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by increasing the dignity of labor can this be accomplished. Trial by this, or trial by any other, all class honors must perish. Capital is our enemy; labor the mark of manhood, the great chime of the spheres, whose undulations constitute the Eternal.

Chicago, Ill.

SPIRITUALISM--WHAT IS IT?

It is the belief in the return of disembodied spirits to earth and their cognizance of human affairs, after the change called death, and in all the great and God-given powers of man, to be by him used in and for the elevation of humanity in all possible ways. It teaches us to live up to our highest conceptions of right, as drawn from the consciousness of our own souls, and the teachings of all the great and good men from Jesus to the present day, as they have been and are now exemplified in the unfoldment of our higher natures and attributes.

It teaches us to look abroad through all the manifestations of Nature for instruction and knowledge, both for the present and future; to look abroad and around us, that we may gather truths and receive impressions from the Great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe; that we may go out into the fields, and there learn of God and his goodness; wander in the valleys, and there find evidence of his greatness; scale the mountain's rugged steep, and there witness his majesty; sail on the mighty, trackless deep, and there learn his power; look around among the nations of men, in all their varied and multiform circumstances, and there learn of his wisdom in accommodating all the outward circumstances of their being to their best and greatest good, if only improved aright.

It teaches us to know ourselves, and learn of the Great Spirit above what he would have us to do; it teaches us that a consciousness of right and justice is implanted within every human breast, and although we often stray from the right, and do things which we know to be in violation of both the laws of God and man, yet we never sin without the knowledge thereof.

It ever teaches us to seek for the elevation and improvement of man, both spiritually and temporally; it enforces upon our minds the necessity of free thought, and a freedom from all sectarianism and bigotry, as found among and taught by many of the so-called religionists of the present day; it gives to man an enlargement of all the qualities of his mind, and aims to benefit every son and daughter of Adam.

While Spiritualism claims for itself the right to its own belief and opinions, it accords to others the same freedom, ever striving to overthrow error by a daily walk and life that will be seen and felt by all, and whose influence will fall down the circling years of the future. It claims to elevate the life and character of those who believe and live up to their belief of its truths and teachings. It teaches that the sorrowing sons and daughters of earth are ever surrounded by the spirits of the loved ones gone before. It teaches that to enjoy the future in all its perfection of harmony and bliss, we must ever strive for the unfoldment of our powers and the strengthening of our virtues, having for our watchword, "Onward and upward," until we have our hearts touched with a spark from off the altar of our God, when we shall be better prepared to join the band which has passed over the river of death before us, and stand ready to welcome us to that land where all who have been faithful here shall dwell in perfectness of heart, and ever be chanting the welcome chorus to those who have severed the ties binding them to earth, and have sped their way to heaven.

P.

HEART-LEAVES:  
NUMBER SEVENTEEN.  
BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Drenched.

Yes, and pretty thoroughly too; wet to the skin, and all for my own foolishness. Perhaps you would like to hear how it came about? I will tell you. Long, long ago, before we made our home on the shore of Lake Erie, away back in my childhood years, my parents lived on what was called the East Hill, in a certain county of the old Empire State. On the hill, but not at the top, for after going across the big meadow, across the pasture-field, and full half of the bush lot, and all the way up hill, we came at length to where the blueberries grew. Oh, the delicious fruit with which they were loaded in summer; and so abundant! It was before I was troubled with the question of sanctification; but even in that case, they were so plentiful that I could have eaten my fill without injuring my peace of mind.

Well, I went one day with my little sister, to my favorite resort, the very top of the hill, to gather berries. Before we had been there long the clouds began to look black and threatening, and a few drops of rain foretold the coming shower. I did not like the idea of going home empty handed, but what should I do? go without accomplishing the object for which I came, or stay and get a shower bath? I finally concluded that I would do neither; I would break branches from the surrounding shrubbery, form a temporary shelter, break up all the well filled blueberry bushes we could find handily, take them under this shelter and pick the fruit from them at our leisure.

Slater acquiesced, for he never thought of questioning my "superior wisdom," and so we went to work with a will. The shelter was prepared, the bushes broken off and brought thither for picking, and none too soon, for the few drops that had come, and then held off, as if on purpose for us to escape, were now increased to a gentle shower. However, we huddled together in our house of refuge, and began to fill our baskets; I boasting, meanwhile, to my silent auditor, who, while she tried to smile, kept turning her blue eyes toward the intruding drops, for our shelter was rather leaky, I kept boasting that we were not going to be scared out; not we!

But the rain fell thicker and faster; courage waned, and water increased in our domicile, till finally courage took to her heels, and with little sister close behind, broke into a full run for home. Right through the hardest of the shower, down through the bush lot, down through the pasture-field, but by the time we reached the meadow it had spent its force, and retiring in haste, left the liquid pearls it had flung so profusely over field and forest, to sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight. Beautiful, oh how beautiful the scene! But I was in no condition to enjoy it, for upon my head must fall the blame of not only my own condition, but that of my little sister.

You see, I have never forgotten it, and I often wonder if there are not reformers who sometimes brave public opinion as recklessly, provide for themselves as poor a defence, and retreat from the contest as ingloriously as I did from my fortification in the blueberry field.

Wisdom is a defence that can neither be stormed nor surrendered.

Grand Picnic Excursion--Spiritualism Organizing in Western New York.

The Spiritualists of Western New York, especially in the district lying west of the Genesee River, have for several summers past met each year in a grand picnic excursion and conference, and these occasions having proved so promotive of harmony and good feeling, and so generally beneficial, it has been decided to make them annual. This year, as last, Portage Bridge, which spans the great chasm cut by the Genesee River in the rock at Portage, was selected as the scene of the picnic. The bridge carries the track of the New York and Erie Railroad over the chasm, two hundred and thirty-four feet above the bed of the stream, and is a wonder of engineering and mechanical skill, and with the grand and beautiful scenery of the locality, the place is attractive to tourists and pleasure parties.

The day chosen for the picnic was Thursday, August 16th, and never was the weather more auspicious for such an occasion. The day was bright and beautiful, with cool, refreshing breezes. The excursion train, furnished by the Erie Railroad, started from Rochester early in the morning, and after passing through Avon, Le Roy, Batavia and Attica, besides minor stations, arrived at the Bridge a little before noon, a distance by rail of more than a hundred miles. At each station the party was swelled by large accessions, and when the train arrived at its journey's end, it consisted of twenty-six large passenger coaches, filled with joyous excursionists, and two powerful engines drew it with difficulty. Other, and regular trains from Buffalo, and from the eastward, brought large additions to the company, which, with the numerous attendance from the surrounding country, was fairly estimated to number from four to five thousand persons.

The people were soon assembled in the beautiful grove prepared for their reception, a little eastward of the Bridge, and the meeting was organized by calling Bro. J. W. Seaver, of Byron, Genesee county, to preside. The organization was completed by appointing S. Chamberlain and Amy Post, Vice Presidents; M. A. Hyde, C. W. Hebard and P. L. Clum, Secretaries; and A. C. English, Treasurer. A committee on Finance, consisting of R. L. Sampson, J. C. Walker, L. O. Preston, J. J. Marsh, M. A. Hyde and Isaac Post; and another on Resolutions, consisting of Dr. Blakesley, C. W. Hebard, Sarah Stevens and Francis Rice, were also chosen. Bro. Seaver opened the meeting with appropriate and soul-stirring remarks, after which the following spirit-poem, which had been given through Nettle Colburn, at a Sunday meeting in Rochester, and altered by Bro. "Pinkie," a little Indian maiden, in anticipation of the occasion, was read:

A picnic in the wildwood,  
How pleasant it will be,  
To meet you in the solemn shade  
Of grand old forest trees;  
Where the robin and the squirrel skips  
In glees, from bough to bough,  
The merry music in the air--  
We almost hear it now.

A picnic in the wildwood,  
With angels dancing near,  
To whisper of the promised land,  
Your words were hearts to cheer;  
To whisper of the promised land,  
Where Truth's bright waters flow,  
Where you shall meet a happy band,  
The friends of Long Ago.

A picnic in the forest wild,  
Where Nature's whispered prayer  
Swells to a glorious anthem  
Upon the morning air;  
Where fragrant flowers are blooming  
All over each grassy mound,  
Oh! what more fitting temple  
Of worship can be found?

A picnic in the wildwood,  
When the sultry summer breeze  
Is whispering life's gossip  
To the nodding poplar leaves;  
Where the sweet bird on the swaying branch,  
Above the water's flow,  
Makes her pretty morning toilet  
In the looking-glass below.

A picnic in the forest,  
With Nature free and wild!  
Go fling your weary cares away,  
And be again a child!  
Go gather bright-eyed flowers,  
And ramble o'er the sods,  
Or each in silence sweet retire,  
And walk alone with God.

The people were then dismissed to dinner, which was partaken with great relish, some spreading their comestibles upon the tables prepared for the purpose, while many sat upon the leaf-covered ground, in the shade of the over-arching trees. After dinner, a more formal conference was held, in which the refreshments, and in examining and admiring the great work of man's art, and the grander natural scenery in the vicinity, the company were again assembled about the speaker's stand by the band's musical notes. The first business in order was the reading of the excellent resolutions reported by the Committee, which were as follows:

1. Resolved, That the sublime sentiments of the immortal Declaration of Independence of these United States gives form to the highest ideal of the most advanced minds of earth regarding the equality of all men, and the right of every individual to the enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, and to the exercise of the elective franchise, without discrimination as to race, color, or sex.

2. Resolved, That recognizing the justice of the principle that the laws of our country should be made and executed by the people, and that the education of our youth should be free, and that the rights of our citizens should be protected by the laws of our country, we hereby declare our support of the union founded by Washington and his immortal comrades, and that it is eminently just and proper that they should take the oath of allegiance to the United States in the same manner as the local men guide the State in the Union.

3. Resolved, That we recognize the justice of the principle that the laws of our country should be made and executed by the people, and that the education of our youth should be free, and that the rights of our citizens should be protected by the laws of our country, we hereby declare our support of the union founded by Washington and his immortal comrades, and that it is eminently just and proper that they should take the oath of allegiance to the United States in the same manner as the local men guide the State in the Union.

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ated in form local organizations, every such local organization to be added to the twenty heretofore provided for, and to have equal voice with them in managing the affairs of the Association, and to be entitled to such organization and appointment to be given to the Secretary.

Resolved, That the above board is authorized to solicit subscription and raise funds to be expended under its direction in the employment of competent and efficient lecturers, or in the dissemination of spiritual intelligence by publication, in any other way they shall deem the most expedient and efficient, within the territory embraced by this Association, making a full report at the Annual Meeting.

The proposition for organizing such an Association was received with much favor, and was adopted by the unanimous vote of the meeting. The following committee was appointed to present names for officers for the "Genesee Association of Spiritualists" for the ensuing year:—S. Chamberlain, Le Roy; Stephen C. Gaylord, Springfield; Lyman C. Howe, Clear Creek; Isaac Post, Rochester; Mrs. Maynard, Buffalo.

Lyman C. Howe, the eloquent trance speaker, was now introduced, and after a thrilling invocation, delivered an effective address, forcibly advocating organization as the means of spreading the glorious doctrines of the Harmonical Philosophy and Religion.

Bro. Howe was followed by Nettle Colburn, in a short address in the trance condition, embracing many beautiful and appropriate sentiments, and dressed in eloquent and well-chosen language.

