

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 16.

ANGEL LILY.

An inspirational Poem, given by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her lecture in Chelsea, Sunday evening, June 10, 1866.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

Of all the flowers that greet the light,
Or open 'neath the summer's sun,
With fragrance sweet, and beauty bright,
The lily is the fairest one,
And in its incense-cup there lies
A perfume, as from Paradise.

Oh once there lived a fair, sweet child,
And Lily was her gentle name;
As beautiful and meekly mild,
As if from Heaven's pure life she came—
A breathing psalm, a living prayer,
To make men think of worlds more fair.

Oh there was sunshine in her smile,
And music in her dancing feet,
And every tender, artless wile,
Made her dear presence seem more sweet;
But ever in her childish play,
A strange, unfathomed mystery lay.

Her playmates—well, we could not see
That which our darling Lily saw—
But often in her childish glee,
She filled our loving hearts with awe,
When, pointing to the viewless air,
She told us of the Angels there.

"Oh very beautiful!" she said,
"And very gentle are they all;
At night they watch around my bed,
And always answer to my call.
I asked to go with them one day,
But a tall Angel told me nay."

Yes—the "tall Angel" told her nay,
But it was only for a time;
We knew our Lily could not stay
Long, in this unconsoling clime.
Into their home of love and light,
The Angels led her from our sight.

They led her from the earth away,
Into the blessed "summer-land,"
Leaving to us her form of clay,
With huddling lilies in the hand;
An emblem of her life, to be
Unfolded in Eternity.

Oh, though there falls a gloom like night,
From sorrow's overshadowing wing,
How often does returning light,
A ray of heavenly brightness bring,
And problems that were dark before,
Can vex the soul with doubt no more.

Beneath that heavy cloud we stood,
Through which no ray of gladness stole,
But well we knew that sorrow's flood
Would cleanse and purify the soul;
And when its ministry should cease,
Our lives would blossom fair with peace.

One evening, when the summer moon
With silver radiance filled the sky,
And through the fragrant flowers of June
The balmy breeze sighed dreamily,
With spirits calm and reconciled,
We talked of our dear Angel child.

We spoke of her we loved so well,
As one who only went before;
When lo! just where the moonlight fell
With mellow lustre on the floor,
We saw our own sweet darling stand,
With half-blown lilies in her hand.

She seemed more beautiful and fair
Than when a simple child of earth,
The golden glory in her hair
Betokened her celestial birth;
But as she sweetly looked and smiled,
We knew she was our own dear child.

Oh strange to say! we did not start,
We did not even wildly weep,
For each had schooled the wayward heart,
The law of perfect peace to keep—
And deep as Love's unfathomed sea,
Had been our faith that this would be.

Oh shall we tell those moments o'er—
And all her words of love repeat—
And say how, through Time's open door,
She gazed in with no less feet?
Nay, rather let us purely hold
Such things too sacred to be told.

Enough to say we wait our time,
With heaven's own sunshine in the heart,
Rejoicing in the faith sublime,
That those who love can never part,
And whoso'er the soul may dwell,
That God will order all things well.

MOUNTAIN TOP.

BY CHARLES C. AMES.

I stand on high,
Close to the sky,
Kissed by unsullied lips of light;
Fanned by soft air,
That seem like prayers,
Floating to God through ether bright.

The eternal lands,
With love-clasped hands,
In smiling peace, below me spread;
Around me lie
The amber skies,
A dome of glory o'er my head.

Wind-swept and bare,
The fields of air,
Give the weaned eagles room for play;
On mighty wings,
My soul doth spring;
To answer summons far away.

Literary Department.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE,
BY CORA WILBURN, EXPRESSLY FOR
THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[Continued.]

Another Birthday.

On the succeeding day all things went on in the usual manner. The Captain had business to attend to; a visit to pay to his General; counsel to take with his predecessor in matters relating to the company; all this demanded at absence of several weeks from Herbesheim. He left as if he were the son of the family, accompanied by the best wishes, advice and admonitions of all; there was no sorrow at parting, and no fears entertained for the future, though the Captain said that, glad as he was of his promotion, he could not hope that he would be allowed long to remain in Herbesheim. He said this without the slightest embarrassment. All expressed their regret: "But," said Herr Bantes, "we must not let our hair turn grey over it. Sooner or later, the one above there sends us into other quarters. Here on this earth, we sit close enough to each other, whether in this or in another place. The cursed English sit right on the neck of my manufactory."

The return of the Captain was hailed with quiet joy; and preparations were made for the celebration of Frederika's birthday, on the tenth of November. Waldrich had bought for her a fine harp, and some choice pieces of music from the neighboring Capital. He gave his offering when his turn came on the auspicious day; from the beautiful instrument floated a broad, rose-colored ribbon.

Herr Bantes seemed in high glee; he wandered around the spacious apartment, rubbing his hands, smiling and chuckling over some inward source of merriment. His wife, noticing his peculiar manner, whispered to the Commandant: "Papa has some agreeable surprise in store for us." And, indeed, the wise matron was not mistaken.

After the presents had been offered and accepted, all sat down to the dinner table. When Frederika took up her napkin from her plate, she found beneath it a costly necklace of Oriental pearls, a splendid diamond ring, and a letter addressed to herself. She smiled and colored with grateful surprise, and examined the magnificent gifts with sparkling eyes. Herr Bantes looked with delight on her pleased countenance, and he reveled in the astonishment of all present. The ring and necklace were passed around, so that each one could better admire their beauty.

In the meantime, Frederika had opened the letter, and was reading it. Her expressive face evinced a still greater amazement; her father was in a heaven of ecstasy. The mother strove with an anxious curiosity to study the changing face of her child.

Frederika was silent for a long time, as she glanced thoughtfully at the letter after having perused its contents. At last she laid it down beside her.

"Let the letter, too, pass the rounds!" cried the excited old gentleman. Silently and with much embarrassment she gave the letter to her mother.

"Well, 'Rika, has the surprise stolen your breath? Say, does papa know how to arrange it?"

"Who is this Herr Von Hahn?" asked Frederika, with a gloomy expression on her face, usually radiant with smiles.

"Who other than the son of my old former partner, Hahn? You know, the celebrated banker. Could you expect any other one for you? The old man has succeeded better than I have with my factory; he is about to retire from business. The son takes all the matter in his own hands, and you become the bride of the young Hahn."

Frau Bantes showed her silent disapproval by a negative motion of her head, as she handed the epistle to the Captain; its contents were as follows:

"To the celebration of your birthday, my beautiful and esteemed *Fraulein*, ventures one who is to you, a stranger; who, alas! intrudes only in spirit, as the physician has forbidden me to travel in rough weather. How much I regret that, in place of these lines, I may not myself fly to Herbesheim, there to sue for your hand; and to obtain what our father's, in their goodness of hearts, in the friendship of their early years, have concluded upon, our union, so fervently desired by me. Oh, my adored and promised one! with the first mild weather, although yet delicate in health, I shall hasten to Herbesheim. I bless my destiny. I will make it the resolve of my life, that you, too, shall bless our united destiny. I may only plead for the hand, not for the heart, I know. The heart can only be given freely. But leave me the hope to merit your love. If you know how happy a written word from you would make me; how, more than the art of my physician, it would heal and strengthen me, you would not let me ask in vain. Permit me, in adoration and love, to subscribe myself your betrothed,

EDWARD V. HAHN."

The Captain looked earnestly and with abstracted mien upon the letter; he did not appear to be perusing it again, but he seemed immersed in thought, or in a dream.

Father Bantes insisted that Frederika should lay aside her girlish coyness and be frank, and tell him how glad she was.

"But, papa, how can I?" she replied. "I have never seen this banker, Von Hahn."

"Little simp!ton, I understand you; that is, natural, but I can give you consolation and peace on that score. He is a fine, tall young man,

with a handsome milk face. He was always a little weakly; probably that came of his sudden growth. He shot up all at once."

"When have you seen him, papa?"

"The last time I was in the Capital. Let me see, about ten, maybe twelve years ago. I brought you the fine doll at the time; what was her name? She was almost as large as yourself: Babette, Rosette, Lizette, or whatever she was named. Now you know. The young Hahn cannot be much over twenty. I tell you, a handsome milk-face; you only want to see him to like him."

"Papa, I should have preferred to have seen him first than to read this letter at his request."

"It was a foolish caper, that, after we old folks had arranged it all; he could not himself come to your birthday celebration. When I was betrothed to mamma I came in person. And you, mamma? You opened your eyes wide, eh? The secret has been tormenting me all along; I wanted to tell you long ago, but I knew you women; the secret would all have been revealed before the birthday, and all the pleasure of the surprise would have gone to the mischief."

Frau Bantes replied, thoughtfully:

"You did well, husband, not to ask my aid in this matter. It is done; may heaven bless your work."

"But, mamma, I beg you look at the choice. For his title I would not give a red penny; but such a young girl there does not mind being titled 'My gracious lady.' But the rich banker! See, mamma: we manufacturers, after all, are but common workers. A banker is always a governing power in the mercantile world. If old Hahn crooks his finger, all is in commotion at the Court in Vienna, or wherever he points; and all ask, 'What commands the Herr Von Hahn?' If he nods his head toward Berlin, all bow down to the earth. Such a one the devil and the English cannot molest. That is what I look at. What say you?"

"I find your choice, as you have made it, an excellent one," said Frau Bantes, and dropped her eyes upon her plate.

Frederika glanced at her mother, sighed heavily, and said:

"You, too, mamma?"

The Captain still gazed upon the letter, while the rest were talking.

"All the weathers, Waldrich! cannot you read enough? Your soup is growing cold!" cried Herr Bantes.

Waldrich, awakened from his dreamy condition, gave one more look at the letter, and threw it from him, as though it contained a pestilence. The letter was taken up by another, and handed round.

Papa Bantes was vexed that Frederika did not seem well pleased. He ascribed her silence to the sudden tidings, which seemed to deprive her of speech, but continued his well-meant jokes, hoping to arouse her to liveliness. But his efforts were in vain; only his employees smiled their approval.

At last he said in a tone of annoyance to Frederika:

"Child, tell me at once and for all, have I hit it or not? Have I done a wise or a foolish thing? Tell papa. But I know you will sing another song, birdie, when the young Hahn arrives."

"It may be so, dear papa," replied Frederika.

"How can I doubt your kind and fatherly intention? Let this suffice you for the present."

"Well, that is spoken with all due honor, 'Rika; that is the way for a sensible girl to think. Mamma has confessed to me that she thought just so at one time. Will the glasses! Long life to the bride and bridegroom!"

The father touched glasses with the daughter; the cheerful spirits seemed about to return.

"It is a foolish trick, it is, that just on this day we have to miss the young Hahn," resumed Herr Bantes. "He is a handsome, fine young man, I tell you. Very pleasant, very sociable; has gone through more schools than ever his father did. I bet you will not lose sight of him after you have once seen him. You will fall around papa's neck, and thank him for choosing so well for you."

"It is possible, father; if so, I shall do it with pleasure. But until I see him—and you know I have the right of making a request on my birthday—I entreat you not to say one word more about him—not to mention his name until we meet him."

Herr Bantes frowned, and said, at length:

"With your permission, my daughter; that was a very foolish request. Mamma, in her time, made no such conditions; but, of course, it is granted."

"Dear husband," said the good mother, "remember, no one must hurt Frederika's feelings on her birthday; no reproaches for her, please!"

"Right, mamma; besides, he will soon be here; it is near the new moon, then the weather will change."

With that the conversation was changed, and the former hilarity resumed its sway. But the Captain seemed under some kind of cold restraint, which was duly observed by Frau Bantes. Frederika looked toward him several times with a searching glance. And when their eyes met, it was as if their souls were questioning each other. There was in Waldrich's eye the expression of a silent reproach; and this, to the young girl, was a satisfactory reply.

When the repast was ended, the ceremony of kissing the reigning queen of the day commenced. Frederika and the Captain met each other close beside the jovial Herr Bantes.

"Listen, 'Rika," said the old gentleman, delighted with his novel idea; "just imagine that our George here is a certain somebody whom I am forbidden to name, under penalty of life and limb, until he comes; think of him, and the kiss will be quite a different one from the every-day ones. Try it, you little simp!ton."

Waldrich took Frederika's hand, and gazing earnestly and sorrowfully into each other's eyes,

they inclined their heads for the customary salutation. Father Bantes sprang to one side with a comical gesture, to witness the giving of the kiss. When it had been bestowed and received, their hands were still tightly clasped. Waldrich turned pale; a tear trembled in the maiden's eye. Once more their lips met, and then, weeping loudly, Frederika hastened away, and the Captain sauntered to a window, and traced figures on the panes.

The astonished father looked from one to the other:

"What the cuckoo has broke loose?" he exclaimed. "What ails the girl? What has happened to her?"

Frau Bantes dropped her eyes upon the diamond on her hand; she knew well what had happened to Frederika. She said to her husband:

"Let her weep, do not reproach her."

"But—but what is the matter?" he cried, and ran to his daughter. "What ails you, child? what are you crying for?"

She continued weeping, and said she did not know.

"Bah! fancies and the like! Something has gone wrong with you. Has any one done anything to annoy you? Has mamma perhaps—"

"No."

"Has the captain said anything?"

"No, sir."

"Thunder! it isn't I, is it? What? Speak, is it me? On account of the joke—is that it?"

Frau Bantes took him gently by the hand, and led him away.

"Papa, you have broken your word, and forgotten her request; and again, you know—"

"Reminded her of the somebody? You are right. I ought not to have done so. Let it be, it shall not happen again; but you must not take things in this high-handed manner from your father."

Frederika composed herself, and her mother led her to the harp. Waldrich went for his flute, and both instruments gave forth their harmony. It was again a social, home-like gathering; an evening freighted with beautiful memories.

Concels.

Father Bantes kept his word; he never mentioned the name of the unknown bridegroom. But in vain; for every one in the house thought all the more of him. Regularly every morning, noon and evening, Herr Bantes went to the harp and knocked, in order to have the quicksilver rise, and compel fair weather for traveling invalids. Frederika, when unobserved, went also to the barometer, in order to have the quicksilver fall. Waldrich and the house-mother looked more than usual askance at the prophesying tube of Torricelli.

"The weather is changing for the better, visibly," said Herr Bantes one day, when he found himself alone with his wife. "The clouds are breaking away; I think he must be on the road."

"God forbid it, father! I think it would be best for you to write to Herr Von Hahn not to undertake the journey before Christmas. For, although I do not believe in the silly gossip, still one cannot help feeling a little anxious."

"What! what! mammal! thinking of the spectre guest, or bridegroom, or whatever you call it? Nonsense! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"I acknowledge, dear husband, it is folly; but if anything should happen to our child during the Advent-time, we should always—yes, even the very thought would torment us, if 'Rika was to be the least bit indisposed. And though I do not believe in ghosts, and our daughter laughs at them, we would not willingly walk nights in the churchyard, we are so constituted. Postpone the formal betrothal until after the fated time. There is time enough after Advent for the young people to see each other, and prepare for the wedding. Why hasten now? why not wait a few weeks longer?"

"Shame on you, mammal! do not persuade me into folly! For the very reason that the rabble have such a fuss over their 'Spectre Bridegroom,' and so forth, I want Frederika to be betrothed at once. One must give an example; it is our duty to have it so! If the people in the city find that we do not care about their silly legend, that we betroth our child in spite of their talk, that 'Rika retains her head, and no one wrings her neck, why then the neck of the superstition will be wrung forever! It's of no use to preach to people to repent and become pious; it's of no use; examples are the best preachers!"

