

there is a preengagement, a childish one, between John Selden and Carrie, which prevents her from reciprocating Weston's interest. You know her nice sense of honor, which would lead her to any self-sacrifice rather than violate her promise. As to her loving this John Selden, it is altogether out of the question. We know him well; he has neither mental nor personal advantages comparable with Weston; he has not firm principle, and it is my belief that he is only kept in check by your own firmness and a regard for Carrie or Carrie's wealth. Pray, do not let Carrie Howard be bound for life to John Selden. ("God forbid!" mentally exclaimed the Judge.) But Weston tells me that Selden gave out in college that as soon as he had graduated, he should marry and travel, and a fair prize no man can win, he added. He gave no heed to this until lately. I know that they correspond, and that he is to meet her as soon as our steamer arrives in New York. You must be aware of her high respect for you; why, I believe she thinks you could not do wrong, and would follow you, if you asked, over burning coals, or to the North Pole.

Now I need hardly ask you to use your influence to have her give Weston a little more time—recall her hasty and unequivocal "No." I wish she would wait at least until she sees Weston's father and sister; and I pray, Judge, if you regard the happiness of your ward, warn her against John Selden. A child-promise of that kind is not sacred, and I am sure she will be much influenced by whatever you may say in this matter. I am so confident her happiness in life will be secured by a union with Weston, that I would even encounter the odium of a matchmaking lady could I see it accomplished. Hoping that you will write to us by the next steamer, I remain yours, truly,

HELEN BOND.

If any one in court had taken particular notice of Judge Perry that afternoon, they would have seen a light in his eye and a smile playing about his features which were not there in the morning. "Yes," he said to himself, "Carrie's 'No' is no, and not the half of many young ladies. She knows her own mind, and I think she is right—have thought all along that the petted hot-house plant, which my friend Weston has raised with so much care, was not exactly suited to my wild rose. She would prefer a man who has made his own way in the world, by dint of struggle and manly battle with difficulties. As for John Selden, I have no fears on that score; he has not soul enough to win my Carrie."

At last, Judge, he has a will as strong as your own, and not held in check by principle—there is danger from such a man, for all the love John Selden has to give, is given to your ward, and he means to win her for himself. Your only safety is that he has not the least suspicion that you hope to do the same. Guard that secret and you may surprise him with your conquest, before he can bring up his forces for the siege.

"But that letter," thought the Judge, as he rode home on a fine, moonlight evening, his very pulse beating time to the quick canter of Mazyppa—there never was a horse that seemed to understand his master's mood like that animal—"Yes, I must write a letter to Carrie, and let me see what it would be, if I wrote as my heart dictated: 'Blessings on you, my dear Carrie, for that no. Let it remain as you left it, and God helping me I will try to win a yes!'"

But we cannot always follow the dictates of the heart—if words forestall our wishes, the wishes themselves sometimes become bankrupt. I will first dictate a letter to Mrs. Bond:

DEAR MADAM—Your letter duly received, &c., &c. I am sure that I would much prefer that my ward become the wife of Herbert Weston than of John Selden. I think I can safely answer for the latter. There can be no such promise as that to which you refer, and I should most certainly feel it my duty to remonstrate against the fulfillment of it, if it existed. But as far as possible I wish to avoid even the mention of such topics to my ward. I would leave her free to act without any bias from myself. You have a woman's tact in such matters, and I willingly leave Carrie to your hands. Perhaps you are not aware that I have already given my consent to young Weston to prosecute his suit and win if he can. If Carrie has the confidence in me which you express, I wish to deserve it by never leading her where her happiness will not be increased by following; marriage at the best seems a lottery, and I could not urge her to commit herself at present. I would gladly keep her from, for a few more years, the cares and burdens of life.

Such was the tenor of his ideal letter to Mrs. Bond as he rode home that evening, a strange, undefined feeling of gloom springing in his heart, like a flower in early spring from beneath the snow.

He was much surprised, on his arrival home, to find John Selden with his mother. He had come from college on account of ill health, and the physician at New Haven had recommended a relief from college duties for some months.

"We have been thinking," said Mrs. Selden, "that a sea voyage would be just the thing, and if you do not object to the expense, he might go out in the next steamer, remain two or three weeks with Carrie, and return with her."

Mr. Perry looked at John, as his mother finished speaking.

There was no deception in his illness; he was pale and thin, and had evidently suffered. For the first time a suspicion crossed his mind that Mrs. Bond's fears were well-founded, and knowing John's peculiar temper, that sudden, dogged determination which was so marked in the child, and which still clung to him as he approached manhood, he feared the result.

"Give me a treasure to him!" thought the guardian, as he marked the heavy brow, the sorrowful complexion, and rather short neck of John. "Sooner would I lay her in yonder cemetery!" and then a deadly chill struck his heart at the bare possibility of ever seeing the features of his loved one pale in death. He attributed passion and strong emotion to the young, but no love so deep and enduring as that which takes possession of a man's middle life. The love of the college-boy compared to this, is like a silk worm's thread to the cable of a man-of-war. Love had taken possession of Mr. Perry's soul—it was entwined in every fibre—so strong and enduring was it that he could make any sacrifice for the happiness of the loved one, but to see her in the power of John Selden—to give her up to one so much her inferior, and know that she must wake at last to find herself bound for life to one so uncongenial, was beyond his power.

These thoughts passed very rapidly through his mind, for the pause was a short one after Mrs. Selden's question.

"I have no objection to the plan; it would perhaps be no more expensive than to place him under the care of a doctor who would drag him, or keep him here, where I fear that a mother's indulgence would be no better."

Mr. Perry could hardly explain to himself his quick assent. Why should he give this boy the privilege which would be so precious to himself? The little spring-flower was not crushed—it was still there amid the snow; it was a frail little

thing, but such delicate blossoms are often found on the rugged Alps, and survive many a hard gale and mountain storm.

He wrote his letter to Mrs. Bond, but not just the letter, for it was to go in the same steamer with John, and some explanation was required. This was somewhat difficult to do, for he was sure that lady would have cold greeting for the young man. But he wrote his letter, bade John farewell, wished him a safe voyage, and then turned to his duties, sure at least that hard work was the only specific for 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 hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LUCAS HOW.

(Original.)
WHAT IS LOVE?

BY MATTIE G. V. SMITH.

Love is not that idle passion,
Born when reason is dethroned
By the fume from foaming goblet,
Passed by unsteady hands around;

Love is not the child of fancy,
Nurtured in the halls of pride,
Lolling for one brief moment
By some lisp of beauty's side;

Nor is Love that lurking demon,
Eating into souls like rust,
Changing life's bright joys to sadness—
Miserable, maddening Lust!

No; nor is it that base passion—
Than the frigid zone more cold—
Creatures we call Man and Woman,
Barter off for fame and gold.

Love is that bounding, blithesome joy
That rippling runs through every vein,
That sparkling, darts from eye to eye,
Knitting hearts that also were twain.

Love is the outgushing of the soul,
Free as the ambient air of Heaven;
Love is the guiding star of Hope,
The guard of Faith to mortals given.

Love is a jewel in life's crown,
The central, brightest gem;
Love is the pure, the priceless pearl,
In Nature's peerless diadem.

Love is the bright-wing'd messenger
Twixt us on earth and friends above,
Love is the harbinger of peace;
Love is God, and God is Love.

(Original.)
RUTHIE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ruthie has written you some words to the good tune of 'Trump, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,'" said Uncle John, to the assembly in the Hall, the next Sunday. "We will all join in the chorus with a hearty will, both for the sake of the one who wrote us the words, and for the faith we have in what they tell us."

Jeannette took her place at the melodeon, and Jim was by her side, while Ruthie distributed some printed copies of the following song:

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

TRAMP—Trump, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

From the dark and silent night,
Has come forth this glad, sweet morn,
And we watch the sunrise dawning o'er the hills,
But we wait a better day,
And a far more glorious dawn,
When the sun of love each human heart shall fill.
(Chorus) Wait, wait, wait, the dawn is breaking,
Cheer up, comrades, day will come;
When to love our fellow men,
And to seek to bless them all,
We shall make the sunlight of each happy home.

See the beauty of the morn
With its gems of glistening dew,
And the flowers that shed their perfume o'er the earth,
Yet a light is glowing here,
With a radiance ever new,
And the flowers of love that know no chill or death.

(Chorus) See, see, these flowers are blooming,
Look for the dawning of that day,
For the love of God is ours,
And we'll cull the heavenly flowers
While we walk with angels up the heavenly way.

In each heart there dwells a light
That can shine forth like a star,
When the sun of love shall break upon the soul,
Let us shed these lights on fire:
Let us shed their love afar,
While we bless each other as we bless the whole.
(Chorus) Come, come, come, the day is dawning,
Cheer up, comrades, it will come;
For the love we bear to each,
And the good we do to all
Is the light by which we'll find our Heavenly home.

Miss Marvel had come in early, and had taken a front seat that she might gratify her curiosity without any barriers; and as the singing of the song proceeded, she put on a look expressive of holy horror, and shook her head in quite a tragic manner, until every cut glass bead on the hanging black ornaments of her grey bonnet, jingled and trembled. But some one observed that in spite of her horror, she kept very good time with her shakings in the chorus. It was inspiring to hear the children's voices ring out in the chorus, and Jim could not keep his eyes off Genie, who sang in so sweet an alto, that it would seem as if she had been thoroughly trained. All eyes glowed as the song closed, and when all was silent, Miss Marvel rose, shook out the folds of her black silk dress, adjusted her shawl, and walked with most expressive steps from the hall.

It is true, that a person's steps do not speak in words, but the sharp clump of Miss Marvel's heels on the uncarpeted floor, made quite a speech, and Uncle John, at least, could hear what they said. She was followed by other steps, and there was quite a chorus of footsteps, followed by much talking at the door.

"It's ridiculous," "Who ever heard the like?" and on the Sabbath, too!"

"I do hope that the officers will interfere and stop such proceedings."

When the busy hum had ceased, Uncle John arose:

"We can sometimes do much good by telling our thoughts," said he, "as they come to us fresh, and perhaps inspired by some influences better

than we know. Let me tell you some of my thoughts.

I am thinking of a beautiful spring day many years ago, when I was young. The light seemed brighter to my eyes then, than I see it now, for no troubles had ever veiled its shining to my eyes. How bright the flowers were upon the roadside. I remember, with what a glorious yellow the Dandelion gleamed forth, and how the Buttercups glowed; and by the brook-side how the Starwort and Tiarilla sparkled in their white blooming.

Beautiful wild flowers! What sweet lessons of love they teach us! There is hardly a soil so poor that some fair flower does not seek to adorn it. I have seen on a bed of sand a little delicate purple flower like a star, looking with its tender eye to the heavens, as if remembering to bless the sun; and sky, and cloud, for the goodness that had come to its tiny life.

Well! I walked by the roadside and gathered flowers, and on to the hill, and into the meadows, and by the brook, and I had the golden, and the white, and the blue, and the rose all within my hand; and a bouquet of rare beauty it was. As I returned, I went through a garden, and plucked of the flowers there. Gay Tulips, and purple Lilacs, and Pansies, and the fair Narcissus, with many others.

I was very weary from my long walk, and while still holding my flowers to admire their mingled beauty, I fell asleep, or, if I was not asleep, I dreamed, and this was my dream:

A Narcissus raised its head a little, shook its white petals, and looking out from its yellow eye, winked to a bright Tulip and began to whisper: 'I was never so disgusted in all my life. Here we are all mixed up with common flowers. That Buttercup has dusted my dress with its yellow pollen, and I dare say it will never come off. Things have come to a pretty pass, I do declare!'

'I think as much,' replied the red Tulip, 'I have always lived in good society, and I mean to; I'm determined not to have the least intercourse with these disagreeable people. Why, I've no doubt, that that disagreeable Buttercup grows by some old stone wall, and I dare say never saw anything but grass and clover!'

The Tulip said this quite loud enough to be heard by all the flowers, and there was immediately a great commotion, for what Madam Tulip said, was considered good authority for the Daffodils and Persian Lilacs, and was very likely to be echoed by many other flowers.

The little wild flowers were in quite a quiver. Their simple life had left them free from ambition, and they were ready to admire their beautiful neighbors without envy. But the words of scorn they had heard, aroused all the bitterness of their natures, and little wild flowers have some bitter juices flowing in their veins. A little Tiarilla, who was named thus, because of her fitness to adorn a queen, felt the warm life glow on every petal, and she whispered to the Starwort:

'I guess we are quite as good as any body. Hold up your head, and say so.'

'I'd rather make up faces at them,' said the Starwort.

'Hah! hah! hah!' laughed the Dandelion; 'good for you, little flower! I'll sprinkle a little of my yellow dust on them and see how they like that.' 'That's it,' said a red Clover, hardly yet blushing from its green head; 'the miserable, proud aristocrats! I reckon that it takes two to make friends. Let them know that they can't lord it over us.'

'Hear them, my brothers,' said the Persian Lilac. 'Our way in life has been marked out for us by a loving Providence. Very sweetly and beautifully have we been kept from all evil influences. We are, of course, very thankful, and we do not intend to interrupt the divine harmony of our flower-life.'

'Of course, of course we do not,' said a Hyacinth. 'Do not let us put off our dignity by even noticing this vulgar herd! Have we been watched and tended and sheltered to no purpose? What is our education and refinement for but to put us in a higher sphere than herbs and pasture weeds? I do not object to their enjoying themselves in their own way, but they can never appreciate our methods of culture.'

'Where did you come from first?' whispered a pretty, wild Azalia.

'Me?' said another Hyacinth; 'did you speak to me? Why, our family is the very best in the country. We are of foreign birth, and sought for in many lands.'

'But at first you were only a wild flower,' said a pert, little, half-opened Buttercup.

'Hush! hush!' said a purple Pansy. 'We are all from one common Mother Earth, and the same sun warms us all; what's the use of quarrelling?'

'What's the use to you?' said a rare white Tulip. 'You always were a dark-hued, democratic creature, and what people keep you in gardens for I don't know. If you were a little fairer, you would have more reason to complain. You'd better keep company with your cousins from the meadow altogether, and not talk about what you do not understand!'

By this time there was such a fluttering among all the flowers that they looked like a company of gay insects warbling with each other. No one seemed to care for anything but to talk the loudest and say the most. Some little Violets alone seemed frightened into silence, and the Dandelion fairly shook with laughter at the ill temper of the garden flowers.

Just then a sunbeam came glancing from out a cloud that had hidden it during this controversy. It seemed suddenly to be endowed with a form and to possess a voice, and it looked like a spirit of light bending over its wayward children.