The Committee on Officers for the new Association now appeared, and recommended the following names:

President—J. W. Seaver, Byron, Genesee Co.  
Vice Presidents—George W. Taylor, North Collins, Niagara Co.; Lyman C. Howe, Clear Creek, Cattaraugus Co.; Elizabeth Watson, Rochester, Monroe Co.; Mrs. Maynard, Buffalo, Erie Co.; Charles W. Hebard, Rochester, Monroe Co.  
Secretary—Francis Rice, York, Livingston Co.  
Treasurer—A. C. English, Batavia, Genesee Co.  
Executive Committee—L. O. Preston, Avon, Livingston Co.; Mrs. Dr. Blakesley, Avon, Livingston Co.; Lyman C. Howe, Clear Creek, Cattaraugus Co.; Mrs. L. C. Howe, Clear Creek, Cattaraugus Co.; J. Forayth, Buffalo, Erie Co.; Mrs. Maynard, Buffalo, Erie Co.; A. B. Gaylord, Springfield, Erie Co.; John Sybrant, Gasport, Niagara Co.; Mrs. Capt. Loper, Johnson's Creek, Niagara Co.; D. N. Pettibone, Clear Creek, Orleans Co.; Mrs. Ell. Clark, Yates, Orleans Co.; Mr. — Fox, Jamestown, Chautauque Co.; Mrs. Maria Ramsdell, Laona, Chautauque Co.; Mr. — Cooper, Bennington, Wyoming Co.; Mrs. A. Miller, Bennington, Wyoming Co.; Edward Jones, Rochester, Monroe Co.; Amy Post, Rochester, Monroe Co.; S. Chamberlain, Le Roy, Genesee Co.; Miss Sarah Stevens, Batavia, Genesee Co.; Mrs. Samuel Morgan, Cuba, Allegany Co.

On motion, the action of the Committee, recommending officers for the "Genesee Association of Spiritualists" was unanimously ratified by the meeting, and a new organization set in motion, with the roll of officers now installed, and it is presumed, ready to assume the duties assigned them as such officers.

A motion to hold the next annual picnic for Western New York at Niagara Falls was voted down, and another motion to bring it again to Portage Bridge, was carried.

On motion, the present Committee of Arrangements was reappointed to act in getting up the picnic next year.

The names of the Committee are as follows: J. W. Seaver, Byron; Isaac Post, Rochester; S. Chamberlain, Le Roy; A. M. Hyde, Munroe; L. O. Preston, Avon; Dr. Blakesley, Avon; Eliza Morris, Bathurst; A. C. English, Batavia; C. W. Walker, Byron; J. Wilson, Pembroke; William Thayer, Dalton; A. A. Waldo, Alexander; J. Forayth, Buffalo; J. Washburn, Attica; A. Miller, Bennington; A. Andrews, Elba; C. Brown, Warsaw; S. B. Osgood, Stafford, and Gilbert Preston, Bennington.

Bro. Seaver then announced that half-past four, the time for the departure of the cars, had nearly arrived, when, on motion, the meeting was formally adjourned for one year. The immense throng that had given animation to the beautiful grove then separated, a portion taking the train for Buffalo, and a large number again filling the immense excursion train which had waited for them, and in the next hour the whole concourse of happy excursionists were on their homeward way.

The picnic was a splendid success, bringing together, as it did, several thousands of the progressive and spiritual-minded people of the intelligent portions of the country, and, except the absence of expected speakers, who were detained by sickness or circumstance, no accident occurred to mar the happiness or jar the harmony of the occasion. May the like good fortune attend upon the next year's picnic!

To Bro. Seaver and the gentlemen serving with him on the Committee of Arrangements, are the participants in the great picnic excursion of 1866 greatly indebted for their indefatigable zeal and untiring energy in perfecting their plans for the pleasure of so many people.

M. A. HYDE,  
C. W. HEBARD, Sec'ys.  
P. L. CLUM.

A Prophecy.

Last winter, while discoursing on Sundays, in The Spiritual Lyceum, corner of 23d street and Broadway, in the City of New York, I was favored with the advice, suggestions, &c., of certain invisibles who took an interest in my undertaking. I was in the constant receipt of communications, written and oral, purporting to come from historical characters, ancient and modern, among whom were Plato, Seneca, Galen, Martin Luther, John Hus, Swedenborg, Goldsmith, Humboldt, Andrew Jackson, Webster, John M. Niles, President Lincoln, Chancellor Kent, Theodore Parker, Francis Jackson, &c. From among the many letters received from these visitants, I copy one, with its post scriptum, which I find marked by me, at the time it was written, "Jan. 24, 1866." I submit it for the purpose of the reader's inquiry whether the declaration made by John Hus, has any reference to recent events transpiring in Germany.

"MY FRIEND AND BROTHER—I should like very much to hear you discourse on the subject of Love and Prejudice. To me it is a beautiful theme, and if rightly understood, would appear still more beautiful to the minds of mankind. I have often been with you, and love your true motives for the promulgation of truth independently of dogmas and church theology. One sorrowing over the good and evil, and your heart will be abundant and cause your soul to fill full of that joy which a knowledge of faithfully doing your duty ever brings.

JOHN HUS.

The Austrian despotism shall yet crumble and fall.

Has the House of Hapsburg met with such disaster as to come within the prophecy of the old martyr? I will add that the letter owes its origin to a consultation had in respect to a topic of discourse. I had translated the Pater Noster, and was considering whether to speak upon it at some future time. You may remember I sent you a copy of the translation, and that it was published in the BANNER. HORACE DRESSER.

The charming poet Merz, who died recently in France, was a believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and had declared, from his youth up, that in a former state of existence he had been a palanquin-bearer to a great Indian nabob; and when he came to write his various Indian romances, he asserted that all the descriptions of scenery and vegetation were entirely from memory.

A cabin boy on board of a ship, the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling to the captain. "Please, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore."

"I besought," said an Irishman, in his will, "to my beloved wife, all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son, Patrick; one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Terrence McCauley."

A Letter from Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D.

DEAR BANNER—I have just laid down your welcome weekly sheet, which I have read with much interest, and I remember the partial pledge given when last in your cozy Editorial Banquet, to send you something fresh from the Granite Hills.

But, what can I write from this little quiet village, nestling here among the mountains, twenty miles from any railroad, that can interest the busy, bustling world that holds your numerous readers? I fear not much.

I came here to spend the month of August, hoping that the perfect rest, the serene quiet of the place, would restore my tall-worn body and spirit, and give me a little better basis upon which to commence the Fall Campaign, which opens for me the first Sunday in September in Haverhill, Mass.

Hancock seems to have been left by the Spirit of the Age, to a Rip Van Winkle slumber. With surroundings of rare loveliness, and gems of unsurpassed beauty sparkling upon its bosom, with the now famed Moonadnock within easy riding distance, with an exquisite little lake of its own, and the beautiful Half-Moon Pond of Dublin not far away, with streams full of trout, and forests full of game, and fields and highways abounding in berries, with a clear, bracing atmosphere that makes it a luxury to use one's lungs, one might seek the world over and not find a lovelier or more desirable spot in which to spend the warm weeks of summer.

Were there any public spirit in the place, the town might be overflowing with summer visitors, for its varied beauties could not fail to attract them. But there is no Hotel to accommodate them, and the town's people will not take boarders, and so the place remains in its primitive quiet, with nothing to break in upon the monotony of its dreamy repose, save the passage through it every other day of the lumbering stage-coach that brings the mail, thus forming its link with the great, outside world.

There are a few liberal minds here who are strong in the faith of Spiritualism, and but a few. The only meeting-house of the town disseminates the stern theology of Calvin. A few copies of the BANNER find their way here, and are carefully read and circulated, as widely as prejudice will permit. The wife of Mr. Aaron Flint entered the spirit-life a few weeks since, after a long and distressing illness. She was a Spiritualist and a medium, and bore her illness with a sweetness and a patience rarely equaled. She knew in what she believed, and so met death with all the serenity and peace of one who "wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The church was granted for her funeral services, which were conducted by Mrs. Wiley, from Vermont, who gave general satisfaction to the good audience assembled, and we may hope that seeds of truth were scattered that cannot fail to bear fruit an hundred fold.

The question has come to me many times of late, "Are you not going to the Providence Convention?" To tell you the truth, dear BANNER, I do not like Conventions. I have never been able to see that they resulted in anything practical. They are always more or less incongruous and inharmonious, and for a long time I have ceased to get any satisfaction from them, and have felt that I could serve the cause of Human Progress, or my own soul's progress, at least, quite as effectively by staying away, as by attending them.

And yet I read with much interest the report of the recent Michigan State Convention, held at Battle Creek. It seems to me that the right spirit pervaded the meetings. The speakers seemed earnest and practical, and endeavoring to aim at something positive and definite. Their resolutions ring with the true Humanitarian spirit, and earnest, strong words were spoken. The importance of the Divine Life was dwelt upon, and Spiritualism shown to be something more than a mere form of faith, something more than a phenomenon, even a religion—a heart religion, that brings forth as its most perfect fruit, a divine, harmonious life.

Why, it seems to me that Spiritualists, as a body, have no conception what a sublime religion has been entrusted to them by angel hands. We have heard a vast deal about the philosophy of Spiritualism, the science of Spiritualism, but far too little of the religion of Spiritualism. We have indeed in Spiritualism a religion that meets the demand of a religion; but alas, how few seem to realize it; a religion of life, duty, destiny, not of creeds and meeting-houses; a religion which, rightly comprehended and truly received, would fill the world with noble men and women, consecrated to a life of even-handed justice and right, serving God in the beauty of holiness, without a shadow of fear, through fully and harmoniously developed faculties.

I read to-day the call in behalf of our Portland brethren, signed by three of my personal friends, and my whole soul responded to it. What a joy it would have been for me to have drawn up a check for a few thousands of dollars, to send for the relief of that noble, generous-hearted people, among whom I have labored and enjoyed so much in past years. But alas, what can we poor lecturers do toward helping on the great charities of the world? We toil early and late in the vineyard, many of us not receiving enough for the support of the wife and little ones dependent upon us, from whom we are obliged to be separated a large portion of the time, and at the end of a year of wearisome toil, find that traveling and other expenses outside of home matters, have left the balance upon the wrong page of the account book.

And yet it would be as blessed for us to respond to such calls upon our sympathies as it is for others. I am not complaining. I am simply giving expression to the thoughts that claim utterance. Statistics say that there are millions of Spiritualists in the United States. And yet our best speakers are being driven from the field, because they cannot possibly live in those times of ruinous prices upon the compensation offered them.

I earnestly hope that this call in behalf of the suffering Spiritualists of Portland, may be systematically responded to by the different associations in our body, that, as a denomination, we may show that we are as keenly alive in our sympathies and as sufficient in our charities as any of the sects. If our lecturers cannot give money, they can use their eloquence and power in appeals to their audiences, in behalf of the suffering Spiritualists of Portland.

But much I fear I am trespassing on your time and space. Many thoughts on subjects pertaining to our worthy cause suggest themselves as I write, but I must dismiss them for the present.

With an earnest wish that you may continue to wave, dear BANNER, until the world is emancipated from ignorance and error,

I am faithfully yours,

FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.  
Hancock, N. H., August 21, 1866.

A dog that watches his chances to steal a bite is the worst kind of watch-dog.



# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.  
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Department of this paper, should be addressed to the  
Editor.

SEVENTH YEAR. 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 recog-  
nizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it admits, through a  
careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws  
and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe;  
of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the  
spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to  
the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London  
Spiritual Magazine.*

## A Splendid Original Story.

One more number of this paper closes volume  
nineteen. In the first issue of volume twenty we  
shall commence the publication of an Original  
Story of great interest, entitled

## "Jessie Gray."

It was written expressly for the BANNER by  
one of the most talented authors in this coun-  
try, viz: Mrs. A. E. PORTER, whose fine li-  
terary productions have in times past graced  
these columns.

