

BY BELLE BUSH.

Original Essays.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

BY H. CLAY PREUSS

Man commences, like the animal, with the d

Now the plain solution to our mind of these perplexing problems, is the evident fact that this world was originally designed by its Creator as a sphere of discipline and development, and not of enjoyment and perfection. Were it perfected into a *playhouse* for pleasure, it would cease to subserve its original design as a *workshop* for spiritual growth. We were placed here, primarily, not to be happy, rich or famous, but simply to grow; and in order to attain the full measure of our moral, intellectual and spiritual manhood, we must be subjected more or less to a severe *pruning* process, which serves to top off the faulty exuberances of morbid appetites and unhealthy passions that obstruct our normal development. Every human being has some particular kind of *pruning-knife* continually suspended over him: one has disease, another poverty, a third domestic affliction, and so on through the entire catalogue of human ills; and we may be assured that whenever any particular department of our nature is subjected to this "pruning process," there is some hidden experience—some secret cancer—to be eradicated in that department. One of the profoundest passages in Shakespeare is, "Our virtues would grow proud unless whipped by our vices." A grand moral truth is contained in the old mythological fable of Hercules wrestling with the giant. Every time the giant threw him, he borrowed new strength as he touched his mother, Earth. It is from the crucible of suffering and defeat that we eliminate the pure gold of wisdom and victory. Some of the golden tests of adversity are to check extravagance, to resist indulgence, to impose self-discipline on our lower appetites, to contradict over-

Man, we conceive, contains within himself a perfect spiritual organism; and this spiritual organism is the real man, of which this gross animal frame, this mere temporary aggregation of atoms which a breath may dissolve, is but a faint shadow. We regard this spiritual organism, fashioned in the likeness of its Creator, as a grand

In all religious development there appears to be a perpetual antagonism between the head and the heart—between the intellectual and emotional natures. In the earlier days of Christianity, when the emotional predominated, we find an enormous amount of vitality; not single acts, but entire lives of sublime moral heroism and almost

In modern days religion has lost much of its old vitality—grown brainy; its vigorous sap is fast oozing out or evaporating into ill-scented metaphysics. Our modern schools abound in magnificent theories, far-reaching and daring speculations, arrayed in all the gorgeous trappings of an unrefined imagination; but they fail to meet the wants of the great, throbbing heart of humanity. I believe that this is a transition age, and that the time is now at hand when we shall have a perfect marriage between the love and the wisdom-principles in religion; when the children of earth will be blessed with a purer and nobler system of rational theology, which, while it harmonizes with our highest humanity and civilization, will combine all the vitality of experimental religion.

Washington, D. C. May 1866.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY JOHN B. WOLFE

Further, a large portion of laborers have no inclination to improve their leisure in elevating

parents. I know this to be the fact from demonstration. This is no reason why their surroundings should not be improved. For as bad as human nature seems, ignorance and poverty, with bad organizations, and bad surroundings, are the causes of crime; nor is it any reason why we should intensify the evil influences dragging them down.

They need a fair share of the proceeds of their own labor. This will remove the necessity for protracted labor, and give to those who have the inclination an opportunity to improve.

They need to organize manufacturing establishments, uniting their own capital and labor, thus compelling the capitalists to wages of equality.

They need joint stock companies for the purchase of supplies at wholesale prices, from the producer or manufacturer, thus cutting off a horde of lazy spongers who stand between the two, and who should be at work producing.

They need the assistance and cooperation of capitalists who see the wrong done labor, and are willing to aid in their correction.

They need the cooperation and influence of all advanced minds, encouraging and aiding every effort at improvement.

For two years I have made extra efforts to put myself in a condition to give to my employees an interest in their own labor, additional to wages; but my efforts have defeated my plans. I hope after this season to succeed.

BIBLE TRUTHS.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFFELDT.

In Labor a Curse.

In the third chapter of the Book of Genesis may be found the full and detailed account of the manner in which, for the sin of eating the apple, the ground was cursed by God for man's sake, and Adam was condemned to labor, as a punishment for the sin which had been committed. As viewed in the light of the Spiritual Philosophy, this is one of the simplest absurdities, which the common sense of mankind has been taught to believe and endorse as a revelation of God's truth to men. We believe that labor is the natural duty of man—the pleasure of his life—the necessity of his existence. Without it, he would have been what? A naked nonentity—a wanderer amid the spontaneous vegetation of the earth—with no faculties developed, no cultivation of mind or body, and no responsibility to man or God; what is this thing but a being one degree above a brute? And is it true? Let us see.

If man had not sinned, what then? Where would have been our towns and cities, the railroads, the steam engine, the telegraph, the printing press, the telescope—all that contributes to adorn and beautify the earth on which we live? Where would have been all the splendid monuments of literature and art, which human genius has reared in everlasting memory of God's holy gifts to man?—all things which surround us, every luxury, ornament, and necessary of life; every work of science, and of art, and painting, and sculpture, and architecture? Everything which makes our education and civilization, is the result of this condemnation to labor. And do you think that God has bestowed all this upon us as a punishment for sin? or is it the natural result of God's law, that man should labor for his progress, education and happiness?

Look at the magnificent works of Michael Angelo and Sir Christopher Wren; their productions are among the highest types of architectural design and beauty. See the glorious results of the labor of Raphael, Guido, Rubens; the works of beauty and of glory which painting has given to the world; behold the great monuments of art with which sculpture has adorned the rise and progress of the human race. For what did Homer write and Dante sing? What of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Pope? Where would have been the poetry, the inspiration, the genius of language and of literature, if Adam had not sinned? Who would have discovered the art of writing, and who would have penned the immortal lays which adorn and beautify the history of every tongue and country? Who would have brought the lightning from the skies, and gathered its tiny atoms within the compass of the metallic wires, which now encircle and gird the globe, if there had been no labor? Who would have built the steam engine and the printing press, the mighty instruments of civilization and learning? Who would have reared the splendid Cathedral at Cologne, St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Paul's at London? Who would have spanned Niagara with an arch of iron, if Adam had not sinned?

We ask these questions in all seriousness, and expect an answer from those who are wise in the Old Theologies. We do not believe it, for we know that God doeth all things well; and that with our knowledge of the philosophy of life, there is no necessity for recording such monstrous inconsistencies. Labor is man's duty and his destiny. It is the sum of his existence, and God intended that man should labor, and in so doing he fulfills God's law.

Sabbathism.

Shakespeare has it that
"Every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is."

There be divers and manifold ways of keeping the first day of the week—very erroneously called the Sabbath—as well as there are sundry manners and styles of the observance of all other holidays; some imbibe punch and champagne on the fourth of July; others drink, at our national festival, of soda water and lemonade; many men, many minds.

Joe Bunion, a clever, half-witted loafer, at a certain town in New England, occasionally did an errand or little job for the people there, who would give him a dinner, luncheon or some cast-off garment for his pay, and occasionally a little small change to buy him some grog with—they sold rum openly at all the stores, and at every town in those days—but Joe was somewhat restricted as to quantity, even if he chanced to have a surplus of loose change, which was seldom.

One Saturday night, Joe entered the grocery, where many of the townsmen were assembled to purchase their supplies for Sunday's consumption, and with his two hands filled with copper coin, he asked for a quart of New England rum, at the same time throwing down upon the counter the smiling, chinking heaps of coin, and pulling a long quart jug out of his ample coat pocket.

"A quart!" exclaimed the shopkeeper, "what are you going to do with so much liquor?"

"K-e-o-p Sunday with it," returned Joe, with a knowing wink.

"Why," returned the grocer, "isn't that a large quantity for that purpose; will not a pint do as well?"

"D-e-w," drawled out the natural, sneeringly, "n-a-l, I suppose I might make it d-e-w. Sunday might be kept with a pint; but how would it be kept?"

Love is most intelligible when it is unable to express itself in words.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that care to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIONEL HUNT.)

(Continued.)

PATIENCE'S PETS,
AND WHAT THEY DID.

Will had been at school two years, and was on his way home for a summer vacation. As he came near his aunt's house he wondered how he should find it. Would it be the dismal place that he first knew, or would Solomon really have power to change it to a home of sunshine and love? Solomon's letters had been full of pleasant stories and kind advice, but he had said but little about his daily life, and Will wondered if he was very, very happy. He thought of a sentence in his last letter: "No great changes come without many trials. Did you ever think how many storms come before we can see the trees in bloom. Do you not suppose the little buds sometimes get tired of waiting for the time of blooming? Remember, Will, that you must never be in a hurry for that which you cannot hasten, and if you learn any text to repeat to yourself, let it be this, 'Wait on the Lord and he will still.'"

The coach came rattling down the street as Will thought this, and in a moment he was walking up the shaded walk to his aunt's house. He concluded to go around to the side entrance, as his aunt was not expecting him for a day, and he wished to surprise her. But what sounds greeted him? The voices of children were distinctly heard, and here was an old hen with her ten white chicks in a capacious coop, and, could he believe himself, a cat was sunning herself on the wide board on the top of the garden fence. There was also a spotted dog lying under the old lilac, and the blinds in the dining-room were open, while some screens were arranged to keep out the insects.

Will almost thought that he had made some mistake in the house, and that this could not be his aunt's home. He was still more in doubt when he heard again the gleeful voices of children; at least three distinct voices could be heard. He concluded to enter the dining-room and see if his aunt really inhabited the place so changed. The room had its former furniture, but it looked as if it had been used more in these two years than in all the years that Patience had occupied it. On the wall were plenty of maps and pictures, and a rude rocking-horse was in one corner, and something that greatly resembled a cradle; and there were a pair of little socks on the floor, and a dish with a spoon in it on the table.

"They have rented the house," said Will to himself, "but I should have thought Solomon would have written to me; but here comes some one that will tell me."

A nice, tidy girl came from the kitchen, and with a pleasant and quite ladylike manner asked Will to take a seat. Something seemed familiar in her face to him, but she was so neatly dressed and her hair was so smooth that he could not believe it to be Sally Ann, whose soiled dress and tangled hair were such a terror to his aunt.

"If I do not believe this is Master William. Dear me, how glad we shall all be. I've just got the pies all baked, and sent the children up stairs till I could 'pick up' a little. But here comes your aunt; she's just got the baby to sleep, and she was coming down to see to the ducks. Oh, we've got such lots of pets; two cows, ten hens, a pair of ducks, a cat and a dog, and two children and a baby."

When his aunt entered, Will could hardly believe that she was the same Aunt Patience that he left. She wore no cap, but her hair was dressed in short curls about her face, and a smooth plait behind. She wore a pretty dress, made quite in the style, Will thought, and her face was so round and her cheeks so fair that he really enjoyed the kiss of welcome that she gave him so heartily.

Solomon, too, looked so nice in his gray suit and with his wrought slippers and his trim collar, that Will thought that they must all have been drinking from that fabled fountain that restores youth, instead of living through two years that seemed like five to Will. But Will had but little time to think, for two hearty children came bounding into the room full of noisy mirth, and one jumped on Solomon's lap and the other put her arms around Patience's neck; and soon the baby waked up, and the cat and the dog came in, and the chickens peeped, and the ducks quacked. Will felt as if he was solving an enigma, and hardly knew what to say. Solomon seemed to enjoy his surprise greatly, and his aunt really laughed at his looks of amazement.

"Is it not splendid?" at last Solomon said. "I mean the sunshine, Will."

"But do tell," said Will, "something about ducks and chickens—and—"

"Babies!" said Patience, laughing.

"Yes, about all these changes," said Will; "have you visitors here?"

"Or do we keep an orphan asylum?" said Solomon. "Yes and no; how is it, Patie?"

"No, no," said she, "these are our children, Will; and do you tell him all about them, Solomon, while I put the baby to her sleep again."

Will went up to Solomon, and in his own manner said, "Oh, do!" and Solomon, as of old, settled himself back in the chair, and the children went out with Sally Ann, and the cat and dog followed, and Will felt for the first time as if he was at last with his dear Uncle Solomon.

"You know, Will," he began, "that your Aunt Patience was just like that jewel we talked about: all pure within, but covered over with years of selfishness. How to get all the crust off and get to the pure gem, that was the question. Your coming here, Will, was the first real impression made on the hard casing."

