

for matters never suited her in this world. Her last wrong was that the Ladies Sewing Society sent her a blue flannel petticoat instead of red—they thought to have known that red would suit her better. "Well, well," she said, "I'll have any color I want in my Father's house." Your father will write you as soon as Thanksgiving duties are over. "Squire Lawler sent him a turkey, which Aunt Betsey no doubt served up in the right manner—at least, Henry says he made the old soul very happy by telling her she beat all the cooks in Yale College—a doubtful compliment, if my memory serves me right."

The dear old doctor! I wish he could see how pleasantly I am situated here; he would love Mrs. Perry, for she is just one of those temperaments that suit his warm heart. I will read her the letter, and thus give her an introduction.

Mrs. Perry learned something from the letter besides the goodness of the old doctor—that Jessie was beloved also in her little village home, and with her usual kindness she formed a plan for the next summer, but she would keep it secret from all but the Judge till the time came to put it in execution. Why that plan was not executed, our sequel will show.

[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."
(LION HOTT.)

MOTHER AND HEAVEN.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

Last night, on my bed, dear mother,
When the world was dark and still,
I thought of the holy angels,
And their love my heart did fill.
I knew they were near me watching,
With their clear and starry eyes;
I felt their soft hands caressing,
And was mute with sweet surprise.

I slept to the voice of music,
Which they breathed in soothing tones,
And dreamed of their home of beauty,
With its fair, celestial zones;
That land of immortal Summer,
Where the soul is warm and free,
And lives in the blessed fullness
Of the heavenly harmony.

That beautiful land of promise,
Ever bright in fadeless bloom,
Aglow with the hues of gladness,
And all bathed in rich perfume;
I heard the glad songs of children,
As, chanting the Father's love,
They bounded in joyous freedom
Through the green and flower-gemmed grove.

The leaves shone with trembling tear-drops,
That were wept by the angels dear,
For sorrows and sins of earth-life,
For the wrongs we suffer here.
But when the glad chant went upward,
From the lips of the songsters free,
The smile of the kind All-Father,
Seemed to hide those tears from me.

And yet, I was sad and weary,
Though around me all was bright;
I could not rejoice, dear mother,
In that world of love and light;
I missed the one face of beauty,
That to me is dearer far
Than any in earth or heaven—
I had lost my guiding star.

And so, from the happy children
I went forth in search of thee;
I could not endure the brightness,
It was worse than dark to me.
How quickly I hastened earthward,
At the call of thy voice divine,
I heard it, my own sweet mother,
All the way in that far-off clime.

[Original.]
TO DO RIGHT OR TO DO WRONG:
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

It was a bright spring morning, and there is no season of the year when so much gladness crowds itself into the hearts of girls and boys. It was Sunday, too, and that is a day when all sorts of pleasure seem sweeter, because of the calm content that rests on all things. This bright spring morning, when Isaac was about ten years old, he felt all the joy, and gladness, and love of sport, that made life like a feast day for fun and frolic. He did not stop to think what kind of fun and frolic was best, and so invited several boys to go with him to an unoccupied barn, that was the resort, at this season, of numerous swallows, and pelt them with stones.

The boys entered into the plan with ready zeal, and the expedition was undertaken with earnestness. The morning light made everything beautiful; the trees were in bloom, and the insects were holding gala day on every shrub and blossom by the roadside. The birds sang sweeter songs than were ever heard inside a cathedral, and Sunday was to them the best of all days, because of its peace and quiet.

But the boys were more intent on their expected sport than on the pleasure to be found in the beautiful sights and sounds about them. They had not gone far, however, when Isaac began to feel something of the sweetness that breathed forth about him. His spirit responded to the voices of nature, and he began to think of the errand that he had started on. The cruelty of the sport all at once seemed too great for him to indulge in. It was as if some voice had spoken to him from the sweet air, and the singing birds, and blooming flowers.

He was a manly boy, and to feel that a thing was wrong was to turn from it.
"I say, boys," he said, "let's not go."
"Ha, ha, coward! that's the way you desert, is it?" said one of the boys.
"But it isn't right," continued Isaac, "and I'd rather not go."
"Old woman," said another, "where does your grandmother live? I guess you're turning pious. It won't do; we are bound to have the fun."
"The poor swallows," thought Isaac, but he said, "let us go to the meeting over there; it will be better."

"You can go, and be there and then," said the broadbrims, if you will, but I'm for the swallows," said the oldest boy.
"But I'm sorry I got you to come," said Isaac; "we will go together, some other way."
There was a great shout at this from all the boys, and a cry:
"Come on, come on!"
If there is anything that a brave boy fears, it is to be called a coward, or to be thought a deserter,

and Isaac dreaded the reproach that would be put upon him. There was a struggle in his mind as he looked at the boys now grouped together, and felt that it was by his own invitation that they had come. Should he yield the better feelings that had come to him, and go with the boys, or should he be brave and steadfast in the right? Many such struggles come to all men and women, and perhaps it is the way that they are first met, when boys and girls, that makes it easy for men to resist the temptations to wrong.

Isaac heard the loud call of the boys, and his feet almost turned to follow them, but a louder call spoke in his breast, saying, "Go not," and he turned away and went to the Quaker meeting alone; but he turned and looked after the boys, reproaching himself severely for the cruel mischievous that he had led them into.

The peace and quiet of the meeting seemed delightful to him. A calmness came over his spirit, and he felt full of an inward gladness. The singing of the birds, and the sweet fragrance of the air, added to the quiet of the meeting, seemed to bear his spirit forth into a region of perpetual joy, and he felt more thoughtful than he had ever felt before.

On returning home, he learned that one of the boys had broken his arm when stoning the swallows, and although he knew himself to be in some degree responsible, yet he rejoiced in his decision to do right at last. In after years, he never forgot the feeling that he experienced in that Quaker meeting. The sense of right doing made even the air seem like the breath of heaven, and the quiet like the joy of a festival day.

This was the experience of Isaac T. Hopper, who in after life made right the great law of his life. What he could not do to the poor, helpless swallows when a boy, that beautiful spring day, in after life he could not do to any helpless, suffering creature, and so he became the friend to the poor, the despised, the forsaken everywhere. His love and tenderness grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength.

We do not know how it might have been, if he had yielded to the wrong. Perhaps he would have gained courage to do other cruel acts, and so have blunted and deadened his better nature, until the world would have missed that good and great man that all love to reverence.

[Original.]

SWEET MEMORIES.

In Whittier's beautiful poem, "Snow Bound," we have vivid pictures of a happy home. As one reads, how clearly come up the scenes. The old house, the falling snow, the bright fire on the hearth, the group around it, are as plain to the eye of fancy as if we had been there also. And this is because all those hours were lived truly and well. The poet was then a boy, but he was living his poetry.

What volumes could be written from the thousands of homes to-day. If we could all tell the glory of this autumn day, and put the blessings that are about us in our every-day lives into verse, what sweet rhyming there would be! If we put by all these beautiful pictures, perhaps sometime we can paint them out in words, or on the canvas, and make the world better for a look at the sweet pictures. Hear what Whittier says about digging a path through the snow. There is no rhetorical flourish, no waste of words; yet the simple picture takes us back to the days when "the boys" used to carry us to school on the sled, and to nights when the corn-popper and the cheerful games made snow storms like the barriers about a little paradise:

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!'
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew
With muffled fingers and cap drawn low
To guard our necks and ears from ours
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
Of rare Aladdin's wonderous cave,
And to our own life we gave,
With many a wish the luck was ours
To test his lamp's supernatural powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out
And, grave with wonder, gazed about;
The cock his lusty great neck
And forth his speckled breast he put.
The oxen lashed their tails and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And counseled with stamp of foot."

What a common picture is that! Every boy and girl in this northern country knows all about just such a morning. Perhaps, at the time, with cold feet and hands, there did not seem to be much poetry in shoveling a path through the great drifts of snow. But there was poetry and beauty in the home-life, and so, in after years, looking back, it seems all aglow with splendor. Oh, sweet memories! are they not richer treasures than all the silver and gold that Nevada can ever give?