## Death of John Pierpont.

Few who listened to the words of the venerable  
Mr. Pierpont at Providence, week before last, on  
retiring from the position of President of the Na-  
tional Convention of Spiritualists, really thought  
his earthly career was so near its close, although  
they were willing to believe it possible that his  
prediction that he would never meet with them  
again save in spirit, might prove a verity. But  
on the very morning that the BANNER appeared,  
bearing upon its folds a *verbatim* report of his  
excellent address, his spirit passed quietly to the  
eternal world from his home in Medford. How  
prophetic he wrote, when, in 1840, he uttered these  
words:

"My grave, I'm ready for thee. I would faint,  
Were it my Father's will, put by the cup.  
The little cup of sharp of chronic pain,  
Or wasting sickness—for that bitter cup  
The hand of God's most holy providence  
Hath oft commended to my feverish lips;  
And I have drunk of it, I might, he spared the scene  
Of wife and children round my dying bed,  
Knowing in prayer, or to my last poor words  
Bending with fearful eyes."

And so it was. His desires were gratified. No  
"sharp or chronic pain," or "wasting sickness,"  
embittered his last moments. He parted from his  
earthly tabernacle early on Monday morning,  
August 27th, without a struggle to indicate his  
departure, at the ripe age of eighty-one years, and  
was welcomed to the spirit-world by the many  
dear friends who had preceded him, fully im-  
pressed with the mighty truths Spiritualism in-  
carnates, as the sequel of this article will fully  
show.

Although the good man has left his casket of  
flesh, which he kept pure and holy for the occu-  
pancy of his spirit during its pilgrimage here, yet  
his interest in earthly affairs will not cease. He  
must cease to be himself, cease to be conscious of  
his own identity, if he could by the mere act of  
translation forget that which made earth-life so  
interesting and dear to him.

His career embraced almost every department  
of action that could give a man confidence and  
develop the courage and the strength of manhood  
that is in him. He was a reformer, a man of  
ideas, a lover of the truth wherever found, imperious  
to the bugbear of social fear, brave and tender,  
strong and feminine, tenacious of his opinions,  
overflowing with charity, and full of a knightly  
resolution to challenge all comers for the cause of  
Truth in whose defence he stood, a genuine poet,  
and a sincere, healthy, whole man.

Mr. Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Conn.,  
April 6th, 1785. He graduated at Yale College  
in 1804. He was a teacher for some time, both  
in New England and at the South. He sub-  
sequently studied law, and was admitted to the  
bar of Essex county and practised in Newbury-  
port, in this State. His health demanding a more  
active life, he abandoned his profession for com-  
mercial pursuits, first in Boston; and after-  
wards in Baltimore. In these he was not success-  
ful, and we owe to the failure of the merchant  
the appearance of the poet, scholar and preacher.  
He studied theology at Cambridge, and was or-  
dained minister of the Hollis-street Church in  
this city, April, 1810. He resigned his position in  
1845. Afterwards he was installed in Medford.  
In 1835-6, he traveled extensively in Europe.

On his retirement from the active ministry, he  
gave his attention to lecturing on temperance,  
freedom, and Spiritualism. Becoming a Spirit-  
ualist late in life, he proclaimed his faith far and  
wide, in the same brave spirit in which he did  
everything else. A resident of Washington, all  
believers who had occasion to frequent the cap-  
ital, found in him a ready friend and sympathizer.  
The papers that are wont to speak tauntingly of  
Spiritualism, praise him for his devotion to tem-  
perance and other reforms, but carefully abstain  
from speaking of his devoted and single faith in  
Spiritualism. It is no matter. That true spirit,  
just freed from the bonds of flesh, is neither helped  
nor harmed by what they can say now. He sees  
with the eye of his own being clearly at last. He  
is in the perfect fruition of all he aspired to and  
all he loved. And the earth will be many times  
blessed and enriched, both from his having dwelt  
upon it, and by his reappearance after his resur-  
rection.

At the age of seventy-five, when most men who  
have compassed it are folding their hands and  
practising the arts of resignation, Mr. Pierpont  
marched from camp in Massachusetts to the Vir-  
ginia battle-fields, the chaplain of a regiment.  
In the office to which he was subsequently in-  
vited by Secretary Chase, he performed an amount  
and quality of intellectual labor that is abso-  
lutely surprising to men accustomed to regard  
octogenarians as helpless and too often imbecile.  
He lived, to the last hour of his life. No part of  
it was given away to fears and superstition, and  
childish weakness, and death before it came.

Such was the life of one of Nature's noblemen.  
It was indeed glorious. He "still lives." Al-  
though we shall not behold his manly form again,  
yet we know he is present with us; and will con-  
tinue in the good work in which he was so re-  
cently engaged.

We will here introduce a scene which occurred  
at the late National Convention of Spiritualists  
at Providence.

Pending the discussion relative to the best  
method of advancing the interests of Progressive

Lycæums as means of counteracting the deleterious  
influences of sectarian Sunday Schools, H.  
C. Wright, the child's friend, arose for the purpose  
of elucidating the physical, mental and spiritual  
benefits that would necessarily result from this  
course of instruction so in harmony with natural  
law. During his remarks, he said, "As the aim  
of these Lycæums is to cultivate at once all the  
germinal powers of soul and body, for the perfec-  
tion of the entire manhood and womanhood, thus  
rounding out human character—when the children  
of this country become thoroughly imbued with  
these principles, there will be no need of doctors,  
no need of lawyers, and (turning to the venerable  
Pierpont) no need of preachers. What will you do  
then, friend Pierpont?"

"I'll write temperance songs for Children's  
Progressive Lycæums."

"He says he will write songs for the children  
that attend our Spiritualist Lycæums."

"I'll give one now to this Convention."

"He says he'll give us a temperance song for  
our Children's Lycæums now."

"The song!" echoed a thousand voices.  
Mr. Pierpont arose, his hair whitened with the  
snows of eighty winters, his noble form straight  
as an arrow, his eye flashing with the fires of  
youth, and voice clear and distinct, he gave the  
following poem, which was set to music by an in-  
spirational composer attending the Convention,  
and sung twice or three times during the different  
sessions.

He prefaced the song with the following remarks:  
"The Greek poet Anacreon lived and wrote  
songs in praise of wine till he was more than  
eighty years old. I do not claim to be like Anacreon  
in anything more than my age; but I have  
lately written a few stanzas in praise of water,  
which may possibly be sung by the children of  
your Sunday Progressive Lycæums. They run thus:

When the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,  
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing;  
Their way to and from them the early birds winging,  
And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving singing;  
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?  
Because they 've had nothing but water to drink.

When a shower on a hot day of summer is over,  
And the fields are all smelling of white and red clover,  
And the honey bee—busy and plundering rover—  
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over,  
Why so fresh, clean and sweet are the fields, do you think?  
Because they 've had nothing but water to drink.

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?  
Do you see that great halibut that black cloud is throwing?  
Do you see that steam-ship like ocean waves going,  
Against trade winds and head winds, like hurricanes blowing?  
Why are oaks, clouds and war-ships so strong, do you think?  
Because they 've had nothing but water to drink.

Now if we have to work in the shop, field or study,  
And would have a strong hand, and a cheek that is ruddy,  
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,  
With our eyes all bunged up and our noses all bloody—  
How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do you think?  
Why, you must have nothing but water to drink.

## RETURN OF THE SPIRIT.

The spirit of a man who has been so efficient  
and active, while in the form, as Mr. Pierpont has  
ever been, could not well remain for any great  
length of time inactive in spirit-life; at least, such  
was the case with our friend Pierpont. He had not  
long been in the company of his friends there be-  
fore he became anxious to return and satisfy him-  
self that his faith was based on an eternal truth;  
and he soon found the opportunity. He came to  
Mrs. Conant while we were present, in company  
with our co-laborer, J. M. Peabees, and several  
others, the evening following his demise. Mrs.  
C. distinctly saw the spirit of Mr. Pierpont ap-  
proach Mr. Peabees, and take hold of his arm.  
It was noticed that Mr. P. made a spasmodic move-  
ment, but as he kept on talking to a gentleman  
with whom he was engaged in earnest conversa-  
tion, nothing was said to him about it at the  
time. When the conversation lulled, Mrs. C.  
asked him why he started so suddenly. He re-  
plied, "I felt a severe shock from some spirit—  
probably one of my Indian friends—as they are  
in the habit of approaching me."

Mrs. C. then mentioned what she had seen, and  
shortly afterwards became entranced. It was  
evident that some spirit was taking possession of  
her who had never controlled before, for it por-  
trayed his last earthly scene. The departure must  
have been very easy, for there was no struggle in  
the demonstration; merely a few short breath-  
ings, an earnest and steady gaze, and all was  
over. An effort was made to speak, and soon this  
immortal sentence was uttered:

"Blessed—thrice blessed—are they who die with  
a knowledge of the truth."

After a slight pause, the spirit resumed:

Brothers and Sisters—The problem now is solved  
with me. And because I live, you shall live also;  
for the same divine Father and Mother that con-  
fers immortality upon one soul, bestows the gift  
upon all.

Oh, I am so joyous to-night, that my soul can  
scarcely give expression to its thoughts through  
this weak mortal; and I never realized before  
how good God is.

I regret I cannot portray to you the transcen-  
dent beauty of the vision I saw just before I  
passed to the spirit-world, as my dear ones stretch-  
ed out their hands to receive me, saying, "Your  
time has arrived—come home with us." The glo-  
ries of this new life are beyond description. Lan-  
guage would fail me should I attempt to describe  
them.

Tell those who were in sympathy with me, but  
not with my belief, that what was then to me a  
belief, is now a blessed reality. I know that I  
live, and can return.

Then, addressing Mr. Peabees, he said: "My good  
brother, go on in the work in which you are engaged,  
regardless of the derision and scorn of those who  
do not understand you. Be fearless in the way of  
right, for Christ our elder brother, and God our  
Father, will ever be with you to bless and sustain  
you in the noble cause in which you are engaged.  
Take courage, brother; persevere resolutely, and  
it will be well with you."

Wm. E. Chauning then assumed control, and  
said: It was thought best that our friend and  
brother, who so recently passed from the mortal  
to the immortal life, should take this early  
opportunity to return, and, as far as possible,  
give expression to the joy which fills his soul;  
but, as he has himself remarked, no language can  
make you fully understand the joy that fills his  
soul. After he had realized that he had changed  
worlds, he said to us: "Dear brothers, I am now  
conscious of the change which has taken place  
with me. Now take me back to earth, and find  
me some subject through whom I can communi-  
cate with my friends, and thus prove true what I  
have so firmly believed and maintained, namely,  
that our spirit friends can and do return, identify-  
ing themselves to mortals." Pierpont is now the  
happiest of souls; and his cup of joy seems full  
to running over. He knows now that he has not  
been misled, nor mistaken in his faith. The same  
Power that has sustained him for eighty-one  
years, was sufficient to bear him safely over the  
River of Death, leading him to a realization of his  
faith on earth. His soul is filled with love to God  
and love to all mankind. He pities and forgives  
those who ridiculed him on account of his belief,  
and to those who sympathized with him in reli-  
gious faith, he says, "Go on in the good work  
which so interested me, that all may obtain a

knowledge of the unseen world; so that when  
they come to die, they can pass on as peacefully  
and calmly as I did." Oh, my friends, were I to  
crave any blessing in your behalf, it would be  
that your entrance to the spirit-world might be  
like his.