'Highty, highty, my little ones! What means all this commotion? Are you not all my children? Have I not given you of my most holy life, and watched you with tenderest love? How could I spare any one of you? Each one fills some place in the all-perfect. What could I do without the Dandelion to show forth the golden light that I have gathered from my life? What could I do without that little star by the brook-side to look down into the waters and reflect some of my life there? And, children of the garden, do I ever forget you, that you should forget your neighbors whom you deem less fortunate? What is your life for, but to bring up from the earth a form so lovely that I can touch it and make it reflect an image worthy of the all-beautiful? Each separate flower forms a part of that all-beautiful. Not one could be missed, not one forgotten. The little Violet, half-hidden, in the leaves, does its work for the earth. It brings up higher the life that is waiting to ascend. Oh, my sweet and beloved ones, if you each do your duty, if you each live the life that is best fitted to you, we shall have no more complaints, or envy, or ill will!'

There was a stillness among the flowers, and quietly and peacefully they laid themselves closer together, and their perfume seemed like a grateful prayer. I dreamed no more; but when I awoke, the flowers had bent their heads nearer together, and looked as if indeed they had been listening to the spirit of the sunbeam. But I have never forgotten that lesson of the flowers.

Can any of these children tell me if they understand what it means?

There was a little silence, and then Genie raised her head, as if she had something to say.

"Please, sir, I think some of it means me. 'The wisest people,' said Uncle John, 'read truth in themselves and not in their neighbors; so, my little sage, tell us why it means you.'"

"Please, sir," said Genie, "I said folks that live in nice houses were proud; and I was like the Dandelion; I tried to throw dirt on their dresses. Becky told me to, and it was fun sometimes. But papa looked sad, and said, 'Not so did your mother, my baby.'"

Genie's face was now crimson, for many eyes were on her. But Uncle John turned to them, and said:

"Many a one has said what the Tulip said, I have no doubt; but if we can learn the blessed lesson of love from the sunlight of God's love, as the flowers did from the sunbeam, we shall have taken one step toward the kingdom of heaven on earth."

"Uncle John," said Ruthie, when they had reached home; "wasn't it splendid to see such a turn out this morning? Why, there were a hundred children there, counting in the Scouts. But I wonder why you do not have some plan and get matters in some sort of ship-shape. Miss Marvel says—"

"Now Ruthie, dear, I know your heart cares not a whit for what Miss Marvel says."

"But, uncle, everybody says we shall fail; the excitement will die away, and nobody will come."

"Well, they say right, Ruthie, if there is nothing to interest them. But supposing I, an old man, make a plan and try to carry it out, do you suppose that will weary the young folks? I have been looking at that beautiful hyacinth that you have in the vase. It was only a little while ago, an unsightly bulb, but it had vigor in it. It did not hurry itself as it unfolded, leaf by leaf, until at last the cluster of buds appeared, and now the blooming is perfected. Let us put forth a leaf at a time. Last Sunday we had music proposed—that was a most lovely leaf; and to-day the plan for our Strawberry Festival, to get money for books was perfected, and we all have found out something to do. Depend upon it, another leaf will open by next Sunday."

"Well," said Jim, coming in with a step full of gladness, "I've done it! I declared I would. I've found Genie's father, and know where she lives. It is up in an attic, and there is no furniture but a couple of chairs and a bed; but everything was as neat as could be, and her father has been a musician, but he has lost his voice, and he looks half-dead; but he did not complain."

"Poor child!" said Ruthie, thinking of Genie, "what can we do for her?"

"If you'll believe me," said Jim, "he has as much spirit and pride of the true sort as if he were worth his tens of thousands. I calculated these people would not like beggars, so I began to offer to assist them, and you should have seen the flash of his eye! I felt ashamed of myself, and as if he was the better man of the two. He is poor only because of misfortune, and I should not wonder if he had once been a man of high standing. So, Uncle John, you must help me to a plan for relieving him, or rather Genie; for do it I will."

"It is worth all the labor for the school to have found her, is it not? And we shall find also that it requires as much Christian grace to receive aid in the right spirit, as to bestow it. What do you say to getting up a class of music-scholars for him?"

"First best, and I'll pay their tuition if they can't themselves, and then we can hire some songs composed to words Ruthie will write; won't you, little Quaker? But do let us have some spirited words. What's the harm in the Star Spangled Banner style, if it is for Sunday singing?"

"Oh, Jim, you never will think that religion is anything but fun," said Ruthie.

"No, no, sir, not exactly that, but the right kind of fun is religion; if it is not, we'd better not have any fun. I pretend to say that religion of the right kind enters into everything. You can't get over the parson's preaching, which makes religion consist in long faces, drawing tones, and such glances as Miss Marvel turned towards the ceiling this morning, as if she saw something that came nigh giving her a fit. But was it fun to see her roll her eyes, and draw down the corner of her mouth, when we sang the chorus? Why, Ruthie, what possessed you to think of writing words to that music? If I had done it, it would have been no wonder; but you, you little sanctimonious Quaker!" and Jim stopped, being fairly out of breath. Ruthie laughed, and said she'd take Greenville next time for her theme. And Uncle John listened, with his heart very glad at the noble spirit that he recognized under Jim's gay manner, and the independence that burned under the quiet brow of Ruthie.

[To be continued.]

The Use of the Dictionary.

The reader may discover by the following extract that it would be possible to write a technically grammatical sentence which would be almost unintelligible. The words below can all be found in the dictionary, and all are grammatically used; and yet the thing is as hopelessly dark as if written in Cherokee. It is an amusing illustration of the fact that one may write English, or speak it, and still use an unknown tongue. The latter purports to be a note from an author to a critic.

"S—You have behaved like an impenetrable scrooge! Like those ingrate, crass scoundrels who, envious of my moral celsitude, carry their negativity to the height of creating symphonically the found words which my polymathic genius uses with liberty to obliterate the tongues of the west. Sir, you have grossly parodied my own pet words, as though they were zangrams. I will not condescend, reproaches—I would, obduce a well over the atramental ingratitude which has clamored even my undecipherable heart. I am elated on the fascination which my conductivity must have given you when I offered to become your sator and admiral."

I will not speak of the lipitude, the ablopsy, you have shown in exacerbatng me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental dislocation. So, I tell you, sir, synopsically and without superfluous words, nothing will render imbecile your conduct to me. I warn you that I would velleitate your nose, if I thought that any moral diathrosis could be thereby perforemed—I thought that I should not impignorate my reputation by such a degradation. Go, (eulogistic scrooge!) hand with your crass, ingrateful sators—draw oblectations from the thought, if you can, of having synochronically lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton, and drawn upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it."

Knowledge is power, and power is mercy; so I wish you no worse than I may prove an eternal hypocrite. For an entire solution of the above highly interesting missive, the anxious reader is invited to assume himself an hypophor, two with Walker's or Webster's unabridged.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1866, by WILLIAM W. W. & 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.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPRODUCED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT,
BY J. M. W. TRENBETH.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 24.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at 3 o'clock, and Mr. M. B. Dyott read an address on the manifestations of the dark circle order, which we give below.

Address of M. B. Dyott.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I rise for the purpose of offering a resolution, which has for its object results that are of vital importance to the progress, general acceptance, and permanency of Spiritualism. I therefore ask your indulgence for a few minutes, while I preface the resolution with a few remarks. I am not only glad to meet with many personal friends at this Convention, but it is gratifying to recognize those who are not ashamed to assemble as Spiritualists. Although like early Christianity, and I might say that of the present day, Spiritualism is retarded in its spread and usefulness, is disgraced, defamed and maligned by a word of reproach, by the numerous exorcises, deceivers and impostors that seek to attach themselves to the glorious garments of Spiritualism. I therefore ask your indulgence, that faith which is based upon facts and incontrovertible evidence which demonstrates to a mathematical certainty that this transitory existence is not the end of being; that life is continuous, and that endless progress, instead of endless punishment, is the inheritance of every human soul.

In the few remarks I propose making, I am aware that I shall conflict with the opinions of many of my friends. But, as Spiritualists claim that their faith is based upon reason and evidence, they can with but little consistency, deny the right of any and all questions, opinions, and to examine, by reason, logic and investigation, the assumed evidences upon which they determine, acknowledge and endorse the so-called spiritual manifestations of the dark circle order, to be of spiritual or superhuman origin. For my own part, I believe no spiritual manifestation that can be authenticated and proven to be, is superhuman, but that the tricks and impostures that are palmed off as spiritual manifestations, are not only superhuman but are above the limitations of God himself.

It is my duty, as I said, to be glad to meet with those who were not ashamed to stand under the glorious flag of Spiritualism. I am glad, but I must be allowed to qualify the expression, which I propose to do before I close the few remarks I am now making. I have been and am still denounced by many of our Spiritualists, as unchristian, as an unbeliever and the upholder of Spiritualism, because I do not believe, and have sought for an opportunity to give my reasons for not believing in those absurdities which do not appeal to our senses or reason, performed as they are under the cover of darkness, and scrupulously guarded against the possibility of recognition, detection or investigation by which we are enabled to determine the truth or falsity of what is presented for our acceptance. No evidence can be advanced that appeals to my reason or senses, that those so-called spiritual manifestations have any other origin than mundane trickery. And before going any further, permit me to say, that if the transparent jugglery and deceptions of the Davenportes, the Ferrises, Churches, Fays, Van Wies, and a host of other dark circle impostors, that are palming off upon the credulous, that they will deceptions as the manifestations of disembodied spirits, are the basis upon which Spiritualism rests; if it has no facts recognizable by the human senses, such as do not shut the light of day, the test of reason and common sense, and are judged, and are no Spiritualism—and may the God of the universe and his ministering spirits, those loved ones who have gone before, save me from such Spiritualism. I am aware that I am laying myself open to the charge of unqualified denunciation. But I cannot help it, for it is neither the time nor place to investigate that matter, neither would I be allowed time or opportunity to produce the proofs, were this an appropriate occasion.

My object in bringing this matter before this Convention, is to state the necessity of the Spiritualists having at least one free press in which Editors shall not be permitted to assume and arrogate to themselves, the right to judge and dictate what is infallibly true, and deny the right of those who differ in opinion with them, to question, discuss, reason upon and investigate both sides of any question that has to do with Spiritualism or human religion. The columns of our papers afford abundant proof that there is nothing too absurd to be admitted to them, provided it be attributed to spirits, and parables of the quality of marvellousness sufficient to make it unreasonable whilst they will not admit an article or line in their paper that presumes to doubt the absurdity. If these papers are based upon a foundation that obliges them to exclude everything that dares to question their infallible judgment, and condemn as exceedingly marvellous subjects or statements, it is time we had one established upon a better foundation. Volumes of the most wonderful and incredible assertions are constantly being published, bolstering up and endorsing the most impossible stories as spiritual manifestations, and thus making ridiculous and odious in the eyes of men of common sense, whilst not a paper at all committed to Spiritualism, dares to publish a line questioning its verity; hence it is no wonder that the first men and minds in the nation and world, tens of thousands of whom are Spiritualists, are determined to own it publicly, because everything that is wonderful and marvellous enough to lack the endorsement of reason and common sense is fostered and fostered by the leaders of our spiritual journals. Spiritualists charge the Orthodox papers, and papers opposed to Spiritualism, with refusing to meet them in a fair debate or investigation of the subject, whilst there is not a sectarian journal in the country that is not as free as our own. Why this is so, you are as capable of judging as I am.

I say these things in no spirit of condemnation or unkindness; for there are those among us, both of our spiritual papers whom I esteem as highly, and value their friendship as much as any friends I have; and I would also add, that they have been exceedingly liberal, in granting me the use of their columns, in aid of any subject by or for the benefit of the Spiritual movement, in which I have taken an active part; and in behalf of that institution, I tender them the thanks of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, with which I am connected. But at the same time, I cannot help feeling that they have not done justice to the cause of Spiritualism, by refusing to lay before the readers of their papers, both sides of a question, than which there is none as vital and so important to the interest and cause of Spiritualism as the one about which I am speaking. I am therefore desirous that the majority of Spiritualists repudiate them as deceptions.

Are these dark circle performances spirit manifestations, as alleged? or are they deceptive tricks of mundane origin? are questions I have for years endeavored in vain to bring before the Spiritualists of this country, through their papers, for reasonable investigation. It is a question, upon which I believe there are as many who do not believe them to be manifestations of disembodied spirits; as there are those who do; and so far as my observation extends, I believe the majority of Spiritualists repudiate them as deceptions. But (inasmuch as our Spiritual papers affirm them to be spiritual manifestations, and will not permit any one to give a reason adverse to their declaration in their papers, the whole body of Spiritualists must be made to see with what a majority of thinking, reasoning Spiritualists and liberal, investigating minds, who would otherwise be Spiritualists, the greatest absurdity and the most consummate nonsense. Being one of those

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It was stated in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, a few numbers ago, that H. M. Fay was not the William Fay that traveled with the Davenport's. That is literally true at the present time. But I have heard it stated by reliable gentlemen who know both parties—as well as his own acknowledgment—that when the Davenport's first started out as mediums, H. M. Fay did travel with them; and that, instead of either he or Von Viecsek having "graduated at Barnum's," both of them

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, of Massachusetts, did not lose any one could get so excited as to take any one-sided view of this question. She knew that she was a medium, and according to her investigations, a single manifestation of the divine power, and that she was not the only one else, could be proved, by a close analysis, to be from mundane influences; and here was where her evidence rested. It rested first upon the phenomena, and then upon the philosophy; and since the philosophy had been demonstrated to be false, the phenomena were left to the intellect, where she first began to see, she began to analyze all these manifestations, and saw that the law of analogy would prove immortality. She was not at all sensitive about the cause. It was in the hands of the great "I Am." "Spiritism" was the great error, and she recognized the divine revelations of the human soul.

Mr. Peabody said that if the **DANCER OF LIOUHOE** published all they received in regard to physical manifestations, pro and con, it would have stronger evidence for nothing else, and there would be the strongest

Mr. Foss opposed the resolution. In the first place, he said, he was not aware that the Convention owned any paper, or had any right to control one, any further than their individual subscriptions were concerned. If they were dissatisfied with the management of a paper, they could discontinue their subscription, or they could insist that it should be so, Convention or no Convention. He had seen the Davenport Boys, and had endeavored to assist to investigate the manifestations with which Little acumen he had, and was just as sincere and strong in his conviction that the Davenport Boys were messengers of good news, the spirit-world's envoys, as Mr. Dyott was in his conviction that the Davenport Boys were impostors and humbugs. Nothing like it had been seen in the history of the world; and when men told him that they could produce the same results, he offered them five hundred dollars to defray the expense. If they succeeded before any reasonable committee, he would give them the money. He said that Von Vleck and Fay produced precisely the same results as the Davenport Boys. He had seen Von Vleck, and he was tied in such a manner that the man who told him said he could utter the rope in five minutes.