One more sweet picture—this time a portrait—let this poet put before us; for if you have read it before you will love to read it again:
"As one who held herself apart
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-brained man,
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, unclouded eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green,
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river canals,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago,
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow,
And briar and hawthorn bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled soil
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak,
The hill-side flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went,
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the briar-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh.
A loss in all familiar things.
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old,
Safe in thy immortality?
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while, in life's late afternoon,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near thee stand the angels are.
And when the sunset-gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee, waiting, stand,
And, while against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beaming hand?"

Perhaps there is no one that has not, at some time, wished to be rich. How pleasant it seems to be able to hold in one's hand the power to bring near the beautiful things of this world, and call them our own. But the poet has shown us riches

of pearl and gold that I hope no one is obliged to do without. The riches of love that are given to us in our homes, will seem far greater and more valuable to us, by-and-by, when we begin to understand what they have done for us.

It costs no hard labor, but is a perpetual joy to lay by such treasures. How men will toil for the gold and silver to be found in mines! There is no sacrifice too great for them to make. They will leave home and all its comforts, and brave all kinds of perils, and dangers, for the sake of the wealth that lies looked up in the mountains and ledges of the Western world. I remember hearing of a man, who went to California when the gold was first discovered, relate the story of his sufferings and hardships for the sake of the golden treasure he hoped to win, and I wondered as I learned how much men can bear and yet have hope and courage still. But here are mines of gold, silver and diamonds within every home, and the beautiful treasures can never rust or grow dim. "No change can meet it and no chance can mar."

[Original.]

THE RED MAPLES.

On the hill-sides and along the village streets, in the forests and skirting the ponds, the red maples have hung out their scarlet banners. More gay they look, than any flag ever borne. Is it not a glorious sight to see them? If you pick up the leaves, how curiously their colors seem blended. Little spots of green, bright patches of red, with shades of brown. Did you ever see a flower that was more beautiful? I hope you try to press them, and form them into bouquets. Laid on white paper, they are beautiful; and if tastefully arranged, make very pretty Christmas gifts. If you can paint, nothing will repay your labor better than to copy a small twig of these gay leaves. You can soon learn how to combine the carmine, the brown, the green and yellow tints.

There is a red maple in the field, which looks like a flaming bush. It seems to have hung out its signal of victory, and to be showing its testimony to the world. No one has noticed it much through all its silent summer growth. Its beauty was lost among other trees of as vivid green. But now it is conspicuous among all trees. It proves what it has done. It is the reward of the whole year's work to thus glow forth and let its beauty delight the world.

What better enjoyment could one have than to go out leaf-gathering? The sunny autumn days have a vigor in them quite exhilarating; and with an object in view, so inspiring as the clusters of leaves give, a long walk will seem but a pleasure.

What lessons of gladness and joy these trees read to us. I don't know what the Quakers think of them; neither do I understand how the ministers can preach such solemn lessons of death, when the red maples are preaching such very different sermons. The leaves, in dying, show themselves more blessed than ever before. Their beauty is then at its height. They seem to summon their best powers and to fall in triumph. Watch them as they come in crimson and scarlet showers from the trees, and lay themselves trustingly on the earth. They tell me of beautiful lives lived by good men and women; and their falling is like the glorious deaths that such die.

The friend of children, Mr. Pierpont, died as gloriously and well. His life was green and fresh with the perpetual youth of his spirit, and his last days were full of the blessings that follow such a life. He showed the glowing beauty of his spirit in his earthly garment, and then left it as gently as fall the maple leaves.

Transposition.

PLENA VALER.

Hot aplom avels poun tel terse
Tustel nith natum reebze
Ro teign nagsold of teh dogur
Trasteo nroosol rolyg donur.

THE FIRST GREAT SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING,

AT PIERPONT GROVE,
BETWEEN MALDEN AND MELROSE, MASS.,
Aug. 30th and 31st, and Sept. 1st and 2nd, 1866.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

[Concluded.]

Sunday Afternoon Session continued.—Abraham James, the Artesian Well medium, of Chicago, Ill., a young gentleman of excellent address, gave an earnest greeting from the great prairies of the West. He did not claim to be a public speaker, he said, yet he was well-entitled in the great practical issues of Spiritualism, and he rejoiced in the opportunity of giving in his testimony before the vast assembly before him. He had fully tested the intelligences purporting to come from the bourns beyond, and the startling evidences he had received were sufficient to settle his faith and afford him knowledge adequate to govern him in all the affairs of life. Mr. James's manly voice and earnest words elicited a hearty response from the audience.

Prof. John H. V. Tooley, of Boston, was introduced on the stand for the first time, having been previously detained by illness. He referred to Mr. Wheeler's saying that he should like to talk till he made them all weep; he, Mr. Tooley, said he should prefer to make them laugh, Sunday though it was. Our religion has been too solemn and sober-faced; a larger, liberal religion calls in legitimate activity every faculty of our natures. This was happily illustrated by an anecdote told in reference to a Catholic friar attending worship in a Methodist Church, where he fell into sad and grotesque blunders, and grew perplexed on finding no altar of sacrifice in the house. The popular religious idea has been to incorporate something like penances or sacrifices into all our relations. Spiritualism is many-sided, touching every department of humanity, and quickening all our faculties into a rounded and robust manhood. I stand here an Irishman, yet the blood that flows through all Ireland is the blood coursing through all the veins of our common human race, and the same Infinite Mind that rules the universe, is God over all in every age and clime. The appeal of our age, as many voiced as the angels of this last dispensation of the nineteenth century, comes pleading in the name of humanity for a religion whose great soul shall throb in common with the hearts of millions of all nations. Though I was born in Ireland, I was educated by New England and the angel world, and to-day I glory in standing in your midst with a soul beating in sympathy with the masses of New England, whose sentiments of progress go sweeping over the great West, in prophecy of the regenerated Republic soon destined to triumph over all despotism and religion of all earthly empires. We Spiritualists are deemed irreverent, but we are not. If with severity we sometimes handle things deemed sacred, it is because we ignore all superstitious authority and have more reverence for sacred principles underlying the grand substratum of all things. Our religion touches us to be cheerful and to cultivate the love of the beautiful. Young men and young women vie with each other in excellence in the beautiful and attractive, and nothing is more legitimate when extremes are avoided. The sacredness of the beautiful, free, pure, noble, and worthy of the grandest appeals to Spiritualists, fixing on them the responsibility of their mission as the vanguards of the age and the pioneers of reform destined to make our republic the evangel of the nations.

John Wetherbee, of Boston, opened with some facetious remarks about his not being the John of the New Testament, who was the forerunner of him who was the light of all; yet he supposed he had some little light, and if it would aid others, he was willing to let it shine. Spirit-

ualism is the great light of the century, shining alike on all who will open their eyes. It assures us that life is no failure, and that there is a world beyond, where all our hopes and aspirations shall have eternal scope. No wonder that millions have rallied around this great light of the age. We are a religious body, with which no power on earth can successfully cope. All the sects and the people are coming into a recognition of the grand idea of immortality demonstrated. Every body sings, "John Brown's body lies a conqueror in the ground, but his soul is marching on." This is a reality. All souls are marching on, and there is no end to their progress. From this fact, Mr. Wetherbee drew encouraging inferences, enabling every Spiritualist to feel happier and better in their faith than ever before.

