

George A. Eaton, of Boston, offered a resolution, providing for the nomination, by the State delegations, of a committee on resolutions, whose duty it should be to prepare and report a series of resolutions expressive of the sense of the Convention relative to the various questions of human progress.

The resolution was adopted, and the committee constituted as follows: Maine—Samuel Woodworth; New Hampshire—H. S. Fowler; Vermont—Andréon Allyn; Massachusetts—Rufus Elmer; Rhode Island—W. Foster, Jr.; Connecticut—J. S. Loveland; New York—H. B. Storrs; Pennsylvania—Louis Belrose; New Jersey—J. K. Connelley; Maryland—W. A. Dankin; District of Columbia—Dr. J. A. Rowland; Ohio—A. E. Macomber; Wisconsin—Warren Chase; Indiana—F. L. Edwards; Michigan—S. J. Finney; Wisconsin—Miss Anna A. Taylor; Missouri—N. O. Archler; California—Mrs. A. Kimball.

Whereas George W. W. Warren, of New Hampshire, has been elected to the position of President of the Convention, by the vote of the delegates, and L. R. Rinta, of Michigan, has been elected to the position of Secretary, of the Convention, and

Massachusetts, severally presented resolutions, which were read and referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Dr. H. T. Child submitted the report of the Committee appointed by the last National Convention to publish the Address delivered on that occasion, which report stated that they had received subscriptions to the amount of two hundred and twenty-eight dollars, most of which had been paid, and that they had caused ten thousand copies to be printed, which had been distributed among the subscribers. The report was accepted.

Mr. Danks, from the Business Committee, reported a resolution, recommending the appointment of a committee of seven to prepare an address to go forth to the world stating the objects and purposes of the Convention.

On motion of Mr. Wadsworth, the Chair was empowered to appoint the Committee, which he did, as follows: S. J. Finney, H. B. Storer, Leo Miller, J. M. Peabody, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Miss C. A. Grimes, Warren Chase.

The Business Committee reported the following as the subject for discussion this forenoon: "Spiritualism, and the best method of disseminating a knowledge of its facts and philosophy." Henry C. Wright inquired whether it was the purpose of the Convention to act upon the resolutions presented to it by the Business Committee, or simply to discuss them without taking any vote. He had no wish that the Convention should vote upon resolutions prepared by himself, but wished them to go out to the world as resolutions upon which there had been a perfectly free discussion. One of the most important objects to be gained by discussion was, that men and women would learn to have their sentiments controverted and contradicted and shown up from a different standpoint from that which they occupied, and yet be perfectly good-natured about it. Let each one speak his opinions in his own vernacular, and speak them freely, and let no one feel hurt at any criticism.

Mr. F. Gardner, of Boston, moved the appointment of a committee of one from each State by the respective delegations, to revise, amend or annul the Constitution of the organization; and draw up a Constitution for the government of the National Organization of Spiritualists. Dr. Gardner said he had always been opposed to the existing Constitution, because it put restrictions upon freedom of speech, and there was no provision for its amendment. He wanted it amended or blotted from the spiritual record, if there was any such thing.

Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia, inquired how such a motion could be entertained, if there was no provision in the Constitution for its amendment.

J. H. W. Tooley, of Boston, said it was repeatedly affirmed at Philadelphia, by those having charge of that Convention, that they had no intention of cramming in any particular, the action of this Convention. That being so, he thought the motion was entirely in order.

J. G. Fish, of New Jersey, thought the motion out of order, the Business Committee having reported a subject for discussion.

Dr. Gardner raised the point of order, that the discussion of the question reported by the Business Committee was not in order, the time having been devoted to business.

Mr. Fish said he understood that the Convention was in the hands of the committee, so far as the business was concerned.

A. E. Giles, of Boston, said the Business Committee was the servant of the Convention, which could at any moment supersede the action of its servant.

The Chair stated that he considered the report of the committee as a recommendation only, to be accepted or rejected by the Convention. He ruled the motion of Dr. Gardner in order.

Warren Chase, of Ill., said that the articles of the Constitution (consisting of six resolutions) could be altered or amended at any time by the Convention. The very fact that his friend (Dr. Gardner) had proposed to amend indicated that he so regarded it himself. They had met for the first time under these articles, which were broad and liberal in every respect except the one to which objection was taken; action in the Convention was restricted to delegates. Mass Conventions had been held at Rutland, Buffalo, Chicago, New York, Boston, and other places, and the reports of these Conventions had done great injustice to Spiritualism and Spiritualists, for the reason that all persons in these Conventions had an equal right to take part in the discussions, and by that means many persons partially deranged, partially developed as mediums, and in various ways acting so as to be ridiculous to the community at large, took part in the Conventions, were reported in the newspapers, and it rendered the whole subject of Spiritualism ridiculous to the public. The Convention at Philadelphia saw this evil and guarded against it by providing that the members of this body should be delegates elected by local and State organizations, in order to exclude those persons who cannot behave prudently and decently in the presence of the public. The delegates had come to Providence with their hearts full of good feeling toward one another, toward the cause, and toward the country at large, and he hoped there was still candor and good feeling enough among the members to carry the Convention forward, and if defects were found in the Constitution, provide for their amendment; but until some oppressive feature was pointed out, he did not see any necessity for an alteration. If these Conventions were to be perpetuated, and to stand before the world as the representatives of Spiritualism, its intelligence, its integrity, its honesty of purpose, its disinterestedness and earnestness in the cause of human rights, he was sure that they must maintain the exclusiveness and limit their membership to delegates elected by local and State organizations. As no other alteration had been suggested by any person, he did not see any necessity for appointing a committee for the purpose of revision. (Applause.)