Mr. F. said he objected to the resolution as impudent and delectorial, and as meddling with what was not their business. (Applause.) The Davenport Boys and Laura and the Journeys were called upon to publish all that Bro. Dyott said and all that Bro. Foss said, and wouldn't there be a pretty mess of it? He confessed that his sense of justice had been aroused, and he felt indignant at this attempt to exercise a censorship over the

Mr. Giles again opposed the resolution. He did not doubt the right of the Convention to take any such action, but the question was, *Is it wise?* He gave them a perfect right to say A. T. Stewart was a hypocrite, but he would not give them a million of dollars for Spiritualism. He would give a million of dollars for the abolition of slavery. It would be seen that the resolution said that both sides should have an equal opportunity to present their views, so that if the papers published one page in favor of Spiritualism, they were requested to publish another page against it. He thought the passage of the resolution would be likely to create ill feeling, for he did not suppose that the papers on the other side would pay the least attention to it. He thought much good would be done by the ventilation of this subject without the passage of the resolution as by its adoption. He was strongly in favor of having Spiritualism sifted as closely as any subject; but still, knowing that there were false and true mediums in the land, and, not knowing those who were true and those who were false, he would not recommend that the friend who

many happy faces before him. We are here for a great work in behalf of ourselves, and the suffering, sorrowing, laboring millions of our kindred. The masses of the people are hearing burdens of which we but little realize. We are looking for a better era for the redemption of the race from various forms of evil. Physical, mental and spiritual revolutions succeed each other in the history; we are now reaching into a great spiritual revolution destined to overthrow all forms of religion which oppress and benighten the mind. The bondage of fear is broken. The light of science is dispelling all superstition. A war undertaken to frighten Cuvier by dressing himself up with hoofs and horns in imitation of some pictures of the devil. But Cuvier quizzed the fellow of shorn hoofs and horns, and put him to flight. So with the masses of the people to-day. You are not to be scared by representations of devil, hell, or threats of damnation. Over all the fearful legends of the past, Spiritualism is spreading its benign radiance, in prophesy of the better time coming.

After the singing of a doxology, the immense congregation adjourned in perfect order, till the evening session.

Friday Evening Session.—Additional lights having been put up in the grove, the camp ground presented a cheerful and brilliant appearance as twilight faded, and the great temple of Nature sparkled in every leaf. The moral and intellectual interest as the immense throng of people poured in from every direction, till more than three thousand were gathered around the speakers stand.

Dr. U. Clark presiding, announced "Cambridge," as the opening hymn of the evening, and the audience joined with the choir in making the woodland echo with the sound of thousands of voices.

Dr. P. H. Randolph, of New Orleans, a delegate to the Southern Loyalists Convention, and known as one of the earliest spiritualists, graduating from a barbers shop in New Orleans, N. Y., in 1822, was introduced as the opening speaker. His theme was "Spiritualism." Though one of the earliest investigators and mediums, after all he had learned and experienced, seen, heard, felt, said and written, the speaker confessed that he knew but little of this greatest of all themes. There was a time when he thought he knew all about it—spirits, angels, archangels and God. But now after having begun to realize the vastness of man, Deity and universe, and the eternity of being, all he knew vanished into insignificance before the immeasurable unknown. God is infinite, and baffles our finite capacity to comprehend his entire being. Man, made in the image of God, is likewise infinite; and there are thoughts, emotions, aspirations and capabilities wrapped up within him, which lift him up, and out, and on, till he is lost in the immensurableness of the universe. Let our faith and love be so strong as to take in one solar system after another, till we attain to the highest standard of angels, archangels, yea, of the mightiest gods reigning enthroned in the heavens, and after all, we have attained nothing compared with what is before us in the highway of endless progress. There are hundreds of walking yonder spheres of celestial glory, compared with whom the wisest mortals are mere idiots. In the meanest, lowest, blackest being bearing the image of God, there is a regal soul destined to take the loftiest place of which our imaginations can conceive. Every step of our history, from childhood to the last stage of this mortal life, gives indications prophetic of eternal progress. This view of our nature and destiny imposes on us perpetual duties which tax every power of our being. There is no room for idleness. We have too much to do, and too much to learn. We must work all through this world, and we shall have something to do in heaven more than sing psalms, and play on harps, and sit on high benches through all eternity. All that is false must be unlearned; all that has been wrong, must be atoned for. The employment in the spirit-world will be infinitely more various than they are in this. And there we shall be free; free from all evils, sickness, sorrow, suffering, death, hell, and free from all slavery. [Dr. Randolph's allusion to the slavery of one of the races to which he belongs, elicited great sensation and applause. Then followed a graphic description of the spirit-world, which no reporter could well reproduce on paper.] There no limits will bound our pursuit of knowledge, or our pursuit of light which our mortal natures demand. But before we take our place on the highway of this glorious and eternal destiny, we must become entirely disencumbered of everything pertaining to the selfish, sensual, sensual. We must, in some way, make atonement for every thought, word and deed which has wounded, wronged, or injured a friend or fellow-being. Peace of conscience and hope of happiness can be purchased only by a self-consecration like that of Jesus. [The speaker concluded by alluding to his mission among the colored population of the South, and making some powerful and successful appeal to the sympathies of the audience.]

Mrs. Clara Dearborn, of Worcester, Mass., a lady endowed with fine abilities and excellent address, though lacking the public experience sufficient to develop power enough to hold the large assembly, after offering congratulations on the happy and auspicious occasion of the evening, made some good remarks on charity, and gave an exhortation as to the need of constant effort in behalf of everything pure and ennobling.

Mrs. Fannie Allen, still persisting as she means to do, in her neat, sunny, tidy, well-becoming, Dio Lewis short-dress, half-Turkish attire, was again called to the stand, and welcomed by an applauding multitude. She was favored with the happy and inspirations flowing from the sea of faces around her and the unseen through above. In fine poetic measure she made a most practical and appropriate allusion to everything and every body connected with the cause meeting—the scene before her, the lighted grove, the glimmering stars, the tinted foliage, the speakers, mediums, the angel couriers of the air, the thousands of sparkling eyes and beating hearts, the earthly home and the home beyond, the great spiritual cause, the Banner of Light, and in short, everything which seemed calculated to arouse the better thoughts and feelings of the assembly and send them home happy, harmonious and blest; and, as she closed, there was a loud and long clapping of thousands of hands. The beauty, genius, originality and appropriateness and rapid, ready utterance of this poetic effusion, left no doubt of the substance of the closing stanzas was nearly as follows:

Ye have gathered in God's temple, with immortal very near,
Whispering words of holy comfort, of loving, hopeful cheer,
Lifting up your aspirations to the angel's Summer-land,
While they pour in showers upon you, inspiration from their band.
Listen, then, oh, kindly, to the soothing music notes,
Coming from the higher love-realms which around ye ever floats,
Till it wakes the God within you with its harmony profound,
As ye gather here in peace to-night on this camp-meeting ground.

Ye have listened, men and women, ye have heard, oh, sire and youth,
The inspiration flowing from the brilliant fount of truth,
Ye have caught the gleams of knowledge, and your souls these thoughts can view,
Test your theories by practice; yours it is this work to do.
Spirits, with their love returning, with their words of truth and right,
Use that noble, grand, old standard, the BANNER OF TRUE LIGHT,
Will you rally round its gleaming folds, in this army grand be found,
Thus blessing with your words and deeds our own camp-meeting ground?

For its editor, brave and fearless, advocates the truth to-day;
Aid him, oh, ye men and women sustain him in his way!
These are hosts of others working 'neath this BANNER OF TRUE LIGHT,
Side by side, and ever onward, with our own unselfish white.
Join this army, marching upward, and let kind thoughts be your creed,
Your remorse be your nobler thought, your invocations deeds.
Resolve to-night to do, and dare to be with actions crowned.
Ye'll always then look back with joy to this camp-meeting ground.

And Western hands have reared a shrine; go on, ward to its aid,
Philosophical religion can never die or fade,
While little gems are sparkling with a light ye may behold,
Shining down within the children's hearts that blossoms may unfold.
Men of wealth and souls of talent, work, and let your watchword be,
"Light is over us, and religion brings eternal liberty."
Faithful do your duty ever, bear the cross and wear the crown,
While the angelic host with glory this grand camp-meeting ground.
The meeting then adjourned to the next morning.

[To be continued.]

Addendum.

In the editorial "summary of the action of the Convention," which appeared in the BANNER of Sept. 8, no mention is made of the passage of the following:

Resolved. The present Alphabetic and Orthographic Systems of the world—by reason of their arbitrariness, unlikeliness, individual incompleteness, inconsistencies and absurdities—are a serious barrier to Education, and a potent means of preventing Universal Intelligence and International Harmony.

Resolved. That a Universal Philosophical Alphabet of Nature, based strictly upon the law of correspondence between sound and sign, and an Orthography permitting no silent letters, and no changeableness in the sound of any given letter, are imperatively demanded.

Resolved. That it is eminently fitting that "Spiritualism," recognizing as it does the universal brotherhood of man and the essential oneness of human interests—should be the channel for the transmission to the world of such an Alphabet and Orthography, and, eminently fitting that "Spiritualists," as lovers of the truth, should countenance, encourage, and endeavor to establish so beneficent a System.

The above was presented by the writer in Committee, and accepted; but when brought before the Convention (in the early part of the afternoon session of Saturday) was, by some strange misapprehension, at first, indefinitely postponed. An hour or two later, however, when the stress of business had subsided, I called attention anew to the matter—regretting the very hasty manner in which it had been disposed of—setting forth some of the principles of the Panophonic Reform, and showing the necessity for such a movement, and the legitimacy of its connection with Spiritualism. Alluded to the fact, that the Panophonic System is a bequest to us from the angel-life, offered as the foundational element in the coming reconstruction of every department of scholastic education, and remarked, that if now ignored, the subject would recur again and again at future Conventions, until its importance should be acknowledged—that the movement is inevitable, and might as well be inaugurated at once, as to be longer deferred—and that no doubt every member of the Convention present, was in reality in sympathy with so self-evidently proper and needful a reform. Some of the absurdities of the present English Orthography, were also shown.

At the conclusion, the former vote was rescinded, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted. I do not know why you should have omitted all mention of the matter, (as it is by no means an unimportant or insignificant fact, that Universal Alphabetic Reform received the unanimous sympathy and endorsement of the Third National Spiritualist Convention,) unless because of the fact that your reporter was not present at the time. It is, however, a sufficiently serious omission to justify me in making the respectful request that you will either publish this, or an editorial equivalent, in order that "the truth, and the whole truth" may be presented in the editorial "summary."

J. MADISON ALLYN.

Foxboro, Mass.

Once more in my wandering ways, I have visited this beautiful little village of Massachusetts, which ever reminds me of the industry of New England women. It is one of the neatest and most tasteful, if not the first one of the many elegant villages of Massachusetts. But what is most interesting to me, is the argument it furnishes for woman, in advocacy of her practical talent in using the property to secure the greatest amount of comfort in life. The straw works of this village, have for a long time furnished labor and pay to a large portion of the females in the place and vicinity, and they have expended much of their earnings in public and private improvements, which have made the place a most desirable one for a quiet country residence. The streets, cottages, gardens, town hall, churches, and the internal and external furniture and arrangements of the houses, all show a superior taste to most other villages. The society is also of a superior order, and in accordance with the outward display. Not haughty, proud, vain, selfish; but intelligent, frank, generous and genial, partaking largely of the elements of our religion and philosophy.

I cite this with other arguments, in favor of what I have long claimed for woman: the equal right to own and control the property of this world, of which she is an equal heir of God or nature, with man, to all lands, animal, vegetable, universal wealth, and in all products and improvements; has certainly earned one half or more, and she is therefore entitled to one half the property in the country, and owns and holds less than one-eighth of it. I also claim for her an equal right to make and administer the laws; at least all which she is governed by and has to support—and especially the laws of marriage and parentage, if we have laws on that subject. I feel sure we should have better homes, better husbands, better wives, better children, better villages, better cities, better laws and a better nation, if woman had her share of the property and control of society. Every step in that direction shows it, as does the little town of Foxboro.

I had two most excellent meetings there, September 2, and met many old familiar faces and many new ones, full of earnest and honest inquiry after the truths of our Philosophy and of life after death, which they cannot find in the Churches or the religion of sectarian Christianity. A blessing on Foxboro, and many thanks for the evidence it furnishes of the enterprise and intelligence of woman.

WARREN CHASE.

The Massachusetts State Convention of Spiritualists
will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Lawrence, City Hall, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 10th, 11th and 12th of October. The object of the Convention being to fill vacancies, and devise some means by which the glorious principles of Spiritualism may be more fully disseminated throughout the State. And it is earnestly hoped that the friends of the cause will see that every section of the State be represented, and that delegates be sent from every city, town and hamlet.

The Haverhill and Lowell choirs are expected to be present at the Convention. As the friends of Lawrence intend to entertain as many as possible free, it is desirable that all who expect to attend the Convention, should send in their names as early as possible, in order that better arrangements may be made. For this purpose all are requested to address Mrs. Susie A. Willis, box 473, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. Willis, Vice President.

Mrs. M. J. Willis, Secretary.

Sept. 19, 1866.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication, and is a continuous Divine revelation 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, and 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.

Labor: Its Worth and its Wages.

The National Convention of Spiritualists, assembled recently at Providence, did not omit to pay due consideration to the great question of the rights and rewards of Human Labor—a question whose adjustment is going to task the best thoughts of the men of the present generation. With the other resolutions passed by them before their adjournment, was the following:

Resolved. That the hand of honest labor alone holds the sovereign sceptre of civilization; that its rights are commensurate with its character and importance; and hence, that it is the duty of the State to secure to the laborer a fair and equitable remuneration for his services, and to the laboring millions ample means, times and opportunities for education, culture, refinement and pleasure; and that equal labor, whether performed by men or women, should receive equal compensation.

That we agree with wholly and unreservedly; and so will all reformers, philanthropists, people of progress, and lovers of right and justice. If sentiment be allowed to control in the work of philanthropy, here is the field for its operation; and a wide and noble field it is, including all men and women who labor with their hands, which is the very large majority of the people of the country, for we are no idlers here; we all work, some at one thing and some at another.

It is true in all respects that "the hand of honest labor alone holds the sovereign sceptre of civilization." This great continent has so far become a conquest to civilization only through the steady service of organized labor; and it is that alone to which it will be indebted for the fullest disclosure of the real grandeur of its wealth and its perfect development of its resources. Labor, as ever before in the world, conquers all things. In the historic ages it won battles for Greek and Roman, and carried the name of a conquering State to the heart of the furthest country, bringing back captive kings and princes in return; in this era it is at work on the side of progress and civilization, harnessed to the car of advancement, and yet working not as a beast of burden but with the inspiration of intelligence, foresight, and comprehensive calculation.