"But suppose, papa—your child is dear to you, suppose that—see, according to the church records, something dreadful must have happened a hundred years ago, let it be what it may. Perhaps the people of that time laughed at the superstition, as we do now. But if you have a betrothal at this unlucky time—and the good Lord forbid it should happen that—"

"Hold! you do not mean to say Frederika's neck may be wrung? I don't want to think such a diabolical thought! Keep away from me with it, I tell you!"

"I will. But only think, if Herr Von Hahn was come to us in those fatal days, sickly and suffering, as you say he is, he might grow worse from exposure to the weather; we might have a dying, a dead guest in our house; the idea makes me shudder. And then, this is the anniversary of the popular legend. Do not be obstinate, my dear, but reflect before you act."

Herr Bantes thought over the matter silently for some time, and at last he said, in a tone of vexation:

"Mamma, I cannot comprehend how you come upon such ideas, that would not find place in any other brain! How do you manage? You might be a poet," he said. "But I see you are all possessed with the Herbesheim folly—all of you, Frederika, and even the Captain, who pre-tends to be a brave soldier, the cashier, book-keeper, inspector, all the clerks—all, I say! and not one of them will acknowledge it. Pah!"

"If that is so, it is best for the father of the

house to spare his ridicule, for the belief in the old story injures no one."

"All folly is injurious; therefore no sparing them! War, open war, against such fol-de-rol! Since Frederika's birthday all stand as solemnly and move about as grimly as if the Day of Judgment was on its way. The devil has invented the story of the Spectre Bridegroom! All remains as I have said, mamma; nothing shall be changed: I am inflexible!"

And Herr Bantes ran out of the room.

But all things did not remain as he desired them. The conversation with his wife had left its implanted thorn. He found that for the peace of the household it would be better to postpone the betrothal until after Christmas. He loved his daughter with the deepest paternal love, and, in spite of himself, felt troubled about her. As Advent time approached, he felt restless and discomposed, much against his will. He wished in silence that his future son-in-law might not come at the appointed time. He was alarmed when the weather settled fairly, and the full, warm sunshine flooded the earth, as if the closing autumn had brought a return of summer as an offering to the world. He went as frequently as ever to the barometer, but always tried to make the quicksilver fall. To his astonishment he found that, with the return of pleasant weather, his wife and Frederika were restored to their former good humor and cheerfulness; the same was the case with the Captain and the rest of the household; but the old gentleman himself could not return to his usual equanimity and good spirits.

Fair Weather.

Frau Bantes had observed that her daughter's heart harbored many objections toward the son of the rich banker; and that Commandant Waldrich had become the possessor of that maiden's heart. Not to favor the Captain, but in order to gain time for her daughter and to prevent any possible misfortune, she sought for the postponement of the conjugal relation. She desired the young people to become acquainted; to give Frederika time to accustom herself, in thought, to the change to take place in her life; and, also, to discover whether the heart of the Herr Von Hahn was deserving of Frederika's love. The thoughtful mother, although unaware of the disposition of her daughter's hand until the birthday, had not reproached her husband, nor uttered a single word against his choice. She knew him too well: contradiction only rendered him more obstinately determined on his own course. She had written to a friend in the city where the Hahns resided, and had requested information concerning the moral worth of the young man. The answer arrived on the day that the streaming sunshine sent a thrill of alarm to Herr Bantes's soul. The Herr Von Hahn was described as one of the most honorable of men, who was in possession of the universal esteem and pity; not alone on account of his ill health, but because of the exemplary patience and filial forbearance with which he endured the whims and eccentricities of his miserly father. Since a few weeks he had been placed in charge of the entire business, and the old gentleman had retired to one of his country seats, as the advances of age were being felt by him in general debility, loss of hearing and dimness of sight, even through his spectacles. Those pleasant tidings constituted the fair weather of Frau Bantes.

Another incident brought about fair weather for the Captain and Frederika the same day: Waldrich had entered Frederika's room, bearing a message from her mother. The young girl sat by the window, leaning her forehead upon the harp that stood before her.

"Fraulein, mamma wishes to know whether you will go with us this fine day for a ride into the country?"

She did not reply, but turned her face away from him, toward the window.

"Your grace is in a bad humor?" he remarked sportively, thinking she was only in jest. "Have I not done your sovereign bidding, and taken one cup more of chocolate at breakfast time than I needed, only because your highness commanded it? Did I not return punctually and promptly from parade? Have I not said at table my reverential 'yes' whenever requested?"

There was no answer; he waited awhile, receded to the door, turned again and said somewhat impatiently, "Come, 'Rika, the weather is delightful!"

There was a hunky "No!" He started at the tone of the voice that uttered it, for there was in it a sound that betokened tears.

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously; and he took her hand away from her brow, compelling her to look up.

"Will mamma take us to meet him? Is he to arrive to-day? Has she said anything?" said Frederika hastily; and she wiped her tear-swollen eyes.

Waldrich's expression changed to one of gloom. Reproachfully he said:

"It is not right in you to ask me such questions! Oh, Frederika, do you think I would invite you if I had the slightest presentiment of such an event? I hope to heaven he will not come till I am gone!"

"How? Gone?"

"Into another garrison. I wrote to the general on your birthday, but have as yet received no reply."

"Rika looked at him, and said:

"Excuse me, George, but that was a cruel sort of yours."

"I cannot, I will not, I dare not remain," he said. "Waldrich, are you in earnest? You will make me angry with you for life!"

"Do you wish to cause my death, in obliging me to be a guest at your marriage?"

"You shall never be invited to my marriage. Who has told you that I had given my consent?"

"You cannot refuse it."

"And, oh God! I cannot give it!" she sobbed, and covered her face.

Waldrich, too, was overcome by his hidden grief. This was the first time that the subject, ever present to their thoughts, was spoken of between them. Since the birthday, both had discovered in the prospect of losing each other's society, the deep love they bore one another. Since the revelation made to their souls by the birthday kisses, they had looked at their relations with far different views. They understood each other; knew that they loved and were beloved, without the necessity of the assurance in words. The guiding serene light of friendship had been transformed into the vestal flame of love. They sought to conceal this from each other, thereby only augmenting the all-conquering power within.

After a long silence, Waldrich approached the loved one, and said, in earnest, unflinching tones: "Rika, can we remain together as we have been?"

"Waldrich, can we be changed toward each other?"

"Can I? Impossible! Ah! I knew not the extent of my own happiness. Rika! Now that I must lose you, I know that I am lost myself!"

"Lost, George? Do not say that to me; do not make me unhappy. That is a terrible word! Never mention it again."

"But if he comes?"

"Then God will care for me. There, take my hand, George. A thousand times rather would I betroth myself to the Spectre. But you must not tell this to papa or mamma. I will tell them when the time comes. Take my hand on this assurance, and be tranquil on my account."

He took her hand, and covered it with grateful kisses.

"It is a word given for life!" he said. "I dare not expect it, but I receive it with thanks. If you break that promise, you destroy my life!"

"And now are you again satisfied and happy?"

"Oh, I have never been so blest as at this moment!" he exclaimed.

"Away!" cried Frederika; "mamma will be waiting for you. Away with you! I will arrange my dress, and follow you."

She urged him out at the door, but permitted him a parting kiss. He went like one entranced, and took the daughter's message to her mother.

Frederika, sinking back into her seat, forgot all about the ride, so absorbed did she become in her day-dream of joy.

The carriage waited. At length Frau Bantes went herself to fetch her daughter. She found her sitting dreamily, the golden-locked head drooped upon her breast, the folded hands resting in her lap.

"Are you thinking, or praying, my child?" asked the mother.

"I have spoken with God."

"Do you feel at peace?"

"As the angels with God!"

"Is that really so, Rika? You have been weeping, my dear?"

"Yes, I have been weeping. But I am happy now, mamma. Come, let us go to the carriage. I have only to take my hat."

She took it, and arranged it on her head before the mirror, beneath which lay the rose-colored ribbon presented to her with the harp on the eventful birthday. She took it up and tied it around her waist, and followed her awaiting mother.

[To be continued in our next.]

THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

BY COATS KINNEY.

When the humid showers gather
Over all the starry spaces,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis as if to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright lines into woe,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to sit and gaze,
To survey her darling dreamers,
Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh! I see her bending o'er me
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

And my little seraph sister,
With her soft and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
And a serene angel pair,
Glide round my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the music
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to woo me,
With her eyes' delicious blue,
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue.
I remember but to love her
With a rapture 'kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's deep, pure fountain,
Whence the holy muses swell,
As that melody of nature—
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Great Falls, N. H.

Since closing my local offices for the summer months, I have been healing and speaking in this place. The Spiritualists, though at present a little divided by selfishness, are nevertheless a power. I understand the Orthodox minister forgot his usual text in the Bible last Sabbath, and spoke with special reference to the writer, and the danger to his flock of my visit here. I trust he will have a more interesting theme next Sabbath, or that some of his congregation will walk down to the Town Hall, and judge of the subject for themselves.

To-day Spiritualism is a foundation, a school, a discipline. The finished temple soars far away into worlds above. Let us earnestly labor and do everything that is right, to gain true wisdom; then this life, with its various scenes and trials, its joys and sorrows, its hopes, its fears, its triumphs and its defeats, will all have done for us their inconceivable and eternal benefit. W. K. RIPLEY.

Cured of a Cancer.

I believe it to be a duty that I owe to my fellow mortals, to state that my wife has been cured of a cancer that has troubled her for several years, by Mr. Isaac Waterman, of this place, two miles below Parkersburg. He also operated on my son, who was sick with the lung fever; had not sat up for three days. Both cases were cured in five or six minutes. I have also witnessed several other cases equal to the above, and as he has been only recently developed, I think he bids fair to become one of our best healing mediums. His place of residence is fourteen miles below Marietta. I thought I should be serving the cause of humanity by forwarding this notice, as we have not been blessed with a healer in this part of the vineyard. Most sincerely, yours for the spread of truth, W. K. RIPLEY.

Bellevue, Washington Co., N. Y., June 7, 1866.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE N. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we shall see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

THE BROKEN BOUGH.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

May sat in the soft glimmering shadow of the vines, with her head and eyes close to the trellis, looking at Mrs. Ketchum. Just so, also, the shadows played over her heart. The beautiful sunshine of love was there, but the thoughts of the wrong she had done shadowed the gladness of her little spirit. May did not intend to be a listener to conversation it was not intended she should hear; but so great was her fear of meeting Mrs. Ketchum's indignation that she sat very still, wishing that she was down by the river's bank, or in her own little room. After a time she heard what was said by the ladies:

"I bought this lace shawl for seventy-five dollars—a dreadful price; but then you know it is an elegant pattern."

May had heard her tell her mother that she gave only fifty dollars for the shawl, and her eyes grew sharp and searching as she looked into Mrs. Ketchum's face. Something she saw there made her shake her little head, until the lady looked around to see what it was that moved the leaves of the vine.

"You see," continued Mrs. Ketchum, "I have concluded to go to Newport. I can get boarded there for fifty dollars a week, in elegant apartments, and I very much wish to see a little of the fashionable world. I am only forty-five, you know; why should I not be quite gay? hah! hah!"

May opened her eyes again, for she had heard Mrs. Ketchum read the letter she had received relating to board, and she was to pay only fifteen dollars; and she knew her to be nearly seventy years old.

"I don't much fancy staying here," continued Mrs. Ketchum; "there is not style enough, you know. Very clever people, very; but dreadfully common. I quite prefer a fashionable hotel. But dear me! people are so anxious for my society, it is quite hard to tear one's self away."

Again, May opened wide her eyes, looking through the trellis, straight into Mrs. Ketchum's face, for there were three falsehoods in that last speech. She looked at that old wrinkled face under the shade of the gay flowers and lace. Was there any beauty in it? May thought she had never seen anything so homely. There was no gleam to the eye, and around the mouth were so many wrinkles that Mrs. Ketchum thought formed a smile, that May twisted up her own face from the very sight of them. Again she listened, and heard more and more falsehoods, and looked at the wrinkled face and hands, and the fishy eyes, and the loveless brow of the one that uttered them.

But she grew very tired sitting there, and wondered if she could not creep round the edge of the trellis unobserved. This she did, and she went down by the river bank. It was so calm and still there, that she gave a little sigh of relief, as if she had escaped some great danger; but still the great weight was tugging at her heart—the weight of her own falsehood. Some fishermen had left a vessel filled with water, and in it May looked and beheld the reflection of her own face from the dark bottom. Was she too a liar, and did she look like Mrs. Ketchum? She fancied there was something wrong about her eyes, and surely the sweet smile had left her face. So May sat there and wondered, and she very much feared that her lie was written all over her face.

"What ails my May?" said her mother at dinner. "Where has gone the sunshine, and what has put the little lines of care about her face?" "Sunny," said Josey when she went to the kitchen, "let me take the flatiron and smooth the wrinkles from your face. Why really, you begin to look like Mrs. Ketchum."

"May is not well," said her father. "We must try Dr. Lewis's new system of cure; put her in a pen with the sunshine all about her, for how it has faded out of her face!"

May listened to all that was said, and wondered if indeed something was already stamped on her face that every one could read. She went to her room, and pouring a plenty of water in her basin, she bathed her face thoroughly and rubbed some fresh cream into her cheeks. But she was not used to thinking about one thing so long, without asking her mother about it; so she went quietly to her room, after finding that Mrs. Ketchum had retired to her room for her afternoon nap.

"Mamma," said she, "what makes Mrs. Ketchum's face look so? When she smiles she smiles with her skin, and it don't go in a bit and don't come out a bit."

"Perhaps she don't feel her smiles," said her mother.

"But does lying make folks look all sort of wrinkled, and do lies write something all over the face just like—"

May stopped, for she did not like to say that she believed Mrs. Ketchum told falsehoods.

"I see," said Mrs. Middleton, "that my little girl has been studying and wants a little help; but I have found out that we study other people's faults through our own. Will May first tell me what is written on her own little face?"

May covered her face with her hands, but in a moment looked up.

"I told a lie. I tipped over the rose tree and broke it; and I think I look a little—a very little—like Mrs. Ketchum. I've looked in the water and in the glass, and I can see it; and papa, saw it, and Josey, and it won't wash off, for I just washed it, and I wish you'd take it off."

"Let me first tell you a little story about falsehoods: There was a little girl a long time ago, at least sixty years, who had a sweet, fair face and gentle, winning ways, and then there were many to love her; but, alas for her! she was tempted to tell a lie! Whether it was to hide something that she had done, or whether to gain something that she feared to lose, I cannot tell you; but I dare say that her first lie she considered quite a success, because she began to tell others. Little by little the habit of lying became quite natural to her, until no one thought of believing half she said. But—what may seem quite strange to you—her pretty face changed its expression day by day. The smile that she used to give was changed to a made-up smile, and the smooth, open look of her brow all passed away. When she became old—"

"Do tell me, mother, is it Mrs. Ketchum?" said May.

"Yes, May. She had once, I am told, one of the fairest, pleasantest faces that was ever seen; and her smile was like the sunshine. But as the habit of telling that which was false crept upon her until

it became confirmed, her face grew contracted and her eyes dull and her smile artificial. She put on false hair, and had false teeth, and some say she wears plumpers, which are false cheeks or something to make the cheeks look rosy, and she tries to gain a false complexion by painting; but she cannot look fair or lovely, for her face will not lie, and tells every one of her spirit, which is false, too. And now my story is done, and what does May think about lying? Does it bless the one who does it?"

May sat quietly thinking; at last she said: "I've been thinking how nobody believes half Mrs. Ketchum says. How can you believe what I say?"