"But, Uncle Solomon, I was not good or kind to Aunt Patience. If I had been—"

"There would not have been so much for me to do. But love warmed up her heart with its old fire, and that sickness made her look out of her spiritual or soul eyes. So you see, Will, that a loving power overrules all things for good. Even the wrong we do may be redeemed; that is, may be changed to the right, and made to bless some one. After we were married the heaven of love kept working. Do you remember that Jesus said, a little leaven leavens the whole lump; and do you remember when you and I tried to teach Sally Ann to make good bread, and we found that it took very little yeast to make three great loaves of light bread? Just so it is, Will, if we can put a little genuine love into the heart. It works and works until the whole heart is affected. Soon after you went away the Shivertons were in great trouble. They were sick and poor, and the father was thrifless, and the children had no care. We were walking past there one day, when your aunt proposed going in. I saw the tears

gleaming in her eyes at the sight of so much misery, and she hurried me home to carry them a basket of food and a bundle of clothes. She sent Sally Ann every day to them, and made them much more comfortable."

One morning I was reading—as she likes to have me—and I had, 'Do unto others as you would have others do to you.' I repeated the words and looked out of the window, thinking what a world this could be if people practiced that command. Your aunt sat thinking too, and the soft gentle light came to her eye, and she said, 'Solomon, I've been thinking we had better take those two children home, and let them stay until their mother gets well.' 'If you will, Patie,' I said, but I wanted to hug and kiss her, and dance about the room with her; but you know heaven works best under gentle treatment. But the two children came, and such a time as your aunt had fitting them up; and her patience was tried with their rude ways, but she grew more gentle every day. It was a delight to watch her as she taught them habits of cleanliness and manners of gentleness. I have sat many a time with my eyes closed as if asleep, and heard her pleasant voice coaxing and correcting, and felt how much love was being shed from her heart, which grew more warm for every particle of warmth bestowed. And the children stayed, and Patie could not bear to have them go. And she got first a cow, that they might have good milk, and then hens, and a cat and a dog, just to please the children. And she urged me to teach them in my own way; so I got maps and books, and we have the pretty chamber that looks into the garden for our study; but these maps help us while we are about our work."

We had just got a little used to the noise and confusion that two hearty children make, when Mrs. Shiverton died, leaving a poor little baby that no one cared for. One day last Spring I was sitting in the best parlor, (for we use that every day,) when I heard a baby cry, and on going into the dining-room, there sat your Aunt Patie rocking the dear little thing, which soon fell asleep in her arms, and ever since it has rested there just as if it was home. And I do believe your aunt loves it as if it was her own. She sometimes says, 'The Lord sent it to me; could he have done more if he had sent me one of my own?' And we love the little thing even more tenderly than if it had been born from our hearts, for we think what a joy it is to care for the little friendless wail, cast on the great sea of God's infinite tenderness, and floated into our little harbor for security, by those blessed pilots, the holy angels."

And all this has happened to us, Will, since you left us. Has it not been a good happening? There never was a tenderer mother than your Aunt Patience. I am surprised at her gentleness. She teaches me many a beautiful lesson by her acts of love, and I will tell you, Will, what it was that made the crust fall off, like a miracle, from the jewel. It was when that grand precept, 'Do to others as you would have others do to you,' became the law of your aunt's life. She did not repeat the words, but she lived them. And now, Will, talk a little and tell about your happenings. Has anything but good come to you?"

"Oh, Uncle Solomon, you can't think how selfish I was when I first went to school; and I believe if you had not been for thinking of you and how you must be bearing with Aunt Patience, that I should not have tried to have practiced the love principle."

"Now I see," said Solomon, "why it was best that I did not write you what a good time I was having. You will find that even your simplest acts, like the writing of a letter, may be of great benefit to others, if you only seek to do the best or right thing."

"Well," continued Will, "I resolved to do the best I could toward being unselfish, and I do believe, Uncle Solomon, that almost all the trouble in the world is caused by selfishness. You know I thought it would be the best thing in the world to be rich; but I found out that the boys that had rich fathers, thought that they had nobody to please but themselves, and I didn't see that they got their lessons any better because they had money to spend. So I didn't care any more to study the best way to be rich, but the best way to get my soul-riches, as you call them; and I kept thinking about furnishing my best parlor, and getting all sorts of noble thoughts to put in it. One day I wrote a composition about the best parlor, and the teacher praised it so much that I felt quite ashamed, for I had borrowed the ideas all from you, and I felt mean at taking them for my own. So I told him about our talks, and I let him read your letters, and then he asked the privilege of reading them to the boys; and now you are Uncle Solomon to all the school, and I have a written invitation to you, signed by the teacher and all the scholars, to go back with me and let them all hear your voice. Can't we take Aunt Patie and all the children?"

"I do not think babies would suit the Academy, Will; but I am so glad that you really wish your aunt could go, for it proves you have left your old feelings, and have already entered into our life at the present time. When you get through with an old suit of clothes you lay them aside, and think no more of them. So it ought to be with our feelings. We should not keep cherishing those that do not belong to the present. If you had come home, and had been determined to remember dear Patie as cross Patience Pettigrew, it would have been like hunting up your old suit of clothes that you left at home and putting them on, short at the ankle and small in the waist. There is an old saying, Let bygones be bygones. That is, be always ready to believe in the goodness and love that you find in people, and don't be remembering all the faults of their past life."

Thus they talked; Will of his life at school, and Solomon of dear, loving Patie, who seemed to him to be like the sweet girl he knew in his youth. When the twilight came, and the baby was asleep, and the children in their bed, they all sat in the parlor, and Patience, looking out to the soft western light, said:

"How good it is to have you here, Will. If it had not been for you, perhaps we should never have lived these blessed days. Whatever you do in life, do not seal up your heart, and let it grow like a stone, as I did. You may be poor and get rich, if you keep your heart warm; and you may be rich and yet poor, as I was, if you have no joy in life. Why, Will, I'd rather watch that baby, and see its cunning ways, than to have my house all scrubbed and dusted, or than see the finest mess of beer-brewing that ever was made of finest malt." And Patience gave one of her merry laughs, and Solomon joined, as he always did, and Will thought the old picture smiled, and the western sky gave a flash of light."

And thus they sat talking of the beautiful journey of a loving life that lay before them; and each one, thankful for the past and hopeful of the future, felt the gentle presence of loving angels, and were blessed."

And Solomon had his great reward, and thought himself near the kingdom of Heaven; and Pa-

ience thought, How good is the Lord to make everything so full of love and beauty; and Will thought, I hope my mother knows all this. And the life of goodness thus so happily begun could bring only one end, and nothing more need be said, only this: may we all go and do likewise.

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER NINE.

The blackberry vines are in bloom again. Their pretty white blossoms begin to form themselves into snowy wreaths, which hang with grace over the grey walls, and the knolls in the pastures. The sight of one such wreath, just at twilight this evening, made the light flash up in the picture gallery of my memory, and in a moment I lived over a great many days. Far back I saw the little brown stained basket that I felt so proud to fill to the brim, and I heard the waterfall, and saw the gleaming of the water of the pretty lake, and the great white clouds that floated over it.

Many very sweet pictures I saw, and in just that one moment, too. I felt glad and thankful in them all. It seemed to me that I could see how a dear Father in heaven had formed the path in which I had walked, and that it had led me just where it was best for me to go.

But I know when I was a girl I did not think anything about life, whether it was to bring me gladness or sorrow. I only knew that I was very glad to have a merry, happy time; and that was all right, for if there is a joy for childhood, it is of trust in the goodness that is coming. But there was one thing that I did find out, and that was that all the pleasant, happy days, whether I was picking blackberries, or clematis and cardinals by the brook, or the days filled up with love and kindness, as well as fun and frolic, and I can tell you that if you want to put beautiful pictures in your memory that you will be glad to look at, you may be sure that you can do it by no mean act, or unloving feeling.

People go abroad, and in their visits to France and Italy, they buy many beautiful pictures, that are called gems of art, and they prize them greatly when they get home. But none of these pictures can they take out of their houses over to the shore of the spirit-home. It is very pleasant to have them while here, and I think I should like every room in my house adorned with beautiful pictures.

But there are pictures that will never fade, and that we can safely carry with us wherever we go, even to the beautiful spirit-home; and these are the pictures that we form in our memories. If we make them holy and sacred, by the goodness they represent, or the love they express, I think they will be fit to look at, even in heaven.

Let us furnish our picture galleries with at least one lovely picture each day. Let us have gems of art that cannot be taken from us, and that can never be sold at auction or burned by fire.

Views and Doctrines of A. B. Child.

Having read the works of Dr. A. B. Child without prejudice and with care, I should be pleased, with your permission, to offer some remarks upon them, through the columns of your paper.

Dr. Child has propounded a system of morality and religion in his writings, that differs so widely from previous systems and the teachings of reformers, that his views naturally and justly call forth comment, criticisms and opposition—yes, even rebuke, scorn and reviling. It is reasonable and proper to ask, is he right in his position? Are his views nearer truth than are those he stands apart from? Are his doctrines well founded and his bold assertions not to be gainsayed? The teachings of the past have made the popular opinions and beliefs of to-day; opinions and beliefs which, if Dr. Child is right, will fall like graven images before the battery of truth. If Dr. Child is wrong, let after pens than mine correct his errors. If he is right, to the view of past teachings, the accepted religions and morals of man are full of error, while to his view they are right, but not the best that is to be, but the best that can be for their time.

All religions, systems and institutions, to his view, have their lawful places in nature, and each its appointed usefulness in the purpose of wisdom; so he seeks not for the downfall or destruction of anything that exists, till its work is done, its usefulness is gained. He has no opposition to any belief of man, or any course of conduct he may pursue. In this he differs from all religious teachers and reformers of the past, and present too. He claims that resistance is earthly, approval is spiritual; that antagonism has limited power, while that of nonresistance and love is unlimited. The first impression on reading his books is, that they contradict past teachings; but by a careful study of his position, it is found that he contradicts nothing, but simply presents something new. He accepts all things, present and past, as being useful; directed by an invisible wisdom, which, he claims, man sooner or later in his progression—it may be slowly but surely—will recognize and acknowledge.

The teachings and practices of early life and of all the past, are so strongly impressed upon the mind, that they are hard to turn from or renounce; so the great changes Dr. Child predicts and proposes in them, might at first seem objectionable and impracticable, for such changes, we have been taught, would be dangerous and unsafe for the people. Dr. Child never speaks as if he doubted what he says, and writes as if the truths he uttered were so plain that no argument or proof were necessary for their support. He seems altogether careless of what others have said, and speaks on subjects momentous and fundamental with childish fearlessness. He speaks as a witness testifies, without the need of repeating what another has said, but only that which he sees and knows, and his testimony will have its due weight. Did he speak from history, only reiterating what others have said, his testimony would or should be set aside and not accepted as authority.

Blame and disapproval indicate and mark the boundaries of liberality, so we fail to find the boundaries of this author's liberality. He accepts things as they are, and gives to God the credit of all that is created. He yields to every thought its right, and every act its use. He beholds God filling the whole world with no rival, with no opposing power. His God is love, whose tender care is for man's spiritual welfare always—no less for the poor, the sinner, the vile and wicked, than for the courtier, rich, the prosperous saint, and the happy, easy lives of virtue. His Christ is the Christ of suffering humanity, no less than the Christ of a happy few. His platform of religion goes out toward the limitless shores of nature, upon which rest all creeds, churches and ceremonies.

The great arena of human life is the church in which he worships God. His religion—if religion it be—is a religion of faith, and truth, and the religion of secrets and creeds. Admit that religion is desire, as he claims, and how easy seems the solution of the tangled problem, namely, 'What is true religion?' How simple and yet how mighty, how individual and yet how universal, how true and beautiful, becomes the religion of humanity. How harmonious will this simple recognition of religion make the worship of the world. How it will vanquish religious wars, dogmas, schisms, contentions, sects, and lay in dust all the lofty pretensions of righteous selfishness. This recognition of religion will clothe the world in charity, and charity is the Christ.

ANGEL-GUARDIANSHIP.

BY MRS. ROSE WILLIAMS.

Angel-faces haunt my pillow,
And voices haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight
Shining pinions round me sweep,
Floating downward on the star-light,
Two bright infant forms I see—
They are mine, my own bright darlings,
Come from heaven to visit me.

An earthly child still smiles upon me,
But those little ones above,
Evermore will stir the fountains
Of a mother's deathless love.
And as now they watch my slumbers,
And their soft eyes on me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning
Still to call his angels mine!

An earthly one still fondly calls me,
But no mortal voice can seem
Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!"
Mid the glories of my dream.
Years will pass, and earthly prattlers
Cease, perchance, to lip my name,
But my angel-babies' accents
Evermore will be the same.

And the dear one now that's with me,
From his home perchance may rove,
In his strength no more depending
On my constant care and love;
But my angel ones shall wander
From the sky, in dreams, to rest
Their soft cheeks and shining tresses
On an earthly mother's breast.