Bro. Peabees, our associate, was present at the  
funeral of Mr. Pierpont, and furnishes the follow-  
ing account of it:

FUNERAL OF THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Personally acquainted with, and an ardent ad-  
mirer of this venerable man, ripe in wisdom, as  
well as crowned with the fadeless laurels of a true  
life, we were in attendance at his funeral in Medford.  
The services were held in the Unitarian Church.  
The Rev. E. C. Towne, a young and talented Unit-  
arian clergyman of progressive tendencies, is the  
Pastor; and yet he was only permitted to read  
passages of Scripture, and this probably for mere  
"appearance sake." There were several dis-  
tinguished advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy  
present, whose religious sentiments were in per-  
fect sympathy with his; but owing to manage-  
ment, and such manipulations as pertain to the  
Unitarian policy of the more conservative school,  
they were not invited to participate in the ex-  
ercises.

The Rev. Mr. Stetson read the hymn com-  
mencing:

"How blest the righteous when he dies;"

after which, among many other excellent things,  
he said: "In this sacred hour we have assembled  
to do honor to a true man, now clothed in the  
robes of immortality. In his last days there was  
no twilight—no falling away like a wave along  
the shore, but an immediate transition, with no  
faculty in the least impaired, save hearing. His  
days were many and eventful. He lived long  
enough for both life's joys and sorrows, and now  
with the majesty of power upon his manly brow,  
with little physical and no mental weakness,  
with no relief from work, with no rest from those  
great reforms that ever glowed in his soul, he  
sleeps on earth to awake in the heavenly world,  
and is more alive than ever. A great man and a  
prince has fallen—one who conscientiously ex-  
ercised all his powers for good, and I think had  
he been consulted, would have desired just such a  
death.

I have known the deceased for nearly fifty  
years. In college, by way of distinction, he was  
called the 'great unknown.' During a financial  
crisis, when reduced to extreme poverty, he wrote  
his 'Airs of Palestine.' His diversity of gifts  
was wonderful. Before me lies not only a man  
of the most sterling integrity, but a genius, a moral  
hero, a philanthropist, an orator and a poet. His  
poems will live and sparkle upon the pages of  
American literature, so long as the English lan-  
guage is written. His useful life was both his-  
torical and presidential, dignifying itself upon all  
future ages. He was a great worker; at times  
impulsively earnest, and possessed of an unbend-  
ing will. As the leading philanthropist of his  
age for a whole generation, he was forced into  
discussions upon the prominent issues of the day.  
At such times he was powerful in argument,  
masterly in his logical statements, and withering  
in his sarcasms.

Upon the Temperance question he never flinched;  
neither threats nor persuasions could turn  
him from his line of duty. The Hollis-street  
Church begged of him not to speak upon these  
'exciting topics.' His reply was, 'I will stand  
in a free pulpit, or none; I will speak the whole  
truth, or not speak at all!' He was imbued with  
great kindness of heart, warm and tender sym-  
pathies, exalted hopes for the race, and possessed of  
such an indomitable will that he would willingly  
be reduced to beggary—be thrown aside, sacrific-  
ing everything for reform or such unpopular  
truths as met with the approbation of his own  
conscience. As a strenuous advocate of human  
rights, and freedom for all races, he had left his  
mark upon the century. Being a natural genius,  
his investigations branched out in all directions;  
accordingly, in his later years, he espoused cer-  
tain doctrines that I do not choose to mention,  
not considering them essential either way. The  
venerable Pierpont rests from 'his labors, and his  
works do follow him.' He is not dead; he has gone  
up higher, and is awaiting our arrival there."

The Rev. Dr. Gannett offered the prayer. It  
was long, cold, formal and chilling, falling like  
snow-flakes upon spring flowers. True, he said  
a good thing when he told us, or rather the In-  
finite Father, that Pierpont's "last days were his  
best days." His last days were spent at the Na-  
tional Convention of Spiritualists, and his last  
public effort was a discourse in defence of the  
truth, beauty and ultimate triumph of modern  
Spiritualism. Truly, his last days were his best  
days. The wonder is that Dr. Gannett, one of his  
old persecutors, should have admitted it. The  
closing hymn, beautifully, plaintively sung by the  
choir, was selected by Dr. Gannett, and com-  
menced:

"Servant of God, well done!"

The audience was large. Thompson, the English  
orator, Garrison, and other eminent citizens of  
Boston and vicinity, were present. All seemed  
disappointed that no direct reference was made to  
his acceptance and frequent public advocacy of  
Spiritualism during the last ten years. It was a  
sectarian dodge, a Unitarian trick, a fresh sample  
of "liberal Christianity." The Rev. Mr. Stetson  
showed himself expert in omitting just what  
ought to have been said. His blind reference to  
what he did not "choose to mention," for he did  
not consider it "essential," was *Spiritualism!*  
Understand this, ye five millions of American  
Spiritualists! understand it, ye fifty thousand  
readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and down on this  
priestly cowardice, this shallow persistence in  
holding back the truth, this failure to declare the  
whole counsel of God!

We shall never forget his last words to us at the  
National Convention. Extending his hand, he said,  
"Brother, go on; Christ, our elder brother, is with  
you; God, the Father, and his angels, are with you  
proclaiming the ministry of spirits to earth! It is  
the chief blessing of my life! Do the work of an  
Evangelist, and, as far as possible, make our faith  
practical among men." Oh, blessed man! thou  
didst fight the good fight, and the crown of re-  
joicing is now thine. Rest and roam with the angels  
of God in the summer-lands of heaven!

## The Labor Congress.

The deputation appointed by the Labor Con-  
gress, recently in session at Baltimore, to wait on  
the President with a view to lay before him the  
sentiments and proceedings of that numerous and  
highly respectable body of our citizens, performed  
that duty in an acceptable manner. The report  
of the conversation informally had with the Pres-  
ident is of decided interest. The latter informed  
them that they were right in principle, and that  
he had always been with them. He professed to  
believe in no aristocracy; but the aristocracy of  
labor. As for a shorter term for a day's work, he  
said he had always thought and felt that the la-  
boring man ought to have more leisure for his  
improvement, and that culture and study, as well  
as recreation, were essential to his progress and  
happiness.

## The Late National Convention.

The Third National Convention of Spiritualists  
closed its sessions at Providence on Sunday evening,  
Aug. 23, and its doings are now matters of  
history. We gave, last week, several columns of  
the proceedings, and occupy considerable space in  
this issue with a continuation of our report;  
but, as from the length of the session, it will ne-  
cessarily be some time before the record of our  
reporter will be complete, we propose here, as  
briefly as may be, to state the results of the Con-  
vention, so far as they appear in the resolutions  
adopted, and in the plans proposed for the further-  
ance of the cause. It will appear, we think, that  
while there was an uncommon amount of oratorical  
ability among the delegates, there was also an  
abundance of practical working talent of the first  
order, the fruits of which will in due time be  
manifest to all eyes. The seeds that such men  
sow

"are sowed seeds."  
That bear their precious fruit for general weal,  
When sown upon the husbandman's field."

It is known to our readers, that at the Con-  
vention in Philadelphia, strenuous opposition was  
made to the resolutions then adopted for the or-  
ganization of the Convention, on the ground of  
alleged exclusiveness, all persons except regu-  
larly appointed delegates being prohibited from  
participation in the debates. This question was again  
mooted very early in the recent session, and a  
committee appointed to revise the Constitution,  
and make it conform to what seemed to be a very  
general wish on the part of the delegates, that a  
door should be left open through which this Con-  
vention, and those which were to follow it, might  
avail themselves of the counsel and experience  
of all the apostles of our faith, although not dele-  
gates. This committee reported a series of resolu-  
tions, in substance the same as the original Con-  
stitution, save that the freedom of the platform  
was enlarged, by placing it in the power of the  
President, the Business Committee, and the Con-  
vention itself, to invite any person to speak, at  
their pleasure. This amended Constitution ap-  
parently removed all, or nearly all, objection,  
and it was adopted with great unanimity.

Nearly the whole of one session was devoted to  
an exceedingly interesting discussion on the sub-  
ject of the Progressive Lycæums, which was opened  
by Mr. Dyott, of Philadelphia, who read an  
able and interesting paper, containing many prac-  
tical suggestions of the highest value in the man-  
agement of these important auxiliaries to our  
movement. At the close of the discussion, in  
which most of the ablest speakers in the Con-  
vention took part, a resolution was passed recom-  
mending that all sectarian teaching and Sunday-  
school discipline of children be discontinued, and  
that such systems of physical, mental and  
moral gymnastics as are taught and practiced in  
the Children's Progressive Lycæums be extended  
and encouraged as far as possible.

An important resolution was presented by  
Mr. Finney, looking to a careful and thorough in-  
vestigation of the history of Spiritualism, and the  
many questions involved in spiritual phenomena  
and reform, by persons of known ability and cul-  
ture. This resolution provided for the preparation  
of addresses, to be delivered at the next Annual  
Convention, on the following subjects:

- 1st. The origin and progress of modern Spiritu-  
alism.
- 2d. Ancient Historic Spiritualism.
- 3d. The type of Spiritual Philosophy.
- 4th. The relations of Spiritual Philosophy to  
the other (so-called) "systems" of Philosophy.
- 5th. The Religion of the Spiritual movement.
- 6th. Spiritual idea of man and his relations.
- 7th. Spiritual idea and method of education.
- 8th. Reforms growing out of the Spiritual ideas  
and movement.
- 9th. On the philosophy of mediumship.

The names of the persons to whom these essays  
have been assigned—Robert Dale Owen, Dr.  
Henry T. Child, J. M. Peabees, S. J. Finney, J.  
S. Loveland, H. B. Storer, Mrs. Mary F. Davis,  
and Mrs. M. S. Townsend—are sufficient guaranty  
that these topics will be treated with signal abili-  
ty, and in the broadest and most catholic spirit.

A committee was also appointed, consisting of  
F. L. Wadsworth, W. A. Danskin, M. B. Dyott, J.  
S. Loveland, and Mrs. Clark, to examine the spiri-  
tual phenomena in their physical and psycholo-  
gical characteristics, and report to the next Na-  
tional Convention. We anticipate, as the result of  
the investigations of this committee, a paper that  
will be an important addition to the literature of  
Spiritualism, and of permanent value.

Another practical suggestion, taking hold on the  
future, was embodied in the report of Dr. George  
Dutton, Chairman of the Committee on Education  
appointed at the last Convention, who recommended  
the foundation and endowment of a National  
Spiritual College, where the most practical educa-  
tion in the arts and sciences and the most com-  
plete and systematic development of the body  
and mind can be obtained. This proposition was  
discussed at considerable length, with an earnest-  
ness which demonstrated the deep interest attach-  
ing to it; but in view of the magnitude of the un-  
dertaking, and the great importance that the im-  
plicit steps should be taken only after the most  
mature and intelligent consideration, it was de-  
clared wise, instead of at once endorsing the plan, to  
refer the matter to a committee of one from each  
State, to consider the whole subject, and report a  
plan for the establishment of such a college at the  
next session.

The great question of the rights of labor, now  
so strongly agitating the community, was some-  
what discussed toward the close of the session,  
and a committee appointed to consider the mat-  
ter, in all its bearings, and report at the next an-  
nual meeting. In the meantime, the following  
resolution was adopted, as expressive of the opin-  
ion of the Convention on the general subject:

Resolved, That the hand of honest labor alone holds  
the sovereign sceptre of civilization; that its rights are commensurate  
with its character and importance; and hence, that it  
should be so fully and completely compensated as to furnish  
the tolling millions ample means, times and opportunities  
for education, culture, refinement and pleasure; and that  
equal labor, whether performed by men or women, should re-  
ceive equal compensation.

Resolutions were also adopted declaring it the  
duty of Spiritualists to discountenance the use of  
spiritsuous liquors and tobacco; asserting the right  
of woman to the ballot; and declaring that, "since  
it is the central idea of our American civilization  
that all men are created equal, that taxation with-  
out representation is tyranny; and that justice,  
honor and liberty demand the extension of the  
elective franchise to colored American citizens."