"That is just it, May. If you trust any one you must have faith in them. If a person does not speak the truth, how can one know what to believe. But there is one way to prove that we are at least sincere."

May shook her curls, and put her little hand up to her head as if she wished to comprehend what her mother meant without asking; at last she jumped up with all the old sunshine in her face, and said:

"I think I'll go and tell Fido and Josey and papa all about it; but—there's Mrs. Ketchum! won't she think I'm just like her?" and May turned again toward the mirror. "I wish she could be a little girl again, don't you, mamma? and then she'd begin over again!"

It was easy for May to confess her wrong to Fido and Josey, who loved her so much and kissed her over and over again, and to her father, who looked proud of her strength of purpose. But she was not satisfied with this. She stood long before Mrs. Ketchum's door thinking whether, after all, it was necessary to say anything to her, since she was so much in fault herself; but her spirit kept telling her that, to be altogether on the right track again, she must stand just right even before Mrs. Ketchum. So she at last got courage to knock at her door and enter.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Ketchum, but I told a lie about the rose tree! I felt all wrinkled up and twisted around, and so I wish to set it right, if I can, and get untwisted."

"You told a lie, May? and did you think you must confess to me? Lies! do they make folks all twisted up?"

"But I didn't know as you'd believe me," continued May, "when you found it out, if I did speak the truth. I guess folks can't believe folks that lie!"

Mrs. Ketchum gave May a searching look and said, "You may go." But not with May went the thoughts that came to Mrs. Ketchum:

"Is it true no one can believe me? Suppose I was to confess all the lies I told? who should I go to first? And that dear little child is going back from the road of wrong as I wish I had done. But—oh, dear! dear!"

And Mrs. Ketchum laid down on her bed and covered her old, wrinkled face in her pillow. It seemed as if May's wish was fulfilled, and she was becoming a child again; for she wandered back in her thoughts to the days of her childhood, and saw herself a pure and artless girl.

"Oh, if I were a child again, would I not put all deceit away from me? How I seem to myself! My poor body is a lie! my life is a lie! sometimes I think my heart is a lie. But far back it was not so. Oh, little children, oh, May, don't tell the first lie, for if you do, perhaps you will turn into a great lie, as I have done."

And poor Mrs. Ketchum raised her hands as if begging something good and beautiful to come to her; and just then the stray sunbeams came through the heavy curtains as the wind separated them, and a smile—a genuine one—came over Mrs. Ketchum's face. She looked in the glass, and a little of the old light was in her eyes.

"Too late! too late!" she said; "it might have been, but not now! I'm false—false all through! but oh, little children, if I could speak to you all, I'd say, don't begin to be false! But I must dress for the festival, and put on my false hair, my false smiles and my false heart, and be gay while I can. But who would have thought that that dear little May would have confessed to me? I'd tell her what I am, but she would hate me! they all would hate me! I must be false all through! alas! alas!"

And so Mrs. Ketchum, with a little love in her heart, covered it all up again. But every one noticed that from that day she was more gentle, and she never scolded May, but sometimes laid her hand gently on her curls, and said:

"I had such once, and such a heart. Don't spoil it, May; it is the best thing you can have."

And May had felt in herself the grief of her wrong, and she ever after had a tender pity for Mrs. Ketchum. She went to the strawberry festival, and saw the rose tree with the broken bough. At first she did not wish to look at it; but when her mother told her that perhaps by it she had gained a little more love and a little more strength to overcome temptation, she felt quite willing to think of the sorrow that had come to her heart.

Mrs. Ketchum also was at the festival, and looked at the rose tree, and a little sigh escaped her lips, and a sad look came to her eyes such as seldom came there. And before many days she became very ill, and then she had no use for all her false ornaments, and no false smiles could cheat away her pain. She liked nothing better than to have May sit beside her bed, and for hours she would dream that she was a child again.

When she got better she said one day to May:

"Ever since that day when you came to me, I have cherished a sweet dream—a dream that I could be a child again, and try my life over, and—always be true. Do you think I can, May?"

May was a little girl, but she had a good memory, and she remembered many wise things to repeat, and she remembered this and repeated it as if she was telling a story:

"There is a kingdom way up in the sky, and it is a beautiful place, and folks call it heaven; but they don't let anybody in but little children, or folks that are just like little children, and everybody wants to go there, so everybody must try to be like a good little child, and if everybody tries everybody can; and that's the sermon; and mamma will have to tell the text."

And Mrs. Ketchum heard this little sermon, and it touched a tender place in her heart; so that she resolved to turn into that beautiful pathway that led nearest to the beautiful kingdom; and from that day she put aside her false manners and her false speech, and when she died on a little heart was sorry, and mourned for her, and never forgot what a lesson she was, as she sat in the arbor that summer's day, while the road led with the broken bough had put so many thorns into May's heart.

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER TEN.

The month of roses is fast passing away, and I have been wishing, like the little boy in the school book, that it would last forever. Its soft air seems to have a breath of heaven in it, and its blooming flowers and its waving grass seem to put thoughts away into that region of beauty where we never

imagine shadows of storms. I hope the strawberry leaves are ripening on many a hillside, to tempt little feet out from the streets into the fresh country life, for while you are hunting for berries you will be finding something much better—health and strength and loveliness of spirit and body.

When I went out on the hills and down in the meadows, many years ago, I thought I could get nothing better than the ripe, red, luscious strawberries. How they gleamed out from the green grass, and put up their rosy cheeks for a kiss; for many a berry had only one ripened side. But there was fruit in those pastures that I did not know I was gathering—fruit that will always be sweet and keep its freshness. All those pleasant sights of the grand mountains, the songs of the birds, the singing of the wind in the trees, are like little threads of silver, drawing my heart always toward the pure and good.

A happy, pure childhood is the greatest help to a good life. Everywhere we go we leave some part of ourselves. Even little children are all the time scattering little golden grains of life, and sometimes I think that we keep a little tender feeling of love for all that we have imparted unto; so that if, when we become men and women, we come to a place where our little feet trod in the days of boyhood and girlhood, we know of it, and feel glad in all the goodness that was then ours.

Perhaps this is not very clear to you, but you will readily understand this: that as I sit here, with the sweet June air blowing over me, looking out once in a while on to the waving grass and the pretty shadows of the orchard, I feel very glad in every sweet memory of my girlhood which these pleasant sights bring to me, and I would rather have those treasures laid up than many ornaments of gold or silver. The treasures of memory you can all lay by, and if you make them all very sweet and pure by your goodness and love, the day will come when you will be more thankful for them than for the prettiest rings or finest lockets that could be bought.

Spiritualism in Troy and Albany—Anniversary at Middle Granville.

If your columns are not too crowded, dear BANNER, please say to the great fraternity of Spiritualists, that truth is not forgotten in this region; nor is there a disposition on the part of its lovers to lower the standard, or give over the contest till victory be won. The Trojans are renewing their zeal, having reorganized themselves this last winter, and recently established a Lyceum; and now are planning for the erection of a hall for their own special use. As elsewhere, a comparatively small number are obliged to bear most of the pecuniary burdens. Happily the working few here are determined to keep the wheels in motion. This is the true way. Selfishness can only be cured by a large-hearted unselfishness, manifested in continuous deeds of active charity. Those who meanly withhold their efforts and money for the advancement of truth, are the ones most needing pity and commiseration. They may lay up gold, or squander it in selfish display and gratification, but they are laying up a store of sad regrets to darken the sky of their spirits in the coming future. They are now exchanging the sweetest of all happiness for intoxicating pleasure, which leaves emptiness and sadness as its legitimate fruit. Is it not time that Spiritualists, as a body, were awake to the transcendent importance of the true use of wealth? How long shall we quiet our conscience over our guilty parsimony; by the scandalous excuse that the Churches give because they are afraid of the devil, and that we refuse to impart thus freely because we have escaped that fear? thus confessing that our conservation to truth and goodness is a less potent motive to noble action than a mere superstitious vagary. It is cause for joy, that a few, even, are determined to throw off this fantasy, and do, and give, in a manner commensurate with the vast blessings received from the spirit-world. Some of the Troy Spiritualists mean to occupy this position. In Albany, there is a large number of people willing to listen to the truth, but not so many willing to pay for its utterance. Still, I think, skillful management would gather there one of the largest congregations in the country. And, if all demands find a supply, Albany will soon rejoice in a permanent meeting.

The Anniversary at Middle Granville was one of those occasions we never forget. With the exception of a little ripple of unpleasant feeling, caused by some disagreement respecting a motto in the hall, everything passed off in the utmost harmony, and quite a number of the old veterans assured me that it was the unanimous opinion that it was the best, and most largely attended meeting they had ever held. Sister Fanny Davis Smith, who is a favorite with the people, and who also was one of the pioneer lecturers in that region, assisted by Bro. E. Sprague and the writer, gave the principal speeches of the meeting. But one of the most pleasing features of these meetings, is the large-hearted hospitality of the people. Two of the sweet singers, in the Spiritual Zion of Troy, "went up to the feast," and found themselves at once in great demand. We were, at last, with others, domiciled with sister Eliza Blossom, whose home seemed permeated with aromatic fragrance, from the sunny shore of the angel-land. After the meeting closed, we were "constrained to tarry certain days" with Bro. G. F. Baker. In this old Quaker family, there is rest for soul and body. There is Quaker evenness and sociability, quietly harmonizing with spiritual inspiration. The angels met and blessed us there in a most glorious manner. We formed new purposes of high and noble living—there welled up within us a spirit of loftier consecration to the True and the Good. In soul, we pledged ourselves again, to the enlightenment and redemption of humanity. It is this soul baptism, which we Spiritualists most need. At Friend Baker's, the twilight hour was the time of spiritual refreshing. We sat down in peace, and the holy, tranquillizing inspiration of heaven stole over us, and the wise and good of other days came, and talked with us of the duties, the trials, and the blessings of mortal life; and pointed us away to the brighter and better world; and we, well as we rejoiced, we wept, and we resolved to live a nobler life hereafter. These are the pious desires we need to wear off our aspidochelone, and bring us into vital union and sympathy with the great, nothing heart of suffering humanity; and also to enable us to feel more powerfully the tender earnestness of the loving angels in the welfare of man. We have swung so far away from the devotional habits of the old Church, that we lose the dearest and best advantages of our own dispensation.

At these anniversaryes, they have no evening sessions, which allows the friends to cultivate the social and spiritual, in the gatherings at the houses of the generous and noble ones.

N. S. LOVELAND.

Troy, N. Y., June 24, 1866.

"Well, neighbor, what is the most Christian news?" said a gentleman to his friend. "I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."

"Just like you!" said the other. "What do you think of that?"

"Happy by your charity this time?" "My wife!"

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STARNES.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

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

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

SIXTH SECTION.

The Mental Illumination of Woman.

Human Progress is as instinctive as vegetation. There is no contingency as to the perpetual reality of either. This is because the process of growth, whether physical or mental, is according to one and the same law of Nature, which is anterior to all forms of life, both sentient and insentient. More clearly, though there is no possibility of growth except by means of consecutive gradations, whereby Life ascends toward the summit of conscious being, so that each successive stage of development is superstrutted upon all its lower stages, yet the CAUSE of growth is absolute, without "variableness or shadow of turning," to the Divine End thereof. In reality, though to the human mind abstrusely, God creates what seems to grow.

Nevertheless, God works by natural means; through minerals in making plants, through plants in producing animals, through animals to the birth of human beings, and through all these finite agencies to the end of peopling the spheres of spirit-life. God's works are not of darkness. There is no essential mystery in His doings, and all their seeming mystery is of Man's innate ignorance. As the spirit of vegetation succeeds only in the light of Day, so the spirit of human Progress succeeds only in the light of Intelligence. The body of humanity has a Brain, and the masses of mankind follow the lead of the world's reformers, who pioneer the march of mind whither Reason shows the way. Man is to be morally educated by Woman, and Woman rationally educated by Man, only in proportion as they are informed of their respective missions, and made to comprehend the substance thereof. This implies the whole science of human development, which is just beginning to be born in the heads of ages and eons, by them to be transmitted to the common people of either sex, who, like children, learn mostly of their elders in wisdom. There is no advance of mankind in science, art or morals, except at the instance of some original thinker. Without such an adventurer as Columbus, Europe would never have discovered America. Without such persistent explorers of Nature as Euclid and his followers in mathematics, Galileo and Newton in astronomy, Linnaeus in botany, Davy in chemistry, Harvey and Liebig in physiology, Gauss and Spurzheim in Phrenology, Bacon and Descartes in philosophy, and various other special contributors to the round of human learning, mankind would have remained to this day as ignorant and unlettered as before the birth of their proper personal teachers. Without certain inventive geniuses, as rare in society as pearls in the ocean, some of whose names connect with the history of every art, the common people would never have constructed a cotton-mill, a steamboat, a railway, a printing-press, a telegraph, nor even a lightning-rod. So also, without the Gnostics of Christendom; I mean the sticklers for knowledge in religious matters from first to last—without such agitators in theology as Waldo, Huss, Luther, Wesley, Fox, Roger Williams, Ballou, Channing, Parker, and the still growing Radical of the same type now living; without such iconoclasts as Thomas Paine, Robert Taylor and Abner Kneeland, and such political disturbers of the peace of despots as Garrison, Phillips, Sumner—without the rational Friends of Progress of every various name and order, the world would never move in a moral or religious way. Such is the order of tuition in the common school of humanity, wherein the Mission of Reformers is completely subtended by that of the Mother and Moral Educator of mankind; which determines the former to reach no further and to compass no other purpose than to guide Man and Woman to their respective missions, aiding and interesting them in their appointed works, especially that of Woman. This is to be done for Man by helping men to appreciate women, and for Woman by helping women to appreciate themselves, both which ends are the fruit of Intelligence; for it is the ignorance of men and women—their ignorance of Woman's Moral Power, and of the issues of her competency or incompetency, for the Maternal Agency, which prevents the consciousness of personal importance on the part of women, as well as their rational estimate by men. This is said with reference to the truth that Man's mission points to Woman, at the same time that her mission to him begins with herself, that is with her own rational education as the harbinger of her fitness to become his moral educator. Thus I have come at length to the logical juncture of thought in which it is pertinent to enunciate that hitherto "unwritten thesis" alluded to in the beginning of the preceding section, as the anticipated subject of this. It is:

That the Mental Illumination of Woman is pre-mordant to the Moral Reformation of Man.

I trust I made it perfectly clear in the third section of this paper, that Woman is to be Man's Redeemer; her claim to this title being established, not upon what she has done, or is doing, to this end, but expressly upon what she is by Nature pre-ordained to do. My treatment, of that postulate, and what I have written intermediately to that and the present attempt, have compassed an intelligible expression of the truth that her mission is to be accomplished mainly by the normal exercise of her maternal functions. Yet no phenomenon in Nature is more obstructed than her failure hitherto in this very agency; from which fact a merely scientific (not philosophic) reasoner would be apt to infer that she never will succeed; that is, to the normal generation of mankind. But I am about to insist upon the principle of Progress—as the basis of a new postulate—that there is an acceptable reason for Woman's chronic failure which cannot always obtain, and in the antiquation of which that must give place to her lasting success. I refer to the general ignorance of Woman, which is as native to the negative side of her mental constitution, as Degeneracy is to that of Man's. I have not the least doubt that every parent would be glad to give birth to worthy children, and that all invariably would, if they only knew how. This is especially true of mothers, on whom the prospective task of this desirable knowledge depends almost exclusively. Hence, Woman's want of this intelligence appears to me to be the only reason why the fruits of human parentage are universally fortuitous.