Time may steal away my freshness,
Or some weltering grief destroyed
All the hopes that erst had blossomed
In my summer-time of joy;
Earthly children may forsake me,
Earthly friends perhaps betray;
Every tie that now unites me
To this earth may pass away;

But unchanged those angel-watchers,
From their blest, immortal home,
Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness
Of my darkened dreams shall come.
And I cannot feel forsaken,
For, though reft of earthly love,
Angel-children call me mother,
And my soul will look above.
Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1866.

"Extraordinary Feats in the Mobile Jail—The Davenport Outdo."

Such is the heading given to the following truly extraordinary account of physical manifestations which occurred in the jail at Mobile, Ala. The medium was a young man named Boone, who had been lodged there for petty larceny. We copy the details of the affair from the Mobile Advertiser of a recent date, the editor of which visited the jail for the purpose of ascertaining the correct facts in the case. It appears that the prisoner had been released from his irons the night previous, and then went round and unfasted the cells of the other prisoners, who were confined on the same floor with him, but the alarm was given before they made their escape. The account then goes on to say:

"In one of the corner cells, on the first floor, is confined young Boone alias Monroe, a handsome lad of about eighteen years. After the prisoners had been secured and their efforts thwarted, the sheriff and jailer at once placed Boone in irons, hand and feet. It was soon afterwards discovered that young Boone had thrown off the irons. He was taken out, and heavily ironed against the shackles and chains having been increased. In less than five minutes afterwards the jailer peeped into his cell and saw all the cuffs, shackles and chains, lying on the floor of the cell, and young Boone sitting on his bed, as if he had done nothing. Six different times did they place his limbs in irons, and the strongest and most intricate were called into requisition, but all to no purpose. When Capt. Petty was told of the extraordinary feats performed by young Boone in throwing off his irons, he expressed a desire to be permitted to select the iron himself, and 'dress the young man' according to his style. The jailer cheerfully complied with Capt. Petty's request, and after the cuffs, shackles and chains had been procured, we repaired to young Boone's cell. He is a bright, intelligent and very handsome boy, with large blue eyes, effeminate features, and a complexion as fair as a lady. He rose from his bed as we entered the cell, and came to the grated window with a countenance of patient expectancy, and the strongest and most intricate of his handsome face. We were accompanied by the sheriff, jailer, Capt. Petty and two turnkeys. The sheriff opened the door of the cell and invited young Boone to step out. He was then told that Capt. Petty had come to place him in irons so that he would stay in them. This did not seem to move him in the least. He smiled pleasantly, and remarked that 'such a thing could no doubt be done,' but hoped that no further efforts would be made in that direction. The sheriff ordered the irons to be placed on him, and Capt. Petty commenced by drawing the young man's wrists together behind his back, after which he put on a tight-fitting pair of pants. He smiled pleasantly, and remarked that 'such a thing could no doubt be done,' but hoped that no further efforts would be made in that direction. The sheriff ordered the irons to be placed on him, and Capt. Petty commenced by drawing the young man's wrists together behind his back, after which he put on a tight-fitting pair of pants. He smiled pleasantly, and remarked that 'such a thing could no doubt be done,' but hoped that no further efforts would be made in that direction. The sheriff ordered the irons to be placed on him, and Capt. 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NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION.

HELD AT VINELAND, NEW JERSEY, May 24th and 25th, 1866.

(Reported for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. O. F. Stevens.)

The Call for the Convention read as follows: "By invitation of the Friends of Progress in Vineland, N. J., all liberal-minded persons who are residents of the State, and who are friendly to the cause of Spiritualism and its objects, and all others not resident of the State who desire to join them in furtherance of the objects of said Convention, are requested to meet at the Hall of said Society, in Vineland, on Thursday and Friday, the 24th and 25th of May, 1866, for the purpose of effecting a State organization to cooperate with the National Organization of Spiritualists, in furtherance of the objects recommended, &c. Convention will organize at 1 o'clock P. M., the 24th."

Pursuant with the above Call, a number of the friends of the cause from this and adjoining States assembled on the afternoon of the 24th. The Convention was called to order, and John Gage was appointed President, and Mrs. O. F. Stevens, Secretary.

The Call for the Convention was then read, and on motion, a committee of five was appointed by the Chair to nominate officers for the Convention. Dr. H. T. Child remarked that the subject of State Organization is attracting the attention of Spiritualists all over the country. Shall the destructive principle, which has so generally marked the progress of Spiritualism, continue? or shall we commence the work of building up? Let us leave behind us all that has been useless, and bring with us whatever is useful. Two years ago he dreaded the thought of organization, lest it should again put shackles on the soul; but now he believed such was not its necessary result. The time has come when there are enough true souls in the State, who have felt the fire of the inner life, to stand side by side as humble workers in our glorious cause. We are not to go forth as propagandists merely, but there are hundreds and thousands of people, who are earnestly seeking the life and the waters of inspiration, and who have received such noble truths, should consider ourselves delegates from the spirits to go to these hungry souls with the blessed food which we have received. Cooperation is as essential in this as in every work of life.

The Committee on the nomination of officers made the following report, which was received and adopted:

President—Wm. M. Drake, of Newark.
Vice-Presidents—Mr. Parkhurst, Sen., of Hammononton; Geo. Willets, of Jersey City; and Mrs. Deborah Butler, of Vineland.

Secretary—Mrs. O. F. Stevens, of Vineland.
Treasurer—Thos. Haines, of Woodstown.

A Committee was appointed to report business for the Convention, and draft a plan for a State Organization.

Dr. L. K. Cooney said he found great division of sentiment among Spiritualists in regard to Organization, but it was often gathered from the papers, that a majority are favorable to it. Although he believed in Organization, he would not approve of sending delegates to our Conventions, and thought there should be no power of disowning members from other societies. The pure in heart will never be degraded by going forth among the unclean, if they are guided by the beautiful panoply of Truth. Let us have a secularism by which we can cast out any unfortunate ones. Spiritualism reaches out to help such as these; it is doing more good than the Churches have done in eighteen hundred years. The missionary work of sending lecturers where people are asking for light, but the friends are not able to sustain them, only one or many noble efforts for which we need organization. As to putting forthers on Spiritualists, we may as well attempt to chain the lightning.

Geo. Pryor said he would go as far from the Plan of the Churches, in organizing, as possible. Mrs. Walsbrooker thought there were some things in the Churches we cannot afford to cast aside. God respects the external as well as the internal, else why did he give us bodies as well as souls?

Mrs. Butler would have us, instead of denouncing the Churches, build a more beautiful structure, and attract them to it. Our mission should be constructive, not destructive. Let us have some people who have a devil and a hell to keep them in the paths of morality. Let the Churches do their work—it is a holy one; but let us who have a better religion, a broader charity, show it by our lives. It cannot fail to attract them.

Mrs. Haines and Rachel Hickland expressed similar sentiments.

Mr. Dixon said he had been through the Church, and suffered from it, but would not do a single act to pull it down. Wherever we find Churches and Sunday-Schools, there is a better state of morals than existed before. A friend moved into Vineland, and in a short time a loved one of his family circle was called to the spirit-world. Permission was asked to have the casket which contained the dear remains carried into a church, where one of our number could speak on the occasion. The request was refused, and the hall we now occupy grew from that refusal. Let it ever be open to all. Here is a loved one of the pure religion of Jesus, but preached at any time. Let any unpopular truth have a hearing. The President remarked that he did not object to any truth which came through the Churches, and would respect them all the more if they reject what we utter, when it does not accord with their own feelings. Truth and God have nothing to fear from free discussion; but error has. If we would remain free men and women, we must respect the individuality and opinions of all. He was driven to infidelity because he could not agree with his Church, but now he had charity for all.

George Pryor, a venerable friend, hoped his remarks would not be misunderstood as hostile to the Churches. He simply meant that we need better forms than they employ. He did not think music any part of worship. If we had it, let it be in the soul.

The President suggested that God would bless every effort to do good, whether it was formal, or the spontaneous outburst of the soul in words or music.

The Business Committee reported that at the commencement of each session half an hour be devoted to free conversation; the remainder of the time to be spent in discussing the business, and that fifteen minutes for speeches be allowed.

The following Preamble and Constitution for a State Organization were submitted to the Convention, taken up and considered, section by section, and unanimously adopted:

PREAMBLE.
In the progress of the age we find ourselves surrounded by a variety of facts and phenomena, which are calling for investigation at our hands. Mind is everywhere stimulated into activity by the sciences of the times. Astronomical, geological, and other sciences, are seeking for truth, and for those things which shall elevate and improve the condition of humanity. We have in our hands a grand and noble work, which has come when a more general cooperation of those who feel an interest in these things would not only benefit ourselves, but our fellow-men, and would tend to form a State Society, and for this purpose do adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.
ARTICLE I.
Name.—This Society shall be called "The New Jersey Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress."

ARTICLE II.
Objects.—The objects of this Society shall be the dissemination of light and truth in regard to all subjects pertaining to the welfare of humanity, by such means as may be adjudged best.

ARTICLE III.
Members.—Persons may become members of this Society by presenting their names to the Secretary, and being received by the Society annually. All persons in this or other States, who feel interested in the Society, are invited to become members thereof.

ARTICLE IV.
Officers.—The officers shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, who shall constitute an Executive Committee, to be composed of persons of each sex, who shall attend to the business of the Society, and make reports to the annual meetings, to be held at such times and places as they shall deem proper, within each year. The Executive Committee shall have power to fill any vacancies which may occur between the annual meetings.

Following the adoption of these sections, and before the vote upon the whole was taken, Dr. Child remarked that the hosts of Heaven are witnesses of the importance and solemnity of this occasion. We are touching heaven's portals which will send their thrilling tones down to coming centuries. In voting for this Constitution, we should feel that we are putting our hands to the plow, not alone for ourselves, but for coming centuries. Adjourned.

Thursday Evening.—The Business Committee reported that they had arranged for addresses from

Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. Wilcoxson and Mr. Leach, of Newark.

The Doctor remarked that the religion of Spiritualism was the first and only system which he knew that had taken man as an entire being. Popular Theology acted upon the idea that man had a soul to be saved or lost, mostly the latter, and cared very little about his intellect, and less about his physical form. Out of the thousands of clergymen in the land, how few could be taken as specimens of good physical development. Many of them had splendid intellects; but they are cramped by their theological dogmas and creeds, and especially they are a libel on true religion. He had been accustomed to look into people's eyes, and see how far the soul-nature has been able to look out upon the material world.

Our bodies are but an expression of the internal soul, and it is only as there is a proper freedom given to the action of this soul-principle, that we can correspondingly beautiful forms. Talking with Mrs. Fanny Gage a few days since, she remarked that the children of the present day were much more beautiful than any she had seen in former times. He believed it was because the spirit was allowed more freedom to work itself out. Spiritualism taught us to confine in the same freedom, and simplicity of early childhood, and to let this extend through all the stages of life. One reason why children did not continue so beautiful, was because they were treated with harshness and unkindness.

Spiritualists ought to be able to give an evidence of their religion in their countenances and in their physical forms, and many are doing this now.

We have reversed the popular idea of the Trinity, and believe in God as one and man as three. Spiritualism does not stop at man's physical being, but takes hold of his intellectual nature and gives it a wider scope, so that it may pass forth into the fields of science and art, and take on all the grand principles that belong to the mental nature. Nor does it stop here, but reaching into man's deeper soul-nature, it calls into action those noble and divine principles which characterize man as the child of the Infinite. It takes in and benefits the entire man; lifts us out of the littleness of sect; it reaches into the future life, and gives us light, where all was dark before; it teaches us to lay up treasures in Heaven, by fulfilling our duties to our fellow-men on earth. Man is an entire man, the universe of Philosophy, Science, Morality is included in him. The great work we have to do is to remove the rubbish that has accumulated around the soul, and let it grow freely and naturally. The more free from restraint a man or woman is, the more beautiful and true they are. There is no more responsible position than that of Spiritualist. We must carry in our countenances that which will manifest to all around us, what our religion is. We should set apart that portion of the day in which our spiritual natures are most excited for interior culture and development. For him this was the early morning.

Mrs. Wilcoxson said, Spiritualism brings out the spontaneity of the soul. We lose our love of tyranny through it, and learn to love freedom more. We know no bond or free, no sect or partition walls. Standing the day before in Independence Hall, to commune with the shades of the departed, and to feel the glorious truth, that must ring out yet another peal for freedom. This eagle is a true symbol of this nation. Noble, but proud and arrogant, it has not protected the defenceless. Has never been true to the great principles laid down by the Fathers. Ecclesiasticalism claims the right to put shackles on the souls of men. Who is to remove the shackles? The word of the Bible from the false assumptions of theology? All men and women can exercise the redeeming power. Shall we acknowledge the taming power of the juggler and of a Rarey, and say that this power of fascination cannot be exercised on man for his redemption from sin? Every medium knows that we must be free to work in to raise those who the priest and Levite have passed by; to go to the prison and save those the Church has neglected to save.

