.

Remember, I have sailed away on the voyage of discovery, and as I glean facts, I feel it my special privilege to reveal them to you as they present themselves to my observation. You, on the contrary, remain where you are, until the Boat of Life stops to take you on board, a passenger, journeying from the shores of Time to Life Eternal. The ferryman, "Death," is a harsh customer sometimes—inexorable; but imperative necessity pleads his cause well, and his harsh features change, and he becomes the kind master and well chosen friend. After the first relentless grasp, he holds you no longer in his grip as a conquered party, but you glide along willingly together—the released and the releaser, the friend and patron; the beauties of your voyage assuming every moment brighter and more golden hues. Such was my experience. It was hard to give up my hold on life—a part of our being—as a natural consequence. But the trial softened every moment, as life receded, until, in that foaming abyss, or watery grave, no place seemed so much like Paradise. And when, upon opening my eyes, behold! I was not there.

The spirit has an upward tendency, which the body alone keeps from soaring away, and like leaden weights, holds back the balloon tendency of the mind, its natural uprising desires. We should look upon life as the weakness of man, are the powers of manhood enable him to walk alone; a restricted, bound-down sense of childish dependence, for such is the case. Man has not yet learned to walk alone without his dependencies. Like liberated school boys, on our first entrance here, we rush along with headlong zeal, scarce stopping to quench our thirst with the really beautiful, which we find every where about us. Our fondness for particular things develops itself here, as was our wont on earth. Thus, the man who sees, because his intellect has been developed into that particular line or direction, sees more plainly a thousand times here, and finds constant food for speculation. The thinking, feeling man has no lack of interest where immense fields of occupation are all spread out before him, inviting him to labor. All find duty pleasantly parceled out, each man in his own sphere.

Your unfortunate brother (never so fortunate before) finds complete occupation in that which he most loves—producing results for logical demonstration, and scientific attainments such as I should have loved had my mind been directed into the right channel. There is a reasonable fondness in most minds for the investigation of the underlying of all things—the cause from which all things flow; but misdirected, life-long principles shut up or close in all the laudable inspirations, and man is no more what he should be—what he naturally is—than are the products of wild prairie lands, compared with the delicately flavored and juicy fruit of long cultivation. The material is not wanting, only the unfolding process has not begun. Ages upon ages may roll on, and yet the impetus movement might not be communicated to earth which a short residence here imparts. This may be as well, perhaps better, for man, as he is now situated—with an element of imperfection everywhere about him. To be educated out of that sphere, and lifted out of himself to a fuller conception than earthly needs, would be more productive of discomfort than gradual, slow development, whereby he may lead on his fellowmen by virtue of attraction. Man necessarily leads, and should be led; else why are we all created alike, with the same tastes, desires, influences, attractions, and wherefore are we created as we are, unless to be led one by the other? The parent is productive of good to the child, and its earliest influences are attributable to them for its youthful development; and for many years of its infancy; and when they no longer control, the world does. Fashion, society, enthrall and hold their devotees innumerable—ay, the whole world. We travel on; impressions are imbedded never to be forgotten; but we hold fast, also, to youthful impressions, first; consequently boyhood has learned some lessons from the mother's early counsels, and all go to make up the man.

Man is really not so much to blame as appearance would at first seem to indicate; for when you reflect that he is made without his self-control—molded after the fashion of another, with incongruous elements, ignorantly framed—thrown together, as it were, the only wonder by the thoughtful is, that there is as much good predominating as we find really exists in him. Study your own being, and you will learn much that will tend to remove your prejudices and ideas of man's depravity. Long and laborious are the efforts made to lower man in his own estimation, when, on the contrary, reason plainly proves that in order to make progress, the opposite course should be pursued. Does it look reasonable that by an under estimate of one's capabilities, man would learn more? Would you tell the student in intrinsic science that he is incapable of acquiring what he undertakes, because it is not in him? This is not the course to be pursued. Study, application, necessary instruction day by day, will master the science; Teach man that the good is in

him, and must be sought after, and it will be found.

We come not so much to give a moral lecture, as to write something that will be interesting to you; but we roam along into disputed points sometimes, hardly knowing how. You want to hear from me, your brother, relative to my new home. But what can I tell you more than I have already given at various times? You and some members of the family are removed wide apart from each other, and communicate only by short messages, kind remembrances of love, in worded epistles; but what intimacy of feeling is there between you more than exists between you and us, although I am more completely removed from you? True, you may get more correct views of their earthly duties, daily toils, &c., because you can better understand them, as their course of living corresponds in every particular with your own mode of living. I cannot as perfectly impart to you, for you have no true conception of spirit-life.

But let me repeat over and over again, that the present existence (that is mine) is just as tangible, and a thousand times more pleasurable than your own. We live in higher relation—more in the field of thought. This you cannot understand, because you imagine the fleshly body the one all-important necessity. Let me see if I can more thoroughly explain myself; I would be understood, if possible.

You live in the realms of thought sometimes. Distract, if you please, your mind from all worldly occupation, and live over again some loved scene, some pleasing recollection. Have you not known such times as these—when you became so completely absorbed in thought that all else would be forgotten, and you would feel pained if the thread of your thoughts were broken? You forget the body then, and wake up as from a dream, when recalled once more to outward surroundings. This only goes to prove that the body acts in obedience to a higher controlling power; but the mind can and does act sometimes, independent of it. Consequently when release comes, and we are no longer acted upon by the body, these momentary sensations become living realities. We live, and move and have our being in exactly the same ratio as with you, with only this difference: we have moved on, and you are left behind. The locomotive or propelling power has been improved from the old fashioned modes of stage-coach traveling. Science has put her lever to the wheel, and man profits by the appliance. He leaves his home more frequently, goes faster and further, and reaps the advantage.

So with spirit-life; the old modes of conveyance, limiting all our powers of investigation, are done away with, and we pass along into higher life, with purer tastes, loftier desires, but none the less sensitive to pleasure—to all that once made us happy. Because we are the recipients of greater joys, we are none the less sensible of minor happiness.

The earthly life is full of joys, as well as of sadness; we would not deprecate that—because the measure of our love is greater. We know that which prompts to duty now to be productive of joy above; and when the fulfillment comes, we would not forget the means by which it came. The body was the instrument which gave birth to present organization, the germ of spiritual power, and we are but an outgrowth from that; the vital power which has used up all the forces of animal life, and left that but an outgrown encasement, while we go on, as we emerged from it.

Spirit! yes, we are spirit; but that makes no difference with us as regards you, any more than the grown development of the parent abstracts from the love of the child. You understand this. Look not, then, for so great a difference between the soul inborn and the soul set free. You are spirit; we are spirit; the one a formation, the other a maturity. The former a conception of earthly existence maturing; the latter the new birth, subject to conditions similar to the new-born infant in its earthly existence, learning to grow, developing into the fully formed spiritual man. We should learn to think of these things, and practice upon our reasoning power. They give strength and maturity of thought, and are within the reach of all. We live on, from year to year, with scarce a thought as to the wonders associated with our being, of which we have no positive knowledge, save what we glean from the calls of body, to gratify its necessities, and even then without reflection, entirely unmindful of its higher attributes. Thus we pass through life with very little advantage gained to promote our future interests, compared to what might and ought to have been ours.

The spirit needs this kind of cultivation to strengthen its purposes; it is its natural food. The regime of its diet consists in thoughtful study, comparison, application and careful analysis. You strengthen memory by storing up facts in memory's journal. You discipline the mind, as you would the body, by exercising all its various faculties in laborious work. The soul draws its nourishment from like channels, and is strengthened according to the work it has to do. This is apparent to all, but all do not act upon it, but continue the starving process, literally to the end of the term of animal existence. And yet you find individuals who wonder that spiritual communications come clothed with so little real good sense, when perhaps both operator and the operated upon never had a serious thought of sober, mature reflection in their life. This may be one disadvantage to the coming of all—the undue reflection of all earth's children. The mistake is quite as apt to arise from the unfiness of the medium's mind, or the channel through which our words love to flow. If you would have clear spring water, unadulterated, you must see that the spring from whence you draw is cleared of all obstructions, and its passage rendered free and easy. The water will not be sweet and clear so long as all sorts of impurities exist within the fountain.

The spirit needs to be clothed with understanding befitting the true child of God, born for a purpose, wise in its fulfillment, an endless source of joy to the possessor, We have need of a clearer understanding, that we may perceive the course laid out for us, in accordance with nature's laws, so that we may not be continually transgressing—as has been our lot through the earthly pilgrimage; that we may have a brighter and more reasonable hope of our endless hereafter, than was even entertained while in the body. These are some of our hopes, desires, and aspirations. Are they so very different from sensations experienced by you? No, but exactly the same, differing only in the immensity of our working powers over yours.

What we will do, we find the means of doing, at some time, and never fail in a good object. You profess to be a Christian—and trust you are one—but daily, hourly, transgress rules of conduct you feel are laid down for you. You feel fully satisfied with yourself, but see little improvement on the morrow, and so you go on. But these strivings after righteousness, though you fall a thousand times, indicate truthful progress, an undermining of the evil nature; not that slow, torpid state of unhealthiness which lies so deeply rooted in some natures.

Here lies the difference between us and you. Having discoursed upon evil, in all its various phases, from our large field of observation, and seen its effects upon man, felt it in our systems, and compared it with its positive good, we are more ready to classify it in all its bearings, and put it away from us.

We have need of an association with evil, that we may see through its devices, and be ready to cope with it. And a fair trial of one's strength here helps to build up, rather than to pull down. We have need of all these things; a life-long experience, perhaps, to fill out the weak points transmitted to us by imperfect organizations; else what is dormant strength within us now, might continue to be weakness. You see the point, do you not? Observe the strong will and firm determination of that man. He sees no danger in the careless disposition of sums of money, in his confidence in himself, because he is above temptation, is properly organized in the moral organs. Evil has become good, in this instance, because the heart is right. But how is it with you? The same thing becomes positive evil to you, and is indeed, lacking firmness and honesty. The secretive powers are called into play, and then the struggle begins. The man yields; he could not resist, for lack of strength within him; but does he flee from the enemy? Warring parties come forth upon the field of action, and the conflict continues. Alas! for the poor man, he has become strong now, where once he was weak, and exerts almost superhuman powers to flee from danger. But where can he flee to? The dungeon is nothing compared to the fierce conflict going on in his soul. He may be tempted again and again, but he does not crush out the instinctive, repelling forces against the act. The outward appearances may be merely to avoid punishment from his fellow man, but in his secret soul the flame dies not, and he is a pursued criminal until the wrong is overbalanced by the right; and when all eyes come to behold him in his nakedness here, there is no longer any escape, and he must yield, a helpless foe.

Has the man become better for his sad experiences? The vanquished enemy always comes to terms more readily than the victorious. This poor criminal has been sorely beset from without and within; he is known as he is. The struggle has been long, but it is ended now; he has no hope but one, and that is, that by kindness and lenity he may begin to build himself up. This is a privilege always granted any one.

The man was wrong from the beginning, and could not wholly resist evil. This is our version of that form of evil. We have need of a greater discrimination whereby we may discern between good and evil; and here spirits have the ascendancy, beholding all motives and all conditions of society.

Further back in this writing, we spoke of spirit-messages imparting so little good sense, and we attributed it partly to the closed avenues of medium's minds, not receiving matter above their own understanding. Let us again touch upon this subject.

It is true, we cannot directly communicate with all, or the majority of the human race, in a connected manner. Behold the obstacles in our way. We approach no individuals without having first placed them in a condition to receive, by partial mesmerization. For instance, if we wished to write, a certain set of organs would have to be brought into play, and tuned like an instrument for the band of players, else all would be jargon, a continual discord, breathing, on moment, of pure inspiration, then a medley of strange sounds, productive of contradictions, and so forth. We use our strength of will over their will, and if perfect harmony can be produced, then we are enabled to write well. But who does not know that this cannot always be done? Again, look upon the task we have to perform in order to distract the mind from all its surrounding cares, and lead it away to the investigation of new truths, unthought of before by them, and endeavoring all the while to give them a clear understanding of that which they write, word by word—a slow process at best—and you have some of the objections to full, free communications.

It is the manifest desire of all to know something of the interior spirit, the future destination, else we could not control, even in a small degree. And the greater desire one has for improvement of this kind, the more easily can the mind be operated upon, for it resists not so much the action of spirit-mind over its own. Some peculiar bents of mind assist, while others retard, and we have much more to overcome, in their connection with us, and we cannot always overrule, or do away with certain influences. Some may desire and not receive; while others are comparatively averse, and

yet their peculiar organization permits of partial control, without the agency of their wills being consulted, as is the case with the earthly psychologized. Thus we have endeavored to explain several times before, but thought best to repeat it here.

Conditions in different individuals vary as much as the individuals themselves, no two being exactly alike; and the laws of mind show that no two can be educated exactly alike, to the best advantage. According to the mind, so must be its education. This is a truth beginning to be established among you, but is seldom practiced; and yet it is one of the essentials of successful cultivation. In this respect we differ from earth, and justify a man according to what he really is. Important truths like these are becoming better known, and already bring forth results worthy further trial. The mind of man is a great kaleidoscope, with infinite powers reflecting all it contains, in what it does, in a lifelong action. Witness what it does, has done, may do, with suitable training and proper adaptation of cause and effect. The suitable education of mind is what man needs to fit him for spirit-life, to fill out the measure of his days complete, after the most rational plan of salvation—a saving process not less brilliant, because less denunciatory, than some doctrines too harsh for man to hear as he progresses.

Punishments belong to low conditions, where fear alone drives the victim along; but educated reason wins and leads without blind force. The higher man goes in the scale of reason, the less arbitrary does he become. You will always find this to be so. The very best men the world has ever known, have been distinguished for their moderation, gentleness and kindness toward the erring and less fortunately developed. It is a part of their formation. Does this not go to prove they exert a wise influence over all those lower conditions with which they must come in daily contact? Behold the good man; wherever he goes every soul feels his influence. And where you find an instance of this holy, breathing power exerted on earth—our more favored, happy land, the home of all sweet influences—the whole air is laden with fragrant perfumes which emanate from the continual good deeds of all wise hearts; and there is a generous uplifting of all burdened ones, until they find a footing on our golden shore.

No language is beautiful enough to depict the glories of this peaceful home of ours. No earthly voice of praise is half as harmonious as that we have here, where all its peace, serenity and love—a condition consequent upon a right understanding of man, and his relations to man. This is a beautiful theme, and one upon which we love to dwell; for here it is that we may do good, by opening all the avenues to mental cultivation, and placing man more upon an equal footing with his brother-spirit man.

