BANNER OF LIGHT.

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Literary Department.

JESSIE GRAY.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

CHAPTER I.

"Will the dead speak again?"

It was an evening in Spring, near the hour of sunset. In a pleasant room, the windows of which opened to the west, an invalid sat, propped by pillows, gazing earnestly upon the clouds which hung like a banner of crimson and gold in the horizon.

The grapes and honeysuckles were in blossom, and twined their graceful vines about the pillars of the porch. The steps of this porch lead to a garden walk, running beside borders of rare plants, just now giving promise of summer beauty. Beyond this garden was an orchard, through the trees of which could be seen the two ornamental chimneys and the gable-end of a large cottage.

Beyond, in the distance, was a range of low hills, behind which the sun was now sinking, as the gazer thought, all too soon for him. His breathing was difficult, the lungs heaved with each respiration, and as he looked westward he exclaimed, quoting the words of a dying patriot, "the last of earth."

He was a man between sixty and seventy, but he had one of those heads which artists delight to paint—the forehead lofty, the eyes brilliant still, and the mouth remarkable for mobility and sweetness. His smile was pleasant to see, as a young and beautiful woman entered the room, bearing upon a tray some tea and fruit for the invalid. She was many years younger, but there was love, reverence and pity in her eyes, as she came to the bedside.

"My dear husband, you are a great sufferer."

"Yes, Carrie; I can't understand that I, who have always enjoyed such vigorous health, should be so suddenly stricken down. The Doctor has told me frankly that I have but few hours to live."

"Oh my husband!" said the wife, "would that I could die with you. I would not fear dying with my hand in yours, but I *dare* not—yes, that is the word—I dare not live without you."

There was a look of unutterable tenderness as he turned toward her and drew her head to his breast.

"Yes, darling, I am selfish enough, almost, to wish this myself. There will be a want in heaven till you come, and I would be willing to suffer even more than I do, if I could guard and care for you. I have seen, in my profession as lawyer, and in my office as Judge of Probate, too many widows and orphans, not to know how desolate and lonely their position. But, darling, I have tried to make your burdens light as possible. My best friend, Doctor Ward, will be guardian and friend to you and to our little ones. Trust him and follow his advice. Do n't grieve for me; enjoy life, and gather all you can of its brightness for yourself and those dear to us. Can you live for them? I ought not, I will not, ask you to live for me after I am gone. But," and the words were tremblingly spoken, "I have known no other love but yours, and I have thought—I have hoped that we might be reunited in heaven—that I may still claim you as mine when we meet where there are no partings."

"It shall be so," said the wife. "I promise——"

"Stop, darling; no rash promises. I will bind you by no vow—vow, did I say? I would gladly win one promise from you; and yet it is difficult for me to frame the wish in words."

"Tell me," said his wife; and she wound her arms around him. "Let me know your wish. I promise even before you ask."

He had looked away from her, and his eyes rested for a moment on the house that was just visible through the trees of the orchard. A lady was opening the gate, and coming up the walk. Five minutes more and she would be with them, for she was a dear friend and relative. Time was precious.

"Promise me, then, that of those who may ask your love, when I am gone, John Selden shall not be the one to receive it. There, I have asked in a rude, blundering way, when I intended to be very cautious and gentle."

The young wife turned to him with a look of unfeigned astonishment and distress. She knew—for the Doctor had warned her—that he could not live long; that a few more days, perhaps hours, would limit his earthly pilgrimage. He had calmly prepared for the event, and had no fear. The life beyond was to him but a higher sphere for the unfettered spirit, and he was so weary of this "muddy vestment of decay," that so far as he was concerned, he longed to be released from it, trusting in childlike confidence the great Father. His mental faculties were active and bright, and until this moment his wife had not even thought it possible that reason might fail as the body grew weaker.

"My husband!" she exclaimed, as tears filled her eyes, "John Selden has a wife, and you know that I think him unjust and arbitrary to her. Poor Anna! my heart often aches for her, and how frequently she lays her head upon my bosom to weep away her troubles. John Selden! Do you remember the old ballad which I sometimes sing to you:

"'Were all the race of nature dead,
The Earl's son I would not wed.'"

John Selden! The husband of my dearest friend, and a man that I despise! Don't let us speak of him."

"We will not, dearest; only I have thought sometimes, that when near death the mental vision, as well as the physical, is supernaturally keen. Just see," and he took up a pocket edition of Longfellow, in very fine print, and read:

"'There is no death; what seems so is transition.'

There, I have n't read without spectacles for five years, and now my eyes are bright as in my boyhood. Do you see the birds under that old apple tree in the orchard? No? Well, there are birds there, and if you will look steadily you will perceive them."

"Yes, yes, I see them now!"

"More than this, I see the future"—a dark shadow passed over his face, and with his pale, thin hand, he smoothed the glossy hair of his wife, and pausing, looked tenderly into her eyes. "Beyond, beyond it all, I see faith and love for me in your heart."

"Ever, ever thine!" answered his wife, "and I promise what you ask, yes, solemnly——"

"No, no! you need not promise."

"But I do though."

She evidently feared his mind was losing its balance, and she would soothe and humor him.

Mrs. Selden entered at this moment. She was a tall, noble looking woman, with an air of hauteur and command. She was a niece of Mr. Perry, and having lost her father in early life, found a kind friend and guardian in her uncle. She was residing with him when she met with Mr. Selden, a law-student in Judge Perry's office. It was a hasty union, the gentleman was won by the beauty of the lady, and she, fresh from her country home in a retired village in New England, was attracted, either by the polished manners, or the beautiful mansion of her admirer. Neither thought of qualities of heart or head, and when the marriage was consummated, they found, to their dismay, that they were uncongenial in their dispositions. Could they have striven through forbearance and patience, accepting the disappointment as the result of their own folly, time would have brought peace, if not happiness. But both husband and wife struggled in the chains which bound them, and they galled and fretted, till the wounded spirit cried out in its agony for the release of death.

Poor Anna Selden! She stood by her uncle's couch watching the pale face, the short, difficult breathing, the wasted form, and felt that her best friend was about to leave her forever. Here she had always found sympathy and counsel. Respected by her husband, loved by herself, the Judge had sometimes guided the helm for them, and piloted these poor tempest tost mariners between many a Charybdis and Scylla. She hardly thought of the poor wife in her sorrow, so absorbed was she in her own loss.

"I am almost home," said her uncle. "I have been watching the setting sun, drinking in the beauty of the clouds, and the glory of the sky, and wondering if the scenery of heaven can be more gorgeous. I have loved this earth very much—home is dear to me, but I accept death as the great change that must come to all—right, because God ordains it—good, because he loves us, and as a child puts his hand in his father's when he comes to a dark place, so will I put my hand in that of God, and go on fearlessly to meet the great mystery of death."

Talking had wearied him, and his wife entreated him to rest awhile. Like a child he laid his head back upon the pillow and closed his eyes, when as if a thought suddenly occurred to him, he raised himself, and beckoning his niece to his side, said in a whisper, and even that was a great effort, "Anna, our mistakes in life may be the means of good; pray God, we lose not the benefit of errors. The discipline may be severe, but patience and forbearance will carry us through great troubles. God bless you, and if I never see you again, remember my last words, 'Be patient, and never despair of happiness.'"

He closed his eyes again, clasped the hand of his wife, and fell into a quiet sleep. Mrs. Selden closed the windows, and went quietly into the garden. The shadows of evening fell upon that silent room, and the sad watcher.

We will leave them there, for the shadow of death has already darkened the room; but before we close this history, we will return once more before the master is borne to his long home.

Meanwhile we will give a little sketch of the young wife, who is about to become acquainted with the first real sorrow of her life.

Her parents died when she was a mere infant; she had no recollection of a father's love, or a mother's care. Doctor Selden was her guardian, and the mansion which we have seen through the trees was the home of her childhood. She was but five or six years of age when 'Squire Perry came to board in the family.

He was a bachelor, and because he seemed so impenetrable to the charms of Dalton ladies, it was supposed that he had buried his heart in the grave of a youthful love.

The 'Squire never took pains to deny the report, and was thus allowed a freedom which few bachelors enjoy.

He was a thorough student, a good lawyer, and a man of pure life. He was much beloved in Dr. Selden's family, and a sort of Sir Oracle to the younger members, who stood a little in awe of his staid, grave demeanor. All save Carrie Howard—the little orphan; her organ of reverence had never been cultivated, or rather poor Mrs. Selden, who was a loving, gentle woman, with no great intellectual gifts—one of those good, useful, happy wives, who believe that intellect is man's prerogative, and obedience woman's first duty—could n't find any reverence to cultivate.

"Oh Carrie, I don't know what will become of you, if you don't like to go to church better."

"I don't know, and I don't much care, auntie; it's the truth. There are three things I don't like—ministers, boys, and long dresses—ministers, because they preach sermons that I don't understand; boys, because they think they are smarter than girls; and nice dresses, because I can't fish in the brook, nor climb the trees with them. Auntie, may I go fishing with John this afternoon?"

"Not till you have learned five verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew, for your Sunday School lesson. I am afraid you'll grow up a little heathen."

"I should like to be a heathen, auntie, of all things. They don't have to dress up for church, and they hunt, and fish, and roam about, and sleep out of doors, with no chambers to put in order, and no dreary school-rooms to be shut up in, all the bright summer days. Yes, I should like to be a little heathen, and live—oh let me see—on one of the islands, like that where Robinson Crusoe lived. Then I'd never know when Sunday came."

The tears stood in poor Mrs. Selden's eyes when she heard the child talk in this strange way, which, when Carrie perceived, she would suddenly become grave and add: "I can't tell a lie, auntie, to please you, though I love you very much; but I will learn ten verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew if you wish it. I like that; the verses are so short, and I can understand them all. I would not mind learning a whole chapter, if it would make you smile again."

"But that is a sermon, Carrie."

"Is it, auntie? Why, it says, 'He went up into a mountain and taught them, saying'—was n't they all out doors? and I do n't believe the Saviour stood in a high pulpit and wore a horrid black coat. I should like to have lived in those days."

"Ah, Carrie, I fear you would have been like all the rest, and rejected him."

"Not *all* the rest, auntie; there were some that loved him, and I should because so many did not."

"'A little *contrary* piece!' as Rose calls you," said Mr. Perry, who came upon the porch as she was speaking, with fishing-rod and tackle in his hand.

"She is a strange child," said Mrs. Selden; "I do n't know what will become of her."

"Oh, auntie, do n't trouble yourself about the future. It was only this morning I heard you repeating, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' But please may I go fishing with Mr. Perry?"

"Has he asked you, my dear?"

"No, ma'am, but I think he will."

Mr. Perry smiled. "I came for that purpose," he said.

Just then John Selden, a bluff little fellow, only a year older than Carrie, came toward them with a fishing pole and a little box of worms.

"Most ready, Carrie? We must hurry if we are going to Trout Brook to-day."

"Mr. Perry is going to take me with him to Mill Creek, and we will ride."

John's countenance fell, and he replied angrily, "You promised to go with me. Just like girls! they never care for the truth!" and he threw down his fishing-tackle and stood leaning against the porch in moody silence.

"If you *promised*, Carrie," said Mrs. Selden, "I shall be sorry to have you break your word."

"I did promise," said Carrie, "but I can go with John at any time; it is not often Mr. Perry goes fishing, and then it is such a beautiful ride to Mill Creek."

"I'll manage it," said Mr. Perry cheerfully; "you can both go; there is room in the carriage and plenty of trout in the brook."

But this plan did not please John. Unless Carrie would consent to go with him alone he would not go. "I make no compromise," he said, and he walked sullenly away. He liked Carrie as a playmate, but he was not willing any one else should share their sport. He was quick-tempered, and often angry with Carrie, but he assumed that girls had no right to get angry with boys. He always maintained the superiority of his sex, and Carrie obstinately contended for woman's equality with man.

"Can't I learn a lesson quicker than you, sir? and who helps you with your hard sums? and who wrote you your last composition?"

He must confess that in this case the girl had the strong side of the argument; for, in addition to being a belle, she was not only a better scholar than John, but she stood highest in school. This was partly owing to the interest which Mr. Perry took in her studies. He directed them, and, by his advice, no study was left until she had completed it. In botany and astronomy the lessons which he gave her were of far more value than those which she received at school. He explored the fields and woods with her, taught her to analyze flowers correctly, and aided her in their preservation, so that her herbarium was really an epitome of the science and a valuable record of her walks. She knew all the plants that grew within five miles of Dalton, and their favorite haunts. He taught her astronomy on the porch in winter evenings, and led her gradually from the simple to more difficult problems, till she surprised the teacher and her classmates by the calculation of an eclipse. And still Carrie was far from vain of her acquirements, notwithstanding her boast to John, for her friend pointed her to unknown fields beyond those in which she was gleaning, where grew richer fruit and fairer flowers. It was singular to see the friendship between the grave man and the merry school-girl.

There came a time when it was thought best that Carrie should have other advantages than those which Dalton afforded, and Mrs. Selden decided upon a fashionable boarding-school in New York city. It was simply with the good lady a matter of conscience to give the orphan girl every advantage which money could obtain, and a year at a boarding-school seemed to be necessary in her eyes to the completion of a young lady's education. Mr. Perry did not approve of this plan. He preferred the pretty wild flower to the more gorgeous exotic, and would have remonstrated against the plan had not Carrie herself manifested such an eagerness for the change. But he was not sorry when Mrs. Selden begged him to go with the young lady to New York, the death of a relative requiring Mr. Selden just at that time to go in another direction.

Mrs. Selwyn, though at the head of a fashionable finishing school, was a sensible woman, and though often weary of the demands made upon her to furnish a capacity or to turn an awkward, ill-shaped, petted child of luxury into an accomplished, elegant young lady, yet she delighted to receive one of Carrie's training and natural gifts. Mr. Perry himself was most happily disappointed to find such a cordial response to his own views, and left the city with some faith that Carrie might not be wholly spoiled by one year in a fashionable school. And yet as he rode slowly along a by-path which led from the station to Dalton, he thought how much he would miss the bright-eyed, laughing girl who had been the sunlight of the house. He remembered how happy it used to make him when she came with slate and pencil and book, and such a troubled, perplexed look, because she could not get the right answer to the sum, or understand the intricacies of Rule of Three. He enjoyed her coming, because he knew how soon he could chase the shadows from her brow, and what little guiding she needed to make her progress rapid in any study. He remembered the kiss she would give him as a reward for his teaching. It was the kiss of an impulsive child then, given to one old enough to be her father, but now the memory of it sent a thrill through his heart. The rein slackened in his hand, and his faithful horse, Mazeppa, always entering into his master's mood, trod lightly and slow. A sudden thought succeeded that thrill, making his pulse bound and a glow rest on the manly features of the rider. For the first time Mr. Perry had asked himself, "Can I win Carrie Howard for my wife?" The bare possibility made life almost too bright for a steady gaze into the future. She, young, bright, joyous, he a middle-aged man, grave, reticent, excepting toward intimate friends, more fond of books than society. No, no; such a prize was beyond his reach. He would guard her tenderly, he would guide her more carefully than the most loving father could have done; he would labor for her, and add his wealth to hers, and then resign her to one who should be more worthy of her choice, more in sympathy with her own bright, bird-like life. And yet who could cherish and love her as he would do? And again came the sweet dream of a life with her ever at his side. "But," he said, "my reverie is too delicious!" The rein tightened in his hand, and Mazeppa bounded forward, nor slackened pace till he stood at the door of Mr. Perry's home.

John Selden was sitting in the porch, with his dog by his side. The animal was panting as if very weary, and turned her eyes with a strange, imploring look to Mr. Perry.

"What's the matter, Ponto?" said the latter.

The dog raised herself with difficulty; she was bruised and lame.

"Lie still!" said John, and the creature, trembling all over, laid herself again at his feet.

"I've subdued her at last," said John. "It was death or submission, and I believe she will just survive the discipline; but I believe in making horse and dog obedient slaves. That Mazeppa of yours is only half tamed, yet. Better give her to me to break in for a short time."

"No, John, you and I differ about the breaking in system; no one but myself rides Mazeppa;" and he was walking into his room when John asked:

"How did Carrie like New York and her school?"

"Very much," was the reply, "and has made up her mind that she will stay the year without returning home."

"And I have made up my mind to go to Yale next month," said John, "much to the Governor's delight. He fancies that it is an act of filial obedience, but I have found out that it is dev'lish lonesome here without Carrie. Lie still," to the dog, who had moved, seeking a more easy posture, for it was suffering intensely. "You've no Carrie to plead indulgence for you now, so that your education can proceed vigorously."

"And so he is going to Yale," said Mr. Perry to himself, as he entered his dressing room to prepare for dinner. "Only a few hours' ride from Carrie; I could have wished it otherwise." Mr. Perry's repulsion to John, was as great as his interest in Carrie.

A year passed, during which not one week failed to bring a letter from Carrie to Mr. Perry, detailing the joys and sorrows of her school life. During that year Mr. Selden died, and, as seemed right to all concerned, Mr. Perry became Carrie's guardian. He was also that of John Selden, at the father's earnest request, but not to the mutual satisfaction of guardian and ward. The latter would have liked one less scrupulous, and more under his own influence. His only consolation was of a "good time when he should become his own man."

Carrie sat in her own room the day before the school closed, in a musing mood, looking at, but feeling little interest in the carriages, with their gay occupants, bound for Central Park. She was thinking of the cool, green woods of Dalton, the trout brook, the mountain, with its bald summit, and the dear room where the windows were shaded by honeysuckle and sweet briar.

She was in mourning for Mr. Selden, and with her it was a tribute of the heart to her father's friend. She was not aware, however, how much she had improved in looks since she had been with Mrs. Selwyn. Perhaps less exposure to sun and air, and a fashionable modiste, had aided a little, but certain it is, she never looked more lovely than in the black grenadine robe, her fair neck and arms looking fairer still, under the transparent tissue. As she sat at the window, a handsome open carriage, drawn by two fine bays, driven by a young gentleman, who seemed to enjoy the control of the spirited animals, stopped at the door.

A second glance revealed to her John Selden, but so improved in looks and manner, that it was not strange that she had not recognized him at the first glance. A year in New Haven, combined with a determination to "be somebody," as he said, had greatly improved the outer man. It had been very difficult for him to yield to the discipline of college life, and had it not been for the firmness of his guardian, and his determination to carry out the will of the father: that if his son was rusticated or expelled during his college course, he should not come into possession of his property until two years after his majority. A belief in Mr. Perry's firmness, and a strong desire to be his own master, had kept John Selden from going far astray in college life, though as a scholar he had not high position.

There was a mutual surprise on each side when John and Carrie met.

"Why, John, I hardly know you; college life and a fashionable tailor are rubbing off Dalton rusticity."

"I can return the compliment with interest, Madamoiselle." Carrie curtsied gracefully. "I came to give you an airing in the Park."

"Which is against the rules of our establishment," said Carrie.

"Indeed! and of what date is that rule? for I am sure you were permitted to go with Mr. Perry."

"Oh yes, John. He is my guardian, and a staid gentleman of forty, whereas you, as a college student, must consider yourself highly fortunate in being admitted to this interview. It is only upon Mr. Perry's request that you have this privilege."

A frown passed over John's face; it was an indebtedness that did not please him.

"Never mind," he added; "in two days you are *free*, and we will be children again on Dalton hills."

Carrie's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, I love the dear old home. To-morrow Mr. Perry comes, and the next day I leave with him."

"I don't know the necessity for his coming," said John, a little sulkily. "I could have seen you safely across the mountains."

"But Mr. Perry never allows another," said Carrie, "to perform what he considers his duty."

"Yes, a deuced keen sense of duty he has! never a dollar over my allowance, though he's not a stingy fellow, as we all know. Nothing but this *high sense of duty*, as you call it, don't you get tired of it, Carrie?"

"I have never felt it," was the reply; "my allowance has been more liberal than my wants."

"Ay! ay! but you school girls know nothing of wine parties and oyster suppers, and the thousand and one expenses of college life. I'll tell you, it requires the cash to get along. I am a hundred dollars out of pocket now, and unless I can save it from my next quarter's allowance, I shall have to encounter that grave, dignified look of our guardian, and hear him say, 'John, do n't forget your father's last words, "Let there be no act of your college life which shall give pain to your mother."' That brings a fellow up close, you see, for my poor mother would die if I was to get into any scrape. Next to you, I believe she loves me better than aught else in this world."

"*Next* to me, John?"

"Yes, next to you. Why, Carrie, the dear woman's heart is bound up in you. Everything you ever touched is sacred. It was she, I suppose, who gathered up all your little old school-books, even your tiny slate and pencil with which you worked your first sums, and placed them on a shelf in Mr. Perry's library, and near by, in an elegant frame, hangs the pencil sketch which Adams took of you one day, when he found you in the street with your shoes and stockings in your hand, offering them to a bare-footed beggar. I have no doubt she is this very moment in the kitchen, worrying over some nice dish for your acceptance."

"She has been a dear, good mother to me," said Carrie, "and I long to be with her again; but never say again that you are second in her love."

"We'll see when we go home. How proud she would be could she see you to-morrow! At what time shall I make my appearance to see you in the closing act of your school life?"

"Come at 10 A. M.; and do n't expect too much of me."

"No danger. Well, if you must 'pine in your fetters here,' I will ride alone in the Park. I pay allegiance to no other fair lady in Gotham."

"And never will," he said to himself, as he re-entered the carriage. "That fair prize is mine. I'll win and wear her;" and there was a compression of the lips, and a firmness in the lines of the mouth, showing very clearly that whatever other qualities John Selden lacked, he had a strong will, and would go on with a dogged determination to his purpose.

The same evening Mr. Perry arrived in town. He took his room at the hotel, and after bath and supper, he wended his way to Mrs. Selwyn's. Now Mr. Perry, as we have before said, was an educated and traveled gentleman, with an entreé to the best society in the city. But never in his life did he feel so diffident of himself, so anxious about his appearance, as on this day, when he was to call upon his little ward—the child with whom he had always been so familiar as to pet, reprove and kiss. He had almost a feeling of guilt that he had permitted the idea of winning her to rest in his heart.

She thought he met her coldly, and wondered if she could have done anything to displease him. Ay! little one, the kiss so gently pressed upon the forehead was only the homage of a noble, true heart, that dared not express what it felt. Mr. Perry felt in silence what John did not hesitate to put in words—that Carrie was growing into a beautiful woman, and a strangely sad emotion filled his heart—that she was thus further removed from him. No longer the little girl to climb into his lap, shut the dry, old law books, and tease him to give her a ride, or go out fishing with her. Alas!

he realized the awe that surrounds a lovely woman, and he worshiped at a distance.

He was proud of Mrs. Selwyn's report, only too happy at her personal and mental improvement, and yet his praise was faint and cold. Carrie felt it; and when the evening was passed, and she retired to her room, she laid her head down and wept.

"He don't seem like my own dear guardian!" she said. "How I longed for him to praise me more! There is no one else I care to please half so much!"

Meanwhile the guardian was slowly passing from Fifth Avenue to his hotel on Broadway, and thus he thought: "She will be beautiful in person; she seems to have lost none of the simplicity and freshness of her girlhood. I am not worthy the prize, though God knows I would give my life to save her from sorrow."

And thus, as is often the case, the two hearts misunderstood each other.

John, meanwhile, dressed himself, on the morning of Mrs. Selwyn's closing day, with great care, spending much time over the tie of his cravat, and giving due admiration to his exquisite vest.

"She said I had improved," he murmured to himself; "and I really think I'm getting to be quite a handsome fellow. If it were not for that little squint in my eye—but never mind; she is used to that, and then who else is there for her to marry? I'm pretty sure of her, if that old lynx-eyed guardian don't pick flaws in me. Never mind; I'll be sure and not let him know my intentions to the last minute—till it is too late for any remonstrance. I fancy she is one of those girls who will have their own way in love affairs, and if I am her choice, the world could n't turn her from me. Heigh ho! John Selden, you're a lucky fellow—five thousand a year yourself, and ten with a wife. I'll snap my fingers at poverty and low life!"

Thus is it often in this world that "fools rush in where angels dare not tread." Yes, and ten to one the fools win by their very want of caution.

The summer, at Carrie's particular request, was passed at Dalton; she not even wishing to travel. John came home to pass his vacation, and rides and picnics and excursions to the mountain occupied much of the time. To many of these Mr. Perry was not invited, he having long been considered as too grave and full of business to mingle in such sports. He was also called West to examine and sell lands belonging to Carrie, and thus John and Carrie were left to amuse themselves without any dictation from older heads, for poor Mrs. Selden was only too happy to have the children enjoy themselves. Her only pleasure was through them.

Thus, when John returned to college, he was sure that he had made great progress in Carrie's affections. He had no idea of revealing his own wishes at present; he knew too well it was not wise; but he was sure that no one was preferred to himself.

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
[LEIGH HUNT.

[Original.]

RUTHIE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

CHAPTER III.

A Short Sermon.

"Look at that sunlight," said Uncle John, to the assembly of children and young people in the Hall, on Sunday morning; "see how it sheds its glory over the whole room, making everything clear to the eye and pleasant to look upon. What could we do without it? How the little flowers would wither, and the green grass lose its beauty! Did you ever see a plant that grew in a dark cellar? It had only some pale, scraggly shoots, without freshness or loveliness.

In the spring, as soon as the little, tender roots feel the warm magnetism of the sun, the juices within them begin to circulate, and every little fibre, feeling the gladness of life, draws unto itself from the soil what it needs for nourishment, and soon the little shoots appear in the light, as much as to say, 'We have come to be near our blessed benefactor. We would see the sunlight that warms us, and let our beauty and fragrance show our gratitude.' And soon every field is green, and every tree covered with foliage.

Now, little children, if you were little plants in the ground, do you not think you would do just so? Would you not wish to do your very best, and reveal the life that was given to you, and that you were permitted to hold within yourself. Your eyes all answer yes. You think, perhaps, that if you could, you would make so lovely a garden, that every one would admire you, and rejoice in you.