Woman never can discharge the maternal office with any assurance of success, so long as she ignores the science which is pivotal to the art thereof; and that science she never can obtain otherwise than through intellectual discovery. Both are as yet unbroken; she thought it were well-concocted and literally expressed; Woman would still be unable to comprehend the science, with-

out a fuller development of her intellectual faculties, as the basis of a reader's apprehension of intelligence, than she at present possesses; and this for the same reason wherefore Man himself, notwithstanding his superior intellectuality, has been slow to learn the rudiments of anthropology, which is yet to be complemented by the science of human development, wherewith that of maternity is consubstantial, and wherewith the whole encyclopedia of physical science is the essential root. Let us see the elements of this thought distinctively.

There is an order in the genesis of intelligence which corresponds to the evolution of human nature in its vehicle. It is observable that the natural sciences as now extant have been evolved serially, and not synchronically. Anatomy is older than physiology, which itself is the precursor of psychology. So dietetics is sequential to chemistry and botany; geology is adult geography; astronomy is infant cosmology; geometry contains arithmetic; and every science is antecedent to some philosophy. All this is because, as Bacon announced, it is impossible to learn anything unknown except by means of something already known. In reality, human knowledge is superstrutted upon *Divine Testimony*, this being the true designation of what is vulgarly called *Intuition*. The beginning or foundation of intelligence is made of certain innate and indubitable impressions of truth; which, because of their indubitableness, are said to be self-evident. These truisms are the alphabet of Reason, constituting collectively the substratum of perceptive reality and logical necessity, by serving distinctively as the special bases of the several phases of both. It is only in this way that the senses and intellects become implements of knowledge, which in the beginning of their exercise apply only to the physical manifestations of Truth. From common sense to logic—from the process of simple perception to that of abstract thinking, the climax is gradual and continuous. There are the same gradations in the progress of Reason as in the expression thereof. The learner of grammar does not leap at once from orthography to prosody, but arrives at lingual perfection only through etymology and syntax; and the parts of speech and evolutions of language correspond to those of intelligence, as well as to the order of rational development. Every science is cumulative in one direction only, and that accords with the law of growth. As trees grow from the root upward, and as apples mature from the core outward, so the rational mind expands and strengthens, is exalted and ennobled, coincidentally with its assimilation of truth. Now, Mind is cognitive, and truth is cognoscible, in two ways only: first, by Observation; secondly, by Reasoning. The former is the work of the senses, the latter that of the rational faculties; though not quite distinctively, because the data of reasoning are derived from observation. All science is either perceptive or rational; that is, is either acquired by observation alone, or else deduced therefrom by reasoning. Rational knowledge is either actual or ideal, according as it comes by *induction* of causative principles from certain known facts, or by *deduction* of humanly realizable facts from demonstrated causes. *All truth is latent in Nature as the medium of Divine Revelation, and is discoverable to finite minds by the method here described, and not otherwise.* There is no intuition of demonstrative truths, either actual or ideal, and no inspiration of intelligence by other conduits than our rational faculties; and these are available to this end only in the act of learning. This is the only reason why a capable perceptor can not impart to his listening disciples all that he knows of a given science, by merely stating its elements; why the learner must always begin at the beginning; why, without, any science has a beguiling; and why some of the sciences are literally metaphysical, that is, after the physical. It is simply because these are abstract, and abstraction is the eidolon of perception: wherefore the knowledge of things must precede that of principles, whose original abstruseness is due to this very law of mind and mode of intellection. Now the science of parentage, though not metaphysical in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is plainly so in the literal sense of the prefix, and original sense of the word; because, being consubstantial with anthropology, or the ulterior science of microcosmic Man, it is to be deduced from all the physical sciences; and that, too, by Woman, so soon as she is wise enough, either as self-taught or as taught by Man. It matters little who discovers first that which is practical only in Woman's brain; or how originate the constituents of an art the prime or prerequisite of which is the mental illumination of its agents. Woman, as the mother of mankind and so the architect of society, must know the art which warrants the realization of her exalted ideal. Therefore she must learn the science to which that art pertains—*which elicits that art from Nature; must learn it in the natural way, by beginning with the rudiments of its logical antecedents, and elaborating the rationale of mundane realities, with all the assiduity of systematic research with which collegiates plod their way to the summit of scholastic reputation.*

I would not be understood as denying the intellectual ability of most women to comprehend the literal sense of certain precepts which might be written out for the guidance of mothers, provided anybody at present knew enough of the science of parentage to discover the essential conditions of success in plying the art thereof. But I do deny the ability of any person to discern the reasons for such precepts, without a knowledge of their rational antecedents, or study of the sciences from which those precepts are to be deduced; and experience proves that precepts are generally ineffective when their reasonableness is ignored by the persons to whom they are addressed. This is notoriously true of hygienic precepts in their application to those who are not conversant with physiology and the laws of life. It is very easy to tell this class of people that health and disease are issues of different ways of living; that, to insure the one and avoid the other, we must observe certain rules—be regular and reasonable in our habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, working and recreation; that pork is not fit to eat; that tea, coffee and ardent spirits are unwholesome beverages; that it is morally to smoke, snuff or chew tobacco; that business and amusement, labor and rest, should alternate; action by day and slumber by night being indispensable to longevity. The most ignorant understand what is meant by these sayings; but, because of a very common and egregious lack of physiological information, many are unable to see their truthfulness, and hardly believe them to be true. Hence the rarity of individual "temperances in all things." Now, I take for granted that the bias of ignorance is alike forward in all its bearings; and seeing mothers and women generally make little use of the maxims of health, which are so common in print as to flourish in the feminine wardrobe, I conclude that they would be little heedless of the counsels of wisdom tending to the normal practice of the maternal office (supposing that those were as plentiful, as well-established, and as plainly stated, as

those), without a savor of that same preliminary intelligence which prompts the giver of good advice.

"But there is no occasion for impeaching the motives of mothers. I believe, as I have said, that all voluntary mothers cherish an ardent wish for noble progeny." Therefore, to my present purpose suffice it to say that mere precepts, though welcomed with full faith in their fitness and with an earnest desire to profit by them, will never enable women of ordinary intelligence to discharge the maternal office artistically, with any certainty of success; because, though hardly anybody as yet knows enough of the science of parentage to discern comprehensively, as well as analytically, in what artistic maternity consists, yet it manifestly involves certain conditions, both subjective and objective, which are predicable almost solely of the largest possible intellectual development of its agents.

The late author of "Woman and her Era," though for the present famous mostly for her presumptuous assertion of the integral superiority of her sex, is yet to be remembered with gratitude for that part of her elaborate work which represents the well-wrought conception that failure in maternity is incidental to the merely functional capacity of mothers; that the highest use of the maternal faculties must result from their artistic employment; that this is the only sublimity method, that of Nature, for effecting the moral reformation of mankind; and finally, that the feasibility of the same—that success in maternity through its artistic performance to this end, though not independent of external conditions, depends mainly upon certain mental qualifications of its agents, of which she designates these three:

I. *Consciousness of Power* to discharge the maternal functions artistically, so as to insure the procreation of eligible characters.

II. *Freedom in Maternity*; that is, in choosing the times when, how often, with what social and other helps, and to what progenitive ends, this power shall be employed by the mother *purposely*, never by accident or at the will of another.

III. *Spiritual Development*, as being consubstantial with feminine character, or the essence of maternal power.

Such is an abstract of Mrs. Farnham's written thought of Artistic Maternity and the future province of Woman. I find no fault with it, except its incompleteness and partly inverted expression. The thought itself is incomplete, inasmuch as it contains no information and suggests no inquiry as to the means by which the subjective conditions of success in maternity are to be secured. Its expression is also inverted in respect of naming the prime qualification of its agent as third in the order of its requisition.

Spiritual Development is no other than human development, or ascendancy of the human over the animal nature in any person. It is what makes many men as well as representative women. It is the highest of all the temperaments, which are permanent expressions of character; and therefore it is not innate, it is not attainable during one's life in the body. Spiritual development in Woman thus appears to be a full personal expression of womanly attributes. It is hardly needful to say that all women are not thus endowed. Some, for lack of the feminine graces, are decidedly unfit for the maternal office. Others are physically disqualified, and others still are circumstantially unprepared, for its efficient incumbency. Indeed, very few are in all respects (even unconsciously) capable of the art, as is indicated by a common disinclination, not to say repugnance, to its cumbering functions. Yet these are often submitted to as a matter either of necessity or of supposititious duty, rather than assumed with any purpose for which a mother is responsible. The great need of women in this predicament, is their consciousness of maternal power *for evil rather than good*, which, to say the least, is dangerous for them to employ. To this end a broader intelligence would favor their relief and the negative improvement of society.

But I incline to believe that the larger portion of women in every community are constitutionally adapted to the maternal office, and only need a consciousness of voluntary power over the generative process, to complete their personal aptness to procreate paragons of human nature. Without this desideratum, which as yet has no abiding place in the mind of Woman, maternity can not be practiced as an art; and this is the plain reason why it has always been performed with a merely functional capacity. An involuntary art is preposterous. There is no such thing as an artistic employment of unconscious powers. How, then, shall mothers be possessed of this all-important consciousness of power to superintend and conduct the generative process to such parentive ends as philanthropy seeks and wisdom would delight to honor? This question pertains to the method of human progress, and is nearly first in the order of its practical means. Momentous as it is, I am glad it is not difficult to answer. Indeed, it very nearly answers itself. *How to be conscious* is much the same as *how to know*; for consciousness is the beginning and end of intelligence. We are conscious of *what* we know, and of nothing else. The question therefore amounts to this: How shall mothers be made to know their power in maternity? Why not in the same way as that by which one comes to a knowledge of any truth—by intellectual discovery? Surely, no other way is possible. The mother must have it as an induction from the science of parentage, which itself must comprise all the principles of human development. For consciousness of power is impossible without its possession; and the possession of artistic power in maternity, that is a power which is immediately available, implies a knowledge of all the contingencies of good and evil in its application. Need I add another word to evince the dependence of success therein upon the Mental Illumination of its agent?

Then, consecutive to consciousness of Power in Maternity is, doubtless, Freedom in employing it. Without this, though it be not all that is requisite to a perfect responsibility, mothers are not morally accountable for either failure or success in their work. But the validity of this claim will best appear in the terms of its explanation.

Freedom in maternity is of course to be maintained upon other principles than the option of every woman to accept or decline its functions. Yet I know not of whom to deny this prerogative. Away with the ascetic dictum, that "No female having the capacity for motherhood has a right to renounce it." That is the twin extreme of Paul's advice for the best of women not to marry a singular assertion, too, as made by a plaintiff against marital usurpation, and a trenchant advocate of feminine emancipation. I would sooner urge the maternally capable to do as they please, attempting nothing in the name of duty. Attraction is the plight of genius which warrants success in any art. Heart-work is Woman's forte; and the wand of her motherly aptness is all for love. *This is said with as much truth as poetry.* (The maternal office at best is a burden which love

only can lighten. It must be grievous to be borne with any sense of compulsion. Except when assumed at will and with a settled purpose, it necessitates a compromise of personal liberty. Hence the feminine right to reject, and no masculine right to impose it. Moreover, procreation, especially that part of it which belongs to maternity, taxes the vital powers of its agent, who of all the world ought to be the best judge of her own constitutional ability to repeat its process without exhausting the sources or impairing the functional systems of life and health, in favor of an uncertain progeny. This a wise self-love forbids; and hence the right of legal wives to veto all marital proposals in the way of parentage, or at least to defer their acceptance to the instance of their own discretion.

I write these thoughts for men. As for the other sex, no woman is so foolish as not to be aware of her natural right to decide when, if ever, she will submit to the personal disabilities of utero-gestation; a task which none can undertake with pleasure without a rational purpose, or an earnest of that maternal recompense which only capable mothers are apt to appreciate.

But Freedom in maternity is to be advocated as well in behalf of its issues as of its agent. The prime and most comprehensive of all human rights, is that of every child to be well-born; and it is now ascertained to be indispensable to the normal generation of human beings, that the parentive agency be purposely assumed and competently conducted by the mother. The reason of this is to be found in the rationale of maternal conception, as set forth in the third section of this paper; the basic principle of which is the mother's magnetic rapport with her imbosomed offspring. Since the fact of generation is a more sacramental and re-embodiment of the actual life and experience of the mother, it is obvious that harmony of ante-natal development, which is primordial to harmonical character after birth, depends upon the temporal happiness of its executive agent. That repugnance to her personal condition which the unwilling mother inevitably cherishes, cannot fail to generate hateful and demoralizing propensities in her embryonic child. Many a victim of enforced maternity has wished herself dead, and many an accidental mother has plotted against the life of an innocent but unwelcome parasite of her hysterical organism, that nestled for protection under her spiteful heart. Is it possible that women have always been, and are likely to remain for some time to come, almost universally ignorant of the sequel to such motherly conduct, rarely dreaming that suicides, murderers, and all sorts of froward characters, are its legitimate fruits? But who is to blame for the origin of that personal predicament, I mean slavish pregnancy, which makes such maternal misconduct possible, and in many cases unavoidable? Doubtless men are oftenest and the most culpable in this matter; but I wish there were no reason for suspecting the occasional complicity of women.

The reader will surely gather from these cursory reflections, that Freedom in maternity, though all-important, is not all-sufficient, to the end of normal generation. It is singular that Mrs. Farnham seems to have overlooked a fact so kindred to her own thought as Woman's need of *Responsibility*, the moral counterpart of Freedom in any sphere, to complete her fitness for the maternal art and to warrant her success in its practice. But no matter. Having adopted the quaintness of her meditations upon this topic, I have now only to enunciate its proximate corollary, that mothers ought to be responsible in proportion as they are free; and furthermore, since, according to the law of progress, whatever ought to be is to be, that Woman's valid claim to Maternal Freedom is the equal pledge of her Maternal Responsibility, coincident with the perfect ratification of that claim. In the sensorium of enlightened Reason, this truth will stand alone. From this point, therefore, I proceed to inquire how, or by what law, mothers are to become responsible; or, what are the elements of Responsibility? The shortest answer is, ability and security equal to obligation. In mercantile affairs, he is responsible who is able and liable to pay. In maternity, the epithet applies to one whose personal capability and fidelity are equal to the foresight and fulfillment of parental obligation; which obligation corresponds to the right of every child to be well-born. Without these attributes, I believe no woman is entitled to Maternal Freedom in any larger sense than that which exempts her from either the right or duty to act a mother's part. But when otherwise qualified, there is no reason to doubt the fidelity of maternal, any more than that of other artists, to the normal purpose of their art. Thus the question is narrowed down to the genesis, not of Responsibility in the complete sense of the word, but merely that of maternal capability, which, by analysis, is found to be partly innate and partly acquired, and the substratum of which is resolvable into three classes of personal constituents:

1. Constitutional Aptitudes;
2. Developed Capacities;
3. Mental Attainments.

The first of these classes includes only those organic instruments of reproduction with which the females of all mammals are born. The second embraces the native forces and susceptibilities of the feminine organism as unfolded by natural growth, which are possessed by those females only whose bodies have been properly nurtured to the age of puberty. Such maids are qualified to be mothers of the lowest grade, whose offspring must always be of an uncertain character, and can never excel mediocrity but by accident. The third class comprises such voluntary powers of mind and such stores of information as are essential to an artistic discharge of the maternal functions; which qualifications, though superinduced upon organic structure, are attainable only through intellectual as well as moral development, by tuition and study, self-culture and discipline. Some faint notion of these consists with the least degree of reflection upon the mode of parentage; but a perfect conception of their variety and of effectiveness must follow a more thorough description of "Artistic Maternity" than has as yet been presented to the public.