The two spheres are not so widely different, after all, were you but educated into all that nobleness and purity of thought which might easily become yours by a process of internal affluence of soul, enlarging the perceptions, that more solid truth might find entrance and commence its work amongst you. The two spheres may never walk upon an equal footing as regards external conditions; that is, spirits may not approach your tables and partake of food as you now do; neither will you leave your homes to locate in ours, until you leave your mortal bodies; but there may be a greater nearness of approach, so that we may communicate more frequently and readily, while the distance will not be felt to be so great between us. This would be pleasant, and remove some harassing features from our sudden departure, sometimes. It would not be desirable to remove all the frontier walls and leave the passage clear; neither could it be done; for the development we undergo by coming here, could in no other manner be performed; and the new birth admits of no other exodus than this. The boundary line once passed, we may not enter the body again, for, once having laid it aside, you are one of us. The two spheres must move on differently, each obeying the fundamental law of its being; but all relationship is not needfully broken. The mere fact of your not seeing us, is of small moment, if you can only school yourselves to believe we are in your immediate presence, for are you not often separated from those you love, so that you communicate with each other only from a distance? Where, then, is the great difference, after all, between absent ones in the flesh, and out of it, remembering always that by complying with certain conditions we may present ourselves to your impressions, not through yourselves, through others? Mediums are not so few now, but that nearly all may receive some loved token, if not unwilling to hear and be benefited by us.

A correct estimate of spirit-life can never be given you, until you can partake of its benefits equally with us; and, as I have said before, it is your own want of conception, not seeing as we see. It is not right or proper that you should comprehend all. It would unfit you for a home on earth, and your natural relations to life. You look upon the child, and do not expect in it the maturity of manhood, for you know that would be impossible; still you instruct the child all that you can; you speak to its growing mind of things beyond its years to comprehend, and you strive to educate him, slowly, into future usefulness. At least you should do so. Expansion of intellect comes slowly, but the more perfectly, by association with solid truths, of which it has but feeble comprehension at first.

There is a difference between us and you; but all that belonged to us of sentiment, feeling, thought, in earth life, is ours now. Look back upon your infantile days, and you will see that you are not what you were then. You have grown stronger, stronger, stronger; frame and mind have grown together. But you have not changed, only as growth and expansion have taken you along; but the frame is fast doing its work, leading you along, until, at last, dissolution

comes and frees you from all bodily restraints. The soul draws unto itself all the elements of its structure, and sallies forth into the new birth. Here begins the new process, animal extinction, and the true spiritual forces are set at work. Man has now commenced upon a new footing, and when you can altogether disassociate the animal from the spiritual man, and understand its capabilities, then you may solve the questions, to your entire satisfaction. What is spirit? and wherein does it differ from mortal man? The real difference is not very great, though this is not apparent to your minds. It is not a disconnected affair, but both parts of one great harmonious whole. And thus we go on, changing and changing still, from the first moment of organized life to all eternity, always conformable to Divine law.

The lineaments of the face in its every controlling passion, reveal the spirit within. Absorbed in some evil practice, you see its motive strangely depleted—in its power of reflecting action—on the dial-plate of the human countenance. Happiness speaks through the eye and the whole contour of the frame. You receive the influence, and are really conversing with the soul within; but all you do not see it, only in its various lineaments. You perceive nothing of its divine form, but only what you see of its emotions.

But because the thinking mind cannot see all, cannot grasp all, must that detract from the reality of our coming? Not at all. If I may not come and grasp you by the hand, may I not feel that my presence is very acceptable, to come just as I can come, by not displaying myself to your outward vision, but to the depths of your soul, by such friendly intercourse as now exists between us? When the mantle of earthly life shall have fallen from your shoulders, then it is that we shall behold one another face to face, and renew our investigations together.

The second stage of our existence seems to bring all our moral reflections into active play; for in the beginning it was one step lower than the moral, the animal, or first part of man.

The next stage toward which we are all moving will be further in advance; a more perfected system, for which we are preparing now, both on earth and in heaven.

We reach forward still; man finds no standing still place here, any more than with you; and what we may yet become, passeth the understanding of man. A plan, and a more beautiful one, seems extending throughout the entire universe, and God, our Heavenly Father, has ordered it all.

We need to stand still in wondrous awe, and contemplate the magnitude of His power, and say with the Psalmist, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" It becomes us in our feebleness of intellect to stop, and survey again the ground we have traveled over during our continuance upon earth, and see how far we have progressed, from the babe of no knowledge to mature manhood, thence forward to the present time, when it is to be hoped we have added much more to our not yet full reservoir of intelligence.

And how is it with each one of you? Is it not a pleasant recollection—when one gives himself space of time for sober thought? But ah! how sad that we should ever neglect to do ourselves this much justice.

The very contemplation sweetens life; for all that goes to make us better is for the soul's highest good. The native joy arising from one's heart, a spontaneous burst of feeling in any line, or direction—is the soul's answer to prayer. We feel, and as we feel, we pray. Such prayer is part of our being; and all thus do pray.

God's inspiration acts upon the soul of every man, and we feel the power and are guided somewhat by its influences. The good in us lies beneath the surface, perhaps, and the outward may never reveal its hallowing influences, reaching us it does but little beyond the soul's immediate presence; but it is there, and although no hand shall find it, yet it is doing its softening work, and the time is not far distant when you shall plainly see its working upon that individual soul. There is good in man, a spiritual need that we cannot be deprived of, for it is the germ principle of soul. Its encasement may be ever so many, yet the interior workings will force them all away some time, and you will see the living beauty of that child of God progressing before you.

Is this an unpalatable doctrine? Is it not more reasonable than that the heirs of eternal salvation will receive eternal condemnation? False education has done a wrong to your soul, which you, too, shall live to outgrow. Were it not for the natural purity of the embryo man, all where should we all be? Not in heaven, surely, but in the lower, lower, lowest hell of which we have any conception; for we are always surrounded by temptations in the flesh, sufficient to crush, only for the saving influence of God's grace in the beautiful formation of the inner man. We were orthodox once, so far as we know or understood the subject. We are orthodox still, but upon a broader platform of God's own erecting.

We always had our views ingrafted from the earliest education, views as to what looked reasonable and proper to us, but we could not clearly define our position, because what looked reasonable and right to us, might be altogether wrong; so men are taught that they should not rely upon their native instinct in determining. But is this right? For what purpose was the God-given faculty of soul vouchsafed us? This was always a mystery to me. Supposing we are led into error by listening to its dictates, does it follow that it should not be heeded at all? Not so; to adopt such a plan would be highway robbery to man's best interests.

It is only in the one thing, religion, that man is ever taught to gainsay the truthfulness of reason. The evil tendency of such a doctrine is clearly manifest to my mind; for we are continually having it illustrated here from all classes of schools; and we find none harder to disabuse of prejudicial beliefs than those spoken of above. These

embody a large class, and you would be astonished to see with what tenacity they hold to their former belief. But facts are facts; and one of the first lessons learned is that no man has arrived at the whole measure of the truth, but is a learner from the beginning to the end.

Such a wise relation exists between man and his fellow-man—involving a large field of life-long action—that we must needs once more speak upon the subject.

We are created, one from the other, in natural gradations, from father to son, and son's son, in a genealogical line. Inheritance, worldly possessions, distinctions, names, are each and all handed down from parent to son, and continue for a long time in the family.

We emulate past virtues, or, on the other hand, we live under the ban of evil implanted in our natures—transmitted inheritance. Bearing this always in view, it will give us a greater critical right, for we shall not deal out so largely in denunciations; neither deem that praiseworthy which proceeds directly from native impulse, or rather in the subordination of all those powers given us for wise and useful purposes.

Here it is we greatly err. Man does not understand his relations to man, if while he is ever ready to deal the blow of reproof, he does not stop by the wayside and learn the various temptations of that man, and know how far he has striven to conquer, and learn with what facilities he had to work, in order to accomplish anything.

Were you to require of a daily laborer a certain amount of work to be performed, within certain limits, your first care would be to see that he was furnished with suitable tools for the work, and time given him for the accomplishment of his task.

Now look at the laborer in God's vineyard. Has he commenced the work in a manner the most likely to effect its object? Does he know what he has to do? Does he understand the nature of the soil of his heart? Whether it be all clay, stony, or fallow ground? Whether it has grown tares and thistles, or borne an abundant harvest? Then again, if he understands nothing of all this, has he been furnished with tools adapted to the furtherance of his object, according to the work laid out before him, and are his abilities commensurate with what he has to do? And lastly, what obstacles are there in the way of his doing the work at all? It needs close inspection to reason from cause to effect.

The requirements of your sphere are slavish in the extreme. This we all know to be the fact, but never dispute the theory that it must be so. Our neighbor does so and so; we follow in his wake. A leaning dependence. Now what we desire to know is this: if man, in the ignorance of his object in life, accomplishes anything, is not the act meritorious? He may have done but little, but remember his ignorance, and believe he has done the best he could, though blindly, perhaps. It is not according to a man's talents, but the improvement he makes of them.

We are all dependent upon one another. The babe seeks its nourishment from the mother's breast; from then until manhood it leans upon stronger props. So all the way up in life we are trying to walk alone, but have never effected this before we take leave of mundane causes, and commence anew the journey of life. And do we not bear the same relation here? Ah! yes, and even more, perhaps, in one sense, for we have learned our need of dependence, and seek from the fount of Wisdom to know more. This is a wise relation, although perverted from its true purpose in our intercourse with our fellow-man.

Let us see. We have not dropped to prove—for am I not now exerting my influence over a mind, yielding most willingly? All the relations of life are beautifully arranged. The great Supreme Mind has ordered all things for the best, and in his own good time will shadow forth the whys and wherefores, as we become fitted, by internal improvement, to understand them. Man walks not alone here; he is dependent upon higher sources. And well may it be for us all that it is so; for do we not, in childhood, find it the only sensible form of school-instruction to first obtain competent teachers? If a class of boys were to attempt to instruct each other, how much improvement would they be likely to make?

We need regulation and strict habits in all things; and the more a man regulates his household, the better order abides there. A life of servitude to one's daily toil cannot be productive of rapid improvement, but may not as easily ensnare into wrong indulgence. Exemption from both is the rightful way.

Industry—not overwork—laborious toil, causes man to reap the richest reward. In too toilsome labor the activities of life become lessened, the recuperative powers weakened, and life not the sweet reflection it should be. Situated as man now is, this state of things may not at once be wholly repaired. But great advantages might be obtained by a general knowledge of the laws of life and health. An undermining principle is of itself, going on in every thoroughly matured frame. The seeds of dissolution have commenced, but should not be hastened to premature ripeness. The more solid fruits are the longer time ripening, and bear no marks of age until long after the period of maturity. And so it should be with you.

Now old age comes creeping on, which, correctly spoken, means, it should come creeping on, and not with the rapid strides of present decay.

Go to yonder orchard; which apple would you choose? The ripest, fullest and roundest upon that tree, though more days' suns were needed to perfect the fruit; or would you rather select from among the fallen, the early windfall, nipped in its early growth by the treacherous worm? I can think of no better comparison to give you an idea of my meaning. In the one case, disease has sapped the true foundations of life, and its death has been gradual, leaving the freer marks of its withering power; while the other, snatched suddenly from vigorous growth, has lost nothing of its vitality.

Man, in his humblest conceptions of himself, knows full well when he lives virtuously, consistently, uprightly, and it is not boastful to acknowledge the same, for a proper appreciation of one's self tends to regulate conduct. It is the highest standpoint we most love to see.

As we value the gift of a thing, so do we bestow care and trouble for the best use of said gift. A worthless bestowal the donor cares not for; it loses half its value in other eyes. We value life more than any other gift bestowed upon man, because it is priceless, money cannot buy it, and the love of friends cannot save it. We cling to it as the one thing needful, the necessary condition of existence. The natural framework of society depends almost wholly upon this sacred regard for

life; were it not so, man would be stricken down upon almost every pretence. There would be no respect for rank or station, bond or free, without this strong love-principle of life. Man's highest conceptions are always the best; and mark, as you go along, if this be not so.

War does not exist among you now to so fearful an extent as in the early ages. The extermination of whole nations by the sword belongs to the past, and in various ways do we see improvement everywhere. The war spirit still exists, but is modified to mean, kill a man when all other means seem to have failed of an amicable adjustment, without compromising your national integrity. The word once went forth, "Slaughter! slaughter! slaughter! We want your homes, your wives, your lives! extermination!" so saith the Lord of the meekest man who ever lived in olden times. So said Moses, rather, according to modern interpretation. But what has brought about this radical change, so much for the better? What but man's more intimate knowledge of himself. And as he travels along, he gathers facts relative to his own existence, and slowly perceives, little by little (the refining process), that in order to live we must respect other men's lives—self-preservation in the first instance. Certain boundaries are affixed to laws protecting lives and property. Next comes in order the annulling of other heathenish practices. That man's rights be respected, it is not necessary to put in force the "eye for an eye" system; but, Christ-like, if smitten on one cheek, turn the other also. Here it is we have outlived first principles, and been ushered into a new era of thought. When man begins to believe in his brother man, he has made one grand step toward future progress. From that era of individual progress to this, platforms have constantly been erecting all over the stage of action, and a sort of political warfare has been going on for the better condition of mankind everywhere. We find speakers contending for the right everywhere, according to their standard of right—a perfect medley of reformatory ideas, but insuring success in the end, for where any point is discussed, agitation keeps the waters moving, and the dead calm no longer exists; and out of revolution comes invention, new light, fresh formation; and out of all this shall come that better light which reveals unto man what he really is, and for what he was created.

Man must have a high estimate of himself, else he may be an automaton, constructed for wise and noble ends, but having no higher aims or range of sentiment and feeling than has been marked out for him in olden times. It is the power of manhood within us which gives force of character, presses us forward to greater elevation and a just estimation of our capabilities for action. Rather let the man think too well of himself, than to have no pride of character. Moral elevation is secure against the whole category of vices, and strengthens because it fills out the weak points in man's nature, and guards him against temptation's alluring snares. The filled out, well organized, evenly balanced brain, is sure of a passport to heaven; and man needs no more than this to insure his entrance there. By knowledge we mean living knowledge.

We have written a long message. We caution early and found you prepared, and gratefully accepted the task. We have not much more to say. We shall come again sometime, when opportunity offers and conditions are favorable.

To all my dear friends I dedicate this feeble offering, for it is written for the benefit of all, as the best testimony I can bring of the love I bear them now and evermore.

Believe me ever your affectionate brother,  
H. WHITTEMORE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SWEET SPIRIT-LAND.

Far up beyond the purling clouds,  
That dim the earth in gloomy shrouds,  
The azure fields are glittering bright  
With gorgeous rays of golden light;  
And sparkling gems of pearly hue,  
Are gleaming in the azure blue.