Mr. Finney said that the Constitution had been heretofore so interpreted as to prevent the National Convention from declaring to a priest-ridden and enslaved world the purpose of universal, intellectual and moral emancipation; and if this interpretation was to be continued, he should certainly be opposed to the motion to appoint a Committee to amend the articles adopted at the Philadelphia Convention.

Mr. F. then read the sixth resolution of the series constituting the Constitution, as follows: Resolved, That in adopting these articles, all rights of the National Organization hereby instituted, in any way, at any time, or in any manner, in the least degree to assume the power to prescribe the articles of association, or the rights of Spiritualists, or otherwise interfering with individual rights, or the rights of local organizations, by resolutions, or otherwise, are forever prohibited.

He (Mr. F.) understood that this article had been so construed as to bind the Convention against the expression of any sentiment, any principle, or any aim. He was astonished that such a rendering should be made of the article, and more astonished that with such an understanding, it should ever have been adopted. Were they to meet year after year merely to discuss questions, without declaring that they took any side in the great practical issues that arose? He had not so learned the object of Spiritualism. They proposed the elevation of man—the spiritualization or culture of this lower world. How could they do it, if they were forbidden to say that they would not stop the work of emancipation until every chain was stricken from the limbs of every slave? According to the ordinary rendering of this article, their Convention was nothing but a place for disputes without a purpose.

It is time, he said, to the world that we mean something. We have, on the one hand, Supernaturalism, with its battlements of spiritual despotism, pulling down. Let us declare our purpose in this respect to the world, and on our standard let us inscribe, "Death to all institutions that unjustly limit the rights or liberties of the soul." On the other hand, we have a constructive work to do in this world, and that constructive work is to build the great temple of God's infinite spiritual republic—to found a spiritual democracy, based on the equality and fraternity of all human spirits. All human souls are members of God's infinite republic, and if Spiritualism means anything, it means universal liberty for nations and for men; and in order to secure this, it is necessary that we declare ourselves on this subject, not only to

strengthen the old, but to confirm a new one. It is time, he said, to the world that we mean something. We have, on the one hand, Supernaturalism, with its battlements of spiritual despotism, pulling down. Let us declare our purpose in this respect to the world, and on our standard let us inscribe, "Death to all institutions that unjustly limit the rights or liberties of the soul." On the other hand, we have a constructive work to do in this world, and that constructive work is to build the great temple of God's infinite spiritual republic—to found a spiritual democracy, based on the equality and fraternity of all human spirits. All human souls are members of God's infinite republic, and if Spiritualism means anything, it means universal liberty for nations and for men; and in order to secure this, it is necessary that we declare ourselves on this subject, not only to

Mr. Tooley made a statement in regard to the proceedings of the Convention at Philadelphia. He said that he opposed the resolution putting limitation upon membership, and when the vote was taken, there was only a majority of three against him; and the gentleman who announced the result of that vote said they would vote again the next morning, for it was doubtful whether the decision really was. He (Mr. T.) would have no man excluded from any Convention unless nature disqualified him for the place.

Mr. Wadsworth said he understood the object of the proposed revision to be to make free discussion constitutional, not to destroy the delegate character of the body.

Dr. Storer asked what was meant by the statement, that they ought to declare their purpose? If it meant anything, it meant the purpose of the whole assembly; but if any resolution was passed, declaring what action they proposed to take, it would simply be a declaration, on the part of those voting, of not of the whole body. It was wholly impracticable to pass resolutions which would constitute a declaration of faith. His brother Finney proposed to form a new sect, a new Society of the Propaganda, and have a purpose distinctly stated, as they did, and articles of faith to go out to the world. He would join such an organization, outside of the spiritual ranks, but speaking in the name of Spiritualism, he affirmed that they had no right to take such a step. They had only to do a work of education. The two sides of every subject were to be brought before them, that they might compare them, and then trust to the love of truth to indicate them in their individual action; and he believed that, working as individuals, they could accomplish as much as they could by majority votes in Convention, they would then approve this sentiment in favor of discussion and education, rather than the other sentiment which had been proclaimed so eloquently, and which he knew had swayed their minds under the influence of that eloquence.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, said she had labored for eight years in the cause of Spiritualism, but had always been ashamed of them. She had never met a whole-souled, noble Spiritualist yet, but she had hoped that there would be a class of men here who would show themselves worthy of being called men and women. She had hoped that they would pass resolutions that should be active, and not dead letters, going back to the buried past, and that they would find manhood and womanhood coming up to the work of humanity. If there was one single soul in the universe to be shut out from the Convention, she wanted to be shut out with them. If there was a single person going to hell she wanted to go with them; and if there was a work to be done in the lower regions, she would go and help the Eternal Father do that work. She hoped this resolutions would be passed that would be an honor to humanity, and of which they would not be ashamed in the future.