Mrs. Farnham, who seems to have been the first to employ the term which postulates the possibility of art in procreation, attempted no elucidation of its process, which she deemed and even declared to be inexplicable. "Explanation?" she exclaims, "Explanation of the *modus operandi* in a work so purely artistic in all but its most general character? Explain, if you please, how Nature makes a blade of grass to grow in one form rather than another—pale instead of dark green; the clover to be red instead of white; how she tints the innumerable roses, the gorsebushes, sea-shells, clouds, human countenances!" But no expert thinker can fall to see the imperiousness of this protest. To be sure, there are certain occult forces in Nature which no philosopher pretends to fathom. The most intelligent farmer, no less than the rudest peasant, is mindful of a gracious, yet mysterious power, which operates in harmony with his orderly tilling of the soil. He cannot

discover the modality of Nature's operations, merely because that is ultra-perceptive. The metaphysical springs of vegetation and the Divine Cause of growth are, for this reason, alike inscrutable. But what of that? There is a great deal about the process of vegetation which is discoverable, and many phenomenal principles thereof he does comprehend; and what is really knowable is, in fact, all that he needs to know in order to success in agriculture, which he practices artistically in exact proportion to the depth and extent of his practical knowledge. He may not be able to tell why "a blade of grass grows in one form rather than another;" but he knows what is more essential to his art—how to promote the growth of grass, and to help himself with the proffered assistance of Nature to such kinds of vegetal products as suit his earthly wants. And this is relatively the very kind of knowledge which mothers require to insure success in their transcendent art. They need not trouble their heads about that part of the generative process which Nature effects in her own unsearchable way, without either the aid or consent of maternal will. Metaphysical notions of the involuntary functions of life in any of its departments, would avail nothing toward a proper discharge of the voluntary. The science of physiology, like every other science, is based upon principles which are too subtle for sensuous discernment. This human intelligence is bounded in all directions by a region of impenetrable causation.

Enough for finite minds to know
That God creates what seems to grow.

But this restriction of scientific research to the purview of the senses, is no impediment to Artistic Maternity, any more than to agriculture or hygiene; for the mother's relation to Nature is analogically the same as that of the agriculturist and hygienist. All that she or either of the latter needs to know, is how to cooperate with Nature in a work which is essentially her own, but which human beings have power to help or hinder, by providing through wisdom, or preventing through ignorance and error, the observed conditions of her successful operation. Touching this topic Mrs. Farnham very aptly remarks that

"No admission is more common, among enlightened and vulgar, than that the mother has power to protect her unborn child from harm through her experiences. It is indeed a requirement which society makes upon her, and which it denounces or punishes her for failing in, as for something quite avoidable had she been enlightened or faithful enough to see or to do what was requisite. But you have power to save from harm a little further exercise of the same will be service for positive good. If the mother is endowed to resist for her child, hurtful shocks and evil impressions or influences, whether moral or physical, there can be no limit set to her power to act positively for its benefit, save the limit set in her human or in her individual constitution."

The scope of intelligence here suggested as relevant to Artistic Maternity, is surely attainable; and though I may fail to communicate it to the hurried understanding of all my readers, I shall try to put the earnest in a way to learn for themselves whatever is subservient to the most exalted purpose that mothers can entertain.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY IRA STEWARD.

In an able and excellent article upon the Labor Question, in a recent issue of the Banner, occurs this passage, after a general statement of the fact of the very unequal distribution of the proceeds of labor:

"Will the eight-hour system remedy the evil? I think not. It does not propose to equalize the distribution of the products of labor, which is the thing most needed now." &c.

This is exactly the thing proposed by the eight-hour, or short-time movement, or by those who advocate it. The theory of the eight-hour advocates is, that more time or leisure for the working classes will revolutionize their habits, customs, feelings, tastes, manners, ways of living, &c., &c. This proposition is the first point in the theory, and should be very carefully digested.

Man is a being of physical, intellectual, moral and social necessities and requirements. His proper attention and development is, in part, purely a question of time. What is there which does not require time? What things can be done in a minute only. If the amount of time necessary to perform a given thing is cut short, it will not be done perfectly, and perhaps will not be done at all. While some things can be done in a minute, others take ages. Men now begin to doubt the possibility of the world having been created in six days; and we who urge a reduction of the hours of labor, do so because we think that wise men and women are, as a whole, impossible in a system which leaves less time than is necessary, after the labor of the day is finished, to attend to their physical, intellectual, moral and social natures.

People who have time are more deliberate and precise and exact in what they do than those who have not the proper amount of time. What we have to do in eating, sleeping, bathing, dressing, visiting, talking, planning, listening, studying, reading, writing and organizing, is nearly all cut short, and in many cases utterly and entirely neglected through the long hours of labor; and the difference between those who by their wealth and training are able to do all this to greater completeness and perfection and those who are not, is the difference between those whose habits, customs, ways of living, &c., are good, and those whose habits, &c., are low. A practical illustration of the difference between those whose habits are good and those not good, may be experienced by eating and sleeping first in the houses of factory owners, for instance, and then in the tenements occupied by their operatives. The revolution which more time or leisure will make in the habits of the working classes, will very gradually increase their wages; and thus we have reached the second point in the short-time theory.

The wages which men receive for their labor are governed by their habits, customs, ways of living, &c. John Stuart Mill says, "No remedies for low wages have the smallest chance of being efficacious, which do not operate on and through the minds and habits of the people." Your correspondent says, "Reduce the working hours, and capital will reduce the price per diem." Capital will not, because it has no such power. In the eight-hour system employers will do just what they do now: viz, hire as cheap as they can; and they would not only find it impossible to reduce the pay after adopting the eight-hour system, but the revolution which would very gradually take place in the habits and ways of living of the workers, would, in less than three years, begin to raise wages. This slight increase in wages, thus accomplished through natural causes, is "the baby figure of the giant mass of things to come at last." It commences a more equal distribution of wealth, and when men learn how to increase their wages a little, they will not rest contented until they finally secure all they earn.

When labor secures all it earns, there will be no "administrative ability" either capable or desirous of getting what it does not earn, and the Peabodys and Astors will be impossible. More

leisure or time; then, mean higher and better habits and ways of living among the workers. This means a gradual increase in their wages, to continue until wealth is so equally distributed that the great temptations to crime, idleness, usury, corrupt legislation, rum selling, prostitution, and many other evils traceable to poverty, are effectually removed. Labor will then prove anything but a "curse," and it will be honored, as idleness will be dishonored.

The remedy for the present social confusion will be found to be very gradual and exceedingly simple. First, the masses will succeed in securing more time; and then, without the necessity of making it a political question, they will soon secure more space, larger houses to live in. Then the revolution in their habits, customs, ways of living, &c., will commence, and through higher and higher wages the vast wealth they have produced will slowly melt back into their hands. Upon this road we are to travel up to that millennium of universal labor reform—cooperative industry—in which the producer and the capitalist are one. The wages system will melt away gradually, and men will learn to cooperate. Cooperation now, in the present ignorance, jealousy, poverty and low moral tone of workmen, will and generally fail, as those who trust their hard earnings in such experiments, will learn to their cost. Cooperation in the distribution of what labor has produced, is of course a much simpler matter; the chief value of which will prove to be the superior confidence of workmen in themselves and each other it has created. The first great step is to reduce the hours of labor.

THE WOOD-ROBIN.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

How calmly the lingering light
Bent back over woodland and main,
As an infant, ere closing its eyelids at night,
Looks back on its mother again.

The wood-robin sings at my door
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

'Twas thus in my boyhood time—
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

Ere the storms and the shadows that fall on our prime,
Had told me that pleasures grow old—

I loved, in the warm summer eves,
To recline on the welcoming sod,
By the broad spreading temple of twilight and leaves,
Where the wood-robin worshipped her God.

I know not that life could endure
The burden it beareth to-day,
And I felt that my soul was as happy and pure
As the tone of the wood-robin's lay.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful youth,
With its visions of hope and of love,
How cruel is life to reveal us the truth
That peace only liveth above.

The wood-robin trills the same tune
From her thicket in garden and glen,
And the landscape and sky, and the twilight of June,
Look lovely and glowing as then;

But I think of the glories that fell
In the harvest of sorrow and tears,
Till the song of the forest bird sounds like a knell
Tolling back through the valley of years.

Sweet bird, as thou singest, forlorn
Though the visions that rise from the past,
The deep of the future is purpling with morn,
And its mystery melting at last.

I know that the splendor of youth
Will return to me yet, and my soul
Will float in the sunlight of beauty and truth
Where the tides of the infinite roll.

Oh! I fain would arise and set sail
From the lowlands of trouble and pain,
But I wait on the shore for the tarrying gale,
And sigh for the haven in vain.

And I watch for the ripples to play,
And tell me the breezes are nigh,
Like a sailor who longs to be wafted away,
To the land that lies hid in the sky.

But the whippoorwill waits on the moor,
And day has deserted the night;
The moon glimmers down through the vines at my door,
And the robin has flown to her nest.

Adieu, gentle bird; ere the sun
Shall line the far forest with light,
Thou' 't wake from thy slumbers more merry than one
Who heard thee and blessed thee to-night.

Letter from E. V. Wilson.

Permit me, dear Banner, in a spirit of kindness to offer an apology to Bro. Willis. I regret exceedingly that he should take offence at my reference to him in my answer to the attack of Moses Hull on our speakers. I meant no offence to Bro. Willis, and the mere fact of referring to him in the manner I did, does not laud me or slander him; but rather throws the blame of failure on the society over which he presided, and draws the conclusion that Spiritualism is not calculated to receive food for any great length of time from any one mind. This has been tried often, and in every case was a failure. It is simple justice to Bro. Willis to say that he held the society together in Coldwater a longer period of time than has ever been accomplished by any other speaker; and yet it is equally true that the experiment proved a failure.

One point I feel compelled to reply to pertinent-ly. It is this: "All of which points are entirely false." Please look at the paragraph referred to, and then ask if it is untrue that Bro. Willis was settled in Coldwater. Was there not dissatisfaction? Is not the society heavily in debt? Have they held regular meetings since he left? Is not Spiritualism at a lower ebb in Coldwater to-day than for ten years previous? Is it not about ten years since Joe Tiffany filled the large hall in Coldwater full to overflowing? Does not Bro. V. confirm my assertion in writing: "And they were compelled to give up their permanent speaker, and adopt a cheaper method of conducting the meetings?"

A whim prompted me not to put my name to the article referred to, and the nameless correspondent concludes by saying, Bro. Willis, I am sorry I have offended you in my article, and have no hesitation in asking as true a Spiritualist as you are, to forgive me this one offence, and I promise not to use your name again in defending our speakers and principles against the unwarranted attacks of such men as Hull, Gaylord, Grimes, and Stephenson.

I have always admired you as a man, Spiritualist, writer, speaker and medium. I know you have "passed under the rod," and turned the left cheek for the second blow; and I assure you I would not willingly be the brother to give it. Let us continue to be friends.

Your brother, E. V. WILSON.

Menekau, Wis., June 17, 1886.

AN UNBIASED OPINION OF AN OLD FOOL.—Some people fly into raptures about a blackbird's whistled note; others talk sentimental humbug about the lark's wildly thrilling notes, or the nightingale's pleading notes; but my opinion is that the only notes worth admiring are—bank notes.

New York Matters.

Things in and about Gotham.

If any of the disciples and friends of "Old Theology" desire a warmer place to live in, or seek a more congenial atmosphere than the one they now inhabit, they will find it, except at Marysville, Cal., where the thermometer registers one hundred and ten degrees to one hundred and fifteen degrees, from May till October.

By-the-by, the people of Marysville—the female portion of it in particular—are *chronically good*; for they are so well satisfied with the fervid atmosphere thereabout, that they don't care to migrate to the only other warmer place known to tradition; so they are, as I said, splendid folks. How I love the Californians for their big, generous, cosmopolitan hearts! This is a slight digression. Let the reader consider it *sub rosa*—a little matter between ourselves.

Our PRICED last Friday was a grand success. I mean atmospherically and socially—not financially—to which latter point reference is respectfully made to "Head Centre" Farnsworth, whom I met on the wharf, radiant with smiles, and with both hands as full of greenbacks—as his heart is with the "milk of human kindness." Every body was there, and all seemed happy—though often in this inhospitable world, the gulf without hides the sorrow within. It was truly a day of worship in the temple of the Great Spirit, with the sounding anthems of the Wind-Harps, making grand music through the tree-tops, and soothing the weary spirits of earth, like the songs of angels heard only in the depths of the soul. Oh, that more frequently we gathered ourselves together in the sacred groves of nature, to drink in the inspiring magnetisms which flow so purely there from the central magnet of the Infinite. Then would we throw off the grosser elements absorbed in our contact with the world of traffic, and become as little children in our capacity to enjoy.

We do not follow your example—which is a good one—of closing our halls during the summer months; and as, like poor Mrs. Camp, few of us like to "make an effort" in these sultry times, the audiences are very thin, even if very spiritual. At Doudworth's, we had Mrs. Middlebrook; and, speaking for myself and the friend who was with me, I must say that we listened to the words which flowed so eloquently from her lips, with wrapt attention. Her reading of the noble poem, "The Kingdom," purporting to have been given by the spirit of Poe, through Miss Lizzie Doten, was not simply beautiful, but most grandly touching and effective. At Elliott Hall, Bro. H. B. Storer was the speaker last Sunday, (17th,) but the rainy day prevented my hearing him, as doubtless it did many others.

When the hot season shall have passed by, I shall try to muster up energy enough to "drift about" among the brotherhood and sisterhood, for "items" with which to interest the children of the household of faith—big and little—who are all readers of the BANNER. Much may be thus gathered of interest, that is now lost for want of a chronicler. In efforts to this end, I want the aid of those who wish me to help them keep secret a good thing, till I can unburthen myself to you; for what is the value of a secret, unless you can impart it—confidentially of course—to the tens of thousands of BANNER subscribers? Ask any lady if the task is not a difficult one.

The little band who gather themselves together every Wednesday evening at Williamsburg, show a good example to others, in zealous, well directed labor. Gradually, the seed that is sown, germinates, and the promise of rich fruitage is most cheering. Bro. Hallock, a real Bonapartes in the cause of truth, has been their speaker for several weeks past.

A dear little lady, Miss Fannie Hancock, gives séances at the Wall House, in Williamsburg, on Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week. She already possesses rare gifts, as a trance medium for medical and business communications, and in the promise of her future development, she bids fair to take a noble place among those who stand between us and the departed; who seek to give us counsel.

I often "drop in," like amiable Paul Pry, to see your and the public's good friend, Mrs. Hyde, whose rooms are at 435 Sixth Avenue; but lately, I find the pressure upon her time so great, from her increasing and well deserved reputation as a test medium, that she is—like the spirits to most of us—quite invisible.

There are many well-developed mediums in our midst, to whom hundreds would be glad to go for messages of love; but as they are too modest of their claims to advertise in the BANNER, it is only by a rare good fortune that I can hear of them. Some of them must be brought out, and compelled to place their "light" where it can be seen.

Dr. Newton's rooms are crowded daily; and what becomes of cords and crutches, cast aside as useless by those who come as cripples and go away on the run, is a mystery to me. Perhaps the Doctor has an "Old Curiosity Shop" where he stores them away, and with which he designs to erect a Temple, at some day in the future, wherein to worship the Goddess of Health. Thousands now, in this day of light and knowledge, as in the days of Jesus, shut their eyes and declare that "those things are not so," for that the age of miracles has forever passed away. Poor moles; let them burrow yet awhile in the darkness. But the world does move, nevertheless.