Night's beautiful queen,  
In silvery sheen,  
Mid ether's vast, unfathomed deeps,  
Full orb'd, in regal beauty sleeps.

Ethroned in beauty, angels there  
Are hovering ever, bright and fair;  
And music sweet, entrancing swells,  
Like magic chimes from fairy bells,  
It floats in low, soft murm'ring tones,  
Far up to God's eternal throne;

And angels bright,  
Enrobed in light,  
With voices sweet, will e'er prolong  
The cadence of that spirit-song.

Oh! realm of God's unchanging love!  
Sweet spirit-home of bliss above,  
How yearns the soul to mingle there,  
With loving spirits, pure and fair;  
To linger on the golden strand  
That glistens in sweet spirit-land.

Celestial dome!  
Sweet spirit-home!  
Oh! how my anxious spirit waits,  
To enter through thy heavenly gates!  
Cincinnati, O., 1865.

A CAPITAL BATH.—An open window, with the direct rays of the sun coming in, will be good for the little one. On a hot summer day, to lay it down near the window, quite nude, and let it lie for some minutes where the rays of the sun may fall upon its skin, will give it new life. There is a vital relation between sunshine and a vigorous human being. Scarcely from sunshine is one of the greatest misfortunes of civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength. When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed, and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each provided with lounges, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge and turning over from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases which seemed only waiting for the shower were galvanised into life and health by this process.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

A beggar posted himself at the door of a Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man?" "Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have one when you come out!" was the beggar's reply.

"Sam, are you one of the Southern chivalry?" "No, massa, I no ob de Southern shovelry; I shoveled dirt at the Dutch Gap Canal."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,  
182 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearth, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LION HEW.)

GREAT SUCCESS.

(Original.)  
CHAPTER II.

The pleasant Autumn days came, rich in golden fruits, and beautiful in the changing color of each tiny leaf, and the fading light of each starry blossom by the roadside. Uncle Isaac's visit was among the things to be remembered.

Abraham, in his low-roofed chamber, looked out at night from his little window, and thought of the good times of his visit, and the pleasant words of the kindly old man.

"He said I could be something, if I would try, better than a mere drudge. He said I'd have success if I tried for it, and I'm quite sure of it; for he is going to send me to school, and I shall learn all that is to be known and become a very great man."

This Abraham imagined would be success. But the weeks wore on, and no letter came from the good uncle, telling him when and where he should begin his education. As the old stage coach came rumbling through the village street, and the package of letters was unfolded from the capacious mail bag, among the eager watchers was Abraham; and as disappointment came each time, he began to feel as if someone was doing him a great wrong. He began to condemn his good uncle, and to wish he was not living in the quiet village, but in a large city; and he was quite sure that his uncle might have sent him money to take him away. A spirit of discontent was arising within him, and that spirit always blames some one for what it considers ill luck.

Besides this, John Smith began to exult in Abraham's disappointment. Ever since the excursion to Roundhead Mountain, John had tried to vex and annoy Abraham every way possible. He met him on the street corners, and pointed with his finger to the road leading to Adams, where was located the Adams Academy, the place where Abraham expected to be sent to school by his uncle; then, with a laugh, he would run to the tavern, where were assembled most of the boys of the village, and set them in a roar of laughter by some fun about Abraham and his relations.

Abraham was a boy of temper and spirit, and he had many a smart brush with John, and as Abraham was the strongest, he always came off best; but this only aggravated John the more, and made him attempt all sorts of ill-natured tricks. There was in the village an old shoemaker, who had grown old making boots and shoes, and hammering out his ill-natured thoughts. He seemed to hate boys, and to wish, above all things, to make them uncomfortable. For this reason the mischievous boys were fond of playing tricks on him. They would tie up his legs with the legs, and set them a crackling, for the sake of hearing the old man scold as he came out to the barn in the early morning, while they, safely hidden in some out of the way place, watched his motions and listened to his rough speech.

The best natured of the villagers tried to find out the boys who were engaged in the mischievous pranks; but very many thought it was just right for an old man who made himself so very disagreeable.

One night Peter Hink, the shoemaker, was awakened by an unusual noise in his back yard. He rose in the dark, lighted his candle and went out into the shed. There he found his old cow with a huge blanket pinned around its neck, and a nightcap on each horn, standing with her fore legs in a washtub. The old man, in his anger, stumbled and fell, striking his head and cutting a deep gash in his forehead. The termination of this piece of mischief was too serious for the people to bear in quiet. They determined to find out the rogues and have them punished.

Abraham, although loving fun as well as any boy, yet had a kindly heart, and was quite unwilling to join in the rudest of the sport. John was the leader, and suggested the most of the mischief. But now that the people were ready to bring punishment to the offenders, he was determined to shelter himself from blame. The readiest way to do that, he thought, was to have others suspected. The nightcaps he had taken from old Dame Tinkerton's clothes yard, intending to return them safely before morning; but the alarm caused by Peter's fall, made it necessary for him to run away as fast as possible. He, however, seized the caps and the blanket, and running home, hid them in his father's washstand, thinking the next day he would return them, as no one would suspect him, because he had soon pulled himself up over the long shed into the windows opening from his little room, and was fast asleep there when his mother came up in the morning.

But the question came up in his mind the next day, whether he could not put the people on a false track, and thus throw all appearance of blame from himself. He took the caps and tied them into a little bundle not larger than a ball, and went out to try and get up a game among the boys.

Abraham, who had slept well all night, was ready for a good game, and quickly ran for his hat and his ball. In the excitement or heat of the game, he threw off his jacket and laid it on the grass on the common. John, pretending to be looking for the ball, slipped the nightcaps into Abraham's jacket.

In the afternoon, when many of the men of the village were assembled, waiting for the arrival of the stage and its much desired mail, the boys were there also, and among them was Abraham, longing more than ever for the well known handwriting of his uncle, and for the good news which he hoped was in store for him. The men had been discussing Peter Hink's misfortune.

"I am determined," said Squire Niles, "to find out who did the mischief. A great pity it is, if an honest man can't be left to sleep quiet. I've heard my father tell about the stocks that were set up in every town, were all ill-meaning persons were punished, and the whipping-post in the public square, where even women had to suffer; and I believe we'd better go back to the good old days, and see if we can't have order and peace."

"Well, now, they do say, that the doctor said, that if Peter had struck his head an inch higher, that it might have been the death of him," chimed in Mr. Potham. "And Peter's wife said, that Miss Jones said, that she knew a man who fell from a hay rick and hit his head just exactly where Peter's was hit, and he never breathed but just ten times, and all he said was, 'I'm done gone.' And he left ten children and a loved widow, though she married Sam Elder and lived ten years."

"Well, as I was saying," said Squire Niles, "it's time something was done."  
John listened all this time, and as soon as there

was a pause he spoke to Abraham, in a loud, sharp voice:  
"Give us your ball, will you? I see you have it in your pocket."

Abraham felt in his pantaloons pocket, the place where he always carried his ball, but it was not there.

"I have n't it," said he.  
"But I see it in your jacket."

Abraham thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out the round ball, and all saw its white appearance. John seized it hastily, and in an instant unrolled the caps.

"What's here?" said he. "Caps, hey? Oh, I guess it's plain who fixed up the old cow of Peter Hink."

All eyes were on Abraham, and all looked suspiciously at him.

"I did n't put them there, and I did n't know they were there," said he.

"A likely story," said John. "I'd like to know how they happened to be in your pocket?"

"Who'd have thought it?" said Mr. Potham.

"Well, I never knew the like," said Captain Spooner.

"Well, Miss Jones said, that Miss Hink said that Mr. Hink did n't know exactly what it was on the old cow, but they looked like summer squashes, in the dark, and she queried as how the cow eat them up, because they did n't find them," chimed in Mr. Potham.

"But they was n't squashes," said John, "they were caps; and here are the caps in Abraham's pocket."

"Are you sure they were not squashes?" said Squire Niles, with a shrewd look at John.

"Oh, I am very sure," said John; "they were caps, to look like an old witch with two heads."

"Eh? it was for that, was it?" asked Squire Niles.

But the stage coach came, and all thoughts were turned to the packages that were to be unfolded from the mail bag. Squire Niles received his weekly paper, and was soon absorbed in that. Mr. Potham took Miss Jones's letter, and at last Abraham received, with his hand, the long looked for letter. He forgot all his chagrin and surprise at the contents of his pocket, and ran swiftly home to his mother.

Meantime John had left the store, and went to a group of girls that were waiting outside.

"Have you heard," said he, "that old Mrs. Tinkerton's nightcaps were found in Abraham's pocket?"

The girls all laughed, of course, as girls are apt to do at anything that seems to them funny and worth laughing at.

"But do tell us how it was?" said Mary Niles, who had come to the village with her father.

"Why, you see there were caps on Peter Hink's old cow's horns, to make her look like a witch with two heads, and the caps were found in Abraham's jacket pocket; and so you see everybody knows now who did it, and it's very likely that Abraham will be punished, because Squire Niles says boys must n't do such tricks."

Sophia Taft listened attentively, but said not a word. Susan Sloan gave a toss to her head, and turned it away from John, saying:

"Pah! a likely story that! I'd like to know how some folks happened to know all about the caps, and who they belonged to?"

Jane Dean gave a triumphant curl to her lip, and then uttered:

"I think it a very likely story! I'm sure Mr. Potham said that folks that had rich relations and felt so proud, would be very likely to be doing something out of the way."

"I guess folks' relations do n't make 'em good or bad," said Susan.

Just then Abraham came out of the post-office with eager steps, carrying the letter down to his mother. Susan ran after him.

"We do n't believe it, Abraham."

"Who does n't?" said Abraham, with a look toward Sophia.

"Sophia and I do n't; and if other folks do, who cares?"

"I'm sure no one should believe it," said Abraham; "but I must run home quickly, for here's a letter from Uncle Isaac, and mother'll be in a hurry to read it."

Mrs. Foster took the letter with many anxious misgivings, for she saw that the long expected letter was not in her brother's handwriting. It proved to be from a friend of his, who announced the sudden illness and death of Isaac Parker.

"He died happy, as he had always lived; but owing to his generous mode of life, and his great benevolence, he had left no property; but his good name lives in the hearts of all who know him."

That sentence took away from Abraham and his mother their only means of living. Uncle Isaac had each year brought his sister sufficient money to support her and Abraham in their simple life, but this year he had promised to send it to her very soon. It took away, too, from Abraham's future all that bright prospect that had opened before him like a beautiful pathway.

There were many tears shed in that cottage home that afternoon, and when Abraham went to his little room at night, and lay looking at the shadows and gleams that the harvest-moon spread over the fields, he had many earnest thoughts. At first he said to himself that it was all wrong, that it was a great shame that he should be disappointed. He did not believe that it ever could be right; but then he remembered that what was wrong must be made right, as far as possible, and that he had now something to do. His mother could do but little by spinning and knitting toward buying all they should need, and Abraham saw at a glance that he must set himself at some kind of work. His mind was active, and a few moments sufficed to present to him every possible means of labor that would pay him enough to find his mother in the few necessities of life. At that season of the year he could work for the farmers for a few weeks, but the season would last only a short time, and then he would be obliged to be idle, or to be away from home. This he did not like to do, for he remembered the cold winter, the deep snows, and the need of brisk fires and a plenty of wood, and he was sure his mother would need his help. He thought of Mr. Stamp, the postmaster, who had been needing a clerk, but he remembered to have heard him say that he had sent for his nephew. He remembered that the cooper had a plenty of hands, that the blacksmith could not keep all his own boys employed. There was only one trade left for him, and that was the shoemaker's. He was sure that Peter Hink needed help, and that he would willingly take any industrious boy for an apprentice, and would allow him a little for extra work at the woodpile. But then Peter was such a crabbed master, that he knew he should have a sorrowful time with him. He thought of his snappish ways, and of his impatient voice.

"Abraham had been used to the loving care of his mother, and being a good-natured boy, to the pleasant words of the neighbors. No wonder that he dreaded so great a change as coming under the care of Peter Hink, whom everybody called crotchety Peter. But he could see no other way,

and he thought over all his uncle had said to him. "Trying to succeed," at last he said; "at least I can try," and with this noble resolve sticking fast to his heart, he was soon asleep.

[To be continued.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE CITY.  
NUMBER SEVEN.

Not far down in the street is a German school, and every day the little ones go with books and slates and luncheon-boxes to their studies. Some are so young that their steps are unsteady, and one little one with hanging curls hits her toe, and falls in her eager haste. Very much I like to watch their coming and going, for they are never noisy or rude; but what pleases me most is the sweet singing I hear from the school-room. Above all the noise of the noisy street, I can catch the sweet voices. Sometimes when the city seems a hard place in which to find beauty and loveliness, then the ringing, clear voices enter my room, and I am sure there is something more beautiful than the sunshine on the meadows, and it is the beauty of childhood in its goodness and purity; and something more lovely than the sweet wild flowers, and it is the flowers that blossom in the child-heart. So I am very glad that my neighbor, the teacher, brings me such sweet music, and leads my thoughts above the noise and dust of the street. It is easy to think of the sweet summer-land and its little ones that sing the songs of heaven when we hear sweet music, and I am sure if children know how the harmony of their voices could rest those that are tired, and give courage to them that feel sad, they would never make a discordant tone.

I must not omit to mention my neighbor, the Allantus, who spent all the spring in clothing its branches in beauty. Some one has cut off its finest branches, and it seems shorn of its beauty. I could not but think how very great a disappointment it must have been; but it holds up its head quite bravely, and seems determined to spread its remaining branches wider, and to still cast a refreshing shade. I hope it will not weary in its efforts and droop. I am sure it will not, for already it seems to be saying, "Since my inner life is left, who can harm me? Outward misfortunes cannot destroy inner beauty, and if I have life enough left, I am determined to make up for my present loss, and to show myself a tree worthy of the good mother earth that gives me so richly of which I need."

To Correspondents.

CHARLES E. S. HOLDEN, ME.—Thanks for your pleasant words, and for the many trusting aspirations that found expression in your letter. We all need them at times. The spirit grows through its longing and effort; that which it needs it calls for, and there it makes known its wants, and the loving Providence of its existence cares for and supplies its needs. Thus will come to you the answer to your desire. More soon.

Yours,  
L. M. W.

GEORGIA J. O. NORTH TURNER BRIDGE, ME.—Your letter was very nicely written, and its words were very pleasant to me, and I thank you for writing. Many little girls and boys do not like to write letters, I think, because they are too indolent; but it is like a pleasant conversation to be able to write easily and well. You are right, I love children very much, and often wish I had great arms of love to fold them all in and keep them from harm. But there are loving ones who can do all that I wish, and more. I trust they will keep your spirit in goodness and purity.

Your true friend,  
LOVE M. WILLIS.