We have thus presented a summary of the ac-  
tion of the Convention. It makes a record of  
which we think not only the delegates, but every  
intelligent Spiritualist, may well be proud.

## Visitors from Abroad.

Last week we were honored with calls from a  
large number of our friends from the West, North  
and East, who were delegates at the late Nation-  
al Convention in Providence. It was a source  
of great pleasure to meet so many with whom  
we sympathized, but never before had seen. We  
thank them all for their kind remembrance and  
cordial greeting. God bless you, co-laborers, and  
strengthen you in this noble work in which you  
are engaged.

## The Creeds and the Spirit.

On all sides we see proofs of the great evolu-  
tion that is taking place. It runs through every-  
thing in society: politics, government, business,  
laws, morals, creeds, and the churches. The stir-  
ring up of the creeds begets a movement of all  
other departments of social life. When that  
wheel turns, it is certain to set in sympathetic  
motion all the rest.

One cannot open a newspaper, whether secular  
or professedly religious, and not discover the  
greatly changed spirit of the time. It is impos-  
sible to overlook it, or to guard against its conta-  
gion. The London Spectator recently had an ar-  
ticle on "The Times we Live in;" in which it  
confessed that we were in a transition state, and  
of surpassing activity in every respect, and that  
even in sluggish England this spirit of the age  
was manifesting itself by the demand of the peo-  
ple for an extension of suffrage, and by the great  
discussion which was taking place within the  
Church establishment. This discussion proceeds  
on fundamental principles, and is destined to  
shake the Church of England to its centre. When  
a strong citadel like that is obliged to give in to  
the effectiveness of assault, and revolt takes place  
within, we may feel sure that the great deeps  
themselves are stirred.

And so in other directions. Scarce any of the  
papers of this country, on whichever side of pub-  
lic questions, but openly acknowledges that we  
have come upon new times, under new circum-  
stances, and that new methods are demanded,  
and a new spirit to inspire them. Even a paper  
like the New York Herald preaches from this text,  
perhaps oftener than any of the others. All sides  
admit the change, simply because they have to.  
It is no more, however, than our spirit friends  
have communicated as certain to come, years ago;  
but their prophecies were received as vain bab-  
blings then, uttered by "possessed" men and  
women; time and the actual fulfillment which it  
brings, however, have done much to correct this  
infidelity by supplanting it with realization. That  
is a cure-all for skeptics. Seeing and knowing is  
with them believing.

For all there is such wide and deep motion in  
the churches, over the creeds and the articles and  
forms by which they make public proclamation  
of their faith, it is only a process of nature, and in  
no sense miraculous or to be wondered at that  
these transformations should be wrought. If  
there were no such changes or developments, it  
would only prove that there is no progress. We  
may as well give over all further effort, when we  
fail to see progress; and the visible proof of its  
presence and operation is that what we hold to-  
day is vigorously criticised by those who were  
born to unsettle it before it can establish itself  
and become a corrupting dogma. The truth is,  
nothing is attained to, that we may permanently  
rest ourselves upon it. All belief is tentative,  
and should so be received and published. We  
reach out and take hold of one thing, only to rest  
on it long enough to reach out again. That is the  
life of the soul. We do not discover any new  
truths; we merely come into new views of old  
ones, which themselves are eternal.

We have recently met with a very happy illus-  
tration of the state of the churches, past and pre-  
sent, and of their future when the great ocean-  
wave of Spiritualism shall have driven them out  
of their petty limitations and boundaries. It is  
in comparing the churches with the little pools  
that are left in the rocks and sand when the tide  
is out. To the shrimp in such a pool, says the  
writer, his foot depth of salt water is all the ocean  
for the time being. He has no dealings with his  
neighbor shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it  
may be only a few inches of sand that divides  
them. But when the rising ocean begins to lift  
over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool  
joins another, their various tenants meet, and by-  
and-by, in place of their little patches of stand-  
ing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields  
to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion  
is low, the faithful are to be found insulated; here  
and there a few, in the little standing-pools that  
stud the beach, having no dealings with their  
neighbors of the adjoining pools, calling them  
Samaritans, and fancying that their own little  
communion included all that are precious in God's  
sight. They forget, for a time, that there is a vast  
and expansive ocean rising—every ripple, every  
reflex brings it nearer—a mightier communion,  
even the communion of saints, which is to engulf  
all minor considerations, and to enable the fishers  
of all pools—the Christians, the Christ lovers of  
all denominations—to come together.

There could not be a more fit illustration of the  
present condition of the creeds, or a more graphic  
sketch of the great spiritual power which is to  
swallow them all up in the rising flood.

## Ten Machine Girls.

Cast your eyes over the advertisements of the  
Boston Herald, the other day, they fell upon one  
which read thus: "Wanted—Ten Machine Girls,  
to work on overcoats." Now how much are "ma-  
chine girls" paid, does the reader think? If the  
truth is known, as it certainly should be, they re-  
ceive barely enough to keep body and soul to-  
gether. Starvation rates is the rule of wages for  
them. They are machine girls, sure enough; treat-  
ed as if they were mere machines of bone, sinew,  
and muscle, and made to yield the very largest  
possible profit to their employers. What matters  
it that they lay claim to souls? That has nothing  
to do in a question of dollars and cents merely.

And while these poor girls are "run," machine  
fashion, for as many seasons or years as their  
systems will permit, their employers pile up large  
fortunes in a very few years, as has been notori-



## Truth from Nazareth.

We find in the Rochester papers mention made of a discourse recently delivered by Rev. Dr. E. C. Robinson before the students of the Baptist Theological Seminary, of which institution he is the head. The discourse is eliciting pretty extended comments where delivered, and perhaps from the members of the same denomination more than from any other class. One writer addresses some very plain queries to the Evening Express of that city, asking if the Baptists are to allow such sentiments and views as he is pleased to extract from the discourse to go unchallenged.

The matter is worth particular mention at the present time, because it shows what is the tendency of those sects which even held on fastest by their dogmatism and assumptions, and how steadily the influence of progress and liberalism is making itself felt. We should not forget what it belongs to us properly to add in this place, that the Rev. Mr. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple Baptist Society in this city, would find it for his advantage in the future to familiarize himself with the truly religious temper which shines out through the extracts which we might give from Dr. Robinson's discourse. Mr. F. fairly hates Spiritualists, and betrays his pique by his public abuse of them in his sermons. Dr. Robinson, however, could never be induced to use the language toward them which his Baptist brother, of the Temple Church, indulges in with such freedom.

To show, without further qualification, what are the actual sentiments of Dr. Robinson, about which so much talk is being made by such as do not seem to know what it is to be religious without being sectarian, we append the following significant extracts. They are an admission that Old Theology has had its day and done its work: "There is a large third party which rejects both the Church and the Bible as standards of authority, and demands the control of all things for human reason. It is one of the most significant facts of the times, which, as Christian men and women, is worthy of serious consideration, that this party of rationalism is daily gaining accessions from both the other sections.

Assuming that Romanism and Protestantism have both been at fault in commanding unreasoning obedience to authority, (meaning the one to the Church, and the other to the Bible,) it is not strange that the third party should increase. Why was that highest human faculty given to us if it is not to be used? We are made rational beings for the exercise of our rational faculties, and never more than for their highest exercise in rational thinking on the great question of Truth and its relation to man and the Bible.

"The idea of having an ultimate statement of beliefs that will last for all time is absurd. 'A man cannot believe any further than his own experience carries him.'"

"Only think of an ultimate in theology. There is scarcely a religious truth which men have learned, that has not grown up with Christian life and experience since the resurrection. Why was that highest human faculty given to us if it is not to be used? We are made rational beings for the exercise of our rational faculties, and never more than for their highest exercise in rational thinking on the great question of Truth and its relation to man and the Bible.

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## "Ministering Angels"—Discourse by Mrs. Laura Cuppy.

It is not often that the secular press speak of Spiritualist lectures with so much frankness and honesty as is evinced in the following extract from the San Francisco "American Flag," of July 23d, with the above heading, written by the editor, after having listened, for the first time, to a discourse by Mrs. Cuppy. He says: "This lady pronounced a remarkable and most interesting lecture last night, at the upper hall, opposite the Academy of Music, on Pine street. Remarkable, because of the extreme beauty of language and opulence of fancy, and interesting on account of its beautiful and graceful theology. Her discourse was founded on the Scriptural passages: 'He hath made His angels ministers,' and, 'Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God.' Her cardinal affirmation was, that which is so eagerly believed by the good and pure of mankind. That they are ever watched over by the ministering spirits of friends, who are no longer present in the flesh, but who are permitted to return from the ethereal shrouds of the invisible, to hover about and shield those whom they had loved. The lecturer quoted the Scriptural truths, that an angel talked with Abraham, that another wrestled with Jacob, and hence argued that if angels were thus suffered to visit the earth, why not the human souls who had gone thence? We regret the fact that we were not prepared to take notes of the discourse, which was remarkable for richness of imagination, elevation of thought, and grace of delivery. For more than an hour, the fair speaker was listened to with profound attention. As an intellectual entertainment, the discourse was a rare pleasure to all who were present, and was without an expression which could be deemed heterodox by the severest of the sects."

## Peace in Europe.

The contesting parties on the continent have at length succeeded in patching up a peace, Prussia of course getting all she claims. Austria, by the new arrangement, goes out of Germany altogether, and gives up her interest in Schleswig-Holstein, and cedes Venetia out-and-out to Italy. Thus she retreats to the confines of her own kingdom, and is left to build up her fortunes at her leisure.

Prussia takes all the States and Principalities north of the Main, and styles herself henceforth—still dispossessed of hostile—Germany. She takes the Duchies, and almost everything else. With Bavaria she has made a peace by cutting out several of her provinces with a view to "rectifying" her southern frontier. The understanding is, that the German States south of the river Main are to be left free to form an independent Confederacy, thereafter to be talked about; which simply means that Prussia will swallow them as quick as she can find room.

Napoleon cannot be satisfied with this arrangement, although he apparently assents by his silence. If his demand on Prussia had any meaning, it was a vigorous protest. Well-informed persons in Europe believe that this peace is not destined to be a permanent one, for the very reason that France is dissatisfied. Nor is the Czar of Russia much better pleased. He does not settle down in contentment at the thought of a great power, like what Prussia will now become, springing up as by a miracle, in full panoply, right in the centre of Europe, ready to dispute his advances in any direction on the continent. The appearance, on the whole, are against the permanency of this new state of things.

## Western Lecturers in the East.

Several prominent Western lecturers who attended the National Convention at Providence, propose to remain in New England awhile, for the purpose of lecturing. Among the number we take pleasure in introducing J. B. Harrison, of Indiana. Mr. H. was formerly in the ministry, possesses fine abilities, and can fully entertain an audience. He comes highly recommended. His address before the Convention gave great satisfaction. He has an application to speak in Providence during October, but would like to make engagements for September. Please address him immediately, care of this office.

E. Sprague, M. D., of Schenectady, N. Y., an inspirational speaker, a gentleman of talents, who took a prominent part in the debates in the Convention, is desirous of remaining in New England for a season, and will be pleased to receive calls for lectures. He can be addressed for the present care of this office.

Warren Chase will make a short tour East before he goes West again. He speaks in Providence Sept. 16th and 23d.

## The Charlestown Picnic.

The Picnic of the Charlestown Independent Society of Spiritualists, at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on the 28th, was quite largely attended, the weather being fine. The spot is one of the most romantic in New England, the grand scenery at once inspiring the beholder with admiration. Thoreau has already immortalized Walden Pond in his "Life in the Woods." It is richly worth a visit to Concord to take a look at, and drink of the water, so crystal-like in clearness. The pleasures of the day were interspersed with excellent speeches from Mr. Currier, Mrs. Clark, of Connecticut, Mr. James, of Chicago, Mr. John Werthebe, of this city, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, and others. Every attention was given by the proprietors of the Grove and the officers of the Fitchburg Railroad to secure the comfort and convenience of the party. The place is fast growing into popularity.