Ought not such an agent, so powerful and universal, to be at least recognized by its beneficiaries for what it is indeed worth? If this shall not receive and enjoy its full reward, pray what and who shall? Where does just recompense belong if not to intelligent and honest labor, holding fast to its tasks till they are finished? If there is to be an aristocratic order established at all on our soil, who should belong to it, forming its head and body, but those who have done and are still doing the work by which as a people we have come to be what we are? It argues no really forward state of our civilization that the case has to be presented at the bar of public opinion for an impartial opinion. It is proof of anything but genuine progress, that we are obliged to plead for the cause of the producer against that of the mere holder. It ought not to be so. Something must clearly be wrong when the true order of things is so fatally inverted.

They keep telling us that there is no inconsistency in the relations of capital to labor; that the interests of both are similar; that the well-being of one is bound up in the other. So we would very much like to believe. But when we see workmen in foundries and factories receiving, per annum, one thousand, or even one hundredth part of the profits for the year, when upon their faithful and intelligent industry depended the question of any profits at all, we cannot subscribe to any such doctrine as is so plausibly set forth by the paid advocates of capital. And when we see makers of clothing, who have taken large contracts at great prices, snip off sixpence and a shilling from what they will receive for each garment, to pay the portionless sewing-girl, with themselves taking the lion's share and building up showy fortunes in a few months—we indignantly refuse to accept any such statement as that the interests of capital and labor are as yet identical, and repeat our belief with still louder and more protesting emphasis that something must be done without delay to lift the laboring class out of this condition of practical servitude.

The laborer is still worthy of his hire. This is professedly a Christian nation; yet so simple and manifest a truth as that is not yet suffered free operation in our midst. Whatever the laborer may be worth, let him get what he can, is rather the spirit of the present time. It is not necessary to say that this is not right in any sense, or to add the prophecy that it will surely lead to serious, and possibly permanent trouble in our social arrangement. To obviate this, a very different course of conduct is demanded. And that course is as plainly marked out in the other part of the Convention's resolution.

First, pay labor fair and just wages. Thus industry is better informed with intelligence, and the results of labor are far better in themselves, and every way of more value. With better wages comes a higher social condition. Then follows a higher standard of self-respect, the aspiration for culture and improvement, the painstaking measures for acquiring knowledge, securing culture, and developing the instincts of refinement. If the working class are, as some allege, deficient as a class in education and general culture, then there ought to be no objection to their being put in possession of every convenient means for securing both. Certainly it is no argument to say that they lack qualities which would bring higher rates of wages to them, and still deny them the opportunities and means for putting themselves in possession of those qualities.

The whole subject, ramifying as it does through the entire structure of our modern life, is receiving more attention than ever before. It is a great and fundamental matter. The many questions springing from it are not to be pushed or waved aside, as if some other time would be fully as convenient for their adjustment. They press for immediate attention. If it be necessary, as all agree, to educate those who are to bear each part in the support of free government, and free institutions—why does not the same doctrine apply to and include educational opportunities for labor, which are secured only by fair wages and hours; especially in a country where the laboring class counts up to within a very small fraction of the entire population?

A New Era.

While we each and all continue at our work, let us not forget that we are breathing the atmosphere of a new era. The old things are passed away, and all things are become new. Our present effort is therefore made under more favorable auspices than ever before. There is such a life welling up and rapidly swelling all around us, as supplies one with new and higher sources of inspiration. If there is much more to do now, we are given more power for the work to be done. Then the law of sympathy and love is getting better understood, and, when obeyed, its operations are of the most effective character.

Material improvements all about us are but the sure heralds of spiritual advancement. That has been the order of march in all history. The telegraph, the ocean cable, the railway soon to span a continent and bind ocean to ocean, the rapid organizations for furthering benevolent, moral and social projects—these are indications of a greater facility which the world has acquired in the art of advancement which will bring more rapid development to all those great projects which have for their aim the highest possible elevation of the human race. We ought to testify our gratitude for being permitted to live in such an era of opportunities, by laboring all the more earnestly according to the light we enjoy. That is a practical admission that we know, that we duly appreciate, and that we are inspired by the real object of our faith.

Timely Philanthropy.

A Home has just been opened for occupancy and use in this city, styled the Boston Station Home, whose object it is to rescue from the degradation which accompanies a criminal appearance before our Municipal Court such first offenders against the law as really do not merit the severe and stigmatizing punishment which the law must impartially measure out, and by kind treatment and screening them from public disgrace save their self-respect, appeal successfully to their better nature, and stimulate them to fresh efforts to avoid temptation and establish characters for uprightness and purity in the future. It is a truly benevolent enterprise, deserving the countenance and support of all good men and women.

Two houses have been hired in Sudbury street, the city assisting to pay the rent, one of which is for males and the other for females. There are some forty-four sleeping apartments in all, properly furnished, besides the necessary offices below, dining-room, &c. The plan has been tried for a year past on a smaller scale, and with good effect. The Mayor is the President of the Institution, and there are officers of other grades to carry out the intent of its original projectors. No doubt numbers can be saved from final ruin if they are met in this way by thoughtful kindness and affectionate care. These are the very institutions which the Age demands and inspires.

NEARER TO THEE.

An inspirational poem, given by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her lecture on "The present condition of Theodore Parker in spirit-life," in Chelsea, Sunday evening, September 16, 1866.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

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

Yes, I am nearer Thee! for flesh and sense
Have been exchanged for an eternal youth;
My spirit hath been born anew, and hence
I worship Thee "in spirit and in truth."

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Though still unseen,
Thy presence fills my life's diviner part.
Now that no earthly shadows intervene,
I feel a deeper sense of what Thou art.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Thy boundless love
Fills all my being with a rich increase,
And soft descending, like a heavenly dove,
I feel the benediction of Thy peace.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! All that I sought
Of Truth, or Wisdom, or Eternal Right,
Is clearly present to my inmost thought,
Like the uprising of a glorious light.

Yes, I am nearer Thee! Oh calm and still,
And beautiful and blest beyond degree,
Is this surrender of my finite will—
Is this absorption of my soul in Thee.

"Oh Thou! whom men call God and know no more!"

When they shall leave the worship of the Past,
And learn to love Thee rather than adore,
All souls shall draw thus nearer Thee at last.
*The favorite hymn of Theodore Parker.

This and That.

A correspondent of the Vermont Record, writing about the town of Jamaica, in that State, after speaking of the flourishing condition of the village, says of the Congregational Church that it gives him pain to see the building so sadly neglected by the believers; all else looks prosperous and smiling, but this building suffers from neglect. "It is too bad"—in his exact language—"to see such evidences of disregard for homes of worship." In the very next paragraph he says—"the Spiritualists have been holding meetings here for some weeks, and the result of their labors so far has been to drive one man a raving maniac. When will such delusions cease?" We can answer the correspondent of the Record perhaps, in our plain way: So long as persons like himself consider it a "delusion" to have his eyes opened that they may behold the truth, it is not very likely there will be much cessation of the work of "delusion" either in this generation or the next. He will see an evidence of this style of "delusion" in the neglect of the Orthodox church edifice that he complains of. People right around him have got their eyes open to the needlessness of keeping a building in repair, in which the old damnation theories are waiting to be proclaimed and defended. On his ground, every one who declines to help about repairing the church deserves to be called a "raving maniac."

Jersey City.

Our venerable friend, Joseph Dixon, of Jersey City, is renewing his efforts for the promulgation of the true spiritual ideas, and the elevation of humanity generally. For these purposes, he offers the free use of his fine hall to spiritual lecturers and reformers. The Spiritualists there have organized into a society, and hold meetings in Dixon's Hall, 244 York street. On Sunday, September 10th, F. L. Wadsworth lectured before the society, and in the afternoon proceeded to organize a Children's Lyceum, which will eventually, we trust, prove a complete success. Mr. Wadsworth in his discourse, dwelt upon the importance of properly and carefully instilling into young minds, correct religious ideas in regard to the future life, instead of the erroneous dogmas and superstitions, taught them by old theology. Young minds are very impressionable, and much care should be exercised in their early training.

Chicago.

Twenty-five years ago—only a quarter of a century—a little trading post, garrisoned by two companies of United States soldiers, and numbering four thousand people, was known to exist on the western shore of Lake Michigan. Few persons suspected that this insignificant settlement contained the germ of one of the mightiest and most populous cities on the American continent, and that but a few short years would roll around, ere the name of the wonderful city of Chicago would become famous and world wide.

The Chicago River, which now floats upon its waters the largest inland commerce in the world, and discharges to the sea the food of half the continent, was a mere slough, running to Lake Michigan between banks covered only with rushes and wild rice, and affording food and shelter to the game and wild fowl which flocked to its friendly waters. Within a stone's throw of this river—the banks whereof are now covered with the enormous elevators, graineries and warehouses—land by the thousand acres could have been purchased at the Government price, and settlers and immigrants would have been welcomed with open arms, to take it at that. Some of the Western Indian tribes annually gathered here, to receive the usual stipend paid by the great White Father at Washington. This was all that Chicago amounted to, as late as 1840. Behold to-day an amazing city of a quarter of a million of people; industrious, enterprising and thriving. With an energy that has no parallel in history, they have built up the grand metropolis of the West; they have laid their iron fingers on every nook and corner of the fertile prairie lands and plains of the great Northwest. They bring in the grain and produce, the cattle and the pork from this vast garden. Fifteen Railroads pour into Chicago the wealth of the valley of the Mississippi. Two hundred and fifty trains per day arrive at and leave her depots; a fact of which no other city on the continent can boast. She handles more grain than any other city in the world; indeed, there is but one worthy of being named in the same list with herself, and that is Odessa—and Odessa is a child, compared to Chicago.

It is the largest lumber market in the world, by many millions of feet. The pine forests of Michigan and Wisconsin contribute to Chicago the material which nature has not given to her fertile plains. Eleven hundred thousand hogs are annually slaughtered in Chicago; and she is also the largest market for beef and beef cattle. Her graineries—some of which hold thirteen hundred thousand bushels—are unrivaled. There are now in process of erection, four thousand houses, besides stores and warehouses. There are seventy-four thousand names in the Chicago Directory, and the population is increasing with a rapidity never before known. Chicago is certainly on her grand march to take her position as the second city on the continent. Who knows but that she may be the first, and then boast of New York and Boston as her seaports?

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

During the month, Dr. Willis has addressed the Spiritualists of Haverhill each Sunday. His words of wisdom, as he unfolds the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy, sink deep into the hearts of his hearers. He particularly enforces the great moral truths and the true religious element which Spiritualism inculcates. His discourses all have an elevating influence, and leave a lasting impression for good. The Haverhill Publisher, in alluding to the course of lectures by Dr. Willis, closes with the following paragraph:

"During his collegiate term at Harvard, some years ago, he was arraigned before the bigoted and narrow-minded Faculty of that institution, on a charge of producing strange and uncomfortable phenomena, and subjected to a sort of 'star-chamber' trial, his accusers refusing him the privilege of having any friend or counselor present as witness, or to aid in his defence. While admitting the fact of the strange occurrences which had been witnessed in his presence, the Doctor utterly repudiated the charge of voluntarily producing them, or of possessing the slightest knowledge of the manner in which they were produced. But this availed nothing, and after going through a sort of mock trial, his accusers finally suspended him for a considerable time from the institution. Dr. W. is a practicing physician in Boston, and possessing much ability as a writer and speaker, his lectures elicit the closest attention from his audiences."

Thanks from the Convention.

All the delegates to the late National Convention of Spiritualists speak in warm terms of the generous hospitality which was tendered them by the citizens of Providence, while tarrying in that city. Although the number of delegates to be provided for was unprecedentedly large, and the capacity for entertainment on the part of friends and citizens was put to its severest strain, the accommodations proved to be in every respect ample, and what is better, they were offered in a spirit of cordiality which enhanced their value beyond measure. We have seen no individual who has returned from the sittings of the Convention, who did not express himself in the sincerest manner respecting the genuine kindness and open-handed friendliness of the good people of Providence. This is, we learn, their native character, and we hope it may never come short of a profound appreciation, like that which is returned for its manifestations by those who attended in such numbers on the recent successful Convention.

Meetings in New York.

The Spiritual meetings have been resumed again in New York City, after a short summer vacation, and quite an interest is awakened in regard to the important subject of Spiritualism. Doddworth's Hall, where the First Society of Spiritualists hold their meetings, is filled, Sunday mornings and evenings, to hear Mrs. Emma Harding's discourses. Her numerous friends were glad to welcome her back from old England. Ebbitt Hall is also well filled each Sunday with the believers in the Spiritual Philosophy. Henry C. Wright is speaking there for the present. The Children's Lyceum is in successful operation, and promises large additions to its ranks this fall.

New Music.

We have received from C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, New York (successor to Horace Waters in the music publishing business), a beautiful ballad, glowing with the spiritual idea of guardianship by our loved ones in the spirit land, entitled, "Beautiful Form of my Dreams." The words are by W. C. Baker, music by H. P. Danks, quite a popular composer. The title page is embellished with the life-like portrait of a little girl of less than a dozen years, with a sweetly expressive and intelligent face. From the same publisher, we are also in receipt of two other fine productions, "Bells in Distant Land," music by Henry Tucker, and the "Banjo Ghidji," by Mrs. E. A. Parkhill, an inspirational composition, and author of nearly one hundred different pieces of music, which have all been published, and become public favorites.

The Closing Picnic of the Season.

The picnic at Island Grove, Abington, took place on Friday, September 14th, in accordance with previous arrangements of Dr. Gardner. Quite a large party was present. The morning opened bright; but rain began to pour before noon, right and left of the grove, but it drops in the grove were so few that, the pleasure of the visitors was not disturbed. The usual variety of recreations were enjoyed to the fullest extent. The speaking was very good and well appreciated.

A. E. Giles, Esq., presided over the meeting as chairman, and spoke briefly several times.

Mr. A. James, of Chicago, gave an interesting treatise on mediumship, closing with his experiences, and the discovery of the Artesian Well through his mediumship.

Dr. U. Clark gave an account of the late successful Spiritual Camp Meeting in Malden, giving the angel-world credit for its success. He narrated several instances of the good results growing out of it.

Mr. Gurney read an appropriate poem from manuscript, and then spoke at length on the power of will and self-control, contending that what is generally attributed to special providence, is more the result of human action.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen made two fine speeches, in which she urged the importance of putting forth more vigorous effort, for the relief of the down-trodden, and the more general promulgation of the glorious truths of Spiritualism among the people, closing each address with poetic appeals.

Mrs. Albertson spoke with her usual vigor. In the course of her remarks she alluded to the Spiritual literature—especially naming the BANNER—as something that should receive more general attention and patronage from Spiritualists. Without patronage it was discouraging to print good books or newspapers.

Warren Chase spoke of the important era in which we are now living; of the great reforms and changes which are now taking place both in the religious and spiritual world, all growing out of the Spiritual movement. Spiritualism will be the salvation of the world in all future time. Under its fostering care all reforms which tend to better all classes, without distinction of color or race, will progress, and the yoke of religious bigotry will be thrown off from all necks; under the broad and liberal folds of the banner of Spiritualism our own nation would yet move on more prosperously and harmoniously than ever.