The resolution providing for the appointment of a Committee of revision was then adopted. This Committee was subsequently announced as follows:

Maine—J. N. Hodges; New Hampshire—A. T. Foss; Vermont—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton; Massachusetts—J. H. W. Tooley; Rhode Island—William G. R. Mowry; Connecticut—J. S. Loveland; New York—Leo Miller; New Jersey—J. G. Fish; Pennsylvania—William H. Johnston; Maryland—Isaac Corbett; Ohio—A. E. Macomber; Indiana—J. B. Harrison; Illinois—Warren Chase; Michigan—E. Whipple; Wisconsin—Dr. H. S. Brown.

Address of Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston.

"Treat the devil with polite hospitality, then he will leave your house without breaking your furniture to pieces." Thus speaks Dr. Lararus in a work called "The Trinity." The "systems of education based on forced obedience to the mandates of another's will" is a good definition of the devil—the consequence of which has been, and is, general hypocrisy, universal selfishness, overbearing demeanor, brutal cruelty. The devil is everywhere, in the continuance everywhere of compulsory methods. Compulsion, repulsion and hatred is the devil in concealment. The ungenerous, overbearing demeanor of man toward his fellow man everywhere is the devil made manifest. Attraction creates, underlies and produces all motive power, while compulsion becomes repulsion and is destructive.

Christ saw this. The Church has not seen it yet. Has Spiritualism seen it? If it has not, it will. The devil is a necessity in his day. But he will die away. Hatred will grow weaker and love stronger. The artificial mandates of compulsory methods will go downward and cease to be. Spontaneous love will draw every soul up to God. Nothing is in creation that is unnecessary to the ends of wisdom. Force and compulsion are good in physics, but in religion and morals they are coarse and clumsy, and will sometime become an outcast. Religion and morality are of feelings that are finer than inanimate wood and stone which only can be moved by force.

In the darkness of ignorance, by methods of force and repulsion, the idea of hell has been propounded. This comes of the application of compulsory methods in morals and in religion. By dropping these artificial mandates, and bridging the gulf between Abraham's bosom and the human hell. Christianity was appointed to redeem the world from darkness. Spiritualism is the first fundamental manifestation of its redemption. From our present condition the road to Christianity is a dark and sorrowful one. This is why Spiritualists have suffered so much. But when the goal of Christianity is gained it is as light as noonday, pleasant as the summer breeze. Our Church, our State, our people, our saints and our sinners have a long hard road of progress to go over in coming to Charles Fourier and Jesus Christ. The way to the Kingdom of God lies in the pathway of every one's future, and the selfish, social life of Fourier. The Church has been exhorting sinners to repentance, to turn from the error of their ways. Sinners, under the name of Spiritualists, are now exhorting the Church to repentance, to turn from the error of its ways. But the time is speedily coming when no man will command another to repentance.

Before man shall see angels as he sees mortals, and read the events of the future as he reads the past, he has sorrow added to sorrow, repentance added to repentance, to pass through, and the last which is repentance, is a blame for self and all blame for others. Pure attraction must then lead him; methods of force are ended. Our commerce and our politics, our church congregations and public assemblies, our ideas of refined leisure, foreign travel and social pleasure are only ephemeral realities of unadulterated selfishness, resting upon the drifting foundation of compulsory bondage—ought and ought not—debt and credit—give and receive for compensation, and punishing other men for wrong. Thus the world drifts to religious and social disease and final ruin, under the rule of force. On this foundation rests the Church, the State, Society. Is the Church an organized profanity, as Dr. Lararus has said? Is it an organization without a base? Will it vanish away? The Church would not believe it, if an angel should come from heaven and say that Lucifer was its commander-in-chief. All mandates of compulsion by divinity are assigned to this chieftain for execution, whether they be in the Church or State. His work is not without use, and it has been well done in the Church, in the State and in Society. Take compulsion from the morals and religions of men, and the devil has fled.

Is Spiritualism an organized profanity? If it be an organization, it is. Is it without a base? and will it vanish away? All that pertains to organization, in it, is baseless and will vanish away. The Church has fulfilled all that is asked of her. Let Spiritualism not follow her example to do again what she has done well in organization, preaching, condemning, compelling and repelling. Man has risen as high in the scale of his being as he can, by combining his forces for selfish ends. Culmination, ripeness and decay in organizations for the development of better morals and religions must be. It has come.

Christ and Fourier are worthy for present imitations—are higher volumes in the school of life for men to study. Christ is a liberal religion, with Fourier in human and social life, and with the yet unwritten, unuttered tenets of half a million of Spiritualists, man has but the faint-

est idea of the magnificent results—the gigantic strides in the career of advancement that will be produced, in the general and detail affairs of his life with these powers at the hand. By them are recognized magnetic and attractive forces that govern all the conditions of human life, forces that mainly are untraced yet. Far back in the darkness of human progression these forces were not hardly, if at all, recognized. What does the Church and the State know of Christ and Fourier, of magnetism and affinity, of anything but debt and credit, ought and ought not, payment and punishment, the judgment of others and the salvation of self? Magnetism and electricity do all their work by attraction. This is the instrument of spirit and power. Christ, Fourier, Hahnemann, Newton, and the yet infant Spiritualism, do their work—all that signifies anything—by attraction or affinity; none by repulsion.