Well! did you ever think that there was a spiritual light also shining, and that in this light our souls grow to beauty and loveliness, or become sickly and dwarfed, if we have it not? I am sure that in this room, this morning, we can feel our spirits warmed by a light about us. Are we not glad and happy? Is there a heart here that is not the better for every other one that is in this room? I am an old man, and my blood sometimes grows chill, and I need to sit in the sun to keep warm; but my heart does not grow chill because I am old, and my spirit is warmed and blessed by every loving thought that those about me send forth. Those thoughts are the sunshine of my soul.

When the light dawns on the earth, one of these mornings, everything reflects the light. We see the green leaf, because it reflects the green rays to our eyes. The beautiful blue violet also reflects the blue rays, and so everything that we see, is showing forth the glory of the light and the beauty that is within it, by sending back the light that shines upon it. If you look into a dark cave, you see nothing; the light does not enter, and there is no reflection of beauty.

The spiritual light is also shining about us, and it depends upon ourselves what we reflect or send out from ourselves. What think you? would you like to represent something beautiful? Would you not rather give back the form of a lily or a rose, and their purity and beauty, than to be like a muddy pool, or a black cave?

Now, the all-shining light of love, that we call the life of God, descends ever upon the hearts of men. It does not shine on one race of men more than another. It does not shine on a church more than on a cottage; it is blessing the poor just as much as the rich. It is everywhere present, and without it we should know but little joy. This blessed light touches a pure and beautiful spirit, and warms it into goodness, and it sheds back again a pure and holy light, the same as does the lily or the violet.

Did you not feel the gladness of life this lovely morning? If you did, that was your spirit worship. It was your spirit answering to the Infinite spirit. Little children, some of you live in beautiful homes, and you see about you those things that the eye loves to look upon. And some of you live in homes of misery, where there are no gay carpets or fine furniture. Perhaps some of you that live in splendor, feel very much superior to those that live among the poor; and perhaps you that have no beautiful things to look upon, feel as if it was very little matter what you did. Perhaps you think that no one cares for you, and that as some people despise you, you may as well go with soiled clothes, and use rude words, and refuse to be taught. But is not the sun shining just as brightly over your homes, as over the mansions of the finest streets of the town?

And the light of God's love is shining, too, on your spirits. We all share alike in this greatest of blessings. But some of us do not know how to open our spirits, so that we can reflect the blessed light of heaven. Some are wrapped in garments of pride, and very dark such garments are. The pure light of love cannot shine through them; neither can they reflect the light from heaven. Some have on garments of selfishness, which are even more sombre than of pride. Folded up in them, the spirit cannot grow; every shoot it tries to put forth, is dwarfed and sickly. Some of you have on garments of ignorance, and they dwarf your spirits; and some choose idleness and uncleanness.

Now shall we not help each other to find the beautiful spiritual light? Shall we not say to each other, are we not all children of the same Father? Shall we not all be children of the light? It does not matter very much where I live, if I let my light shine. Supposing I should give up my present residence, and go down in one of the alleys of the poor. Do you think that I need to become untidy, and not wash my face or comb my hair? or that I need to use ungentlemanly words, or to lie, or steal? Do you not think I could be just as much of a man there as anywhere, if I tried? But perhaps if I had never learned to do right, I should do wrong, not knowing any other way.

Now, what I want to know is this: cannot we all help each other to become better and nobler, by letting our light shine? Perhaps, then, little children from homes of poverty can unbind the garments of pride and selfishness, that keep the light of heaven from entering the heart. Perhaps those who have been taught, can unloose the garments of ignorance, and let those who would gladly know of better things, learn the blessed truths that are natural to every human being, rich or poor, learned or ignorant. If we can teach each other, then we become mutual helpers. Very sweetly did Jesus teach the great lesson of humility and of love. He said, 'Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' If he were here, would he, think you, refuse to bless any one of us, however humble or sinful? The light of his love would shine bright enough to reach us all.

I know some people think that it harms them to be familiar or friendly to the poor or despised. Does the sun lose its glory by lighting up the grass at our feet, as well as the oak above our head? Does the violet lose its sweetness by blooming beside the muddy pool? We are all placed in the garden of the Lord to receive of his sunlight, and to take of the blessings he gives, and not one of us, even the humblest, is far removed from the all-protecting care which is given to us.

But we all need to learn many lessons from each other. There is not one simple child but is fitted to teach lessons of wisdom, because within each have been placed wonderful powers, the revelation of which makes him only a little lower than the angels. I wish to be taught many truths, and some of them lie hidden in the hearts of these little children. Are you willing, little ones, to be teachers, and to be taught? Will you come here to find out the best lessons that can be learned—the way to become better and wiser?"

Fifty heads raised themselves, and eyes sparkled and little hands reached out, and it seemed as if Uncle John had indeed woven a golden cord from his pleasant words, and bound it about the hearts of the children, as they eagerly showed their readiness to go anywhere that he would go.

"And here are others, older and yet young. From them, too, would I learn more and better than I now know. From the hearts of young men and women proceeds a life so like the glory of heaven when the morning wakens the spirit-world to fresh life, that I think when I go there I shall dream I am on earth, and breathing the healthy atmosphere of some half-grown mortals who tell me of days when I frolicked and danced, and found how good and excellent is life. Will these be my teachers, and also be taught, as we come together here, to find the best way of enjoying ourselves?"

There was a silence of a moment, but Jim arose then to his feet, and Jeanette was not long in following, and Ruthie's clear eye sparkled, as she saw the Simontons, and the Murrays, and a score of her friends readily stand before Uncle John, and look toward him as if they knew that every word he had said was true.

"Then let us have some plan for our labor for each other," said Uncle John. "If I should give one to you, it might not be the best; but if we all help, then we shall find the best method. Ruthie, what say you?"

Ruthie had never thought it proper for women to speak in public, so she was much embarrassed at her uncle's question, and she blushed and hung her head.

"I asked because you had had experience. Let me ask this little girl. How shall we teach each other, Genie?"

"If you please, sir, I wish you 'd not have lessons, but talk to us."

"Then the catechism is out of the question," said Uncle John.

A smile of pleasure passed over the whole assembly.

"And if we could sing," suggested another girl.

"But then we must have a musician to lead us and play the melodeon." And Uncle John said this in quite a despairing way.

Jeanette Lord was seen in close conversation with Jim, who soon revealed what was said.

"I am empowered to say that a young lady fully competent will play the melodeon, and I shall be happy to take the lead myself."

"Now we have music and no catechism. What else?"

"Books! books!" shouted many voices.

"Books cost money," said Uncle John; "and there are not many of us that are rich."

"A Festival," whispered Kate Simonton; and Ned Murray repeated it, with a few suggestions.

"In strawberry time, and a plenty of dancing," said Jeanette aloud.

Just then a step was heard in the doorway, and all the children turned their heads. It was Mr. Frill, and his solemn manner changed all the faces to a gloomy, half-frightened look. Uncle John relinquished his place in front of the platform, and Mr. Frill took it as his right. "Let us pray," said Mr. Frill. And he began to criticise good Mr. Happiway in the most severe manner. Of course Uncle John had no chance to reply, as Mr. Frill had commenced his remarks by signifying his intention to pray. When he had exhausted his ideas in regard to good John Happiway, he attacked the poor lambs that he was leading astray. All listened in respectful silence, and after his welcome amen all arose and began to leave the hall; but there was a great whispering on the stairway. "It 's a shame;" "He was n't invited;" "Well, I thought better than that of our minister;" "I am sure we were doing no harm;" "I don't like praying, anyway;" "Did n't he give it to us good?" But Uncle John looked happier than ever, and shook hands with Mr. Frill, and thanked him heartily for his efforts.

"How could you?" said Ruthie, when they got home. "I am sure no one thanked him."

"But I was truly in earnest, Ruthie," said Uncle John. "He revealed his true spirit to you all. You were all half inclined to wonder if he would approve of what was being done. Now you know exactly what he *does* think."

Ruthie looked sober. Was this, she thought, the result of the religion that she had been trying to make little children accept? Was not no religion better than such ill-breeding as Mr. Frill had manifested? "And we broke up without doing anything," she said aloud.

"I'm sure *I* had quite a refreshing," said Uncle John. "I feel ten years younger for having bathed in the fresh, glowing spiritual atmosphere that you young folks give out."

"And I thought I was almost in heaven when you were speaking," said Ruthie; "but there was not much religion in what you said, was there? I don't think we ought to call it a Sunday School if—"

"Well, Ruthie, if you mean the religion that Mr. Frill expressed, I say no; but if you mean the religion that Jesus lived, I hope I can say there was a little of that. But if you don't think the name Sunday School will answer for us, then say Mutual Improvement Society."

"But, oh, uncle, what would Miss Marvel say?"

"We shall soon hear what she has already said, and if you are anxious to please—"

"Oh, uncle, no! I do n't like her, but these people talk so."

"And all the time, our lives are going on, far away from the current that carries them, and we are blessing and being blessed by influences that perhaps they know nothing of. Do those dear children care what Miss Marvel thinks? Would they not rather hear one sweet tune played by that sweet musician, Jeanette, than all she would say?"

Jim heard the last of this speech, and he looked as if a summer's gladness had settled into his eyes.

"Jeanette is a jewel of the first water," said he, "and I 'm so glad she had spunk enough to say she 'd play, because the Scotts were beginning to laugh, as if we could n't do anything. We 'll make the thing go, Uncle John, if we die for it! What are you moping for, Ruthie? That was the best stroke of work Parson Frill ever did. He showed himself out 'clar as de day.' I 'm in for the whole thing. It 's rare fun! have n't seen such for many a day. But has n't that Genie got an eye worth seeing? I tell you she 's a jewel, too."

"And a rough scuff," suggested Uncle John.

"She 's got the air and look of a princess, any how, and I begin to like that sort of folks. I mean the children. Do n't mention their residences though; oh, bah!"

"But, Jim, only to think of that dear, sweet child going back to all that misery. I went into her home one day. It was nothing but filth and misery."

"Well, if I live, I'll take her out of it," said Jim. "I am determined on that."

"But the homes of the poor," suggested Uncle John, "are *so* miserable, and there is so much danger in entering them."

"I know I said that a day or two ago," replied Jim thoughtfully. "But I have a plan in my head, and if I do n't carry it out then I'll die in the effort. I 'm going to build some houses—but I guess I won't tell what I'll do till I can begin; but I'll preach a religion with brick and mortar and paint and whitewash that Mr. Frill never dreamed of in his moments of holiest aspiration. I mean aspirations for a good fat salary and a plenty of Misses Marvel to trumpet his fame. But do n't forget next Sunday, and have another sermon ready, for I told them all to come."

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

NOT "ANNABELLE LEE."

BY DR. E. CASE.

In the long, long ago dwelt a maiden
In a cottage far down by the sea,
As fair as the angels of Aiden,
But her name was not "Annabelle Lee."
Her tresses were braids of the sunshine,
Her eyes were the stars of the night,
Her cheeks were as fair as the roses
Embedded in blushes of light.

Her step was the grace of the raindrop
That fell on the grass at her feet;
Her voice was the music that melts us
When the rich tones of harmony meet;
She stole o'er my soul in her sweetness,
As the moonlight steals over the sea;
She dwells like a dream in my spirit—
Like a dream of sweet "Annabelle Lee."

We laughed at the foam of the ocean;
We danced to the light of the stars;
We knew not the sadness of spirit
That the young and the beautiful mars;
We drank from the cups of the flowers,
We braided their tresses in glee;
And we lived with the fairy-winged hours—
But they were not fairer than she.

They were fond of my beautiful maiden;
She was part of the sky and the earth;
And the beauty of earth and of heaven
Was a part of her soul at its birth.
And the low winds that whispered around her,
One eve gently whispered to me
That the angels of Aiden had found her,
And would take her to "Annabelle Lee."

So the winds of our summer grew chilly,
And her voice was hushed down to a breath,
And she faded away from life's seeming
In all the strange beauty of death.
But the glory of her shrine being
Still is part of the air and the sea,
And in the fair dreams of my seeing
She lives with sweet "Annabelle Lee."

And my soul, all enchanted with passion,
Passes onward and upward in flight,
Where the stars gather round her like watchers,
Where she dwells in the portals of light.
And there dwelleth not now a fair maiden
Down in a cot by the sea,
But she lives with the spirits of Aiden—
She lives with fair "Annabelle Lee."

For they gazed on her wondrous beauty,
As they gaze on the earth and the air,
And they knew that their bright constellations
Would be made by her spirit more fair;
So they drew out the light of her being,
To add to the light of their love;
And with "Annabelle Lee" in her glory,
She dwells in the Aiden above.

Lafayette, Ind., 1866.

The *Journal du Havre* says that one of the attractions of the Universal Exhibition of next year will be a prize for the best singer in the world, of ten thousand francs, or two thousand dollars.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1866, by WILLIAM WHITE & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

THIRD NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

THIRD DAY—AUGUST 23.

Agreeably to the vote of the Convention accepting the invitation of the Providence Society of Spiritualists to visit Rocky Point, the delegates proceeded, by steamer, to that place on Thursday morning, accompanied by a large number of their friends and a crowd of the general public, attracted thither by the charms of the Point—one of the most delightful of the many attractive summer resorts on our New England coast—and by the announcement that a meeting would be held in the grove, which it was expected would be addressed by several of the prominent speakers present. Unfortunately, however, for all interested, the weather proved very unfavorable. Frequent showers in the morning, and a continuous rain in the afternoon, effectually prevented out-door speaking, and extinguished any romantic desire that existed among the company to explore the woods and caves that have made the place celebrated. It was estimated that there were some three thousand people at the Point that day, embracing all classes and all ages. There were the septuagenarian and the infant, and all the intermediate stages of youth and maturity. The babies, we observed, attracted a great deal of attention, as if, through them, the gazers caught glimpses of that heaven which "lies about us in our infancy." The inclemency of the weather drove the crowd under cover, and the capacity of the place to furnish in-door amusements was tested to its utmost. The bowling alleys and billiard rooms were thronged, and under the portico in front of the large hotel, some of the younger portion of the company essayed to dance, but in such narrow quarters as to render the exercise somewhat hazardous to crinoline and curls. Everybody who goes to Rocky Point must eat clams, as everybody who goes to Saratoga must drink Congress water. We are afraid to tell how many shell-fish were eaten on this day, but we saw that the "bake" covered something less than half an acre, and when the hungry multitude had dined, not a shell was left upon the ground to tell the tale! What Holmes says of the oyster is doubtless true of his brother bivalve, the clam, that the man who first ate one, before he put the delicious morsel into his mouth, made his will, and took an affectionate farewell of his friends; but the visitors to Rocky Point on the 23d of August were restrained by no such apprehension, eating their clams with a serene sense of happiness and delectation.

After dinner, notice was given that a meeting would be held in the hall belonging to the hotel, used as a ball room, and a large audience soon congregated there. Henry C. Wright occupied the Chair, and made a speech at the opening of the meeting. Addresses were also made by Charles A. Hayden, Rufus Elmer, and J. H. W. Toohey, and Mr. Lawrence favored the audience with several of his original songs, which created considerable merriment. Some of the speakers took occasion to give their definition of Spiritualism, and its requirements. Mr. Wright thought it demanded temperance, and the concession of equal rights, without regard to sex or color. Mr. Hayden said Spiritualism comprehended more than the mere belief in a communication between the two worlds. It was as high as heaven, and deep as the foundations of matter; embodied every atom and every planet; linked together every soul, and brought them into the realm of spiritual intercourse. The great object of Spiritualism, he thought, was to build to meet the necessities of humanity. Mr. Elmer said the objects of Spiritualism were to convince a skeptical world of the immortality of the soul, and to educate the young in better ideas. He thought that reverence should be cultivated, and that there should be more religious feeling, for man was by nature, he said, a religious being. Mr. Toohey's remarks were exceedingly happy. He demonstrated himself

"A cheerful Christian, of the liberal fold,"

affirming that there was a great deal of religion in a good hearty laugh. He described the laughter of some people as like the turning of an old gate—creak—creak—creak, as if they needed greasing, and then gave an illustration of what he meant when he talked of a good, honest laugh, sending forth from his broad chest peal upon peal, like a very embodiment of

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides."

The audience, as a matter of course, (for nothing is so contagious as a hearty laugh,) roared in sympathy, and the meeting adjourned in the greatest good humor.

The large company endured the inevitable discomforts of the day good naturedly, and fortunately returned to the city, late in the afternoon, without accident, feeling that, although their anticipated enjoyment had been abridged, they had not "lost a day."

EVENING SESSION.

At 8 o'clock, the Convention again assembled at Pratt's Hall, the President occupying the Chair.

Mr. Wadsworth, from the Committee on Resolutions, made a partial report, submitting the following resolutions:

Resolved, That no question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit, idea, or genius of the great spiritual movement.

Whereas, Spiritualism is the subjugation of the carnal to the spiritual, the animal to the God in man; therefore,

Resolved, That as Spiritualists, we are sacredly bound to cease from all practices that tend to develop and strengthen the carnal or animal at the expense of the spiritual or divine element of our nature.

Resolved, That war, and all preparations of war, tend to develop and strengthen the animal passions and propensities of human nature, at the expense of love, justice, truth, mercy, forgiveness, and all its more spiritual elements.

Resolved, That as Spiritualists, we accept it as a self-evident truth that all are created equal, and that in regard to suffrage and all other rights, we recognize the equality of all before God and the law, without regard to sex or color. (Applause.)

J. M. Allyn, of Vermont, inquired whether the resolutions were to be simply discussed, or acted upon as well as discussed.

Frank Chase, of New Hampshire, replied that resolutions of this character had been acted upon as well as discussed heretofore, and he hoped the practice would be continued.

Dr. Storer, of New York, did not see what was to be gained by voting upon the questions presented for discussion, unless they expected by the dynamics of numbers to impress the public mind with their ideas. He knew that the influence of majorities was very great on many minds, and because an idea was popular was a reason, with a great many, why they should accept it. Spiritualists ignored that principle. They believed that Spiritualism was intended to create an activity of mind that should lead them to draw their own conclusions, as individuals; and the only reason for discussing any subject was to have all sides of that subject presented to thoughtful minds, to induce in those minds the conclusions to which it was hoped they would arrive. To pass a vote was simply to determine how many persons in the audience believed a certain sentiment. He had no objection to having a vote taken from time to time, for the purpose of arriving at statistics of the growth of the body; but to do this, it would be necessary that the number voting in the negative as well as in the affirmative should be taken. He dissented from the idea of Mr. Chase, that such a vote would be the voice of the Convention; it would be only the voice of the majority.

Mr. Chase moved the adoption of the first resolution.

A. P. Plympton, of Massachusetts, spoke in favor of the resolution, and in favor of a vote being taken upon it. He wished individuals, whether in favor of the proposition or opposed to it, to know where he (Mr. P.) stood, and if he could give his reasons for it satisfactorily to others, right; if not, he must stand alone. Spiritualism was one of the forces in existence for the reformation of human society; Catholicism was claimed to be another; Presbyterianism was claimed to be another; and every one, he thought, should take his position, so that each might know where the other stood. He did not like to fight an enemy in the dark. He liked to know who the enemy was, and where, and then he understood how to meet him.

Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, said the question they were discussing involved two ideas. One was, that the principle embodied in the resolution was strong enough to go alone and sustain itself when presented to the minds of the public; and the other was, that it was too weak to do that, and needed crutches to support it. He thought they had had about enough of this, and that God Almighty's truth did not need any props to brace it up. He did not believe the Declaration of Independence would have suffered if the ecclesiastical bodies of that day had let it alone. He believed there was strength and potency enough in it to have enabled it to stand unsupported. He did not care whether they passed the resolution or not, for he thought it would make no more difference than it did when theologians advised the Lord what to do.

Mr. Toohey said that what God Almighty's truth was, he left him to determine for himself, but just now they were dealing with one another as finite people, subject to growth and education. He should vote for the resolution with all his heart, and he hoped that the good sense of the delegates would lead them not only to pass the resolution, but to discuss it after they got home.

Ezra Sprague, of New York, thought that the great interests of humanity were involved in the resolution. In his opinion, it embodied just what every individual desired to have done in the world—that is, every individual made the nearest to a spirit that he can be. He had heard a great deal about what Spiritualism was to do, but he did not know anything about Spiritualism, except that it was to make men in this life nearer like those who have gone to a higher state. That which pertained to the interests of humanity was that which should bring man up to that whereby he was more like the spirits in the higher sphere. The very genius of the resolution, if they believed in progression, was to make men more spiritual; wiser in thought, clearer in perception, broader in conception, and ready to apply and force into execution these great principles, so that men should be made wiser and better, and more like the spirits above them.

Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, said he was astonished at the remark of Mr. Elmer about the Declaration of Independence, for, while that instrument embodied a divine truth, capable of standing alone, that truth never stood out before the people until Thomas Jefferson's pen put it into writing. That was the difficulty. As Spiritualists, they believed that a thought once born in the human soul went forth into the great realm of ideas, and produced its effect. His idea was, that if thoughts did this, then the expression of a thought, as the committee had expressed it, being the embodiment of it, went forth to the world with more force. He hoped, therefore, that the Convention would give expression to some thoughts, in the form of resolutions.

The question was then taken on the resolution, and it was adopted.

Dr. Gardner moved the adoption of the second resolution.

J. S. Loveland, of Connecticut, said that the resolution contained the affirmation of a positive obligation—that they were "sacredly bound." He would like to ask the drawer of the resolution on what ground he made this claim. It seemed to him that the passage of this resolution would necessitate another, to define the foundation of moral obligation.

Remus Robinson, of Connecticut, inquired whether it was possible to build up man's animal nature, properly, without also elevating his spiritual nature.

Mr. Finney said that the expression in the resolution was, "build up our animal nature *at the expense of our spiritual nature.*"

Mr. Robinson said it was a question to be settled whether an individual could build up his animal nature at the expense of his spiritual nature.

A delegate replied that it was only necessary to ask Heenan or Sayers to get an answer to that question.

Warren Chase, of Ohio, said that Henry C. Wright was the author of the resolution, and was not present to defend it. He (Mr. C.) did not unstand it, and should vote against it.

Mr. Peebles said he should vote for the resolution. Every time the blacksmith lifted the sledge and struck a blow, he strengthened his physical powers, and every time the inebriate took his first, second or third glass, he strengthened his appetite for ardent spirits, and went down, down, until at last he lies in the ditch. Men who ate raw beef, drank liquor, chewed tobacco, and filled themselves with pork, and all that is coarse and gross, developed their animal natures, for men grew to be like what they fed on. If powdered or ground charcoal was put round a rosebush, the leaves would assume a dark color. Rosseau, of France, fed his silkworms with mulberry leaves on which indigo had been sprinkled, and the result was blue cocoons. So men grew to be like what they subsisted upon, and men who indulged in coarse, gross and filthy habits became animal, earthly, sensual; and was not that "at the expense of the spiritual"? He knew it did not annihilate the divine spark, for that was God-implanted, but it did cover up that divine spark. If men wished to become divine and angelic in their natures, they must be exceedingly cautious to cease from all practices that tend to degrade or injure the spiritual.

Dr. Gardner said he had used tobacco for many years, and he believed it had not yet developed him into a tobacco worm. He wished some of their learned philosophers to prove that tobacco was injurious, either to the physical or spiritual development of man. He had yet to learn that the use of tobacco had injured him physically, or that it retarded the growth or development of the spirit. As philosophers and Spiritualists, they claimed to think and reason, and they should dive a little deeper down, and see if there was any reason for the assaults upon these articles. Alcohol produced sad results when used to excess, and so would certain articles of food; so would cold water, under certain conditions; but did that prove that water or food cultivated the animal to the destruction of the spiritual? These expressions were used too loosely, and he was sorry to hear such a man as Mr. Peebles repeat these things, as a parrot repeats what is taught him, without knowing the reasons for it. He did not mean to be understood as defending the use of tobacco or other narcotic stimulants, but he must confess that the more he had thought on the subject, the more he had become dissatisfied with the opinions that had gained assent in years gone before, without reflection, and the less satisfied that they were really injurious, used in proper quantities. He had frequently received instructions from spirits not to abandon the use of tobacco, and it would seem that they saw a use for it which we did not see. A number of instances, the Doctor said, had been recorded, of persons living to extreme old age, and most all of them were tobacco-users.

Mr. Peebles said the question was not what Dr. Gardner was now, having used tobacco nearly all his life, but what he might have been, if he had never used the weed. He might have been a giant, intellectually and morally. He (Mr. P) had never yet seen a well-informed physician or man who would not admit the fact that tobacco was a narcotic, and gradually undermined the nervous system. If men who used tobacco lived to be eighty years old, how much longer might they live, if they had never touched it? He used to smoke cigars, and write his sermons while he was smoking, and knew it made him nervous and affected his whole system, and he was virtually compelled to abandon it. As a medicine, it might be useful in some cases, and just so in regard to liquors. Fifty thousand men were going down every year to fill drunkard's graves, and he believed that tobacco created a desire for ardent spirits. It was an unnatural stimulant, and men should obey nature's laws. The true, natural man did not require these stimulants.

Mr. Chase rose to vindicate the animals from the imputations of this resolution. If any person would show him what animal man grew like when he used tobacco or rum, he would let the imputation rest upon the animal, but until then he should oppose the resolution, because it left this imputation resting upon animals. Man became worse than the animal by the abuse of his physical system, which the animal did not do.