Miss Julia J. Hubbard, of Malden, by special request, again took the platform, and said: I stand before you, as you see, but a young girl. I am a Spiritualist and a medium, I think God or I might have been carried away by the follies of the world, like many of my age and sex. As I told you in my experience yesterday, I have been raised from the borders of the grave, in order that I might go forth and proclaim this glorious gospel of angel-life. When I remember that I am an undisciplined girl, coming forth from no high station in society, I sometimes falter; but I know there are teachers who have me in charge—spirits there are who can educate and sustain us beyond what all mortals can do. I make no undue professions; I cannot boast, yet I know I am a better Christian now than I was before I became a believer in Spiritualism. We Spiritualists are accused of casting away everything sacred—the Bible, prayer, &c. I do not reject the Bible; it is more sacred now than ever before, and so is genuine prayer. If you want to know what Spiritualism is, go home to your closets, take your Bible, and read by the light of heaven and under the inspiration of the angel-host. Read it with clear mind and pure heart, and the loved ones of the better world will draw near and reveal themselves to your inner life. I appeal to you, oh ye, my young as well as old friends, and when the light of conviction dawns on your souls, you will arise with new life, and if needs be will be prepared to give up all else. I have given up all for Spiritualism, and I would not exchange my faith, nor my mission, hard and terrible though its trials may be at times, for all the honors and treasures of this outer world, for all these shall fade away before the crown which shall one day be bestowed on the martyr souls offered up on the altars of humanity.

After the choir and congregation had sung an appropriate doxology, the services of the afternoon closed, and the multitude dispersed in peace, almost every person on the ground indulging in exclamations of satisfaction and enjoyment.

Sunday Evening, and Closing Session.—Contrary to expectations, at the ringing of the bell the audience assembled was larger than on any previous evening.

Ex-Rev. B. Sprague was again announced. He felt an unusual degree of the spirit. Allusion was made to the Provincetown Methodist Camp Meeting which he attended, and to a colored brother who shouted "I'm going home!" We are all going home; this meeting soon closes, and we shall be separated, but here and many will come part to the long home of many mansions. Our parting here, as soon we must part, is the saddest of the meeting. But how unlike is our parting compared with the partings at other meetings. We separate with the full assurance of meeting again on your glorious camp ground in the eter-nal summer-land. We part, knowing that our labors here have not been in vain. There is no mourning, no fear nor trembling lest this may be the last time we shall meet, save at the bar of an angry God, who may thunder a doom of endless woes on millions. Let us carry to our homes and kindred the words of ever-day life, the good influences of this meeting, that our light may shine on the pathway of all who are around us.

Mrs. Kitzbridge, who had never spoken publicly before, made some practical remark on the need of reform.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence enforced the duty of self-abnegation and of subjecting the animal to the spiritual, and insisted that there were times when fasting and prayer were essential, in order that the spirit might become clearer and purer for the reception of heavenly influences.

E. S. Wheeler enforced our motto: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven;" the soul and body must be consecrated and unite in the indwelling of the spirit; all that appears to be material, the false, earthly, selfish and external, must be subjected to the heavenly. To realize the "kingdom of heaven," we must enjoy a full measure of the celestial, and heed nothing that would bind us to the old, false, material. I am a radical in all this, and am conservative in everything good and true. I have been deemed an outcast, because I dare utter my honest convictions on whatever comes uppermost. I am excommunicated by those who themselves have been excommunicated, and yet I am still in the great church of God and humanity, to which there is no outside, for it takes in the universe. I was a great reformer once; I took reform very badly; I struck it, and then broke out in blotches all over; and since that I have been better; and now Spiritualism to me sums up all reforms in regard to slavery, rum, tobacco, and everything else. We have had reform conventions, and reform resolutions without number, and all of you, and on coming here, the better elements of your nature have been called out, and we have all been led in order and harmony. Just so it will be at all times and everywhere, if we only keep our souls pure, and open to each other and the angel-world. The sunlight of God's love shines down on all who are prepared to receive it, and all we have to do is to open the windows of our being, and keep our spirits pure and clear. If we are the true children of our Father, we shall love all as he loves, and as the angels love, and we shall not stop to dought to wound or injure each other. We must be true to our mission, and to build up. Why should we wrangle with the Church, or seek to tear it down? It has its divine use, and must needs exist until its work is done. Woman has her peculiar mission in our age; her influence is felt in every work of progress, and she must stand side by side with man, to lend him her inspirational aid and influence; if she was first to tempt him out of Eden, she must now become the Messiah to get him back again.

Dr. Clark, yielding the chair, was announced by Vice-President A. Goodell. He spoke of the contrast between this meeting and meetings of olden times and shuddering in dread of the impending doom of eternal death or eternal woe. A rapid glance was taken of Bible phenomena, and the analogous phenomena of modern Spiritualism. The feeble faith of the Church, and of the masses of the people, left millions mournful, desolate and despairing; in fact, touching incidents were narrated; a mother weeping over the loss of an only son who had gone without hope of eternal life, and threatened with appalling insanity, till at last her son came back with a message, saying that her tears and gladdening her soul with the light of the spirit-land. And how many thousands will go from this camp meeting with the assurance of eternal life, and the promise that we shall all strike hands and harp in harmony with the everlasting melody, through the measureless arches of the empyrean glory—gleams of the celestial empire, already won through the rite of the spirit-land. And how many thousands will be saved from the rain of fire, and the fiery darts of the angels, and the many bloody battlefields, lift up their eyes, and behold the mountains

and the heavens filled with "marching hosts," gleaming with sun-clad armor, and shouting, the angelic host of the century. "Up for the great conflict, O ye brothers and sisters! and let the shout of your onward march blend with the angel shout, 'Glory to God in the highest!'"

Miss Hattie Sturtevant gave some suggestive hints on the reforms we need. "O you, Peter, dost thou mean?" "Feed my lambs. Above all else, we must remember the young, those who are young in wisdom and knowledge, as well as young in years."

Dr. P. Clark, having been an old camp-meeting doctor, and though not an old man, but the oldest on the stand, was called on to offer the valedictory remarks. He made happy allusion to the various sessions of this the first Spiritualist camp meeting, and gave all the attendants and participants their equal share of praise and thanksgiving. It was the biggest and best meeting he ever attended. To say that he felt full and running over, was nothing compared with what he wanted to say; he felt full of glory, glory, glory, hal-lu-lu-lu! He wanted to shout, he wanted every body to shout; he wanted all the trees of the woodland, and the rocks, and the flocks, and all the stars of heaven to shout, as the angels of glory were shouting and carrying the tidings of the meeting home to the millions on the other side of Jordan. The Doctor said he was almost ready to go himself, but he concluded to stay here a little longer, long enough to attend several more such camp meetings, and so he went up his good old-fashioned valedictory feeling as gloriously good as ever, and leaving the throng with a benediction and happy good-night.

And the First Spiritualist Camp Meeting adjourned to meet again in Pierpont Grove the last week in August, 1867.

Dr. U. CLARK, President.
Dr. P. CLARK, Vice-President.
A. GOODSELL, Secretary.
MR. AND MRS. DRS. B. M. LAWRENCE, Secretaries.

REMARKS, ORIGIN OF THE CAMP-MEETING, IN MASSACHUSETTS.

This ended one of the most significant series of meetings ever held together under the auspices of Spiritualism. The idea of a Spiritualist camp-meeting was at first suggested by a majority of the prominent believers in this vicinity. It was deemed exceedingly unpopular, and many supposed it would be impossible to maintain order. The holding of such a meeting originated with Messrs. Clark, Goodsell, Tompkins, and some other friends in Malden and Melrose, who were interested in the meetings begun at Dr. Clark's Rural Home Cure in Malden, last June. At last they took a tour of observation, selected the grove, and held Sunday afternoon meetings during the summer. Dr. Clark, of Boston, was the first one who named the proposed Camp-meeting publicly, and he predicted its success, while Dr. U. Clark also predicted that it would inaugurate a new era in the propaganda of modern Spiritualism.