The Church, the State and society, have done their work in the bondage of compulsory methods and systems, and repulsion in every feeling heart has even now almost come to a power sufficient for the overthrow of these methods and systems. All that is real rests on the power of attraction, which is another word for love, and the sooner man comes to recognize this power in the methods of his daily life, the greater the nobler will be the achievement of his efforts. The Church is an organized force of evil. It is a necessity, to employ as it half of the world to send the other half to hell. This unwitting conspiracy? or do the conspirators know no better than to do to others what they would not have done unto themselves? It is right to be criminal, and it is right, too, that there be an end put to the career of crime. The Church is innocent but is stupid; the same of a criminal: every criminal is innocent but is stupid. Clear intelligence commits no crime—punishes no crime—sees no wrong. Stupidity commits crime—punishes crime—sees wrong and adopts compulsory methods to make the world right, by the forcible abolition of evil.

Man has vainly tried in his religion and morals to shape man to fit things. The better code of morals and system of religion that is coming upon us, will show how nature cuts things to fit man. It is nature, not man, that produces and disposes—that redeems and saves—that designs and executes—that makes the varied phases of life—that makes the world as it is. Man has innocently supposed it was his duty to attend to the faults of others, so he has adapted compulsory methods. No one ever wanted another to attend to his own faults, and whoever has gone out on this stupid errand of attending to the faults of others, he has failed, and will, like the prodigal son, return, and find a better way to the errand. It is only innocent stupidity that makes opposition and pours out scorn and obloquy. Errands of folly have their uses. Thus has come repulsion—the birth of the devil made manifest. Blame and fault-finding come of innocent ignorance, and make discord everywhere. Approval is appreciation, is artistic; it comes of involuntary intelligence, and makes concord. Our greatness in progress is great in exact proportion to our acceptance of things. Our littleness in progress is little in proportion to the largeness of our condemnation.

The religion of Christ (I do not mean the religion of the Churches nor the States), is a bold and practical presentation of nature's high, wide and deep laws. It is not a religion of rites and ceremonies, professions and pretensions—my salvation and your damnation—my earthly highness and your earthly lowness—my virtues and your faults. The religion of Christ is an invitation to a life that everybody loves—an invitation for all, to all. It harmonizes with the natural desires of the human heart. It is natural religion. It is assimilation—it is attraction. Whatever has put into our ideal Christ in the form of fault-finding or war with self, belongs to the realm of the devil. The religion of Christ is for man's inner, more sacred life, which is always governed by attraction—never by repulsion. He is bold who takes a step in progress toward Christ and by stupid folks is called a fool, crazy, a devil; do not mind it.

In every age progress takes a step or two toward Christianity. What a bold step in this direction Hahnemann took! He treated disease on Christian ground without resistance, by attraction, assimilation. *Similia similibus*. He, first of all, knew that the cause of disease was nature's strength, and he continued it.

The isolated, selfish interests of the world are at perpetual war one with another. Behold the successes which are failures! nine men without a competence to one man with! Fourier casts out the devil—isolated, selfish interests—and invites men to the recognition of attraction, of combined, unselfish interests, of common sense. Adopt the Christ-like system of Charles Fourier, and everybody will have a competence. But as infants cannot go to school till they have grown older, so men cannot come to Fourier till they have grown older.

It is a signal evidence of dawning Christianity in this age that "hands are laid upon the sick" and "they recover." And thanks be given to Homeopathy that has led the way from tangible substance to more tangible spirit; from physical war with disease, the steel lancet and mineral pills, to the sacred, magnetic powers of love and attraction that are now beginning to fall from the invisible world of real existence, remedial agents for the ills of earthly life. And thus it must come to be, and is coming, in the treatment of diseased morals; as Homeopathy and Spiritualism have come to treat diseased bodies—on Christian ground. And thanks be given to Fourier, who has proclaimed and effort that is leading men from the isolation of self-interest to the interests of human society; that is leading man from the curse of riches, from the curse of poverty, from the meanness of excessive wealth, from the sorrow and suffering of want, from self-righteous moralism and its inevitable revenge and cruelty to Christian ground. And thanks be given, too, for the rising light that is driving away from the hearts and heads of men the dismal phantom born of force, the shadow of ignorance, the folly of selfishness, viz., eternal damnation for others. And thanksgiving be given to thanksgiving, and gratitude be given to gratitude for every one's contribution to the superstructure of human law which, by the hand of man, punishes man for doing wrong; for every blow that is struck to break and demolish the institutions of selfishness; for every step everywhere the world has taken and is taking, that leads man to Christian ground. (Loud applause.)

The Convention then adjourned, to meet again at three o'clock.

[To be continued in our next.]

The Title of "Brother."

Our friend, Thomas A. Maskell, of Salem, N. J., renews his subscription to the Banner, with these remarks:

"If I did not know, dear Banner, that thy feet are upon the rock of justice to all, I should wonder at thy courage to appear in this vicinity with so few companions. Accepting all men as brethren and God as our father and protector, what has any one to fear? Please ask your friends if it would not look more consistent to dispense with that much used title of brother? For it always seems to imply that those who use it have not yet arrived at that broad state of perfection where they may shout with that 'the world is my country and all mankind my brethren,' and then live so that all may know we hold that relationship without the necessity of our using the term. It always sounds to me, at any rate, like partiality—as though one brother was more than another. This may often be so, and undoubtedly is, if all be right."

"FRENCH LEAVE."—A French paper has this story: "One Monday morning a clerk applied to his superior for permission to be absent forty-eight hours on some family affairs, and received an affirmative answer. On the following Monday he reappeared at his regular hour. 'What?' demanded his superior, 'why have you stayed all the week?' 'You sir,' replied the clerk, 'gave me permission.' 'I cried the chief, 'I gave you leave for forty-eight hours only, and not for six days!' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' answered the young man, 'I have only taken the exact time which you granted me. We work here eight hours a day, but six times eight is forty-eight. I certainly had no occasion to ask your permission for the night, any more than for the hours I do not owe to the administration.' This was logic, but once that day the chief specifies by administrative hours the duration of the leave he grants."