Will correspondents address me a few weeks at the Banner office, Boston? I am going to leave my neighbors in the city for a while, and find some in the country.

A Note from Cincinnati.

I came to this city a few days since for the purpose of testing the healing powers of Doctor J. Wilbur, in my own case. I had dwelt so long in the shadows of affliction, that nearly every ray of hope had departed, consequently I had very little faith that he, or any of the great healers, could do me any good; but to my great joy and surprise, I was enabled, after the first application of the hands, to sit up for hours, whereas before I was obliged to be on my couch almost constantly, having suffered for many weary years from weaknesses that made life almost intolerable, and yet anxious to live.

Yesterday, the glorious Fourth, was indeed a joyful day to me. To be able to sit up for hours, and witness the grand pagant as it passed along with its bands of music (that seemed to bring heaven very near) and waving banners, and many wonderful attractions, was very, very pleasant indeed. In the grand column were to be seen our country's defenders—those honored braves, white and black, to whom every loyal heart feels like paying homage.

Oh, the day seemed the brightest and most glorious that ever dawned upon my vision. I was filled with new life and strength, while the sweet dawn of freedom from physical ills seemed brightening suddenly, strangely all around me, and the future growing golden with hope. All these blending with the one thought thrilling the hearts of millions with its electric flame, that the time-honored Declaration of American Independence has a grander meaning now than ever, filled my soul with thanksgiving and praise.

I can now recommend Dr. Wilbur's healing powers to those of my own sex, and to all who are suffering with disease, feeling fully confident that he has no superior. In doing so I am only prompted by gratitude to him for the great benefit I have already received, and my sympathy with the afflicted, to whom I would say, Come, and be healed. The lame, the blind, the sick, the sorrowing, seek him for blest relief, and truly can they repose great confidence in him.

He has removed from the American House to 79 Lake street, where he will treat the sick until further notice, having concluded to extend his stay here. SARAH BENEDICT.  
Cleveland, O., July 5, 1865.

WATERING PLACE AMUSEMENTS.—Dr. Brochard, of France, has just brought out an entertaining volume on sea bathing, which contains many hints of value to those now departing for the watering places. Thus, what he says in regard to balls at the French resorts will apply equally well to our own: "Of all amusements which are in vogue at the seaside, dancing is the most dangerous, although, unhappily, the most resorted to. The fatigue which exercise and bathing have already induced, and the excitement of the functions of the skin which the salt water has occasioned, render especially children of a tender age quite unable to stand the drain of excessive perspiration which these balls often induce; to say nothing of the ill effects of late hours, and of the respiration of air charged with the emanations from great numbers of persons, and further vitiated by a number of gas lights. After having taken all possible care that their little charges should breathe nothing but the health-giving breath of heaven all day, what madness can equal the folly of setting them to inhale, for several hours at night, an atmosphere polluted with deadly poison?"

Written for the Banner of Light.

DE VERE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

PART TWO.

Earth's Voices and Angel Responses.

Long o'er the dreary scenes of strife, That track the sens of human life, I gazed in mute and sad surprise, While Faith, far from her native skies, Vailed the mild splendor of her eyes. Then suddenly before me rose, What pen of mine might ne'er disclose, What ne'er before had been revealed, What I would fain have had concealed— A vision of the battle-field! Earth shook, as in an earthquake shock; I felt the iron-ribbed mountains rock, While, harnessed to their thunder cars, Rushed on the fiery steeds of Mars. O'er valleys fair, and fertile plains, Where lately waved the golden grain, There, dealing death, and woe, and pains, I saw the awful war-fleets pass, And crimson drops lay on the grass. As every step the linden rain Went blessing o'er the fertile plain, Till in their track lay heaps of slain. Oh woe of woes! what horrors then, And hells of anguish, met my ken! Before me rolled a fearful flood, A "Red Sea" made of human blood! And it screamed a raven hoarse, "All-omened bird of free discourse," And virtues followed in its course; While, writhing in the crimson tide, The living, with the dead beside, I saw ten thousand ghastly forms— Distorted, mangled, shapeless forms— Of men and horse together thrown, As wrecks upon the earth are strown In heaps, by one wild storm alone, When whirlwinds from their awful throne Sweep in dread wrath the torrid zone. Ah! what dreary sounds and throes, What dismal shrieks of mortal woes, From that one field of carnage rose. Night, lovely Night, with tender care, Let fall her starry tresses there, Yet still their wallings rent the air, And groans and curses mingled were With cries of agony and prayer. For days the Morn, with fearful mien, Looked down and viewed the sloeking scene; For days with clouded brow she rose\* Above this sea of human woes, Then, weeping, went to her repose, And left the solemn Night to shed Around the dying and the dead The balm that follows in her tread.

O'er all this scene I gazed in stillness sad, And saw, as 't were, the sky in mourning clad; Yet still the clouds grew darker, like a pall, And fiercer tempests seemed about to fall. Oh God! I cried in awe, is this not all? And a deep voice responsive said, "Not all!" And then I saw, as through a curtain lowered, The voice of God's wrath again outpoured. When lo! there swept, as with a whirlwind breath, O'er all the earth the winged powers of Death: Fires, famine, pestilence, and scourging wars, Urged madly on their desolating cars! From North to South, from East to West they sped, Till heaved old ocean with their haughty tread; Yet on and on, in fiery speed they fled, To hold their fiendish dances o'er the dead! Far o'er the land toward the rising sun, I saw their steeds and fearful chariots run, And yet their awful orgies seemed not done. How long, oh God, how long shall these things be? I cried in grief for sad humanity, That like a sea of anguish to and fro Seemed urged and lashed by tempests of wild woe, While not a ray shone o'er the heavens afar, To show that Peace had lit her morning star. Again I cried, How long shall these things be? And the same voice responsive answered me— "These furnace fires of God shall long endure, Till human hearts through them become more pure,

Till men shall learn to love mild Justice more Than all the merchandise that lines their shore; Till they love Wisdom, and their brothers, more Than the base metals, or the golden ore; Till not a bondman tolls upon their shore, Pleading for freedom at their very door. Men's idols must be broken, dashed to earth, And trodden in the dust o'er the 'new birth,' The dawn of heaven, shall come, or joy and mirth, All clothed in light, and jeweled o'er with love, Shall wave their starry banners from above, And whisper; "Peace on earth, good will to men." Be brave and strong, oh sister heart, till then; Fear not, but calmly let thy little gem— Thy gift of song, that, like a diadem, With brightening rays shall yet encircle thee— Cast its pure light o'er all the troubled sea, And sorrowing ones shall look for hope to thee."

As died these words upon my list'ning ear, There fell upon my hand a pearly tear, And through my heart there passed a thrill of fear, The while stern Duty's voice became more clear, But not the tasks that were assigned me here. I saw the pall of Sorrow o'er the land, And heard the mourners in each household band Weeping for those who came not at their call, And a deep sadness seemed on me to fall; Then felt I in my soul those chords astir, Whose music, when awakened, drops like myrrh, Or healing ointment, on the weary heart, Easing the anguish of affliction's dart; And by those chords of sympathy astir, I knew God called me for a solacer To those who sit in darkness, grieving o'er The broken harps that sling for them no more. I saw my duty, and I heard a voice— A mild, but firm and most persuasive voice— Bidding me "Rise and do it!" yet I paused; The waves of grief rolled on, and still I paused, Mistrustful of my powers, till unto me, As from a storm-tossed, restless, moaning sea, Came up the voice of sad humanity, And mingling its wild notes through all my lay, Seemed thus, in half reproachful tones, to say: "Oh, child of song, wouldst thou in grief deplore, The loss of one, when thousands, and yet more, Whose lives on earth as fair a promise wore, Are gliding daily to the silent shore, By Death's rude hands too early ferried o'er The narrow stream, whose wild and sullen roar We listen to with faltering hearts of dread, That takes from us, but brings not back our dead? Thousands are calling to thee, day by day, For words to charm their heavy griefs away; Wake, then, thy lyre, and give them cheerful lay. Hear now! from yonder cottage on the plain, Where but a year ago Love's joyous train Twined the bright links of gladness in her chain!

\*After the battle of Gettysburg, the sun was obscured by clouds for a week in that and neighboring places.

The harps of joy are folded up and gone, And a pale mother mourns her only son, And asks, with quivering lips and tearful eye, Why all the treasures of her heart should die." Those words thrilled through me like a solemn strain; Then, as if borne from o'er the distant plain, By the sad winds, amid a sobbing rain, Fell on my ear a mournful, wild refrain. [To be continued.]

Middle Granville Yearly Meeting.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Spiritualists and other friends of progress at Middle Granville and vicinity met in their hall at that place about the time appointed, the 16th, 17th and 18th of June, 1865. The following resolutions were offered by H. C. Wright:

Resolved, That the authority of the human soul is above all creeds, constitutions and books, and when these conflict with that, it is our duty to reject their teachings, and obey the voice of God within us on all subjects, occasions, and in all relations. Wherein, Nothing is true and right because the Bible affirms it, and nothing is untrue or wrong because the Bible denies it; therefore, Resolved, That a text from the Bible, because it is in the Bible, can be no evidence that any principle is true or false, or any practice is right or wrong, unless it be shown to be against any such principle or practice we will not offer nor accept any text from the Bible, or from any book, as authority, or as proof, on any subject. Resolved, That our opposition is not to the Bible, but to the false and pernicious views respecting it entertained by the church and clergy, one of which is the argument for its authority, and that whatever is in it is true because it is in it; and this error we deem it a sacred duty to seek to overthrow, because it is the great enemy of all progress.

THE FOLLOWING WERE OFFERED BY THE SECRETARY:

Resolved, That the use of intoxicating beverages detroned reason, makes men demons, and the following crimes are often the result, such as quarreling, fighting, robbing, prostitution, starving innocent children, horribly abusing and inhumanly murdering loved ones; it also largely augments the list of criminals, and increases crime in all forms; therefore, Resolved, That the rum-seller is often among the deepest and darkest criminals that inhabit our globe, and fully deserves the dark, horrible hell that he is fast making for himself.

Resolved, That the vicious atonement teaches that man may commit any crime; it matters not how horrible, and be fully absolved, also washed white in the blood of Jesus, and fitted for the kingdom of heaven without any merit of his own; therefore, Resolved, That it is utterly false, and a wicked, dangerous doctrine to be taught.

Resolved, That it is not in the power of God to blot out any act of man; therefore our only safety depends on our doing the duty best that we know and understand.

Resolved, That the abuse of the reproductive element in man fills our houses of ill-fame with unfortunate human beings, and causes many to languish upon beds of disease, and sends tens of thousands yearly prematurely into the spirit-world; therefore, Resolved, That man should be master, and not be ruled by the impulse of passion.

The above resolutions were discussed candidly, and, I trust, with much profit to all present. Our speakers who delivered set speeches gave us words of wisdom upon the subjects of Spiritualism and the religion of reason, woman's rights, education, and other subjects. The circular of the Male and Female Industrial College at Vineland, N. J., was read, and attention was given to the following address and resolution were presented and read by H. C. Wright, and adopted by the Convention:

THE BALLOT—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—WHO SHALL USE IT?

To the citizens of the United States—In all governments the supreme power or sovereignty must be lodged with one, with the few, or with the many. In the American Republic it is with the many. That which Blackstone calls "the supreme, irresistible, absolute, uncontrolled authority or sovereignty," is in the people, from whom the government derives all its powers. The majority of the voters, as that is more known by the ballot, represents the people. If the Republic ever dies, it will die not by the ballot, but by an abuse of the ballot. As the ballot is its life, so it may be its death. Not the ballot, but the ballot, by its abuse, is the great source of danger in all democratic governments. Two things are, by the present crisis in our nation's history, forced upon public notice in regard to the ballot, i. e.:

1. What does it mean?

It means power in the voter, not only over himself, but over the life, liberty and property of each and every man, woman and child over whom the government holds jurisdiction. It means not only power, but "supreme, irresistible, absolute, uncontrolled" power over the domestic, social, commercial, ecclesiastical and political relations and institutions of all the people. The voter is the sovereign, the ballot is the symbol of his sovereignty, and the means by which he makes known his sovereign will; the ballot is the governing power, and whatever influence the government exercises over the condition and happiness of the people, is exercised by the voter. All the good or evil done to all or any portion of the people, is done by the voters. They are the principals; the legislative, judicial and executive branches of the government are but agents, chosen and paid by the voters to do their work. But the sovereign power is with the voters, and the ballot is the symbol of that power and the instrument by which they execute their will.

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against his religion ought to be punished as felony by the strong arm of the law. Will you invest that bigoted tyrant with "irresponsible power" over your own and your country's destiny? You do, when you place the ballot in the hands of his subjects, whom he sends among you for the very purpose of placing you and yours, through the ballot, at his disposal, and who cast their votes in the interest of their supreme sovereign beyond the sea.

5th. The Negro. Will you exclude the intelligent, industrious, and loyal negro from the ballot, because God made him black, and admit to its use the ignorant, drunken vagabond, rioter and traitor, because God made him white? Will you invest drunkenness, bribery, brutality, treason, and any crime with this "uncontrolled power" over your homes, and over all you hold dear, because they are dressed in white, while you withhold from sobriety and loyalty, because they are dressed in black? If you will thus insult God and outrage humanity, you deserve the doom to which impartial justice will consign you.

6th. The Women. Will you invest ignorance and vice with this absolute power over your homes, your property, persons, lives and country, because they are embodied in masculine form, and exclude from its exercise the intelligence and virtue because they appear in female form? The intelligent, the love of peace and order, and the loyalty of this Republic, are more generally embodied and made manifest in women than in men. Whose life is so bound up in the purity, peace and prosperity of home, of society and of the Republic, as that of your wives, mothers, sisters and daughters? Yet you exclude all these from the use of the ballot, because they are women; while you give it to drunkards, rioters and traitors, because they are men. You thus give to the ignorant, intemperate, property, liberty and country, were safer in the hands of masculine drunkenness, bribery, corruption, anarchy and murder, than in the hands of feminine purity, peace, order and prosperity. You act as if you preferred adversity and ruin by the votes of men, to prosperity and salvation by the votes of women. Would you rather see your country made desolate by ballots in the hands of drunken and vicious men, than have it made prosperous and happy by the same power in the hands of sober and virtuous women? Would you rather have your wives made widows, and your children orphans, and your loved ones killed, or maimed in battle, or starved in prison by a civil war, brought on by an abuse of the ballot by men, degraded by every vice, than to have them all saved and blessed by that power in the hands of women, enabled by every virtue? Will you deny the ballot to those in the North who are most deeply interested in preserving and perpetuating the American Republic, with all its divine principles and inviolable power to elevate and save the race of man, simply because they are women? Will you deny it to the only truly loyal people of the South, because God made them negroes, while you give it to those who, by a four years' civil war, have laid the mangled bodies of half a million of your loved ones in bloody graves, simply because they are white?