Dr. Morrill, entranced, made an energetic speech in regard to the political movements of the day.

Miss Lizzie Doten touched the hearts of all who are in any way susceptible to spirit influence, in her remarks upon mediumship, and the influence exerted upon mediums by the invisible. She gave a very interesting narrative of her own personal experiences in this particular phase of our philosophy. She was listened to with the closest attention.

Judge Ladd's philosophical speech was highly relished.

The party then repaired to the cars and safely returned to the city, feeling much better in mind and body for having enjoyed so pleasant a day in the country.

New Publications.

TAKEN UPON TRUST. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This is the reprint, in handsome form, of an English story, by the author of "Recommended to Mercy," and enjoys a high reputation abroad. It is a novel of social science, and contains many thoughts and suggestions that will greatly interest those who are giving their attention to the elucidation of social problems. The world's treatment of women of misfortune is hardly to be gauged by example which the authoress has depicted in this novel, yet there are many reflections in the course of her heroine's experiences which will apply to the condition of the sex under trying circumstances. We pronounce it one of the most earnest, thoughtful and effective tales of the time.

HELEN COURTNEY'S PROMISE. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

A previous romance—Vernon Grove—by the same authoress—who is Mrs. Caroline A. Glover, of South Carolina—was received with much cordiality by an appreciative public, which fact will naturally bespeak a favorable reception for this second essay. The tone of Mrs. Glover's mind is elevated, and more or less spiritual, as the choice of her language alone implies. She crowds incidents into her book in sufficient number to illustrate and develop her characters as well as to give action and excitement to her story; yet there is only a pure and somewhat contemplative enjoyment in it, instead of a sensational and fleeting one. She is a close observer, and in the description of natural scenes shows points of positive excellence. It is a moving, elegant, and well written story, and will furnish a great deal of pleasure to appreciative and cultured readers.

MOUNT CALVARY: WITH MEDITATIONS IN SACRED PLACES. By Matthew Hale Smith. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

From being a theological and controversial writer on creeds, Mr. Smith has passed over to the "evangelical," so called; and we think he works his talents to much better advantage. He has chosen a group of topics, all related to a single locality, in perfect obedience to his tastes and capacity as a writer. His style of treatment is racy and running, superficial rather than thoughtful, with more rather than less color, and after a method calculated to win popularity. The reader will find many novel thoughts in this book, the subject itself being one over which a goodly array of fine minds have traveled before; yet the sketches are smooth and readable, and excite the imagination. One thinks, while running over its pages, of Heady and the "Sacred Mountains;" but we prefer, on the whole, the style and treatment of Mr. Smith to that of Mr. Heady. We do not doubt that the work will meet with a wide and ready sale.

Bela Marsh, of this city, has just published the third edition of S. J. Finney's compact and well-reasoned little tractate, entitled "The Bible; Is it of Divine Origin, Authority, and Influence?" This steady success of a sterling work proves that it is fully appreciated by an inquiring public, and that it is doing active good on minds that are receptive to its candid statements, its clear reasonings, and its healthy teachings. Those who would really apprehend and appreciate the Bible better than ever before, will go to the right quarry for get assistance if they have recourse to this little treatise.

From the same press—that of Bela Marsh—proceeds the third edition of Andrew Jackson Davis's examination of "The History and Philosophy of Evil," with suggestions for more ennobling institutions, and Philosophical Systems of Education.

This ample title conveys to the reader who has not yet perused this thoughtful production of Mr. Davis, a better idea of the real purpose of his effort than we could presume to do in our own way. Related to this free discussion of Evil are a multitude of questions, chiefly in detail, in which all men and women are personally interested and more and more inquisitive. All those who are given to reflection on spiritual topics and truths will thank us for again suggesting for their perusal this work of Mr. Davis.

T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, send us a paper-covered tale entitled "Moreton Hall, or the Spirits in a Haunted House." It is styled "a true tale in real life." The "ghosts" are more imaginary than real, however, and are evidently conjured up in the author's imagination rather than sketched from any tangible acquaintance with them. Still, in the parlance of romance writers, it would be styled a "thrilling" tale.

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. If the weather is stormy on Wednesday the excursion will take place the following day, if pleasant; otherwise it will be postponed until further notice.

The Sick are Healed.

The afflicted in Troy, N. Y., and vicinity will be glad to learn that Dr. E. Young, a successful healing medium, has located in Lansingburgh, three miles from Troy, for the purpose of exercising his gift of healing on those who are suffering. His card in another column will give further particulars.

Troy Children's Lyceum.

We learn that the Lyceum in Troy, N. Y., is progressing finely, and bids fair to outnumber many longer established schools. Its officers are devoted to the work, especially Mrs. Louisa Keath, the amiable and accomplished Guardian of Groups. Such earnest souls would make any good undertaking a success.

Mrs. Smith ready for work again.

Permit me to answer through the columns of the BANNER, the frequent inquiry made, "whether or no I have left the lecture field?" I have been relecturing in the State of Vermont during the summer months; shall return the first of October, to my home in Milford, Mass. Those in the New England States, who are desirous of engaging my services during the fall and winter months, can address me at that place.

FANNIE DAVIS SMITH.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In another column will be found the call for another meeting of the Massachusetts State Convention of Spiritualists, to be held in the City Hall, Lawrence, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October. The object of this Convention, is to disseminate the principles of Spiritualism more generally throughout the State, by appointing competent speakers to visit places where there are no regular meetings now held. It is an important movement, and we trust our friends will take hold of the matter in earnest. Send representatives to the Convention from all parts of the State.

We can supply orders for the third edition of "The Bible; Is it of divine origin, authority and influence?" by J. S. Finney. Also A. J. Davis's "History and Philosophy of Evil;" with suggestions for more ennobling institutions and philosophical systems of education." This work has reached its third edition.

Mrs. M. A. Pearson, the well known test medium, has returned to this city after a few weeks' sojourn in Connecticut.

We call attention to the notice in another column, of "a new movement" at Winslow, N. J., signed by Milo A. Townsend and four others.

J. S. LOVELAND will be in Oswego, N. Y., during October. Address accordingly.

Dr. Chapin's new church on Fifth Avenue and Forty-third street, New York, is approaching completion. It is of brown stone, and will be one of the most elegant in the city.

An English letter-writer says "Gerald Massey is passionately immersed in Spiritualism, and is indeed himself a medium. He confides to his friends that every idea in his new book on Shakespeare's sonnets was obtained directly from the ghost of Shakespeare himself. He says he went over the sonnets line by line, with the spirit, and had the author's interpretation of each. He did not state this in his book, for fear of exciting the prejudice of the public against it."

A young lady now employed as a compositor on the Montgomery Advertiser, had three hundred bales of cotton burned during the war. Instead of repining over her misfortune, she now goes to work at a business most congenial to her intellectual taste. Her heroic self-reliance is truly commendable.

It is the opinion of Secretary McCulloch that by October 1, the Treasury will hold seventy-five millions in gold, exclusive of the gold certificates.

Our receipts in gold from San Francisco this year have been twenty-nine millions against some twelve millions for the same time last year.

A bridge is to be built at once over the Mississippi River, at Quincy, Ill., by the three railroads that converge at that point.

Mr. Alexander T. Stewart's, of New York, return of over four millions of dollars, is probably the largest annual business income in the world. If the Rothschilds, whose wealth is more that of a family than of individuals, are excepted, no un-owned person has an income approaching Mr. Stewart's.

The manufacture of silk is carried on quite extensively in California.

"If you had avoided rum," said a rum-seller to a customer, "you could now ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum," said the (bachann), "you would have been my driver."

An English Justice says that calling many witnesses to prove one fact, is like adding a large quantity of water to a small glass of brandy—it weakens.

The Chicago Common Council, on Monday, passed a resolution, that after January 1, eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work for all men in the employ of the city.

He who laughs when he is alone, will make sport in company.

That was an affectionate daughter, who, when purchasing some mourning goods, was asked if there had been a death in the family, replied, "No, not exactly, but I expect the old lady will be under in about a week, and I thought I would have my mourning ready."

A Marseilles paper states that an inhabitant of that city has discovered a new motive power, much more advantageous than steam, and quite free from any danger of explosion.

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a barber of one who was undergoing the operation of shaving. "Yes," was the reply, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

Emerson says that when a public man claims more consideration than his faculties entitle him to, he is a politician.

The Chicago papers tell of a dog that was taken from that vicinity across the plains to California, but did not like the country and footed it back to his old home.

The ostrich recently sent by Prof. Agassiz from Brazil to the city of Boston, and which has been penned up in one corner of the Deer park on the Common for several weeks past, died last week. Close confinement and city life did not agree with it.

Mrs. E. CATES, No. 21 Charter street, who has long been developed as a writing, developing and healing medium, and used her gifts among personal friends with good success, now offers her services to the public. She is a sister of the late Mrs. Lizzie Clough, well known in this city as a lecturer and test medium. Mrs. Cates is a worthy lady and reliable medium.

The prizes at the Paris Exposition will amount to one hundred and ninety thousand dollars.

The population of London is over three million. In this vast population there are more dress-makers and milliners than bakers, grocers, tailors or bootmakers.

He who has good health is a rich man, and rarely knows it.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 3 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston, for the purpose of reading and explaining the Bible. The Children's Lyceum, of the Independent Society of Spiritualists, will meet every Sunday, at 10 A. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston. The Lyceum will be held in the City Hall, Lawrence, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, afternoons and evenings. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon, on Wednesdays, at 10 A. M., in the City Hall, Lawrence, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October.

Worcester.—The Spiritualists and Liberal minds of Worcester have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall, Worcester, on Wednesdays, at 10 A. M., in the City Hall, Lawrence, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October.

Providence.—The Spiritualists of Providence will meet every Sunday, at 10 A. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston. The Lyceum will be held in the City Hall, Lawrence, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October.

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Acknowledgment.

Permit me to acknowledge in the BANNER OF LIGHT, the receipt, as Treasurer of the Spiritualist Society of Portland, of seventy-five dollars from Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, contributed by the Spiritualists of that city, for the relief of suffering Spiritualists here, made so by the late fire. There is no excuse to offer for this tardy acknowledgment, the money having been received long weeks ago, except that it was not lack of gratitude.

Very respectfully yours,
Portland, Me., Sept. 17, 1886. WM. WILLIAMS.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—We have often spoken of this great medicine in terms of very high praise, and we have as often felt that all we could say in its favor would not do it full justice. It is one of those medicines of which we can speak—and speak decisively—from experience; for we have repeatedly taken it, and invariably with the best results and the greatest satisfaction. We always keep it on hand, ready for an emergency, and we regard it not only as one of the very best and most reliable medicines in use for various ills, but as one of the cheapest, also. Its cost, by the way—is that the cost of all the ingredients of which it is composed—has been considerably increased, but the price of the medicine has been but very little advanced. It is not likely that the popularity of Davis' Pain Killer will in any measure decrease, or that the demand for it will in the slightest degree decline, until some other specific for allaying pain and curing the various complaints for which it is so generally used, shall be discovered, of equal potency with it—of which there seems to be little probability. As a remedy for stomach complaints, such as dyspepsia, flatulency, etc., the Pain Killer is without doubt unsurpassed, and everywhere most deservedly in demand. One, two, or three doses, of a teaspoonful each, in a wine glass of milk and water, with a little sugar, have repeatedly, within our knowledge, effectually cured serious trouble of this kind. Judgment should, unfortunately, be used in not choosing certain stages of diarrhoea too suddenly; but taken at the proper time, the Pain Killer will act like a charm, and frequently cure when nothing else will.—*Providence Advertiser.*

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Letter with money for subscription received from Corvallis, Mass. No name attached.

A. F. D., Troy Centre, Wis., \$1.50 received.

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

Previous acknowledgments: \$109.00
Geo. Cogrove, Washington, D. C.

Business Matters.

FIRST SUNDAY EVENING SACRED CONCERT AND LECTURE IN HOWARD ATHENAEUM, BOSTON.—The first of the People's Sunday Evening Lectures and Sacred Concerts will open in Howard Athenaeum, on Sunday evening next, Sept. 30th. The exercises will consist of music by Alonzo Bond's Band, with over twenty instruments; choruses by a large choir of juveniles from the Sunday Lyceum; choruses by a select choir of adult vocalists; hymn and doxology by the band, choir, and the whole audience; and a lecture on "Sunday and its Uses," by Prof. John H. W. Tooley, the eminent Irish American orator. Doors open at 6½; exercises to commence at 7½. Family circle and upper tier, embracing the lower part of the house for heating and seating, 15 cents. First floor or parquette, 25 cents. Reserved orchestra chairs, 50 cents. There are only half the ordinary prices of the house. The usual prices in Boston for Sunday evening sacred concerts, without any other attractions, are fifty cents and one dollar. The regular door-seekers, ticket-sellers and police of the Athenaeum will officiate on Sunday evening, though the management has no connection with the dramatic business of the house, and the entire proceeds are appropriated toward the expenses of the Sunday evening exercises.

Somewhat in connection with this Sunday evening movement, a People's Conference will be held in Evans' Hall, front entrance No. 3 Tremont Row, on Sunday, at 2 P. M., and a Children's Lyceum meeting for singing and other exercises at 10 A. M. So far, Parents, children, speakers, singers, and all who are interested, are especially requested to attend on first opening next Sunday, the 30th. As the management of these meetings is in the hands of those who have been eminently successful in the past, our friends and the public of Boston and vicinity may anticipate a rich combination of interests.

A PROGRESSIVE SETTLEMENT.—A village and settlement of progressive minds, are now forming upon a choice tract of four thousand acres of land, in Camden County, New Jersey, twenty-two miles from Philadelphia, where an Industrial School for both sexes, a Unitarian Home, a Hygienic Institute, are among the objects sought, and where land for fruit farms and gardens, and for the establishment of the various forms of Mechanical, Artistic, and a Manufacturing Industry, can be purchased at moderate prices. Persons desiring to learn further particulars, are cordially invited to visit the place, by procuring tickets to Spring Garden, at foot of Fifth street, Philadelphia, or write to either of the following individuals on the ground, at Blue Anchor, Camden Co., N. J.: GEORGE HARKELL, THOS. W. TAYLOR, J. W. STAVELAND, G. A. TOWNSEND.

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Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing 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.