Edward S. Wheeler, of Massachusetts, deprecated the tone of the discussion thus far, and said he had hoped that it would take a far higher range. Like swallows before a storm, they had been flying very near the ground. If he understood the purport of the resolution, it presupposed a moral sense recognized among Spiritualists as a body. He was bold to say, and could maintain his position, that such a thing as moral sense did not exist among Spiritualists, as Spiritualists. There was no recognition of any such thing as

morality by Spiritualists. Their lecturers defended diverse systems of morals or immorals, whichever they might be called, and they told the people that it was just as good to be immoral as moral, because the very practice of vice broke down the animal, and that liberated the spiritual and brought it into a position where it might be manipulated by angel fingers, and so they had a grand advance of the spiritual through the weakening and destruction of the physical. He contended that they had not gone high enough nor deep enough in their Spiritualism. He insisted that as a Convention they should clear themselves from the region of tobacco smoke and smoke of all kinds, and rise a little higher, into the domain of spirituality. He did not want to discuss particular and special reforms, but should like to discuss organization, as they must come to understand it, and adjust their several views and differences of opinion. He wished to see their standard lifted upward. Hell itself, if only raised high enough, became the golden floor of heaven, and those things which were ill in the lower region, raised to the higher, became means of salvation. He apprehended that there would be no trouble with the appetites and passions of the body, if Spiritualism was once understood. He apprehended that after they had once reached the philosophy of those elements of life which made their being and controlled their existence, they would be free from all inclination to do those things which were disorderly or poisonous to themselves. He apprehended, also, that they must rise up to a clear recognition of the power of the spiritual, and "seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," conscious that "all these things would be added" to them. He was not in favor of the temperance reform, the anti-slavery reform, the dress reform, or any other reform, but he was in favor of Spiritualism, which was the quintessence of reform itself.

W. H. Perry, of Connecticut, said it seemed to him that the first words of the resolution should kill it before an audience of Spiritualists. Those words were "sacredly bound." The sectarian theology of this country held all things "*sacred*" connected with it. They had "*sacred* Sabbaths," "*sacred* Bibles," "*sacred* hours," and "*sacred* days." As Spiritualists, he had yet to learn that they held anything as sacred—either days, books, or anything else—and he was opposed to a resolution which had the word "sacred" in it.

Mr. Plympton spoke briefly against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco.

Mr. Finney said that the resolution under consideration involved one of the profoundest questions in the whole field of spiritual philosophy, and needed to be treated with the largest fraternity of feeling and the least personality. He protested against the position taken by Mr. Wheeler. He (Mr. F.) had been a lecturer in the spiritual movement for more than fifteen years, and he had never disgraced his conscience by such statements as Mr. Wheeler alleged had been made. He had heard many of his fellow-lecturers, ladies and gentlemen of the highest character, and he had never heard them disgrace their consciences by such statements. They had a moral standard, and Mr. Wheeler himself confessed it by his criticisms. How could he call the world poor, and low, and mean, how did he know that the church was bemuddled on the question of morals, but by assuming that he knew what was high and holy and pure? He (Mr. F.) was astonished that anybody should object to the word "sacred" in the resolution. All the ideas of the human heart were sacred. (Applause.) The very idyal excellencies that blazed in their bosoms were the divine inuendoes by which the soul made its individual claim for personal perfection and purity of character, which are the self-evident intentions of nature, as revealed in the unwritten common law of the common sense of the world. "Sacred!" Why was it scandalous to betray wife, family, or country? Because it was "sacred" to defend them. Why was it scandalous and wicked, in the consciousness of men, to murder a fellow-man? Because it was "sacred" to befriend him and to save him. Why was virtue always worshiped and vice always condemned? Because virtue was the highest possible condition of a man in his relations to his fellow, and vice was the abnegation and destruction of that relation. He (Mr. F.) was not one of that class of Spiritualists who believed that man had no standard of moral excellence. That standard, pure and perfect as God, was in the essential nature of each being, and could not be dodged. No one could live out of its presence, and the poor guilty man who attempted to justify himself confessed judgment before conviction. Why did he attempt to justify himself, if there was no possible injustice?

Let us not, said Mr. F., abandon the idea of the sacredness of liberty and of personal purity of character. Who are the men we worship in history to-day, before whose bright genius the heart of the world throbs as before no one else? Such men as Jesus, who stands almost triumphant, the embodiment of the common moral sense of the human world. And why have they so much influence? Because they are such great realizations of the unwritten personal law of perfection and truthfulness of character. Oh, sir, very poorly shall we describe the standard which the divine nature has set up of moral justice and excellence. This resolution aims to destroy or to hinder the improper, extravagant or excessive exercise of that which allies us merely to physical and animal existence, simply holding it in subjection to the divine, the eternal, the immortal existence. I must support the resolution. Let us rise and shake off the low habits of the world, and not only endorse this resolution by our votes, but embody it in our lives. Then will the whole physical and external system be tremulous with a vital and purified life, of a loftier, sublimer morality, of a more glorious virtue, and of a far higher, grander and more spiritual science. (Loud applause.)

The resolution was then laid on the table, and the Convention adjourned to Friday.

FOURTH DAY—AUGUST 24.

The Convention met at 9 o'clock.

The President announced that the first business in order was the consideration of the unfinished business of yesterday, being the second resolution of the series presented by the Business Committee.

This resolution was adopted, and the next, in relation to war, was taken up for consideration.

Dr. Gardner thought the sentiment of the resolution was true in the abstract, but in the age in which we lived, it was impracticable. Where would this country have been to-day, if we had made no preparations for war? He thought we should have been under the slavocracy of the South, and slavery still in existence.

Mr. S. H. Wortman, of New York, said the passage of this resolution might be taken as an expression of opinion against the course of the Government in the suppression of the rebellion, and as one who enlisted and did the best he could for the cause of freedom, he protested, in the name of all who had fought in the country's defence, against the passage of such a resolution. In the present condition of the world, he believed that war was right, and any nation that was not prepared for war was liable at any time to anarchy and confusion, and the inroad of treason and tyrants.

Frank Chase, of New Hampshire, said he rose to sound the note of alarm. There was danger of another civil war in this country. He hoped it might be averted; and an investigation of the causes which might lead to such a war was the most efficient method of averting it. If it should come, let the people be prepared to use the needle-gun, the breech-loading gun, and the most efficient and most desperate means for the defence of freedom and right, and of the new theology which had dawned upon the world. This new theology was not only reasonable, but progressive. It reminded him of the stone that was cut out of the mountain without hands, and was to grow in influence until it filled the whole earth; and Spiritualism was to grow because it had the vital elements of progression. It was never to give place to any other theology hereafter, because of its progressive nature, which would enable it to embrace all new ideas as soon as presented. Again, if an invading army was sent against us, and men talked of "non-resistance," what would be the consequences? That army would do just what they pleased. While the world was savage and ready for warfare, nations must make preparation for war.

Dr. Child, of Pennsylvania, offered the following as a substitute for the resolution:

Resolved, That war and all preparations for war belong to the animal and intellectual planes of man's nature, and that those who have risen to the true spiritual plane cannot and will not resort to such preparations.

Dr. Gardner moved that the whole subject be laid on the table, which was agreed to.

On motion of Dr. H. T. Child, the Committee on Finance was requested to examine and settle the accounts of M. B. Dyott, late Treasurer, and direct him to pay over the balance in his hands to Milo O. Mott, the present Treasurer.

J. S. Loveland, Secretary of the Committee on Organization, submitted their report, as follows:

At the Third National Convention of Spiritualists, held at Providence, by adjournment, from the 21st to the 25th of August, it was

Resolved, That this Convention and its successors be and hereby are declared to be a permanent National Organization of Spiritualists, and that the officers of this Convention hold their respective offices until the next annual Convention, and their successors are elected.

Resolved, That the objects of this Convention shall be the spreading of the true facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, by sending out and supporting lecturers, fostering schools and Children's Lyceums, and circulating spiritual literature among the people.

Resolved, That the National Organization of Spiritualists will, until otherwise ordered, hold annual National Conventions of delegates from local organizations at such times and places as the President, Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer of this and each subsequent Convention shall designate; and such officers are hereby declared an Executive Committee for that purpose.

Resolved, That annual appointment and record as delegates from regularly organized local societies shall alone constitute membership in the National Organization of Spiritualists.

Resolved, That until otherwise ordered, each local organization of Spiritualists or Progressive Reformers shall be entitled to two delegates in the National Organization, and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members, and that each State organization shall be entitled to as many delegates as the State is entitled to representatives in the Congress of the United States.

Resolved, That in adopting these articles, this Convention has no power or wish to prescribe a creed, or in any way fetter the belief or limit the freedom of any individual mind, but that we declare our object to be the discovery of truth and its practical application to the affairs and interests of human life, and that we recognize everything that tends to the enfranchisement, development and true welfare of human beings as embraced within the range of the Spiritual Philosophy and the purpose of this National Organization.

Resolved, That any person, not a delegate, may, by invitation of the Convention, its Business Committee, or President, take part in its deliberations or discussions, but shall not thereby be entitled to vote.

The report was accepted, and Mr. Chase moved its adoption.

Mr. Foss stated that his name was not signed to the report because, as he understood the object of appointing the Committee, it was to provide a free platform for the organization; and, as the report did not do this, he considered that it was not a fulfillment of the design of the Convention, and, therefore, did not sign it. He knew there were objections to a free platform, but still it seemed to him that, cost what it might, a free platform always paid. He had no desire to see the Convention turned into a mass convention, but he wanted the platform one for free thought. He knew there was a difference between the old anti-slavery cause and this, for the anti-slavery cause was an exceedingly unpopular one, and it was only the best minds of the country that were acted upon, and there was not that amount of riff-raff that would be called in by a more popular cause. This was a religious movement and took hold of all classes of people, and there would be a great deal more difficulty in guarding this platform than there was in guarding the anti-slavery platform. He did not know but that, as the matter now stood, the Convention having the power to invite any one to the platform, all the ends of a free platform might be secured under this Convention. He would therefore sign the report.

Leo Miller, of New York, said that Spiritualists courted opposition and discussion. He believed he spoke the sentiment of every Spiritualist present when he said they would be most happy to see the clergymen of Providence come into the Convention, and, if possible, refute the facts and principles and philosophy of Spiritualism. (Applause.) Indeed, in some societies, as at Lawrence, Mass., invitations had been extended to clergymen to occupy the Spiritualist platform and lecture on Spiritualism, *pro* or *con*; and these societies offered to pay the ministers just as much for their services as they did Spiritualist lecturers. All that they wanted was agitation on this subject. If, therefore, their Constitution should seem to exclude some from participation in the deliberations of the Convention, it was not because they feared criticism or investigation, but to shield themselves against a monopoly of their time by persons who frequently came to conventions with commissions from the upper Congress, and others, who insisted upon monopolizing time that was precious, and which was often felt to be too short for the transaction of business. However, a door had been opened, and if any one came to the Convention who was desirous of speaking, an opportunity could be afforded by invitation of the Chairman, the Business Committee or the Convention itself. It seemed to him that this made the platform broad and free enough; and if anybody supposed they tried to shut out anything like opposition or criticism of their ideas or principles, let them come into the Convention and see, by an application to the Chairman, whether they will be excluded. The reason why the sectarian denominations did not have a free platform was simply because they did not dare to have their principles criticised; because they wanted to present a one-sided view, and did not wish to open a door for the expression of adverse views. No such thought entered into the minds of the Committee or of the Convention, when they attempted to shield themselves from lunatics who might come in and attempt to occupy the platform.

H. C. Wright gave his hearty assent to the Constitution as amended, for it gave the Convention the right of self-protection. All public bodies must have that right, or they were good for nothing and would perish. This matter was now in the hands of the Convention itself, and they could decide what subjects should be discussed, and who should speak; and he maintained that it was but just and right that they should be able to protect themselves against Henry C. Wright, Andrew T. Foss, Malvina Townsend, Andy Johnson, or the devil himself. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. Toohey thought that what had been said by Mr. Wright and Mr. Foss had not presented the views of the minority fairly to the Convention. He accepted a place upon the committee with the idea that it was intended to make a free platform. If he had thought that it was for no other purpose than to lop off the platitudes that belonged to the Constitution, he would not have consented to be on the committee. There was no principle in the Constitution from beginning to end. It was simply, as confessed, a programme of action. Mr. Miller had said that they courted investigation and challenged controversy. With whom? With a theology that was played-out and dead among intellectual and thinking men before Spiritualism, in the sense in which the Convention understood it, was ever born. For anybody to get up and say they challenged the clergy was very much like a bantam's crowing when everything was out of the field of conflict. No man, with any sense of manhood, or who regarded his reputation among scholars, would undertake to vindicate the platitudes of theology to-day. What merit in challenging a coward multitude who have entered into a "conspiracy of silence"? They were there as a body of Spiritualists, believing that men and women were controlled by higher intelligences, and that sometimes a suggestion came to them in the most critical moments, and they should invite, not only the counsels of the heavens, but the united deliberations of mankind. If there was a sensible thing in the sacred record it was that passage which commanded all men to entertain strangers kindly, for by so doing they sometimes entertained angels unawares.

Mr. T. said he did not believe in paper Constitutions for the protection of organizations; they would always protect themselves. It had been said that if they had a free platform, all the crazy people in the land would be flocking to it; but he would ask if they were elected, by virtue of the eternal decrees, to affinity with all the crazy people in the nation? There were two or three crazy people at Philadelphia, but the terrible letting alone which they received was the best corrective that could be administered. He thought they were paying too high a price for what they called order and decency, when they put a lock upon their door, and made it necessary that every man, not a delegate, who desired to speak, should humiliate himself before he could have access to the platform.

Mr. Toohey then made a statement of his views in regard to the organization of the Convention, as a minority report, concluding with the recommendation that, "the better to develop the necessary wisdom in our deliberations, while showing our reverence for humanity and willingness to trust the intuitions and sense of the people, we invite all Spiritualists and progressive reformers to join us, and take part in the discussions of our annual meeting, although the arrangement of its business and the right to vote are functional only to the delegate or substitute."

The speaker said the Convention was behind the Unitarians and Universalists in the matter of freedom of speech, for these denominations had learned to respect liberty and liberal principles, and in their annual Conferences they recognized the right of the members of State organizations to take part in the deliberations. He hoped, in view of this fact, that the Convention would adopt his report rather than the one submitted by the majority of the committee.

Mr. Finney read the last two resolutions of the majority report, and asked if anything broader than that was wanted. He knew of nothing so broad in the history of any sect. Everybody knew, who knew anything about it, that the Unitarians and Universalists had taken no such ground as this. Mr. Toohey's objection was, that the rostrum was not left, like a bone between quarreling dogs, for any person to take who was quickest of foot. For ten or a dozen years, their rostrums had been the scene of the most disgraceful proceedings that had ever been witnessed in any Conventions in the world. All over the country, they had been ridiculed, for the reason that they had no way by which they could protect their platform against people who wanted to be heard, whether people wished to hear them or not. The simple question was whether they would insult their officers by refusing to give them the power to protect the platform from those who would make themselves and the Convention ridiculous. Could they expect to get talent and dignity to accept the Chairmanship of their Conventions, and talented men to spend fifty dollars each to attend them, and then sit and see the Convention degenerate into a scramble to speak upon the boards? If the amendment proposed by Mr. Toohey was adopted, it would simply be an invitation to the men of talent, genius and inspiration to stay at home, and stay at home they would. As Mr. Foss had said, the spiritual movement was different from the anti-slavery. It stirred up everybody, and the consequence was that everybody began to move; and in this great motion of the masses there must be, at first, anarchy, chaos, confusion. The question was, how they should be able so to conduct these meetings as not to fritter away their time in useless disputations and those sad personalities which had already become a disgrace to them? The simple question was, whether they would elect as their Chairman and Business Committee men into whose hands they dared trust the conduct of the Convention itself. Nobody would be excluded who had any talent or inspiration, for it was safe to conclude that such persons would be known to the Spiritualists among whom they lived. He had noticed that, in many cases, the great trouble had been, that persons wanted to be heard whom other persons did not want to hear. Spiritualists were not so stupid as not to recognize inspiration or talent anywhere. So far from being anything unlike a free platform, it was the only platform that could be free. They wanted the freedom of order, of intelligence, of justice, and of a holy and elevated purpose. There was no freedom without order, and he believed they were capable, as a Convention, of electing men as officers who would not disgrace the spiritual movement of this country or its people; and there was the whole gist of the question. It was simply a question whether they should have system and order, or throw the doors wide open to everything that could make a rush to the platform.

Dr. Gardner said there were some points about the constitution that he could criticise, if he felt disposed, but he thought he would rest satisfied with it as it stood. The great object was to open the Convention as a free Convention for the expression of opinion. He thought the last resolution accomplished that purpose; and as it was absolutely essential to the success of their cause that they should have some limitations, in the present state of things, he was satisfied to accept the report.

Mrs. M. E. B. Albertson, of Rhode Island, said she was in favor of the amended constitution. For fourteen years she had advocated a free platform, and opposed organization, and experience had taught her the necessity of some organization. So opposed had she been to organization, that she would never speak in a hall where a fee was charged at the door. Her idea was, that Spiritualism was free, and they must have freedom, and no organization—which amounted to no law, and no order, thus violating the first law of heaven. They had got to come into harmonious action, and in order to do it, they must obey the first law, which was order. She had found that in what were called free meetings, she was excluded from the platform, and over and over again she had asked herself the reason why. She thought the new constitution marked a step in the right direction, and that by it, they would be able to secure the greatest amount of talent and the greatest amount of good.

Mr. Chase said that in drawing up the last resolution, he embraced what Dr. Gardner, Mr. Foss and others wished embraced in it, and those who were in favor of the design and object of this organization supported it, while those who were in favor of destroying the national organization, and making these Conventions mass meetings of individuals, every one of whom stood upon an equality, of course were not satisfied, because it did not destroy the organization. The argument of Mr. Toohey would apply to Congress or to a State Legislature just as well as to this Convention, and would anybody insist upon Congress or the Legislature of a State throwing open their doors and letting everybody in to talk when they pleased, without restriction? And were we a people opposed to free speech because we had a Congress? Could not the people of this nation assemble and discuss any subject, under the constitution and laws, and could not the Spiritualists? He believed that he had gone as far as any person in advocating freedom of speech; but that did not necessitate that they should never have a meeting of delegates, in a legislative capacity, for distinct and definite purposes.

Mrs. S. A. Horton, of Vermont, fully endorsed the resolutions, and urged the importance of exercising charity in all matters of difference. It was often, she said, simply a misunderstanding that caused difficulty. She believed that down deep in the soul of every Spiritualist there was a vital principle of justice and integrity, and she must believe that there were pulsating in the hearts of the delegates noble principles and generous feelings which would work out through all the confusions incident to the agitation of great questions of reform.

Mrs. H. related a vision that she had an evening or two before. She saw upon the platform what appeared to be a beautiful little hobby horse. Soon she saw individuals covering this little hobby with a beautiful blanket, which was made of the purest white, striped with red and blue. She saw individuals gathering round it who looked like theologians, like politicians, and some of them rolled back the beautiful blanket and sat upon the old hobby, and began to ride it. She believed that the great trouble with Spiritualists was, that they brought their old creeds and party policies and attached them to Spiritualism. They did not take that great and mighty principle which was alone reformatory, and must come from the inner depths of the human soul. (Applause.) This blanket which covered the hobby was Spiritualism. They covered themselves with it, and by it signified that they meant to be free men, and to advocate the principles of fraternity and equality. But when they had some cherished party feeling, some cherished creed or dogma to support, they threw aside the blanket, and rode the hobby with all their personal feelings, just as they did before they knew anything about Spiritualism. (Applause.) She implored them to look into their hearts and learn whether they were actuated by principle or party policy to-day. They were there to represent the great and beautiful principles of Spiritualism, and those were the embodiment of all truth. Why not, then, make their politics and religion come within the limits of the Spiritual Philosophy? By doing this, they would live out the great principles of equality and fraternity.

Mr. Wadsworth called for the previous question, which was ordered, and the report of the Committee unanimously adopted.

Dr. Gardner then read a letter from Mr. M. A. Blanchard, of Portland, Me., making an appeal in behalf of the members of the Spiritual Society there who suffered by the great fire of the Fourth of July. Dr. G. made a statement of the urgent needs of the people, after which a collection was taken up, amounting to about one hundred and forty dollars.

Mr. Finney, from the Committee on Resolutions, said that, as a National Convention, they had, up to this hour, failed to make any adequate and palpable statement of their views; and so long as this neglect continued, so long would they fail to make any decent impression upon the literature or sentiments of this country, as a National Convention. It was well known that they had at the centre of their philosophy those ideas which constituted the positive intellectual and spiritual revolution of the century; and it was also well known that as a national body, they had never yet made a decent statement of them. In order to remedy this difficulty, the Committee had drawn up the following resolution:

Resolved, That we recommend the appointment, by this Convention, of a Committee of six persons of known ability and culture to address the next Annual National Convention, on the following subjects, viz:

1st. The origin and progress of Modern Spiritualism;
2d. Ancient Historic Spiritualism;
3d. The type of Spiritual Philosophy; Is it a new type? What is its type or genus?
4th. 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;

and to make the most complete and perfect preparation possible in the production of their essays.

The Committee chosen for this purpose received the following distribution of subjects: 1st. Henry T. Child, M. D.; 2d. J. M. Peebles; 3d. S. J. Finney; 4th. S. J. Finney; 5th. S. J. Finney; 6th. J. S. Loveland; 7th. Mrs. Mary F. Davis; 8th. Mrs. M. S. Townsend; 9th. J. S. Loveland.

In America, Mr. Finney continued, Catholicism alone kept pace with the increase of population. Around Spiritualism the ideas and the mighty pulsating energies of this Young American life were clustering, because Spiritualism was a native American religion. The old religion was dying out. The sacraments were being deserted. They were tired of importing their theology, and ringing the changes on the mythology that was a disgrace to India and Judea. With the Young American spirit, with a cosmopolitan geography, bounded north by the "silent sea," with every variety of soil and climate, with every type of humanity thrown together, frictionized, excited into the loftiest activity, there came to them a new spiritual revelation, marrying in its golden beams the everlasting principles of the new church, which should be God's spiritual Republic, based upon the eternal democracy of souls. It was in this great movement that the religions of the world were to find their standard bearer. They were there to represent, to the best of their ability, this Native-American religion, born of the union of all the types of humanity, in a cosmopolitan geography, the very die of which was cast in the forges of Divine Providence. How could they represent the ideas of this religion unless the men and women who uttered its voice from the rostrum should have time and opportunity to bring before the American mind, through the press, the best possible statement of our ideas and our convictions? Believing that the spiritual philosophy had more proof for its facts and ideas than any and all other systems of philosophy put together, he thought it was time they should use these proofs to bring the public mind to an understanding of their faith.

Mr. Wright said the objection might arise that the adoption of this Resolution would fetter freedom of thought and speech in the Convention; but he had no apprehension of that kind. He had had to do, years ago, with the calling of conventions to discuss the Sabbath and the Bible, and persons were designated beforehand to prepare, maturely and thoroughly, essays on the various topics connected with these subjects, to be read at the conventions. When those essays came before the respective conventions, they were thoroughly canvassed; everybody expressed his opinion, and nobody seemed fettered in the least by the fact that these essays had been prepared. With all his heart he endorsed the proposition to have persons selected to write essays on the various topics designated by the committee. If they had a religion adapted to save the world from ruin, let their opinions be put on paper and published to the world, that all men might see just where they stood, and that they might have something which the world could look at and call Spiritualism.

The resolution was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Wright, a committee of five was ordered, to be appointed by the Chair, to prepare resolutions for the next annual Convention.

This committee was constituted as follows: Henry C. Wright, H. B. Storer, Leo Miller, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Warren Chase.

On motion of Mr. Joslin, the thanks of the Convention were tendered to Mr. L. H. Humphrey, at Rocky Point, for the free use of his large hall at that place yesterday.

Mr. Wadsworth, from the committee on resolutions, presented the following:

Whereas, We have in this century a revival of phenomena now known as the "Spiritual Phenomena"; and whereas, they appear in their present aspects so complicated with vital human relations and experiences, that they are rendered difficult to define and state with exactness or certainty; and whereas, in the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the founding of institutions for its practical application, it is *required that facts be* clearly defined, and laws understood, that *nothing* shall be supposed or admitted on appearances; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the President, whose duty it shall be to examine the spiritual phenomena in their physical and psychological characteristics, and report to the next National Convention of Spiritualists—

1st. The different phases of phenomena.
2d. All manifestations called "spiritual" proceed from spirits.
3d. What proportion of these modern manifestations probably originate with spirits, and what part can be accounted for by other causes; and such other statistical matter as may contribute to the better definition of our relations in life.

The resolution was adopted, and the committee called for by it constituted as follows: F. L. Wadsworth, Washington A. Danskin, M. B. Dyott, J. S. Loveland, and Mrs. E. C. Clark.

Mr. Miller, from the committee on credentials, presented the credentials of Dr. P. B. Randolph, of New Orleans, signed by some five hundred of the colored people of that city. The paper reads thus:

"We, the undersigned, colored people of New Orleans, La., representing three hundred thousand or more colored people in this State, respectfully commend our well-tried friend and beloved teacher, Dr. P. B. Randolph, to your kind regards, and trust that he may sit in convention with you, and that your honorable body may devise some plan by which we may be assisted in organizing educational facilities for our young, especially in the establishment of a central national Normal Institute, wherein our young men and women may be properly educated to become instructors of our unfortunate people."

On motion of H. T. Child, it was voted to print five thousand copies of Mr. Pierpont's song, to be distributed among the Children's Progressive Lyceums.

In view of the pressure of business, it was voted that the usual afternoon discourse be dispensed with. Adjourned to 3 o'clock.

[*To be continued.*]

A Good Way to Spread the Truth.

A friend sends us four dollars, and requests us to send the BANNER for three months to four clergymen, whom he names. He gives the following reasons for this liberal act:

"You may inquire why I do this at my expense. The only apology I have for so doing is simply, *to do good*. As you are well aware, ministers have some light, yet they need more to enable them to demonstrate the doctrine of *immortality*.