An excellent chowder was served up, and Bond's Band discoursed charming music. This was the fourth picnic of the season by this Society, and quite a respectable sum has been realized for the support of the free meetings.

## The Empire in Mexico.

Napoleon has positively declined to send any more troops to Mexico except to help out those already in that country. So Maximilian will certainly have to go home. In fact, so much as that is admitted by the fact that his wife, Charlotte, is not going to return to this continent, but is already comfortably ensconced in her beautiful palace at Miramar. Max will have to skulk out of the country as well as he can; for although it is true enough that when a man is on his way down hill everybody takes particular pains to help him along with a friendly kick, he will hardly be helped safely out of the country he has imposed himself upon, while the memory of the blood he has been the cause of shedding is still fresh with them. We shall very shortly now hear of the total collapse of this ill-starred enterprise.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE.—A service in commemoration of the life and character of Rev. John Pierpont, was held last Sunday morning, in the Unitarian Church, in Medford, over which Mr. Pierpont was last settled, and of which he was an honored parishioner from the close of his pastorate to his death.

## Attacking the Bible.

What scores of subscribers to the ecclesiastical forms and rules worship the book called the Bible rather than the God! It is preached up as authoritatively and exclusively speaking for. Say a syllable against the Bible, whether in criticism or badinage, and they flare up like so many mad persons. They act as if they were commissioned to stand and guard that book against the approaches of all comers. That is their highest, if not generally their only, conception of religion. The original Protestants took that name to themselves because they protested against the image worship of the Catholics, blended as it was with materialism in all its religious ceremonials. But they little suspected that, in place of the worship of images, their followers and adherents were going to fall into the worship of a book. There are men and women all around us, boasting of being in full possession of their reason and other faculties, who get mad straightway if an intelligent skeptical inquiry is put concerning the Bible. That is the bulwark of their religion. They hold it in the same reverence which they do the Creator, and insist that He spoke it all, letter by letter, and never has since condescended to address his wretchedly ignorant creatures. Hear what Ruskin, the well known English art critic, says of this hide-bound and mole-eyed class of commentators and advocates:

"You women of England are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfill a single, downright precept of the book that you are so careful of its credit. The Bible tells you to dress plainly, and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor, and you crush them under your carriages; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice, and you do not know nor care to know so much as what the Bible-word justice means."

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Those who desire the best paper in the world for family reading, should subscribe for the BANNER OF LIGHT at once. We are just about commencing the publication of an original story of great merit, that we are anxious everybody should read. No story published in the Atlantic Monthly is a priming to it. Periodical dealers should send in their orders early to our wholesale agents.

We recently received, through the politeness of Dr. A. B. Child, a beautiful bouquet of flowers from Miss Julia Mitchell, of Kingston, Mass. The flowers were culled from the garden of the late Benjamin F. Mitchell, her brother, ("Cousin Benja"), at Thatchwood Cottage, who is now a resident of the Summerland where he is employed in weaving garlands of spiritual truths for his friends in earth-life.

A book of poems by "Cousin Benja" is in press, we understand, and will be issued in due time, together with a brief history of his advent to spirit-life. A limited number of copies will be printed. Any of "Cousin Benja's" friends who would like a copy of the volume, when published, are requested to write Dr. A. B. Child, 50 School street, at once.

Those of our patrons whose subscriptions end with the present volume of the BANNER, are requested to renew at once, if they intend to continue the paper. By so doing it will save us much labor and inconvenience in our mailing department.

We continue the photographic report of the National Convention of Spiritualists, in this week's BANNER. It takes up a large share of our space, yet we think the speeches will interest Spiritualists as much, if not more, than anything else we could offer them.

Mr. Charles H. Foster, test medium, has located in Boston for a season, at No. 6 Suffolk place.

The "Haunted House" story, recently published in the Albany Argus, and copied into the Boston Post, is, we understand, a pure fiction. The account runs that the "developments" were "given" in a house on Ida Hill, Fourteenth street, Troy, N. Y. The occupants of the house positively aver that nothing of the kind described has ever occurred there.

THE MASS CONVENTION OF Spiritualists and other reformers recently held in the city of Corry, Pa., we are informed was a complete success, and everything passed off in the most agreeable and harmonious manner. All who attended were well satisfied.

The immense army which Italy called into the field to reclaim Venetia from the Austrians is being rapidly disbanded. Garibaldi's volunteer force has been disbanded, and the regular army is fast being reduced to a peace footing.

No man will assume the character of another unless he is ashamed of his own.

A NEW NOVEL.—Mrs. Caroline H. Glover, author of a popular novel entitled "Vernon Grove," has written another, "Helen Courtenay's Promise," soon to be issued by Carleton.

The villain that accomplishes the most evil is the most accomplished villain.

Quinine is said to be as injurious to the system as calomel. The inhabitants of all malarious districts will, therefore, read with much interest the evidence presented by Prof. Spence in another column, that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are superior to quinine in the cure of chills and fever.

Have few very intimate friends; but be civil to all.

The author of the following is destined to occupy a high place among our American poets:

o wunt I loved a nuthin gal  
her name it was murmur  
but betay dear my luv fur u  
is 40 times moar hiler

The total cost of the New York Central Park up to the 1st of last January, was \$9,763,805 08. The visitors last year numbered over seven millions.

Abraham Lincoln, when a youth, wanted to marry Miss Wood, of Centerville, Ind., but she declined on account of his being "so awkward, lazy, and over fond of a book."

The European Times states that the Atlantic cable is paying about £2000 per day.

## Mr. Loveland Going West.

Haythig been frequently solicited to lecture in various places in the West heretofore, when it has been impossible for me to go, and as the time has now come when I can, I shall start sometime in September, on a winter tour, passing over the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroad Line, taking Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit in my route. Friends who may wish to secure my services are requested to address me as soon as practicable care of the Banner of Light office, Boston.

J. S. LOVELAND.

## A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Sept. 22, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artisan's Hall," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Conoley; "Poems," by A. P. McConno; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature," "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style.

Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time.

Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

Donations to Benevolent Fund to send the Banner Free to the Poor.

Previous acknowledgments: \$102.00 Mrs. Sawyer, New York; 1.00 Mrs. Thos. L. Richmond, N. Y.; 5.00 F. Shelling, Philadelphia, Pa. 1.00

## To Correspondents.

(We cannot guarantee to return rejected manuscripts.)  
D. C. SOUTH READING, Vt.—Received Aug. 23d.

## Business Matters.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM, ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3.00 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 10 Kendall street, Boston, Mass.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Purge out the morbid humors of the blood, by a dose or two of AYE'S PILLS, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies.

## Special Notices.

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

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

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 1st.

Pain in the Stomach or Bowels, Constipation, Sick-Headache, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Etc., are surely cured by the use of COE'S DIARRHOEA CURE. It is certainly the greatest remedy in existence. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Is the Snuff of Burning Brimstone Agreeable to its Inhalation Healthful?  
If not, why persist in its use?  
THE

UNIVERSAL SAFETY MATCHES  
contain neither Sulphur nor Phosphorus, and should be used in all families, to the exclusion of all others. Cheapest as well as best. 8 cents per box—50 cents per dozen.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, April 17, 1866.  
GENTLEMEN: I want to say a little more about the PAIN KILLER. I consider it a very valuable medicine, and always keep it on hand. I have traveled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking it with me. In my practice I use it freely for the Asiatic Cholera in 1849, and with better success than any other medicine. I also used it here for Cholera in 1860, with the same good results.

Sept. 8-2w Truly yours, A. HUNTING, M. D.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. B. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of soft soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71 and 72 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14-ly

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER.  
(Used with Litchfield's External Application.)

DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application, Warranted to cure RHEUMATISM AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture.

Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle. G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Wingham, Mass. Sole Agents for the U. S., J. B. & J. C. B. & Co., Boston; John F. Barry & Co., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents. Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m-June 2.

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## Message Department.

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

**Mrs. J. H. Conant.**  
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 152 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

### Invocation.

Our Father, we thank thee that there are some souls who are willing to lay aside the cares of their external existence, that they may hold communion with thy children who dwell beyond time. Oh God, we pray thee that such may receive the baptism of the holy spirit, that shall free them from all error; that shall break every chain that binds their spirits; that shall wipe away every tear; that shall dispel all the mists and fogs of prejudice and superstition, which shall bring them out into the clear sunlight of truth. Oh Spirit of the Ages, we praise thee for time and for eternity; for the manifestations of life everywhere; for showers and for sunshine; for joy and for sorrow, that make up life. We praise thee for the gift of the flowers. We praise thee for spring-time and summer, for autumn and winter. Oh God, for everything we praise thee. And we would teach thy children whose feet press the shores of time, that they should praise thee for all things by which they are surrounded. When sorrow, like a funeral pall, hangs over their spirits—even for that they should praise thee, for, through the chastening influence of sorrow, their spirits shall become beautified and their garments radiant with the sunlight of joy. Oh God, it is by sorrow that we know joy; by darkness that we know light; by ignorance that we know wisdom. So, Oh Spirit of All Things, for every manifestation of time and eternity, we adore thy name now and forever, amen. May 21.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Mr. Chairman, if you have inquiries, we are ready to consider them.

**Q.**—Will the controlling intelligence please explain the words in the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven?"

**A.**—May thy kingdom come unto the external consciousness of thy children, as it is in the internal consciousness. Let them in their outer lives know that they are guided by the holy spirit, as they know it in their inner lives. Let the same peace that pervades their inner or soul lives, be found in their external or natural lives. For he I understand, that you are living two distinct lives at the same time, notwithstanding some do not so understand it. And as Jesus perceived this to be true, and as other spiritual philosophers before his time had perceived it, so this prayer had birth from that principle of harmony—the harmony and heaven of the inner life. It was not strange that he should pray that the Great All Father might extend this heaven into outer life.

**Q.**—By R. C.: The questioner's sister—skeptical before—discovered the truth of Spiritualism immediately on leaving the earth plane. His mother was unhappy for some time after leaving the earth, and was disappointed in not seeing God. She gradually outgrew her church views and teachings, and is now happy. Do not all who are held in mental bondage by the church, sooner or later outgrow their theological teachings?

**A.**—As childhood outgrows the circumstances of childhood, so men and women outgrow their theological superstitions.

**Q.**—By the same: Will all the sermons and prayers we hear by theologians, be of any benefit to us in the spirit-world? Can they be of use to us, founded as they are upon false doctrines?

**A.**—Taken as a whole, they are of no use. But individually they are of use, for there are some souls who can only be brought to an understanding of a spirit life through these same, to some, untruthful declarations, concerning that life. Theologians preach and pray according to the light that shines upon them. Therefore they receive the blessing of that life; experience joy that comes by reason of having done what they consider their spiritual duty. And that class of beings who are in rapport with these theologians, they, too, are blessed by the same light. Night comes over the face of nature for good, and so this spiritual night is suffered to exist for good. Some souls grow better in darkness than in light; therefore the Great All Father was wise in instituting even theological darkness.

**Q.**—By the same: Is it true that while the physical body is undecayed, the spirit is attracted, drawn to it, and cannot soar so high, nor be so happy, until it is all dissolved and absorbed in the elements? And is it also true, that it is a weight upon the spirit, and its attraction takes the time they want for something else? If this be so, is it not morally wrong to embalm a body, causing pain, unrest and unhappiness to the spirit?