The future is radiant with promises of a more harmonious era; but every earnest soul has a work to do to speed it on. Disintegration in the social elements, abrogation of old and *effete* usages, goes on apace, and soon the ground will be cleared of the rubbish, and the materials collected for the new and better structure which is to grace the millennial age, of "Peace on earth, good will to man."

New York, June 22, 1886.

EXTRACTS FROM ANOTHER LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

'Tis passing strange that such an enlightened people as the New Yorkers are, should suffer the unwholesome air of their tenements to remain unchanged for years (unless obliged to move), with the blinds closed and curtains closely drawn, lest the beautiful carpet should fade from the exposure to the light, little dreaming that the same colors are emitting a poisonous effluvia, which, with the poisons emanating from diseased bodies, that cannot be healthy without sunshine and the pure breezes of heaven, produces an unhealthy atmosphere. I pity their little children; for they know nothing of broad prairies, grass carpets, wild flowers, and singing-birds. Too many are like caged birds that pine and die for want of freedom. Were I to commence a missionary work in New York, I would throw back the shutters, unbar the doors, and cut the lace strings which disfigure so many forms, rendering the lungs inadequate to their task. I would bathe the weary forms with pure water;

and, with magnetic hands, brush away the clouds of anxiety, distrust and unrest, and bid them bask in the sunshine of heaven—even a Father's love. I would inspire the mind with naturalness, and do away with this superabundance of artfulness and artificiality. But it is very difficult to reach minds that once have become fossilized with creeds, dogmas and customs.

But here and there we find an oasis in the desert. From the busy bustling of the city, we may resort to that earthly paradise, "Central Park"—a full description of which would occupy too many columns of your paper. Suffice it to say its graveled walks, rustic arbors, grassy plate, evergreen trees, shrubbery, flowers and statuary, together with music every Saturday afternoon, renders it a beautiful and sweet retreat, and contrasts with the din of the city as strikingly as our beautiful Philosophy of Harmony and Love does with old-time creeds and notions, incrustrated with Bigotry and Superstition, unventilated by Science and Reason.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is developing landscapes with the rapidity of thought, which, on closely inspecting every shade and figure, represents some animal, bird, or flower. If some person of means could place this individual above pecuniary embarrassment, I opine he would become an artist second to none in the world. Why is it that our greatest geniuses in the fine arts—those who are unfolded spiritually—should be wanting the necessities of life? If the millionaire would enrich his own spirit, let him impart to such persons sufficient of his worldly means to enable them to go on with their spiritual work.

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN.

EXTRACTS FROM WALTER HYDE'S LETTER.

To the casual observer the cause of Spiritualism may seem to be waning in this city, but the evidences are that it never was more prosperous. Good mediums and speakers are sought after and their society coveted.

Our public meetings are well attended; and the question is often asked, "Where can I find a good medium?" "Where can I learn of Spiritualism?" The wonder is that there can be a hundred mediums in New York, and yet so hard to find.

Father Taylor, on West-Sixteenth street, is about to discontinue the Monday-evening circles at his residence, until larger parlors and extended facilities will enable him to better accommodate the public. These circles have been held regularly about ten and a half years.

Dr. J. R. Newton maintains the full possession of his earthly form, and seems blest with the vigor of perfect health. Added to this is the co-operation of the magnetic, spiritual, and soul-power of a host of spirit-friends, whose knowledge of healing, life-giving principles, enables them to remove disease as effectually as tables are moved by other spirits in the presence of physical media. What a noble gift—the gift of healing by the laying on of hands. Many covet this without knowing that to become educated in the use of one's own healing power is practicable, and a means of securing divest joy, as well as the co-operation of angels.

New York, June 24, 1886.

"The Case of George Dedlow."

A friend has just called my attention to the above article in the Atlantic Monthly, July, as a verification of the theory of Spiritualists. As there may be among the thousands who read the BANNER, one or two who will not see this article, allow me to state, briefly, its substance.

The writer entered the army as a surgeon; afterwards became a Lieutenant; got lost in some expedition; was surprised in a narrow lane and shot, the ball passing through both arms; was captured by a dozen guerrillas; sent to a rebel hospital; had one arm amputated; was exchanged; returned to his regiment as Captain; received in the next battle a ball through both legs; was carried again to a hospital; where, to make a long story shorter, (or rather the teller, he "suffered amputation of both thighs, very high up.") Then gangrene attacked the wound in his remaining arm, which, to give a roundness and completeness to the narrative, of course was taken off. He recovered, and says that "Notwithstanding these drawbacks, my physical health was good." In the Stump Hospital he is told by a fellow patient about a "Circle on Conter street," and gets himself carried there, when he is told by the medium that there are two spirits present for him who will not give names, but finally rap out the following: "U. S. Army Medical Museum, Nos. 3486, 3487." Whereupon he recognizes his lost legs, and "to the amazement of every one I arose, and staggering a little, walked across the room, on limbs invisible to them or me."

This is the sum of the "Case of George Dedlow," told in upwards of twenty columns in the above magazine, which is, as I see by the title page, "Devoted to Literature, Science, Art and Politics." I am tempted to let this pass without comment as unworthy of serious criticism. But when we see our belief, the faith dear to the hearts of the united millions throughout the world; a faith made sacred to us by the holiest feelings of our lives; consecrated to the memory of death, and seeking consolation from the life beyond, made the theme of a shallow and pointless jest, a heartless and malicious lie, we must even say, as did Jeffrey of the cruel disregard of the feelings of others and scorn of sacred things in Don Juan; it is this we must deplore, "it is of this that we complain."

The theory of spirit return and control, is ever consistent in all its parts, and in harmony with natural law. What shall we say when those who are in league against us string together such a medley of monstrous and revolting absurdities, as in the above article? That they are using such weapons as remain to them; weapons that are forged in plenty in the armories of intolerance and conceit, for the use of those who fear to handle keener steel. If the learned and accomplished, witty and refined writer of the "Case of George Dedlow," after making him lose both arms and both legs, had only had his head taken off, the rules of common sense would have permitted the story to have been managed with nearly the same results, and a noteworthy coincidence would have been produced, it would seem, as far as a plentiful lack of brains is concerned, between "George Dedlow's Case," and that of his pseudo biographer.

Providence, R. I.

A Card from Miss Doten.

Messrs. Editors—As I see by your last issue that my name has been placed in the list of delegates to the next National Convention, I beg leave to say through your columns, that I decline the honor, as I wish to take no active part in the Convention, while under its present constitution and management.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

Boston, June 25, 1886.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living: "No; but I am almost there."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1886.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and induit. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; the relation 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.*

Magnetism vs. Cholera.

Since the discussion of the best methods of preventing and curing cholera has been going forward, a great many facts and hints have been unearthed which might otherwise have slumbered for years longer unknown. People have been asking how it is that, if the regular "faculty" cannot tell the best mode of curing the disease, they have the least right to criticize in a lofty manner the suggestions offered by such as do not belong to the "faculty" at all. This kind of querying covers the case of homeopaths and others. And especially the mode of curing by the employment of animal magnetism.

A Dr. Parker, in New York, having opposed in the Board of Health Commission the admission of the Homeopathic Doctors to practice in the cholera hospitals, in case the pestilence should rage in that city, Dr. Ladd has started up with some very pertinent questions in relation to his own method, which is that of animal magnetism. He informs the Health Commissioners that, although he makes it his practice to reside in Newport during the summer months and the rest of the year in New York, yet he will remain in the latter city during the present season, and give all of his time that may be required in helping the patients in the Cholera Hospital.

The efficacy of the magnetic mode of treatment for this and other complaints being indubitable, we quote from his representations for the better enlightenment of our readers. Says the Doctor: "All writers on cholera agree upon one point, which is, that there is not much, if anything, to fear from this disease while the system is in a perfectly healthy condition; or, in other words, while the brain and other parts of the body have their proper supply of vitality, or magnetism, in due proportion, so essential for a healthy condition." And he adds, in reference to what his theory of cure really is, "I claim that all diseases, including cholera, spring from a want of vitality, or a supply of magnetism in the system, particularly in the parts immediately affected. Supply this, and equalize it throughout the system in proper proportion, and disease will cease to exist. This I claim to do with animal magnetism, and it is all I claim to do in effecting my cures."

By the scientific and persistent application of this needed force, he has treated successfully cases of dropsy, paralysis, tumors, liver complaint, rheumatism, pneumonia, nervous complaints, kidney diseases, and other affections which are so alarmingly prevalent; the fact proving the soundness of the theory to the satisfaction of both physician and patient. He does not think, any more than we do, that the limit of scientific knowledge and skill has been reached. He is unwilling to think that Allopamy has discovered everything that is really worth knowing, or that progress is still an impossibility.

The subject of Animal Magnetism as a curative agency of positive reliability has long been a familiar one to Spiritualists, whose practitioners none of them dare overlook or set aside an agency always so ready and sure. We have always insisted that it would yet be an accepted force in effecting cures among practitioners who now profess to despise it, and we believe our prophecy is, by the aid of fears of cholera, about to be verified.

The Instincts of the Spirit.

The Theologians tell us we must not follow our Reason, because that is pretty sure to mislead us, being so low and weak as it is in our present stage of existence. And they warn us, too, against following what we believe to be our higher and nobler instincts, because we are by nature so depraved. What, then, is their alternative? Which way shall we turn? Why, to a creed such as they have already formed and fashioned for us; a human construction surely; pursuing the methods of reason with bonneted severity where it makes for the interest of the creed, and falling off into the abysses of mystery where assumption and dogmatism suits the purpose better. The men who get iron-bound and iron-clad formulas of this inconsistent character, are the ones who threaten us if we employ our reason, and assure us that we are lost already if we mind those impulses of the spirit which every one knows of his own experience to be divine.

Without by any means laying aside the offices of reason and judgment, without surrendering the work of investigation whenever a new suggestion arises, but seeking ever to harmonize all things within our natures—it is nevertheless the only safe rule to adopt to watch and wait faithfully upon the spiritual instincts, those subtle and truly mysterious powers which seem especially appointed to suggest, to lead, to guide, to warn us. They are the very roots and fibres of our being. Reason is a faculty; these are essence. Reason works on knowledge, on what is conceded to be fact; instinct scents out and sees the fact long before it is proven. We often speak of conscience. It is a divine instinct within us. Let us trust to the guidance of that but for a single day, and we shall see how very difficult it is to fully obey the requirements of the divine law. Creeds and dogmas will seem small enough to us after such an experiment. We shall begin to realize then what the depths of our being are.

Mrs. Lela Walsbrook.

We were favored with a very agreeable though short visit from Mrs. Walsbrook last Thursday. The favorable opinion we had formed of her from her writings was not marred in any degree by a personal interview. She is a very intelligent, pleasant and agreeable lady, with no show of ostentatiousness. She is on her way to Lowell, where she is to speak for the Society of Spiritualists during the month of July, and intends to remain in New England for some time, for the purpose of lecturing, if she receives engagements soon. We trust our friends will secure her services at once.

Right to the Point.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which nobly and fearlessly advocates our philosophy, the truth of which the whole civilized world will acknowledge in good time, publishes an excellent article in its issue of June 23, calling upon the Spiritualists of America to fully sustain their organs. It says:

We have no complaints to make. We claim no exclusive field for our enterprise. We simply ask for support due our merits. We well know that not one-tenth of the families in the United States who believe in Spiritualism subscribe for, or even read a newspaper devoted to the cause, while there are two large, ably conducted and neatly printed weekly newspapers—the BANNER OF LIGHT, of Boston, and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, which will compare favorably, in every particular, with any other newspapers published in the world, and are struggling to do their whole duty in the great field of reform.

We do think Spiritualists ought to be proud of, and willing to give a cheerful support to both of these journals. Situated as they are, the one in the East and the other in the West, there is no conflict of interest, nor the least feeling of rivalry—at least there is no such feeling on the part of the JOURNAL, and we unqualifiedly express the opinion that our old and well established contemporary has the best feelings toward our enterprise.

We well know the pecuniary struggle it passed through in the years of its infancy. It persevered, and finally has triumphed over all opposition, and has a safe superstructure erected upon a sound basis, that we, as Spiritualists, are proud to point the world to as a result of the great truths we love and labor for.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is now in its infancy—and it, too, has to encounter a peculiar pressure that might make timid souls quail and tremble. All this we expected when we entered the arena, and but for the assurance of the brave, loving souls of the inner life, from the first, and their reassurance, from time to time, of an ultimate and grand success, we might have never inaugurated the enterprise.

There is soul in the above extract. Yes, Bro. Jones, we do indeed wish success may attend your enterprise. And it will, if such feelings continue to guide you as are expressed above. It is our heartfelt desire that the JOURNAL may be placed upon a basis so firm that all the shafts old Theology may hurl against it will not mar its fair proportions in the least. The BANNER, thank God, is placed upon a firm basis, and will, doubtless, continue to do battle for TRUTH, when we, its humble conductors, shall have fulfilled our missions and passed to the life beyond.

As the thought has gone out to spirit-life from the mortal, to know what our spirit-friends think of the "Western organ," we with pleasure repeat their views in this connection, as they are to the point, showing conclusively that the inhabitants of the spirit-world feel and manifest a deep interest in both papers. In answer to the question regarding the JOURNAL, the spirit remarked, "What do we think of it? Why, to be sure, we think it is another voice of God, sounding out to the people of the nineteenth century; proclaiming good tidings to all the people everywhere, under whatsoever conditions they may exist, whether in churches or outside of them. This voice proposes to reach all. As your BANNER enters every house and reaches the darkened chamber of every soul with its light, so this organ goes hand in hand with you, sending out its glad tidings on every breeze, and giving to every soul meat in due season. It has been baptized with the blessings of the angels; therefore we can do no less than think well of it."

With such evidence before us, surely we should not hesitate to act in harmony, to the end that all humanity may be benefited by the dissemination of the mighty truths the glorious Philosophy of Spiritualism teaches.

To the Spiritualists, then, we appeal, in all earnestness, to sustain both their organs, if they would have their glorious scientific religion rapidly established everywhere.

Picnics.

Tuesday, June 23th, was one of the finest days in Nature's calendar for a ramble among the sheltering pines and shady hemlocks. On the morning of that day a long train of cars, filled with happy souls, left this city for an excursion to Isl- and Grove, Abington, under the superintendence of Dr. Gardner. On arriving at the Grove they were met by another party which had come from the opposite direction, so that, altogether, there was quite a large gathering. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the attendance of the Quincy Children's Lyceum, a fine looking body of youths of both sexes. They went through with some of their exercises, closing with a beautiful Silver-Chain recitation, with credit, though the weather was too hot for much exercising.

Those who assembled around the speakers' stand were presided over by Mr. Bacon and Mr. Bickford alternately, both of whom addressed the audience. Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. M. M. Wood, Mrs. H. Matthews, Mr. Albertson, and Messrs. Tooley, Wheeler, Lawrence and Thayer also made speeches. The day was spent agreeably in one way and another, and all safely returned to their homes, expressing the earnest wish that a repetition of the "good time" would shortly take place.

THE CHILDREN'S PICNIC TO BEVERLY.

The Spiritualists holding meetings in Mechanics Hall, Charlestown, took their Lyceum children on a picnic to Stanley's Grove, Beverly, on Thursday, June 21. The affair was a success, and the weather pleasant and refreshing. All enjoyed themselves very happily, especially the children, who went through their exercises of marching, gymnastics, singing, recitations, &c., finely, considering the short time the classes have been organized. Speeches were made by Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, Mrs. Albertson, Messrs. Robinson, Currier, and Thayer. Dr. York is conductor of the Lyceum, and Mrs. F. A. York, guardian of groups. Good order prevailed throughout the day, and all returned safely, feeling better for having enjoyed a day in the grove.