Allow me here, in a humble manner, to suggest to the friends of humanity, through the BANNER, how easy it would be for the friends of truth in every city, town and village in Christendom, to unite and contribute sufficient funds to have forwarded from the BANNER office, for three, six or twelve months, to the Christian ministers everywhere in the United States, the BANNER OF LIGHT, or the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL—or both—to the extent of the contributions. The writer feels confident that many of this noble class of the human family would be 'moved upon' by angel-influences while perusing the BANNER, and thus made to behold this new light as they never saw it before."

MISS HARRIET HOSMER thus alludes, in a letter to a friend in Boston, to a ridiculous paragraph which has been printed freely, and which chanced to meet her eye in Rome:

"I have been a good deal amused at a curt sketch of me which seemed to be going the rounds of the American papers, the opinion of Rev. Mr. Fairfield, of Hillsdale College, Michigan, who says, 'Harriet Hosmer is a fast Massachusetts girl, making $10,000 to $15,000 a year by her chisel, but never succeeds in living within her income, while she has long since exhausted her patrimony. She drives the fastest horses in the place, and she makes the most beautiful marbles ever looked upon.' Now, so far as the patrimony goes, in spite of its having been long since exhausted, it is all, at the present moment, safely invested in America; and, so far as the fast horses go, (which never is very far,) it is quite true that I drive them when I am not in a hurry; when I am, I walk; and—and, as to the marbles?—ahem!—well, we will let that go; perhaps it comes nearer the truth than any statement in the paragraph."

THE FIRST GREAT SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING,

AT PIERPONT GROVE,

BETWEEN MALDEN AND MELROSE, MASS.,

Aug. 30th and 31st, and Sept. 1st and 2d, 1866

Reported for the Banner of Light.

[*Continued.*]

Thursday Evening Session.—At the ringing of the bell at 7½ o'clock P. M., nearly two thousand assembled around the speakers' stand. Seats had been provided for one thousand, and as many more were standing or quietly moving round. The grove was lighted with large lanterns, and the whole spectacle was surpassingly impressive. Notwithstanding the immense size of the gathering, made up of all classes, and a very large proportion of young people, the most perfect order reigned throughout the evening all over the camp ground.

Dr. U. Clark, resuming the Chair, kindly and politely requested the assembly to preserve quiet and harmony, not because an ample police and committee were on the ground, but because the love of order was what all should desire to cultivate. He preferred to appeal to the politeness of the people, rather than to the police. Not the remotest threat was made in the name of the civil authorities. The result of the appeal was obvious. There was no loud talking or laughing, no noisy walking about, and whenever the police or committee had the least occasion to check some persons who were innocently forgetful, the utmost quiet and order immediately ensued.

Dr. P. Clark, of Boston, after the choir and audience had sung, was introduced. Having offered an invocation, he spoke for half an hour on the existence of Deity, the nature of man, the progress of the race, and modern unfolding. God was everywhere, in all things, and the whole universe was a manifestation of his attributes. Man is a development of the Godlike, and is endless in progress. No species of animals indicate the intelligence and the progress of man. The beaver builds now as he did ages ago, but man improves in every department. Steamships, railroads, telegraphs, and all the arts and sciences of to-day indicate the possibilities of the future. He spoke of flying machines. Man has elements within him which may one day enable him to fly, and sweep his course through distant worlds. The speaker referred to an early experience of his in which he verily believed he flew. Phillips was carried through the air thirty miles from where he was talking with the eunuch to Arzotus. Why was Spiritualism opposed by the Churches? The hymn books are full of spiritual communion, and so is the Bible. He believed in spiritual inspiration years ago while he was a Methodist preacher. Camp meetings were his favorite meetings; he had attended them over thirty years, but never attended one so full of glory as the present. Now, thank God, we draw no inspiration from a fabled hell below, but we draw down from the angel hosts above who are beaming down on us from the opened heavens. The speaker closed with a potent, practical appeal, urging reform in the social and other relations of life, that men and women might become pure and be fitting receptacles of heavenly influences.

Mrs. Fannie Allyn, of Woodstock, Vt., a young lady neatly dressed somewhat after Dr. Dio Lewis's hygienic reform style, and whose whole appearance elicited a lively appreciation before the audience, was the next speaker introduced. In a high inspirational condition, she became the medium for a poetic message, which reached the hearts of all who heard. She spoke of the labors, sorrows, struggles, sicknesses and deaths of our sphere, all as having their divine uses, every tear becoming a jewel to deck the crown of final joy and triumph. Her beautiful improvisation closed amid the sensation and applause of the audience.

Mrs. Hattie Sturtevant, of Maine, said the hour had now come when the spiritualistic religion must be reduced to practice in every relation of life. We need reform workers everywhere. It is beautiful for us to commune with the departed, and we sing, "Shall we know each other there?" Let us begin to know each other *here*. Social communion with each other here is what we need first, and angel intercourse will hallow that communion. Too many are left lone, cold, neglected and unknown, through all the long journey of life, and we are afraid to seek each other out, and come into those fraternal relations which embrace the divinest affections of our nature. The speaker made an effective appeal, which met hearty response.

E. F. Brewster, a pioneer reformer from the domain of the North American Phalanx, Red Bank, N. J., offered fervent congratulations to this first grand spiritual camp meeting. It was a new Pentecostal era in the Millennial dispensation; an outpouring of the upper world, and a spontaneous gathering of the people. Another call had come from the celestial hosts: "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The old order of things must pass; the kingdoms of this world shall crumble; the uprising millions of the people shall roll from off their backs the oppressive burdens of centuries; and the kingdom of heaven, with angels ministering, shall take the place of social, civil and ecclesiastical rules which have wrung groans and tears of blood from the suffering masses.

The first evening session of the camp meeting closed, leaving the very best feeling among the multitudes in attendance, and after a doxology had been sung, the people quietly, amid the genial starlight of the summer night, repaired to their tents and their homes.

Friday Morning Session.—At an early hour the camp ground began to swarm with many new arrivals, each one bringing a smiling face and heart happy with new hopes of spiritual life. At the ringing of the bell, about two thousand people gathered around the stand. A thousand new seats had been erected early in the morning.

After the singing of the "Song to Angels," Mrs. Bruce, of Boston, offered an invocation.

Dr. Clark, presiding, read a portion of Acts II, giving an account of the primitive Christian Pentecost. He said this was a people's camp meeting; we come here each one to open the soul heavenward for direct influxes from the eternal world; we want to call out all who are able to give in their testimony for the vast truths of the age; let men and women who feel moved to speak, rise and speak without being called from the stand. This is no meeting for the idolizing of star-speakers; we have had enough of that sort of thing; many of those who are regarded the most popular speakers have been invited here, yet but few if any of them will come; they will fail, till too late, to appreciate the magnitude of this new camp meeting movement; many feared it would be a failure and prove unpopular, but in the end all will fall in and shout its praises as though they had inaugurated it. Away with all sham notions of reputability! Away with all discordant criticisms and fault-findings! Before we can come into that harmony which will enable us to receive the highest influences of angel-life, we must utterly cease from every thought, word and deed not calculated to promote love, peace and good will among each other and the world around us. We must be in a state of mind and heart open to the inspiration of the beloved and beatified ones whose inspirations we would invoke.

Harmony in our own souls will attract the eternal harmonies of the heavens, till these harps of our own immortal being shall echo back the sweet and sublime strains, evermore pealing through the vast empyrean. Let us come here as they came together in Jerusalem, all "of one accord and in one place," and "like the rushing of a mighty wind," shall come down those celestial influxes, which shall compel thousands to exclaim within, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved!" Oh ye congregated intelligences of the eternal life. Ye hero-souls, who bathed in the baptism of fire and blood, centuries ago. Ye martyr spirits, gone up from the altars of other ages. Ye beloved ones, beaming with white faces and outstretched hands from the Paradise land of everlasting love—grant these waiting souls some fresh beatitudes, enabling them to realize this as "the house of God, and the gate of heaven;" that when we go hence we may carry with us new hopes to light the future, new faith, new fortitude, and new impulse in all that is great, good and glorious.

E. F. Brewster, of New Jersey, again took the stand to conclude the remarks of the previous evening. He urged the need of reducing Spiritualism to practice, in the inauguration of a new order of things. Nothing in the present state of

the Church, of society, or government, was in keeping with the principles of our religion. Wrong injustice, inequality, oppression, poverty, misery, temptation to crime, were everywhere encouraged by the old systems, and they had no elements within them to effect a change for the better. But the eternal principles which we recognize, are the principles of divine government, and we propose to agitate them, until the "kingdoms of this world" are overthrown by the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven. And this camp meeting, with its thousands of earnest, listening, seeking souls, is in prophesy of the thousands and millions of people who are now ready to rise up and join the grand phalanx of spiritual progress.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, late of New Orleans, now engaged in founding a school for the education of freedmen teachers, and well known as one of the earliest inspirational orators, was next introduced to the audience. He spoke facetiously of the decease of the Satan of old theology, whose death had been hastened by the modern phenomena of Spiritualism. We are now freed from the bondage of fear, and freed from everything hindering us in the grand march of endless life. Bearing within us the impress of the Infinite, we claim kindred with the gods, with the loftiest intelligences peopling the highest heavens. Our ideas of God and everything, take from and shape from the interior perceptions of our own nature. The gods of the past have been created from a lower standpoint of human idealism. The gods believed in by the uncultivated masses of the people, have not been the God believed in by men of intelligence. The religions of the past have been adapted to cruder conditions of humanity, not to the highest needs of the race. So with the gods. The God of Israel was unable to move one of the small chariots anciently used in warfare. What would such a deity do with one of modern American iron-clads? The speaker closed in one of his most moving strains of eloquence, peculiar to himself, baffling all report—a portion of the audience unbounded in enthusiasm, while others regretted some unqualified expressions which wounded the honest religious convictions of many church friends who were present.

Mrs. Bruce, of Boston, said she had been a Methodist, and had attended camp meetings, but never so good a one as this. All the best feelings and affections of our nature are quickened here, and the scenes and associations uplift us in communion with each other, and the sainted souls who are beckoning us from the summer-land. Mrs. Bruce's remarks took high devotional ground, and seemed acceptable to the people.

Ex-Rev. E. Sprague, of Schenectady, N. Y., now known as a competent spiritual lecturer, took the stand again. He spoke of a spirit-circle to which he once belonged, and of a spirit who came through one of the mediums. The spirit seemed exceedingly lonely, and lost and dejected, and for some time refused to give his name, and tell the cause of his loneliness. At last he said he used to be a hard-shell Baptist, and he was lonely for a long time in the spirit-world because he could find neither a hell nor the Baptist church there! Thank God, there is something better there! There was a time when he would sympathize with that poor minister; but the time had gone by; he had found a better religion; all his old sectarian Methodism had gone; now he was unable to get up even an old fashioned holy grunt, he felt so full of the holy ghost, or the influences of the holy host. He had attended and taken part in seventy-nine Methodist Camp meetings: this was the eightieth camp meeting, and better than all the others put together. What a glorious contrast! I used to preach and portray hell in such vivid language, the whole multitude would sway to and fro with horror, as though the lava waves of hell were just ready to sweep them away into the awful vortex of eternal damnation. But here I stand before this sea of smiling faces, lighted by the radiance of angel hosts, and proclaim the angel-gospel of glad tidings to all people. It is the happiest day of my life. But the past has had its uses; the preaching and doctrines of other times prepared the way for the present. Faith and imagination, in our old revivals, took the wrong direction; we Spiritualists are to direct them aright. We are here for this purpose. We not only believe and imagine, but we know. We open our minds, and our visions sweep the horizon of the opened heavens, till all the celestial empire glows, myriads bending over us with blessings. The speaker ended with a fervor of devotion and inspiration, which reminded the devout hearer of the olden apostolic times of primitive history.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, now of Boston, the radical, social individualizer, said she stood alone in her ideas of Spiritualism. Perhaps it is so with all; we all have some views peculiarly our own; yet we all agree in certain things, certain fundamental principles. There is more common ground of agreement among Spiritualists than among any other class of people, notwithstanding the great diversity and seeming contradictions among us. We can afford to disagree. We are accused of speaking irreverently of the Bible, the Church, of hell, of God, of religion, and many other things; and the accusation is often too just. There are some speakers and writers who seem to forget that other persons of different beliefs and no belief have honest feelings and convictions, which are deeply wounded by their unguarded, wholesale manner of speaking and writing. Some things have been said on this stand which are liable to do more injury than good. Why talk against the Church? We all believe in something like a Church. So in regard to hell; we believe in some kind of a hell. Yes, in hells, and we are passing through them for our discipline. In one sense I reverence the Church, and all its old ideas of God, heaven, hell, Satan, ordinances. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and every other form and ceremony of the Church, have their sacred significance. It is hard to put off at once all the old garments we wore in earlier years, and to pass from the old to the new. In the changes ensuing, many for a time are seemingly made worse in their moral, social and religious conditions. The speaker did not know that she was as good now as she was years ago, but she hoped and trusted that the discipline through which she had passed and was still passing, and which made her in appearance worse than she was before, would eventually work out a higher condition of life. Thrown back on ourselves by the terrible experiences of this transitional era, we are compelled to seek within our own souls the nucleus of a diviner life, and if we make the right use of these fearful strugglings through which we are passing, we shall gather new strength, and find ourselves sustained by the ministering angels of our Father.

Dr. U. Clark, leaving the Chair to announce the next speaker, remarked that in the transitional period of spiritual life, many persons found themselves so full of what they never saw or felt before, they were alarmed, and seemed as though they were under the obsession of diabolical influences. A ragged, snarly-haired, snub-nosed, dirty-faced little boy, out West, had never looked into a mirror till one day he peeped into one that hung in the parlor of a new neighbor who had a medium in his family, and of whom the boy had heard all sorts of diabolical stories. The boy, on seeing himself in the glass, ran home with hair erect with alarm, and frantically exclaimed that he had just seen an awful looking little devil staring right into his eyes. Let those who misjudge Spiritualists, and those who attribute every little unpleasant influence to devils or evil spirits, be sure they first take a look into the mirror of their own souls, and see themselves as they are; and then they may take no alarm at anything seemingly diabolical from another world. Cast from out your own perverted selves all that is devilish, and no devils from beyond will ever more trouble you.

Dr. R. M. Lawrence sang his amusing and instructive reform song, "What we want," and the session closed.

[*To be continued.*]

"Children of the Universal Father."

Can any Spiritualist speaker, in calling the attention of the audience, think of anything more beautiful, comprehensive, poetic, divine, than the above? Can any one add to, take from, or change any of those five words to make it more harmonious? It is an angel's whisper, given to one of the children, and on the folds of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and Love, and Truth Divine, let it go forth to all the Children of the Universal Father.

COM.

When is a man thinner than a lathe? When he's a shaving.

Thoughts from over the Sea.

It is a long time, dear BANNER, since I have sent you a *written* greeting, though the "God speed" of my heart goes out to you, and my dear colaborers in the service of humanity, every day.

You hear constantly from other sources of the progress of our cause on this coast. Mr. Todd is speaking to large houses at "Congress Hall." He is fighting the churches, fighting "The Pacific Christian Association," that employs itself in slandering Spiritualism and its teachers, fighting "old fogyism," and "turning the world upside down" generally.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye is giving sittings in the city, but contemplates a tour through the State, where her services are in great requisition. She gives a séance on Thursday evening next, at Congress Hall, at the close of an address by Mr. Todd, the proceeds of the entertainment to be given to the Children's Lyceum. You will remember that the audience, at the close of one of my lectures last winter, contributed one hundred and twenty-six dollars for the same purpose; and I doubt not they will manifest a similar generosity now, thus evincing their sympathy with this noble enterprise.

Speaking of the Children's Lyceum, I must not omit to mention the celebration of its First Anniversary. Faithfully have Conductor and leaders labored in this holy cause for a year past, and what more can I say of this celebration than that, in view of their self denial, their discouragements, their toil, it was still, in the noblest sense, a fitting crown, a complete triumph, unmarred by the most trivial blemish? It was my privilege to address them, in connection with Mr. Todd, and my heart was full of thanksgiving and gratitude. I felt indeed that my eyes "had seen the salvation of the young from the bondage of creeds;" and that to hear our new gospel sung by those youthful voices, to see our banners waving, and our cause so deeply rooted in the rich soil of progressive minds, in this far-off land, was "glory enough" for one lifetime. At the close of the exercises, the Lyceum sang the "Anniversary Song" I enclose to you,* written for the occasion by Mrs. E. P. Thorndike, one of the leaders. Her poems, and those of Mrs. Fanny Green McDougal, adorn the columns of the "Daily American Flag" frequently, and meet with deserved admiration. The same paper gave one of my lectures a very generous notice not long since. The Editors are not Spiritualists, but are noble, cultured gentlemen, who can be just to all, and find it quite possible to admire an intellectual effort, *as such*, without endorsing the peculiar tenets of the speaker or writer. We all, I believe, feel our indebtedness to this paper, and shall endeavor to make our appreciation, as a religious body, as tangible as possible.

I visited during the past month, Sacramento, Petaluma and Alvarado, delivering lectures on week evenings, at each place. At Sacramento I was most cordially received and hospitably entertained; and notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, my lectures were very tolerably attended and generously appreciated. The city papers, however, absolutely *refused* to insert a synopsis of my lectures, prepared by a regular reporter employed by the kindness of a friend, notwithstanding our philosophy has a strong foothold at Sacramento, and a Progressive Lyceum that boasts an average attendance of one hundred, a library of five hundred volumes, and has received the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, by voluntary and *unsolicited* contribution. It was first organized by Robert Moore, in October, 1864, and after remaining in operation six months, adjourned till October, 1865, when it opened with thirty members and has increased to over one hundred. H. Bowman is the enterprising Conductor, aided by his noble wife; and Miss G. A. Brewster has served as Guardian of Groups since its first organization. Does not this speak volumes for Sacramento? In the little town of Petaluma, I found prejudice very strong against us, and was favored with the only "hiss" I have ever received during my career as a public speaker. It proceeded, I suppose, from an ignorant boy or brainless man, oblivious of the fact that the only living things that indulge in that form of expression are *snakes* and *geese!* However, there are men and women true enough and good enough to "leaven the whole lump" of bigotry in Petaluma, and *raise* it into a better condition—and that is saying a great deal. Foremost among these is Colonel Hatch, who has maintained his belief bravely for many years, and intends to "fight it out on that line," if it takes a lifetime.

Alvarado is a little village some thirty miles from San Francisco, where I had the honor of delivering the first lecture on Spiritualism ever given in that place. I found that good seed had been sown here by a friend of our cause—Mr. Wilson—and I was kindly entertained by Mr. Greig and his gentle, large hearted wife. Mr. G. was formerly an infidel, and *calls* himself one now; but he is certainly infidel to no phase of truth, and I never met with more liberality, kindness and appreciation, than I did from the *unbelievers* of Alvarado. God bless them.

I have spoken of Progressive Lyceums, and believe me, I was not forgetful, while I wrote, of the brave soul who, fresh from the inspiring presence and instructions of A. J. Davis—into whose large and progressed mind the angels dropped the glorious *idea* of their organization—came to this golden land, in search of health and strength, and though failing to secure for himself the blessing he craved; has founded an institution here that shall be an eternal monument to his honor long after he has passed beyond the need of our poor appreciation and sympathy. I am sorry to record that Robert Moore's health is rapidly declining, and yet the work laid upon his few years has been "done and well done." Why need I be sorry that he who has so bravely wrestled with disease, who has borne so patiently the trials of a life singularly devoid of solace or sympathy, will soon lay down the cross and take the wreath that angel-hands are even now twining of fadeless flowers, as his fitting crown? No, Robert Moore! thy nature is disciplined, thy spirit calm in the assurance of suffering bravely borne and duty nobly done! for thee we need not weep.

As for my own Sunday labors in San Francisco, I can only say that gradually the good people are learning that it is really possible for two lecturers of like faith to exist in the same city and hold meetings at the same hours without being actuated by jealousy or malice, and that the fact that Benjamin Todd has come hither to work for humanity does not presuppose the necessity that Laura Cuppy should go elsewhere or remain silent. When Christ selected his followers from the fishermen of Galilee, he betrayed his perception of human needs by sending out the impulsive Peter, the gentle John and the practical Matthew, knowing that their very *differences* rendered them the more fitted to meet and respond to the demands of our many-sided humanity. So I find that my work does not interfere with my brother's, or his with mine, and that in accordance with our differing inspirations do we meet and work for those "to whom we are sent;" and every day do I receive the quiet assurance that my labor is not in vain.

I obeyed the guidance of the angels in coming, a stranger, unassisted, unexpected, to this coast. I obey their inspiration in remaining. I recognize no other authority, and *theirs* only as it accords with my highest reason and perception of truth; and when these powers, without and within my soul, bid me "fold up my tent" and go forth from this dear and noble people who have been so kind to the stranger, I shall say farewell to the Pacific coast. But "the hour is not yet."

Meanwhile how gladly do I hail your pages and those of the JOURNAL, dear BANNER, bringing me, as they do, tidings of loved friends and coworkers in the East. How pleased I am to see Mr. Peebles's name at the head of your "Western Department"—Mr. Peebles, who, when I was a good Episcopalian, first introduced me to liberal theology! Mr. Peebles, over whose growth into Spiritualism I *wept* in good Orthodox fashion, believing him to be lost in the mists of a great delusion! Ah, my brother, how merry you were over my grief, and how truly did you prophesy my future! Dear old days! the memory of one who talked and afterwards labored with us, comes to me while I write. Noble soul! his "well done" sounds in my ears from the "far-off Summerland," and is a dearer meed of praise than the richest earthly plaudit.

It was a sweet surprise to read "Manifestations in Haverhill," in a late BANNER, and to learn that my cherished friends, Mr. and Mrs. Currier, in whose home so many weary itinerants have found rest and sympathy, were so blessed in the mediumship of their only daughter. Oh, Mary! dear child! sweet, gentle maiden! has the gift so fateful to its possessor fallen upon you? It is a glorious crown, weighty with responsibility, and never *thornless*, my child. May it be bravely, nobly borne by thy young brow, and, if it be possible, leave no *shadow* there.

And now, having wellnigh exhausted your patience, I will only add a cordial greeting to all my dear friends who peruse your pages. To some I am indebted for kindly words of cheer, and to most I have written. I will write to all as time and the pressure of duties permit. Amid all the blessings and trials that strew my path of life, my heart, they must believe, turns longingly, lovingly *over the sea*, asking the kindly remembrance and recognition of my fellow laborers in God's great harvest-field.

LAURA CUPPY.

San Francisco, August 14, 1866.

* ANNIVERSARY SONG, written for the First Anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, San Francisco, July, 1866.

We sing our Anniversary song;
We hasten all to greet;
Oh raise the starry banner high,
And march with buoyant feet!
Above us is a shining band,
Arrayed in living light;
These are our happy spirit friends,
With joyful faces bright.

We want no solemn visage,
To celebrate this day;
We want no gloomy, creed-bound souls
To lead the joyous way.
We wish to see you happy,
And all of you to know
That our Progressive Lyceum,
Is something *more* than show.

'Tis true our waving banners
Are lovely to behold;
But, friends, there is a meaning deep
Within each azure fold.
Our badges, too, are symbols,
Whose purpose all may see:
Commencing at Life's *fountain*,
March on to LIBERTY!

And ever, on our journey,
Life's purpose full in view—
The Lyceum, in its teaching,
Will make us good and true.
And when our earthly record
Is filled with deeds of love,
We'll march with kindred spirits,
In the LYCEUM ABOVE.

Worcester Lyceum.

The members of the Progressive Lyceum, of Worcester, together with the friends of the cause, had a social gathering in Horticultural Hall, last Thursday evening. Tables were spread with delicacies that would tempt the most fastidious appetite. Flowers decorated the tables, showing that the beautiful is closely allied to the useful. The meeting was called to order by the conductor of the Lyceum. Mr. E. R. Fuller requested that all should be seated around the tables, after which, Mr. S. E. Moses, musical director, was chosen chairman for the evening. Mr. Fuller then read an original poem, composed expressly for the occasion, in which the object of the meeting was happily brought in; and in very beautiful and expressive language, he presented to the Guardian of the Lyceum, (Mrs. M. A. Stearns,) in behalf of those assembled, a splendid gold chain and pencil. So great was the surprise to her, that for a moment she was overwhelmed by her emotions at this unexpected expression of their appreciation of her untiring efforts. Some good things were said by others present, after which all partook of the edibles before them. Dancing followed, and continued until twelve o'clock, when the company dispersed, feeling richly repaid for having blessed one human soul, by an actual demonstration of their love and appreciation.

W. L.

Worcester, Sept. 11, 1866.

Ready for Work.

I am trying to do a little work in the holy cause—am working, working, working. I hope not to be waiting at the gate for opportunities and encouragements. Should be happy to make engagements to speak for the coming Autumn and Winter, in most any accessible part of the New England States. My work comprises, in addition to speaking in a trance state, seeing and describing spirits, writing letters for spirits to their earth friends—that is, recording the words the spirit gives—examining for disease, and prescribing remedies for the same; reading life conditions psychologically and clairvoyantly; giving word-pictures of material localities and spirit conditions, and at times psychological delineations. May our loved Zion be established upon the tops of the mountains, and all the valleys of darkness be illuminated with the blessed gospel of unending life, and the association of spirit friends.

Yours fraternally, GEORGE A. PEIRCE.

Auburn, Me., September, 1866.

A Physical Medium.

I wish to say through your valuable paper, that Wm. M. Oden has been holding a few séances in this place. The spirits manifesting through him—the evidence of a continued existence after death—is placed beyond cavil or doubt. He was tied fast; his coat was taken off and put on when so tied; he answered readily and earnestly sealed letters; musical instruments (a number of them) were carried high over our heads, and played upon simultaneously. He was stopping at my house; a violin was in his room; in the dead hour of night it was played upon so loud and long, that it woke up all in the house, passing from room to room, until we became weary. He then wrapped it in a cloth and laid it aside, when it became quiet, and we were enabled to rest the remainder of the night. The answers to some questions were given in printed letters, very plain, on his arm.