**A.**—There is a certain mysterious attraction that exists between the spirit body and the material body, so long as the atoms composing that body are held together. It does not, however, absorb the time of the spirit, nor bring positive unhappiness upon the spirit. There is only a sense of attraction there, that the spirit cannot resist, and does not want to resist. You live, as intelligences in the flesh, by virtue of the attraction that exists between the spiritual and material body. That same attraction is kept up after the death of the body, only in a lesser degree than when the spirit dwelt therein. We would not recommend the process of embalming. Your time could be spent to better advantage, as you will hereafter determine. There are many intelligences in the spirit-land, whose bodies have been put through that process, and they have told your speaker they have been made very unhappy in consequence; not because the attraction was stronger than in other cases, but because they were unwilling that their friends should

place their affection upon a body that must perish, instead of transferring it to the living spirit. And when they find their friends going, as they sometimes do, week after week, to the spot where their body lies embalmed, that they may mourn over it, forgetting in their sorrow that the spirit lives and loves them still, then it is by reason of that mourning that the spirit mourns also. Therefore we would not recommend that you embalm the material bodies of your friends at death. Rather lay them gently beneath the bosom of mother earth. Let her take care of them, for they belong to her.

**Q.**—By the same: Is prayer by proxy of any account? Will public prayer, particularly that which is paid for, or intended to be paid for, be of any account to us in the spirit-world?

**A.**—By no means. True prayer, that is effective, comes from the earnest soul that desires to be lifted out of its present condition. It asks for something it has not got. That prayer that you speak of, is born of the sordid things of time, not of the soul-life of the soul. If you would be benefited by prayer, let it be that which takes root within and springs up spontaneously without, reaching, as it were, the great fountain of all prayer.

**Q.**—By the same: Will the priestly preparation of a murderer about to be executed, be of any good to him in the spirit-world? What will be his condition there?

**A.**—The condition of every soul, either here or hereafter, is different from every other soul. No two criminals experience the same life, either in the spirit-world or in the material world. The prayers of the priest in behalf of the criminal are absolutely useless. Prayer that is of use, must come from the criminal himself, not from the priest. The priest can pray only to his own God. The criminal has another God—the God of his soul. To that he must pray, for that God will hear him, and him alone. May 21.

### Daniel Jones.

I'm a strange sort of an individual; and quite as strange now as I ever was. I had no sort of a belief in any hereafter before I died, and I had a very great prejudice against the preachers everywhere. I considered them to be a set of knaves, who could better get their living in that way than in any other, so they had chosen it.

Well, stranger, when the war had got fairly under way, I thought I had better go into the field and see what I could do to make things better or worse. When it was first talked of, I was more than half inclined to believe it was best that the seceding States be allowed to secede; for I thought it were better to let them go, seeing as they wanted to, peaceably. But by-and-by I began to think differently, and I thought it was best to lend a hand to stop their running away. So I enlisted in the 2d Illinois Cavalry, and at the battle of Shiloh I got worsted.

While on the field, dying, I was ministered unto. I should say, I suppose, by a chaplain from a Vermont regiment. He was of some hard persuasion, sir, do not know what, and he wanted to know if I was aware of my situation. I said yes. "Are you prepared to go?" "Yes; only I should like to see which way the thing is going." "You had better turn your thoughts upon heaven," he said. I told him I'd rather think of what I was acquainted with. He asked me if I had no fear in dying. Said I, "No, sir." Said he, "You're going into the presence of an angry God, and I hope you'll repent." "Of what?" said I. "Of enlisting?" "No," said he; "of your sins." "Do not know what they are," said I. "Then," said he, "it's a pity that you've lived all these years and not know you was a sinner in the sight of God." "Well," said I, "I may be a sinner in the sight of God, but I can't see it. Give me a drink of water!" He looked in my canteen, and saw there was none. Said I, "Get me a drink of water, anyway!" for I was dying of thirst. Said he, "Man, I'll give you the water of life." Said I, "To hell with your water of life! Give me a drink!" He went to kneel down and pray with me, and I believe I tried to push him over; but I was too weak. He said, "Well, I'll leave you, and I hope you'll repent before you die."

Well, he did leave me, and I died, as they call it; and, to my great astonishment, upon waking up in the spirit-land, stranger, the first thing I thought of was that chaplain. I had not got over the mad that was in me, because he would not satisfy my thirst—insisted upon giving me the water of life, when I did not want it. I did not ask him for any of his water of life. I wanted some real water.

So I've been thinking all along I ought to come back and tell him how I feel, and tell him that he had better strap a cask of pure water on his back, the next time he goes on to the battlefield, and hold it to the lips of the dying soldier, and let him pray himself. That's it.

I believe his name was Brown—Chaplain Brown, they called him. And some of the boys have told me that he's in the way of getting these things. Although he don't believe, yet he has those about him who are doing their best to make him believe them, as he did his best to make me see that I was a miserable sinner. But I did not see it.

Now, that business over, I would like to send a few words to my folks in Princeton, Illinois, and I should like to have them know I can come back, and am happily disappointed to know I can. I lived here thirty-six—nearly thirty-six years, and I thought when I was here that there was no life after death; but I was mistaken. I'll own up to it. And to those folks who used to feel bad on my account, I would say I am sorry that I ever caused you any unhappiness. I see I was mistaken, but I was no more so than you are mistaken in some things now. You have it that the folks in the spirit-world turn into sheep and goats; that the sheep are on the right side, and the goats on the left. For my part, if I'd got to have my choice, to have no life, or be turned into a sheep or goat, I should say, give me no life at all; because I have a certain yearning to get up higher, not go back again. So you'd better give up your old faith, and turn your attention to the investigation of this Spiritual Science; that's what I call it.

I'm what I was, only I know that there's a life after death. That's something to have found out. It's a pretty good lesson learned; I think very important. [Had you a wife and family?] I had, sir. Now if they don't believe that Daniel Jones has come back in the human body and communicated, why let them do as people do that talk with folks on one side, face to face, and I'll soon convince them.

But that Vermont chaplain—I'd give more for a good talk with him than anybody else. I tell you, stranger, I haven't got done thinking of that Vermont chaplain, and I shan't get done thinking of him until I meet him somewhere in his heaven or my hell, I don't care which, and tell him what I tell of him.

Now, stranger, if you see fit to publish what I give here, it's all right. If you don't, it's all right. Good-day to you. May 21.

### Mary Richardson.

I am Mary Richardson, from Worcester, Mass. I am rejoiced to be able to come to those friends I've left, who cannot understand why spirits should return, or that they can return.

I believed, before I died—and my belief was my heaven—a source of great comfort to me; for when I was called to part with friends, as I was many times during my belief in spiritual manifestations, though I sorrowed keenly at the separation, yet I felt sure that they'd only gone out of sight, were still with me; that they had not forgotten to love me, to watch over me, and would surely meet me, when I, too, had passed through the change.

I am very, very anxious to meet my children there. I would forego many joys to minister to them. I've learned to know it's better to strive to make others happy, than to make ourselves so; for the true way to find heaven, is through making others happy.

It is only since last summer that I was a freed spirit; that I could say I knew that Spiritualism was true. So I am but a child in these things, and in this return. But I thank God I know it is true. And I shall strive earnestly to overcome all the prejudices that cluster around those I've left here.

I saw many dark hours on earth, but many bright ones, too. Farewell. May 21.

### Willie Johnson.

I should like, if I could, sir, to send a few words to my father, William Johnson, in Charleston, South Carolina. I was thirteen years old. I died last March.

I want my father to know that my mother is very unhappy since I've died, and, well, I—I don't like the way he treats her. I don't feel happy about it, and he'll be very sorry for it sometime. I know my mother isn't so much to blame as he thinks she is, and I could make him understand it in a few moments, if I could only talk with him. I know my father feels bad about my death; and if he knew I could come, I think he'd be very glad to have me come. I don't like to say these things here, sir, but I have to say them, else my father would not know what I come for. And for fear I should not be able to have a chance to talk with him, I thought I'd—well, I thought I'd say what I come for here. And I thought I'd like to be kind to my mother, and not to think she's all to blame in the matter, because she isn't. He knows if he'll only stop and think, just a few minutes, that he's most to blame.

If he wishes to write, he can direct to her in New Jersey. He knows where. And I think he'd better say he's sorry for some things. He might as well say it now, for he'll have to by-and-by. I'd be right glad to come to him, to talk to him as I do here, if I could only get the chance. [Is your father in South Carolina?] Yes, sir. [Your mother in New Jersey?] Yes, sir. I was with my mother, because I said if my father took me with him, I wouldn't stay; I'd run away. And I wouldn't have stayed. Although I liked my father very much, yet I liked my mother better.

It makes me feel and here, to be obliged to come back this way; don't like to, but I couldn't be happy without. So my teachers said I'd better come. Well, sir, you'll just say to him that Willie came, and wants to talk to him; and that he can talk. If you'll print this much for me, I'll do a good deal more for you, sometime. Good-by, sir. May 21.

### John Andrew.

[Written.]  
DEAR FATHER, DEAR MOTHER—I come to this Banner Circle Room to-day, to send you a few words from our spirit-home.

Thomas and Margaret are with me, and they join me in sending love. We were all with you yesterday; and saw that you wondered why we did not come. So to-day we gained permission. But we do wish we could come to you face to face. Never mind; we'll be at home often. We are all glad you think of us.

Aunt Margaret is here now, and says, "Say so." We'll come again, soon, dear father and mother. Love to all. May 21.

### Elisha Smith.

[Written.]  
MY DEAR ELIZA—Cheer up. I will free you and confound your enemies. ELISHA SMITH. May 21.

Circle closed by Augustus Pope.

### Invocation.

Our Father, again from the sacred shores of human life we lift our souls to thee, and through the weak lips of woman we utter our praises and our petitions. We praise thee for the ever-changing scenes of life; for the expounders of thy law that meet us through rocks and rills, through grasses and flowers, through oceans and dry lands, birds and beasts, through suns and systems and universes, as yet unknown to human life. We pray thee that we may ever be conscious that all life is thy gift for our good. Let these children receive thy blessing through the consciousness that they live; that the dead do return speaking to those they love, and those they hate; for to know that life, is the best of all blessings. As thou hast taught us to ask for thy blessing, so in behalf of these children we ask for this, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. May 22.

### Questions and Answers.

**CHAIRMAN.**—In the World's Crisis are some comments upon the answer to a question given at our Free Circle, and published in the BANNER of Jan. 21st, 1865. I would like to read them, if you are willing.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—We should be glad to hear them.

**Q.**—In the Banner of Dec. 10th, I notice that the Summer-land of A. J. Davis is a production of fancy. And you then say, the soul is removed from the law of material things when it leaves the body. It is, then, thought—absolute thought; it lives in the world of thoughts; and I hence infer that you hold thought as immaterial. I would simply ask: Can there be personality, place, existence, or anything, where there is nothing, or no substance?

**A.**—Thoughts are never without form and place. Your thoughts are your real selves. The body through which thoughts are projected is not the real man or woman, by any means. It is only the rude, mortal mechanism, through which thought manifests itself. Now, to some, thought is a kind of material, intensely sublimated, to be sure, for thought is capable of being dissolved, disintegrated, changed, therefore it must possess somewhat of material life, else it would not be subject to the law of change. Your correspondent need have no fear that he will be dissatisfied with his condition as a spirit, because he is nothing but thought; for that thought is the real, not the ideal; the personal, not the functional; something entirely substantial, not unsubstantial; it's something more than breath, something more than form, something more than reality, as you understand the term reality. It is an immortality, an individualized entity; a something capable of memory; a something capable of love; a something capable of feeling for itself a home that shall satisfy itself.