Mr. Leach, of Newark, said he thanked God that we had reached a point where we could feel that it was possible for the Great God to use the beautiful arms under all his children. The grand philosophy of Spiritualism is being dug up from the rubbish where it has been so long hid, and burnished anew. It is not confined to those who openly profess it, but is creeping quietly into the Churches. And the little heaven will leave the world free.

A committee of nine was appointed to report nominations of Officers for the State Society, and present resolutions to the Convention. Adjourned.

Friday Morning.—Convention called to order by the President. Minutes read and approved.

A letter was read from Dr. Child, stating that he was obliged to return home, and giving an account of a vision he had in the early morning.

Mrs. Walsbrooker occupied the first half hour. She said there was a class of persons outside the pale of theology. They could not accept its dogmas, and often took the opposite extreme. They were ready to grasp at anything, and when spiritualism came up, they were ready to accept it not ready to accept its deep, underlying principles. Gradually, one after another, these saving principles came up for investigation and acceptance. Many souls to-day, cast off from society, have grasped Spiritualism as a sheet-anchor, finding it not only a comfort, but a help to a better life. We find a person benumbed with cold, and bring him to the fire. Its heat revives him, but with returning life comes intense anguish. So when a soul which has been stultified by violations of the moral law, is brought in contact with the light, and with love, the action of the life within begins suffering, its object is not punishment. Welcome the suffering which is our saviour. If love will not save a soul, what will? For this purpose we have met; that we may devise a way to send this beautiful religion of love throughout the dark places of the land.

The committee then presented the names of the following persons as officers of the State organization, who were severally elected:

President—Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J.

Vice-Presidents—John Gage, Vineland; Mrs. Mary Fogg, Hammononton, alternating with Mrs. Bowles.

Secretary—Mrs. Mary F. Davis, Orange.

Treasurer—Orin Packard, Camden.

Executive Committee—William M. Drake, Newark; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Vineland; Henry Budd, Vineland; Wm. Harrington, New Brunswick; James M. Barnes, Hammononton; C. B. Campbell, Vineland; Dr. D. Miller, Asborton; Mrs. Ann Middleton, Lumberton; Wm. G. Noble, Paterson; Mrs. O. F. Stevens, Vineland.

Mr. Wright testified to the truth of spirit communion. He had received test after test, through his own hand; and in consequence of his belief had had nearly every dear thing taken from him. He believed he should plant our banner in the camp of unbelievers.

C. B. Campbell gave one of his unique songs, "For the Right."

Mrs. Wilcoxson made allusion to the discovery of the telescope as the result of the observations of a child, and the discovery of the art of printing from the simple accident of the beehwood block. Important results often flow from simple causes.

The Convention then took a recess.

Whereas, it is plainly evident to all reflecting minds that the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, and also that it is equally evident to the careful observer that there is a growing disposition among the people of this country to have a place to express that thought, and as we have not yet a place to express that thought, we, as Spiritualists and Friends of Progress have met together in Convention, to determine upon some systematic method by which the people may attain that end. Having consulted the Convention, we do agree that the desirable end, the object of our meeting, is to bring the people, whose duty and delight it will be to bring this principle within the reach of all; therefore it is resolved by this Convention that we will use all lawful means in order to establish local organizations, which shall carry these principles to the homes and hearts of all.

Resolved, That we believe in the right of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that in order to obtain these rights, every person, irrespective of race or color, should enjoy equal privileges, including that of suffrage, limited only by mental or moral disabilities.

Resolved, That this Convention be tendered to Dr. H. T. Child, for his fraternal sympathies and hearty cooperation, and to the citizens of Vineland, who have entered into this movement with true hospitality the spirit of this movement from abroad.

Resolved, That we express our heartfelt satisfaction in the harmony of feeling which has characterized this meeting, and the hopeful indications of a more extended usefulness in the future.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to draft and have published an address to the people of New Jersey, setting forth the principles and objects of this State Association.

Dr. L. K. Cooney, Mrs. Deborah Butler and C. B. Campbell were appointed said committee.

Resolved, That as all religious societies, however free at first, tend to sectarianism, as a preventive thereof, this organization should ever provide for and maintain a diversity of speech, and a just criticism of State measures, social customs and religious opinions.

Resolved, That wherever practicable, Spiritualists and Friends of Progress should organize Progressive Lyceums for the purpose of affording an opportunity for training for young persons that they can consistently adopt.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the members of the Vineland Society, in the manner in which he has performed the duties of the Chair.

The resolution relating to the right of suffrage called forth animated and interesting remarks. Dr. Cooney said he would not have any one vote who did not write his own ticket. Mr. Campbell said he did not believe all should vote; the "blackleg" should not; the man should not who would not recognize his mother's right to the ballot; neither should the minister who did not preach human rights. Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., related some interesting incidents in his experience of assisting runaway slaves, and illustrating the power of kindness. Dr. Marshall, of Wilmington, said oppression came into the society of Friends when they assumed the right of compelling silence. Spiritualists must be firm for free thought and free speech, or they will grow into opposition. Mr. H. A. Streight, of New York, thought the State Society should have the power of controlling speakers to some extent. A number of persons responded, and the prevailing expression was that free speech was the only safe plan to adopt.

Resolved, That the following resolution, which was briefly but ably discussed, and laid on the table for future consideration:

Resolved, That the beautiful principles of peace, love and forgiveness, as taught by Jesus and other reformers, should be adopted by our Society, and that to be consistent they should abstain from the use of all carnal weapons, upon all occasions, and instead of wearing a sword of steel they should wear the sword of the spirit, wherewith they should at all times be armed.

The Convention then adjourned. Harmony and good feeling prevailed during all its sessions; and we believe much good will result from the free interchange of thought enjoyed, as well as from the mutual workings of the organization, which has been effected.

HYMN OF THE ANGELS.

TO BE SUNG AT CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

Air—"Lily Dale."

When the sun sinks to rest,
On his couch in the west,
And the moon veils the earth in her beams,
When the stars twinkle bright,
Then the angels are whispering in dreams!
Oh, angels, bright angels, from that happy sphere,
Do tell us of the love,
And the harmony above,
Where we'll never know a sigh or a tear.

In the temple of strife
Of the battle of life,
When the spirit is shorn of its might,
They hover by our side,
And the flowers of night
And nerve us anew for the fight.
Oh, angels, bright angels, guard us in the strife;
The spirit grows faint,
The light grows pale,
In the gloom and the darkness of life.

Al, and is the earth,
From the bosom of birth,
And hence the burdens we bear;
But oh! there's a balm,
Our troubled souls to calm,
For we know that the angels are near.

Oh, angels, bright angels, do tell us of a clime
Where the skies never gloom,
Where the flowers always bloom,
In a long, sweet summertime.

Like the airy, plumed dove—
Even the angels have love—
Oh, had we the plumes to fly;
But our souls yet remain
In our cold, earthly chain
And we sigh for the freedom of the sky.

Oh, angels, bright angels, when will ye come?
We are panting for breath,
And the flowers of death
Oh, guide us poor wanderers home.

Christianity and Spiritualism.

The Banner of Light (spiritual) has rather a sharp but deserved rebuke of Rev. Messrs. Wells and Mayo (Unitarian preachers) for some clerical slang they have been uttering against Spiritualists generally—as though it were a heinous sin to believe that "spirits" come down to the earth, when every Christian is confident that heaven and earth are full of them. One of the main points of the belief of both parties on the main point is the same, for all the difference seems to be that while the Christians locate their "spirits" in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," the Spiritualists locate theirs in this world, where they communicate "with them—as they live." Now this latter arrangement is decidedly the best, inasmuch as knowing is preferable to believing. It would undoubtedly seem, that in order for one to know, with perfect certainty, that spirits do return to the living, that they should somehow be recognized or identified by them—as they live. 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Notes from W. B. B.

The Garden City—An Oil Well sunk by Spirit Mediums.

Once more in the varied changes of life's restless current, I find myself in the "Garden City," where one year ago the last of the "Great Fair," at once so characteristic and expressive of American life and character, was in full tide of success, and where I held (at least to myself) pleasant converse with your many readers. My somewhat long silence of late has not been from any lack of interest in our good cause, but rather from an overburden of cares, which seemed to require all I had both of time and thought.

The weekly visits of the ever welcome BANNER, with the pleasant intercourse I have enjoyed with many of our friends here—not to forget the pleasant "Reception Room" of the R. P. JOURNAL and our intelligent and genial Brother Jones—have enabled me to keep along in the floating current, and note the passing events of interest; and just here I want to say a word of thanks to you, dear Banner, for the many and dignified rebuke you administered to those Revs. (?) Welles and Mayo, for their disgraceful and uncalled for attack on the cause of Spiritualism. If they are not ere this heartily ashamed of their work, it will be the best argument ever offered in favor of total depravity. Still we will not give them up, for "while there is life there is hope," even of the most abandoned.

I have many matters to lay before your readers, and many topics to discuss, but for this time I will step out of my usual course, and give your readers an instance of the practical workings of spirit power in a business enterprise.

A WELL SUNK AND OIL FOUND BY SPIRIT DIRECTION.

Some time during the past summer, Capt. John H. Gardner, of Buffalo, N. Y., with some associates, commenced boring for oil near Grafton Station, Loraine Co., Ohio. The work was prosecuted till some time in November, when under various discouragements it was proposed to abandon the enterprise. Capt. Gardner, being a practical man, and a believer in and an earnest advocate of Spiritualism, determined to seek for spirit direction, and knowing something of the connection Mrs. Caroline M. Jordan, of this city, had with the famous "Artesian Well," applied to her for advice. This medium, in all matters of this kind, is controlled by the spirit of Prof. E. P. Hines, formerly a Professor in a Maine College, and a man well known and highly respected in his earthly life.

Capt. Gardner was directed by the spirit to proceed with the well, though it was not exactly where it should be, but that they would find oil by going down where they were. The work proceeded, under the special direction of the spirit, the medium a part of the time being in Chicago, and some of the time at the well. All the details in their progress as to the different strata, &c., were found to be strictly in accordance with the prediction of the spirit.

A SILENT TEST.
At one time during the work, the medium being in Chicago, some unexpected obstacle or trouble presented itself. The medium was entranced, and wrote what was to be done to remove the difficulty, and the spirit directed the letter to be mailed at once, which was done; the next day a letter was received from Capt. Gardner, stating that the difficulty was, and asking for advice; but the advice already sent by the direction of the spirit, was just what was wanted, and fitted the case exactly.

ANOTHER TEST.
Another time, the medium being in Chicago, she was directed to telegraph Capt. Gardner to "stop boring and go to pumping," but the medium thought there was some mistake somewhere, and concluded to wait advice from the well. In the meantime, at the well they had obtained salt water, sand and oil, which indicate the final and inevitable oil only. Capt. Gardner not knowing what to do, sent a sample of the borings to the medium, to get further directions, but the sample mislabeled and did not reach Chicago as soon as it ought. Capt. Gardner not hearing from the medium, again commenced boring, but soon broke his gear and lost all in the well, before the telegram from the medium to "commence pumping" was received.

It took three weeks and over to clear the well for pumping. Had the medium sent the telegram dictated by the spirit at once, nearly a month of hard work would have been saved. The well is now yielding a fair amount of oil per day, and promises to fully equal all that has been predicted by the Spirit Director.

By the advice of friends, both in and out of the form, this excellent medium and most estimable lady will hereafter be located permanently in Chicago, where the genial influences of a cheerful, happy home, with her fatherless children, will draw around her the pure, good and true from the angel-world, and enable her to do the work the good Father has laid out before her. Post Office address, 191 Kinzie street.

The good cause moves on apace here, but more harmony and concert of action is necessary among its friends to insure genuine progress.

But the elements are not as antagonistic as I found them one year ago. Let us hope that peace and genuine good-will, with that clarity that "thinketh no evil," will ultimately prevail, till not only this, the "Garden City of the West," but the whole earth shall be indeed a Garden, "where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens," and love to God and man controls, moves and governs all things.

W. B. B.
Chicago, June 7, 1866.

A Brief Note from Mrs. Wiltale.