URIAL MILLS.

Salem, Marion Co., Ill., Aug. 30, 1866.

The rapid accumulation of gold in the Treasury will, if continued, soon afford a metallic basis for the Treasury notes in circulation, which ought to materially reduce the premium on them. It is estimated that by the end of this month the Treasury will hold nearly if not quite one hundred millions in gold.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
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LUTHER COLBY, ... EDITOR.

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

Managing the Indians.

For a nation whose cardinal principle is humanity and philanthropy, we certainly pursue toward the poor Indians a policy scarcely less savage and inhuman than their own conduct as we regularly charge it upon them. For downright mismanagement, having in it the elements of cruelty, selfishness, and a heartless maliciousness, we do not see how the incomprehensible system we pursue could be surpassed by any civilized government on earth. Even if we keep out of sight the leading idea that we have dispossessed this wandering and wasting people of the lands they once possessed, we must admit that our treatment of this wretched people is not to be defended on grounds such as any humane and benevolent people, loving justice and equity, would wish to stand upon for an hour. We have merely driven them from one place to another by force, and have suffered our unprincipled agents to defraud and dishearten them as they went; and now because, after having taught them treachery and bad faith, we find them adepts in practicing the arts which we thought to be our own, we turn upon them with curses and maledictions, and send out against them bodies of armed men to cut them off from the face of the earth.

The worst feature about this business, too, is that which is never brought out into prominence. At least we have never met with it. It is that agents sent among the Indians by the Government to manage and protect(?) them contrive among themselves to get up Indian wars, that they may have the opportunity to make immense sums of money off of the Government by furnishing supplies to the troops. It makes business for them. First they cheat the Indians themselves, and then they turn around and cheat the Government. Few public servants have this double chance of making competencies for themselves. There is of course no sense nor justice in permitting things to be conducted after this manner. But for the greed of a few men, who grow tired of the comparatively sluggish times in trade on the far frontier, and resolve to get up a war with one or more Indian tribes for the sake of a change and of lining their pockets, there would be comparative peace with the red men, and they would come more and more readily within the influences of a civilization which would seem to them to be at least consistent with its pretensions.

We are glad, now that Indian troubles are making themselves a somewhat prominent subject of comment again, to notice that some few of the leading papers are speaking out as they ought in respect to the treatment we have so long visited upon this doomed race. The New York Tribune says, for instance, that the Indian troubles have become chronic because of "an unscrupulous and semi-savage policy in mismanaging" them. Which is strictly true. "Anything short of justice and the entire reform of the old barbarian regime in dealing with the Indians" will not cure the trouble, adds the same paper. And it declares that "we had better civilize some of our agents before attempting to cheat the savage into any false state of amicability."

A new plan for governing the Indians has, we observe, been proposed by the Commission for the settlement of the Indian difficulties in the Northwest, which is worthy of attending to. The "Upper Sioux" tribes had been represented by more than half their braves in a meeting with the Commission for making a treaty of peace, for which they were anixous. The plan of the Commissioners is, that not less than one hundred and sixty of the reliable ones of the different tribes be organized under authority of the Government, to be paid for their own services, and those of their horses, and their families to be provided for in their absence; and this band of Indians is to be put under proper and reliable officers, who in turn are under the government of the Indian Bureau. This plan is to embrace a limited number of tribes only, although it might be made a general one. Its merits are, that the Indian mounted patrol would themselves put a stop to the troubles between their own tribes and the travelers across the plains, and that all trade and commerce on the frontier shall be protected from Indian depredation. This would certainly be both an effective and an economical mode of bringing Indian hostilities to an end. An Indian police would thus be established, that would have a perfectly familiar knowledge of all the causes of trouble, and of threatened troubles before they broke out, and would know precisely how to prevent them. This is the most sensible plan we have yet seen. It throws the responsibility, in fact, upon the red men themselves; and they would naturally feel that upon their own conduct, rather than upon faithless white agents' promises, depended their immunity from trouble and wrong.

The very fact that a new system of dealing with this race of men, or anything approaching a new system, is seriously proposed and talked of, is a symptom so full of encouragement as to merit still further encouragement by its prompt approval of all who believe in the eternal principles of justice and mercy. Something better will be reached by its being attempted. It is much that the wrongs and abuse of the present method of dealing with the Indian tribes are brought out into public view and contemplation. So long as the base mode of getting up Indian wars to make money out of them is thoroughly exposed to the public, there will be much less danger of the practice being followed by agents whose game will henceforth be watched.

Our New Story.

It is with much satisfaction that we point to the New Story in our columns, from the pen of Mrs. A. E. Porter—a favorite writer with our readers, and a lady of large mental and spiritual endowments. We shall run this fine story through several numbers, and suggest that the commencement of it be secured in season by those who intend to follow it to its close. This is but the first of the numerous attractions with which we intend to regale our readers during the continuance of the new volume.

Return of Emma Hardinge.

The Spiritualists of the entire country joined with us in a feeling of delight over the announcement made in the BANNER last week, that Mrs. Emma Hardinge had returned to this country from England. We are sincerely glad to realize that Spiritualists, and those who are seeking for a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy, are to have another opportunity of listening to the noble teachings from this highly gifted inspirational speaker. The lecturing interests will receive a perceptible stimulus from her arrival. Her services were at once in demand, and she has already commenced her labors in Dodsworth's Hall, New York. Thousands will again listen to accents on which they hung with rapture in days past. During her sojourn in London, Mrs. Hardinge has lectured, before large and distinguished audiences, on the state of this country and its prospects, liberally scattering her spiritual ideas through those addresses. She afterwards gave a series of discourses on the Spiritual Philosophy, which created an unusual interest, and will result in great good, for she has sown the seed that will produce a rich harvest of spiritual truths. No lecturer in many years has received so much attention from the English press. She left England with the heart-felt prayers of the multitude for her safe arrival on our shores, and she will be welcomed here with an enthusiasm worthy of her reputation as an expounder of our philosophy and her character as a woman.

In this connection we are requested to state that this lady desires in future to be addressed in style and title as a widow, and that letters should hereafter be directed to her as Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

Mrs. Hardinge came to the United States some eleven years since, under a theatrical engagement, and, according to the customs of young actresses in her own country, was announced as "Miss Hardinge." As it was her intention to return to England after a six months' engagement, none but her intimate friends were aware of her being a widow. Continuing her public career in America as a lecturer, she became identified only by the name most familiar to those who knew her as an actress. During her recent visit to her native country, and in the pursuance of her law business, Mrs. Hardinge and her mother, Mrs. Floyd, were greatly impeded by the long habit of miscalling their names, and many forms of legal technicality were necessary to prove their real identity; hence they request their friends in future to address them by their own private titles.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's address and engagements will be found among the list of lecturers as usual.

Verification of Spirit-Messages.

In the "Message Department" of No. 22 of the BANNER, dated Aug. 25, is a message from Olive Pope to her brother Frederic G. Pope, New Orleans. Among other things, the spirit said:

"My brother, who is a firm believer in your Spiritual Philosophy, said to me about ten years ago, 'Olive, you will yet tell me that you have been mistaken in these spiritual matters; and if I don't mistake very much, you will consider that much of your time on earth has been very poorly spent, although you now think you are doing a great deal of good.' I have to declare that that time has come. I can look back now and see that my life was very poorly spent here, and if I had it to use over again, I am sure it would be used far differently. I am free to own that he was right and I was wrong. My coming proves that; my coming settles the question."

Col. Pope, who has returned to this city, informs us that the message was strictly correct. He says the above-mentioned conversation took place at his brother's house in Shawmut avenue; that his sister was a member of Dr. Kirk's Church and was very rigid in her belief. She was very much troubled about her brother's awful heresy and delusion. She sincerely believed that Spiritualism would be the ruin of all who believed in it. She now sees *her* mistake, and as anxiously warns others not to be *deluded* as *she* was.

We have also received a verification of the correctness of the message of Rev. Arthur Fuller, printed in the BANNER of Sept. 1, from the gentleman who held the conversation with him in regard to Spiritualism, to which allusion is made in the communication.

A New Volume.

The readers of the BANNER put their eyes on the Twentieth Volume with the number they hold in their hand. As we remarked in the last number, it is something to speak of that a Spiritual Journal has had an existence of nineteen full volumes, and enters vigorously on its twentieth. We embrace the occasion to extend congratulations to the hosts of true and tried friends who have stood by the BANNER through its long career, and to add the single word that only by their continued sympathy and support can its influence be extended as it deserves. When we speak of the BANNER as established, we mean that it is established in the hearts of its tens of thousands of readers, and on such a security it relies to prolong its work for the great and humane religion of Spiritualism. We therefore appeal, knowing it will not be in vain, for the continued support and coöperation of all our old friends and as many new ones as are willing to help on the good work about which we are engaged. There is much to be done, but, with love inspiring us, no task is too great to be undertaken.

Brisker Times.

All sides predict an active condition of trade this fall, and good prices and profits. Business has already started up in Boston, as it has begun to in New York. The prevalence of cholera kept it back somewhat in the latter city, but now the pestilence is very nearly rooted out, the fears of traders from a distance are allayed. In Boston we have had nothing but an unbroken series of healthy and wholesome days. The city never was in better condition. We have purchasers from the West and South, and many more to come. Their stocks of goods have run low in the former section, and in the latter they are exhausted. The crops being much above an average, and money being plenty, a lively traffic in all sorts of commodities may confidently be expected.

Our Publishing Business.

It is a source of gratification to us to be able to announce to the readers and friends of the BANNER, and indeed to Spiritualists throughout the country, that our publishing business has grown into large proportions within a few years, and is destined to become still larger in the future. Our Publishing Department is supplied with a large and choice stock of works relating to free and progressive thought, and to all the leading reforms and liberal tendencies of the age. We can supply orders for almost any work of this character, and make that a speciality in our publishing business. It is not necessary to do more than remind the friends of Spiritualism of a fact which will be so welcome to them.

☞ The History of Modern Spiritualism in Philadelphia, is received, and will be published soon.

Letter from Charles Partridge, Esq.

To the Editor of Banner of Light:—For the cause of truth and the benefit of suffering humanity, I feel it is my duty to state my own experience of the benefits of Dr. J. R. Newton's healing power.

A year ago last May, in turning quick, I ruptured, (as the Doctors said,) a muscle in the calf of my leg, which caused it to turn more or less black from my knee to the sole of my foot, and to pain me to my hip. After some days I began to walk with two crutches, holding up my foot, and so continued to do, avoiding much exercise, because it pained me and caused my limb to swell. Many of our best physicians and surgeons examined and prescribed for me, without my receiving any benefit; all agreeing that it was a rupture of a muscle, and finally all came to the opinion that the length of time precluded the hope of cure.

After a year's suffering, and in May last, I called on Dr. J. R. Newton, on business, not intending to ask for his treatment, having no faith that he could heal a ruptured muscle. He, however, perceived intuitively my trouble, (for as I sat, there were no outward signs of it,) and he must first heal me, and immediately commenced manipulating my limb. In the course of two minutes he pronounced it cured, and bade me to get up and walk. I did so, *without crutches*, and have not used them since. The pain and soreness left me, but my limb continued to swell, by much use. I have had three treatments since, and I now call myself entirely cured, and walk about as well as ever.

Another case. My brother, Josiah Partridge, living in Brooklyn, has a daughter who has been troubled with St. Vitus Dance, or Chorea. She did not dance, but suffered with a constant contraction of limbs, and twitching of the muscles of her face, interfering with her speech. Many physicians tried to help her, but failed, and being encouraged by the wonderful cure of myself, Josiah took his child to Dr. Newton, who passed his hand over her head, face and spine, bidding disease to depart, and pronounced her cured, and she has been well from that moment.

Another case. Dr. Forbush, from Wisconsin, stated to me that he had been troubled with a scrofulous sore in his groin, which discharged something like a pint per day. He came here, considering his life at stake, to consult surgeons, and be operated on if deemed advisable. On his way here, he conversed with a fellow traveler, who urged him to apply to Dr. J. R. Newton. He faithfully consented, and did so on the Saturday after his arrival, and was treated by Dr. Newton, and pronounced cured. Dr. Forbush came to me, a stranger, and told me that the next day, instead of discharging, as it had, a pint, it discharged but very little, a spoonful or so, and that previously he could not walk a block; he had walked more than a mile to see me, and it did not pain him, neither was he tired. I understand that he left for home in a few days, cured.

I know of my own knowledge, many remarkable cases of healing of disease by Dr. Newton, simply by passing his hands over the diseased parts. I have been to his house, No 6 St. Marks Place, and witnessed his treatment, and his success, and have talked with many persons he has treated, and I conclude that he helps and cures about one-half of the multitude, and most of which are pronounced incurable by other physicians. He thinks that he cures three-quarters, and he has the best knowledge of the facts. The cures are permanent, and the Doctor is in earnest, and is no humbug or deceiver, as is sometimes alleged.

I have no interest with Dr. Newton, but I have with suffering humanity, and must, from my own experience and observation, urge those afflicted with disease, (no matter if physicians say it is incurable,) to apply to Dr. Newton, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

72 *Front Street, New York, Aug.* 30, 1866.

We are glad Mr. Partridge has given the above statement to the world. He is a highly respectable gentleman of wealth and influence, and no pecuniary advantage to himself could possibly have induced him to make public the above facts—but suffering humanity alone demanded it, and he obeyed the summons.

Having obtained the following list of persons who have been cured by Dr. Newton during the last few weeks he has been healing at No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York, we deem it our duty to give the facts to the public, though briefly, that other sufferers may secure a like blessing from his hands. There are no doubt thousands of sufferers whose disease could be entirely cured, or at least greatly relieved, if they would but visit him.

Mrs. Cordelia Contour, Green Point, N. Y., had been troubled with dropsy on her chest for eleven months; was cured with one treatment. Fifteen quarts of water were taken from her. She had been given over by six physicians. Her pains were so great at times, that her screams disturbed the whole neighborhood.

Israel Stone, Esq., 110 West 13th street, New York; cured of heart disease. His wife, also, was cured of neuralgia and female weakness, after ten years' suffering.

Mrs. Sylvia Livingston, 75 West 7th street, Williamsburg, N. Y.; stiff hand and fingers; cured instantly. She can now bend and shut her hand freely.

Hon. Richard B. Connelly, 55 East 38th street, New York; weak and inflamed eyes, and partial blindness; was obliged to remain in a darkened room; cured in twenty minutes.

Margaret B. Williams, 104 East 15th street, New York; spine disease; cured by one treatment.

Louis Herwitz, 181 Greenwich street, New York; liver complaint, dyspepsia, and confusion of mind almost to insanity; cured by one treatment.

Ralph S. Ellis, Stockton, Me.; congestive chills; cured instantly, after being reduced so low as not to be expected to live. His wife was also cured of dropsy, with which she had been afflicted from childhood.

Mrs. C. Vanhouten, 167 West 28th street, New York; neuralgia, catarrh and female weakness; cured.

Edward Lyons, 41 Greenwich avenue, New York; chronic sore throat, and fever and ague; cured.

Michael Conway, Manhattanville, N. Y.; rheumatism; was unable to walk for three years, and could not raise his hand; was brought by four men; perfectly cured.

A child of Samuel Jolly, 61 Fourth street, Williamsburg, N. Y., was instantly cured of fever and ague.

Zeno Norton, 175 South 2d street, Jersey City, N. J.; enlarged spleen, and neuralgia; cured by one treatment.

Mrs. Annie Middleton, 14 East 13th street, New York; lung disease, with great debility; restored to health by one treatment.

Grant P. Robinson, Jersey City, N. J.; fever and ague; cured.

Wm. D. Sperry, No. 11 Durham place, Williamsburg, N. Y.; tumor on neck, and rheumatism—the effects of calomel; cured by one treatment.

Miss Jane Middleton, 14 East 13th street, New York; ovarian tumor; cured with one treatment.

Mrs. Cornelius Appleby, 262 Railroad avenue, Jersey City, N. J.; dropsy of knee joint; was unable to bend her knee for twenty-three years; cured by one treatment.

Clarke J. Wait, Manchester, Vt.; bone ulcer on breast; cured.

Wm. D. Sperry, 16 Maiden Lane, New York; chronic and inflammatory rheumatism; cured.

Charles H. Mills, 313 Degraw street, Brooklyn, N. Y., was cured of deafness.

Mrs. Mary F. Kelley, 3 Washington place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; chronic headache, and great nervousness for twenty years; perfectly cured with one treatment.

P. C. Fisher, Esq., 244 Front street, New York; weak lungs and cough for two years; cured.

We could add many more to the above list had we the room to spare. Mr. Crowell, of the BANNER, was in New York a few days ago, and called on the Doctor. While in his office, he was astonished at the many cures the Doctor performed while he was present. In some instances the Dr. would not touch the patient, but simply pronounce him cured immediately on his entering the room, and order him to throw away his crutches, which was done, and the patient would walk away apparently as well as ever, filled with unspeakable joy and gratitude. Notwithstanding all that the skeptical world say against Dr. Newton's practice, he is doing a vast amount of good to suffering humanity. This is an established truth which cannot be shaken.

New Music.

We have received from the publishers, Brown & Perkins, 420 Broome street, New York, a beautiful song and chorus, entitled, "The Orphan Wanderer," published and sold for the benefit of the "Howard Mission," a charitable institution. This sweet and touching refrain must become very popular.

From the same firm we have received "The Golden Promise," a new collection of hymns and tunes for Sunday schools.

Reed & Meyer, 722 Arch street, Philadelphia, have published a popular song and duett; the words by P. B. Randolph, music by Felix Shelling.

"My First Polka" is the title of a fine composition, by Felice Emanuel Shelling, a youth only seven years of age. Twenty-five cents will procure a copy by sending to 722 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The President of the Convention.

It was the universal comment of those attending the late Convention of Spiritualists at Providence, that to the President of that body—Mr. Newman Weeks, of Vermont—the members of the entire auditory were indebted for very much of the real enjoyment of the occasion. Everything at such times depends on the management and the orderliness of the proceedings. Confusion mars all the pleasure. Hence an efficient and accomplished presiding officer is invaluable. Mr. Weeks approved himself such to a large assembly, dealing promptly and efficiently with the regular business, presenting speakers with impartiality, and bearing a large share in making the Convention a signal success.

Sunday Evening Lectures and Sacred Concerts in Howard Athenæum.

We learn that responsible parties in this city have engaged the Howard Athenæum for Sunday evening lectures and sacred concerts, to commence Sunday evening, the 30th. Alonzo Bond's large and superior Cornet Band is engaged for every evening during the season, and the ablest lecturers, men and women, will occupy the stage. A large choir of children and adults will be added to the exercises, on the second or third evening after the opening. The Howard Athenæum has just been newly furnished and decorated, and is one of the largest places of popular resort in Boston, seating about twenty-five hundred persons. Such a varied Sunday evening combination of interests and attractions cannot fail to be hailed as one of the most popular movements of the day.

The Children's Picnic.

The Children's Lyceum, of the Independent Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, are to have a picnic excursion to Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Wednesday, Sept. 26th. A special train will leave the Fitchburg Depot, in this city, at quarter before nine o'clock, stopping at Charlestown, Prospect-Street Station, Somerville, Porter's and Waltham. Another train leaves at eleven, stopping at the usual places. Tickets can be procured from members of the committee, one of whom will be found at each station. If stormy, the picnic will be postponed till further notice.

The children will give an exhibition of the Lyceum exercises, in the Grove, at a quarter before two. A nice clam chowder will be served up. Music, dancing, and other amusements as usual. The proceeds of this excursion will go to replenish the treasury of the Lyceum.

James, the Medium.

Mr. A. James, of Chicago, whose connection with the Artesian Well enterprise is so widely known, has been spending a few weeks in New England. He has received much attention from our friends in this city and vicinity. His medium powers have been called into requisition in some of the first families here. We trust he will find enough warm-hearted friends to induce him to prolong his stay. He is a genial gentleman, and possesses remarkable mediumistic gifts.

The Positive and Negative Powders.

Mr. Crowell, on his recent visit to New York, called at the residence of Prof. Spence, and had the satisfaction of examining a large pile of letters from persons who had used the Powders, bearing testimony of the benefits they had received from them. He came to the conclusion that there must be great virtue in a remedy that could bring forth such a mass of voluntary evidence in its favor.

Charles H. Foster's Seances.

This well-known test medium is holding séances in this city, at No. 6 Suffolk Place. His rooms are crowded daily. He informs us that his medium powers have greatly increased, and he is in a more harmonious condition than ever before. He is giving great satisfaction to those seeking tests from departed friends. Had we room, we could narrate many striking instances of personal identity of spirits.

Photograph of Mr. Pierpont.

We have obtained a supply of *carte de visite* pitotographs of the late Rev. John Pierpont. The likeness is excellent. Mailed to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents.

☞ We are in receipt of many articles which we should be glad to print at once, but our Convention reports, just at this time, crowd our columns, and oblige us to delay other matter for a short time. Have patience, friends; we are doing the best we can.

☞ Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Kendallville, Ind., a spiritual lecturer, occupied the platform of the Parker Fraternity, in this city, on Sunday, Sept. 9th. His discourse gave great satisfaction. He is an able man, and a fluent and pleasing speaker.

To the Friends of my Cause.

Brethren—I have come up to Ramoth Gilead to do battle for the Lord. Delegated to the Southern Convention of loyal men from eight different constituencies, I went to Philadelphia, and did my duty. The representatives of the nation deemed me a proper man to join the National Pilgrimage to the tomb of the martyred Lincoln. I am on my way. I therefore beg you to see to it that the subscription to my school goes on while I am on this holy duty; and I call upon all who have subscription lists, or who will contribute, to send in to me, at Chicago, Ill., care of the R. P. JOURNAL, all sums collected up to Oct. 1st, in order that they may, at the grave of the nation's great martyr, be announced to the world. In the last sublime words of the martyr Dostle, "LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON."

P. B. RANDOLPH,
Commissioner National Normal School.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 12, 1866.

[R. P. JOURNAL please copy.]

Both Atlantic telegraph cables are now working finely.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞ A discussion on Spiritualism is to take place at Gowanda, N. Y., (thirty-two miles south of Buffalo,) September 19th to the 23d inclusive, commencing at 1½ o'clock each day (except Sunday,) and 6½ P. M. Persons from abroad desirous of attending, can find stopping places by inquiring at the Union Hotel. The question to be discussed: "Is Spiritualism as true and sacred as the Bible?" The disputants are Lyman C. Howe in the affirmative, and Rev. W. H. Rogers, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the negative. The discussion will be interesting.

At the recent State elections in Vermont and Maine, the Republican tickets prevailed by largely increased majorities.

Laura V. Ellis, the physical medium, is holding séances in Connecticut, with the good success which attends her everywhere. Her agent, M. M. Ellis, can be addressed at Springfield, Mass.

Thanks, friend Crosby, for those delicious pears.

A sealed letter, postmarked "Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 7," sent to this office for answer, has been attended to, and awaits a claimant.

It has been asked when rain falls does it ever get up again? Of course it does in dew time, and though it falls hard it is always soft water.

Mrs. Orchard, a literary lady of Vermont, impelled to the task by circumstances which make it very honorable to her, has undertaken to procure subscribers to a volume of poems, written amid household cares and family sorrows, and infused with all those struggles of heart and brain which will commend them to the common heart of humanity. Simple, unambitious, musical in rhythm and rhyme, the poems in this volume, says the Springfield Republican, recommend themselves to all, while the enterprise of the woman gives a strong claim to the popular sympathy. We are glad to know that she is finding much encouragement in this city and vicinity.

When is a lady's neck *not* a lady's neck? When it is a little bare (bear).

A Spiritual Athenæum has been formed at 22 Sloane Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, for the establishment of a library of spiritual works; the holding of séances, *conversazioni*, and other reunions, and for the advancement of Spiritualism generally. It is to be under good business direction, and Mr. D. D. Home is the resident secretary. All books for the library, journals, correspondence, &c., should be addressed to him as above. The number of members is for the present limited to one hundred. Annual subscription, five guineas.

A Buffalo man has created a sensation in mechanical circles by a discovery that sheet iron will serve for belting in place of rubber or leather.

A timid gentleman some days ago met one of our bluff, burly doctors, who is more noted for the force than the polish of his language, when the following colloquy ensued: "Doctor, what shall I take for the cholera?" "The cholera! have you got the cholera?" "No." "Well, take the cholera first."

CHEAPER EDITION OF THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM MANUAL.—Bela Marsh is about to publish an *abridged edition* of Mr. Davis's Progressive Manual for Children's Lyceums. It will contain all the songs, hymns, recitations, practical portions of the first editions, and will cost about one-half less.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? *Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last* in help.

More than half of the coal operators in the Schuylkill region have closed their collieries for the season. The trouble is, that 50 per cent. more coal has been brought to market than has ever been before at this season of the year, and this enormous surplus of 2,700,000 tons finds no outlet of sale. Prices are depreciating, and the operators do n't want them to go any lower.

Dexter is the great American trotter now. He beat Butler in the unprecedented time of 2:18, at Buffalo.

Pierpont's "First Class Book," first published more than forty years ago, was greatly in advance of any school book extant. The stereotype plates were destroyed at the burning of the Harpers' establishment, about a dozen years ago.

Very fine apples are now raised in Minnesota, near St. Paul, latitude the same as the north of Vermont. Hitherto this has been considered an impossibility.

When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? When it has a little Indian in it.

English papers state that two gentlemen in London have invented a system of stenographic telegraphy which will save much time and expense in the transmission of messages.

A female school teacher, in her advertisement, stated that she was "complete mistress of her own tongue." "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

New Musical Mediums.