With the experiences and facts of the past four years of civil war, originating solely in a selfish, greedy, and bigoted, and by long years of abuse of that symbol of power in the hands of slave-mongers and their ambitious and corrupt allies, and with a future looming up before you, freighted with a glorious or inglorious destiny to unborn millions, and to States and nations yet to be, can you go on in your rashness and madness to refuse the ballot to the most intelligent, law and order-loving portion of the people, because God made them women, and to the most loyal and liberty-loving, because God made them negroes, while you count your own, and your country's future to treason, drunkenness, ignorance, and to moral, social, and political corruption, because they come to the polls with a white skin, and in a masculine form? Drunkards, and drunkard-makers, and those who seek to spread around them domestic, social and political corruption, cannot be loyal to a "Republican form of government." They are traitors to Democratic institutions, whose only basis is intelligence, purity, integrity, honesty and loyalty to God, and humanity in all relations of life. Those who, by precept and example, exert an influence adverse to domestic, social, and political virtue and integrity, are the real sappers and miners of the American Republic; and as such, are to be more vigilantly guarded against by the lovers of freedom and free institutions than any other traitors. The Republic has more to fear from the ballot in the hands of such insidious traitors, than from the bullet in the hands of millions of open enemies.

If this Republic ever dies, it will die by the ballot in the hands of those who, for a price, are ready to use it in the interests of avarice, ambition, despotism, and partyism. All that is dear to you and yours as men and women; all that is august in the career of States and Nations; and all that is grand and triumphant in the destiny of the human race, appeals to you to guard the ballot against all abuse. See to it, that the ballot is used only for the promotion of justice, liberty and equality before God and the law.

A crime against the ballot is a death-blow aimed at the heart of the Republic. Guard, then, this symbol of Democratic sovereignty, as you would your lives, your homes, and your country.

I will close by offering the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Convention of Friends of Freedom and Peace, hereby declares that any man who would vote the ballot in the hands of those who would use it for the purpose of their own selfish interests, and who would use it to the detriment of the Republic, is a traitor to the Republic, and a criminal against the ballot, and that the people are to be more vigilantly guarded against by the lovers of freedom and free institutions than any other traitors. The Republic has more to fear from the ballot in the hands of such insidious traitors, than from the bullet in the hands of millions of open enemies.

A vote of thanks was passed by the Convention to Mr. and Mrs. Staples, for their hospitality in giving us the use of their house, and their yard for the purpose of setting our dining table.

Our meeting then closed with an able argumentative speech upon the subject of "Woman," from the lips of Mrs. Currier.

GEORGE F. BAKER, Sec'y.

THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY MARY I. PURINGTON.

The evidence of one single person will do little for or against Spiritualism, but yet it may cheer some one who is drooping by the way. One and another continually ask, "What good has Spiritualism done?" I can only answer for myself, and my own experience. It has done everything to make me happy here. At first, this beautiful religion was to me simply a stumbling-block "and foolishness," because I had not investigated it. I cannot tell when this best of all religions took possession of my soul. I only know that its growth was imperceptible; I only realize that my entire being is now pervaded by a calmness and peace that are not born of mere earthly influences.

I was bred, born and raised in the sulphurous atmosphere of Calvinism. From the earliest recollection, my reason rebelled against their God. I was of a weak and nervous temperament, and there could be no more cruel punishment invented for me than the fits of despondency that I was often thrown into by being under the influence of that cruel creed. My horror was such, at times, by reason of thinking that if I were not one of the elect all my good resolves and good deeds would amount to nothing, that I had terrible convulsions which threatened my life.

At last came Spiritualism, and in her hands were leaves for the healing of the nations. I had faith, and was made whole from that very hour. I am happy. My soul is lifted up and borne above the petty trials of life; they sting but for a moment. I can appreciate God ten thousand times better than ever before. I see Him in the least as well as in the grandest of His creations; I feel Him ever near. That hand is forever outstretched into which we can place our fevered palms and cool the hot fires of life. Spiritualism has taught me that "God is love;" it has filled my heart with charity for all mankind; it has made me wish to take all leprosy humanity in my arms, and bear them to the Canaan of God's love, and wash them white in its healing stream.

Correspondence.

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.

DEAR BANNER—I will now complete the history of my last season's labor. Prior to my visit to Springfield, Ill., I had often heard and read of Doctor Newton, "the GREAT HEALER," and many had asked my opinion of the newspaper statements; but not having witnessed his cures, I could form no estimate of them. I however determined to witness them as soon as practicable, for the satisfaction of myself, and many inquirers.

On March 30th I went from Springfield to Chicago, and spent the following three days, to a great extent, in company of Dr. Newton. On Friday, the 31st, I went with him to Metropolitan Hall, which he had engaged for three hours each morning, to heal the poor in, without money and without price. He occupied this Hall at a rent of forty-eight dollars a week for six weeks, and had to hire attendants beside. On that morning I should judge as many as three hundred passed under his hands, and perhaps fifty garments of the sick, brought from remote parts of the country. There the lame, blind, deaf, stammering, consumptive, asthmatic, rheumatic, dyspeptic, and almost every form of disease, both curable and incurable, were represented. As they passed in single file before him he laid his hands on each one with his healing blessing.

A few facts representative of many like. One man, a cripple, walking, or rather moving, with difficulty on two crutches, at his word and touch, threw aside his crutches, walked, ran, leaped from the floor, and went his way rejoicing. A blind man, led into the room, not able to see anything but a dim light with one eye, the other being perished by medical malpractice, was made to see, so that when he returned to the street, which he did with the Doctor and myself, he could read some of the signs on the houses. A deaf man, who could not hear but by shouting in his ears—the Doctor placed his fingers in his ears, and said "Be opened." This was done twice, and he could hear a whisper.

Stammering tongues were instantaneously loosed, so that they spoke plain. Old rheumatic cripples, and sufferers in various degrees were healed by a few passes of the hand over the parts. This is my testimony, yet it must not be supposed that all the cases presented to the Doctor were instantaneously cured. This is not so. As near as I can judge of the three hundred on Friday and two hundred on Saturday mornings, ten per cent. might be instantaneously healed, ten per cent. were absolutely incurable, and probably were sent by skeptical physicians, who desired to throw discredit on his works. The residue were healed or relieved in various degrees, according to the more or less confirmed condition of the disease, and the faith and consequent receptivity of the sufferers. Faith was a needful condition for the healing by Jesus, as well as Dr. Newton.

During the afternoon and evening of each day a perfect stream of visitors attended the Doctor, at his rooms at the Sherman House, variously diseased. The charges for those who are able to pay, were upon a scale something like this: If worth from ten to one hundred thousand dollars, or more, one dollar per thousand; from one to ten thousand, ten dollars; if worth less than one thousand, the Doctor refused all pay. I think, with the evidences I have received, that all who need to be healed should, if practicable, make a point of visiting him. The Doctor has my warmest sympathies, and best wishes for his increasing usefulness.

My next place of visitation and labor was Richland, Iowa. To this field my attention was called by Dr. Paque, of Richland, while lecturing in Keokuk. I was cordially welcomed by my good Brother James Davis, and his brother John, Bros. Quackenbush, Garrison and Gump, with others. There is a meeting-house here, which was built by subscription, under a promise that it should be free to all. But the Church has broken its engagement—which is nothing new for Churches to do in such cases—and its doors are now closed against the Spiritualists. We obtained the school-house, however, but not without some opposition from the Trustees, who were connected with the Church. I delivered seven lectures to good and highly interested audiences. Some were present, and approved, who had not

Correspondence in Brief.

Letter from Dr. J. R. Newton.

Mr. Editor—I observed in the Banner of June 17th, a brief communication from Mr. R. C. Barrett, addressed to me, in which he inquires why I sometimes make failures in my practice of healing the sick.

To this I answer, that when conditions are right I do not know of any failures in the cure of diseases that are curable. I usually know when I can cure instantly. If I find a lack of faith or harmony, I sometimes request the patient to come for a second treatment, or give directions to be followed for a given time, which is usually successful, but not always. If persons are brought to me against their wishes, or are antagonistic to healing by what they term miracles, those are the hardest class that I come in contact with, being usually church members. I have often heard of their saying that they would rather die than be cured by or through me.

Again, there are some who come, not only with a strong positive will, but in opposition to all my requests, keep up a constant talking to me. By my listening I become negative, of course, and hence lose my power in many instances, and I find a person incurable by this or any other power, I do not tell them so, or discourage them, but bid them be of good cheer; for I have had many, that I had no hope of myself, restored to perfect health through the effect of this magnetism, or life-principle. It is sure to benefit all, even those in apparent health.

I merely profess to be a medium of the power of healing, which seems to be eliminated through my own being at will, under certain positive conditions. It is indispensable on my part that I be positive. If I become negative, or in other words, lack faith, I lose the power. I also know that it is the power of God through me to heal the sick. Now I do not profess to know all the laws that control this healing power, but I do know that the more I live in accordance with the teachings and practices of Jesus, the great medicine, the more power I have; and it was owing to my faith in his sayings and doings that I am indebted, although I feel that I am ever controlled and guided by angels and ministering spirits, and that I am but the mere instrument of a higher power, that requires certain conditions and surroundings, which, if I was able to fully explain, would give a key to this wonderful power of healing by touch or will. Truly yours, J. R. NEWTON.

A Tent.

Feeling that my clinging to her was holding her pausing spirit in mortal suffering, my wife urged me to leave her and fulfill my engagement to lecture during the last half of June and the month of July in Cincinnati. Declining rapidly from the time I left, but still refusing to have me notified, for the reason above stated, she passed away on the morning of June 25th. On my way home, I was obliged to tarry over the night of the 28th with Dr. H. T. Child in Philadelphia. After retiring, he came to me, and told me she was sorry for me, and glad for herself, that I was not with her in her last hours on earth, for I would have made her leaving the body so hard and painful to her. I requested her to come and meet herself in Cincinnati, if possible. Through Miss Lizzie Hizer, a medium of very superior powers as a clairvoyant, she told me she would try.

On my return to this city, on Saturday, July 1st, I was told by Mr. A. W. Pugh, Mr. W. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Beck—at whose house the medium resides, in the capacity of "hired girl"—that on Thursday night, June 30th, Mrs. Fish controlled the medium, and her name, told me my father brought her to this city, and that she was buried, that I did not arrive in time for her funeral, and that I was then on my way back to Cincinnati to fill my appointment on the Sunday following—all of which was literally true.

I should here state that I had not been informed of her death, except by spiritual impression, before leaving Cincinnati on the evening of the 29th, the last intelligence being a telegram on the morning of the 29th, that she could not probably live through the day.

This test I consider valuable, demonstrating spirit life and spirit power. Time for demonstration, J. G. FISH. Cincinnati, July 6, 1865.

New York Matters.

The Working Women's Association in this city is doing a good work. They are cemented in bonds of sympathy, and meet once a week to ascertain the condition or situation of their members. If any one is out of employment, they procure for her a situation; and if any number are sick she is entitled to three dollars a week until she is able to labor again. So that while we see much to deplore in the city, we also see much which is calculated to elevate and refine the spirit.

Emma Hardinge and J. S. Loveland are our speakers for the present; but I am more particularly interested and engaged in the discussion at Metropolitan Hall, 25 1/2th Avenue, between orthodox Christians and Spiritualists. Subject: "Has Spiritualism any foundation in truth, or is it an hallucination, and contrary to the teachings of Jesus Christ?"

The hydra-headed monster intrudes himself in garments too narrow to hide his deformity, and the Spiritual Philosophy lays bare his hideous form, covered all over with scars and bruises received from his angry, revengeful God, and the stumps of the dark ages has left an impress that will be as fresh as the day when his train can none other. FRANCES A. LOGAN. New York, July 12, 1865.

Professor Grimes.

DEAR BANNER—A Professor of the name of J. S. Grimes is giving a course of lectures in this place on Phrenology and Human Nature, and at the same time takes occasion to denounce Spiritualism, on the ground that he is the originator of it, and hence knows the doctrine to be a humbug. Ho, ho, ho!

Though my lectures in Poughkeepsie gave birth to modern Spiritualism, and first caused A. J. Davis to come into notice, I distinctly protested, at the time, and always since, against the principles and the practices which grew thus illegitimately out of my labors, and finally resulted in producing a motley brood of pretended spirit-mediums." He further remarks: "The so-called spirit raps are never made except by rogues, and no table was ever moved except by human agency."

He good enough to say whether there is any truth in his assertions. Very truly, H. A. BOYER. Tiffin, O., July, 1865.

[There is not a word of truth in Grimes's statements; and yet it is all right that he should "talk." Judas, Benedict Arnold, and Jeff. Davis performed their missions. Why should n't Grimes perform his?]

Identification of a Spirit Message.

I take great pleasure in notifying you, Mr. Editor, and the public, through the Banner, of a case of identification in the Message Department of July 1st. I allude to the boy Short, from Buffalo. I knew his father, Levi Short, who was the inventor of the celebrated Greek Fire projectile, and I knew that there was a girl, a member of the family, deaf and dumb. I have made some inquiries as to the whereabouts of the widow, but have as yet failed to find her. It is sufficient, however, to stamp with the seal of positive reality the fact—most wonderful, beautiful and beneficent—of spirit communion, and that other still grander fact, the continuous consciousness individuality of our race, to be able to recognize the parties. Yours very sincerely, J. FOSBURY. Buffalo, N. Y., July 7, 1865.

Mediums and Speakers Wanted.

Justin J. White, one of our subscribers, who is endeavoring to break the ice of old theology in Bailey's Creek, Oswego Co., Missouri, says: "I earnestly wish that some good test medium and speaker would pay us a visit, and develop a few mediums amongst us for I believe we have the material to work upon for that purpose."

Nothing appears to us more derogatory to human progress than the assumed infallibility of the general ruling classes. They learn, aptly enough, to grasp power, but unfortunately they use the power they grasp with an iron hand.

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

This Paper is issued to subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, 1<sup>ST</sup> FLOOR.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The Rights, Privileges and Elevation of Labor.

The last Legislature of Massachusetts considered the propriety of reducing the number of hours of daily labor from ten to eight, and appointed a regular Commission to make thorough inquiry into the matter, with instructions to report to the next Legislature. That Commission consists of Rev. E. E. Hale, Hon. Joseph White, Hon. Charles T. Russell, Dr. H. I. Bowditch, and F. B. Sanborn, Esq. Its members are authorized to collect all the testimony pertinent to the subject which they can, and report the same, together with their own arguments and conclusions, to the next winter's Legislature. It is therefore expected that all will be said which can properly be said in favor of a change from the ten to the eight hours system; and the laborer as well as the capitalist will have an opportunity to read, in the report which is to make its appearance next winter, about all that can be said at the present time on both sides of a subject on which they feel so profound an interest. Massachusetts proves her claims to superior general intelligence, as well as her fealty to the spirit of progress, by taking cognizance of these important social questions as fast as they suggest themselves, and by betraying no fear of approaching them with the determination to find out the true path of progress and prosperity.