It is an interesting fact that all who attended the meeting, no matter how prejudiced they were before, went away free from all prejudices, not only against Spiritualist camp-meetings, but against Spiritualism. Those who were at first timid, were in the end bold and loud in praise. Most of the Boston Dailies sent reporters, and gave none but respectful reports. The "Home" company ran extra cars, and had signs specially painted for the purpose: "To Spiritualist Camp." The Superintendent of the Boston and Maine Railroad declined making any arrangements with reference to the meeting, and his lack of faith in the meeting lost the company from five to ten thousand fares, a loss which was not made up by the company before next August. The Sunday sessions of the meeting drew so largely on the surrounding churches, many ministers prayed for anything but spiritual camp-meetings. At one of the prayer-meetings rain was prayed for, but in vain, for the weather was fair throughout, while during the week of our last large Methodist camp-meetings held in New England, rains were singularly copious. Was it because the Methodist's God was too far off or too incompetent to interpose, while the spirits had power to control the elements, as Jesus did the winds and waves of Galilee? Or was it because the illustration of the good effects of the meeting on the minds of those who came there only to laugh and scoff? A party of young folks from Melrose attended for the avowed purpose of making fun; but they proved perfectly orderly, and, on being asked if they had any special bright sayings, he "did not see or hear anything to make sport of."

VEILS.

BY GEORGE H. CALVERT.

We move within a world of veils:
They are not clothed by thrust of will:
We know them not as such until
The higher thought o'er will prevails.

With each new throb of inward power
Another mesh is softly rent;
Then light to dark is quiet flow,
As roset tints to ripening flower.

We dimly see till we create
The things that on our senses rise,
Enshrouded in a lone auriculae;
For all upon the spirit wait.

The silent soul is ever sending
Creative messages to things;
On these a yearning ray she flings,
Their breath with her divine blending.

Her life is one long slow prevailing
Against recruited sensuous odds,
Exalting man's desires, and God's
Great visage more and more unveiling.

Growth of Spiritualism in California.

Occasionally we see in your light-spreading columns a few lines from our now young and small, but soon to be the gigantic empire of the Pacific. But very small portion of what is known on this coast to have been friends in the East. Verily, the invisibles are at work on every hand; they are developing media of every kind and placing them in the field. Among the recent developments is Mr. Lord, whom they would not let rest until he left his mines, and went forth through the land, the sea, and the air. Another is Mrs. M. B. Beman, of this place. Some fourteen months ago her spirits, friends, with whom she is quite as conversant as with those in the form, told her to go forth and they would lead the sick through her instrumentality. She obeyed the summons, and the phylloxera that her spirits had told her to lead, she promised to do. One of the first cases given her was of a little boy who had been injured from a fall six years before. The spine and hips were in a rotten and matted condition, and the phylloxera had given him over, saying they could do nothing for him. He could not sit, and could not walk without crutches. In less than six weeks from the time Mrs. B. commenced treatment, he could sit up and walk without crutches. This is but one out of a great many cases. Several internal cancers have been removed which were beyond the touch of mortal physicians.

Mrs. B. is now engaged, under spirit direction, in erecting a house, twenty-six by thirty feet, to be devoted to spirit-seances. A circular room twelve feet in diameter is placed in one corner, extending up to the roof, from whence it is lighted. The spirits have promised to produce music without the touch of hands, in this circular room. When I consider the varied and wonderful development, through which Mrs. B. has passed during the past year, I have no doubt they will do all they have promised. Should they do so, it will surely be a testimony very much for the cause, and located right in the midst of their seminaries and temples.

THE BANNER is always a welcome guest; God bless it! In San Francisco, Bon. Todd has been hammering Old Theology all to pieces; he has been speaking till he knew he had said the last word. "The Theologians have again joined," said Mrs. Laura Curry occupies Congress Hall during the month of September, and Mr. Todd takes it in October. They will occupy it alternately during the winter. Altogether black going on gloriously, and hereafter the daily regaining of the ground, and that their friends and relatives in spirit-life do commune with those in the body.

Brocklyn, Almida Co. Cal., Sept. 9, 1866.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES.
Held in Dedworth's Hall, New York City,
Friday Evening, Sept. 21st, 1866.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Resolved, That the birth into the spirit-land of the eminent poet, patriot, philanthropist, Christian and Spiritualist, JOHN PIERPONT, be commemorated by appropriate public services in this city (New York); and that a Committee be appointed to make arrangements for such services.

This resolution was offered to and adopted by the Spiritualists meeting in Dedworth's Hall, and in pursuance thereof, a Committee was appointed (of which Charles Partridge was made Chairman), representing in some degree the different Societies of Spiritualists and the Liberal Christians, especially the Unitarian and Universalist Societies in this city and vicinity.

Letters of invitation to be present and take part in the exercises, were addressed to Messrs. O. D. Frothingham, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William O. Bryant, Horace Greeley and Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

The hall was filled to overflowing with a highly intellectual and attentive audience. Music was furnished by the Ebbitt Hall Choir, who introduced the services by singing, during which the seats on the platform were taken by the speakers and clergymen from the different religious societies and members of the Committee of Arrangements.

Oliver Johnson, Esq., presided, and, on taking the chair, made a few pertinent remarks respecting the meeting and the characteristics of the man we had met to honor.

Rev. Mr. Canfield then led in prayer, after which the following letters were read by the President of the meeting:

To Charles Partridge, Esq., Chairman of Committee of Arrangements:
I do not see how I can attend the Pierpont meeting. I regret this. I enclose a note worth reading, written by a mutual friend of Mr. Pierpont and myself. Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

The letter referred to was also read, which was as follows:

MR. GREELEY—I observe that next Friday you meet some other gentlemen, to do honor to the memory of John Pierpont. I am sure that you, in season, let me give you a little incident illustrative of the remarkable cheerfulness of his old age. You know that for the past few years Mr. Pierpont has been in the United States Treasury. Part of the time his desk has been in a room adjoining ours, and when lunch hour came, we ladies were in the habit of taking a cup of tea to him occasionally, until finally it became his habit to come regularly and partake of the refreshing beverage. Never, in all the time, did he appear without a pleasant word, and generally the half hour did not pass without a story, or some recitation of his own, or of some other, or information, which he seemed to have kept especially for the occasion. Of course, his calls were much prized; but his remarks on one day particularly arrested my attention, and it was to give them to you that I took up my pen. The conversation turned upon growing old, and one of the party, a lady, said that "with all the philosophy she could muster, she could not say why she grew old, except that in growing old, she hoped and believed that she was coming nearer to immortal youth." Mr. Pierpont rejoined that he did not feel so; he liked to grow old. In looking back upon his past life, he could not say that he had ever enjoyed himself more, day by day, with whom life brought to him, apart from all thought of immortality or the future life, than he did now. Are there many old people who can "hear such testimony?" Yours truly, H. O. I.

Washington, D. C., Treas. Dept., Sept. 19, 1866.

CUMINGTON, MASS., Sept. 14, 1866.

DEAR SIR—For various reasons I cannot be present at the meeting which is called to honor the memory of Mr. Pierpont, and to which you have done me the honor to invite me, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements. Let me say, however, that I deem it most appropriate that the departure of such a man should be signified by public demonstrations of gratitude for his services. A long life nobly spent, his talents actively employed in useful labor, great disinterestedness and immovable integrity, are among his claims to the affectionate and reverent remembrance of those who survive him.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours, W. C. BRYANT.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, Esq., Chairman, &c., &c.

CONCORD, MASS., 18 Sept. 1866.

DEAR SIR—On my return home from a short absence, I found your note containing the invitation to the public services in commemoration of the virtues and labors of the late Rev. John Pierpont. Will you have the goodness to inform me if the Committee will accept of my presence at the invitation, but it is quite out of my power to be in New York on the appointed day? My acquaintance with Mr. Pierpont, though it has lasted long, has never been very near. Yet I held him ever for a brave and honest man, with varied talents, with a great heart, and with a fine intellect, full of resources, and an ornament to his profession and his country. I have beside a strong feeling of kindness for him, and I sympathize with your wish to do him honor.

Respectfully, R. W. EMERSON.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, Esq., Chairman.

Mr. Frothingham's Remarks.