I hope, dear BANNER, that you do not infer from a long silence that my interest in the influence emanating from your columns has abated, for it certainly has not. My heart is warm and in earnest in the prosperity of the truth.

I have been here in Cincinnati during the month of May, and have met with more encouragement than I could have anticipated. The Society here is in a prosperous condition. A good Lyceum has been commenced, and the bright eyes of the children tell the effect upon their youthful minds.

I have met Mr. J. M. Peabody, who, by his kindly manner and uniform life, has attained the kind regards of Spiritualists in this vicinity. There is a great deal of interest manifested here in the progress of truth, and in this much feeling is evinced regarding the children.

My heartfelt prayers are for the extension of truth in the East and the West, and I hope spiritual light may come to all, from sunrise and sunset, till all are blessed by the consciousness of its presence.

Ever for Justice,
NEELIE L. WILTAL.

Cincinnati, O., June 6, 1866.

A Note from Judge Carter.

DEAR BANNER—I am right glad to know that the pure crystal drops of wisdom from the spirit of Dr. Edgar C. Dayton, falling upon so many places through your columns, have so stirred up the dry waters of Spiritualism in some quarters.

Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER.

"There are two ways of being rich," says a French writer—"Raise your revenue to the level of your desires—or lower your desires to the level of your revenue."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

Room No. 3, 2d STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

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

A SILENT STORY!

We have the pleasure of announcing to our thousands of patrons that we shall commence, in our next number, the publication of a grand Story, by the eminent German writer, Zschokke, entitled:

"The Spectre Bridegroom!"

It was translated expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Miss Cora Wilburn.

Those who would secure the numbers complete of the BANNER containing this magnificent literary production, should subscribe forthwith.

A Nameless Crime.

The vices of fashionable society are, some of them, rapidly taking on the character of downright crimes. The practice of infanticide, in the form of voluntary abortion, has become so common as to arrest the serious attention, and draw down the open condemnation at last of the more influential of the medical profession. It is full time some formal notice was taken of so horrible a practice by the members of the medical faculty. The welfare of the future generation is not more concerned in it than are the morals of the present. It would appal one who had never given any attention to the matter, to learn of the prevalence of a vice whose results are so truly terrible in every respect to contemplation.

A little Essay, covering the whole subject, has just been published in book form from the press of Lee & Shepard of this city, written by Horatio R. Storor, M. D., of Boston, and offered by him as the successful Prize Essay to which the American Medical Association awarded the gold medal for last year. Dr. Storor is Assistant in Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence in Harvard College, Surgeon in the New England Hospital for Women, and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women in Berkshire Medical College. It would appear, therefore, that he is duly qualified to undertake the task which has resulted in the present thoroughly prepared Essay. So impressed was the American Medical Association with the timeliness of such a production, that body voted to issue it for general circulation, believing it would work the widest good. We welcome it as a missionary among the worse than heathenish practices of our modern social system.

The evil herein discussed is admitted to be a prevalent and fearful one. In his treatment of the subject, Dr. Storor proceeds to inquire what has been done by physicians to foster, and what to prevent, such an evil; what is the true nature of a intentional abortion when not requisite to save the life of the mother; the inherent dangers of abortion to a woman's health and life; the frequency of forced abortions even among the married; the excuses and pretexts that are given for the act; and the alternatives, public and private, and measures of relief. The facts cited under the head of the frequency of the practice of Aborting, even among married women, will astound any reflecting reader. That social state must have become diseased to its very centre and core, which tolerates such things, and even boasts that it has become a fashion. It is stated that ladies make a boast to one another of the number of times they have successfully aborted! Dr. Storor maintains, and with perfect reason and truth, that this vile and wicked act is outright murder, under ordinary circumstances. He holds that life in the embryo child begins with the moment of conception, and that to destroy the fruit of the womb after that, is in reality just as criminal as it would be to murder the child after its lungs have been once inflated with the air of the breathing world. Because it is not yet considered by society as a crime on a level with positive murder for heinousness, the necessity is all the more imperative that the public conscience shall be educated and quickened to that point at which it shall be regarded as a practice worthy of unqualified condemnation.

This little Essay is truly eloquent and impressive in its practical pleas for purity in married life and in society. A more cogent and convincing argument for genuine spirituality, in that particular direction, could hardly be made. It is exactly in the same vein, in most parts, with the essays of the more advanced among our spiritualistic writers. We meet and greet arguments and appeals, facts and applications in the course of this essay, which we have become familiar with in the writings of Spiritualists who had reviewed with care the same important subject. It only shows that the same matters, which all sides recognize as fundamental in social life, are handled in a similar spirit by men who appear to be of no manner of sympathy in their religious belief. Reason and the heart, however, are in the end more potent than the dogmatism of Theology. The world will move along under very different influences from the cramping ones of ecclesiastical rule. As time passes, it comes out that the progress of mankind has compelled Theology to burst its fetters and move up to the current position, in order to gain its precarious livelihood.

We are freshly impressed with the fact cited so pointedly in this little book. It comes out that our population in the large towns and cities is recruited very much more liberally from the foreign and imported element than from the native. It is a surprising statement, that ought to make the public pause. Unless we had such a tide of foreign immigration setting to our shores, we should in time run out. Married persons do not have the families of children which their own parents and grandparents had before them. It is thought to be too great a trouble to bring them up, besides being expensive. There would be no just objection to all this, as we see, if the diminished number of children indicated the increased purity and self-control of parents. But at this point we are compelled to pause. When the crime which we have denominated nameless is openly boasted of, as evidence in plenty establishes that it is, little room remains to argue to the elevation

of sentiment or purity of morals on the part of the community thus deeply corrupted.

For ourselves, while deprecating the birth of what have been most properly styled "unwelcome" children, we are not less shocked at discovering the prevalence of a crime like that of aborting. The very savages would not tolerate it. It is something which infects the whole nature of the inhuman women who follow a habit so revolting to the commoner instincts of their being. Not alone does the health pay the fearful penalty—there is a long and fearfully black account to settle with the conscience, in reflecting on the list of speechless innocents that have been inhumanly done to death by the aborting process, that passion might revel for the time in its foul gratification. For at such practices there comes an inevitable time of reckoning, and we beg the women of our country to remember it continually.

The Spiritual Body.

The Rev. Mr. Wells, Unitarian preacher, of Watertown, Mass., in an article we commented on a few weeks since, undertakes to correct St. Paul in this wise: "There is a natural and there is a spiritual body—but not both at the same time." The italicized words are Mr. Wells's, not St. Paul's. The objections of the Watertown preacher are well answered in a passage we find in a volume entitled "Life: its Nature, Varieties and Phenomena," by Leo H. Grindon, two separate editions of which work have been recently published in this country, one in Philadelphia and one in Boston. The writer remarks:

"There is a natural body," says the Apostle, "and there is a spiritual body." By spiritual body he plainly means a body altogether different from the natural, which is the material, or as Wicliff calls it the "bestial" body; yet by speaking of both in the present tense—saying of each that it now is—he gives us to understand that the two bodies are contemporaneous and co-existent, so long, that is, as the natural one may endure. By adding that it is to be "raised," he intimates that this "spiritual body" is the immortal portion of our being.

It is scarcely necessary to point out to the intelligent reader that the it in the English translation of these verses does not and cannot mean the dead material body, but man as to his personality, or consciousness of himself. He knows himself, and that he is to be "raised," he intimates that this "spiritual body" is the immortal portion of our being. It is scarcely necessary to point out to the intelligent reader that the it in the English translation of these verses does not and cannot mean the dead material body, but man as to his personality, or consciousness of himself. He knows himself, and that he is to be "raised," he intimates that this "spiritual body" is the immortal portion of our being.

What then is the inference from facts and divine teaching? Clearly this: What is popularly called the soul is what the Apostle terms the spiritual body. The latter is a substantial, organized form, exactly correspondent with the external, physical frame. It presents a precisely similar assemblage of parts and features; and when disengaged at death, it still holds intact both the human configuration, and every lineament on which personal identity depends, and by which individuals are recognized and distinguished from one another.

We think that Mr. Wells is here well answered by one who can never have read his modest attempt to set St. Paul right by supplementing his words. We have been struck in reading Mr. Wells's paper in the Unitarian Monthly Journal, at his crude and unphilosophical manner of treating a subject which ought to be the best province of the profoundest student of psychological and physiological phenomena.

"No matter," says Mr. Wells, "how curious the facts of somnambulism and automatic action of the brain may be, and those which arise from the brain's duty: they are all referable to one material body, and to the soul its ordinary tenant, who cannot quit without killing it—who cannot have another till it is killed." (This last it refers, we presume, to the first material body, though grammatically it refers to the second. We wish Mr. Wells would learn to write accurate English.)

Mr. Wells does not pause to offer the slightest argument for asserting that the phenomena of somnambulism are all referable to one material body. "No matter how curious the facts may be," he says. Does he profess to have exhausted all the facts? He gives no evidence that he knows anything about them.

George, one of the most eminent physiologists of France and author of a highly prized work on the Nerves, was an unbeliever in the immortality of the soul until these same phenomena of somnambulism and mesmerism, which our Watertown sage sets aside as of no account, "no matter how curious," convinced him that, lodged in our present material organism, are powers that can only belong to another and more elevated state of being. Dying, he retraced his skeptical philosophy, and laid on the altar of an enlightened Spiritualism the testimony of his most advanced scientific researches and meditations.

Isaac Taylor, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life," reasoning from analogy as well as from the teachings of Scripture, forcibly remarks: "If it be true that human nature, in its present form, is only the rudiment of a more extended and desirable mode of existence, we can hardly do otherwise than assume that the future being must lie so involved in our present constitution as to be discernible therein." "Not at all!" cries Mr. Wells. "No matter how curious the facts may be, they are all referable to one material body." If Mr. Wells will condescend to give the world something besides his oracular *ipse dixit* for this assertion, we shall be pleased to answer him more formally and more at length.

Disturbed.

The Boston Post and several other journals are somewhat uneasy about the address given by Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, at Ebbitt Hall, New York, Sunday evening, June 10th, on "The Transition of Gen. Scott from earth to spirit-life." They are rather profuse with such expressions as, "Spiritualistic profanity," "profanities of a polyeyllabic female," "sacriligious effrontery," "rhapsodical outcries," and such like powerful (?) arguments against Spiritualism. It is hard for an intelligent Spiritualist to see the profanity so visible to the eyes of those broad-and-butter editors. But the Post is a little more cunning than the rest of its mendacious cotemporaries, for it says at the conclusion of its article, that "the address, notwithstanding its profanity, was listened to attentively by the large audience."

Spiritualism in Russia.

Spiritualism is spreading in Russia. A translation of the works of Messrs. Haro, Edmonds and Tallmadge, and a treatise on "The Simplest Forms of Spiritualism," by M. Kardec, have just been published there. Thus our grand scientific religion is rapidly gaining a foothold in every land.

Spiritualism in France.

We have received through the kindness of the author, an extensive French work in three solid 12mo volumes, bearing the following title: "Christian Spiritualism, or Revelation of Revelation: the four Gospels followed by the Commandments explained in spirit and in truth by the Evangelists, assisted by the Apostles, Moses, etc.; collected and arranged by J. B. Roustaing, advocate at the Imperial court of Bordeaux, &c."

By a letter from the author we learn that the first two volumes contain "an explanation of the Gospels, namely, from the appearance of the angel to Zachariah to the compact of treason of Judas Iscariot with the priests and princes; also the explanation in spirit and in truth of the course of the laws of nature; the origin of the soul or spirit, of its conditions, objects, destiny, &c.; the spiritual nature and origin of Christ; the position of the spirit in its relations to God and this planet; of the nature of the body He has received, and of the mode and conditions of formation of this body; of all which relates to the course of the laws of nature; of His appearance and life on earth; of the conception of the Virgin Mary; of the miracles, morality, the end of the world, &c."

The third and concluding volume contains the explanation "in spirit and in truth, first, of the Feast of the Passover, its significance, its motive and its object; of the scene in Gethsemane; of the arrest of Jesus; of the judgment; of the sacrifice of Golgotha; of the resurrection by the disappearance of the body from the grotto cut in the rock, the stone which closed the entrance being sealed by the princes and the priests, and under the guard of Roman soldiers; of the appearances to the women and the disciples; of the ascent to the ethereal regions in sight of the assembled disciples; of all the revelations of John; of the divinity of Jesus; of the commandments."

Those wishing to obtain this voluminous and comprehensive work, should address the publisher at Paris, Mons. J. Lemer, libraire centrale, 24 Boulevard des Italiens. By sending \$3 in specie or in a European draft, the three volumes complete may be procured. The work may be translated on the condition that any publisher in a foreign land shall send fifty copies of the translation to the Paris publisher.