It is worth seriously considering whether, by the rapid invention of labor-saving machinery and the accumulations of mechanical skill and industry during the last fifty years and more, the condition of the laborer has indeed been improved as greatly as it should be, and whether he receives that full compensation which ought naturally to go with the advanced state of mechanical invention. For unless all this saving of muscle accrues at last in favor of the spirit of man, it is all to all intents and purposes in vain. We all have to do about so much work in and for the community any way; if, then, by inventive processes a large portion of that labor, and the time devoted to that labor, is saved, it should follow that the savings is to the personal advantage of the laborer. The fact that machinery is every year doing work in two hours that used to occupy four and five, makes it positively certain that the old number of hours per diem for the workman is not going to be necessary. Whether when working eight hours in places of ten he is likely to obtain the same daily wages, is another question. For ourselves, we hardly suppose it can be reasonably expected that he will. In such case, he will find his hours reduced and his wages likewise. That offers an entirely new aspect to the case, which will compel a very careful and anxious consideration by the laborer and the capitalist in the time which is to come.

The case may be partially met, at least, if not wholly, by suggesting that the habits of labor will have to be conformed to greater frugality than before, and that the leisure thus obtained by the reduction of hours will be thought of the first value in consequence of the opportunities it will bring. So far as frugal living is concerned, it is not to be disguised that no laborer in the civilized world has ever been placed within the reach of such luxurious styles of living as the laborer of this country. No European worker ever had at his command so many and such generous sources of enjoyment as the worker of America. This heritage is indeed a blessed one. There are no chances of fortune which may not bring him more than the dreams of romance. We have a President-to-day who began life as a tailor's apprentice; and we lost another President but yesterday, who was once a flatboatman on the Western rivers. So far as the means of living go, our mechanics have it within their power to secure all that is desirable, if not positively luxurious. Schools of the best sort are open for their children, and libraries swing back their doors for their own use and improvement. They can dress more expensively, buy more elegant furniture, live more generously, and educate their children better than they ever did before, owing to the improvements in labor-saving machinery and the long term of time for which patented inventions are allowed to run. Now if this process of labor saving is to go on, it will not be long before the laborer will have just twice the time to himself which he has now. The question is, what is he going to do with that leisure? If he improves it, then it is going to be a blessing to him; otherwise not. The suggestions for improvement and elevation are to be met on every hand. The opportunities will be doubled. All he will then lack, if he do indeed lack anything, will be the spirit and the purpose. Armed with these, practicing frugality and that self-containment which is higher than mere self-denial, he will stand where he is and assert the dignity of man as it never has been practically asserted before.

The New York Tribune touches lightly on this most important subject, but does not presume to do more than throw out hints for the reflection of others. It rather inclines to believe, however, that the necessity will in due time arrive for a still further reduction of the hours of labor, but still it warns the laborer against the idea that it will be possible for him to raise his wages as he lowers his time table. It plainly hints that the compensation for the changes is to be found in the improvement of the golden leisure which is to accrue. That is to be considered of more value than money, for something besides money can readily be got by it. As labor becomes intelligent it becomes powerful; and at that stage, whatever is best for labor must be best for capital likewise.

This whole subject is yet to undergo a rigid examination at the hands of an enlightened public. The organs and agents of advanced public opinion are yet to take it up and treat it with the seriousness it deserves. No greater or more interesting problem has been presented to the thought of the community in a long time. It is of more concern than the quarrels of kings and rulers, or the boundaries of States; for with educated and powerful

free labor States are developed, advanced, and made powerful as no prince or potentate is able to make them. The laboring classes will not be backward in taking up the matter where it now is, and showing themselves thoroughly prepared to give it their intelligent discussion. For labor is the great power which lies at the bottom of the social state.

The Chicago Fair—Mr. Wadsworth, etc.

A misunderstanding having arisen in regard to the part Mrs. J. S. Fuller took in connection with the Spiritualists of Chicago, in the late Sanitary Fair held in that city, we deem this an opportune time for publishing the subjoined correspondence. In the Banner issued May 22d, for that week, we made the following simple statement of facts, (unmixed with any animosity or insinuations) which we considered it our duty to do under the circumstances. But Mr. Wadsworth thinks injustice has been done him, therefore we give his version of the matter entire.

"THE CHICAGO SANITARY FAIR.—We have before spoken of this Fair, the object of which is to raise money for the relief of the sick and suffering soldiers. We also stated that the Spiritualists had a department, or booth, as it is termed, especially assigned to them, and that it was to be under the charge of Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago; that Mrs. Fuller had been delegated by the Board of Managers of the Fair to solicit donations from Spiritualists, and that she had visited this city for that purpose, and was met by the Spiritualists here, who appointed a Committee to cooperate with her.

Last week Mr. F. L. Wadsworth called on Mr. William White, the Chairman of the Boston Committee, and stated that he had recently been in Chicago, and had ascertained that neither Mrs. Fuller nor the Spiritualists had been assigned a place in the Fair. As the Committee were about to forward what donations they had collected, Mr. White deemed it his duty to make inquiries as to the correctness of Mr. Wadsworth's statement, and immediately telegraphed to Mr. Bryan, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Sanitary Fair. He received in answer to his question whether the Spiritualists have had a booth assigned them in the Fair under the management of Mrs. J. S. Fuller, the following reply:

"She has one booth for Spiritualists; the Friends of Progress booth. Pres. Ex. Com. Sanitary Fair. Chicago, Ill., May 17, 1865."

This settles the question, and shows that the statements which have been made to the contrary are not to be relied upon. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Fuller stands unimpeached in this matter, and that our confidence in her integrity was not misplaced. We admire her indomitable energy and self-sacrificing devotion in aid of so noble and praiseworthy a charity.

We do not make the above statement to create any ill-harmony among the Spiritualists or the Friends of Progress, as each will no doubt do all that lies in their power to aid the poor soldier, who risked life and limb to preserve our glorious Union intact, but to place the matter in its true light before the public."

MR. WADSWORTH'S FIRST LETTER.

New York, May 25, 1865. Mr. WM. WHITE—Dear Sir: I notice an article in the Banner of this week, in which you appear to involve me in a false statement. What I said to you, I said as a friend, not as a market reporter, and all that I said concerning Mrs. F. I repeat, and can prove by official certificates. As to the booth, she had none when I was in C. She had none a week before I saw you; and it was proposed by the Committee of the Fair to put her with the F. of P.; and the Chairman of the F. of P. (by the decision of the Judge who conducted the drawing) had the drawing of this booth. Mrs. Fuller was not allowed to draw; and only had a small booth allotted her because there was a place left after the others had drawn. The Spiritualists of Chicago are not working for or with Mrs. F. I state the facts, knowing what I say.

Since you have gratuitously, and either hastily or willfully placed me in a wrong position before the public, of course I shall claim the right, and I doubt not you will willingly grant it.

I shall, in justice, require one of two things, viz., that you, in a paragraph, clear me fully from the imputation cast upon me, or that you publish a full statement of the facts as I shall arrange them, supported by official certificates and affidavits.

It is a very easy matter to impeach a person on paper, with no positive evidence against them. It is sometimes easy to violate fraternal bonds and distrust motives; but, at least, it is not pleasant to be "stabbed in the dark," or have a well-earned reputation for honesty of purpose assailed. Had you spoken to me of your purpose to print the statement which you refer to in a moment I could have shown you my relation to it, with no controversy on the matter through the paper, therefore suggest the paragraph as the first and easiest way of settling the matter. But as I have the means to relieve myself of all appearance of wrong in the case, of course I shall not let your imputation rest, though ever so lightly, upon my name. I am yours respectfully, F. L. WADSWORTH.

P. S. You will confer a favor on me by writing an article on your decision to 22 Market street, Chicago, Ill., I shall be there till June 3d, after that, Sturgis, Mich.

MR. WADSWORTH'S SECOND LETTER.

EDITOR COLBY—I have been waiting some time for a public or private acknowledgment of my letter of May 23th, to Mr. White, explaining my relation to the Sanitary Fair difficulty; but as it does not appear, and as there seems to be a "loving desire" for some one to father a large amount of misrepresentation and scandal, I ask the opportunity of protesting against such paternity being held in my name, and the right of explanation.

I stated to Mr. White, May 17th, that Mrs. Fuller was not appointed or authorized by the First Spiritualist Society of Chicago as its representative in the Fair; that the Society had not cooperated with her; that a part of its members were at work with the Universalists, and a part with the Friends of Progress.

This statement was and is a simple fact. Mrs. F. acted independent of any society, and but for the statement in her "certificate" that she was "appointed by the Spiritual Society," and the repeated statements in the Banner of the same, there could have been no misunderstanding, for she certainly had a right to act independent of any, or all.

I stated that when I left Chicago, April 1st, Mrs. F. had not secured a booth for the sale of what goods she might collect; that an article from the Executive Committee had appeared in the Chicago papers informing us that all who did not secure booths prior to April 1st could not do so. A list of the names of societies who had secured booths was appended. Mrs. F.'s name was not among them. As late as May 1st I was informed that Mrs. F. had not secured a booth, and it was proposed by some members of the Executive Committee to put the Friends of Progress and Spiritualists together. So I stated to Mr. White that Mrs. F. had not secured a booth up to the time of my latest information, but that possibly she might yet secure one before the Fair opened. I advised her to write to Mr. Bryan and learn the facts and state of things, and that she was able to act with certainty, which she did (by telegraph), but he failed to give credit for any qualifying works or fraternal kindness in the statement made in the Banner of May 27th, which if he had done, and told the whole truth, there would have been no need for this explanation.

THE DIFFERENCE OF A DAY.

May 15th the societies met in the Fair building to determine choice of locality for booths. Judge Bell, I think, acting for the Executive Committee, said that the societies must be consolidated for economy's sake, all 12's boys not among them. As late as May 1st I was informed that Mrs. F. had not secured a booth, and it was proposed by some members of the Executive Committee to put the Friends of Progress and Spiritualists together. So I stated to Mr. White that Mrs. F. had not secured a booth up to the time of my latest information, but that possibly she might yet secure one before the Fair opened. I advised her to write to Mr. Bryan and learn the facts and state of things, and that she was able to act with certainty, which she did (by telegraph), but he failed to give credit for any qualifying works or fraternal kindness in the statement made in the Banner of May 27th, which if he had done, and told the whole truth, there would have been no need for this explanation.

have contradicted my whole statement to Mr. White.

WHAT I CLAIM. And all I claim, in this matter, is, that I have acted according to my knowledge of circumstances and convictions of right. From the first, and before the opening of the Fair, and my part in the Fair, there was division in the Spiritualist Society. The Friends of Progress started, not in opposition to Mrs. F., but for themselves. The Banner refused or neglected to notice them, just as the Presbyterian organ would refuse or neglect to notice them or the Spiritualists. No public explanations were allowed the society, and if opposition was generated, it was not all done by one side. "I am all right, and you are all wrong," probably cannot be said by either party.

That I claim that Mrs. F. acted without any authority, as I heard for the first time less than a week ago, is, in all respects, untrue. That she obtained her certificate as a "Friend of Progress," I never heard intimated till I saw it in the Banner of last week, and a score or more of other absurd accusations and scandals seem very much as they have been said and done, I do not pretend to say whether I learned of them from Mr. Wadsworth, and all that I have said, is in substance and spirit embodied in this letter. If I have been mistaken in my convictions, and wrong in my affirmations, I will make due acknowledgment, when, in the spirit of fraternity and good will, I am approached and convinced. If, on the other hand, it will do anybody, or the "cause of humanity," a real good, if it will tickle anybody to prove, on paper or by gossip, that I have lied, by suppressing facts that I never had, why, I shall submit to the ordeal, and "bide my time."

I am, fraternally, F. L. WADSWORTH.

The paragraph marked with a \* in the above letter, where Mr. W. says: "That she obtained her certificate as a 'Friend of Progress' I never heard intimated till I saw it in the Banner of last week," etc., probably refers to the following remark in the letter of our Chicago correspondent:

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

But Mr. W. has so intimately connected another sentence of his with an and, which reads, "and a score or more of other absurd accusations and scandals," that it leaves the reader to infer that he saw "a score or more of accusations," etc., in the Banner, which would not be correct, for we have studiously avoided admitting anything of the kind into our columns.

MR. WHITE'S STATEMENT.

We admit all our friend Wadsworth avers that he said to us, and a great deal more. He certainly conveyed to us the idea that the Spiritualists would not be allowed a Booth, or Department, in the Fair, or we are unable to determine the meaning of words. We said to our friend that we did not believe the officers of the Fair, after authorizing a person to collect money and goods under a particular name, would neglect to reserve a Department for them; and if they had, it was an outrage on the public.

MR. PARTRIDGE'S LETTER.

New York, June 6th, 1865.

MR. WILLIAM WHITE—Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry as to Mr. F. L. Wadsworth's statements to me relative to booths or departments being assigned by the officers and managers of the North-Western Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home Fair, to be opened in Chicago on the 30th of May, I have to say that Mr. F. L. Wadsworth called on me in the evening of the 13th of May, and said that he was just from Chicago, and that while there he had made it his business to learn all the facts about the assignment of booths or departments by the managers of the Fair to Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, and that he had learned that Mrs. J. S. Fuller had called on me to make her statements, and also that she had made her statements to the Sanitary meeting in Hope Chapel, and that we were taking and soliciting donations to the Spiritualists' Department, he came to undeceive me, and to say that Mrs. Fuller was not appointed to represent Spiritualists, that she did not represent them, that Spiritualists did not recognize her, that she had no authority from the officers or managers of the Fair, that no booth or department was promised her in the Fair, and that none would be assigned to her, neither would there be any department assigned to designated Spiritualists, or Spiritualists and Progressionists' Department. I asked him if "Spiritualists" had been crucified fresh there, and ruled out of the Fair. He said yes, that no department would be assigned to them to be designated Spiritualists. He said a department had been assigned to them, and it would be designated "The Friends of Progress," and that we could send our donations to them.

I replied that I had seen Mrs. Fuller's credentials appointing her, with the signature of the President and Secretary of the Fair signed to it, and the seal of the Fair stamped upon it; that she had represented that a department had been either actually assigned, or had been promised to the Spiritualists and Progressionists, and that I was not ready to believe that Mrs. Fuller had deceived us, or that the officers of the Fair had deceived her. But that I would write to the President, Thomas B. Bryan, Esq., and ascertain from him the facts. I did so, and received his reply by telegraph as follows:

"Spiritualists and Progressionists have two Departments under their chosen name; no interruption." (Signed) THOS. B. BRYAN. Pres. Ex. Com."