After the reading of the letters, Rev. O. D. Frothingham spoke substantially as follows:

It was with unfeigned and extreme modesty that he appeared before them. He had expected that Mr. Greeley, Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Bryant would have been there to have spoken. It was proper, however, that he should speak, and he did so, and nothing or little to say. Mr. Pierpont's movements and external appearance foreshadowed his intrinsic characteristics. All his movements were for a purpose, and bore directly on the point he wished to accomplish. There was much of a military style and precision in his movements. If he wished to go to a certain point, he would go, and would go to the point, then turn a square corner and go in. Mr. Pierpont belonged to a previous generation, yet in many respects he was far in advance of his age. He had been a lawyer, a merchant and a preacher, and in none could it be said that he was successful. It could not be said that he was a philosopher or a statesman, but that he was a man, and a man of the highest order. Everything was intensely real to him. Whatever he took hold of was with a practical end in view. His heart was tender, earnest, true and clean. He loved his family and his friends. His sympathies were not diffuse, but intense. He was always looking for some evil to slay it. He was always right, and knew the difference between wrong and right. He was a Christian—a man, in every sense of the word. The Gospel was to him the Golden Rule. The sermon on the Mount was enough for him. He was an out-and-out Unitarian, and made no secret of it. His sympathies were large, warm and loving, and his religion meant justice between man and man; he was for the abolition of all wrong, of all intemperance, and all uncleanness. He was for the extinction, of slavery, and in favor of the rights of woman. He owed no man anything but the debt of love.

Henry C. Wright's Address.

Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—John Pierpont, my associate and friend for many years, stands before me as a MAN, not as a Christian, Jew, Mahomedan or Pagan; not yet as an American, European, African or Asiatic; but simply and solely as a man, bound to me, to you, and to all of human kind as a man, and nothing more and nothing less. I see and feel his presence with us at this hour and in this hall. Though his body be dead, the man lives. The body was not the man, John Pierpont, the man was the spirit, and that spirit is here. To assert that he was, is to repeat a fiction of Theology, which we know to be a falsehood. The man is with us—his presence is with us, not in a material way, but in a spiritual way, as an interested spectator and participant of our proceedings. Allow me to call to mind some of his leading characteristics, as I personally knew them:

JOHN PIERPONT was ever true to his present light, and had his mind ever open to receive new light. He never felt that he must follow his own conviction of right and duty, or the convictions of somebody else. He preferred to follow his own, and rejected the convictions of all others as guides for him, whenever they differed from his own. No matter whether they were the convictions of Moses, or Christ, or of any others of the Old Testament or the Dead Past, if they could not be reconciled with his own, he rejected them. With this inflexible purpose to be true to his present light, he was as inflexible in his purpose to avail himself of every means to get now light. Hence he was a man of progress.

He claimed no rights for himself which he was not ever ready to concede to each and every human being, without regard to color, sex, or condition. Hence he was the firm and dauntless friend of Impartial Suffrage, and stood firm in his policy of Congress, so far as it went for Impartial Justice and equal rights, and against "My Policy" and the "One Man Power."

He gave only what he was willing to take. He never gave a word, a look, a blow, or an act, which he was not willing to take. Hence he was an Abolitionist. He could not make a slave, because he was not willing to be a slave. He could never use the cruel and bloody lash upon the back of another, because he was not willing to have it used on his own. He would never use a fellow-being as a chattel, because he was not willing to be used himself. He could never help to make others drunkards, because he was not willing that others should make him or his drunkard.

He was a temperance man—a teetotaler. No man in the nation fought the battle of Temperance more daringly, heroically and perseveringly, and at a greater sacrifice of self, than did John Pierpont. To-day tens of thousands rejoice in him as their saviour from drunkenness, and the fearful curse, poverty, degradation and ruin that necessarily result from the drunkard's appetite.

He was an Anti-Slavery man. In him the hunted fugitive from slavery, and the lashed and lacerated slave, ever found a friend and brother. Often have I met him on the Anti-Slavery platform, and heard his words of cheer to Garrison and his heroic conductors, in their efforts to redeem the slave and save the nation from blood. When the slave-mongers forced the Republic into a war in defence of Human Rights, where was our dear and noble friend to be found? Though nearly four score years had dimmed his eye, and weakened his physical powers, his brave and manly heart led him to the front, tenderly and lovingly to care for those of our loved ones who should fall in defence of freedom.

His was a progressive mind. Eternal growth in knowledge and wisdom, and in the love of his life. His last appearance and last speech before the public were on the platform of the National Convention of Spiritualists and friends of progress, in Providence, R. I., Wednesday, Aug. 22d. Then and there he gave his last utterance in public. It was in praise of WATER as a BEVERAGE, and was a beautiful and beautiful speech, and one which will never be forgotten by those who saw and heard that venerable form and those words so full of truth and melody.

What a sublime thought unseen exodus was his! He lay down; he slept; he awoke and found that he mortal had put on immortality; and that to him, while he slept, he had been in victory. I repeat, his body died; the man lives, and lives to adorn and dignify the nature he possessed. He lives to cheer the desponding; to bind up the broken-hearted; to say to the timid, "Fear not"; to the doubting, "Be strong and invincible, always abounding in the works of humanity"; to the weary, "Rest"; to the sorrowing, "PEACE, BE STILL." Thousands redeemed from the curse of the drunkard's appetite, and millions of slaves now free, thank God that John Pierpont lives. His eyes are closed and his lips are sealed, so that, with our material senses, we cannot see him, nor hear him, nor feel him, nor touch him; but in his own most tender and loving way, he is with us, and he is saying to us, "I cannot make him dead." No! "I CANNOT MAKE HIM DEAD."

Speech of Emma Hardinge.

Mrs. Hardinge then introduced, and spoke at considerable length, as follows:

Since the day when the eyes of the venerable John Pierpont closed on the scenes of his long, protracted mortal pilgrimage, to reopen in the land of never-fading light, the voice of public opinion, with its three thousand tongues of character, has been busy in raising loud praises to his long and active career of industry and use.

Enjoying a far slier personal acquaintance with Mr. Pierpont than most of you, his countrymen co-workers and co-patriots, may have done, the halo which surrounds the memory of the great, good dead, has been busy in raising loud praises to his long and active career of industry and use. The halo which surrounds the memory of the great, good dead, has been busy in raising loud praises to his long and active career of industry and use. The halo which surrounds the memory of the great, good dead, has been busy in raising loud praises to his long and active career of industry and use.

These are brave titles wherewith to form the armorial bearings of one human being; strong claims on the wonder and admiration of mankind, when we find them grouped around the memory of one single creature, in a world where a title of such varied use would be considered a disgrace. That world's applause. And besides the variousness of intellectual good and practical use recorded here, this noble life exhibits a special excellence in all its waymarks, which I have never heard even questioned, if I perhaps except the doubtful eulogy of to-night.

Thus have been told that John Pierpont was one of America's sweetest poets, a claim not only admitted by those who in this land have found the varied depths of feeling in their own hearts most exquisitely voiced in his grand and pathetic lyrics, but also in other countries far across the broad Atlantic wave, where his pure, high-toned and graceful poetry has become as a welcome friend, and familiar hearthside preacher. One of the first sweet Sabbath hymns which sounded from my rostrum when I lately spoke to my countrymen in England, came from the pen of the woman's loved poet, good John Pierpont.

Of his scholarly and delicate spirit even of his college contemporaries has too often borne witness to need any comment here. In his ministerial office, I have heard to-night that he was neither distinguished for "eloquence or metaphysical breadth of mind." I scarcely know what may be the special requirements of a "popular preacher," or what constitutes a "great teacher," but I do know that if to feel God's truth and right strongly, act it out fearlessly, speak it plainly, and teach it in choice language and fervid utterance, be acknowledged requisites in the life and preachings of a Christian minister, John Pierpont was not, as a follower of Christ, and a teacher and preacher of the Bernon on the Mount, John Pierpont was as excellent in the pulpit as in the studio.