Mr. E. F. Kingman and Miss Mary Jane Clarke propose to give musical séances during the ensuing season. Having been developed as musical mediums, and for some time past been holding circles which have been highly interesting and satisfactory to those who have had an opportunity of attending, they are confident their performances are of such an order as will merit the approbation of all who may attend them. They can be addressed for the present at South Ashfield, Mass. The following named persons have attended their séances and endorse the mediums as genuine: Wait Bement, G. L. Guilford, both of South Ashfield, Mass., Mrs. Wells W. Foster, Shelburne Falls, Mass., Manley Hemenway, Conway, Mass.

Suggestion.

Allow me to suggest to the committee on an *Address to the World*, the propriety and practical utility of appending to the address, the *resolutions* which were adopted by the Convention. Thus would come before the world, not only the general address itself, but the *specific action* taken by the Convention upon the great practical questions of the day and age. J. M. ALLYN.

Business Matters.

☞ L. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM, ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending $3,00 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 10 Kendall street, Boston, Mass.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage free.

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

Health, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Dec. 31, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us *new* subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money ($3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artesian Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For *new* subscribers, with $6 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Coonley; "Poems," by A. P. McCombs; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

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Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

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

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charlestown hold regular sessions, at Washington Hall, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian.

THE INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, Charlestown, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square. Seats free. Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Dr. C. C. York, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. York, Guardian. Speaker engaged:—J. H. Currier, Sept. 23 and 30.

CHELSEA.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at Library Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 3 and 7½ P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum assembles at 10½ A. M. J. S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood during October. J. S. Dodge, Cor. Sec'y.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Winnisimmet Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7½ P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speaker engaged:—S. J. Finney during September, October and November.

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

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

TAUNTON, MASS.—Meetings will be resumed in September, in Concert Hall, and be continued regularly thereafter every Sunday. Mrs. N. J. Willis will speak during September.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11½ A. M. every Sunday. Mr. E. H. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson during September; F. L. H. Willis during October; Dr. W. K. Ripley, Nov. 4; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Nov. 11, 18, 25 and Dec. 2.

SALEM, MASS.—Meetings will be resumed in October, in Lyceum Hall, and be continued regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, free to all. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. N. J. Willis during October; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes during November.

HANSON, MASS.—Spiritual meetings are held in the Universalist Church, *Hanson, every other Sunday. Conference the* other Sundays. Mediums and normal speakers wishing to make engagements will please address, John Puffer, South Hanover, Mass.

MARLBORO', MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Forest Hall every other Sunday at 1½ P. M. Mrs. Yeaw, speaker.

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 A. M.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10½ o'clock.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 1½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10½ in the forenoon.

DOVER AND FOXCROFT, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Seats free. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock—Dr. D. B. Marks, Conductor. Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall should address P. E. Farnsworth, Sec'y, P. O. box 5619, New York.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3½ P. M.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Children's Progressive Lyceum holds public sessions every Sunday, at 2 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Hayden, Conductor; Amy Post, Guardian.

TROY, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Lyceum at 2½ P. M. Henry Roseau, Conductor; Mrs. Louisa Keith, Guardian.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held at Sansom street Hall every Sunday at 10½ and 7½ P. M. Children's Lyceum regular Sunday session at 2½ o'clock. M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Mrs. Ballenger, Guardian.

Meetings are also held in the new hall in Phœnix street every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. I. Rehn, Conductor.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in the new hall every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds Sunday session at 1 o'clock P. M. Mr. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., at Ellis Hall, Belleview Avenue.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The "First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at the usual hours of worship. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will speak till further notice.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street. Hours of meeting 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualists' meetings every Sunday in the hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Planck, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Planck, Guardian.

QUINCY, ILL.—The association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday, at 2½ P. M., in hall No. 130 Main street, third floor.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular sessions every Sunday afternoon at 2½ P. M., in Mercantile Hall. Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M., in Union League Hall.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured the Academy of Music, north side of Fourth street, between Elm and Plumb street, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum regular Sunday session at 1 o'clock P. M. Mr. J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

TOLEDO, O.—Mrs. Nellie L. Wiltsie remains in Toledo during September, and will deliver a lecture at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. on every Sunday during the month. Seats free. All are invited. The BANNER OF LIGHT and JOURNAL are for sale at the close of each lecture.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings in Turn Verein Hall, at 11 o'clock A. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. H. Bowman, Conductor; Mrs. Bowman, Leader of Groups.

Special Notices.

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

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

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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AGENTS FOR "THE RADICAL."

SPIRITUALIST, REFORMATORY AND PROGRESSIVE LECTURERS, and all other persons interested in Religious, Social and Political Advancement, will find that subscriptions for this Magazine are easily obtained. Thousands of individuals upon seeing a copy and becoming informed of its purpose will require no further inducement to subscribe. Letters daily received prove to us that all thinking people are looking and waiting for a publication of this class. With such contributors as R. W. EMERSON, T. W. HIGGINSON, ROBERT COLLYER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, O. B. FROTHINGHAM, and others of like class, furnishing its pages with their fresh and vitalizing inspirations upon the prominent questions of the day, the monthly appearance of "THE RADICAL" is looked for with interest and welcomed with open hands and hearts.

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A CORDIAL INVITATION to all who are not well able to pay, "without money and without price." Dr. Newton will not visit Buffalo, owing to the crowd of patients daily (over 20,000 having been treated since the first of May), but will remain in NEW YORK, at 6 St. Marks Place, 8th street, until the last of October—possibly longer. Due notice will be given in the BANNER. Sept. 22.

EXCELSIOR COMPY, COLORADO.

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Sept. 22.

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A REPLY TO
THE REV. JOHN WEISS,
ON
"OUR RELATIONS WITH THE SPIRITUAL WORLD."
BY F. T. LANE.

☞ Price, 10 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6. Sept. 15.

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Aug. 18.]

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.
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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim 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.

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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, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

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

Invocation.

Thou Soul of all being, whose presence maketh every form of life the casement of a living soul, thou whose benign countenance beameth in love, thou whose praise we hear through the green leaf and the flower, through the booming ocean and starry heavens, thou who art everywhere present, we look toward thee not in fear, but in love, and we would pray earnestly that day by day they may understand thee better, may comprehend thy manifestations more perfectly, may read thy law more understandingly; and as centuries shall roll by, and as our souls shall have an existence yet apart and still closely connected with other existences, then we will pray to know more of thee. And as we still journey on through the corridors and aisles of our soul's heaven, when we see thee in beauty through the flower, we will praise thee. When we see thy power manifested through the elements of Nature, we praise thee. When that power is seen in the intelligence that gleams out through human minds, we praise thee. Wherever thy footprints are, wherever thy voice is heard, wherever there is life, oh Source of Life, we will praise thee. And to-day, midst all the darkness that shrouds those souls living in human casements, still we praise thee, knowing that the time will come when their night of superstition shall be ended; when the shades of superstition shall flee away before the warm sunlight of truth. Our Father, unto thy care we commend these children. Through thy ministering angels watch over them, and finally receive them to that heaven of hope, in that land of light and glory beyond the tomb. Amen.

May 29.

Annie Barclay.

I have come, hoping that I may be able to open communication with my mother.

My father went out in the 72d New York regiment, and was killed. My mother was left with four children, and I was the oldest. I was thirteen years old. After my father was killed, my mother found it very hard to get along. But in the first place my little brother was taken sick, and then I was, and so she had to take care of us, besides obtaining the means of support, and it was still harder then.

But since I have gone, she says, "Now I don't want to live, and I don't care how soon we all go." But that is very wrong, for those who are left need her, and it's best they should receive the experience they will gain from earth. And I feel very sorry that my mother should feel so sad because I have gone, for I haven't gone. I go home to her most every day. Sometimes I stay with her a long time, and try very hard to make her feel I'm there; and she does think I am, because she says she seems to feel that I'm there. But she don't understand anything about folks coming back.

Her name is Sarah Ann Barclay. My name is Annie, and I want to find some way, if I can, to speak to my mother. I want her to know that we can come to her, and that she must try and be satisfied to stay here on the earth, for if she knows that we can come, she'll be happier; and if she knows we think she ought to try and be contented and stay here, she will try.

My father would come back if he knew how. But he says he's seen as much as he cares to of the earth, and he's sick of it anyway, and thinks he'd better stay away.

But I don't want to. I like to come, and will come as often as I can to my mother.

She thinks sometimes if she hadn't allowed me to work, and to go out when it wan't suitable for me, I should have been alive. But I have asked the folks in the spirit-world if I should have lived any longer, and they say there's a Great Intelligence that takes care of us all, and we change according to the will of that Intelligence, whether we will or not. So I reckon it would n't made any difference if I'd been treated differently.

And I hope my mother will find some place where I can speak to her. I've a great many things to tell her, but I don't feel just right at home here.

I thank you, sir. [Where does your mother reside?] She resides in New York, sir. She can't pay you, she isn't able to. [We don't ask anything. Can you name the street?] Yes, sir. I left her in Davis Court, leading from Walker street. May 28.

John Calvin Holmes.

I believe it's said in the Bible, when the sons of God came to transact some business with old Job, the devil presented himself among them; and I was thinking how very forcibly I illustrated that old fable, in coming back here to-day. I used to say to my folks when I was on the earth, "I cannot reverence your old, silly, absurd notions of God and the devil," although I was named after one of the most rigid old fanatics that ever lived—John Calvin—John Calvin Holmes.

Well, I cannot say much for myself, so far as changing upon religious points is concerned.

My good, pious friends who prayed for me when I left to go down to New Orleans to mix myself up with the fight to put down the rebellion, must n't expect that I'm anyway changed, except in body, and I can't come back here with a libel on myself. I'm no sort of a Christian, nor never was. I beg your pardon, sir, if I step on your corns. I may offend in that way, but I won't do it intentionally. And I can't for my soul see any sense in the notions that many folks on the earth entertain in regard to God and the future.

I am very happy in my own belief. I believe that life is everlasting, that there is no such thing as annihilating anything that ever had an existence. I'm not going to say that I know who the author of life is; for I'd like to see who the man or woman is who does know.

My good old aunt, who thought she was a Christian at seventy-eight—pretended to be—that was her age—and she's still on the earth now, used to worry over me. She says to me, "John, don't you at sometime, don't you sometimes believe in a God?" "Can't believe in what I don't see," I said. "But God is a spirit, and you cannot expect to see him with human eyes." I believe I made this remark: "If he is a spirit, then when I get to be a spirit, too, I'll be very sure to make his acquaintance; yes, I will."

I'm sorry to inform that dear old aunt that I was most terribly mistaken, for I've not seen any such spirit as God, and what's more, I don't expect to. And I'm sorry if she's coming to these spiritual quarters with any such papers, for if she does, she'll find herself mistaken day after day. I say day after day, because I must, as I am here, measure time by your earthly standard.

But notwithstanding all my wickedness, I am happy, satisfied. And if there is anything better in the universe, I'm bound to reach it. If there is a God, I'm bound to search him out somehow; but until I do, I shan't say I know where he is, shan't say that I've seen him when I haven't—not I, can't do it.

Now my good, pious friends have mourned a great deal over me, because it has been represented that I was a professional "sport." Well, I shall not plead guilty to the charge, inasmuch as I never indulged in that particular kind of business, except for sport, not as a profession, and I don't see where they could have gained such information. I'm only sorry that they trouble themselves about it.

If they have the real regard for me they seem to have, I would invite them to listen to a spiritual sermon preached by myself. I can't do it by proxy, no way. I must talk to them in my own way, because I must be myself. They must n't expect me to come back either a saint or a devil. I'm just what I was.

If by my coming I've made anybody unhappy, I beg pardon. The greatest Christian, when he does wrong, begs pardon of God, and I'm sure I can't be expected to do any better than they do. My disbelief in religion makes my friends sorrow, and always has. And because they're unhappy, I feel unhappy. I used to try hard to believe in some sort of a religion when I was living on the earth, on their account; but it was no go; I always tried in vain. I used to tell my folks that I did n't know of any better way for them to open the gates of heaven than to just put their hands in their pockets to a man who said, "I'm hungry," or "I want something for my wife and children." "Put your hands in your pockets, and if you've got anything there, just take it out and give it to him." They did n't see it that way. The gates of heaven, they believed, were to be opened to them by somebody that lived eighteen hundred years ago, that they'd never seen, and who might have been as bad as I am, for aught I know. I can't say he was, or was n't; did n't happen to live in those days, you know.

I'd like my friends to know I died as happy as a king. I did n't have any fear of any revengeful God or any long-tailed devil—not a bit. I thought if there was any hereafter, I should be taken good care of. That's where I stood. If they want to stand on any better plane, I'm willing they should; but if I was going to live my life over again, I'd stand on the same plane.

Good-by, and a happy exit to you when you quit the mortal body. May 29.

Henri Borraghan.

I have tried many times to speak this way, but I have never been able to make much go, and I have begun to think I should not do much, anyway. But I was impelled with the desire to come back to earth again and speak, because I have one brother who is poor, and is some sick. He have lost his arm, and he have not got much to do with in money ways here.

We went out together to fight, as did Lafayette, for this country. Lafayette gave his mind for the people, and we gave our bodies for the people, to save the Constitution and Union of the United States. I was killed in the war, and my brother lost his arm. And I would like, sir—oh, so much more than anything else in the world, could I speak with him. [Do you know where he is?] Yes, sir, I do know where he is. He is now in Cleveland, Ohio. There is where I was. We were there together. I'd like him to know I have come; like him to know I want to speak to him; then when he lets me go to him alone, I shall tell him about myself, and I shall tell him about himself, too. He is now got low-spirited. He was sick a long time after he was wounded, then he lost his arm, and can do nothing, and he's made up his mind he's good for nothing now; and that is what I want to get out of his head entirely; want him to know there is something better for him, something besides laying down and dying. I can put him in the way to help himself. There are many ways open, should I know which of those ways my brother would like to walk in. And I can tell him, and I will, if he will just give me the chance.

I'm dead—I know I'm dead. I'm alive, too. I have myself, as I had when I was here. Yes, I'm here all the same, except my body. I think as I did, I like what I did here, I dislike what I did here, and I am what I was. I was paying attention to what he said, the gentleman what has gone. I was paying attention to him when he said, "I must be myself, anyway." I don't see how he could be anybody else; don't see how anybody could be anybody beside themselves.

Now I should like, if possible, that Henri Borraghan—that is me—now I should like that I could speak to Frederick Borraghan; that is what I desire most of all things in this world—that he go to some medium. That is what I desire. Will he go there, I will come to him. He knows not much. He have some idea about it. Our people, you know, are very intuitive. Their material, you know, is so kind of airy and light, that the spirit can shine through it. We have an idea that we are surrounded by the spirit-world, and that spirits can, under favorable circumstances, impress themselves upon our consciousness. He believes that, as I did; that's all, you know. But he has no knowledge of this modern Spiritualism. He has that, but no more.

Monsieur, I will pay my compliments, in return of the good-will, when you shall come where I am, if not before. May 29.

Circle closed by Charles Thayer; opened by William E. Channing.

Invocation.

Spirit of Wisdom, we would lose our ignorance in thee, even as the shades of night are lost in the radiance of day. Spirit of Love, we would lay down all our differences of opinion at thy feet, and ask thee to bless us. Spirit of Peace, we would forget that we have ever been at war with each other, and learn to walk with thee. Our Father and our Mother, Life, thy blessings are everywhere. They come to thy children through the sunshine of day, and through night; through every manifestation of life thy blessings are poured out upon thy children. They understand it not. They do not know thy voice in its stillness, softness and sweetness, as it sounds over the rough billows of life, calling them one and all to thee. They only seem to understand what is pleasing to them. Oh Spirit of Life, may we so impress the consciousness of their inner lives with thy divine omnipotence and omnipresence, that they shall know thou art everywhere, and feel that thy hand of love is dealing with them in all the blessings of Time and Eternity. Let it be our mission to swing back the gates of heaven, and show them their lost ones in that sphere of love. Let us rob the grave of its gloom. Let us light up the tomb with the intelligence of wisdom. Let us endow thy children here with some knowledge of the hereafter, that their steps be not slow; that they may run the race without wearying, and still praise thee as the Great Author of all things, as their Father and Mother, who art perpetually blessing them. And unto thee, this day and all other days, we will bless thee and praise thee forever. Amen. May 31.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, we will answer them.

QUES.—By E. D. Couch, of Salisbury, N. H.: It was stated by the controlling intelligence at the Banner of Light Circle a short time since, that poverty was a very desirable condition in this life. I would like to ask if it can say, in view of all the crime, degradation and wretchedness among the poor in our large cities, that poverty is favorable to the cultivation of man's spiritual nature?

ANS.—Poverty is by no means the begetter of crime. Crime comes by virtue of ignorance, and by that alone. Those who are abundantly blessed with the things of time, are apt to be very tenacious of their earthly lives; are apt to cling very closely to the things of this world. And so it is, when the time comes for them to change worlds, they are not ready to go. Their wealth holds them here. It is like so many ten thousand strings that are binding them to earth. The spirit finds it very hard to detach itself from earthly things. And in view of this, we do affirm that poverty is better than riches. If you could have the wealth of this world without any of those circumstances that always come attending it, we should determine differently. But because we know you cannot, we can but say it is better you have poverty. If society stood upon a right basis, you would have less of that you call crime existing among the poor. There is equally as much among the rich, but you do not see it. It is covered by their wealth. But the poor have no such shield with which to cover their crimes. And so it is you see these things. They stand out to be seen by all, for they have no money to buy the wherewith to cover them. Do the poor stand upon a worse foundation than the rich who commit crimes? Are they worse than those who cover them? By no means. Poverty is indeed a blessing, that you will all sooner or later know how to prize. And the wealth of this world is indeed a curse, which you will all sooner or later understand.

Q.—How could the business enterprises of the world, or even the benevolent schemes of the philanthropist, be successfully carried out, without a goodly portion of that anathematized article, money?

A.—If you loved each other as Christ was said to have loved the world; if your benevolence was broadcast and deep seated, there would be no need that a few should have a hoard of wealth, while the many were without it. All the benevolent schemes that humanity dream of, but do not carry into active life—except on rare occasions—might be easily carried out without the so-called wealth of this world, if society were only on a different basis. If the law of *mine* and *thine* were annulled, then the morning of the millennium would dawn. Then the benevolence of every soul might assert its sway in a grander way than ever before. That benevolence that comes through dollars and cents is a very poor quality, believe us.

Q.—The intelligence also advanced the opinion that there never was a general flood, as described in the Bible. If so, how does it account for the traditions of that event, which are found among the various and widely separated tribes of savage life?

A.—It was not asserted as a mere matter of opinion that there never was a general flood, but as a fixed fact, founded upon historical and geological truth. That there could not have been a general flood, is proven by geology. It is a well known fact that the ancient tribes existing upon the face of the earth were very ignorant, compared with those of to-day. They had no idea that there was a great universe lying all around them, which they had not taken any cognizance of. To them, the whole world was within the small compass of their limited vision. And when that little space was inundated or flooded by the heavens, they believed all the world was as they were. All these various traditions which have been handed down from age to age, have had their origin in ignorance and superstition, every one of them, as you will all by-and-by learn.

Q.—If geologists are correct in their belief that the earth was once a mass of liquid fire, and that it gradually cooled on its surface, forming a crust about fifty miles in thickness, is not the cooling process still going on, and the temperature of the surface and the surrounding atmosphere gradually growing less each year?

A.—We believe that there will always be a certain amount of atmospheric life upon and surrounding the earth. There will also be—so we believe—a certain portion of that that may be called your earth in a fluid state, and a certain portion in a more solid and condensed state. Absolutely speaking, there is nothing solid in the universe. That that is absolutely solid cannot be disintegrated by any process in nature. And as all things we know of can be resolved back to a gaseous state, so we know nothing is solid in the universe. The law of give and take is ever active. That which is more condensed, more solid than the fluid, is constantly taking something from the fluid, and that which is fluid is constantly receiving that which shall convert it into a more solidified state, that it may hold its equilibrium. And so on through all the various conditions of life; each one preserving their own orbit, and moving on in perfect precision. We cannot admit that your correspondent has found exactly the right place, but he is by no means altogether in the wrong. We may have in some things advanced a step beyond him, while in some others he is beyond us. We would recommend that he search on; solve every problem that is presented to him, surely and slowly. Then he will work out his way, not with fear and trembling, but with great rejoicing.

Q.—Remains of elephants, it is said, have been found in the Arctic regions. How does the controlling intelligence account for their existence there?

A.—Why, upon the same hypothesis that we have just been speaking of concerning the law of give and take. The same conditions that are necessary to sustain life here where you are now in existence, were once in existence in the Arctic regions. This is a strange assertion to make, but it is very true. And the Arctic regions were once where your plane of action now exists. You should remember you are constantly revolving, not simply upon the axis of the world, but in all things repeating yourself and changing places constantly. To-day this portion of the world where we are now speaking is dry land, so called. Ten thousand years in the future, it may be a fathomless ocean. This is a truth; a great and mighty, natural truth, that you are all changing places. That you die, is proof of it. That you live again beyond the tomb, is another proof of it. That as ages shall again roll on, you will again inhabit human forms, is still further proof of it. Can you follow us there? No, you cannot, nor would we wish you to. We would rather advise you to confine your researches to your own immediate surroundings. Satisfy yourself with regard to them, and you will satisfy yourself in the future.

C.—Will this change take place gradually?

A.—So gradually, that human senses will take no cognizance of the change that is going on.

Q.—What, in your opinion, will be the result of the quarrel between Austria and Prussia?

A.—We believe that out of the present internal contention between these two powers there will be born a more perfect child. Each will come to a more perfect understanding of their own needs. And when they do, they will cease to war with each other. So we believe it will be said that neither has conquered. May 31.

Hannah Jane Wesselhoff.

I have hoped by coming here that I may satisfy the friends I have left, of the power of the spirit to return after death. I was a believer in these things before I died, but I was principally alone in my belief, and there were times when I suffered much because of the opposition that was rife among my friends concerning my belief. I said, "When it shall please our Father to take me hence, if that event takes place before you have gone, I will certainly return." One dear friend was more sanguine than all others that I should be mistaken, and suggested that I should say, "If I am able to." I replied, "My faith admits of no doubt, and, because it does not, I cannot express a doubt. I know because I live now I shall live in the future. And I am as sure that I shall be endowed with the power to return as I am sure I shall live." I am aware that I shall meet with opposition now, as I did when I was dwelling on the earth. But I care not. I have only their good and my own duty to prompt my return to earth, and I am willing to suffer far more than I did here for the carrying forth of that I more than believed, that which I know to be holy in itself.

I was christened Hannah Jane Wesselhoff. My mother passed to the angel-world when I can scarcely remember, and I now know that I was indebted, for the blessing I enjoyed here, to her intercession, her presence. It was that gentle spirit that overcome my prejudices with regard to the truth of Spiritualism, and opened the door of intuition, that I might *see* and *know* and fully *realize* that I lived with angels, even when on the earth.

I used to tell my dear friends my mother said certain things, but they felt it was blasphemy, and said, "Oh, if you think such unholy thoughts pray don't speak them." They were holy to me, were beautiful, and I was so full of their glory and the heaven they brought, I wanted to impart it to those around me that were not so blessed in some respects as I was. Still I am not weary. I am ready to-day to press onward in the cause of truth, to impart something of my light to my dear friends. I said I would come.

And now to my dear aunt and her family, to my two sisters and one brother, more than to all else, I would speak words of truth to-day. I told you I would come. I told you I would go across the water; I would manifest there so you should know it was me. I have now spoken of things that were known only to my own family and immediate friends. To you, my dear aunt, who stood at my bedside when my spirit was passing on—to you who prayed so earnestly that I might give some evidence that my peace was made with the Eternal Powers, that I had recanted from my former wild belief, to you let me say, my spiritual belief was like a glorious chariot upon which I ascended to the spirit-world. And I come back to-day to pray that you, dear aunt, lay aside your superstition and embrace that you called my fanaticism. You will regret it if you don't. You will look back upon that time and say, "I wish I had used my time more rationally." But never mind; I can come, as I said I would. And I bless you all, and I am to-day, as I was then, a believer and a preacher of the great Gospel that was taught by Jesus. I died in London on the 16th day of March, 1861. I am happy to be here. I knew I should come. Farewell. May 31.

Oliver S. Price.

I fell before Petersburg in a little brush with a Federal officer who insisted that I should yield to him and consider myself a prisoner. From certain remarks that were dropped at that time by this officer, I reckon he must have been one of those persons who believe that we dead folks could come back. I said something like this to him: "You had better be careful! You see I am as well armed as yourself; and as we apparently are alone—that is to say, we have it to fight out between ourselves, you stand as good a chance to be popped over as I do." He said, "Very well; if I do go out of this body I shall be here all the same, and shall be bound to whip you, dead or alive. Now surrender!" While I was contemplating what the fellow could mean by such language, I found that he had got the better of me, and that I was indeed his prisoner.

Now if that fellow is anywhere round the earth I want to see him and talk with him. I'm pretty sure he's not in the spirit-world, for if he was, I should have found him out. Now I've come back for the express purpose of having a talk with him; and then I should like to meet all my friends. In justice to him I would say I'm not indebted to his friendly bullet for the happiness I enjoy in the spirit-world. When I found myself really his prisoner I chafed a little, and was determined to be free; and as those having charge of me found I was a little obstreperous, would n't do as they wanted me to, they thought the easiest way of dealing with me was to lay me down still. But I'm quite sure I was not indebted to the gentleman I wanted to find, but to a lieutenant, I believe.