The evil passions of men lead them to destruction.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

(Original.)

RUTHIE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"Now, Ruthie, I think you are quite right, and I commend your plan; but listen to an old man's advice: the way to get this business all settled is, not to arrange too much at first, but to act on what is before you."

This Uncle John said with so genial a smile, that Ruthie thought the sunlight had fallen on her; but she did not quite like the words, so she answered:

"Well, Uncle, if I don't plan I shall never accomplish anything. I propose to carry out my ideas by-and-by, when they are all arranged. I shall have a model school, and I shall insist upon order and cleanliness; and I shall make the boys all behave like gentlemen, and the girls like ladies. You see Mr. Frill advises that we convert them all first, and then proceed to teach them."

A little smile passed over Uncle John's face, but he said not a word; but Ruthie was quick to read thoughts.

"You see I shall repeat the catechism every morning, and they will soon learn it; and then we can soon instruct them in all that is necessary."

"No, Ruthie, did you never think that the poor might have some ideas of their own, and not quite like to accept yours? The human is the same in the rich and the poor."

But Ruthie did not wish to think any such thing, and she went out to execute her plan. She was a noble-hearted girl, and was really in earnest in wishing to benefit the world by some good deeds of her own; so she had joined herself to the labors of a zealous clergyman, and was proceeding to perform that desirable task—"the conversion of the world."

Uncle John waited her return from her first efforts, and was determined not to dampen her ardor.

"But, Uncle, they wouldn't read, and they wouldn't sit still; and when I asked them the questions, they just stared at me, and one boy put his thumb to his nose, and the rest all laughed."

And Ruthie gave a little sigh, and looked very much injured.

"Don't be discouraged, dear," said Mrs. Stearns, her mother; "it is a great comfort to me that you wish to enter so noble a field of labor as teaching poor children to honor and love the Lord."

"Honor and love the new clothes you give them!" said Jim, quite heartily. "There isn't one that cares for anything else. Have n't I tried them, and do n't I know?"

Jim was a good brother to Ruthie, and she liked to think that he was just right; but she saw that he was determined now to oppose her, and, like a spirited girl as she was, she resolved to support her own ideas, and not yield a whit to Jim.

"I'm sure, if somebody don't try to teach the truth, how will it ever be known? and if the children are not grateful, that is not the fault of the one that tries. Mr. Frill says all our good deeds are sanctified, and I'm sure we ought to believe it."

"Now don't, Ruthie, be a dunce, and believe every word that a selfish, worldly Rev. Mr. Somebody tells you. What does he care, except for the glory and honor of his Church?"

"Oh, Jim! how can you say so of our minister? I'm sure, he is a real saint! Why, he works early and late to convert the world!"

"Works early and late to get renown and worldly honor!" said Jim.

"But," said Uncle John, placidly, "that has nothing to do with Ruthie's efforts. She is fired with a noble zeal to bless the world, and if she has mistaken the way she will find it out, and be willing to acknowledge it. I wish everybody had as good a purpose as glows under the efforts of Ruthie."

"You mean me, I suppose?" said Jim, with excitement. "I'd like to know if I have n't tried the whole thing? I believe it's all pretty near right as it is. The Lord was n't so greatly mistaken when he arranged matters, and I think he'd thank folks to let things alone, and tend to their own business."

"Ruthie, dear," said Mrs. Stearns, "go and tell Jane to get supper; and Ruthie retired, thankful to be kept from crying, which she was very likely to be made to do by Jim's words.

"Ele on you, Jim!" said Uncle John. "There is as good a girl as ever lived, and she is full of noble ardor, which you ought to admire."

"And so I do; but she's too smart and too handsome a girl to be led round to do the dirty work of a mean set of people, that only care for her for what they can get out of her."

"Well, Jim, that's pretty hard on those that think they are on the only road to future glory. But don't you interfere with Ruthie's school; if you do, you'll drive her further and further away from what we desire her to do. I know that girl's capacities, and she's fit to redeem men, if any one is."

"I do n't care for the school," said Jim; "though she's a heap too good to be drilling those dirty brats for three hours every Sunday. The fact is, I want her to ride out with me. What's the use of driving a fast team, and keeping the best carriage on our street, if one can't take the handsomest girl out in it, and that girl one's sister, too?"

"Well, when I was your age I was of your mind, and so I do n't intend to blame you; but I can tell you there is something a good deal better than that."

But Jim went off whistling.

Ruthie's Sunday-school for the poor was a sore trial for her. She had undertaken something that she did not know how to accomplish. She had worked week days, and made suitable garments for the children, to displace their ragged ones, and she had spent all the money she intended for her own use without a regret, and she had visited and carried tracts, and talked in her best and sweetest way about the beauty of holiness. In this way she had spent most of her time for three months since she first laid her plan for the blessing of the world. And yet the children showed few signs of grace, and most of them had forsaken the school, and their places had been filled by others who needed also new clothes. Some of them, to be sure, seemed to respect the sweet voice of Ruthie, and loved to look at her noble face, and to touch her soft hand; but when she came to talk to them of the interests of their souls, or to teach them the catechism, they were listless, or played, or laughed, and some even used words she trembled to hear.