I need not remind you that he was the best of Reformers, for his reforms were over undertaken in defence of the weak, or the advocacy of some uncharitable trait; but he was a great teacher, and a great preacher, and a great man, and a great soul, and a great heart, and a great mind, and a great spirit, and a great life, and a great death, and a great resurrection, and a great glory, and a great triumph, and a great victory, and a great conquest, and a great kingdom, and a great empire, and a great world, and a great universe, and a great God, and a great Father, and a great Son, and a great Holy Spirit, and a great Church, and a great Kingdom of God on earth, and a great Kingdom of God in heaven, and a great Kingdom of God in all the worlds, and a great Kingdom of God in all the universes, and a great Kingdom of God in all the eternities, and a great Kingdom of God in all the glories, and a great Kingdom of God in all the triumphs, and a great Kingdom of God in all the victories, and a 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From the Eastern Borders of Maine.

I am in Houlton, the shire town of Aroostook Co., Maine. It is a pleasant and thriving town, and this county is larger than the whole State of Massachusetts. The organization of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress is the largest in the place, and embracing much of the intelligence and influence of this locality. It is but about one year old. About one year ago, Charles E. Gilman, aided by a few others, obtained the services of Laura DeForce Gordon, as a lecturer, six months; then of Susie Johnson three months. The result is a congregation of as intelligent, earnest and consistent Spiritualists as you will find anywhere in city or town.

It is good to be here with these noble men and women, who dare to raise up the standard of the world's redemption from the despotism of that senseless, puerile, blighting and bowdlerizing theology that now hangs over Christendom, as chaos and night hung over the earth before God said, "Let there be light." God now says to that light, chaotic night of theology, that now hangs over Christendom: "Let there be light." A light, a sun has arisen on Houlton, and Aroostook County, which will not go down in darkness. The people, even Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians and Universalists, have seen the light, and are coming to it, and their hearts are made glad by it. Death is being swallowed up in victory. *Death hath lost its sting; the grave its victory!*

The people of Aroostook, so long accustomed to hear it said, "Man dies, and what and where is he?" now hear a distinct and commanding voice issuing from that Holy of Holies of the vast temple of Houlton life, saying, "Here am I; I am not dead, nor am I asleep in the grave, nor am I in some fabled heaven or hell, far away; but I am here—an inhabitant of this planet, and ever present to weep with those who weep, to rejoice with those who rejoice, to pity the erring, to lift up the fallen and to help make this earth, so full of beauty and brightness, a Paradise for the whole family of man, both those in and those out of the body."

So, dear BANNER, speak a good word of encouragement to the people of Houlton and of Aroostook County, who are seeking and striving for a higher and nobler life. This is a beautiful country, and rich in the power to furnish beautiful and happy homes for men and women and their little ones. I am on the very border of New Brunswick, close to one of the dens of the British Lion; but the thought is ever uppermost that harmony is not bounded by geographical lines and national boundaries, and that my country and my church is the world, and all mankind my fellow countrymen and fellow churchmen.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

The Cause in Hamburg and Moodus—Children's Lyceum—Need of Speakers.

Good news is ever welcome, and to those who watch the struggles of truth to overcome the inertia of conservatism, it is peculiarly pleasing to witness the same process of decay in those errors which have so long held away over human souls. But it is still more pleasing to behold the upspringing of new and better means for human help and progress. Both these processes have been going on in the lower portion of the Connecticut valley the past year. I commenced lecturing in Hamburg, not far from one year ago, and have spent a considerable part of the time in that vicinity since.

On the sixth of May last, we organized a Lyceum in Hamburg, which has prospered finely, under the efficient management of John R. Sterling, its conductor. This institution has been a great affliction to Orthodoxy, which has impotently threatened to prosecute me for Sabbath breaking, in holding the Lyceum on the first day of the week. In this place there is one of the best class of people I have ever met. Kind and generous, no earnest, unselfish worker will ever be allowed, while among them, to suffer want. Only the most imperative sense of duty to the angel-world, that guides our dispensation, could have induced me to break away from the love and tears of the good people of Hamburg. The door was open for constant speaking, and the pecuniary return was ready also. But a dispensation of the Spiritual Gospel is committed to me, and I must fulfill it. But there is an open door here, a fertile field, and earnest helpers.

At Moodus, ten miles from Hamburg, is another society, with money in their treasury and zeal in their hearts. Both these places need speakers. An earnest, whole-souled man or woman, who loves to work for humanity, and can lead people onward in the Spiritual Philosophy and Life, would find in these places a hearty welcome, constant employment, and a just recompense for their labors. But a mere self-seeker, whose chief aim is money, would very soon be estimated at his just value. Now if any of our workers would like to pass a few months among a lively and pleasant people, I commend them to these places. Jonathan Laplace, of Hamburg, or Z. L. Hungerford, of Moodus, will answer letters of inquiry.

J. S. LOVELAND.

Oneida, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1886.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1886.
EDITOR OF BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your paper of the 13th inst., I find a communication from Charles Horton, stating that he was a member of Company B, Twenty-Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, and that he left his body at Point of Rocks, Virginia. Upon referring to the muster-roll of the Twenty-Fifth Regiment, I find that Charles A. Horton enlisted in December, 1863, and died May 10, 1864, of wounds received at the place above named. He appeals to records kept here to prove the truth of his statement, and the proof, I think, will be deemed conclusive.

DAVID WILDER,
One of the Mass. Artillery Commrs.

Words Fittingly Spoken.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, in a well-written and scintillating review of the practices of the public press "of caricaturing all assemblies of Spiritualists," alluding especially to their treatment of the recent Spiritualist Convention—says with obvious truth:

"Our Journalism is fast degenerating into a base and disgusting species of battery and bombardment. It follows instead of leading. It classifies parties and churches, instead of being in any sense independent of them. It is not an expositor, much less a censor, but a mirror for powerful organizations to behold themselves with the greatest complacency."

We want the Banner and all honest men and women to know that the Boston Daily Voice was established for the very purpose of destroying this all-corrupting power of wealth, which has made the public press, with a few exceptions, so contemptible.—*Boston Daily Evening Voice.*

The United States Bunting Company is now in successful operation at Lowell. The Company has obtained from the Government exclusive contracts to manufacture all bunting used in the service, and recent tests have shown that the article is superior, both as to durability and color, to that of English manufacture. Heretofore we had to rely upon English manufacturers for this article.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1886.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, 2d Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WM. WHITE. C. H. CROWELL. I. R. RICH.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

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

"Dying Out"—More Bow-wow.

Since the session of the Providence Convention, it has afforded us both instruction and amusement to notice what the "secular" journals of this part of the country have had to say of the proceedings and characteristics of that highly imposing body of men and women. We have already commented on some of these remarks, and now proceed with the story. In the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch we have run upon a piece of vulgar and malignant ridicule of that Convention, scarcely equalled by any attempt made by any paper in the country. Evidently impressed with the notion that its slanders and slangs are competent to overthrow what has long ago been firmly established by facts, reflection and reason, it falls to belaboring the Spiritualists and their faith with the full zeal which is inspired by its ignorance and native malignity, and exposes to public view, not the weakness and ineffectuality of the Religion of Spiritualism, but simply the pitiful character of the religion which the Dispatch thinks more popular, and therefore assumes to style its own.

This latest burlesque of the press which deludes itself with a profession of independence, is as mean and groveling in its spirit as anything we have met with of late. There is no spark of manliness, even a decayed manliness, about it. "We wonder"—says this pluckless sheet—"if this thing (meaning Spiritualism) is not dying out. It certainly seems to be attracting less and less attention every year. Instead of the harmless lunatics like those at the Providence Convention, the most prominent professors and apostles of Spiritualism are slanders and blacklegs, who generally wind up their career before the courts of law. Disgusting as Spiritualism is, we suppose it is about as good a thing as can be devised for crazy people to amuse themselves with, as it keeps them from doing harm to themselves and others by getting excited on more dangerous subjects. It also affords some amusement to sane persons, and on this account we will be almost sorry to see the delusion die out!"