We gather from the Preface of M. Roustaing's work, that the contents were communicated through Madame Collignon, a medium. Of the sincerity and noble motives of M. Roustaing in the publication there can be no question. He seems to have accepted implicitly the assurances of the communicating spirits that they were veritably the individuals they professed to be, namely, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Moses, and the Apostles. Each reader must judge of the genuineness of so high a claim from the internal evidence of the book itself. So far as we have found time to peruse it, the morality is pure and good, and the style, though somewhat diffuse, is scholarly and correct. The teachings seem to accord with those in the writings of Allan Kardec. The doctrine of re-incarnation is taught; and this doctrine, we believe, at variance with the notions of nearly all the Spiritualists of America, though it has many advocates in France. We must recollect, however, that Socrates taught something very like it; namely, that the soul, which has kept itself uncontaminated, will, when it passes from the body, be admitted into pure celestial regions, and enter on an immortal existence, where it will be free from error, ignorance, lusts, and vice. But if, while it tenanted the body, it was polluted by contact with it, and drawn into sin, then the corporeal taint will bear it down to darkness and wretchedness, until in the course of time it is united to another body, to bear in a lower state the penalties of its former sins, and so to pass from one body to another till its sins are expiated and its stains worn out, and it has become fit for the abode of the pure. Such, we believe, is the pure Socratic doctrine of re-incarnation, and it does not differ much from that of Allan Kardec and Mons. Roustaing. Socrates spoke of his doctrine as an old one, based on that of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. And here is one of the most remote of pneumatical beliefs, finding able champions in our own day in France!

The time has gone by, however, when we can surrender our private judgment to any "Thus saith the Lord" from any spirit, whether he professes to be Moses or Matthew. It would seem to have been the design of Providence that our reason should be left free; and that no dictation, whether from spirits out of the flesh or in the flesh, should deprive it of its grand prerogative. And so it follows that we find the same differences among spirits that exist among men on great theological questions. We can judge of a spirit's claims solely by the internal evidence of his communications. He may call himself Matthew or John Jones, Moses or Scratchgravel. His high or low pretensions must not influence us one jot. We must judge him by the accordance of his teachings with our best and most cultivated reason. Because a spirit signs himself Molire, we must not take him at his word. If he will dictate a drama good and witty as "Le Tartuffe," we will then take his claim into consideration.

We have been unable as yet to give to the communications through Madame Collignon, the study which would justify us in pronouncing against the spirits who came to her in the name of Matthew, Luke, &c. Our past experience, however, has been of a character to inspire caution and distrust. We have had plenty of mediums in America claiming to give communications from Swedenborg, Bacon, Webster, &c.; but it is not often that there is any internal evidence to support the claim. We shall take such opportunities as we may have to read M. Roustaing's elaborate volumes; and probably we shall, at some future time, call public attention to them again.

Does the Spirit Leave the Body and Return Again?

The question raised, as to whether the spirit of a mortal can leave its abode and manifest itself to parties at a distance, sufficiently clear to be identified, while the medium is being used by an invisible spirit for the purpose of giving a communication from the spirit-world, has been so often tested that the fact is well established in the minds of Spiritualists generally. In the Message Department of the BANNER this week, our invisible friends discuss the subject in regard to the frequent visits across the Atlantic of Mrs. Conant's spirit, while one of the invisibles was holding converse at our Public Circle in Boston through the agency of Mrs. C.'s physical form. It will interest the reader.

Meetings in New York.

We learn from New York that large audiences were present, on Sunday, June 10th, at the meetings of both the spiritual societies there, to listen to eloquent addresses from Mrs. Emma J. Bullene in Ebbitt Hall, and Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook in Dodworth's Hall.

The Pensive Season.

The Spiritualist Society holding free meetings in Mechanics' Hall, Charlestown, in connection with their Lyceum, hold a picnic at Beverly, on Thursday, June 21st. Singing, speaking, dancing; also, exercises by the children of the new Progressive Lyceum, and other amusements will be the order of the day. Tickets for adults 80 cents. Children under twelve 50 cents. To be obtained at the depot of the Committee. A special train leaves the Eastern Depot, Boston, at 9 A. M. and 12, stopping at Charlestown, Chelsea, Lynn, &c. If the weather is stormy, the excursion will be postponed till further notice.

Spiritualists and others who may desire to pass a day agreeably in the fine grove at Abington, are referred to Dr. H. F. Gardner's card in another column. Spiritualists believe in grove meetings during the warm season, as there they can freely worship in the Father's grand cathedral, and at the same time inhale the pure, invigorating air of heaven without molestation.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea, in company with their Children's Progressive Lyceum, go on a picnic to Stoneham, on Wednesday, June 20th. For particulars see notice in another column.

The Children's Lyceum at Philadelphia have theirs on Friday, the 22d.

The Westmoreland, N. H., Spiritualists have one on Wednesday, the 20th.

A Good Remedy.

In a postscript to a business note to us, the writer gives his verdict in favor of the efficacy of a newly discovered remedy for skin diseases, which we gladly print for the benefit of the thousands who are suffering for want of a remedy, and are uselessly paying away their money for Doctor's bills. Our correspondent says:

"Allow me to call attention to a medicine advertised in your columns by E. Haynes & Co. Whoever uses that medicine for skin diseases, inflammation, broken-down state of the system, or general disorder, must agree with me that the age of miracles is not past. I speak what I know; and many may yet be constrained to thank me for calling their attention to it. I most heartily thank my spirit friends for urging it upon me. Success to you. The spiritual tide flows higher and higher, and the sands of an arid theology are in a fair way to become fertile, as they absorb its healthful moisture."

Truly yours, S. B. BULKELEY.

Norwich, Conn., June 1, 1866.

Priestly Twaddle.

The E. P. Journal says, a clergyman out West, after reading that paper, desired that it "publish a long article of twaddle, attributing spiritual manifestations to the devil." In reply the editor lifts the nail exactly on the head, when he says: "We can't afford space in our paper for such blockheads to ventilate themselves. They will find plenty of space in the Orthodox papers, and such articles are well suited to the capacity of the readers of such sheets." But the ludicrous part of the affair is that the rev. gen. withhold his name, and condescends to give it only upon condition that his article be published entire. Names are of no consequence now-a-days, Parson Somebody; but ideas are.

Healing by Garments.

We are advised by Dr. J. R. Newton, that a great many persons misapprehend his theory and practice of healing the sick by sending garments. Where persons have the means, and are not too sick to travel, they must present themselves in person. But if they are too sick to travel, and too poor to bear the expense, they may then send any portion of clothing by the hand of a relative or friend, but not by mail or express. Any small article will answer: such as a glove, a stocking, an apron, collar, or necktie. The Doctor prefers not to have hair sent, for a garment or portion of clothing is better.

Dr. U. Clark's Meeting.

The introductory meeting at Dr. Clark's Rural Home for Invalids, in Malden, was largely attended, and passed off very harmoniously. Among those who spoke were Prof. R. Park, Dr. P. Clark, R. Thayer, A. E. Giles, Dr. B. M. Lawrence, G. A. Bacon, Dr. U. Clark, and Prof. A. Elsvold, of Jamaica, West India. An extra rural meeting was held on the Mount in the afternoon. By request of the friends in attendance, another meeting will be held next Sunday at 11 A. M., free to all, "except to persons prone to obtrude in much speaking."

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have sent us the following musical compositions: "Beautiful Cloud," a song by Maria Louisa Hayden; "Dear father, drink no more," a beautiful temperance song, adapted by C. W. A. Norman; "The Union Wagon," music by Judson and Aas, and sung by the Hutchinson Family; "Mother is going home," song and chorus, words by Henry F. Greene, music by Wm. F. Walker; A hunting piece, being No. 7 of Fritz Spindler's characteristic pieces for the Piano, entitled "Leaves and Blossoms"; "Ernani," No. 9 of James Bellak's arrangements of "Buds from the Opera."

"The Cuban Sylph."

Mm'le Zoe, the celebrated danseuse, pantomimist and actress, who has been attracting much attention for the last two weeks, at the Howard Athenaeum in this city, finishes her engagement there this week. Those who have not witnessed her versatile and clever performances had better embrace the present opportunity.

What Do We Live For?

We call especial attention to the article on our first page, with the above heading. It is from the pen of a first-class writer, and will be perused with satisfaction, no doubt, by a large majority of our readers.

Send us National Currency.

We wish our patrons would hereafter remit National currency, instead of State bank bills, as the time for redeeming the latter is about run out.

A MEDIUM GONE TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

We learn that Mrs. Elizabeth Knight, well-known in this city as a writing medium, left her mortal form for the better land, on the 11th of April, at Westmoreland, N. H. Her husband informs us that she suffered severe pain for the last five weeks of her earth-life, occasioned by a burn, and that she was patient and resigned, being almost constantly in communication with the spirits. What a blessing is this—to be able to see and recognize the friends from the spirit-world with whom you are to mingle on leaving this. Surely all doubts in regard to the future must vanish under such conditions.

Where can the "Manual of Instruction for an Improved Method for Building with Concrete" be procured? We have lost the copy sent us some time since, and want another.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the living, are duly attended to, and will be published.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Thursday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Major C. F. Hall, of the 3d Virginia Infantry; Maria Smith, of Detroit, to her parents; Wm. Hook, of the 23d Mass. Reg., to friends; James Finnigan, to Michael McCloskey and Francis O'Brien.

Monday, March 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas B. Evans, of London, Eng., to his friends; Martin Grey, mother of Abbie Grey, deceased, but a few hours; Nellie Foss, to her mother, in Evansville, Ind.

Invocation.

Our Father Life, thy perfect beams in up-on thy children through the windows of time. Thy glory is shadowed forth in every manifestation of Life. Thou art all holy and ever perfect, and thy ways are ways of wisdom. Though thy children may not always see that thou art perfect and good and holy and true, yet it is all the same with thee. Thy power and thy love, thy everlasting mercy, are ever extended to all thy children. The day comes, the night follows; each bringing its blessings, and saying unto all, "I am the child of eternity, and ye mortals are bound unto me by ties that can never be severed." Day and night, sickness and health, sorrow and joy, oh Lord, all bind the soul to thee. They are manifestations of the soul's life; are the soul's teachers. Our Father, our God, we will not ask thee to accept our praises, for all the blessings we have received at thy hands, for we know, as our thoughts go out toward the beautiful and true, thou wilt accept and wilt answer, by perpetually blessing each and every heart. Oh Life, who art our Mother, and our Father, too, if there are mourning ones among these children, oh let the sunshine of thy love enter their hearts, and dispel their sorrow. Let flowers bloom anew. Let all the windows be open to spiritual light. May they learn that every soul holds within its heart a bud of joy. Let them know that the thorny ways of life lead to heaven and peace, to those pleasant places in the summer-life, where sorrow is unknown. Our Father, in thy name we have come. By thy power we speak. In thy name we ask for blessings, and in thy name we expect an answer to our prayers. Oh let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done here, as it is done with the angels, who dwell in the land where sickness comes not, where death is known only in remembrance.

March 19.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, we will consider.

Q.—When at the circle last week, I placed an envelope upon the table, for the medium to answer the question therein contained. May I ask for an explanation of the answer given, which was apparently foreign to the question?

ANS.—Inasmuch as we are not possessed of facts pertaining to this particular subject, we can hardly give a direct answer. In all probability the question lacked soul. Or, in other words, there being no life in the question, those who were called upon to answer it, were unable to come into rapport with anything. If they come in rapport with anything, it must be with the life of the question. If the question is devoid of life, the answer must be vague.

Q.—Why do not spirit friends connected with the visitors of this circle, communicate with them, instead of those who are strangers, or were, upon the earth?

A.—It is not the object of spirits who come here from time to time to make communications, to communicate with those who are present. The object of these sittings is to give light to those who are in darkness; to those who have not light; to the world that knows not spirits can return and may communicate here, they come; to those friends who have no true idea of a life beyond the grave.

Q.—Does the soul exist before entering the body of the babe? If so, how long before?

A.—A portion of the question can be answered, and a portion cannot be answered. We believe that the soul has existed from all eternity. Now we cannot tell how long, how broad, or how high eternity is. It is all of life that the soul is capable of conceiving of.

Q.—Does the soul of Adam still live in the spirit-land?

A.—Certainly; there are many Adams there.

March 19.

Henry Adams.