Educate the Freedmen.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, who has been engaged for some time past in teaching the freedmen at New Orleans, will visit the North soon for the purpose of delivering public lectures in aid of his proposed school for the education in the higher grades of the colored children in the Crescent City. He says he feels it to be his duty to labor in this great field, where the rewards are so rich in the grand result of intellect developed and souls set free from ignorance. We hope the philanthropy will render Dr. Randolph all the aid in their power to enable him to accomplish so laudable a work.

"Why Not?"

Dr. Storer's work with the above title is creating a great sensation among the married ladies in "the upper circles of society." We commented at length upon the subject of which the book treats, in our paper of the 23d of June; under the title of "A Nameless Grime." This demand for this important treatise on a most vital subject is rapidly increasing; and we shall continue to furnish it to all who wish. An advertisement elsewhere in our columns gives further particulars.

Protection for the Indians.

Judge Dox's bill, providing for an annual inspection of Indian Affairs by an authorized committee, and facilitating the work by dividing up our common territory through which the Indians are scattered into five several districts, finally passed the Senate, and we cannot but express our sincere hope that such a measure, framed and moved in a spirit of true benevolence and justice, may yet become a law. This bill proposes, as mentioned, five inspection districts: one embracing California and Nevada, with the territory of Washington and Idaho; one the territories of Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico; one the State of Kansas, the Indian Territory, Nebraska and Southern Dakota; and one the State of Minnesota, and that part of Dakota north of Nebraska, with the territory of Montana.

This parcels out the field for the proper officials to perform their service in, although the Secretary of the Interior, by direction of the President, may change those boundaries from time to time. The bill creates five Boards of Inspection of Indian Affairs, each to consist of three members—one chief inspector, to hold his office for four years, and receive an annual salary of four thousand dollars, one inspector to be detailed from the regular army by the Secretary of War annually, without additional pay, and one to be annually appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, from among such persons as may be recommended by the annual meetings or conventions of the religious societies or denominations of the United States as suitable persons to act upon those Boards.

The further details of the proposed new administration of Indian Affairs our space will not permit us to give; but we are assured, from a careful review of them, that their tendency is altogether to the better treatment of a race whom we have stripped of their all, and to the establishment of something like an approach to justice with a feeble remnant whose like the world will never look upon again. Having their affairs on our hands, it is at least our duty to discharge our obligations in a spirit of honesty, kindness, and good faith. We cannot expect much less than treachery from them, if we ourselves employ agents to withhold from them the provisions which have been appropriated solely to their use and enjoyment, and allow those agents to fleece them wherever there is a pound of pork or flour to be consumed by them.

It is time that a vigorous nation like ours, professing to be breaking down the barriers that stand in the way of justice and freedom on all other sides, should look to the gross and fearfully aggravated wrongs of which it stands guilty in this matter of our policy toward the Indians. That is a pulsing sentiment of benevolence which cannot see the justice of the Indian cause as well as the right of any and every other. The red men were brave warriors, and encountered our arms with all the stoical fortitude of their savage nature. They were a strange race, whom their successors cannot claim to surpass by pursuing toward them a course of petty persecutions and injustice.

Corporation Injustice.

The largest salary paid any one man in New England, will be returned this year by Mr. Storer, agent of the Salisbury Woolen Mills. When offered a similar position elsewhere, the Board of Directors very wisely concluded they could afford to pay him as much as any one else could, and he was worth as much to them, and advanced his salary to \$15,000.—*Exchange.*

If the Board of Directors of the Salisbury Woolen Mills had increased the wages of their operatives, instead of the salary of their agent, it would have been more to their credit, to say the least. Why, some of the workmen in these mills do not receive wages enough to maintain their families decently. One dollar and twenty cents per day, we understand, is the scanty amount paid men with families to support. This amount does not go far, when the present high prices of the prime necessities of life are taken into consideration. An operative informed us not long since that he could not afford to furnish his family with meat at all. And yet, in the face and eyes of these facts, the Directors pay their agent an enormous salary! Corporations, it has been said, have no consciences; and in this particular instance it does seem that the statement is correct. But a day of reckoning will surely come. Those who grind the face of the poor, for their own aggrandizement, will have a fearful account to settle when they pass to the life beyond. Then they will find themselves poor indeed. As they have sowed so will they reap.

Clerical Crime.

Some one has sent us the Oswego Commercial Advertiser and Times, containing a marked article, headed "Horrible Murder Near Medina—A Clergyman Whips His Child to Death." The details are indeed sickening. The fend's name is Lindsey, a Presbyterian. The child's fingers were actually broken by the blows administered, says the report. The coroner's jury returned a verdict "that death resulted from chastisement by the father." And what, reader, do you suppose that child was whipped to death for? Because it could not or would not say its prayers! Here was manifested the same spirit that impelled the priests and their bigoted parasites in olden time to burn at the stake those who would not believe, theologically, exactly as they did. It is the same spirit that hung up the poor mediums in Salem as witches. It is the same spirit that would give us to-day for teaching the great truths of Spiritualism! But thanks be to the Mighty Principle which pervades all matter and all mind, HUMANITY is coming to the rescue, and these priestly mountebanks are fast losing their power to mislead the masses. The old venom within them is still alive, however, and will now and then crop out in whipping children to death! It is time liberal-minded men move in solid phalanx to wipe out with the weapons of TRUTH the last relics of a feudal age—Churchianity.

The Coming Convention.

As the time is rapidly approaching for the meeting of the Third National Convention of Spiritualists, we hope the delegates will go prepared to make the Convention as harmonious as possible. It is desirable that they waive all past differences, and come up to the work before them in a spirit of loving kindness. The principles they inculcate teach harmony, and we hope and trust this cardinal virtue will be made manifest throughout the entire proceedings.

"M. Bach's Dream."

To those friends who have sent us copies of various newspapers with "M. Bach's Dream" marked for us to copy, we will state that we published the same, together with the words of the song in French, in the Banner of August 19, 1885, on the eighth page, under the title of "Music brought by a Spirit." It originally appeared in *Le Grand Journal, of Paris* and is only rewritten by the Paris correspondent of "The Nation."

That Beautiful Song. (1923)

That Beautiful Song.—The
 "Seeing the beautiful 'Hymn (Song) of the An-
 gel' in the Banner, of June 1st, without crediting it,
 I deem it just to say a few words about it. In the
 fall of 1887 I took my first interesting tour toward
 the westward. At Utica, N. Y., I met a few friends in a
 circle, at which a Mr. Skinner and some others
 sang and played. I was much interested, and
 thought so beautiful. I requested a copy, and re-
 ceived a part of those above referred to. I
 altered them, and when I got to Buffalo
 I had Alburo was then publishing "The Age of
 Progress," in which we then published the "Song
 of the Angels." It was copied, 'hick' day in the
 paper, and the Buffalo office will be found in "The
 hymn 'Progress' of page 12." I have the vol-
 ume I think you will find many more equally
 adapted to the use of the glorious Sabbath ex-
 pressors of our "Children's Progressive Lyceums."
 Our Lyceum here numbers over one hundred
 scholars, called by the Oratorio "the Sunday
 School." We have had two public exhibitions, which gave
 great satisfaction to our progressive community.
 Vineland, N. J. L. K. COONLEY.

Bro. Coonley is very unfortunate in his explanatory note in reference to "*That Beautiful Song*," as he will see by the following note just received from the author:

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in the BANNER OF LIGHT of June 23, 1866, my "Hymn to the Angels," but without credit to the author, and in some parts much deteriorated from the "original text," which appeared in the Banner many years ago. Such, however, is the usual fate of poets.

Washington, D. C. H. C. PREUSS.

Obituaries.

NOTICE TO OBITUARY WRITERS.—Much of the poetry sent to us in obituary notices, does not possess sufficient literary merit to print; and as we do not wish to be considered more partial to one than another, we shall print no poetry attached to such notices.

Passed away, Franklin, N. H., March 16th, Mrs. George A. Colby, wife of John F. Dodge, Esq., and daughter of Mr. John L. and Mrs. Mary G. Colby, of F., aged 27 years.

"None knew her but to love her." Such was the silent, unspoken sentiment of the large cortege that followed to the grave the inanimate remains of the beloved wife, sister and friend, whose name stands at the head of this humble memorial. But three years ago she was led to the hymeneal altar

Mrs. Dodge was, in every sense of the word, a true Christian. The breath of the slanderer had not dared to breathe its blighting virus over a reputation so spotless as hers. Kind and gentle in all her relations of life, a faithful wife, affectionate daughter, devoted sister and friend, she won the love of all who knew her, and elevated and ennobled, by her genial influence, all who came in contact with her. Her lib-

ness was of brief duration, and it became apparent to her and others that she would soon pass "the way of all earth." But no fear or dread of the approaching angel was manifested by her—her only desire being to live for her husband and child. Affectionately bidding farewell to weeping friends, her life-bark broke away from the moorings of earth, and set sail for the shining sea of Eternity, whose waves will bear her enfranchised spirit onward and upward to higher ports and brighter destinies.

Earth clasps in its motherly embrace no fairer casket, nor heaven enshrines upon its snowy bosom a brighter jewel than hers. To husband, parents, brothers, sister, and friends, who have left the stupendous of a beautiful example, worthy of their emulation. May their pathway be brightened by her lovely presence, and when they in turn shall cast aside the garb of mortality, may they join her in the Elysian fields, odorous with the breath of undying flowers, and illumined with the radiance and glory of an Eternal Day.

Also, in Lawrence, Mass., May 29th, Rev. Joseph Elliott, formerly of Franklin, N. H., aged 50 years.

Bro. Elliott preached for the period of four years in the Christian Baptist Church in Franklin; but his progressive nature, his love of truth and enlarged perceptions could not be confined within the narrow circumscriptions of Church conventionalisms, and he advocated the more liberal system of religious ethics known as the Campbell doctrine. Thence,

released a portion of his congregation, which led him eventually to dissolve all connection with the Church. From this dissolution dates his rapid progress in more liberal ideas, which eventuated in a full faith and assured knowledge of the glorious principles of the Spiritual Philosophy—an earnest believer and zealous advocate of which he continued to be up to the day of his exodus from earth.

members of the different sects at Franklin have strong reasons to remember him, in the clear, unanswerable logic he employed against their religious superstitions, and in favor of the triumph of the principles embodied in modern Spiritualism. The contest at times was most hotly contested, but in no one instance did he ever suffer defeat.

He was very highly esteemed in the communities in which he "lived, moved, and had his being." He was possessed of a veritable enjoyment of a high and exalted peace and

very willing temperament, of a kind and generous heart, and a nature alive to the wants, woes, and sufferings of crushed humanity. All will miss his pleasant countenance, his genial smile of recognition, and the friendly grasp of his hand. Yet his memory will be kept in perpetual greenness in the remembrance of all who knew him. His remains were brought to Franklin, to repose amid the hearts and homes of those he had served so well. Rest, weary soldier! The battle with thee is fought, the victory won.

JOSEPH D. STILKS.

Graceton, N. H., June 20, 1866.

Died, in New Bedford, Mass., June 5th, 1866, the earthly body of Mrs. Beattie C. Wheeler, wife of Edward S. Wheeler, of Boston, Mass., aged 27 years.

At Newton Corner, Mass., June 3d, 1866, Annie Wilson Wheeler, infant daughter of Edward S. and Beattie C. Wheeler, changed from the physical to the spiritual life, being taken to the angels before the mother to our home, where her presence

That life is long which answers life's great end,
We live in deeds, not years;
If to test a deep and varied experience; to gather from trouble,
sorrow and suffering, strength and tenderness for the performance
of duty under trials; if to develop spiritual beauty, order and truth
within her own nature: to fill with conscience

ious diligence and loving care the relations of a daughter, a sister, a wife and mother, was to live, then the earthly life now closed has been long and full of uses, round and complete even in the twenty-seven years of its short continuance.

Faithfulness, sincerity, and love of justice are the celestial jewels which sparkle in the diadem of the spirit now emancipated from the bondage of the life of earth; while her whole being glows with a light of love intense and pure as the noble affections which made her life divine within in the body. To

an intellect severely logical, which made her impatient of all pretence and affectation, was joined great power of intuition and clairvoyance of essential truths. Hence she early became possessed of assurance of Spiritualism, which grew continually until the full commencement of her life in the spiritual condition. Owing in part to hereditary influences, our Beale never had the use of a strong physical organization. Severe and early trouble left cruel scars upon her gentle, loving spirit; and for a long time she wished that life, which to her, had been

...ome so bitter, might and death forever. For years her life was prolonged by the influence of the luminaries, in order that she might develop out of the morbid condition in which circumstances had thrown her; and those who watched the care and teaching of her spirit-guides as they wrought at this labor of love, learned to love Spiritualism, whose developments made such manifestations possible. It was beautiful to see the spirit growing into light and love while contending with all the trying and even torturing conditions of this physical. It was

divine use to be the medium of assistance to her; and it was a sacred privilege to learn from her how to be true and brave. With the birth of our little Annie her life in the form seemed to culminate, and the last cloud was lifted from her mind; life out on new glories, and to live, ay, to live forever, became as desirable as it had been considered certain! And now that the condition was reached in which the future seemed secure. It was as if the sustaining power which had so long supported the material was nobly withdrawn, and she held her in part-

life until the lesson of earth was learned, she was allowed to leave a body so full of pain as to have been a grievous burden. Her disease gradually developed itself, and she, though longing to fulfill her duties to husband and child, prepared to go through much suffering, with great patience she approached the land of the angels, constantly cheered by spirit help and kindness, and at last, just preceded by her sweet child, she lifted her eyes from her husband's face to gaze on the glories of another life. In nothing has she tried it is that "I never

E. S. WHEELER.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2½ P. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 23. Evening meetings will commence at 7½ P. M.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS will be held through June in Harrison Hall, corner of Essex and Chauncy streets, at 3 and 7 1/2 p. m. Admission free. All are invited to attend. Entrance on Chauncy street.

THE C. S. D. M. U.'s FIRST PROGRESSIVE BIBLE SOCIETY will hold meetings every Sunday in No. 10 Tremont Temple, at 3 p. m.; also Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7 1/2 p. m.

MEMBERS of the Christian Scholars' Missionary Union:

will meet every Saturday, at 24 p. m., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 22. Circles will commence at 74 p. m.

CHARLESTOWN.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings, every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 24 and 74 o'clock p. m., under the supervision of A. H. Richardson. The public are invited. The Childrens Lyceum meets at 10 a. m. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. A. J. Mayo, Guardian. The Spiritualists of CHARLESTOWN have commenced a series of lectures on the subject of Chelias.

series of traid meetings at Mechanics Hall, corner of
street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening.
All are invited to attend. Children's Lyceum meets every
Sunday, at 10½ A. M. Dr. C. G. York, Conductor. Speaker,
engaged:—Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson during July.

CHURCH.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea have en-
gaged Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon
and evening of each week. All communications concerning
them should be addressed to J. S. Dodge, 127 Hanover street.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Winlmmiet Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7 p. m. Mrs. M. A. Bicker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. S. Bicker, Sup't.

LOWELL. Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speakers engaged—Lola Walbrook, Mrs. M. A. Bicker, Madison Allen during Absence. B. J. Flint.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and Liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock A. M.

LYNN, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one half the time. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock.