It is needless to characterize this as the poorest stuff that could flow from a pen held by the hand of a reasonable person. We should hazard little in making the assertion that the writer of it was either muddled or fuddled when he produced it, or is paid so much per line to fill up columns that are devoted to the reckless statements of low sensationalism, or else, has some secret spite against some one whom he knows to be a believer in our elevating and consoling religion. Any person of such sort could turn off volumes of this quality of diluted venom, and experience no fatigue from the effort. The individuals who write and the men who publish it, fancy that they are doing sectarianism welcome service; as for their own convictions and beliefs, these have no more to do with the matter than the north pole has to do with the south. But it is a lamentable proof of the degeneracy of the public spirit, that it will pay for this kind of stuff and call it good reading.

Were we to simply deny the assertions of this thoughtless scribbler, it would do no more good, in all likelihood, than to pass them by unnoticed. Yet there are persons upon whom falsehood, by frequent and persistent repetition, is at last able to make an impression. And if we were to deny these statements in detail, and with the circumstance, it might be still better so far as such persons are concerned. We shall descend to the level of the maligner only to reply that his representations are wholly and unqualifiedly untrue; and furthermore, that we are convinced from the inward testimony of his own accusations, that he does not know of their truth himself. Dying out! It is a preposterous, an absurd assertion to make concerning Spiritualism. If it is, why do such presses continually take the trouble to advertise the fact? Why do they regularly devote so much space in their columns to reports, albeit slanderous and rudely vulgar ones, of Spiritualist conventions, assemblies, and meetings? Why is so much written, though in a sneering way, of the séances of distinguished mediums, at which startling manifestations are made for the visitors?

Why, again, is so much thundered against Spiritualism as a religion from the sectarian pulpits—and not once only, but all the time now—if there are no evidences of its spread and growth? Why are all the cases which result in suicide, bad conduct, the disruption of the marital relations, and other like consequences, dragged forward and set down to the charge of Spiritualism, nothing of the sort being ever attempted with the sects and their teaching, if Spiritualism is really "dying out" and ceasing to make even its existence felt in the churches and in society? Why are the secular journals so busily engaged in doing this work of the sectarian pulpit, if the communion is not felt in the churches as much as it was, and if the undermining process is not continually going on? It is worse than folly to try to keep up the cheat by denying what is so potent and plain to all who have eyes of their own to see and ears of their own to hear.

Not the popular faith in the great and undying truths of Spiritualism is growing wider and stronger daily. Each year it takes up its old landmarks and sets them further out from the centre of its small beginning. It is spreading with greater rapidity than any other religion, or religious system, ever did before; and this we challenge the defamers of it to disprove. Among the believers in this religion occur the names of some of the best and most illustrious men of this country, who have openly professed their convincing knowledge of its truths. And these can be increased by very large additions in foreign countries, of both men and women. Are such persons, of high character and superior intellect, as well as spiritual attainments, to be put down as of no account by a miserable "broad-and-butter" scribbler who thinks to please the credulous by what he prints? When we come to the point of comparison in these matters, it is too plain that the subject is exhausted; and therefore we stop there at the present time.

"Mr. Finney and Miss Jordan."

DEAR BANNER—I have just read Mrs. Walsbrook's letter, in which certain questions are put to me, and I herewith proceed to reply very briefly:

And first: I am not attacking Miss Jordan as a private person. Personally she seemed to me to be modest and retiring; the last person to be capable of deception or of fraud. Nor should I have mentioned her name in the Convention, had she not been brought forward as a good medium in public life; nor even then would I have done so, but for the fact that she had been publicly exposed, by two physicians and an editor, in the house and in the presence of their own previous Spiritualist friends, in the city of Richmond, Ind., some time in November last. Her publicly offered tests of spiritual intercourse, and her public exposure in a Richmond paper, added to the fact that her name was brought before the National Convention as a reliable medium, compelled me to the protest which I offered before that Convention.

And now, in reply to Mrs. Walsbrook's question: "And now, Mr. Finney, if you have produced all these manifestations, please tell us how?" I say I have actually done all those things Mrs. W. describes, and more, by the application of my own physical power, under the same conditions, and can do so any required number of times. I can raise or hold down the table with far more power and precision than Miss J. did it in my presence, and under the same conditions precisely. I have done those very things before the friends of Miss Jordan, to their evident astonishment. And I can do it any time. I can utter any person's shoe or pull off any person's boot far more quickly than Miss J. pulled off mine, and under the same conditions under which she does it. I can do those things as deceptively to your senses, under the same circumstances, as they were done in Miss Jordan's presence. And, beside, she was caught doing those things, and publicly exposed—so thoroughly exposed, that her friends—or some of them at least—who witnessed it, pronounced her manifestations a delusion.

Some of the warmest Spiritualists in Richmond saw her exposed. If any person will take the trouble, the full account of that exposure can be obtained by writing to any leading Spiritualist of Richmond, Ind. Some of her friends there still believe she has some medium powers; but, until she can redeem herself from the well-sustained and evidenced exposure among her own friends, it is worse than useless to bring forward her manifestations as genuine.

And, furthermore, allow me to say, nothing can injure our blessed cause more than an over-heated zeal on the part of its friends. When tests of spiritual intercourse are offered to the public by any person, critical examination is in order. The public have the right to demand a decent regard to close and exact investigation. No other method can establish, on solid and immovable foundations, the great fact of Spiritualism. There are impostors cannot be denied; and to ascertain what are good and what are evil, requires exact, just and impartial investigation. Nothing has brought more reproach upon, or aroused more prejudice against our movement, than the exposure of some noted medium, like Fay, who has been previously endorsed by Spiritualists and their journals. The danger lies not in their impostors and exposure, so much as in our endorsement of their claims before exposure, without sufficient examination. And, beside, the interests of spiritual science itself demand that its facts shall be perfectly secured.

On the other hand, a cold, frozen, unfraternal suspicion of mediums is equally unwarranted and injurious. No one is critical enough to demand that Common sense, common fraternity, forbid both extremes of credulity and skepticism. Let us plant ourselves squarely and honestly before the facts of mediumship as before those of geology or of natural history, and fearlessly publish the results, if we would do ourselves, our cause and the angels justice. We are not so pushed, I take it, as to require suppression, concealment or evasion. And, beside, we can be fraternal, courteous, kind and loving to all, and yet be free, fearless, just, honest and open. And such course alone can secure the confidence of the world of sane men and women around us. We have had partyism enough in religion heretofore; now let us have justice, truth, candor and consequent permanent success.

I do not wish to be misunderstood here. Mrs. Jordan may be a medium for some kind of manifestations. And it has been suggested that she was made to perform, or to appear to perform, those manifestations in which she was caught, by spirits themselves. I answer: then we want nothing to do with such spirits as agents of the new movement. And their impostors are no better, nor entitled to any more courtesy than if they were committed by persons in the body. But we need not go to the spiritual world to find impostors; there are enough of them on earth. And, beside, if a medium is caught in imposture, that fact shuts out the spiritual hypothesis at once and altogether, to every investigating unbeliever, and increases his skepticism. Such spiritual fraud is no proof whatever in itself of Spiritualism. It is a negative. Some spirits may seek to impose upon people in this way, perhaps; but I contend that such imposture is no proof of Spiritualism. When the medium's muscles are found sufficient for, and actually engaged in producing "manifestations," the spiritual origin of these manifestations can be asserted with a poor grace.

I am cordially yours for the truth,
SELDEN J. FINNEY.

*The reporter mistook "Mrs." for "Miss."