It was now a lovely spring day, and the peace and quiet of a spring Sunday seems like a realization of heaven. Ruthie longed for the woods

and fields, and sighed a little at the thought of the close little room that she must go to. Uncle John had the blessed gift of knowing precisely what others need to make them happy.

"Ruthie, suppose we take a little walk into the country?"

"Oh, Uncle, how nice it would be! But there's the school; and a little cloud overpread her face. 'I must go there; but I'd much rather go to walk.'"

"Suppose we take the school with us? There's a little path beyond Maple street that takes one out to the estate of a friend of mine, and it is as wild there as up in Lancaster. Will you go?"

"But what would Mr. Frill say?"

"Well, Ruthie, if you are helping Mr. Frill, instead of the Lord, I say stay here in the close room of a city; but if you are trying to serve the Lord, I say take your school with you for a bit of fresh air; and if you will, Ruthie, I'll be teacher."

"Oh how good! I will be ready in a minute, and we will have a grand time."

"But stop, Ruthie; take a bag of crackers, for, before food can touch the soul, there must be a plenty for the body."

What gladness was in the heart of the children, as they read the beautiful truths written on the leaves and sang in the soft air. They were willing to be quiet, and to enjoy the great pleasure, as Ruthie demanded, in an orderly manner; and when they were fully satisfied with seeing and walking, Uncle John proposed that they all sit down and have a short lesson. There were frowns on the faces of all; and Ruthie looked disappointed, for she expected a ready answer to her wishes after having given so much pleasure.

"Now look here, boys and girls," said Uncle John, "I'm not going to take a catechism or to teach you hymns or psalms, but just to see whether you and I agree about some things. I am an old man, but I was once a boy, and so I know just how boys feel, and I do n't intend to worry you, but just to feed your minds a little, as Ruthie has been feeding your bodies."

Let us take this little sprig of grass for our text. There is hardly a place so barren that it will not grow. Did you ever think why it came up grass, instead of violets or clover? It is because of the wonderful life in it; and that life is the power of God in the grass. Now, there is in your bodies a life that is also the power of God, and it all the time puts forth some kind of growth. If you wish to be very good and gentle and loving, then you are, like this grass, showing the power of God in the beauty of holiness. When I was a boy, I knew another boy who lived a miserable life in the poorest streets of a city, but in his heart was a great desire to do good and to be good, and he said to himself, 'If there is no place so poor that the little sprig of grass cannot come up to show how beautiful and holy is the life of God, there is no place so poor but one cannot make some beauty reveal itself.' And he began a life of goodness; and he not only became a good man, but a rich and honored man, and he delighted himself in works that would bless others. When I saw him last he said, 'I am more convinced than ever that every one may do something to the honor and glory of God.' Who of you say the same?"

There was no answer.

"Well, Harry, I will put the question to you. If you had a piece of land, would you let it lie waste, or would you try to improve it?"

"I would try to make it like that meadow," said Harry, the oldest boy, who came quite up to Ruthie's shoulder.

"Well, there are in your spirit great fields to be cultivated and made beautiful. God has put his holy life in you, and given you the opportunity to make it spring forth in beauty. I once owned some land, and I said I would make it produce everything that was excellent; but I did not take the right measures, and left my land to grow up to stubble and weeds. I saw my neighbor's garden full of beautiful flowers and delicious fruit, and I admired, but did not work to gain the same good. At last I said, why not have something beautiful in place of all this unlovely rubbish? And I set to work, and in time I had as beautiful a garden as you would wish to see. Now you all have richer ground to cultivate than that. You have spirits to cultivate, and there is no limit to the improvement you can make there. Begin by first pulling up all the weeds; such as lying, the use of bad words, taking that which is not your own; anger, impatience, laziness; all these are very noxious weeds, and the only way is to pull them up. Don't let them get the least spot of your ground. Who is willing to pull up some of the bad weeds that make his life so very unlovely?"

Up went the dozen eager hands.

"Then begin with a good will. God has given you all a plenty of good seed to plant, in place of the weeds. There is no one so poor that he has not some love; no one so worthless that there are not holy wishes springing up always. See how a dear, loving father has surrounded us with beautiful things to please and bless us. Shall we not also try to surround ourselves with those spiritual beauties that he also wishes us to possess?"

Ruthie looked during this speech as if she were in heaven. She saw open before her a way to reform the world, besides teaching the catechism or repeating long prayers. It was the simple way of making truth and goodness plain to the mind. When they got back to the city it was time for meeting, and Ruthie took her accustomed seat, but there was something in her mind better than the forms she engaged in. But the music touched her heart, and oh how she wished she could have taken those children in by her side and taught them the holy lesson of sweet sounds.

"Why not?" said Uncle John, when she mentioned her wish to him; "why cannot all come together, rich and poor, and be helped by the same means to better and nobler lives? It is easy to answer: The churches are made for the rich. It is fashionable worship that is offered there."

"But Mr. Frill loves the poor, I am sure. I should never have thought of telling the poor children, if he had not suggested it."

"And put a catechism in your hand," said Jim, who had just come in from his ride. "I hate the whole thing. I guess the Lord can manage his universe without any Reverend's help. I've been serving him by a good trot with my fast horse, and I reckon I'm as well satisfied as if I'd been lived up in a meeting house."