I'm not aware that I bear any relationship to the old man in the Bible, but I am Henry Adams. I am from Chelsea, Mass. I should be very glad to open correspondence with any of my friends who are not afraid to correspond with dead folks. I've been very much amused with what I've seen and heard, since I came to this new life, that I've hardly had time to think how I should come, until I got within hailing distance of the machine—medium, you call it—then I was in, as quick as thought.

I was a soldier; fell in the service of this very good country; but not so very good but what it might be made better. I'm only sorry that I didn't have power to accomplish more. I wanted to do a good deal; aimed high, but got shot before I could reach the goal. I am from the seven days' battle before Richmond; presume you were not there, sir; you look like a civilian. Well, it was a pretty hot time. It was pretty dark sometimes, but there was always a gliding to all the clouds. The boys always expected to win, always saw victory ahead, even when defeat was close upon their heels. So you see the reward was always in prospect, so they fought hard for it. Why, the boys had no fear of death at all. Sometimes a word from the officer in command would inspire them with an enthusiasm so strong, that it seemed as if nothing could live before it. So I went into the field to do what I could, but

got little disappointed because I couldn't do more.

As I said before, I've been much amused at what I've seen and heard, since coming to the spirit-world. Thought I'd look round to see the sights. That's natural, you know, and it was a great piece of wonder to me to know how we could get back. But I found the further we progressed in the matter, the easier it became. It's like learning any branch of science; the further you get into it, the easier and clearer it becomes to you. Now I shall progress fast enough. It wasn't nothing to die. They thought it wasn't either.

I got added back here by an old relative, who offered to show me the way. He's been here himself. His name was Samuel Adams, sort of a rat-trap maker. Did you know him? [Yes, and his son also.] Did you? Well, he was a little eccentric in his way. He's a little down upon the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; thinks it didn't use him quite right. But, however, he says, Massachusetts is the very best place for you to go to, and speak to your friends. He'd been here before me, yes, sir, and he's learnt the ropes pretty well. He was a little on the infidel side—seems to me he said he was—didn't have much reverence for church creeds, but he was all the more ready to take hold of these things earnestly. So he's pretty happy, considering the ill feeling he had about certain things that didn't turn out just as he wanted them to.

Now, then, I've thrown out my line, and if there's any sinker on it, I hope it will sink deep in the hearts of my friends, and encourage them to give me a call to come home, because I don't want to be travelling in a strange land all the time.

If there's anything to pay, why I shall be obliged to ask you to trust. I was told, you know, it was a free route. Good-day, Major.

March 19.

Mrs. Murdock.

Mr. Berry came to me, and wanted to know whether I knew whether my daughter's husband was in the spirit-world. Mr. B. came to me, and said that you folks here had an idea that my daughter's husband—the scamp—was on the other side. I have not seen him, don't want to see him, either. The best way for you to find out where he is, is to advertise him! advertise him! advertise him! that's the best way; and he'll be likely to respond.

He's as big a scamp now as he ever was. I never liked him when I was on the earth, and I don't now. I thought I'd get clear of him when I died, and I don't want him to come where I am. Oh, he's enough to craze anybody! He is; and he ought to be hung, as much as Jeff Davis ever ought to be hung. [Are you not rather hard upon your non-in-law?] Cecilia used to think so; but I ought to say worse than I do of him, for he destroyed my piece of mind, and shortened my days here; yes, he did.

Mr. Berry asked me when I'd seen him. Said I, "He isn't in the spirit-world, that I know of." Said he, "I asked you because I know there was a particular affinity existing between you and him." He could not have offered me a greater insult than that. I never did like him, never did like him; and I told my daughter just as sure as she married him, just so sure I'd disown her; and I did disown her. The scamp hasn't treated my daughter well at all. He's a literary character; prides himself upon his talents. Advertise him; he'll turn up very quick if you do that. And when you hear from him, you tell him I dislike him now just as much as I did when I was on earth. [We hope you will feel better about him soon.] I shan't never feel any better about him. They told me when I got free, on the other side, I'd feel better, and would forgive him. I'm exactly the same. I remember now very well the last thing I said to him, and I'd say it now if I should see him, don't care where I meet him. I hope he ain't dead, because I don't want him to come so near me.

March 19.

(This spirit's message shows vividly the true character of the lady while in the form. She possessed a very vindictive disposition while here, and it would seem that she is in the same condition now. She was opposed to the young man's marrying her daughter, to the last; and when he did so, she was terribly enraged, and has carried this feeling with her to spirit-life. We knew the gentleman well. He is talented, of a generous disposition, of a kindly nature, and therefore the words of the spirit recorded above have no weight with us—none whatever. This message is only another proof of the many we have heretofore given, that persons who die full of revenge, carry the feeling to spirit-life with them; and that they throw off this feeling as they progress in wisdom. All, no matter how they may have been situated in this life, will carry their earthly proclivities with them to the life beyond. Then comes the sifting process. Those in a low condition, as they gain knowledge, gradually emerge from it into a higher and happier state, and so on—the developed teaching the undeveloped—until the highest ideal of their soul is attained.)

Adelaide Ramsdell.

Death doesn't rob us of anything that rightfully belongs to us. Our bodies, by a law of Nature, belong to the earth. They are not given us as permanent abiding places. They are only transient homes in which the spirit lives, and through which it gains a certain amount of experience.

I have listened, and sometimes with sorrow, to what my friends have been saying of me; expressions like this: "Addie is an angel now. She lives with God; is no more with us." Oh, even then I was so near that it would seem to me that they must be conscious of my nearness.

Adelaide Ramsdell, the name I bore on earth. I had one sister and one brother. They are left, and I know very well how far they dwell from this beautiful Spirit-land. They know nothing of it. That makes me sad. But in view of all their spiritual ignorance, I have come, hoping to overcome it, hoping to show them, by my coming, that the way is open, that souls are able, and do return; that they are themselves, just as much themselves after death, as before that event.

I lived twenty-six years here; was sick only a few days; suppose I took the disease from a friend. They called it diphtheria; but I do not know, I am not sure, don't make the statement as a fact. I only say I was told so.

I am from Whitehall, New York. It is now nearly a year since I left my friends. My last words on earth were these: "I am easier, I breathe easier, and I think I shall live." I see my friends have wondered why I was so deceived. In one sense I was not deceived. I was easier. I thought I should live, and I did, for life is unbroken.

To prove that I can commune with friends on earth, I will speak to them if they will avail themselves of the usual means. Let me talk, let me be to them what I have been. I have many things to tell them of the new land, much that would interest them; but I could do better, think faster, and talk better, if they were with me, and I was speaking to them, instead of to you. March 19.

Mary Kelly.

I come back, sir, to make confession. I am come for that. I have been so unhappy ever since I come to the spirit-land, I think—I was all the time thinking how I should get out of it, and what I should do to come to this place.

I was told, sir, would I come here, I'd find a way to reach me child. I died here, down here at the Island, Deer Island. Mary Kelly, yes, sir, that is my name, and I have an old mother in the city, but I did not do much for her anyway, because I was unfortunate. I was always doing something wrong. I had been drunk perhaps three or four weeks, at the time. I had a fit, was taken down to the Island, had another one, and died in it. Yes, sir, that was it. I have friends where I am, who help me back, thank God for that, and I somehow hope their prayers will get me out of the place I'm in.

Yes, I have an old mother here, and a little girl, and it's about the little girl more than all the rest, I have come to speak about to-day. I'm so unhappy. I was bad; yes, I was bad enough here—I was bad enough here; I know I was. I want to get out of it. I'm where I don't like to live. When I was first come there, oh I pray all the time for a priest to come and show me the way to this place. And one came and told me it was the straight way. I would make all the confession I had to make here. He told me I must tell, so it would reach me folks.

Now, then, let Michael Mooney—he's my cousin, and he's pretty free about things—I would like to have him know that I come, that the priest's name's coming, too. [Do you know the priest's name?] Yes, sir; Fitz James, Father Fitz James; and he told me to say that I come by the priest's sanction, and with his blessing, too; and that he was to take what I would say to me old mother, and read it to her.

Now I'd like the child brought up to know I can come back—and not told about the mother, how and where I died; I want it kept from the child that I died at the Island. Yes, that's it. I want her to keep it from the child, so she'll not hate me; and tell her I watch over her, that I'm getting out of purgatory; yes, I am trying to get out of it. I would scrub floors all the rest of eternity if I could get out clear. [You'll feel better after you leave here.] Father Fitz James said I must free myself; that no one else could do it for me.

Oh, them folks down there to the Island are miserable folks, anyway. They don't know how to treat folks that are brought there, at all. They are hard with all such poor creatures as I am. [They are ignorant.] Yes, I know they are. I won't say anything about it, for I was bad, I know. [If you had understood what effect liquor had upon you, you would have done differently.] Oh, I would. Sometimes I would have off drinking for awhile, then I would come down again, and away I would go. Oh, I do know some folks have hard times to get along.

Oh, don't I remember what Mr. Adams said to me, when I was leaving the other place?—I'd been there three months, when I was going out. "Don't you let me ever see you coming back here again." I was over to the other place, the House of Correction. I told him I was not treated so well that I'd want to come back. [You mean Mr. Robbins.] Yes, Robbins, that's his name. Oh, he's good, I suppose; but he has a queer way of showing it. [He wanted you to do better.] He said, "Don't let me ever see your face here again." Well, I don't want to go back. I want to come here and leave to do better.

I want Michael Mooney to know that I come, by the priest, he told me to come. He shall take it and explain it to me mother that I am dead, and can come back and talk.

The Irish people hear of it in Ireland. I hear me mother tell about it, how when a fog would come up, there were some who could see spirits come up from it; and particularly they would come on the holy fast days, you know. Yes, it's the same thing they have in the old country. I want me mother to know that I'm one of them that's come back; yes, that's what I want. Mary Kelly, I'm much obliged. [Your age?] Well, I was pretty high forty-two; somewhere about there. [You'll feel better.] Ah, I hope I will. [You've been to see your mother, haven't you?] Yes, I have been; but I can't talk. [You'll be able to impress her.] I hope so; when she'll know about it, then I can do better. March 19.

Circle closed by Henry Wright.

Invocation.

Spirit of all Life, thou Infinite Jehovah, thou whose power and beauty are mirrored through countless worlds, we would worship and adore thee this day; not through fear, but because we love thee, because, looking out on life, we find it is good, and therefore worthy of our highest adoration. We turn to the mountains and valleys, to the oceans and dry lands, and everywhere we see perfectness, beauty, power, wisdom, and all the attributes of our God. Therefore it is we bow down and serve thee everywhere, acknowledging all thy manifestations as perfect, as holy, as very good. Our Father, we ask that the conscious blessing of thy presence may rest upon these mortal children, like sunshine upon the earth, sweeping away the mists and fogs of bigotry, superstition, self-interest, pride, all those instincts that belong to the lower life, leaving only the holy and more perfect; leading them to heaven, away from paths of strife and discord to harmony; opening to them all the higher influences of the higher life; showing them they are connected, inseparably, too, to those souls around them. Our Father, may each soul ask for its own blessing. May each petition for its own spiritual good. May each lay its offerings upon the altar of its own life, asking thee for its own needs. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, to-day and forever. Amen.

March 20.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Are the teachings of Swedenborg, as a whole, true or false?

ANS.—Taken as a whole, we believe them to be true.

Q.—Which has done the most harm in this world, a bad temper or intoxicating drink?

A.—They are both seemingly very great evils. It is very hard to determine which has done the most harm. A bad temper is sometimes under control of the individual who possesses it, provided that individual is in a normal state. But give such a one an unnatural external stimulus, and a bad temper is very apt to run riot. Sometimes these passions are excited to action by the external stimulus, and therefore the cause of all deeds done thereby must lie with the external stimulus. Now taking all things into consideration, judging from the circumstance and centrality, we shall be very much inclined to determine that ardent spirits have done more harm in the world than a bad temper.

SPRINT.—We have received rather a strange query from friends in England—strange in one sense, and not so when considered from another standpoint.

It seems that the intelligent portion, intelligent life, or intelligence that dwells in this body [the medium's] has from time to time been in the habit of wandering across the ocean, and there making direct and positive communication to certain parties. So distinct have been these communications, that they have questioned whether the person could

communicating to them was really alive in the body; and when in the course of time they have learned that the person was indeed a dweller on the shores of Time, but had only taken a transient journey there during the temporary control of its own body by others, they were all the more puzzled, and could not be satisfied of your subject's earthly existence, but were very much inclined to believe they had been imposed upon by some designing disembodied intelligence.