Holy Spirit, our Father and our Mother, too, through nature's tears, as through her smiles, we behold thee and understand thy presence, for we know that wherever thy creations are, there are thy temples, and from thence thou art manifesting to all life. Oh Spirit of this day and generation, we thank thee that thou hast so abundantly blessed thy children here—here in America. We thank thee that the clarion voice of freedom is sounded above the crack of the whip, and the tocsin that calls the slave to labor. We thank thee that above and beyond all oppression, the cry of liberty and eternal justice has been heard. We thank thee that from the fair banner that waves as our emblem on this republic's shores, a great and holy influence has gone forth. Though it has been cleansed with blood, though the soil has been drenched with the blood of America's fairest and best, yet great good has resulted therefrom, and the voice of freedom resounds clear and shrill above the din of war. Oh our Father and our Mother, we thank thee that we see this glorious day. We thank thee that our ears are open; that even in our spirit homes, we can hear the voice of freedom sounding North and South, East and West. Though mourning is mingled with rejoicing, though the graves are yet green and are counted by millions, yet we praise thee, oh Spirit of Eternal Justice, for this last and greatest exhibition of thy love toward thy children. And now that they are standing upon the threshold of a better existence, now that another angel is calling to the people, grant, oh Spirit, that their eyes may see the sunlight of thy truth that is flooding the horizon, telling thy children that the morning is nigh. Grant that that portion of thy people now striving to free themselves from bondage and oppression of all kinds throughout the world—grant, oh Spirit of Justice, that they, too, may be successful. Grant that they may learn that the Great Father of Eternal Justice is with them, not with their enemies. Oh let them see that thy hand has ever dealt wisely with them. Though they have passed through much suffering, yet out of the furnace fire of affliction they will come forth freed and purified. And unto thy name, thou Spirit of All Time and Eternity, we will ever sing praises, ever chant glad hosannas, for all thou hast given us in the past, art giving us in the present, and all that we, as intelligent subjects, have reason to hope for in the future. Amen. June 7.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, are ready to answer.

Ques.—By M. H. P.: What ought to be the conditions around the death-bed for the spirit to pass quietly from the body?

Ans.—Certainly not that of mourning. If you would have your friends pass through the change peacefully and happily, let the mental atmosphere surrounding them be peaceful. Since you know that the separation is only in the external, since you know that the change will be their gain—if some loss to yourselves—strive to be joyous. Point them beyond their sufferings; assure them that they soon are to be free; that soon the veil is to be lifted, and they are to be welcomed, not by the dead, but by the living. Let your death chambers be called chambers wherein the soul is born into a new and brighter sphere. Instead of shrouding them with darkness and gloom, put fair flowers there. Sing songs and rejoice with the departing spirit, as it wings its way to a better sphere of action.

Q.—By A. J. P., of Plainfield: What is the cause of the defect of vision known as daltonism, or color blindness, and how may it best be remedied?

A.—Whatever will tend to produce an absolute equilibrium throughout the nervous forces, will do away with this difficulty; or, in other words, will produce an equilibrium between the sun's rays and the optical nerve.

Q.—By the same: Why do spirits, in predicting future events, use language calculated to deceive the reader, as in the case of the comet that was to appear in 1865?

A.—We are not aware that they do use language calculated to deceive their hearers. Sometimes your ears are not so thoroughly attuned to the music of the spirit-world as to enable you to hear it distinctly. It is not the intention of those who visit you, to mislead you or to mystify you. Sometimes they do not so clearly express themselves as they do at other times, but that is not because they intend to mislead you. Often the trouble is with yourselves.

Q.—Is the theory put forth by the physicists, Dr. Mayer, Professor Liebig, Humboldt, Faraday and others, viz: That light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., are only modes of motion and "affections of matter," correct? or are they separate and distinct entities or substances, and what rank do they hold in the world of nature?

A.—They are all chorists, through which life in its various forms is passed on, changed from one point of being to another. Magnetism is but a name for God; so is electricity; so is the rock, the rill, the ocean, the mountain and valley. All these various substances, whether seen or unseen, that you in your consciousness have named, are to our consciousness parts and portions of Deity. Motion is as constant as rest, and motion is ever motion and ever must be. And yet motion is but life; life is but motion. These inanimate substances that you say are motionless, are not so in reality. Could you see the working of their internal lives, the constant working that is

going on within and without every single substance that goes to make up all atoms, you would not say that these objects are inanimate and motionless. We believe that these persons who are theorizing and speculating in these things, are, in the main, correct; or at all events, have struck out from the right track.

Q.—Is matter, so-called, anything more than a form of force, rendered tangible and concrete by the operations of its inherent laws?

A.—Matter is an agent of force, rendered tangible and concrete by its own inherent cause surely.

Q.—How does the sun operate to produce heat at our distance from him? What sustains the operation through so many long ages? Is it a separate independent substance, or a vibration of the ethereal fluid that pervades space?

A.—It may be called a vibration of the fluid that pervades space, so-called. The earth contains as much heat and luminosity as the sun. Therefore, you have this so-called complete power; or the sun has this so-called complete power over the earth. There is always an equilibrium, so far as heat and magnetic life are concerned, between the sun and earth. Now understand us to say, that the earth is as luminous to the sun, as the sun is to the earth; else the sun would not be the sun to you.

Q.—Are light and heat capable of entering into chemical combinations with the substances of plants?

A.—All chemical combinations possess light and heat. They are never absent. Light and heat exist wherever life exists. There is no absolute darkness. June 7.

Edward Barrows.

It is two years yesterday since I died, at the Jackson Hospital, in Richmond, where I had been taken after I was wounded. I have tried a great many times to get back to say something to my mother about the way I went, but never could.

I did not die right away after they took off my arm, but I lived two or three weeks, and I tried all the time to send word to my mother; but I rather reckon I failed, for there was a great many patients there, and there was not half enough to do anything for 'em, so they could not get much attention. But I got better care than the most of the Yankees that were there, because one of the women that was in there as a nurse came in once a day, had formerly lived at the North, and her sympathies were with Northern soldiers. I did not know her, but when I told her who I was, she said she knew my mother; used to be a school-mate of hers, and she'd do everything to save me that she could. But she was going to write and send to my mother, but the orders were issued that day she was going to send that no effort in that direction should be made, anyway; because, although all such letters and messages were subject to the criticisms of the officers, it was after that order considered as contraband to do it, and they were not allowed to do it. I thought, though, it was done until after I died.

My mother said she felt as though I should never come back, if I enlisted. I was not quite seventeen years old, and I never had any experience in a soldier's life; but I wanted to go, and I did go. I'm not sorry I went, only want to go to my mother, if I can. Mrs. Sarah Barrows, her name, and I am Edward.

I don't know much about this way of coming back, but I was determined to come. I want her to know that this spirit-life is not at all like what I expected it would be. It's only a losing your body that folks here can see—you do not lose your real one. If you only know how to make use of these bodies, of these mediums, you can get a message over the wires very readily.

I'm glad I went, mother, I'm glad I went—wouldn't I had I otherwise, even if I'd known what was to have happened. I'm back on the anniversary of my death, and I hope long before the next anniversary to be talking to you just when I want to.

I'm suffering considerably in coming here to-day, as I did when last here, because I can't help thinking of it. They say I shan't next time I come round, so I'll stand it now—won't care for it. I'll be obliged to you, sir, if you'll pass my message through as you do others. [Where does your mother reside?] In Springfield, Massachusetts, sir. I'll be greatly obliged to you. When you get into a tight place, I'll help you through, if I can. June 7.

Susie Hyde.

I have come back, or rather, I should say, I make the effort to manifest myself as a presence and an intelligence here, because I wish to thank my dear, good minister, who told me such beautiful truths before I changed worlds. He said to me, "Susie, you've nothing to fear, and if you are satisfied to go, your peace is already made with God and with all the world. Susie, we have only to be at peace with ourselves, to be at peace with our God. And the only preparation we need on entering that beautiful spirit-home, where our friends are waiting with open arms to receive us, is a willingness to leave what we have enjoyed here."

The reason why he said this to me was because I had been so sorely distressed, because I could not experience that change of heart that all my friends, with the exception of himself, believed it necessary to experience to enter heaven, in order to be happy after death. But I shall never forget the day he came to see me, and talked so soothingly to me. I shall never forget how soon the cloud was lifted, how happy I was. I had no fear to die after that, for I felt in my soul he had told me the truth. It seemed as though he had talked with God and his angels, and had been sent a special ambassador from the Great Father to me to take away my fear.

My dear friends, who could not understand his beautiful teachings, are still in doubt with regard to my happiness, now. They still fear that I am not in the enjoyment of those glories that are set apart, as they suppose, for God's chosen people.

I had no idea that I could return, until I was ushered into that beautiful spirit-home that is so much more beautiful than mortals have any conception of. I was met at my entrance there by aunt Susan, Harriet, Mary, and a host of friends, who were all so ready to welcome me; and all said that my dear minister had told me the truth; that he had correct ideas of the hereafter, or, at least, as nearly so, as mortals are apt to have, and I should learn as quick as I could how to come here, that I might thank him, and tell him to go, whenever it was possible for him to do so, to souls passing through the change, to give them, every child of his Father, God, all the instruction with regard to the spirit-land that he had received himself; and to feel that whenever he was engaged in any such work, he was receiving the blessing of the angels, and laying up treasures in that heaven where thieves never enter, where rust doth not corrupt, but where our treasures are enduring; where they minister to the soul's progression; where they are not mere baubles that please our fancy only, but are joys that glisten in our crown in the spirit-world.

I was present when he uttered such kind, cheering, comforting words, while friends were gathered to pay the last tribute, as they tried, to one they loved. And I wondered why those words of his that were so full of life to me, could fall like dead letters at the feet of many of my friends. I wondered why they could not understand, as he did, that the spirit-world was not separated from us, but all around us, and that our spirit-friends were ever nigh, to guide us, to bless us, and to be of our household just the same.

All these things and much more he told them, and some there were who drank them in like living waters, but to others they were meaningless. And I thought, perhaps, when I shall find a way to return, I may open the door, so that the sun from this glorious spirit-world may shine in upon their souls, that the flowers of hope and trust may grow, and that the dark flowers of doubt and despair may be withered forever.

Please say that this is from Susie Hyde to the friends she has left, but particularly in thanks to her minister, Reverend Benjamin Davis, of Medford, Massachusetts. Farewell. June 7.

Philip Stedman.

This world is full of changes; and, if I'm not mistaken, all worlds are. Change seems to be the order of the day everywhere. If any one had told me that I should be able to return after death and manifest in this way, I should have said, That's a humbug. But here I am, nevertheless—I am, what there is left of me, Philip Stedman.

And now, according to the ideas of some of our good folks, I should be enjoying quarters below. But as I have no relish for such warm lodgings, particularly in summer time, I'd rather be here than there.

There is no reason why they should consign me to any such locality, except that I was not inclined to favor any sort of religion. If I had any at all, it was a religion of my own. If I wanted to shake props on a Sabbath, I'd be pretty likely to do it, notwithstanding the parson said you must not. I merely make this statement, sir, to let you know just where I stood when I was here.

I've taken this early occasion to come back, asking if those good folks will have the kindness to tell me whereabouts the devil has his—don't know whether you call it a hospital for patients like myself to get cured, or a kitchen from which folks are to come out well done—I want them to inform me where it is. I've come back to know where it is, for I tried as hard as I could, God knows, after I found myself dead, to find out if there was such a person as old Cloven Foot; if there was, I wanted to be introduced to him, I wanted to make his acquaintance once; never was for procrastinating—it was not my style. I find myself just as I was before I shook off the cumbersome body of the flesh, which I did in New Orleans so short a time since; so very short that I can't realize it is a truth yet. But I suppose it is.

Now I have no sort of hard feeling against anybody that supposes I'm in hell; but, as I do not happen to be there, suppose that they come and have a talk with me. Perhaps they can point it out. Perhaps they can draw a plan of the little accidents and incidents that I shall encounter, so I'll know whether I'm on the right road. They had better come and talk with me—and out whether I can come back or not. They need not have the slightest fear to meet me, for I shan't hurt them—won't take a single dollar out of their pockets; won't put one in, either. Now they may reckon on that just as sure as they can that the sun will show his pretty, smiling face to-morrow; just reckon on that; shan't do it. I know that some of them would soon say, "Phil, what did you do with the money you had?" I should answer, "None of your business what I did with it. I disposed of it before I died, and I'm very well satisfied with the disposition I made of it." You mustn't call on me to line your pockets with greenbacks. But I won't take any out unless I think you've got so much that it will drag you down. Then I may do it."

My friends in Cleveland I have only this much to say: If I've any accounts to settle with you, or you with me, let me talk with you just as I do here. To those in New Orleans I believe we're all square. There's nothing between us that needs settling, anyway. And if there are any scattered about the country that would not mind talking to a dead body resurrected, I'd be happy to talk with them. And to those who are pious among the crowd: I'll meet them inside the Church altar, if they want me, with a stack of Bibles around me that will reach up to the skies. I'll be sure to tell them the truth, because, backed up by so much truth, I can't do otherwise.

Now, sir, just say that Phil Stedman came back, and he's happy, quite as happy as he deserves to be, and is just the same as he was before he shook off his cumbersome body. Good-day. When you get short, I'll help you if I can. You are all playing a wondrous smart game in life, and every now and then you'll need some friend to put down for you, because you'll get short, you know. Good-bye. June 7.

Circle conducted by Theodore Parker.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, too, we behold thee smiling upon us through the beautiful face of Nature, and we hear the song of praise that goeth out unto thee from every atom thou hast created. The mountains and the valleys, the oceans and the dry lands, birds, beasts and human souls, all join in a grand psalm of praise to thee. Thou art all holy, all perfect, and the Divine Author of all things; therefore all things are holy. We lift our souls in thanksgiving to our Father and our Mother, too. Oh, thou Spirit of Infinite Love, upon whose bosom we have lain in the past, and upon whose bosom we rest in the present, we can trust thee in that vast future that lies beyond us. We know thou art mighty, art good, art wise; therefore we are safe with thee. Though men talk to us of hell, though they tell us the time will come when some souls shall find they have no Savior, yet still we will trust thee, still we will worship thee in spirit and in truth, still sing on the song of rejoicing, knowing that thy children, who fear and doubt thee, do not understand thee. So we will pity them; will love them; we will take them gently by the hand and lead them over the rough ways of life, so that, they, too, shall understand thou art a God of Justice, of Mercy, of Infinite Love. Father, upon the altar of to-day we lay our offerings, withered though they may be, yet we know thou wilt receive them. Every thought is precious unto thee and belongs to thee. And so unto thee, Author of life and being, we dedicate the utterances of this hour. June 11.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will the controlling intelligence inform us by what means the spirit or soul is attached to the physical body?

Ans.—That question is very hard to answer. The same power that binds all souls together and

inseparably unites mind and matter, binds the soul to the body. What it is we cannot tell. It is the power of the Infinite. It is the same power that holds the worlds in their proper places; that gives you springtime, summer, autumn and winter; that orders all things with perfectness and wisdom. It may be called the law of attraction, or invisible force, that unites the visible and invisible, holding all bodies in their proper relation to each other.

Q.—I noticed, in a late "BANNER," a communication from "Martha Percival," in which she states, that to embalm the body retards the progress of the spirit. Will the intelligence tell us what is the best way to dispose of the body, and give the greatest liberty to the spirit?