Here we find it assumed that we shall exist in the future world as *thoughts*; and not as real, tangible persons. But thoughts are not entities, which leave men at death, any more truly than does pain or joy. No one would claim that pain can be taken out of a man and preserved as an object; but this may be done as well as thought can exist as an object, independent of the person who thinks. Thought, in man, is the result of an active brain, as pain is the result of certain action in his system. Both cease at death. In the day a man's breath forth, in that very day his thoughts perish.—P. F. Ex. 14. When the physical organism of any being dies, that being thinks no more till he rises from the dead; and if the dead never rise, then there is no future consciousness for those who die. This point is philosophically correct, and scripturally true.

**ANS.**—The views of the editor of the Crisis, which you have just read, are by no means correct, by no means true, and there is nothing in all the earth, or above the earth, or under it, to substantiate them. Thought exists because God exists, and ever must. An aggregation of thoughts, forms the individuality of life human and life past human. This is established beyond all contradiction. Your correspondent stands upon the old, miserable and rotten foundation of the resurrectionist. That foundation will soon pass away, and he will stand, as it were, without anything under his feet, or even a sky above him. And yet he shall exist as aggregated individualized thought, and that thought will seek his God throughout the universe, and he will be able to find him. He says "The spirits teach some strange doctrines, and tell some truth." What they do teach is indeed strange to those that are not prepared to understand it. It comes like meat out of season; comes like seed that is being sown on stony places. There is no soul to nourish it, that it may spring forth into conscious, active life. But all souls, we know, stand upon progressive, active ground. All souls stand upon ground that is ever changing, and must, as a necessary consequence, progress also. Even they who are the most rigid in their religious belief, by-and-by lose their rigidity, by-and-by become softened and give forth fruits that belong to the hour. We have hope for them after a thousand years sleep, nor do we resign them to unconscious individual life. Thought is God, and when your correspondent can prove it is not, then we shall begin to believe we are in error; but not until then. May 22.

### Rosa T. Amedey.

When the followers of Jesus—those who loved him best—were mourning because he had told them that his time of change had arrived, that he was soon to leave them, they asked him what they should do when he was gone, and why it was that God, his Father, saw fit to take him from them, while they were left behind? And Jesus answered them, "I go that I may prepare a place for you; that where I am, there ye may be also."

And so I said to some of my friends before I passed through the change. I said, When I shall enter upon the joys of the spirit-world, my first thought will be of you, and I shall look around and see what is best to do for you; how I can best fit up a heavenly home that you shall be satisfied to dwell in; for I feel sure that my friends have prepared such a place for me, for they have many times told me so. But I little thought then how my words would be literally fulfilled. I little thought that I should really be able to do as much as I hoped to do for the friends I was leaving. But it so happens that I have been able to realize, and more than realize, all the wildest dreams of my earthly life. I am ready to meet and receive all the many dear, dear friends, who were so dear to me here, and are still dear to me now, whenever their time of change shall come.

It is no myth that your spirit-friends can prepare homes for you beyond the tomb. It is no myth that they can take you by the hand tangibly, and bear you over the dark and uncertain way that lies between the two worlds; dark and uncertain it is to some, but not to all, for there are some souls who are so clearly informed with regard to the home they are going to, that the way is all light and brilliant. I have much to be thankful for. Though I suffered much in my earth life, I would not, for all the heaven I am looking for in the future, part with one of the experiences that I here passed through by reason of sorrow, for I now see that those experiences were of great use to me.

I would say to those dear friends I've left here, I know the sorrow you are passing through, and, as dearly as I love you, I would not take away even one sorrow. I will help you to bear with all the sorrow that is laid upon you, but will not take it from you. No, for I know that by-and-by the sorrows of life will be to you the joys of heaven, and you will thank God that you had them. So bear with them patiently, and look earnestly and hopefully forward, for the time is not distant when you, too, shall say as I did, good-by to earth, and your spirit shall find a happier, joyous welcome waiting it in the spirit-land. Oh, mourn not because the way is dark; but rather say, "I will pray for strength," and not that the cup be removed from you.

I am Rosa T. Amedey, once a medium in your city. May 22.

### James Cooley.

I am James Cooley, sir, and if I had not something to say I would not be here. The nearest ones I have here you're now living in my wife and a little child three years old. I have plenty of others that I like to come to, but I think the most of them. But what I have to say to-day, mister, is almost entirely to me cousin Daniel, who was owing me something like—when I died—one hundred and fifty dollars; and because I had nothing to show for it, he is not at all willing to do what is right in the matter; and as my wife and children need the money badly, I have something to say about it. I once told my wife about it, so she knows about the money, and she has asked him for it, and he says, "I paid so much for his expenses at the hospital before he died. I paid his bill while at the hospital, and that is more than as much as I owed him. Oh, it is him that was owing me, and not me him."

That is not so at all, for it was a free hospital I was in. He lied, for there was no charge at all made, no charge at all. I got the small pox, some how or other, I can't tell how, and was carried off to the small pox hospital, and Daniel had nothing to do with it at all, and he never saw me after I was taken there, no, sir. And now what I want him to do is to make good that, or I shall be pretty likely to make hash meat of him; yes, sir, for I will come to him with such sharp words I will hash him all up. I don't like to do it, no, I don't, for I always thought well of him here, but you know a man will do most anything when he thinks you're out of the way. My family needed that money; my wife told him he had it, too, and they should have it; and they shall, that is all about it. Oh, yes, I, not come here for nothing, no, sir.

I have tried as best I could to make my message plain. I was told I should before I came, and I am in hopes it will reach my cousin Daniel, for he knows very well what I spoke the truth. [Does he reside in this city?] In this city it is? This is Boston; no, sir, New York he lives. [Is your wife there?] Yes, sir. [We understood you to say they were here.] I said here, Boston you be; well, I mean on the earth, not in heaven, no, sir.

I once lived in Boston myself, and my cousin Daniel got me to go to New York, and I did very

well by going. He was in a good place himself, and he like to get me in, too, you know. And I went, and I did very well. And there came a time when he was hard pushed, and because he had done good for me, I lent him money, and take no note to show for it. I know very well he would pay me if I was where I could ask for it. But, oh, he's like a good many others—will get out of a thing when they can. Yes, sir, oh, it's a bad way. Oh, God help us all, I say! We're all bad, more or less. I suppose I was. But then that money Daniel owed me would do so much good for my wife and child! And now all I want of him is to pay that one hundred and fifty dollars to my wife. Help her in the good way, and I'll see what I can do for him in the good way.

I have the ugly in me; yes, sir; and it will keep rising; can't help it, you know; can't help it's rising, any more than I could help breathing here, and I must breathe now when I am here, through this body.

Do you remember where your cousin lived? Do I remember where he lived? Yes, sir; in Mulberry Court he lived; yes, sir—his place, his room, [Where was his place of business?] With Mr. Tobey, down on the Battery; yes, sir. Oh, was I only there, I'd have the money out of him. Then I wouldn't leave him till I got it. Oh, I would down him, and take it out of his pocket before he could know it. So it's very lucky for him that he's where he is, and not where you are.

I beg your pardon, sir, if I've done or said anything out of character with this place. I didn't mean to. I feel the ugly rise in me about half the time, and when I'm here I have to let it out; that's all. Good-by, sir. May 22.

### Captain Robert Spofford.

I am wholly unused to this way of dispatching one's thoughts to the friends who are in the distance. But the old adage, "practice makes perfect," I suppose is a true one.

I am Robert Spofford, Captain in the 3d Virginia Infantry, and I passed from earth-life to the one I now enjoy, during the battle of the second day, called by you, I believe, the battle of Fair Oaks.

I've watched the rising and falling tides of military action since my death, from this elevation in the spirit-world, and I must say, judging from my own standpoint, when I learned the North was victorious, the day was yours, I was sad indeed, for then I had not learned what I have learned since, and that is, that there were purposes behind all human purposes that could not be stayed, and that whether men understood them or not, they were executed all the same. So, inasmuch as you are victorious, I believe it is right you should be now, because if it had not been, you certainly would have failed, and your enemies would have rejoiced in victory.

I am very sorry that my friends at the South are so very unhappy. I am very sorry they believe that there is now no more peace for them; that they shall never feel as happy in their hearts as they once did. They certainly cannot forget that negro slavery, with all the advantages that the master received from it, were more than balanced by disadvantages. Slaves were, in one sense, like children to their masters and mistresses; and being such, they were bound to care for them, bound to sustain them whether they prospered or not, or part with them. Often it was like selling a very near and dear friend, for the master and slave are sometimes very strongly bound to each other.

I have heard many of my friends—and particularly those of my own immediate family—often say they should be glad if slavery was abolished. They should be glad to live to see the time when these terrible weights were removed. And now they are mourning, and trying to devise some plans by which they may reorganize again under the old rule.

Let me say this much to you, my dear friends: Why don't you look back to the time when you wished slavery was abolished? Why don't you look back and see how many times you have experienced sorrow because of slavery? Why not be glad of it, and go to work manfully and re-establish your happy condition once more?

They say, "We have nothing to depend upon." Why, yes you have. You have yourselves to depend upon; more than all that, you have God to depend upon. The red slavery has broken, and let you down. Now be strong enough to rise, and henceforth stand or fall by your own exertions. If you need help, hire it, and then you will feel that freedom that you have never felt before.

I should be very glad to talk with you face to face; have a good, long, sociable chat with you about the circumstances of my past life. I think I could convince you that although your fortunes have been changed by war, yet you are better off to-day, as you are, than you were six or seven years ago, surrounded by what men call worldly wealth. I'm firmly impressed with the idea that I could.

I once said, Mr. Chairman, "If there is any way of return, such as we hear about through these 'fanatical Spiritualists,' I shall try to look into it after death." I would now say to that friend to whom I made the remark, that although there is a great deal of fanaticism among the class of persons called Spiritualists, yet down beyond that there is a sound philosophy that it is well worth your while to look into. I AM SURE THAT I CAN COME BACK, and you may satisfy yourself if you will only make use of the right means.

Now I simply assert that I am so-and-so. It's your business to find out whether I am so-and-so or not. If it's proved that I am not, why, then, am down, and you are up. But until it is proved, I am here as Robert Spofford. No one can declare that I am not, with truth.

Mr. Chairman, I thank you for the kind way you have furnished for friends and enemies to turn. May 22.

### Circle closed by Father Henry Fitz James.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Dr. Albert Gurney, of New York City, to his friends; Geo. Baldwin, to his mother, in Boston; George, to his father, B. Prentice, of Louisville, Ky.; Fanny Chase, of Georgia, D. C., to her parents.  
Monday, May 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Mary Ellen Kearney, of Exbury, Mass., to John Mott; Jennie Washburn, of Augusta, Me.; Charles McQuade, who lived on High street, Boston, to his brother James; Sarah Flanders, of Virginia, to Alexander Flanders, James F. S. and Jacob Fenneth.  
Tuesday, May 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Annie Barclay, to her mother, Sarah Ann Barclay, Hill Davis Court, New York City; John Calvin Holmes, to his friends; Henri Borghman, to his brother, Frederic Borghman, in Cleveland, O.  
Thursday, May 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Hannah Jane Veselhoff, of London, Eng., to her aunt, sisters, and a brother; Oliver R. Prior, to the Federal one who made him prisoner at Petersburg, Va.; James Harlow, to his mother, Geo. W. Cutler, to his parents, in St. Paul and New Orleans.  
Thursday, June 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Edward Harlow, to his mother, Sarah Harlow, in Springfield, Mass.; Bessie Hyde, of Medford, Mass., to her friends; her minister, Rev. Dr. Dyer; Philip Steadman, who died in New Orleans, La., to friends in Chicago, Cleveland and New Orleans.

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