We have before asserted that spirits are at times able to so far separate themselves from their physical organisms, as to go to a distant land making communication, and giving evidence of their identity and spiritual personality. It is not a miracle. When judged by the laws of mind, you will easily perceive that it is just as easy for a spirit living in the body to wander off, as for any spirit disembodied to do so. Spirit is not bound by laws of matter; it is free. And with these persons there is less affinity with material persons than with other persons. It is so common with them, that it takes place spontaneously.

This is a fact that can be satisfactorily demonstrated, if you will bring your senses to bear upon it. Now we would counsel that our friends across the water make this a study. Instead of being fearful that you have been imposed upon by some designing disembodied intelligence, seek earnestly to know the whys and wherefores of the thing. If such an occurrence has taken place, seek to know by what means it has been produced. Examine them critically by your common reason, common sense, by all those powers of mind that have been given you. Do all that you are able, as mortals and immortals, to solve the problem. When you have done this, and can go no further, then call upon the angel-world. If they are able, they will be ready to help you solve the problem.

March 20.

Augusta G. Robbins.

I was born in Fairhaven, Ct., in the year 1835. It is not my purpose to recount all the incidents of my earthly life, but only a portion, by which I may be identified by those I wish to commune with.

My name, Augusta G. Robbins. During the course of my earthly life, my father, for reasons which he thought good, saw fit to send me from his home, and deprive me of the privileges due a child. I had disobeyed him in marriage, and he thought proper to resent that act of disobedience; and he did resent it, and fearfully, too; but while I fell heavily upon me then, it now falls more heavily upon him as he nears the spirit-world, and he regrets, and most bitterly, too, the course he took.

Day and night he says, "If that one act of my life were only washed out, I should die happy. I would be resigned to all things, and feel that God indeed smiled upon me. But it is there like a stain, and I cannot wash it out. My garments are so terribly stained, that I fear I shall never be allowed to enter heaven."

He has rigid ideas of God and heaven, and it was because of these bigoted ideas, that he did what he now mourns over. He was educated in that rigid course from childhood, and was honest in doing as he did; but his honesty in religious matters has not saved him from the hell in which he is now plunged.

Religion is, to those who understand it, that pure, innate principle of divine truth that is found within the human soul. It is not a cultivated flower. It is wild and free, and grows spontaneously in every soul.

My father has lately heard vague rumors concerning the return of spirits, and he hopes he may know whether or not I have forgiven him. My mother's teachings, that were so early engrafted into my nature, have ever held dominant sway in me up to the present hour. She was of a loving, gentle, forgiving disposition, and it would not speak well of her influence over the child were I not to forgive him. No, I did so before death; but he did not know it.

I should here say that my mother came to the angel-world when I was very young, yet old enough for me to remember her teachings; and, what is still better, I was of an impressionable nature, so my mother could easily come to me and impress me with what was right and what was wrong; so I lived as much under my mother's guidance as if she had remained with me in the body.

My father, there is nothing to forgive. I pity you in your distress, and I attribute the course you took to your early religious teachings, rather than to any unkindness of heart. And I earnestly beseech of you to reproach yourself no longer, and to remember that all are constituted differently, therefore no two could see or act alike. You could not see that my way was the right way, and I could not see that yours was the right way. So you chose, by virtue of that hard religious influence that has ever controlled you, to send me forth into the world. It was well. Perhaps I needed the discipline. It drove me nearer to the great Fountain of Strength. I never asked in vain.

I do not know that you knew much of my earthly wanderings; presume you did not; but your spirit has mourned over the course you took. Mourn no longer; rise above the clouds; let sunshine into your soul; come forth from the darkness around you, and stand out upon a new religious platform, true and sure, that will carry you to heaven. Your friends will welcome you to life eternal. There is nothing to forgive. Forgive yourself, and when you have done this, there is no need to ask any one else to forgive you. The tribunal is within; there the law, there the lawgiver, there the judge; there all that you need to gain a passport to heaven.

March 20.

David Garfield.

Well, stranger, 'tis well we are not all made alike. I was thinking it was well there were some saints in the world. If it was n't for them, there might be no redemption. I was contrasting the spirit of that lady with my own bitter and revengeful spirit. If I was here in the body and could have my way, I should go straight through the South and pick out every red that treated me bad, and look 'em until there's not a piece left of 'em—not so big as an inch square. Now that's my out. There's the difference, you see, and it's a big one, too.

My name is Garfield, sir, and I'm from Wisconsin. I was from the 3d Wisconsin. David Garfield. I was taken prisoner down South, and if ever a fellow was used mean in God's world, I was. I can't get over it. Before I come to the spirit-world, one of the most noted rebel prison keepers was hung up. I did not have anything to do with him, but I'd like to go through the South and hunt up those who treated me so bad, and look 'em till they'll stay locked. That's what I want—can't be satisfied. I know I'm not a Christian, don't bear any relationship to any of the saints, but, stranger, I'm not the worst fellow that ever was. But when a person draws up to a fight without cause, I'd like to fight 'em till I'm clear. That's my style, stranger. I don't suppose it's yours. But they tell us that no two

persons are constituted alike. I suppose if there were a few thousand like me, creation would undergo something of a change, particularly if we had the power of regenerating things generally. And I guess there'd be a general smash-up first.

Stranger, I would be glad to get some work through to the folks I left, to let 'em know that I'm safe on the other side. They know I'm dead. I want 'em to know I can come back. They know, too, that I died in the clutches of rebellion; but that's a small part of the story. Oh, would n't I like to talk to 'em! would n't I like to talk to some of those rebel chaps a few minutes! Would n't I just like to tell 'em what they may expect when they get to the spirit-world; from about a score of the boys that were under their charge awhile. It's all very well to say you must forgive when you have n't any idea of the thing at all. It's natural enough to say, "Oh, you fellows that were treated so bad must forgive!" Don't see it in that light, stranger; no sir. I tell you what it is, stranger, I'm ready to forgive 'em up to the last atom of forgiveness; but I want my way with 'em first, stranger.

I've got a sister who'd feel awfully if she knew I wasn't in heaven singing songs. I could n't sing when I was here, and I'm sure I can't now. But she might just as well feel bad now as any other time. I ain't got the body, but I'm just about the same, and I believe my first thought in waking up after death was, which way I should turn to pay them fellows off. There's a very good chance for us to come back to these rebel chaps, but we have got to strike this way in order to make things come out right. I don't believe in capital punishment; I don't go in for hanging—nothing of the sort; but I'd whip 'em till they'd own up to it; when they do, I'd stop. When I got them so well whipped that they'd begin to see what miserable cusses they were—beg pardon, stranger—then I'd stop, I'd give 'em. Oh, I feel so bitter that if the angel Gabriel was to give me the key to the gate of heaven and say, "Here, go along," I could not. I'd say, "I'll wait awhile, until I settle up with folks here."

And my sister Sarah—I'm sorry for her; sorry she do n't see things in the light I do. She'll feel bad to know I'm not in heaven. I can't help it. As for going into heaven, I might as well give up the idea of there being such a place. I never see it, so do n't believe it. No, stranger, I'm going to stay round here till I settle up with some folks here. I know I'm minus a body, but I've got a mind just as strong as it ever was, and I'm inclined to believe, still stronger.

If there's any one of those rebel chaps knows about these spiritual things—I doubt whether they do, because they are so infernally material in their ideas—if there's one among them that knows about these things, let him communicate to the rest just how I have come here, and how I feel toward them now. And to my sister and all the rest: make yourselves happy about me. I'm dead, I know—have lost my body; still, I'm alive, and there's just as good a chance for me to get along now as there was on the earth, and better perhaps.

Cap'n, I'm very much obliged to you for your assistance, very much obliged; and if I can pay you any time, either in the way of truck, or a good deed, I'll be very glad to do so. [You can do so by being kind to others, instead of seeking to be revenged.] Yes, I know what you'd say. You're one of the peace sort. You have the floor; what were you going to say? [The greatest good that you can do for them, will be the greatest whipping you can inflict upon them.] We can't agree on that point, stranger. No; it's none of your good deeds that are like coals of fire—do n't believe in that doctrine. I know the Good Book teaches it, but I do n't like to keep books. [If you act in a revengeful way, you will injure yourself more than others.] You and my sister would hitch teams first-rate. I tell you, stranger; yes, you would. She's an old maid; supposing you go out there, stranger. You and she would both pull the same way. But you put one of my sort with her, and there'd be some sharp pulling, I guess.

I have thought of it, stranger, in just this light: that they need whipping just as much as any one ever did. [Perhaps we all do.] That's so; I got my share as I went along, so there's nothing of that sort in store for me hereafter. My sister used to have no reverence. Don't know as I have now, more than I ever had. I reverence all things that are good, but I never had much for her ideas of God. I beg your pardon; I do n't mean any offence, anyway, but I was told that in coming here I should not myself. Well, I could n't come on the saintly line, no way. No use, Cap'n, in a person's appearing like a saint when he isn't one. [You may yet be what you call a saint.] Maybe I shall—so my sister Sarah may look for me to be a saint some centuries hence.

Now good-by to you. Here's hoping that you may never have the same feelings I have toward them, never have occasion to. That's the best wish I can wish you. Good-by to you.

March 20.

Virginia Andrews.

I'm Virginia Andrews. I was nine years old. I've come with my father, because we want to go to mother. I'm afraid. [You need n't be.] My father was killed at Winchester. I died the year before, in Baltimore. Mother's got George left, that's all. He's six years old. And she do n't know that we can come, but father and I want her to know that we can come.

We lived in Enterprise before the war took place. My father went down to Georgia, and took command of a company. First place he went to the Convention, and then he went and took command of a company, and then he sent mother and me and George to Baltimore. He came to see us twice; then he could n't come any more. Then he could n't write much, could n't write much, only two or three times; and twice mother thought he was dead, because she did n't hear from him. But he was n't. He died at Winchester, when the war was most through. He was killed; I died before.

Now we want to come back. We want you to tell mother where we live, so she can direct letters to us. [Where's that?] Well, we want a medium, my father says; and we want her to know that we can come back and talk. [You want her to find a medium through whom you can communicate to her?] Yes, and do n't want her to feel bad about what's lost—my father do n't, because there's no help for it now—and to bring George up to know that we can come back—me and father can; we do. And tell her how glad we feel when she's happy; and how Uncle Henry is in the spirit-land, too. Uncle Henry is there. He was killed before father was, and father did n't send word to mother, because he desired her not to know it. [Does your mother reside in Baltimore now?] She does—she and George. We do n't live there. [You go there frequently, do you?] Yes. Good-by.

March 20.

Circle closed by Robert G. Shaw.

MESSAGES GIVEN AT OUR CIRCLES.

Thursday, June 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Barrett to his mother, Sarah Barrett, in Springfield, Mass.; Susan Hyde, of Medford, Mass., to her friends, and her mother; Mrs. Henry Davis, of New Bedford, Mass., to her friends; James Finnigan, to Michael McCloskey and Francis O'Brien; Thomas B. Evans, of London, Eng., to his friends; Martin Grey, mother of Abbie Grey, deceased, but a few hours; Nellie Foss, to her mother, in Evansville, Ind.

J. M. PEEBLES.....RESIDENT EDITOR

A Spirit Test in Dubuque.
Mrs. M. M. Hewitt, Dubuque, Iowa, in a lengthy communication—which for a want of space cannot publish—treats of the personality of Delia, a spirit, who, through the medium of her, has been the cause of inspiration, prayer, mediumistic control, and the like. The test, through Dr. E. C. Dunn, a soldier spirit, and friend of Mr. Hewitt's, told the Doctor that he was a little trouble pending over the family's hearth. Safely to rest, the lights extinguished, the Doctor was aroused by this spirit, and told there were "thieves about." Hastily dressing, revolvers

cles. How many Universalist churches would open their doors to Miss Elizabeth Doten, formerly one of their ablest female writers? or how many would welcome to their pulpits the venerable Rev. John Pierpont, to lecture upon *Spiritualism*? Spiritualists, in their outlays for religious purposes, should use great discrimination, and wisdom far-seeing and commensurate with their increasing power—also attend such services of gatherings as afford the best and most *spiritual* good; carefully avoiding ~~the~~ wickedly squandering their finances in the support of false theological doctrines and arrogant sectarisms.

The Spiritualists of Eden Mills and vicinity will celebrate the coming Fourth of July with a festival and grove meeting on our picnic ground. Address by Mrs. S. A. Horton. Other speakers are invited to be present. Teams will be in readiness at Hyde Park for all passengers.

SABINE SCOTT,
June 8, 1866. For citizens of Eden Mills, Vt.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectures for the Friends of Progress, in their hall, corner of 4th and Jackson streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

J. W. SHAYEN, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals at accessible places.