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by increasing the dignity of labor can this be accomplished. Tried by this ordeal, all arbitrary, all class honors must perish. Capital is our child; labor the mark of manhood, the great crime 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 tell far 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 half 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 handy, take them under this shelter and pick the fruit from them at our leisure.

Sister acquiesced, for she 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's.

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 have 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, reached minor stations, arriving at the Portage Bridge at a distance of about thirty 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. I. 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. Francis Rice, 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 apportion, which had been given through Nettie Colburn, at a Sunday meeting in Rochester, and afterward reported by "Pinky," a little Indian maiden, in anticipation of the occasion, was read:

A picnic in the wilderness!
How pleasant it will be,
To meet you in the solemn shade
Of grand old forest trees;
When the cool breeze from the hill
In gloom, from bough to bough,
Their merry music in the air--
We almost hear it now.

A picnic in the wilderness,
With angels drawing near,
To whisper the promise to the land,
Your world-wide peace 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 o'er each grassy mound,
Oh! what more fitting temple
Of worship can be found?

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

A picnic in the forest,
With Nature free and wild!
Golf fling your weary cares away,
And be again a child;
Golf gather bright-eyed flowers,
And ramble o'er the sod,
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 an hour or more had been consumed in (discussing the refreshments, and in examining the double and triple exposures of the 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 our country should be made and executed by the highest ideal of the most advanced minds of earth regarding government, and are worthy of our most cordial approval and entire guidance and obedience, and our own perceptions of justice, we cheerfully acknowledge the right of all citizens to be equal before the law, and to be entitled to the same elective franchise, without discrimination as to sex or color.

2. Resolved, That recognizing the justice of the principle that the laws of our country should be made and executed by the truly loyal officers, we are opposed to the admission of unrepentant rebels into the halls of our national councils, or to allow such to exercise any influence in the government, and we earnestly request that the government should be so organized that it is completely free from the influence of traitors and rebels, who are the curse of the Republic.

3. Resolved, That as "the twig is bent the tree's inclined," we deem it of the first importance that the youth of our beloved country be protected from the untruthful and unprofitable lessons usually impressed upon their tender minds in the youth and religious instruction of the day, and that the Children's Progressive Lyceums should be fostered and encouraged in their efforts.

4. Resolved, That we hail with unspeakable satisfaction every achievement of Philosophy, Science and Art by which the human race is advanced and brought in rapport with the great and noble and eternal principles of the universe, and Science, all true Philosophy, and all true Religion, and is therefore based upon an impregnable foundation, and appealing to the reason of mankind, and becoming a source of unity and true and sincere adherents, to manifest by our consistent and well ordered lives its power to elevate, harmonize and bless the human race.

5. Resolved, That we recognize in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism the power by which infinity is to be related to the finite, and the spiritual to the material, and the otherworldliness of the thousand and one creeds and formulas by which religious despotism seeks the mental bondage of the human mind.

6. Resolved, That as the recent more general investigation and acceptance of liberal and progressive sentiments among the people of our country, and the advance of the scientific and theological systems of past ages, thereby enabling them more effectively to check the alarming progress of freedom manifested in the minds of the people, and the necessity for us, and all other friends of mental and spiritual liberty, to organize and form associations for the more systematic dissemination of the facts and principles involved in the New Dispensation.

The resolutions were received with hearty applause, especially those referring to the equal civil rights of all classes of society, and to unrepentant rebels taking back seats in the government of the country, and were unanimously and heartily adopted.

The Executive Committee also reported the following plan of organization for the Spiritualists of the ten western-most counties of Western New York:

Resolved, That in order more fully to systematize effort, and to effectively advance the interests and aid in the dissemination of the sublime and beneficent principles of Spiritualism in Western New York, we deem it advisable to and do hereby organize an Association to be known as the Genesee Association, for the ensuing year--to consist of 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 Harmonial Philosophy and Religion.

Bro. Howe was followed by Nettie 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:

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. Blacklee, Avon, Livingston Co.; Lyman C. Howe, Clear Creek, Cattaraugus Co.; Mrs. L. C. Howe, Clear Creek, Cattaraugus Co.; J. Forsyth, 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. W. Pettibone, Chenango, Orleans Co.; Mrs. Ellet Clark, Yates, Orleans Co.; Mr. F. J. Jamieson, 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, Buffalo, Erie Co.

On motion, the action of the Committee, recommending officers for the "Genesee Association of Spiritualists" was unanimously ratified by the meeting, and the new organization set in motion, with its roll of officers duly 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 adopted.

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, Munford, N. Y.; L. O. Preston, Avon; Dr. Blacklee, Avon; Eliza Merritt, Bathany; A. C. English, Batavia; J. C. Walker, Byron; J. Wilson, Pembroke; William Thayer, Darien; A. A. Waldo, Alexander; J. Forsyth, Buffalo; J. Washburn, Attica; A. Miller, Bennington; A. Andrews, Elba; C. Brown, Warsaw; S. B. Osgood, Stafford, and Gilbert Preston, Hornellsville.

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 advanced minds of one of the most 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 happy and joyous 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. I. CLUM,

stand in form local organizations, every such local organization to be entitled to choose a member of the Executive Committee, and the twenty herebefore provided for, and to have equal voice with them in managing the affairs of the Association, notice of such organization and appointment to be made and reported to the Association.