A.—Consign them to the bosom of Mother Earth. There are many who believe that the process of embalming bodies retards the spirit in its progress outward. That it does temporarily interfere with the progress of the spirit, we can but admit. But it is no permanent interference with the onward course of the spirit. It is only like a cloud passing over the sun; only like a sorrow that draws the spirit to earth for a time. But who shall say that even this dark picture shall not be a propelling force to urge the spirit onward all the faster when it is absolutely free from the things in mortal.

Q.—By S. C. Simonds, of Blanchester, Ohio: In the BANNER I see advertised a remedy that takes away all desire for strong drink. Now I wish to ask the spirit-friends to give, through Mrs. Conant, a remedy for tobacco users, both chewers and smokers. Thousands of sensitive women suffer very much from being compelled to inhale the fumes of that accursed weed, and more especially from the irritability of those who use it. Many become almost insane from its use, and I have a friend who has something akin to delirium tremens, as I believe, by smoking. He has never used intoxicating liquors, and but very little tea or coffee.

A.—The same remedy that is pronounced by many so efficacious in destroying the desire for ardent spirits, can also be used, we believe, with good results, to destroy the desire to use tobacco. There are a vast variety of differences of opinion existing concerning the use of tobacco. Many very intelligent minds declare it is not injurious, either to the mind or body. Many other intelligent minds declare it is very injurious to both. Your speaker is very much inclined to take sides with the latter, feeling assured that whatever raises the nervous forces above a normal standard, tends to harm the individual. For when, perchance, they are let down, then they fall just so far below. Prostration follows, and the spirit, for the time being at all events, is absolutely unable to control its instrument, the body. Tobacco, we believe, with some persons has a tendency to alter them entirely, disturbing the natural functions of the physical body—the natural functions, mark us—and instead, to substitute an unnatural condition. And still further: when some persons who are addicted to the use of tobacco fall under the hand of disease, it is very difficult, for the medical practitioner to be able to treat the patient successfully, because the system is entirely saturated with that virulent poison, and will resist the action of remedial agents. They are inert there; may as well not be taken. Therefore, he who uses tobacco, if disease falls upon him, the usual remedies that would restore others may not be counted upon with certainty in his case. Oh, you tobacco users, if you will hug the serpent to your bosom, if by-and-by it turns and stings you, who is to blame? Your own ignorance, perhaps. We should hope so. At all events, we should hope, if you were enlightened upon the subject, you would bring your will to bear upon your enemy, and thus conquer him. June 11.

Sophie A. Thompson.

I told my mother if spirits could return I would come back. She said she would give the world to believe that they could, but she did not understand that it was so taught in the Bible. But I used to tell her I thought so.

I was a medium for moving things, and for getting sounds myself. At first, my mother thought I did it for sport. But when I told her solemnly that I did not have anything to do with it—for often these manifestations came to me when I was not thinking of them at all—so then she got to believe it was something very strange, and wondered what it could be.

Although I never got very striking manifestations, yet chairs would be moved around the room, and sounds would come answering questions. But occasionally my mother would be led to doubt, because I was always disposed to laugh when they were occurring. I don't know why, except it be, as I've learned since I've died, that the spirit who says he produced them, is a very jolly body, and always laughing; and he says he would always laugh in a trying to attract our attention, or in making a sound, because we were so startled, and soon as he began to laugh, I'd begin to laugh, too. And when my mother would say, "Sophie, isn't it you making it?" I sometimes for the life of me could not stop laughing, and so we would keep up the laughing immoderately.

But once, when I solemnly declared to my mother that I really had nothing to do with it, did not know anything about it, she believed me. So when I was taken sick enough to die, I told her spirits did return, as we'd seen them move things, make sounds to answer questions, and I'd certainly come back; and I'd come back through that paper spirits are said to have their messages printed in.

I'm very glad to come, very glad indeed. But I'm sorry that I can't go direct to my mother, because she is poor and sick, and not able to go out and search for these things, and not able to pay, and so it's rather hard.

My father lost his life early in the war, and after that we were very poor, our circumstances were very hard indeed. Sometimes we took in sewing, sometimes did one thing, sometimes another, did whatever we could. I used to wish my mother would let me exhibit myself, and see if the power would not grow stronger. I thought, you know, I might earn money in that way. But she always said, "Sophie, I would rather bury you than have you do that." But I have been sorry since that I had not, because I see now how unhappy she is, how much she suffers.

But it will soon be all right with her. She'll soon come to me. Then I shan't have anybody to worry about here.

I suppose I had the lung fever. I don't know, but I think it was that. I know I was very sick, and they said it was inflammation of the lungs. But I suppose I had the lung fever, as near as I can come to it.

I was fourteen years old. My birthday was while I was sick. I believe I wasn't sick more than three weeks, somewhere very near it. I mean to say from the time I was very sick until I died.

I had not the advantages some have when here, so I can't do here, as well as others might. But I've succeeded in telling my story. It is very true.

all of it, and my mother can't fail to recognize it. She lives now, on Anderson street, in the third story. My mother's name, Elizabeth Thompson; mine, Sophie A. Thompson. I was named for my father's youngest sister.

I'm very happy, tell mother, very happy. I never was so happy in all my life; and although my mother has felt bad at times, because, well, I—I do not know that I made any profession of religion. My mother was—well, she was a Baptist, I suppose, and she believed without baptism no one could enter heaven. I would tell her, that heaven doesn't depend upon ceremony, only depends upon yourself. You do not have to depend upon baptism, or churches, or anything like it. You only depend upon yourself, to enter heaven. I'm very happy, and if I am happy, I must enter heaven. So as heaven is happiness, I believe I'm in heaven. And so my mother need not worry any more about me, for I'm satisfied with my home.

And as for father he's getting along fine. He is not so satisfied as I am, because he looks back and sees many times when he did wrong. But he's not so very unhappy, and he's getting along finely. And he says there's nothing in the world that would induce him to come back here and dwell in a body, if such a thing could be possible; and for his part he do not want to come back, even to talk.

I'm so much obliged to you that if I can do anything to pay you I will. Oh, I forgot to say I have been here since December. June 11.

Charles Malone.

When I went away I had no idea about this coming back in this way; but after I got on the other side, and found we could come, I wasn't at all ill I was here. Now I find myself here, the thing is to go ahead still, and make myself so plain as to be understood by my friends.

I came to this country nine years ago—nine years ago I came to this country, and I get along very well. I have as much as I can do at my trade—for I was a jour. tailor. I can make you as good a suit of clothes as any one else.

Well, you see, I was very well off, working as a jour. tailor, you understand, making very good pay and doing very well. But I got so—well, I do not know, I got so excited over my rebellion, that I wasn't at all on the board at all, not the least; I'd as quick put the face of a goose on a coat, taking it right out, having it too hot, as anything else. My mind was not on my work; and so my boss, seeing how I was, said to me one day, "Charles, the best thing for you to do is to lay down the goose and shoulder the musket." I too his advice, shouldered the musket, lost my body, and here I am now, not a tailor, not a soldier, not a woman—no, sir, only got on woman's clothes—but Charles Malone, just what I was; and I am so anxious to let my folks know how I am getting along, and what is before 'em. I thought I would come, anyway, whether I could go to them or not. I do not know much about this Spiritualism. I had heard very good stories about it, very good; sometimes they are very big. You know it's like the Irishman who was told that he could pick up money in the streets in America—I believe it was in New Orleans, on the Levee. He looks down and sees a half dollar. Ah! he's not going to pick that up, when there's so much larger pieces of money to be found. So I was in doubt. But I'm come, anyway; have a very good offer. If they do not like it, I can come some other time, or I'll stick it out now. That's the way for an Irishman to do.

I have a cousin James, and one Philip. They know very well that there's hard times going to be going on, and our folks will be right in the heat of the fuss. They know that. What I want of them is to go at once to the folks in Ireland—want Philip to go and advise them, just as I would, go there himself. I would suggest that he take them to this country till Ireland is free, for she's going to be free some day. I would like for him, to either one or both of them, to go to their old home, and make the thing okay with them. [Are your cousins in this city?] They're oh, yes, sir. [In New York?] One is, and one is out with the Fenians, just where he should be. Now I do not know, but I have some sort of a faith they will get what I've said here. I should like a talk with them, like a real good talk with them; and if they'll give me the chance, I'll tell them many things, too, what's to come for old Ireland, and to them personally. So it would be something to their advantage to have a talk with me.

My cousin Philip will remember when he first came to this country; he was trying to find a friend of his who he had befriended. Phil was kind of hard up, a little hard to do; did not know where he should turn to find him. One day, afterwards—Irishmen sometimes can read, you know—he was looking over the papers, looking for a job, I believe, and what should he see but an advertisement like this: "If Philip Malone, supposed to be in this country, will come to such a place, he'll meet his friend, and learn something to his advantage."

I'll say the same to him. Philip was looking for something in the way of his business, to get something to do, when he learned something to his advantage—that is, the whereabouts of the friend.

Now I know he'd like to know my whereabouts, where my whereabouts be, and I can give him just as much good advice as it's not to the disadvantage of any one; no, sir; good advice is always a good thing.

I beg your pardon for intruding upon your charity. All I ask in going is, if I get hard pushed, will I try your charity again? [Certainly.] Well, sir, then I'll do the best I can for somebody else—what be it want. June 11.

Harriet Carter.

I was born in Ogdenburg, N. Y., in the year 1832. I died at Charleston, S. C., in the year 1862. And as my friends at the North were not able to receive any intelligence from me during my sickness, as after my death even they were not able to receive any intelligence from my friends I had left at the South, and as I have brothers and a sister who I know, could they understand this thing, would be glad to hear from me this way, I have come here to-day. I wish to assure them that I died peaceful and happy in the thought that I should see them some time.

My family, at the South was divided. Some members of our household were Unionists, and some took the opposite course. Those who took the opposite course, went into the army. It is useless for me to live over again, even in thought, the many dark hours I passed through during those months of rebellion that preceded my death. Suffice it to say, my changed circumstances and the troubles I was subjected to, made me an easy prey to disease, and so I did not stay long here to suffer from the scenes of war.

I have been personally troubled with this thought that has reached me, in my spirit-home, that my brothers, and sisters, have been informed—by what source I know not—that I was imbued with violent, secret proclivities; that it was I who

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

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and accept 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 102.

He is a Radical.

The term radical is generally one of approbation, meaning, entering quite largely into the common parlance of the conservative. The past snubs the present. The old moon flings it into the face of the new, and the bigot constantly huris it at every brave, free-thoughted soul. To us, both radicals and conservatives are filling necessary mislions. The one may be too dashing and headstrong; the other too timid. Extremes are seldom pregnant with diverse truths. These two elements, known as radicalism and conservatism, are as indispensable in society as steam and brakes in railroad, or as the centrifugal and centripetal forces in the guidance of starry worlds. The radical is not necessarily a destroyer, but rather an agitator—a John the Baptist; and when inspired by high humanitarian motives, he stands upon the Mount of Ascension with head bathed in earliest sunlight, a living synonym of stalwart manhood. He thinks and speaks it—speaks and practices it—dies to live, and in losing his life, finds it. He aims to strike at the very root of acknowledged evils, saying, By the help of the gods, I will not only exterminate, but extirpate them, planting roses where thorns have pierced my brother's feet. He destroys no good—all good is immortal.

The conservative is equally opposed to social and religious evils, yet conscientiously pursues a different method. Organized with large caution, and with an eye ever open to respectability, he with hatchet's edge wound in alien cord, softly lops off a few of the branches, thus virtually helping the tree to greater thrift and vigor. Clerical conservatives, mindful of the "fleece," are quite apt to gracefully lift their hats to fashionable vices—touch in sermons the most daring wrongs delicately, and bow politely even to the devil, lest they hurt his feelings.

The genuine radical is not a rant—nor an unbalanced fanatic, with bleared vision, bloodshot eye, and a warmth breaking out every now and then into devastating fires; but rather a man deeply inspired, and thoroughly aroused to his very soul's depths with the worth of newly-conceived truths. Conscious of a world's needs, he becomes a bundle of forces—a magazine of power, inflamed and all aglow with a divine enthusiasm. The external world does not understand him; neither could the Jews comprehend Jesus. Under the ice runs crystal waters, martyrs dignify dungeons, and the battles of the good, played in grounds not consecrated, carry there, says Renan, a "consecration with them." Radicals are to a world's mentality what winds are to seas and oceans—what thunder-storms, accompanied with vivid lightnings, are to the sultry, sluggish days of August. Brushing down cobwebs is not destroying but rather beautifying buildings. Principles are imperishable.

"All the good the old time had
Is living still."

Radicals, with more zeal than wisdom, are far from being the finest specimens of manhood. They are frequently fragmentary in their purposes, and not consistent, even, with themselves, because sensitive in temperament, and almost uniformly the subjects of psychological influences from the positive minds of both worlds. This class is ever alive to the inspiration of an idea. It is the strength of their mental grasp, the warmth of their embrace, the clearness of their vision, and the plian that bears them up in their loftiest flights; and yet they are exceedingly apt to get discouraged, sinking at times even into the "slough of despond." This is not wise. Ascending waves delight to bear the burdens of voyagers. Children only weep because sowing in the morning they fail to reap the same evening. Learn to labor and to wait—no true effort fails; justice will ultimately be done to each. We think it was Kepler that said: "I have stolen the golden secret of the Egyptians. I triumph. I will indulge my sacred fury. I care not whether my works be read now or by posterity. I can afford to wait a century for readers, when God himself waited thousands and perhaps millions of years for the first observer!" No prophet while living is crowned with bay. The banished of a Church are always its best blood—they live in advance of their time. The heresy of the present is the orthodoxy of the future—the radicalism of one age is the conservatism of the next. Future philosophers will doubtless descend in terms severe upon the conservative tendencies of that phase of Spiritualism that characterized the latter half of the nineteenth century. Each epoch should have its balancing powers. A community of extreme radicals would rave and race themselves to death—a community of crustaceous conservatives would sit and sleep, sleep and die, die and rot. Each individual should hold within himself the germinal forces of both the radical and the conservative. The true man is self-poised. He loves the past. It paved the way for the present. The mass and the memories of the olden ages are precious. Shall the superstructure say to the foundation, I have no need of thee? Shall the child disown and spit upon the father, because, forsooth, the father preceded the son? That conservatism that seeks to conserve the good, the beautiful and the true of all past seasons and ages, is truly grand. This is the position of the scholar and the true thinker. He appreciates and conserves the truths uttered in the old legendary periods; at the same time he throws his soul's feelers out for fresher, higher thoughts, and seeks to reach alivier attitudes. We esteem conservatives. They are the centripetal powers of communities and countries blest by the angels of moderation. On the other hand, we love radicals. They are motive forces—investigators and explorers. Golden is their future. We see it enozed in suns, stars, and glittering galaxies, with God the light thereof.