We gave no more attention to Mr. Wadsworth's misrepresentations, neither to the "Friends of Progress," which seemed to do nothing for the Fair, except as I have heretofore stated. The First Spiritualist Society, (meeting in Hope Chapel, New York,) have donated, and collected and forwarded to the Fair, Spiritualist Department, Mrs. J. S. Fuller, \$2466.

Respectfully yours, CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

MR. PARTRIDGE'S STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

I regret very much that a collision should have occurred between the Spiritualists and others called themselves "Friends of Progress," at the Northwestern Sanitary Fair, at Chicago. It seems to me that the rights and interests of Spiritualists demand that a statement of the facts be made, to the end that some of the errors and misrepresentations may be corrected.

So far as I have learned the facts, they are substantially as follows: When the assignment of departments or booths in the Fair at Chicago to different religious denominations was under consideration by the Executive or authorized Committee, Mrs. J. S. Fuller applied for a department for the Spiritualists, which they readily promised, and allotted to her for them, and was quite satisfactory. Subsequently to this arrangement between the Committee and Mrs. Fuller, the "Friends of Progress" applied and obtained a booth, also.

Mrs. Fuller issued an appeal to the Spiritualists and Progressionists, and started on a tour through the chief cities and towns East, and New York and Boston among others. In New York she and the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress agreed to meet in Hope Chapel and listen to Mrs. Fuller's appeal and statement. After she made her address, and exhibited her credentials, signed by the President and Secretary of the Fair, and stamped with the seal of the Fair, a Committee, composed of persons from both societies, was constituted to solicit donations. Those of the Committee who have professed the name "Friends of Progress" to Spiritualists, have never made or reported any donations. The Spiritualists have solicited and donated to the Fair \$2466, in money and property. This amount would probably have been much larger had not F. L. Wadsworth come here and misrepresented, or rather misrepresented, that no booth or department had been promised, nor would be assigned to the Spiritualists or Mrs. Fuller; and that it had been changed and given to the "Friends of Progress," and that our donations would have to be sent to them.

It is informed that this Wadsworth followed Mrs. Fuller on her tour, and made similar mis-

representations; and that many Spiritualists have believed him, and have sent their donations to the department of Friends of Progress. I think, if it is not too late, that those who have been thus misled should signify by letter to Mrs. Fuller, or to E. W. Blatchford, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer of the Fair, that they wish their donations credited to the Spiritualists' Department, Mrs. J. S. Fuller.

I enclose a letter just received from the President of the Fair, which confirms the main facts here presented. I hope it is not too late to have the donations of Spiritualists credited to their department. CHARLES PARTRIDGE. New York, June 17, 1865.

North Western Fair of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home, Room 66 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., June 14, 1865.

Mrs. Fuller asks me to state the facts in regard to the assignment of separate booths to the Spiritualists and the "Friends of Progress." Mrs. Fuller applied for a place in the Fair for the Spiritualists. It was promised and allotted, to her entire satisfaction. The "Friends of Progress" (before unknown to the Executive Committee) also applied for a booth, and upon this being, as stated by them, a distinct society from that represented by Mrs. Fuller, their wish was also complied with. THOS. B. BRYAN. President Ex. Com.

A Remarkable Dream—A Shipwreck Foreshadowed.

The Rochester Express relates this curious coincidence respecting the recent burning of the ship William Nelson:

"The ship sailed from Antwerp on the 4th of June, and it so happened that a gentleman of this city was expecting his wife's father and mother to start about the same time. Last Saturday, the day of the disaster, his wife had a remarkable dream about five o'clock in the morning, in which she distinctly saw her mother lying very pale and white, with all the appearance of death. When she awoke she was very much troubled, and told her husband she knew her mother was dead.

A few days after, another person, a sister, we believe, called at the house and began crying, saying that she had a very bad dream on the first of July, in which she saw her mother dead, and she was assured that it was really so. Of course mutual explanations took place, and the extraordinary fact of the identity of the dreams and coincidences as to time was shown. Since the report of the burning of the ship on the same day with the dreams, the coincidence becomes still more remarkable. Of course it is not known that the father and mother of these parties were on the ship, though they were expected to start about the same time. Even if not on the vessel, it is possible the mother may have died as seen, though in some less terrible manner. The fatalities suffer from the apprehension of the disaster almost as much as if it were verified, as we very much fear it will be. The case is one involving much speculation for the curious in such matters."

Canadian Affairs.

A ministerial committee have been over to England from Canada, on a visit to the British Government, having for their errand a plan for confederating all the Provinces into one government, erecting defences along the entire border, taking up the reciprocity treaty, and seeing what was best to be done about the crisis which is held to be upon them at the present time. From appearances, the committee got little or no satisfaction. The British Government did not want to go to the expense of erecting costly fortifications which they well know are no real protection against military demonstrations from the United States; nor would it do anything more than urge a confederation of the provinces and promise to try and make a new treaty with our country. The only thing for Canada is, to cultivate friendly relations with us and think no more about hostilities or fortifications. It is her politicians who are making all this fuss about nothing.

Education in Mexico.

Maximilian wants to ingratiate himself with Mexican liberals, knowing by this time that they are the stronger party by far in that country. Accordingly he has come out with an imperial order, directing that every child in the empire shall be sent to school, and that education shall be free. The Church and State he has separated from one another in their influence in the work of education, forbidding everything like priestly meddlesomeness, yet insisting that the priests shall not neglect in their parishes the giving of proper and timely religious instruction. This is certainly a step in the direction of genuine liberalism, which he was obliged to make in order to save himself with the liberal party under Juarez. He will have to yield a good deal more even than that.

Labor at the South.

It is going to take the patience and skill of the people in this country, and especially of the southern portion of it to the utmost, to reorganize the labor system of the South upon a basis which will be profitable and permanent. The blacks are without land and capital, besides being wretchedly ignorant, and the great body of the poor whites are in the same condition. The old planting interest is gone, because lands and slaves are gone; yet that was the only really vigorous, intelligent, and energetic interest at the South, controlling every other element of southern society. It is an intricate problem to solve, how to harmonize all interests and elements, to elevate what is disloyal and corrupt, and to elevate the mass so that it shall speedily come into the control of its own inheritance.

The Banner Bread Fund.

Of late the demand upon this Fund has been so much larger than the contributions we have received, that we feel compelled to ask our friends to aid us in continuing to feed the hungry. We are pleased to say that we have never appealed to them in vain in behalf of the poor. Thousands have been thus aided, through our instrumentality, the past winter, and their grateful thanks have amply repaid us for all our trouble and inconvenience in this department of our duties, recommended for us to perform by the angel-world.

"The Way of the Ancient Word."

We shall publish in the next Banner the first number of a new series of papers bearing the above title, from the pen of our gifted contributor "C. B. P."

Read the letter we publish on our fifth page from the Davenport Brothers. It shows conclusively that religious intolerance is still rampant in the Old World; yet the leaves are working, and in good time glorious results will be achieved; the shackles of superstition, that now bow the people down, will drop off, and the bright sun of Spiritualism shall beam upon them and warm them into new life. The pioneers in any great reform are always martyrs. Thus it has ever been, and thus it ever will be. The Brothers Davenport's mission is to plow up the rough soil in the hearts of the people, by presenting to their limited visions merely the phenomenal phase of the Spiritual Philosophy; while such men as Dr. Ferguson demonstrate the higher and more spiritual.



Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

Invocation.

Oh thou whose wisdom giveth humanity this glorious day; thou whose love, jointeth the green leaf and gorgeously tinted flower; thou who art breathing upon us through this vernal atmosphere;

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the inquiries of the audience, or of your correspondents.

Q.—Do not governments, of what form soever—except, perhaps, patriarchal—as found among the nations of the earth, greatly retard the true development of man, by their despotic decrees; their superabundant and selfish legislation;

A.—Human nature has not yet outgrown the swaddling clothes of its infancy, therefore the garments are of need. The time may come, and in all probability will come, when every soul shall be a law unto itself;

Q.—Do they feel pleasure in meeting old friends, as we do?

A.—They do; only that pleasure is far keener than that which is experienced through human life. The soul, the spirit, the indwelling man or woman, always carry their emotions with them, for they belong to spiritual natures.

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honesty, too, that they float in the air. The soul is free, free in the largest sense of the term. Some spirits are so powerfully attracted to the condition in which they existed as humans, that they have no power to disengage themselves from that condition.

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Q.—Do they feel pleasure in meeting old friends, as we do?

Q.—Is man born perfect? and do his surroundings make him imperfect?

A.—Yes, man is born perfect, but the manifestations, they alone are imperfect, not man himself. May 30.

Edwin Trenholm. I am Edwin Trenholm, and I fell at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

I was second lieutenant in the 22d Virginia, Company I. I have been trying all this time to find a person through whom I could manifest to my father, to my sisters. But I've not been able to. I ask pardon for intruding here. I know it's not just the thing to fight against you; and then come and ask a favor of you. [You are welcome.] I feel that I'm under obligations to you, sir, but I feel, also, that I may be able to cancel those obligations sometime.

I was but sixteen years old, sir, sixteen years and five months, when I entered the Confederate army. I participated in something like nine battles, and I saw something of hard life, was shot, and died upon the field.

If my father would like to hear from me, talk to me, I should be very glad to talk to him. I understand that he is about to be arrested and tried for—well, treason it is, I suppose. I'm not inclined to plead either for or against him. I suppose all who took up arms against the Federal Government were guilty of treason, and I think there's a pretty long account to settle. I suppose you'll be guided as to the best way of settling it. I cannot think, however, that Jefferson Davis and his associates were any more to blame than thousands of others who, well, in private life are thought to be loyal to your Government, while it's very possible that they might, with their money, their strong magnetic influence, force them to take that position, being too great cowards to take it themselves. However, your civil courts don't take everything into consideration; if they did, your code of laws would be such as would deal out justice to every criminal.

I should be glad to see justice done to all. And if my father deserves hanging at the hands of Government, if justice points in that direction, I should say, why hang him, by all means. But I should first find out whether justice did point in that direction or not. Good-day, sir. May 30.

Charlie M'Gowan. Charlie M'Gowan, sir, 9th Reserve Corps, Pennsylvania. I'm here by appointment. I was here almost before I knew it. I had an appointment to meet Billy Humphreys and John Arlington. They were to stand on one side of the stream holding a line, waiting for me to come on the other.

I've come, sir, and I should like to have them just throw their end of the line across to me, so I can talk with them. I suppose it is necessary for me to telegraph from here. I am ready. Charlie M'Gowan, you tell them, is ready to talk to them, and his wild ideas about Spiritualism are more than realized. They'll understand that. I hope they will give me a hearing pretty soon. I'm none of your sleepy customers, who are willing to wait until some great ways-off resurrection day. I want it to come soon.

Here the reb and the Yank meet on even ground. Oh we can take a light or a drink, even while here, if we get a chance. May 30.

Annie Wilkins. I would like that you say that Annie Wilkins wishes to speak with her mother. My father, also, would like to open communication with her. After I have been in the spirit-land longer, I shall be strong, and shall know better what I want. I am very weak now, and hardly able to give my ideas correctly. But if my mother will furnish me a medium, I will try to use it, and satisfy her of my presence.

I lived in Boston, died here last month, April. Good-day, sir. Did you ask for my age? I was eleven years old. May 30.

Invocation. Oh Life, beautiful and mysterious, ever constant Life, from the countless altars whereon thou hast traced thy lessons, we would worship thee in Spirit and in Truth. From the deepest places of our being, from the most holy places, we would worship thee, looking out from Nature's countless phases as she is presented to us in her ever varying moods, in storm, in sunshine, in day and night. From all this we can learn a lesson, and the lesson seems to be that comes to our inner consciousness, that thou art everywhere; thy love is omniscient; that thou art with us in darkness, in light, in sadness, in joy, in the hills of earth, in the heavens, in the beautiful hereafter. Where-soever the soul may go, there thou art to worship. There it can look upward and outward after thee. There it can read of thee in all thy manifestations. From the face of the beautiful flower there thy smiles are beaming. Oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, baptize us in thine own eternal truth. Let it water the tender flowers that are blooming in our lives; let it be like radiant sunshine to them, but also the means of lifting our finite souls toward thy great Infinite heart. Oh our Father, we offer all the petitions of these thy children present. They are precious in thy sight. Thou wilt bless them, wilt answer them, thou wilt care tenderly for them. Oh we can trust thee, for thou art ever constant. Through all ages thou hast led thy subjects, and though we cannot give thee a name, nor a local dwelling place, yet we can recognize thee, we can worship thee everywhere. We can turn with glad thanksgiving to thee at all times, in all places. So, Oh Father, Spirit, accept our petitions, weak and frail and human though they may be, for they are of thee, Oh Great Spirit of Truth. Thou hast written them in our being, and they ever must flow back to thee, as the earth revolves around its centre. Oh Mighty Law, let us understand thee better, then we shall worship thee more truly. June 5.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider the inquiries of correspondents. Q.—To whom and to what has the petition just offered been presented?

A.—To the Great Spirit of Truth that is found everywhere, the Great Everlasting Principle by which all things exist. Q.—Is that Principle external or internal to us?

A.—It is both. Q.—Is it anything more than the individual's highest conception?

thought outwrought. You see the external, we see the internal. You see the form, we see the life of the form. Q.—Are you able to see the action of the brain as it emanates thought?

A.—Yes, we can do this. Q.—Are these forms you see external to you? Are they your own thoughts?

A.—Our own thoughts are externalized always; therefore those things that are seen by us in the external, are our own thoughts. Q.—Is thought emitted from soul?

A.—Yes. Q.—When in soul, is a rose a rose there?

A.—Yes. Q.—Is it perceived as a rose there?

A.—Yes. Q.—Why, then, is it necessary to emit that thought as a rose?

A.—Because it seems to be a wise decree of a wise Providence that all things should take form, and that they should possess an individuality allied to form, as well as an individuality allied to the external. We cannot tell why this is so, but only that it is so. Q.—But the form existed before it was emitted?

A.—The thought existed, and all the elements necessary to eliminate the form. Q.—What are the conditions requisite to eliminate that form?

A.—That we cannot tell. It would be too elaborate a work. It would be like following Deity through all the changes of human and divine life. Q.—Can you perceive thought as coming from any other source except the brain?

A.—Yes, if you have reference to the human, physical brain. Q.—Do animals have thoughts?

A.—Yes, peculiar to themselves. Q.—Can you tell us some of the sources of thought beside the physical brain?