Now I'd be willing to stake all my happiness in the future—and I presume I hope for as much as any, and more than some do—upon the fact of that fellow being a Yankee. He will live a Yankee as long as he lives on the earth, die a Yankee, go to heaven a Yankee, and, I presume, will live a Yankee through all eternity; for he exhibited such strong marks of the Yankee then, I don't believe they will ever be obliterated. I don't know his name. There's where, you see, I am laboring under a difficulty. But I've every reason to believe that he knows mine; so I shall have to trust to his spiritual belief in these things to help me along. When he knows that I can come back I hope he'll give me a chance to talk with him, for I've something to say more than I have here. I presume he found my name, Oliver S. Price, upon my fixings. I am very green at these things—don't know anything about them, but I have a great desire to know more of that Yankee. You see our acquaintance was very short indeed, and I can't for my life give you any sort of a just description of him, either. I only remember what he said to me, what I thought of him; and I've thought of him ever since I woke up on the other side. He's one of the kind who believe we can come back; and he's a strange genius—I want to know more of him. The devil of it is, he seems to draw me to him. [You're attached to him.] I believe I am, and he's got firm hold of me.

I am no Yankee; I am a rebel now to the backbone, and I'd shoot you now, if I had the chance, as quick as ever—that is, take me on, place me on the battlefield; but as a gentleman talking to a gentleman, I'd be sure to treat you with respect. But with the questions involved that gave rise to your war, I'd shoot you down, if I got a chance to. I ask no pardon for speaking as I do, for I've simply uttered the truth. [You may be of great assistance to him, and he to you.] Well, if I could get him to serve me, I'd be glad to have him, whether he would be glad to serve me or not; selfish, you see. [We all are.] Yes, we at the South were a little selfish, wanted our own way, and in order to get it we went to war; but you happened to outnumber us, and so you had your way, and we did n't. Now according to certain theories it's all right, and according to other theories it's all wrong, and it's very hard to determine which is the right and which is the wrong.

I still stand where I did when here on rebel ground, and I'd fight against you again, if I was in the body.

Now if he's anywhere on the earth, and sees my message, let *him* answer to his name, for I don't know his. If he sees it, let him answer to *mine;* that'll do. If he don't, let him cut the string; that's all. [You are attached to him magnetically.]

Well, I'm determined, stranger, to see through it, see the end of this thing. I hope I shall have a chance to talk with him. I've got something to say more than I have here; I want him to understand that.

When I've said *that*, I want to talk to somebody else besides him. [The same law is true of the murderer, the assassin. The man he kills is as firmly attached to him after death, as when he murdered him, so far as spirit is concerned.] Oh, that's the philosophy, is it? [Yes; the magnetism of the murderer fastens on to his victim.] Oh, yes; I begin to see through it. I do remember now; yes, he stood over me when I died; was sorry; said something about it; it was by no order of his. As a soldier he dealt with me. I should have done the same by him; but he had little the start. Good-day. May 31.

James Barnard.

Be kind enough to say that James Barnard, of the 10th Maine, has come here, and would be glad to come to his friends.

I was in my twenty-first year; the youngest of three brothers who were killed in the war. I have left a mother, who is in great grief about those she's lost. And we all think if we could come to her, as others come to their friends, she would see these things in a different light. Instead of mourning for us as dead, she would be rejoiced to think we had got through with this world, and know that we were still with her. Good-day, sir. May 31.

George W. Cutter.

I am George W. Cutter; nine years old. I was born in Boston; died in St. Louis last winter; and my father had gone there because he had business there after the war, and there I got sick and died. And I've seen all the other boys' folks coming back, and I asked if I could come, and they said I could; I'd only got to learn how to come; and I could do so just as soon as conditions favored me, better than anybody else.

My mother feels so bad! I'm not so happy in the spirit-land as I should be if she did n't feel so bad. I aint got anything else to make me unhappy; have n't been homesick at all, only feel bad about my mother.

I want them to know that I have n't died; I'm only out of sight. [Are you with her often?] Yes, sir. I've found, too, a great many folks in the spirit-land that were my father's and mother's relatives. They're all kind to me, and I like there, and I would n't come back if I could. I don't like to be sick and die, and I don't think anybody would ever care to come back again. [Are your mother and father in St. Louis?] Yes; my father is part of the time in New Orleans. He's agent, he is; he's agent for parties in New Orleans, and the branch is in St. Louis.

I want to go to my mother. I want to go straight to my mother. I want to ask her a great many things, and to tell her she may ask me as many questions as she likes when I go to her. She knows about these things, but don't believe it. She will, now I've come; I know she will. I know she wants me to come to her if I can.

I heard my father telling her once that he went with a friend to one of these places in New York. She told him never to go again; that it was awful; he'd be crazy. But I don't care; I know I can make her believe. I know she wants me to come, if I can. [Do you remember where your mother resided?] The place you mean? Have n't got it, sir. They told me I must n't give anything that I was n't very sure about. They told me if I was asked anything that I did not know certainly, that I must n't say yes or no, but say I did n't know. And if I do n't do so, and want to come again they won't let me.

I want to get a chance to go home, if I can; go to my mother; don't care where it is. My home is n't there now. I've got a better one. Yes, sir; she said to father the other day, she was going with him now, she should n't stay, could n't stay. She'd go back and forth to New Orleans. So, on the way somewhere, she can go to any of these folks; I don't care where it is. I'm much obliged to you. May 31.

Circle closed by "Little Crow"; opened by William E. Channing.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, June 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Edward Barrows, to his mother, Sarah Barrows, in Springfield, Mass.; Susie Hyde, of Medford, Mass., to her friends; and her minister, Rev. Seth Davis; Philip Stedman, who died in New Orleans, La., to friends in Chicago, Cleveland and New Orleans.

Monday, June 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Sophy A. Thompson, to her mother, Elizabeth Thompson, in New York City; Chas. Malone, of New York, to his cousins, Philip and James; Harriet Carter, of Charleston, S. C., to her friends at the North.

Monday, June 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Clara Stiles, to Abner Stiles, in Baltimore, Md.; Jerry Harringan, to Tom and Mary; Hugh Thomas, to Dr. Sam'l Thoma-

as, of Galveston; Sam'l Berry, 35th Mass., Co. C.; Wm. J. Phillips, of the 72d New York, to three comrades.

Monday, July 2.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Capt. Robt. Palmer, to his wife Eliza; John S. Floyd, to his mother and sisters; Charlotte Blackburn, to Elizabeth Hell, James Wells, and Betsey Wells; Jerry Colgan to Michael.

Tuesday, July 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Edwin Coles, to Mary Coles, in Princeton, Ind.; Arabella Burnet, to her father, Geo. Burnet, in New Orleans, La.; Patrick Reagan, to his brother, Jas. Reagan, in this city.

Thursday, July 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charles Horton, to friends; Ben White, of Boston; Mary N. King, to James Lefaur, of Norfolk, Va.; Oren Thompson, to his daughter.

Monday, July 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Frank Robinson, to his father; Annie Sawyer, to her brother John; Sam'l Taylor, to Ben Thatcher, a brother soldier and medium.

Tuesday, July 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Deacon Fuller, of Hingham, Mass.; "Aunt Jean," to David Gilchrist, Franklin, N. H.; Hattie Watson, to her mother, in Jersey City, N. J.

Thursday, July 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Harriet Hubbard, to Mrs. Amy Hubbard, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Ephraim Wingate, to Sarah Jane, his wife; Georgianna Goldsmith, to her mother, in New York City.

Monday, Sept. 3.—Invocation; Rev. John Pierpont; John Rand, of Fall River, Mass., to friends; Olive C. Wendell, of New York City, to the Editor of the "Banner of Light"; Jas. G. Gooch, to Thomas Shelton, of New Orleans, La.; Annie Elizabeth Gaines, to her mother, in St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, Sept. 4.—Invocation; Question and Answer; Donald McKay, to his friends; George Kingsbury, to Ben. Perry, in Dover, N. H.; Carrie Townsend, of Bridgewater, Vt., to friends; Aunt Lucy (colored), formerly a servant in Jefferson Davis's family, to Mr. Davis.

Obituaries.

Passed away, in Canterbury, Conn., July 5th, 1866, Hiram Waldo, aged 62 years.

"None knew him but to love him." Such was the silent, unspoken sentiment of the large cortege that followed to the grave the inanimate remains of the beloved husband, father, brother and friend, whose name stands at the head of this humble memorial. Mr. Waldo was in every sense a true Spiritualist; kind, benevolent and gentle in all his relations of life; a faithful husband, affectionate father, devoted brother and friend, he won the love of all who knew him, and elevated and ennobled by his genial influence all who came in contact with him. His illness was long and painful, and it became apparent to him and others that he must pass the "way of all the earth," if something more was not done. Your humble servant, then, at his request, wrote to our brother, Dr. J. C. Grinnell, who came, but the hand of disease was too heavy to be lifted even by the help of this efficient brother, who remained with him to the end, soothing him as the spirit directed. But no fear or dread of the approaching angel was manifested by him—his only desire being to live for his wife and children. Affectionately bidding each one not to weep for him, his life-bark broke away from the moorings of earth, and was borne away across the river to the bright, shining sea of Eternity. Earth clasps in its motherly embrace no fairer casket, nor heaven enshrines upon its snowy bosom a brighter jewel than his. May their pathway be brightened by his loving presence; and when they in turn shall cast aside the garb of mortality, may they join him in the Elysian Fields, odorous with the breath of undying flowers, and illumined with the radiance and glory of an eternal day. L. H. Dresser.

Putnam, Ct., Sept. 6, 1866.

Passed to her Spirit-Home, from Binghamton, N. Y., Aug. 30th, 1866, Mrs. Mary H. Avery, wife of Albert G. Avery, Esq., in the 46th year of her age.

Her freed spirit has passed from our mortal vision, but we have the assurance that the kind and genial influence that characterized her whole life in the past will ever be with us, and continue to influence us for our good. For several years past she has been a firm believer in the beautiful truths of spirit-communion, and is now enjoying a full realization of those truths. Having been educated from childhood in the school of Old Theology, and having been, also, a member of the Baptist Church for many years, it would almost seem passing strange to many why she did not continue with them. Having a soul all aglow with love and kindness for all with whom she met, especially the sick and afflicted, and a hand ever ready to help "in time of need," it is safe to say, as well as believe, that it required no hard struggle on her part to break through the walls of Old Theology and scatter creeds and dogmas to the winds. Her decease was occasioned by a severe fall, which broke her arm and seriously injuring her internally; she survived some twelve days after receiving her injuries. She suffered extreme pain for a few hours before her spirit left, but at the last she went calm and peaceful, like one going to rest. She leaves a kind companion, an only child (a dutiful daughter of twenty-two summers, both firm believers in the Spiritual Philosophy,) to shed their tears of sorrow over the absence and departure to the better land of an affectionate wife and a fond and loving mother. She also leaves an aged mother, three brothers and one sister, who were not present at her decease or burial. May they all find true consolation in the realization of spirit-presence and influence. To all the sorrowing friends of the deceased, the writer can assure you that you have the deepest sympathy of all who knew our departed friend and sister. H. R. Brown.

Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1866.

Passed to the Spirit-Shore, at Auburn, Me., Aug. 27th, 1866, Parlin Springer, late of Lewiston, aged 56 years 7 months.

The subject of this notice was firm in the knowledge of spirit-communion and companionship. He left his earth abode in full view and strong in the faith of his future home. "Often," he used to say, "I enjoy the society and realize the help of spirit-friends." A kind and beloved father has joined the angel-world to meet his companion, daughter, and others, to give him welcome there. For years he suffered remittent pain and lameness, caused by an accident on board a ship. His walk was upon an humble plane of life. He knew by experience the sorrows and griefs of the poor, the aged and the infirm. Many, without seeming cause for trouble and disquietude, might gather profitable lessons of patience from his walk of human life. Now he is freed from his earth pilgrimage; happiness beams from his translated mind. He has found a treasure in the skies more valuable than gold or silver could have been to him on earth; for this wealth is eternal there, while the others could have been only temporal. "Tell my children," he says to the writer of this, "I am more happy now than I have been before for years. I am happy in feeling I am happy, in being free from pain and free from earth. I hope to requite you all by helping you for your kindness and watchfulness over me during all my years of lameness, and especially at the last of my journey on earth. Mother and Lottie met me on the border. Each took me by the hand, and helped me up to the sunny, happy land. I am quite at home." It is cheering, indeed, to know our friends, who have seemed to us to die, are with us still, living though in another form. Five children remain on earth to miss and mourn the material loss of paternal care and affection. May the bright and good angels guard and comfort them and all other friends through the various paths of human life. Geo. A. Peirce.

Departed this life, from her earth-home, in East Templeton, Louisa, wife of T. T. Greenwood, aged 48 years.

The subject of this notice was one of the first who embraced the Spiritual Philosophy in this vicinity, and remained a firm believer in its beautiful teachings until the close of her mortal life. Stricken down by a severe illness about the first of April, and then partially recovered, able to mingle again in the companionship of her friends, and attend to her household duties in part, the fond husband felt to rejoice, believing she would still be spared to comfort him, and guide the tender feet of the little "home flock." But alas for human hopes! the shining arrow was poised, and she fell before its aim: another attack of the disease prostrated her, and upon the 28th of May her loving spirit dropped its mortal covering. Then it seemed to the bereaved companion and desolated children the light of home went out. They will miss her tenderness and care; but firm in the belief that she still lives, they mourn not without hope. Many times during the past ten years has the writer, and many others toiling in the cause she loved so well, found a pleasant home by her fireside. No more shall we be welcomed by her smile, sustained by her encouragement in the earth-life; but we know she is revelling in worlds of light, and there may we meet her when our bodies shall have given up the immortal, and our souls have gone "beyond."

Her funeral was attended on the 30th by a large concourse of friends. Remarks were offered by Rev. E. G. Adams, of Templeton, after which the writer followed, speaking words of love and sympathy as dictated by the spirits departed. It was sad to witness the sorrow of husband and children, as they gathered around the inanimate form of their loved one; but we know

"Thy presence hangs about us still,
And we shall meet thee there."

Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer.

Baldwinsville, Mass., Sept. 10, 1866.

Departed this life, at Boston, Mass., July 26th, Miss Abbie F. Crockett, aged 22 years and 5 months, daughter of Charles and Dora Crockett, of Dexter Me.

This young lady was for some time a sojourner in our beautiful Vineland, and many appreciative hearts will ever remember the intimate friendship formed with her, and the genial occasions enjoyed. She was pure and lofty in her character, sweet and amiable in all the attributes of her nature, with added graces of educational culture at once honorable to her parents and ennobling to her herself. She was happy in the thought of a better home, and especially in the expectation of there meeting a dear little sister, who had "gone over the river" but a few months before.—*Vineland Weekly.*

ANSWERS TO

Ever-Recurring Questions from the People.

A SEQUEL TO THE PENETRALIA. By Andrew Jackson Davis.

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HEALING MEDIUM, developed to cure diseases by drawing the disease upon himself, at any distance; can examine persons; tell how they feel, where and what their disease is, at the same time. One examination $1; ten exercises to draw disease, $5; thirty for $10. Treats patients at a distance by letter, by inclosing the sum giving your name and address. 16 Kneeland street. Office hours from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

THIS CERTIFIES that Dr. Geo. B. Emerson has produced a cure of Kidney and Liver Complaint; also, of Deafness of long standing, by drawing the disease upon himself, at a distance, without the use of medicine. Reference: WILLIAM GREENLEAF, Church street, Lynn, at Christopher Robinson's. *—Sept. 22.

"THEY shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."—St. Mark, xvi: 18.

E. R. YOUNG,

DYNAMIC and HYGEALTHIC PHYSICIAN, who is having wonderful success in his peculiar form of treating disease, may be found at 208 Tremont Street, corner of LaGrange street. Office hours—8 to 11 A. M., 2 to 6 P. M. Consultation free. Sept. 1.

C. H. FOSTER,
TEST MEDIUM,
No. 6 Suffolk Place,
Sept 8. BOSTON, MASS.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose $1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. July 7.

MRS. R. COLLINS

STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine street Boston, Mass. July 7.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Magnetic and Clairvoyant Physician, 292 Washington street, Boston. After a vacation of two months, Mrs. L. is prepared to receive patients as heretofore. Those at a distance wishing treatment, will send lock of hair, name, age, and prominent symptoms. Terms of Examination, $1,00. Sept. 8.

MRS. PLUMB, Clairvoyant Physician, Test and Business Medium. Perfectly reliable. No. 18 East Canton street. Circles every evening. Developing Circles Wednesday evening. Admission 15 cents. Sept. 8.

MRS. H. B. GILLETTE, Electric, Magnetic, Healing and Developing Medium, heals both Body and Mind. Rooms, 69 Dover street, Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M. May 12.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Av. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. July 7.

MRS. SPAFFORD, Trance Test Medium, No. 13 Decatur street, Boston. Hours from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 4. Sept. 1.

MRS. Z. KENDALL will receive her friends at 56 Pleasant street, as a Test and Healing Medium. Sept. 15.—2w*

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, 208 Tremont St., cor. LaGrange. Sept. 1.

MRS. L. PARMELEE, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, 1179 Washington St., Boston. 13w*—Ag. 18

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No. 13 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard street.) July 7.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.

They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained and what cultivated.

Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate.

Everything of a private character kept strictly as such.

For Written Delineation of Character, $1.00 and red stamp.

Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to, either one or the other.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
July 7. tf Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

HEALING THE SICK,
BY THE
LAYING ON OF HANDS!

DOCTOR PERSONS, late of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, who has treated over 32,000 patients within the last three years, and whose cures have never been surpassed in the world's history, will heal the sick at the following places:

At **CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA,** at the AMERICAN HOUSE, for fifteen days, from Sept. 5th to 20th.

At **LYONS, IOWA,** at the RANDALL HOUSE, for fifteen days, from Sept. 21st to Oct. 6th.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, at the SCOTT HOUSE, for thirty days from Oct. 10th to Nov. 9th. Aug. 18.

HEALING INSTITUTE, QUINCY, MASS.

THIS HOUSE was opened by MRS. A. J. KENISON, July 1st, 1866, as a pleasant home for Spiritualists and liberal minds. Board with or without treatment. Those in attendance possess potent Electric, Magnetic and Sympathetic Healing Powers. Also, medical prescriptions given clairvoyantly. We solicit the aid of progressive minds in a work for the benefit of humanity. Washington Street, near centre depot. Aug. 11.

DORMAN & WILLIAMS,
Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physicians,
No. 8 New street, Newark, N. J.

MRS. ELIZA P. WILLIAMS (sister of A. J. Davis) will examine and prescribe for disease, and cure the sick by her healing powers, which have been fully tested. tf—Sept. 1

SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

THE MISSES J. M. AND S. M. PEASE, in connection with Miss L. Connaton, are a band of the most powerful and convincing Test Mediums that have ever been before the public. They combine many phases of spirit communion. Terms, $1.00. Psychometrical Delineations of Character given by letter. Send Photograph. Terms, $1,00. Address, MISS S. M. PEASE, No. 16 Sibley street, Detroit, Mich. July 7.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,
6 St. Marks Place, 8th St.......New York,

WILL HEAL THE SICK—In most cases instantaneously—without medicine. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are not well able to pay, "without money and without price." June 2.

MRS. S. M. GRIFFITHS, Business and Medical Medium, No. 61 West Houston street, corner of Wooster, NEW YORK, heals the sick without medicine or pain. Her practice is mostly cases given up as incurable; her treatment is peculiar to her great Spiritual Gift of Healing. Sept. 15.—4w

MRS. FAY, (formerly Madam Decilva,) the celebrated Clairvoyant, is located permanently at Cardington, Morrow Co., Ohio, where she has opened a Healing Institute, and is ready to receive patients. Cardington is located on the Columbus and Cleveland Railroad, and is a healthy location. Address, P. S. FAY. 3w*—Sept. 15.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, No 1 Carroll Place, corner Bleecker and Laurens, 3d floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sept. 1.—4w

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands. (No medicines given.) No. 235 E 78th street, near 3d Avenue, New York. 13w*—Sept. 15.

JENNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium. Rooms No. 59 East 4th St., near Bowery, New York. 8w*—Sept 15.

DENTAL CARD.

DR. S. V. TUCKER, DENTIST,

HAVING returned from the South, is now located at No. 8 LaGrange street, Boston, would cordially invite Spiritualists and all others who are in need of dental operations, to call at his office. He feels confident that sixteen years experience in Dentistry will enable him to guarantee satisfaction. Parties that have not been suited elsewhere, will do well to call and see the Doctor, as he treats the most difficult cases with unparalleled success, his work being done on the most approved and scientific principles, embracing all the new theories and recent discoveries in Dentistry, with many very valuable improvements of his own invention. Those who do not feel able to pay the regular price, will be favorably considered. No. 8 LaGrange street. 2w*—Sept. 15.

THE MAIDEN IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

A LITTLE ROMANCE FOR THE GIRLS. A copy of this beautiful Picture, which has now a world-wide reputation, was ordered by and sent to a young lady in *Texas*, who happened to be on the eve of marriage, and who, upon receiving the picture, was so completely enchanted with the "Maiden's" spiritual robes, that she immediately adopted the same (as far as possible) for her bridal robes, thereby completely charming and surprising all her fair friends. Lecturers are ordering and selling many of these pictures, which are furnished them at reduced rates. Single copy sent free of expense to any part of the United States for 50 cents. For Pictures, and Circulars explaining the same, address, SOPHIA EHRENFELS, (Room 21,) No. 132 South Clark street, CHICAGO, ILL. 3w*—Sept. 15.

D. F. CRANE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
23 COURT STREET,
BOSTON,

☞ House, 18 Webster street, Somerville. April 18

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN!

I AM anxious to furnish women who are willing to persevere in an honorable occupation, with means of making a splendid income. One wanted in every town and county in the United States. Address, with stamp for particulars,

Sept. 1.—4w* J. G. ARTHUR, Hartford, Conn.

BOOKS!

BELA MARSH, at No. 14 Bromfield Street, keeps constantly for sale a full supply of all the Spiritual and Reformatory Works, at publishers' prices.

☞ All Orders Promptly Attended To.

July 7. tf

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,
Hancock House, - - - Court Square
BOSTON.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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

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

Gems from Jean Paul Ritcher.

On the ever-rising waves of the ages, come as circumstances demand, inspired geniuses, leaving not only their footprints upon the sands of time, but their brain-prints upon the literature of the world. Such was Jean Paul Ritcher, child of nature and author-poet, born 1763 in that mountainous region of Germany, known as Fitchelgebirge, and in that period of European history when the French Revolution was preparing to shake all artificial distinctions among men, and all the established institutions of the Continent.

His early life was a struggle against poverty—the false fashions and conventionalisms, so crushing to any free, broad, artless nature. The description he gives of his school-life, the cold stove, the empty stomach, the desolate apartment, with an occasional sunbeam straggling in, where he sat the subject of sadness and tears, writing to make others laugh, is a grand picture of life's sturdy discipline. Though tearful at times, he was cheerful in disposition and full of affection, his great heart beating with the united impulses of all human hearts. Like a solitary sage, only half understood, he looked out upon the rushing waves of his times, calm as a prophet—a true interpreter of joy and sorrow, love and grief, and all those mystic soul-feelings that are revealed by poets as naturally as sunbeams penetrate mines, showing their hidden treasures.

But to the gems: "I cannot but choose to say to poverty, 'Be welcome! so thou come not too late in life.' Riches lay more heavily upon talent than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones lie buried many spiritual giants. When to the flame that the natural heat of youth kindles, the oil of riches is added, little more than the ashes of phœnix remains; and only a Goethe has had the forbearance not to singe his phœnix wings at the sun of fortune. Fate does with the poet as we with singing birds—overhanging their cage with darkness until they sing the tunes we would have them sing." * * * * "Flowers and thorns nestle close together; so embrace the painful and instructive. Hence Herr Canter Grossel used to teach his pupils their letters with the same stick with which he whipped them." * * * * "The best means to learn our faults is to tell others of theirs. They, too proud to be alone in their defects, seek them in us, and reveal them to us. We see a friend as in a glass, that our warm breath renders opaque. Enemies are often the truest discoverers of our faults. Our bosom friend that loves us, tells us of our virtues, and speaks gentle words of encouragement. Our enemy who hates us, speaks our faults in full. The flattery of friends is often more injurious than the revealings of enemies. Both often say too much, but 'tis easy between the extremes to discover the truth." Speaking of the departure of a loved teacher to spirit-life, he says: "He will allow himself many hours in heaven with Cicero. His noble Roman form now moulders in dust. His fame flutters over his grave, but he hears it not. Truly, Pope is right: Fame is an imagined life in the breath of others. The blow of death scatters all the frippery of our follies. The wish falls often warm upon my heart, that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world! That I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven! I owe him much—owe him *all* for the foundation of my principles. A pupil can never repay his teacher. I can only shed a tear of gratitude, and offer up a wish to the All Good! His face was a *thanksgiving* for his true life, and a *love-letter* to all mankind."

"We do not discover our weaknesses to those whom we believe to have none themselves. For this cause, geniuses appear to form friendships most readily with those who in understanding are far beneath them. Weak people live more in confidential friendships with each other than geniuses. I write my disgust at this foolish masquerade and harlequinade called fashionable life. The constant regard we pay in all our actions to the judgments of others, I hold to be the poison of our peace, our reason and our virtue. If I howl with the wolves, why should I not rob with them? Fools would commit wise men to madhouses; but like Socrates, they would ennoble their prisons."

Speaking of Prince Dalberg, he says: "We sat in the twilight and talked about religion, philosophy, and all the sciences. In faith and works the Prince is a *Spiritualist* in the best sense of the word. * * * * Two poets can never live together. I will wear no chain, even were it formed of perfume, and welded by moonbeams. In the heavens is an angel not mated on earth. I ever dream of this ideal spiritual love, like a far-off luminous star—such love needs not the bond of marriage, that like an iron ring upon a delicate flower, checks and destroys its tender bloom."