TAUNTON, Mass.—Meetings will be resumed in September, in Concert Hall, and be continued regularly thereafter every Sunday. Mr. K. S. Willis will speak during September.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—Baptist and both meetings in Forest Hall every other Sunday at 10 A. M. Mr. Yaw, speaker.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening; Children's Progressive League meets at 11 A. M. every Sunday. Mr. E. C. Keller,

and 1953-1954.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Cincinnati, Ohio; P. O. Box 1402.

Yearly Anniversary in Sturgis, Mich.

The Spiritualists, free-thinkers and reformers, of all mental and social shades, residing in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, flock to Sturgis, a Musselman to Mecca, about the middle of each returning June, to lay their yearly harvest at the feet of the angel-world; take sweet counsel together; engage in religious conferences; listen to lectures upon the spiritual philosophy and the reforms of the age, and counsel together relative to the best methods to achieve further victories in behalf of a common humanity.

The friends began to gather on the 15th. The meeting on Friday evening, though preliminary, was spirited. By request, we set the ball in motion. Several speakers followed, each in his and her peculiar style, ranging from the joyous to the grave, and exciting by turns both smiles and tears.

Saturday morning, meeting called to order by Hon. J. G. Walt.

On motion, a Committee of three was appointed to nominate permanent officers. The temporary Chairman—Bro. Kelly—appointed as such, J. M. Peebles, J. G. Walt and Rev. J. B. Harrison.

Said Committee, after a few moments' deliberation, reported as follows:

President, Hon. M. F. Shuey, Elkhart, Ind.; Vice President, Rev. J. B. Harrison, Kendallville; Secretary, Harrison Kelly, Esq., Sturgis; Assistant Secretary, Miss Hattie Bishop, Leonidas; Business Committee, S. J. Finney, George Gale, J. G. Walt; Financial Committee, Allen Fox, B. Gardner, S. Moler, J. F. Packard, M. D., Mrs. C. B. Peck.

The Hon. M. F. Shuey, a member of the Indiana Legislature, upon taking the chair, delivered a brief but able address, thanking the Committee and friends for the honor they had conferred upon him. He said it was a pleasure to preside at a Convention of this character, with free thought, free speech, a free platform and all, to educate and spiritualize the children of earth. He rejoiced that he lived in this stirring age, under the noble sunbeams of the nineteenth century. He hoped the meeting would prove a benefit to all in attendance, and serve as a centre whose wisdom-rays should be felt for good afar in the distance.

Bro. J. B. Harrison, formerly connected with the Protestant Methodist Church, addressed the meeting in a very happy and interesting manner upon the subject of religious freedom and growth. Others spoke upon the wants of the age and the necessities of the hour.

Afternoon session commenced with singing by the choir.

S. J. Finney, Chairman of Business Committee, reported the following resolutions for discussion:

Whereas, It being the direct aim and purpose of the great spiritual movement to secure for man that perfection and truthfulness of character, which is the self-evident intention of nature, and which is prescribed by the eternal decrees of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires, and which can be obtained only by the highest and most harmonious development of all his powers to a complete and consistent whole; and

Whereas, All institutions, social and political, religious or educational, and all reforms of institutions or customs, do either aid in or hinder man in attaining the chief end of life; therefore, Resolved, That all institutions, all customs, and all reforms are proper and legitimate subjects for consideration and discussion, adoption or rejection, by all spiritual organizations everywhere; in other words, that nothing which concerns the general well-being of "humanity" is foreign to the purpose and function of Spiritual Associations.

Resolved, That since women are the natural equals of men in all the rights, privileges and immunities of life, social, civil and political, they should be admitted on terms of perfect equality with men into all the institutions of society; and since, if they possessed elective franchise, they would unhesitatingly use it, we especially urge that the elective franchise be extended to the women of this country.

Resolved, That we, as lovers of justice and liberty, earnestly request Congress, the Executive, and the people to unite in extending impartial justice and suffrage to the colored American race.

(Owing to the length of the preamble preceding this last resolution, we omit it.)

The discussion of the above resolutions was opened by S. J. Finney in an earnest and very eloquent speech. He was followed by Bro. S. Moler in opposition thereto. The President, with others, spoke in behalf of their adoption. The resolutions were ultimately adopted; the first two unanimously, the last one with but few dissenting voices.

Saturday Evening Session.—After music by the choir, we addressed the audience something like the following:

This is a remarkable era, a grand epoch among the ages, with freedom and progress for its watchwords. The basest infidelity is unfaithfulness to our divine convictions of right, and to the soul's highest ideal. The true man will ransack not only the physical, but the moral universe in search of truth and principles; and when found will defend them; and that though the stake be raised or the cross be built. The age demands bold, earnest, enthusiastic men-orators, with tongues of fire—speakers, holy, rapt and mystical at times, as the ancient John of Patmos. "It is a day for souls, filled with ode, rhapsody and lyric; for men and women who will the true and right defend, and if need be, wear the martyr's fiery robes. Spiritualism is the world's need; as a fact, a philosophy and a life, it is the world's saviour. It comes not to destroy merely, but a grand constructor, a descending angel, to demonstrate immortality, and inaugurate reforms preparatory to the Harmonical age. Its foundation is God in all things; its corner-stone the brotherhood of the race; its walls, beams and rafters, the progressive movements of the times, and love is the keystone of the arch. Its broad and beautiful principles are designed to break down sectarian walls, free the spiritually en-slaved, build up the kingdom of God in human souls, and aid in ushering in the long-desired dispensation of love and wisdom. It sustains in adversity; comforts in sickness; robs the grave of its gloom; and makes death equally as beautiful as life.

Bro. J. B. Harrison immediately followed us, upon the subject of "Religion," relieved of superstition, creeds and cold forms; religion as a life, and a practical power in the soul. He handled his propositions with great ability, and was inspired with a genuine soul-enthusiasm.

Sunday Morning opened with a general Conference. All were invited to speak, sing, pray, exhort, rebuke, confess, relate experiences, and give free utterance to the inspiration of the hour.

The time was well improved by Bros. Gardner, Fox, Kidd, Brown, Hopkins, Free, of Richmond, Ind., and several whom we did not know. Mrs. N. L. Rowley also addressed the meeting in brief.

The regular discourse was delivered by Selden J. Finney, upon the relation of religion to science and nature, and the spiritual possibilities of humanity. Without the least hesitation he pronounced it the ablest and most masterly effort to which we ever listened. Nothing short of a verbatim report could do it justice.

The afternoon services consisted of two discourses, one by himself, the other by Bro. Harrison, who claimed the attention of the crowded audience to the last.

The evening session was devoted to addresses by the President, Mrs. Dr. Longshore, and S. J. Finney. The interest continued to increase to the end. The church was so packed that many were compelled to stand. Though difference of opinion prevailed, harmony and the kindest feelings were continually in the ascendency.

The begging, as usual, devolved upon us. Owing to our former pastoral relations, it is taken for granted that we are good at such business. The Sturgis friends are liberal, and delight in the upbuilding of the spiritual philosophy. Upon the whole, this meeting was considered the best, the most harmonious, and yet enthusiastic Anniversary held since the completion and dedication of their "free church" edifice.

Dr. E. H. Chapin at the Festival in Boston.

This Universalist Clergyman, not as keen, original, or inspirational as Henry Ward Beecher is, nevertheless, quite non-sectarian; the most finished orator of his sect, and generally progressive in his theological proclivities. During "Festival week" in Boston, he uttered this warning to Universalists: "But remember this: the moment men crystallize about a truth, and stop there, as a denomination, they are dead. [Applause.] You may let the old truths remain, but you must remember that new light continually streams in from God's word and works, and that all our movements must be in accordance with the general tendency of the age. . . . We look around and see denominations that regard us as heretics towering on every hand, and we may become somewhat impatient. Remember, truth grows slowly, but it grows!" Yes, yes; all the powerful "evangelical" denominations regard Universalists as a little dwindling sect of "Heretics," and hence it is that Universalists make themselves so supremely ridiculous in calling Spiritualists "Heretics." "Infidels," "Fanatics," and shutting their church doors against their lecturers. They are not now doing this, however, with the zest they did a few years since. Experience has taught them lessons of wisdom. We think they never made any special objections to retaining Spiritualists in their societies and churches, provided they paid well, and patronized "our paper." Dr. Chapin further said, speaking of Hosea Ballou, 21, Whittemore, Tompkins, Skinner, Starr King: "Ah! their shadowy forms pass before us to-day, and the sanctity of that meeting, the influence of the thought of them blends with the joy of our festival, and turns it into a tender consecration of memory and of love!"

Father Ballou—blessed are the memories that cluster around his sainted life—Tompkins, Skinner, Starr King, are in the spirit-world, and yet Bro. Chapin speaks of their "shadowy forms passing before him"—that's precisely the way we talk, and call it Spiritualism! How does Dr. Chapin know that their immortalized spirit "forms" were with them, and passed before him? Upon what basis foundation did he ground the assertion, the knowledge? Is there any possible method of obtaining such knowledge only through spiritual manifestations? Ay, the truth will have utterance, and the blest immortals will be recognized on such festal occasions.

Spiritualism in California.

By the reception of an excellent letter from Bro. W. J. Johnson, who is stopping for a time at Wilbur Springs, Colusa Co., for the restoration of his health, we learn of the continuous prosperity of Spiritualism upon the Pacific Coast. He speaks of Mrs. Farnham as the original pioneer; of the wonderful successes of Miss Harrington; of Mrs. Stowe's lectures in the Sacramento Assembly Chamber; of Mrs. Ada H. Foy's successful séances, convincing everybody but the "willfully bigoted"; of Mrs. D. S. Curtis's healing powers; and of Bro. Moore's noble labors in organizing Progressive Lyceums in Sacramento and San Francisco. He assures us that the good work goes on. So it does everywhere, for behind this spiritual movement is eternal truth! Theodism, electric condition of the atmosphere, and spirit of freedom that pervades El Dorado land, are highly favorable to Spiritualism.

Charles A. Andrus.

We are in receipt of a series of commendatory resolutions relating to the above young brother, signed by Bro. I. G. Tompkins, President of the First Spiritualist Society of Grand Rapids, Mich. They assure us that Bro. Andrus has lectured to the Spiritualists of Grand Rapids the past two months, giving the most eminent satisfaction. They further recommend him as a "faithful, honest and capable lecturer, worthy of the most perfect confidence." We take great pleasure in adding, that being personally acquainted with Bro. C. A. Andrus, we know him to be a young man of stainless habits and morals, an excellent clairvoyant, and good trance speaker. His post-office address is Flushing, Mich.

Nellie Smith, and a New Lyceum.

The excellent and faithful matron of the "Sturgis Progressive Lyceum," Mrs. Nellie Smith, has just organized a new Lyceum in Broadview, Mich. It consists of some fifty or sixty members, and is in fine working order. She also lectured with great acceptance to the Spiritualists of the above named place. Blessed be such missionaries! Keep her in the spiritual field, lecturing and organizing lyceums. The plastic minds of the young are receptive to the beautiful teachings of the harmonial philosophy, and woman is peculiarly adapted to lead this work in the education of the young.

N. Frank White.

This indefatigable toiler in the spiritual vineyard has just closed his two months' engagement in Battle Creek, his audiences increasing to the last. He spends July and August at his home in Seymour, Conn. Ere his departure, officiating at the marriage altar, he conjungally united Mr. Charles H. Kladorff and Miss S. Frank Fuller, all of this city, thus fulfilling the Scriptures, "the twain shall be made one."

Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Kendallville, Indiana.

We had the pleasure, in Sturgis, Mich., of meeting and listening to this good brother, so recently freed from the shackles of superstition. He commenced as a Methodist itinerant at the age of twenty; was connected with the Protestant Methodist Methodist Conference ten years; but growing humanitarian and heavenward rather than

creedward, his church dogmas seemed continually more unreasonable and irrational. He finally withdrew from the Conference, is now a Spiritualist, a true man, and a very able lecturer. May angels keep him in holy charge.

Call for a Spiritualists' State Convention in Michigan.

Whereas, We, the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of the State of Michigan, believing in religion without superstition, in science without materialism, and in the limitless possibilities of human progress, and feeling the pressing need of associate action, in order to pulverize creeds and sects, and to spiritualize and elevate souls, as well as to aid and push on to complete triumph the great and genuine reforms of the age, do hereby

Resolve, That we will meet in State Convention in Battle Creek, Mich., on the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday (27th, 28th and 29th) of July, 1886, to continue in session so long as the Convention itself may decide, to deliberate calmly on the great question of organic action relative to Spiritualism, and such other practical and speculative questions as may come before us. And we do most earnestly invite the friends of these great objects everywhere throughout the State of Michigan to send their delegates, or come en masse themselves.

S. J. Finney, Ann Arbor; J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek; J. G. Walt, Sturgis; N. T. Waterman, Coldwater; E. Samson, Ypsilanti; D. M. Fox, Lyons; B. Alexander, St. Johns; D. Kidd, White River; H. N. P. Lewis, Detroit; W. H. Wilson, Kalamazoo; C. A. Andrus, Flushing; E. Ridon, Three Rivers; and some thirty others.

It is well known that Battle Creek is an old fort of reform, a spiritualist centre, from which have gone out public laborers and laymen, as workers in the upbuilding of God's spiritual temple. The lamps of the ancients in this city are trimmed, and their watchfires burning. They send out the cry, "Come! come to this Convention!" The friends, through us, extend a cordial invitation to one and all, far and near, to favor them with an attendance. Accommodations will be provided for speakers, delegates, and all else attending, so far as possible. Bro. S. J. Finney will certainly be present, as well as other able and eloquent advocates of Spiritualism.

[The R. P. Journal, of Chicago, is requested to copy.]

Lecture Appointments.

We speak the first two Sundays of July in Detroit, Mich.; Monday and Tuesday evenings, 9th and 10th of July, in Port Huron, Mich., and on the evening of the 11th in St. Clair. Notices of grove and three-day meetings, requiring immediate insertion, should be forwarded direct to Boston, rather than to the Western Department. We shall always be ready to receive subscriptions for the BANNER wherever we may go, and earnestly desire the friends of our glorious cause to cooperate with us in extending its circulation throughout the West.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be promptly notified of any appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

N. FARMAN, will speak in Seymour, Conn., during July and August. Applications for week evenings must be made in advance, and will be promptly answered. Address as above.

K. COOKLEY will lecture in Newark, N. J., July 8 and 9. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books. Address, Vineland, N. J., or at his home, 1015 Third St., Newark, N. J., July 1 and 2. Would be glad to make further engagements in New England for the summer and fall. Address, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, will lecture in Worcester, Mass., during August. Address, 1015 Third St., Worcester, Mass.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first and fifth Sundays, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in New Bedford on the third Sunday of every month during the coming year.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYNNE will speak in Hanson, Mass., July 8 and 9; in Lowell, Mass., July 15 and 16; and in West Cambridge, Mass., July 22 and 23. Address, 47 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Providence, R. I., during September; in Cincinnati, O., during October; in Philadelphia, Pa., during November; in New York City, during December; in New Orleans, La., during January; in St. Louis, Mo., during February; in Chicago, Ill., during March; in Boston, Mass., during April; in New England, during May; in New York City, during June; in New Orleans, La., during July; in St. Louis, Mo., during August; in Chicago, Ill., during September; in Boston, Mass., during October; in New England, during November; in New York City, during December; in New Orleans, La., during January; in St. Louis, Mo., during February; in Chicago, Ill., during March; in Boston, Mass., during April; in New England, during May; in New York City, during June; in New Orleans, La., during July; in St. Louis, Mo., during August; in Chicago, Ill., during September; in Boston, Mass., during October; in New England, during November; in New York City, during December; in New Orleans, La., during January; in St. Louis, Mo., during February; 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