The Creedal Sentiments of Theodore Tilton.

Reading the following, handed us by a friend, as the expressed creed of the brilliant writer and editor, Theodore Tilton, we were reminded of the pen of one of Emerson's ardent admirers: "His rich words are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on. His prose is terse, and his verse baffles the melody of the Grecian muse." But to Tilton's creed: "I keep the faith in God and man, and ministering angels between. I hold to one true church of all true souls, whose church of God is neither bread nor wine, but the anointing of God's grace. I hate all kings and castes and princely birth, for every son, that's born is

son of God; nor limps a beggar but is princely born; nor wears the slave a chain; nor czar a crown that makes him less or more than just a man. I love one woman with a holy fire—rever her as priestess of my house. I stand in awe before my babes, till they rebuke me to a holier life. I keep strict friendship with my friend whom I really serve before myself. I owe no man a debt I cannot pay, save that of love, which all men ought to owe; withal, each day, before the blessed heaven, I open wide the chambers of my soul and pray the holy spirit in. Thus reads the fair confession of my faith. Father, lead me by thy hand."

Why away from the Spiritualists' Meeting?

"Because they act so!" Who are they? If you are all right, holding papers of canonization, the greater the necessity of your being an active worker among the "they," helping them to become right, also. A retired saint is something new under the sun. Would it not be wise to widen the influence of your saintship, thus aiding others to become saintly? Jesus ate with sinners, and God's sun shines into marshes and mire pools. "We are not scolding our inconsistent brother, for by way of contrast we love him—love him something as we admire the background to a picture, or the mud from which spring and bloom beautiful lilies.

"Well, I attend when they have a very fine speaker!" Indeed! what a condescension. The fastidious Prince that sought the golden chariot, sat on the soil. Quakers frequently consider their "silent meetings" the most profitable. You, my brother, are not only devoid of principle, but have yet to take your first lessons in the school of moral obligation, and the inspiring effects of right influences and examples. It is not always the most pleasing, poetic and grandiloquent lecturer, that is the most spiritually profitable. Straws may tickle without educating. Sparkling waters are often bitter, sometimes poisonous, and frequently connected with the deepest well is the poorest chain-pump. If the speaker employed is good, moral and high-toned, every instinct of justice and right, demand of you as a man and a Spiritualist, strict attendance.

The Test.

The Universalist New Covenant, of Chicago, contained an article, a few weeks since, relating to denominationalism, the first paragraph of which reads thus:

"It is notorious, and the fact is shameful, that men who are professed Unitarians or Universalists in the communities where it is not unpopular to be such, slide into the Evangelical Churches so soon as they enter a new community where fashion dictates such subservency."

Suppose we change a few words of the above, leaving those to whom it may concern to make a personal application. It is notorious, and the fact is shameful, that many who are professed Spiritualists in the communities where it is not unpopular to be such, slide into Universalist and Unitarian Churches as soon as they enter a new community where fashion dictates such subservency.

We heartily wish men and women were true to principle—to the promptings of God within. If an individual is a Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, or Universalist, all right—we esteem him just as highly. Let him be true to his convictions, and act consistent with his profession. But to be at heart a Protestant, and yet support Catholicism, is the basest hypocrisy. So, for individuals to believe in the beautiful truth of the ministry of spirits, and yet encourage by attendance, or sustenance financially, those theological sects that take every opportunity to misrepresent Spiritualism, as well as to slam their credal doors in the face of God's angels, is—the English language fails us!

Soul Aspiration.

Prayer is aspiration, or that beauty breathed in words, which ascends as silently as the perfume of flowers, prompted by the needs of the soul. And the attitude, the purpose of prayer when the soul turns inward, finding another sphere, where shutting out the world she may pour out the story of her needs, reaching higher and yet higher, until on tireless wing she seemingly ascends to the great Center of life, whose fountains of light are ever sending forth their vitalizing streams, with creation laid out before and Creator all around, is more than beautiful—is sublime. Belonging to the inner sanctuary of the soul, true prayer can never be fully expressed in words. As spirit rises, it requires matter more and still more refined for manifestation; so thoughts, so prayers approaching the Divine, become so pure and impersonal, that earthly language is inadequate; the soul no longer speaks but feels, and blends in holiest communion with the Infinite, and thus blending becomes conscious of its own Infinity. Nor is this feeling altogether deceptive. The soul in self-communion, feels its immensity, its relation to the universe, and its illimitable future. And through prayer and meditation, the external universe partially reveals its inmost self, and another universe—that within—the subjective, opens in grandeur, seemingly limitless before the spirit vision.

We are strange beings, and our strangeness is an inexhaustible study. It is impossible to perfectly know one's self. In our every-day lives we are as scum on rolling waters. While in the divine interior life, we are as majestic as the gleaming heavens, and as much obey the fixed laws of destiny, as the starry host above us. Prayer measurably opens the gate to this inner life, for in silence and solitude we best know our deepest selves. In these precious moments of contemplation and aspiration, the soul's feelers reaching heavenward, the angels come around us in love, and silently ministering, imprint the kiss of holiness upon our upturned brows, and we return from this state of exaltation, becalmed and at peace with all the world, feeling that the Infinite Father doeth all things well.

The influence of that angel kiss, remains as a holy spell upon us, making our lives beautiful, and further inviting to our bosoms angel guests, giving us perpetual joy. From these moments of prayer, standing on the mount of transfiguration, we return with wonder at the contrast. Ourselves in the future—how vast! In the present objective world how insignificant. And yet an infinite future, all rainbowed and golden with promise, lies before us.

OSCAR EDGAR.

A. A. Wheelock in the Field.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Bro. Wheelock has entered the spiritual harvest-field in earnest. We know the quality of his sickle. It will surely gather sheaves in rich abundance. He is accustomed to public speaking and writing, an excellent voice, with good delivery and sound, methodical reasonings, he is destined to make his mark, and become widely known as well as highly useful in the upbuilding of Truth. His post-office address is St. Johns, Mich.

North-Western Spiritual Convention.

When Dr. Willis was asked why he did not attend the National Convention, he replied: "To tell the truth, I do not like conventions. I have never been able to see that they resulted in anything practical. They are always more or less incongruous and inharmonious, and for a long time I have ceased to get any satisfaction from them, and have felt that I could serve the cause of human progress, or my own soul's progress, at least, quite as effectively by staying away as by attending them."

There is, I know, too much truth in our brother's objection to conventions; but had he attended the late convention in Berlin, Wis., I think his testimony would have been in favor of at least one convention. I have attended many meetings of this kind; with some I have been delighted, with others disgusted. But the Berlin Convention was a coming together of the spiritual "bone and sinew" of the Northwest—men and women who met to solve life's solemn problems.

The officers of the Convention were Col. A. B. Smalley, President, and J. P. Gallup, Secretary, both of Oshkosh. One has been a faithful servant in Father Abraham's army, and the other an elder in the Methodist Church. They have no joined hands, heads and hearts in a holy crusade against ignorance, bigotry—against everything that hinders the growth in godliness of the human soul. The gods help them!

The regular speakers were Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Berlin, W. T. Jamieson and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Chicago. In conference, short but effective speeches were made by Moses Hull, J. T. Rouse, L. B. Brown and William Gallup. Mr. Rouse is blind, but, soul-wise, he sees clearly. I mistake if the land in which he lives is not a realm of beauty—if song-birds, fresh flowers and all sweet and holy things are not there, making rich and joyous his darkened outer life. By the aid of his faithful and devoted wife, Mr. Rouse is familiar with all our publications.

Two young ladies, whose names I did not learn, Mr. Rouse and Mr. Raymond Tallmadge added greatly to the interest of the meeting by vocal and instrumental music. Mr. Tallmadge sang "Waiting at the Golden Gate," by the Misses Sprague. The poem has been set to music by Miss E. B. Tallmadge. The Convention was indeed a glorious gathering; what Bro. Peebles would call a Pentecostal season.

The Twin One.

MARRIED—Sept. 10th, by the Rev. D. M. Reed, at the residence of Mr. Thomas O. Scougall, (the bride's mother), Mr. Archibald A. Brown, of Quincy, Ill., and Miss Belle Scougall, of Rockford, Ill.

Accompanying the above was a set of resolutions, signed by the proper officers of the Rockford Society of Spiritualists. These resolutions are truly complimentary, speaking in the very highest terms of Miss Scougall as an ornament in the social circle, a faithful worker in the field of reform, and as a lecturer upon the Spiritual Philosophy, both able and eloquent. The citizens of Rockford sorrow over her departure, and pray God and his good angels to watch over, guiding and blessing her through life's journey.

"Our sister will pardon us (while wishing her "much joy" in this new relation), for expressing the hope that she may continue, as opportunity affords, to publicly disseminate the divine teachings of Spiritualism. Calls for lecturers were never so numerous; nor the harvest so plentiful. We would gladly publish the resolutions in full were not our columns so crowded each week.

Excommunication for Heresy.

That excellent man and true philanthropist, as well as personal friend of John Pierpont, the Rev. Warren Clark, now of Gosport, New York, was thrust from the pale of Church-fellowship, awhile since, for heretical doctrines. We copy from the "Christian Messenger":

The Committee in the case of Rev. Warren Clark, begs leave, after deliberation, to report, that his ecclesiastical relations with this Conference be dissolved, by dropping his name from our minutes.

J. D. CHILDS,
J. WEEKS,
S. SALSBUARY, } Committee.

THE CHARGES.

I. "He is a Spiritualist."
II. He believes in the Bible as he understands it; and also in other revelations and communications, as of equal authority with the Bible.
III. His influence is such as to divide and distract the Zion of God wherever he goes."
Poor "Zion of God!"

Johnson Creek Meeting—Buffalo, etc.

DEAR OLD BANNER—It is a long, long time, since I have penned a line for your ever glowing columns of truth, or have been in the field as a laborer and conductor for the great cause which you are advocating from week to week. The only apology I have to make is, that there is a goodly number in the field to-day, who are better qualified, and more thoroughly gifted with the faculty and power of laying before the people the great truths of Spiritualism, than myself. Still, there are spirit guides around, that will not let me be altogether idle; hence, I am working secretly in the cause, as every opportunity offers itself.

I had the pleasure on the first instant, of attending the annual picnic of the Spiritualists of Johnson's Creek, in Niagara County. I here had the gratification of meeting Bro. J. M. Peebles, for the first time since we were at loggerheads through your liberal columns, some two or three years ago; which recollections, of course, brought forth hearty congratulations and brotherly shaking of hands. The Spiritualists of Johnson's Creek, are the most wide awake to the reform interests of any place of its size which I was ever in. They have in successful operation, and progressing finely, a Children's Lyceum, the members of which appeared to good advantage at this picnic, in their marching, counter-marching, recitations and singing. Indeed, it was a happy time for the little ones, and was heartily enjoyed by all. Bro. P. entertained the audience with a short address, full of earnestness and truth, and on the following day (Sunday) delivered two splendid lectures to crowded rooms.

While I was present at this social and harmonious gathering, I could not help remarking the contrast in the energy, life and enthusiasm manifested at that little out-of-the-way place, of only three or four hundred souls all told, with this city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand people, where it requires an extra exertion to call together Spiritualists enough for a corporal's guard, and without any Children's Lyceum, apparently without any regard for the cause; and all as I apprehend, for the want of energy and concert of action.

Hoping, dear old BANNER, that the shadow of your ample folds may never grow less, but may prove in time to come, as in the past, a beacon for many a weary pilgrim in life's spiritual by-ways and highways, I will subscribe myself,
Yours, still firm in the knowledge,
GEORGE F. KITTENDOE.

Buffalo, N. Y., September 6, 1866.

Resumption of Specie Payments.

The Economist recently published an article on this subject, from which we make the following extract in reply to the argument that injurious consequences to business would arise from any present movement toward resuming specie payments: "It is to be presumed that we should have no resumption without the Government giving timely notice of its purpose to commence redeeming its notes. Suppose that on the first of this month the Secretary of the Treasury should give public notice that on and after the 1st of January, 1867, greenbacks would be convertible into gold at the Sub-Treasury, New York, having first provided an ample reserve of coin to redeem any amount of notes likely to be presented, what would be the effect upon the premium on gold?"

The price would commence at once to decline, and the gold would steadily continue until greenbacks depreciated to about par; and the period of redemption would arrive without any demand upon the Treasury for redemption, beyond what might arise from half a dozen paucity individuals, and the country would find itself almost imperceptibly gliding into a condition of affairs in which gold greenbacks would circulate as equivalents. When occasion would there be in such a process for panic or general injury to the community? True, we should have within a few months a decline of about forty-five points in the premium on gold, which would produce a corresponding change in the prices of all commodities and property, and every one's course of affairs very greatly business; but as the process would always carry an advantage upon one party in the settlement of obligations, as well as an injury upon the other party, and as the same party is alternately payer and payee, there could be no loss in the settlement of transactions except in those rare cases where the party owes debts but has none owing.

It is owing to this principle that we have found so little disaster arising out of the violent fluctuations of gold during the war. The injury to business arising from a protraction of the suspension of specie payments, is infinitely greater than resumption can possibly prove. The return to specie payments would be accompanied with the general revival of confidence, with the investment of capital in productive enterprises, and with a removal of all those embarrassing uncertainties which attend the use of a currency constantly fluctuating in value."

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 any change in their appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture in England, Vt., during September. Address, after September, New York 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.
J. F. BROWN, trance speaker, will lecture in New York, N. Y., on Sept. 23 and 24; in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 1; in Hartford, Conn., Oct. 2; in New Haven, Conn., Oct. 3; in Providence, R. I., Oct. 4; in Worcester, Mass., Oct. 5; in Lowell, Mass., Oct. 6; in Boston, Mass., Oct. 7; in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 8; in Fall River, Mass., Oct. 9; in Taunton, Mass., Oct. 10; in Uxbridge, Mass., Oct. 11; in Weymouth, Mass., Oct. 12; in Quincy, Mass., Oct. 13; in Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 14; in Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 15; in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 16; in Salem, Mass., Oct. 17; in Andover, Mass., Oct. 18; in Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 19; in North Andover, Mass., Oct. 20; in Merrimack, Mass., Oct. 21; in Concord, Mass., Oct. 22; in Nashua, Mass., Oct. 23; in Amherst, Mass., Oct. 24; in Beltsford, Mass., Oct. 25; in Uxbridge, Mass., Oct. 26; in Weymouth, Mass., Oct. 27; in Quincy, Mass., Oct. 28; in Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 29; in Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 30; in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 31; in Salem, Mass., Oct. 1; in Andover, Mass., Oct. 2; in Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 3; in North Andover, Mass., Oct. 4; in Merrimack, Mass., Oct. 5; in Concord, Mass., Oct. 6; in Nashua, Mass., Oct. 7; in Amherst, Mass., Oct. 8; in Beltsford, Mass., Oct. 9; 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