His last days were glorious—his departure beautiful. We die, as we grow, by degrees. The waster had long been undermining the mortal. At noon Ritcher thought it night, on the day of his birth into immortality. "It is time to go to rest," said he; "I will retire." Wheeled into his apartment, he called for flowers. When brought, he exclaimed, "My beautiful flowers! my lovely flowers!" He then seemed to sleep; his features becoming every moment holier, his brow more heavenly; but it was soon cold as marble. The spirit had departed. Thus an interpreter of, and a worshiper at the shrine of nature, calmly laid down the garment in which he had ministered in her holy temple. The body was buried by torchlight, and the beautiful ode of Klopstock, "Thou shalt arise, my soul!" was sung by the Gymnasium students at the burial vault. Such souls "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Just Like Spiritualists.

We have often said that Spiritualists were more honorable, liberal and charitable than any body of mere sectarists in the country. Such is our belief, based upon observation and personal experience. There may be exceptions—all rules have them. Religionists that endow colleges and pay large priestly salaries out of duty, do it to secure heaven—are not liberal. Such miscalled charity is selfishness. It is motives that balance equations and decide the merit or demerit of action. Such as have been baptized from on high, putting off the "old man" of lust—*lust* for gold; such as accept the Spiritual Philosophy as a religion, and weave its divine and heavenly principles into daily life, can but be just, generous and noble. As a sample, some six years since we lectured in Hickory Grove, Mich., and, owing to some little oversight, were not remunerated. We had forgotten, entirely forgotten it, but these Spiritualists had not. At the Albion picnic last week they came forward, said they were owing us, and, feeling in the right place—their *pockets*—paid up gladly. It was just like Spiritualists. If any of our Spiritualist Societies are indebted to their lecturers, they may with propriety sing these Orthodox lines:

"Jesus died and paid it all—
All the debt we owe!"

When they have thoroughly repented and made amends, they may join in this hymn:

"Fly broad, thou mighty Gospel!"

always remembering to give liberally to make it fly.

T. Starr King a Spiritualist.

Sailing over the depths of two blue oceans and landing upon the Pacific coast, the last of January, 1860, no hand clasped ours more warmly than that of the ascended T. Starr King. Long afflicted with weakness and occasional hemorrhage of the lungs, we went to California to regain our health, reaching those shores in a weak, sensitive and psychologic condition. Thanks to the immortals, and the kindnesses of friends, in connection with the saline breezes and the mineral emanations of the mountainous regions, we were quite successful.

We had frequently met Starr King in the "States," and once spent a four weeks' ministerial vacation upon the seashore with him and other clergymen of the liberal school. Why should not the clergy—supposed to have been changed from "nature to grace"—have sultry August to tune up their physical organisms, unbend their natures, with mirth shorten their faces, and be *natural*, generally? From motives of admiration and spiritual profit, we availed ourselves of every opportunity to listen to this brilliant Unitarian clergyman. Neither his earnestness nor eloquence so chained and charmed us, however, as the grand spiritual truths, that fell from his mouth like seed from a sower's hand. Though nominally Unitarian, his sermons combined the more classic and religious phases of Spiritualism, in all their practical and philosophical bearings.

Knowing that he had examined the claims of this spiritual movement, and from the beautiful burning words that dropped from his heaven-inspired lips, we could neither doubt his inspiration nor belief in the Spiritual Philosophy. What finally gave us complete assurance, a regular church attendant and warm personal friend of his, as well as acquaintance of ours, told us that he "knew Mr. King to be a *confirmed Spiritualist*, accepting its better class of phenomena as facts, and its principles as eternal truths; yet he regretted there was so much rubbish connected with the great movement."

Reflecting upon this matter, and remembering that our Pacific correspondents informed us of the deep interest that Bro. King was taking in Bro. Mansfield's mediumship, as affording wonderful demonstrations of a conscious individualized immortality, we wrote Bro. M. a few weeks since upon the subject. Here follows his reply:

NEW YORK, July 14, 1866,
102 West 15th street.

MY DEAR BRO. PEEBLES—Yours of July 9th reached me this afternoon. You would have me give my experience with the late God-gifted T. Starr King, during my sojourn in San Francisco from 1862 to 1864. Soon after my arrival, Mr. King was called upon and inquired of by several of his parishioners, as to what he thought of Spiritualism, and particularly "Mansfield's mediumship." He told them that he had given the subject much investigation before leaving the Atlantic States, and though he had not come to California as a *spiritual lecturer*, he was thoroughly convinced that under favorable circumstances spirits did communicate with mortals. He had often heard Mansfield's name coupled with Spiritualism, as a medium. He had never met him, though he understood he attended his meetings. So often was King pressed to know what he thought of Spiritualism, and of spirit communications through *me*, that he resolved to make a thorough trial, enabling him to speak from his own personal experience. Accordingly, he called on a particular friend of his, Conrad Wiegand, the Assayer of the United States Mint, and told him what he intended doing, and asked permission of Wiegand to prepare a sealed package in his office; which request being granted, Mr. King wrote as follows:

I. Dear father, what is your name?
II. What is mother's name?
III. How many children had you and mother at your death?
IV. What where their names?
V. When born a boy, and when a girl?
VI. Where did you die, and when?
VII. Who preached your funeral sermon?

The piece of paper containing these questions Mr. King placed between a full pack of buff deed size envelopes, making at least forty thicknesses of paper covering the questions; then taking a larger envelope he enclosed the package, sealing it with the mint seal; then procuring two plates of zinc, sufficiently large to cover the package, he as thickly perforated the same as it would bear, and then with heavy twine he sowed this package through and through, zinc and all; and bringing the ends of the twine together, secured them with sealing wax, and sealed them with the mint seal. This, and even more done, he called his friend Wiegand, and telling him what he had done—though not mentioning the contents of the package—solicited him to bring the same to me, for fear I might read King's mind if he should come with it himself. Bear in mind, that T. Starr King did not mention his father's name, nor sign his *own* to the questions.

Mr. Wiegand brought the package, and laying it upon my table, in less than forty minutes the communication was given, and King had his answers in his hand. He had taken the precaution to take a duplicate of his questions, and upon receiving and reading the responses, he exclaimed, "That is God-like; now *I know my father lives!*"

THE ANSWERS.

"My name is Thomas Farrington King.
Your mother's name is Mary Susan King.
Thomas, you are our first-born.
Next your sister Mary.
Next your brother Frederick.
Next your sister Angie.
Next Willie, poor dear boy. * * * *
I died at Charlestown, Mass.
Bro. Streeter preached my funeral sermon.
THOMAS FARRINGTON KING.
To my son, THOMAS STARR KING."

I may not have given the names now, in the order they were given in the communication. Only four days prior to Mr. King's death, he sent a lady to me, that called on him for *spiritual comfort*. He said: "Dear lady, I am too weak to talk;" then he took the newspaper, and cutting from it my advertisement, advised her to go and see *me*. She came, bearing the slip cut out with his own dear hand, saying she had called on Mr. King and he advised her to come to me. I have not a doubt but that Mr. King was instrumental in sending me a thousand customers during my stay in California. I attended his meeting; heard eighty-two consecutive sermons preached by the good man, and I only wish I was as devoted a *Spiritualist* as was Thomas Starr King at his death. He has many warm admirers in New York, who frequently avail themselves of long conversations with him through my mediumistic organization.

Bro. Peebles, Spiritualism goes alone now. It needs no help, asks no favors, is defiant, being the great, growing religious doctrine of America. Seven-eighths of all my callers are from the churches. Scarcely a clergyman of any distinction visits the city without calling upon me. Some are sly about it, but they generally come without a mask. Their starving souls appreciate this spiritual food, for 'tis truly bread from heaven. *One hundred and forty-seven thousand* communications have been written through my hand; and how many more are to come God only knows. My health is good, and I never felt more like doing my whole duty than to-day.

Most truly thine, J. V. MANSFIELD.

Voices from the Unseen.

We envy no man his houses or lands, his greenbacks or treasures of gold; but we sometimes half murmur in spirit that we are not a seer; not blessed with clairvoyant vision, enabling us to see the glittering glories that gladden the hills of God. True, we often feel the electric touch of immortals, and in our most passive moments, conditions all favorable, we hear their lute-like voices. Humanity, however, is seldom satisfied. It thrusts its feelers out, demanding more, and never forgets the Nazarenean promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find."

Bro. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, blest with many spiritual gifts, related the following to us at the recent Convention in Providence: A youthful spirit, gentle, loving and all aglow with the inspirations of the wisdom-spheres, approached him, while riding in his carriage, and said:

"The waves of our Heavenly Father's love are beating, ever beating, upon the shores of Time, on which humanity stands, and so wash the sands, by methods inverse and motions diverse, that they become pure and white. Sometimes these great waves roll over and seemingly overwhelm mankind; but the sinking rise again, refreshed and strengthened by the baptismal waters. And as these waves roll on, sending up their white spray, there rises a beautiful silvery vapor, that floats away into the upper kingdoms, to be returned in the dews of heaven, as a divine inspiration, feeding and sustaining the flowers of purity that bloom in the soul, that they may give forth a celestial aroma, filling the receptive with pleasures unalloyed and joys unspeakable."

The Spiritualist Picnic in Middleport, N. Y.

Never dawned a brighter day, never shone a more promising sun than on the morning of Sept. 1st. At an early hour the friends came pouring in from Gasport, Johnson's Creek, Lockport, Rochester, and other localities. The grove was soon a human beehive. At ten o'clock the Lyceum children began their marching, singing and declamation. It was an interesting and beautiful sight. The speaking commenced at eleven o'clock. Father Warren Clark, long a sectarian preacher, spoke with his accustomed energy. Spiritualism keeps him young. Bro. A. L. E. Nash, of Rochester, N. Y.—speaking in Johnson's Creek, and other places, Sundays—is one of our best men, as well as a sound lecturer. He works for the *truth* because he loves it. See that he is kept constantly in the lecture-field. We rattled away, taking no thought of what we should say. The promise continues, "in that selfsame hour it shall be given unto you." The hour of one gave us a copious shower. It was God's shower, wetting alike old and young, saint and sinner. The scorched meadows were grateful. At half-past two o'clock commenced dancing, and various amusements. On the whole, it was an excellent time, full of glee and good things generally. Spiritualists ever have a good time at these social gatherings, and for the reason that they carry goodness along with them. Heaven is always where heavenly souls are, and they abound in large numbers in Western New York.

Spiritual Progress in Chicago, Ill.

In consonance with an increasing belief among reformers that a more limited and coöperative method of action is necessary for the furtherance of this great spiritual movement, the Spiritualists of this city have perfected a permanent and legal organization, called the "*First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago.*" A copy of the original document has been filed in the office of Secretary of State.

The following are the officers elect: Warwick Martin, President; Milton T. Peters, Vice President; Joseph Liness, Secretary; James D. Tallmadge, Treasurer.

That eloquent exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, L. Judd Pardee, has lectured here several Sundays past, to most excellent acceptance. Mrs. A. Willhelm supplies the remainder of this month. Her name is a guaranty for a large audience and spiritual progress. Then comes Bro. Warren Chase, sound and logical, practical and philosophic; to be followed during November and December by our gifted and justly popular Bro. N. Frank White.

A. E. Carpenter Westward Bound.

This good brother, whose earnest words in behalf of "Progressive Lyceums" so warmed and thrilled our souls at the recent National Convention, has concluded to come West for the purpose of lecturing upon Spiritualism and organizing Children's Progressive Lyceums. He is a worker full of enthusiasm. As the old apostles "began at Jerusalem," so Bro. C., after being thrust from his former field of labor—*school-teaching*—through sectarian influences, commenced addressing the Spiritualists in Putnam. He has spoken there regularly to excellent acceptance during the past year, and also been conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. He will take great pleasure, wherever he may lecture, in organizing new Lyceums, as well as working in and with those already established. In behalf of the angel-world we bless and bid such workers God-speed. Address A. E. Carpenter, Putnam, Conn.

A Monument for Rev. John Pierpont.

Permit us to suggest, in behalf of multitudes of American Spiritualists, who ever delight by willing contributions to honor the great and the good, that a splendid monument be erected over the mortal remains of that eminent scholar, patriot, philanthropist, poet and *Spiritualist*, the Rev. John Pierpont. A brave public advocate of Spiritualism for the past ten years, and the first president of the National Convention of Spiritualists that has passed to the spirit-world, considered in connection with the fact that his last public effort was an address relating to the truth and dissemination of our blessed philosophy, it seems both befitting and proper that a beautiful marble pillar be secured and consecrated to his memory, thus outwardly expressing our interior appreciation of the man and his principles.

Ho! for the West.

It will deeply interest the numerous Western readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT to learn that Mr. J. S. Loveland, whose sound and able contributions have so frequently enriched its columns, is coming West to fulfill engagements. He is an experienced laborer, and as willing as competent, speaking two or three times per Sunday, and three or four times week-day evenings. Secure his services at once. His present address is care of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston.

K. Graves, Harveysburg, Ohio.

"Woe is me," writes this able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy, "if I preach not the Gospel." His work, "The Biography of Satan," affords abundant proof of his capacity to edify and enlighten. We are pleased to know that he is already in the lecturers' harvest-field gathering in the golden sheaves. Give him constant work, that the truth may prosper even more abundantly throughout our Spiritual Zion.

Addie L. Ballou Coming Eastward.

Each week finds your messenger of truth unfolded to feed the souls of those that "hunger and thirst" in this far Western prairie-land, and each glimmer of light from the beacon shore shines here like a rocket in the sky. Here, where the path of the red man was rife with blood but a year or two ago, now stands the altar of truth; and many are the worshipers that kneel at its shine.

Notwithstanding the assaults of hydra-headed Orthodoxy, with her clanging chains, our batteries have stood the charge, and triumph in the victory. The deserters from the camps of the enemy are gathering in from every quarter. Liberty, *liberty!* is the cry of Church and State to-day, and old institutions quake and tremble. "Show us a sign!" is the voice of many a doubting Thomas, and to still that cry we have the promise of a visit from Bro. William Church soon, whose wonderful powers I hope may make the way plain to many who stand on the outer walls.

Our corps of lecturers are of the migratory class, I believe, the greater portion at least; and, as the severity of winter here compels me to seek a more genial clime, I wish to state through your columns my desire to spend the winter months in Northern Ohio, in the vicinity of Cleveland, near my native town, (Chagrin Falls,) and would answer calls from places along the route, either through Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, &c., after September. Wishing to start from this place in October, those who might wish my services in places not *too far* off the route, will please favor me at as early an opportunity as possible. Fraternally thine, ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Mankato, Minn., Aug. 6, 1866.

R. M. McCord.

It may be remembered that R. M. McCord, professor of modern languages, from Centralia, Ill., gave notice to the Spiritualists, through the BANNER a few months since, of his conversion to Spiritualism, having been a Cumberland Presbyterian minister for a number of years; also, asking for work in the lecturing-field. The society of Spiritualists of Beaver Creek employed him to lecture for them. He gave two discourses. His morning lecture was on "Spiritualism;" and in the evening, on "Mediumship." We consider him one of the very best impressible speakers we have ever had, and were delighted with him, and much instructed by his lectures. He also possesses the gift of healing and seeing. We had some very interesting circles while he was with us, and some remarkable cases of healing. We most cheerfully recommend him as an upright, reliable and earnest worker in the cause. J. K.

Beaver Creek, Bond Co., Ill., 1866.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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

J. MADISON ALLYN, trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture in Rutland, Vt., during September. Address, after September, "East Jersey Normal Institute, Red Bank, N. J." Will lecture Sundays within one day's reach of Red Bank. Will also receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

C. FANNIE ALLYN will speak in Appleton, Me., Sept. 23 and 30; in Ludlow, Vt., Nov. 4 and 11 and Dec. 2 and 9; in Londonderry, Nov. 18 and 25 and Dec. 16, 23 and 30; in Weston during January. Address as per appointments.

MRS. N. K. ANDROSS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.

GEO. W. ATWOOD, trance speaker, Weymouth Landing, Ms.

DR. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDRUS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon reforms.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Chicopee, Mass., during October; in Salem during November. Will make engagements for the winter. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. M. A. C. BROWN will speak in North Dana, Mass., every other Sunday until further notice. Address, Ware, Ms.

MRS. A. P. BROWN, of St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt., will lecture in Woodstock, Sept. 23. Will speak week evenings if desired.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 5815, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. BICKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass.

MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, 151 West 12th st., New York.

REV. ADIN BALLOU, Hopedale, Mass.

A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

DR. J. K. BAILEY, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture.

ADDIE L. BALLOU, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn.

MRS. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

WARREN CHASE will speak in Providence, R. I., Sept. 16 and 23; in Painesville, O., Sept. 30; in Chicago during October; in Davenport, Iowa, during November; in Rock Island, Ill., during December. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

DEAN CLARK, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Cincinnati, O., during October. Address as above, or Brandon, Vt.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal.

DR. L. K. COONLEY will answer calls to lecture. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books. Address, Vineland, N. J.

P. CLARK, M. D., will answer calls to lecture. Address, 15 Marshall street, Boston.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will receive calls to lecture in New England until further notice. Address, 54 Hudson street, Boston.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will answer calls to speak in New England through the summer and fall. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture, and also pay especial attention to the establishment of Progressive Lyceums. Address, Putnam, Conn.

MRS. AMELIA H. COLBY, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill.

MRS. JENNETT J. CLARK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn.

THOMAS COOK, Huntsville, Ind., lecturer on organization.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

MISS LIZZIE CARLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MRS. ELIZA C. CLARK, inspirational speaker. Address care of this office.

JUDGE A. G. W. CARTER, Cincinnati, O.

CHARLES P. CROCKER, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will lecture in Chelsea during September; in St. Louis during October and November; in New York during January and February. Will make no further engagements. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

MRS. E. DELAMAR, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

DR. E. C. DUNN, lecturer and healer, Rockford, Ill.

J. T. DOW, lecturer, Cooksville, Rock Co., Wis.

DR. H. E. EMERY, lecturer, South Coventry, Conn.

A. T. FOSS will speak in Willimantic, Conn. (no time given). Address, Manchester, N. H.

MISS ELIZA HOWE FULLER is engaged at Stockton, Me., and vicinity for the summer and fall. Address, Stockton, Me.

MRS. MARY L. FRENCH, inspirational and trance medium. Address, Bradford, Mass., for the present. No circles until the first of October.

J. G. FISH, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, N. J.

MRS. FANNIE B. FELTON'S address through the summer will be Cache Creek, Colorado Territory.

S. J. FINNEY, Ann Arbor, Mich.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS, Mankato, Minn.

DR. WM. FITZGIBBON will answer calls to lecture on the science of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical Manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. CLARA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, Newport, Me.

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will lecture in Kenduskeag, Me., Sept. 23 and 30; in Taunton, Mass., during October and November. Will make further engagements for the fall and winter anywhere the friends may desire. Address, Kenduskeag, Me., till October 1.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON'S address is Denver City, Colorado Territory.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. DR. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa.

DR. L. P. GRIGGS, Evansville, Wis.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE will lecture for the present at Dodworth's Hall, New York, for the First Society of Spiritualists in that city. P. O. address, 8 Fourth avenue, New York.

M. HENRY HOUGHTON will lecture in Bradford, N. H., during September. Will speak Sundays and week evenings. Address as above.

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Worcester, Mass., during September. Address as above.

DR. E. B. HOLDEN, No. Clarendon, Vt.

W. A. D. HUME will lecture on Spiritualism and all progressive subjects. Address, West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.

JULIA J. HUBBARD, trance speaker, care Banner of Light.

LYMAN C. HOWE, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

J. D. HASCALL, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin. Address, Waterloo, Wis.

D. H. HAMILTON lectures on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

MRS. ANNA E. HILL, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, Whitesboro', Oneida Co., N. Y.

JOS. J. HATLINGER, M. D., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the West, Sundays and week evenings. Address, 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

MRS. F. O. HYZER, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

MRS. LOVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

MRS. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt.

MOSES HULL, Milwaukee, Wis.

DR. P. T. JOHNSON, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON. Address, Camden, Me., P. O. box 15, during September.

WM. H. JOHNSTON, inspirational speaker, Corry, Pa.

W. F. JAMIESON, inspirational speaker, care of the R. P. Journal, P. O. drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

O. P. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co., O., will speak in Monroe Centre the first Sunday of every month.

GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. S. LOVELAND will speak in Moodus, Conn., Sept. 23 and 30. Address, care Banner of Light, Boston.

MRS. E. K. LADD, trance lecturer, 179 Court street, Boston.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D., will answer calls to lecture. Address, 15 Marshall street, Boston, Mass.

MISS MARY M. LYONS, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich.

MR. H. T. LEONARD, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H. He intends to make a tour through the Western States about the first of September. Those wishing his services please apply soon.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Cleveland, O., every Sunday in September and October, and will answer calls to speak week evenings in adjacent places; address 25 Mandrake street. She will lecture in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 11, 18 and 25, and Dec. 2. General address, box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

MRS. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS will speak in Gloucester, Mass., during October. Address, East Westmoreland, N. H.

MRS. MARY A. MITCHELL, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism, Sundays and week-day evenings, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri during the fall and winter. Will attend Conventions and Grove Meetings when desired. Address, care of box 221, Chicago, Ill.

LEO MILLER, Canastota, N. Y.

DR. JAMES MORRISON, lecturer, McHenry, Ill.

MR. & MRS. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care W. B. Hatch.

DR. G. W. MORRILL, JR., trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture and attend funerals. Address, Boston, Mass.

MRS. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, trance and normal lecturer, Chamois, Osage Co., Mo.

LORING MOODY, Malden, Mass.

B. T. MUNN will lecture on Spiritualism within a reasonable distance. Address, Skaneateles, N. Y.

EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich.

CHARLES S. MARSH, semi-trance speaker. Address, Wonewoc, Juneau Co., Wis.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Belvidere during September; in Elgin during October; in Beloit, Wis., during November. Address as above, or Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

A. L. E. NASH, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y.

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, Monroe, Mich.

GEORGE A. PEIRCE, Auburn, Me., trance speaker, will lecture at Monmouth Centre, Sept. 16 and 30; in Charleston Town House, Oct. 7. Will make other engagements to speak in the eastern part of the State, if application is made soon. Will lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity of Sabbath day meetings if requested; also, will attend funerals.

J. M. PEEBLES, box 1402, Cincinnati, O.

L. JUDD PARDEE, Chicago, Ill., care R. P. Journal, box 6325.

DR. W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Willimantic, Conn., from Oct. 7 to 15; in Worcester, Mass., from Nov. 4 to 10; in Somers, Conn., from Dec. 2 to 10. Address, box 95, Foxboro', Ms.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH, lecturer, Bennington, Vt.

A. C. ROBINSON, 15 Hathorne street, Salem, Mass., will answer calls to lecture.

MRS. FRANK REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

J. H. RANDALL, inspirational speaker, will lecture on Spiritualism and Physical Manifestations. Upper Lisle, N. Y.

G. W. RICE, trance speaking medium, Brodhead, Wis.

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

MRS. SUSAN E. SLIGHT, trance speaker, will lecture for the Society of Spiritualists in Yarmouth, Me., till further notice.

E. SPRAGUE, M. D., inspirational speaker. Permanent address, Schenectady, N. Y. Until the first of October he can be addressed care of this office.

MRS. H. T. STEARNS may be addressed at Detroit, Mich., care of H. N. F. Lewis. Will make engagements to lecture for the summer and fall in Ohio and Michigan.

MISS LOTTIE SMALL, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Mechanic Falls, Me.

SELAH VAN SICKLE, Lansing, Mich.

MISS MARTHA S. STURTEVANT, trance speaker, care Banner of Light, Boston.

MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Milford, Mass.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address, San José, Cal.

MISS BELLE SCOUGALL, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill.

H. B. STORER, inspirational lecturer, 75 Fulton street, New York.

ELIJAH R. SWACKHAMER, Chamois, Osage Co., Mo.

MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER, Baldwinsville, Mass.

MRS. MARY LOUISA SMITH, trance speaker, Toledo, O.

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

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, Vt.

J. H. W. TOOHEY, 42 Cambridge street, Boston.

MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, 36 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

BENJAMIN TODD, San José, Cal., care of A. C. Stowe.

FRANCIS P. THOMAS, M. D., lecturer, Harmonia, Kansas.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, O.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Springfield, Mass., Sept. 23; in Detroit, Mich., during October; in Chicago, Ill., during November and December; in Louisville, Ky., during January and February; in Cincinnati, O., during March and April. Calls for week-evenings will be attended to. Address in advance as above.

MRS. M. MACOMBER WOOD will speak in Stafford, Conn., Sept. 23 and 30; in Chelsea, Mass., during October; in Quincy during November. Address, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass.

A. B. WHITING will lecture in Cincinnati, O., the five Sundays of September. Will attend calls to lecture week evenings in that vicinity. Address care of A. W. Pugh, box 2185.

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., inspirational speaker, is engaged to lecture in Illinois until the fall. Address, care of E. Nye, Esq., box 50, Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill.

MRS. S. A. WILLIS will lecture in East Kingston, N. H., Oct. 7 and 14. Address, Lawrence, Mass., P. O. box 473.

MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT is engaged to speak half the time in Danby, Vt. Will receive calls to speak in Vermont, New Hampshire, or New York. Address, Danby, Vt.

LOIS WAISBROOKER can be addressed at Java Village, Wyoming Co., N. Y., during October.

MARY E. WITHEE, trance speaker, 71 Williams street, Newark, N. J.

F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., care Banner of Light, Boston.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.

E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, care this office.

MRS. MARY J. WILCOXSON, care of A. C. Stiles, M. D., Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J

F. L. WADSWORTH'S address is care of the R. P. Journal, P. O. drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

JONATHAN WHIPPLE, JR., inspirational and trance speaker. Address, Mystic, Conn.

E. V. WILSON may be addressed during the summer at Menekaune, Oconto Co., Wis., for engagements next fall and winter.

HENRY C. WRIGHT will answer calls to lecture. Address care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

WARREN WOOLSON, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich.

MISS H. MARIA WORTHING, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals.

MRS. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaking medium. Address, care Banner of Light.

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