A.—It is said, and truly, too, that God is the source of thought. Then, all thoughts are referable to this Principle, this Intelligence, this Power, whatsoever it may be, that is moving in the universe. It is contended by certain materialists that all these beautiful scenes that are presented to your human vision, are but the result of natural law. Well, what is natural law? Is it devoid of intelligence, of thought? We contend that it is not. It is almost impossible for you to conceive of intelligence higher than that of the human form. But you may rest assured such intelligence does exist in the universe, and from this great, central, general intelligence comes all of life, of form, of thought, of power. It matters not whether you call this intelligence a Principle, a Power, Lord, God, or Father, or Mother, or Life, or Law. It is a Power; it is a something that moves you and I; that has called into being all these varied forms; that writes innumerable lessons upon these forms for intelligence to take up and go on with.

Q.—Is the effect the same upon the human mind or individual, whether thoughts are expressed in forms or not?

A.—No, we think a portion of the effect is lost or lost to you. Nothing is lost in reality. But where you do not give full expression to thoughts, passing in human minds; you lose a degree of that power that would rest upon yourselves. Q.—Do you find, by consulting the anatomy of the brain, that the difference in thought is owing to the peculiar style of the brain?

A.—The kinds of thought that are manufactured in the human brain are peculiar. Your thoughts are different from the thoughts of others; and why? Simply because the atoms composing your physical machine, the brain, are aggregated differently. The instrument is differently tuned, therefore must give forth different sounds. Q.—If persons lose a portion of their power by not giving expression to their thoughts, does it not follow that they may have gained some other power?

A.—That may be so; but it is our opinion you lose a portion of the power incidental to that peculiar thought. Q.—And have gained some other power?

their germs of promise and shed their fragrance upon the morning air, you of maturer age will drink it in, and are benefited, spiritualized and harmonized. So it returns to you, after casting it upon the waters of life, after many days. But surely it will return, bearing you blessings four-fold.

A.—Will Spiritualists then be a power throughout the world?

A.—Yes; for they will be married, soul and body. Spiritualism then will be carried into practical life; and instead of thrusting your Spiritualism into dark corners, you will bring it out and set it up in the most conspicuous places, that they who are less favored may look upon it and see something worthy of worship.

Q.—Have you anything else to recommend beside union in educational means?

A.—The suggestions that are already matured in the spirit-world, will fall upon you softly, gently, like evening dews. And you will take them in and act upon them almost unconsciously. Q.—Can spiritual unfoldment be advanced than by first correcting the errors of physical unfoldment, or by educating our youth naturally?

A.—This is a very direct means to unfold Spiritualism, certainly; perhaps one of the most direct. Q.—Why do human beings seek to apologize to God for having done wrong?

A.—Because they have been so humanly educated; because they fail to perceive that that which is termed evil is only lesser good. Or, in other words, because their human nature fails to perceive God in all things. Q.—Can you foresee the time when a Children's Lyceum will be established in Boston?

A.—We can, most emphatically. Q.—Will you state the time?

A.—No, although it is not far distant, in our opinion. It has been said that shadow events cast their shadows before. Now the shadow is already with you, the substance will shortly follow. It has been said that we spirits, we dwellers in the Summer-Land, are often mistaken with regard to time. When you consider that we can only measure circumstances through this medium of time, while we are here for a brief period with you, you should not wonder that we do make mistakes. As we do make mistakes sometimes, we think it safer to refrain from any specification of time as regards the occurrence of events. Q.—Please state your reason for declining to specify the time in this instance. Is it because of the danger of making a mistake?

A.—That is it; nothing else. Supposing we should tell you that it would be two months from to-day, and it should happen to be two months from to-morrow; you would say, "The spirit has made a mistake, or been untrue." Now we will not specify any time for the establishment of this Lyceum, but we are safe in declaring that it will come. Q.—Do the spirits communicating here approve of the Progressive Lyceum?

A.—They certainly do. And inasmuch as it meets with success, that should teach you that it is approved by the great mass of minds outside human life that are superintending it. Oh, yes, we are pleased with it, and more than that, we are greatly gratified with the effects already seen and realized in human life from these Progressive Lyceums. The atmosphere of thought is already changed, made better; and if this much be done in so little time, what may you expect in the future? Why, that you will accomplish great good through these sources, so much good that you cannot take it all into human senses, cannot comprehend it. It is too great, too vast. Q.—Are our spirit-friends cognizant of time only through this medium?

A.—Only as you come in contact with things that are living in or measured by time. Q.—Does the Progressive Lyceum propose to pick up barefooted children in the streets and clothe them?

A.—It proposes to do this. June 5.

Willie Demorest. I've been here once before. [Then you have some reason for coming again?] Yes, sir; I did n't get a chance to do what I wanted to. My father and mother did n't get it. No, sir; you know I told you I was Willie Demorest, who lived in King street, New York; told you when I died, and of what, and all about me, and asked you to send to my father and mother, and you did n't. [Are you sure?] Well, it ain't gone; they have n't got it. Well, I have n't got any chance to go home. [They may not have received your letter, or may have forgotten it, or not know how to give you an opportunity to speak with them.] Well, I thought perhaps they did n't know how, so I got permission to come here to-day to tell 'em over again. [Well, try once more; perhaps you'll succeed this time.]

I've been looking round to see if there was n't somebody close home like these folks, that I could use; and I found one—I found two or three, but found one that my grandfather says I can write through, anyway; and he'll set them on the right track if they'll—if they'll let him. His name is Mansfield—no, that ain't the name—Mansfield. My grandfather says that he can write through him, and tell my father and mother all about it, if they'll only give him a chance. There's—there's another one, a lady whose name is Castle. I reckon I could speak through her. I do n't know as I can, for I have n't tried much; reckon I could. She's there, too, close by. I do n't want to, I do n't like to give it up. [I would n't. Where do you want your letter sent?] King street, No. 11, New York City. [What is your father's given name?] John, sir. [Has he a middle name?] No, sir. [We will surely direct it right this time, and will certainly have it sent.] Well, I wish you would. When I get older I can do better. [How old were you when you passed away?] I was most eight years old when I passed away. [We will send your other letter, too.] One I give last time? Good-by. June 5.

Alice Barrows. I have seen a desire in the minds of some of my friends to know where my brother, my oldest brother, Robert, may be. Some of my friends think he is dead, as you call it, but others think him to be alive, and they say they would give worlds to know where he is. My brother may be addressed at Cincinnati. He is there. There are many reasons why he has remained in obscurity. One is, that he deserted the Confederate army; and another, he was not feeling pleasantly toward the friends he left. They differed so widely from him in their views of right and wrong, that he could see his mind when he left—to use his own expression—"that it would be a long day before they would know where he was." It is now over three years since they have had any intelligence from him. I have come to give this intelligence for two reasons. One is to prove that I can come back, and that I will have the power of knowing what is transpiring on earth, and that I can communicate with the friends I have left. I wish to call the attention of my friends to this



Pearls.

And quoted by, and I have five words long, that on the stretch of all time sparkle forever.

THE HAYMAKERS.

The sun laughs through, piercing the blue, And cleaving the red cloud's heart;

SPHIT VISITANTS.

Sitting in the gathering shadows Of the twilight's tender glow, Well-known forms come flitting by me,

EMMA HARDING'S FAREWELL TO HER FRIENDS IN AMERICA. PART SECOND.

Let the readers who followed me to the house of the lady, where, according to my friend's promise, I was "to be developed right away," imagine a person totally ignorant of the meaning of this phrase, finding herself in a room full of strangers,

During the three hours' sabbance of that evening, it was found that I could give tests of spirit identity by personations, impressions, writing and automatic movements of my fingers over the alphabet.

The name of an only and idolized brother was here written, and with it, the last words I ever heard him utter on earth; namely, a charge that I—a singer—would find for him the words of an old sea song, of which he was passionately fond,

In scornful unbelief of the power I was investigating, I had said to my conductor, before entering the circle room, "If you tell me of Spiritualism be true, and they succeed in making me one of these wonderful mediums, I will return to England and make my fortune."

As this was far from the custom of my hostess, and certainly was far from my own views in the matter, this charge could have been no emanation from either her mind, or my own.

signed other and more lucrative employments to give their services to the public in return for fees so modest, that they, too, often fail to supply the wants of those who demand them.

By not becoming a professional medium, I neither felt anxiety to please my sitters, nor temptation to impose, when the power failed me.

Returning from this, my first mediumistic sabbance, a review of the memoranda furnished me of the circle convinced me I had been acting under some foreign influence, but by no means of the fact that the cause was supernatural.

I had been advised by Mrs. Kellogg to procure an alphabet, and continue to sit, at stated periods, for practice and development.

On Wednesday I went down to the wharf in the hope of receiving a little package that was to be sent me from England, in charge of the store-keeper—an officer between whom my mother and myself the most kindly acquaintance had been kept up ever since our landing.

I need not remind my readers that this statement, though made within too short a time from the day when she was due to permit of the least anxiety to be felt on her account, was strictly verified by subsequent results.

My own best interests, means and position, depended on my return to England; but now by arguments, and still more by wonderfully cunning little schemes, my faithful invisibles kept me on, steadily, zealously pursuing my career as a test medium, and an indefatigable student of Spiritualism, and though often bringing me to the verge of desperate resolve and the last dollar, never leaving me there, but tenderly leading me back, with their own obviously arranged efforts, to hope and temporary prosperity again.

I dare not ask my readers to follow me through the marvels of my mediumistic career, nor my moral and intellectual north; it must suffice to say that I owe to Europe the endowments and refinement, education, popular and aristocratic opinions, manners and accomplishments.

My experiences during this period were sufficient to fill volumes, and will not in this sketch admit of even a brief description. I visited almost every medium I could hear of; sat in circles morning, noon and night; pursued my investigations in garrets, cellars, saloons and public halls; was never lifted up in ecstasy, now depressed with misery, harassed by debts, confused by contradictions, repulsed by lies, mistakes and deceptions.

the communications, with as much accuracy and test circumstance, as spirits from the other world. No phase of the spiritual phenomena ever more sorely perplexed me than this communication with the spirits of the living.

That there is a vast field of untrodden science, in which the human soul, whilst still an inhabitant of its mortal prison-house, is the agent and instrument, I have full and conclusive testimony. For many months I communicated by mental telegraph, according to preconcerted arrangement, with my friend, Mrs. E. J. French, a resident of New York City, whilst she was at home, and I absent on distant travel; and these experiments were made in the presence of and witnessed by scores of persons still living.

Another of the specialties of this mediumistic life, was the mass of revelation which the spirit-circle brought to light concerning the nature, cause and effect of crime. Fearful have been the disclosures made through this source concerning the causes of death recorded by the physician, in the shape of disease, but witnessed by them, not infrequently, as murder, and just as often negligence, ignorance, mistake, and every conceivable form of crime.

The Courts of Justice, too, are not forgotten; and many a piece of unlooked-for testimony, many a strange witness, and singular "chance of hap hazard" disclosure, owes its momentous and timely appearance in the smoky atmosphere of the law, to the promptings and hints of the spirit-circle.

By the urgent request of my invisible friends, I entirely withdrew from the stage, concert and reading-room, as a public performer, and attempted to supply the lack of this source of remuneration by giving music lessons.

My own best interests, means and position, depended on my return to England; but now by arguments, and still more by wonderfully cunning little schemes, my faithful invisibles kept me on, steadily, zealously pursuing my career as a test medium, and an indefatigable student of Spiritualism, and though often bringing me to the verge of desperate resolve and the last dollar, never leaving me there, but tenderly leading me back, with their own obviously arranged efforts, to hope and temporary prosperity again.

I dare not ask my readers to follow me through the marvels of my mediumistic career, nor my moral and intellectual north; it must suffice to say that I owe to Europe the endowments and refinement, education, popular and aristocratic opinions, manners and accomplishments. To America, by birth into womanhood; and to the blessed gospel of Spiritualism, all light, knowledge of immortality, of (not belief merely) true happiness, charity and metaphysical lore that I possess; and when I add to this a partial realization of several precious spiritual gifts, who will marvel when I declare that poverty, persecution, obloquy, sordid cares, doubts, fears, disappointments, and a whole age of bitter struggle, fatigue and suffering, crowded into a few years' experience, are all too poor a price to pay for the invaluable boon of Spiritualism.

remunerative employment elsewhere, they voluntarily pressed upon me a fair salary, and tendered the gratuitous services of a large and excellent choir of voices, to be placed entirely at my disposal.

Sometimes my choir numbered as many as thirty voices, composed of young persons of my own faith; mediumistic, and full of inspiration, and unbounded in their devotion and affection for me.

I composed the music of our services, met with my young singers twice a week for practice, and can truly declare that the angels sang with us, and that as much of heaven as can ever be known on earth, often burst forth from the lips of this dear choir, bound together as we were by affection, mutual admiration and esteem, and the constant presence and inspiration from beloved spirit friends, who christened my young singers "Singing Stars," and for whom they would often select and compose special anthems they wished performed.

My next article, then, will invite my readers' company in the third and final era of that career, where my own wandering and faltering feet have been guided by that host "of mighty dead," whom the orthodox, in the words of their Scriptures, declare "are not"; whom the pious hide away from us in the unapproachable realms of an impossible Heaven or Hell, or a yet more impossible condition of oblivious corruption in the tomb, but whom I have seen the lamps to my darkened eyes, who stars of my night, the sun of my day, the pillars of cloud and fire in my wilderness, the Heaven-sent Moses, who are still leading on their wayward charge to the shores of the beautiful river which divides me from the promised land, where I know in grateful blessing and tenderest reunion I shall meet my invisible guides in visible glory, my veiled loves in the revelation of that morning whose sun shall know no setting.

Just What You Want.

The recently invented "Novelty Microscope" takes the place of all others, because it can be used for examining larger objects. Mr. Mead, the "Microscope man," formerly of Chicago, Ill., where he sold hundreds of these instruments, can be addressed at Thompsonville, Wis. during the summer, or until further notice.

A rich man once asked a wit what sort of thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give aascal advantage over an honest man." True; but all rich men are not rascals.

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the United States and Canadians the National Executive Committee send Greeting.

The SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of October, 1865, 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.

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.

VERMONT CONVENTION. The Spiritualists of Vermont will hold their twelfth Annual State Convention at Ludlow, Vt., the last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of August next, and cordially invite all Spiritualists and true reformers to meet with them.

Yearly Meeting at Auburn Corners, O. The friends of Spiritualism and human progress will hold their Yearly Meeting at Auburn Corners, Geauga Co., O., Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12th and 13th, commencing at 10 A. M.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Oadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th, 26th and 27th of August.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS

Religious Service, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Hall, 13 Chaucery street, Sundays, at 10 A. M. Free.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.