Resolved, That the above Board is authorized to solicit subscriptions and raise funds to be expended under their direction in the purchase of a territory, and in the publication of the "Banner of Light," for the dissemination of spiritual intelligence by publication, or in any other way they shall deem the most expedient and efficient for the promotion of the objects of the 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.

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P. I. CLUM,

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 Sanctum, to send you something fresh from the Granite Hills.

But, what can I write from this little quiet village, nestled 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 toll-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 Moon Pond 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 the age; 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 tell 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 these 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 munificent 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, 1886.
OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-commu-
nication and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating
to the 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 aims through a
careful, reverent study of facts, to 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.—(Lon-
don 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 lit-
erary 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, but by the cup,
The bitter cup, of sleep or chronic pain,
Or waiting sickness—for that bitter cup
The hand of God's most holy providence
Hath oft commended to my feverish lips;
And deep, deeply, have I drunk of it;
Faint would I, if I might, be spared the scene
Of wife and children round my dying bed,
Knelling in prayer, or to my last poor words
Heeding with tearful 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 his 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, impervious
to the beguile 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 subse-
quently 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 Spiritu-
alist 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 him 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

Lycetisms as means of counteracting the deleterious
influences of sectarian Sunday Schools, H.
O. 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 Lycetisms 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 Lycetisms."

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

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

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

"The song! 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 Lycetisms. 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 what great halibuts that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way 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 mudy,
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. Peebles, and several
others, the evening following his demise. Mrs.
C. distinctly saw the spirit of Mr. Pierpont ap-
proach Mr. Peebles, 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 conver-
sation, 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 its last earthly scene. The departure must
have been very easy, for there was no struggle in
the demonstration; merely a few short breathings,
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 stretched
out their hands to receive me, saying, "Your
time has arrived—come home with us." The glories
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. Peebles, 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 older 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. Channing 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. Peebles, 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 Unitarian
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 exer-
cises.

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 fading 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 exer-
cised 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 providential, dangerous to type 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!
proclaim 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 even-
ing, 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 oratori-
cal 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 sacred seeds,
That bear their promise for a general weal,
When sown the husbandmen."

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 par-
ticipation 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 Lycetisms, which was open-
ed 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 Lycetisms be extended
and encouraged as far as possible.

A most 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. Peebles, S. J. Finney, J.
S. Loveland, W. 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 spir-
itual 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 edu-
cation 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 in-
cipient steps should be taken only after the most
mature and intelligent consideration, it was de-
clined, 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 commensu-
rate with its character and importance; and hence, that it
should be so fully and completely compensated as to furnish
to the toiling 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
spirited 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 sympathize, 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 the noble work in which you
are engaged.

The Creeds and the Spirit.

On all sides we see proofs of the great revolu-
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, 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 depths
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 often 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 lip
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
community 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 peoples—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.

Casting our 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-
ous all through the war. In other words, they coin
their money out of the very lives of the poor "ma-
chine girls," when they pay starvation prices for
their work.

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays 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 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.

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 into 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 be it understood, 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 him 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 thereto, 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 effectual, 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.

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 wounded.

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 shell 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 are 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. I bled profusely, and I had no strength. 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 our 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 have not 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 think 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.

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 prejudice that clusters 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 it is to ask my father 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 New Jersey?] 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 like, 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.

John Andrew, to father and mother, at Racine, Wis. 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 thought; and I thence infer that it holds thought as immaterial. I would simply ask: Can there be personality, place, existence, or anything, where there is nothing, or no substance?—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 suppose, 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 discredited with his condition as a spirit, because he is not a spirit, but a thought, for that thought is not the ideal; the personal, not the fanciful, is 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; 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 goeth forth, and in the very day his thoughts perish.—Pa., xviii: 4. When the physical organism of any being dies, that being thinks no more till he rises from the dead; and 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 the 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 be sure 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 wouldn't be here. The nearest ones I have where you're now living is 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 speak the truth. [Does he reside in this city?] In this city is it? 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, where you be; well, I mean on the earth, not in Boston, no, sir.

I once lived in Boston myself, and my cousin Daniel get 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! I'm rising, any more than I could help breathing when 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 bellied; yes, sir—his place, his rooms. [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 betrayed, 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 reed 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 return. May 22.

Circle closed by Father Henry Fitz James.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 21.—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. F. Fretz, of Louisville, Ky.; Fanny Chase, of Georgetown, D. C., to her parents.

Monday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Mary Ellen Kearney, of Roxbury, Mass., to John Jennie Washburn, of Augusta, Me.; Charles McQuade, of New York City, to his brother James; James McQuade, of Virginia, to Alexander Flanders, James T. G. and John F. F. F.

Tuesday, May 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Annie Barclay, to her mother, Sarah Ann Barclay, of New York City; John Calvin Holmes, to his father, John Holmes, of New York City; Fredrick Borghman, in Cleveland, O.

Wednesday, May 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Hannah Ann Wessellhoff, of London, Eng., to her mother, sisters, and a brother; Oliver A. Price, to the Federal city who made him prisoner at Petersburg, Va.; James L. L. to his mother, Geo. W. Gutter, to his parents, in St. Louis and New Orleans.

Thursday, May 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. Edward Harrows, to his mother, Sarah Harrows, in Newfield, Mass.; Susie Hyde, of Medford, Mass., to her friends; her minister, Rev. Benj. Davis; Philip Steadman, who died in New Orleans, La., to friends in Chicago, Cleveland and New Orleans.

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