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

Having published Mrs. Walsbrook's remarks, it is but justice to Mr. Finney that we give his reply, and we cheerfully do so. In regard to the reliability or unreliability of the medium referred to, we have no personal knowledge; but we have lying upon our table a number of communications, in reply to Mr. F.'s remarks in the late Convention, which are corroborative of Mrs. Walsbrook's letter. These communications we have neither the space for, nor the inclination to thrust upon our readers, had we the space. Personal criticisms and recriminations do the cause no good, but much harm, for they deter honest investigators from taking that interest in our Philosophy they otherwise would. Mr. Finney says, "Nothing can injure our blessed cause more than an over-heated zeal on the part of its friends." This is true. The BANNER may have erred somewhat in the past in regard to endorsing mediums "without sufficient examination"; but if we have committed error in this respect, we have done so through the instrumentality of our most reliable correspondents. It would be simply impossible for us to personally examine the numerous mediums whom their friends endorse as genuine.

We endorsed Mr. Fay, when he first appeared as a public medium, upon the strength of what we considered indubitable evidence. Subsequently, when he was detected in cheating by the Spiritualists of Tusculum, we lost no time in saying so. And we have since cautioned the public against his impostures.

The last paragraph but one of Mr. Finney's letter, we cordially endorse, and we pray earnestly that Spiritualists everywhere will heed the sentiments therein contained. Spiritualists should indeed take higher ground than ever before. If they would command the respect of the world, charity and love, we know, covereth a multitude of sins; but without justice, love and charity would not exist at all. Therefore let us be just, setting naught down in malice, and all discordant elements will quickly disappear.

Here the matter at issue must rest so far at least as we are concerned.

The People Like Spiritualism.

It is very encouraging to notice the rapid and sure growth of the Philosophy of Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast. It is a religion so fortified with truthful facts that the unprejudiced mind gladly accepts its soul-sustaining theory, backed up as it is by positive knowledge in regard to future existence. This knowledge has been sought for, and prayed for by mortals for ages, with all the earnestness and ingenuity man was master of, but with no satisfactory results, till the tiny raps sounded the first intelligent alarm from beyond the river of mortal life. Since the dawn of that glorious epoch, millions of souls who were living in doubt and fear, now rejoice in a belief that affords them tangible evidence, such as their souls need, to fortify them against the false teachings of Old Theology.

Some of the secular presses of San Francisco treat the subject of Spiritualism with a good degree of fairness and liberality. Among these we are happy to name the daily American Flag, one of the most influential papers in the State. With a candor and warmth rarely exhibited in such journals, the editor speaks of the return of Mrs. Laura Cuppy to her former field of labor, and of her discourses, as follows:

"An immense audience awaited the talented and popular speaker Sunday night at Congress Hall. The capacity of the house is about eight hundred, and it was entirely and closely filled, every available space, including aisles and room about the door, being occupied. In fact, no more could obtain admission, and many not finding even standing room, went away; the occasion reminding one of the times of St. Paul. The subject was based on Cain's answer to the Lord, when interrogated concerning his brother Abel—Genesis, iv: 9—'Am I my brother's keeper?' Her deductions in relation to our responsibilities and obligations one to another, were drawn with great appositeness, distinction and beauty, and were presented with logical precision and rhetorical elegance, retaining the fixed attention of the audience during the whole discourse, and interrupted only by tasteful manifestations of applause at the utterance of especially fine passages. Thus limited in space, we cannot undertake a synopsis of the several subdivisions; it will be sufficient to say that the subject was treated with a scholarly system, and in a manner interesting, instructive and delightful. The scope of her remarks was essentially radical, without any direct allusion to political affairs, and was meant to inspire men with moral courage, disinterestedness and honesty in obedience to the ordinances of Conscience, and women with a heroic disposition to encourage and sustain their husbands and brothers in the performance of the duties of true citizenship and the discharge of their social and political obligations.

The speaker seemed to gather unwonted inspiration from the presence of so unusual a throng of attentive and admiring listeners, and manifested a force and animation quite uncommon; but, nevertheless, appropriate, graceful and impressive. It might be added that Mrs. Cuppy's discourses are never in a style that could reasonably give offence or pain to persons of opposite theological views; but, while they are sufficiently forcible and positive, they are always characterized by a delicacy and refinement which must command the respect, and secure the friendly attention of the strictest of denominationalists and sectaries. They may be designated as moral and philosophical dissertations on living subjects of the times, sometimes based on Scriptural texts, and often on occurrences which are occupying public attention, and are always intended to make people better, wiser and happier. With a bigoted totally unknown elsewhere, and which would be ridiculed intolerably in any other American city, the generally, or the local press, have studiously avoided the usual friendly mention of a lady of extraordinary talent, accomplishment and dignity of character, and who represents the views of a very large and respectable body of citizens; but, at length, it has appeared that she has become not only successful and popular, but also triumphant over a stubborn prejudice in spite of their clerical injustice and neglect. Henceforward she will have no use for that assistance which mean minds are ever ready to offer after it has ceased to be necessary or desirable."

A High Compliment.

When we first issued the POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE, we sent a copy of the work to the late Rev. John Pierpont, who acknowledged the receipt over his own signature, under date of Washington, May 1, 1884, with the following high compliment for the work and its author:

"To-day I have been spending some time with Miss Doten's 'Poems from the Inner Life.' Very pleasant and instructive reading have I always found them. And why do I not rest to-day? Because when I look at the book I think of you, who so kindly send it to me as 'A New Year's Gift,' and my 'cruel conscience' won't let me rest. It keeps pricking and punching, and goading me, and calling me hard names, and telling me it won't let me rest, because I have failed as yet to say, 'Thanks, Mr. Editor, for the nice new book you sent me last New Year's day.' Well, conscience, you're right—as you almost always are. I own up. I do thank Mr. Colby heartily, for the copy he sent me of Miss Doten's poems, and I am ashamed of myself for my discourtesy and apparent want of grateful feeling, as well as my real neglect of my duty, in withholding for so long a time my expression of the feeling that I have so long kept pent up in my own heart. So I am determined to 'out with it!' So, my kind friend, know thou by these presents, that for your present of Miss Doten's 'Poems from the Inner Life,' I do most heartily thank you.

If I could ever envy any lady her poetical gift, I should be tempted to envy her hers. But since I know that envying her would not enable me to write as well as she does, there's no use in cherishing or even tolerating in my heart the spirit of envy or covetousness. I would rather say, 'Well done! Admirable! Encore!' &c."

A Fine Picture.

We have received from B. B. Russell & Co., Boston, a superb steel engraving, to which is affixed the title—"The Empty Sleeve." The conception and drawing are by Miss A. R. Sawyer, the engraving from the well-known burn of J. O. Buttre. The picture represents a young soldier, father just returned home from the war with his right arm gone, and his baby-boy in his lap, whose little hands have caught hold of the cuff of the loose sleeve, into the cavity of which his infantile eyes are searching with an expression of pathetic perplexity. It is really a fine idea, and most strikingly rendered. The engraving has been done with great skill and delicacy, while the rendering of the idea is firm, devoid of the excess of sentiment which overflows and smother the conception, and strongly and actively impressive in its general effect. This idea was conceived by its gifted authoress in one of her happiest moments, and, though an illustration of "what is unfortunately a common topic," is in the highest because the interior sense, original and suggestive. Miss Sawyer's genius speaks forth in this picture, which will publish it to every corner and in every dwelling in the land.

Commemorative Service.

We print in this number of the BANNER a report of the commemorative services held by the Spiritualists of New York and other friends of the late Rev. John Pierpont, in Dodworth's Hall, on Friday evening, Sept. 21st. The speech of Mr. Emma Hardinge is pertinent, and her religiousness to the point, and remarks of several clergymen are pointed.

New Publication.

MARTYRS of Andersonville Prison. By Lieut. Col. A. C. Hamlin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This handsome volume, whose pages show forth the fairest and cleanest impressions upon paper most delicately tinted, gives a comprehensive and intelligible account, without undue coloring and in language toned down in its accurate use almost to severity. It is time we had precisely such a record as this, both comprehensive and detailed, descriptive and scientific, as a fit memorial from the press to the atrocities which will make Andersonville forever a reproach and scorn to a class of men professing to bear a part in the civilization of the nineteenth century. The country has waited as long as it should for this record, which is here made with scrupulous fidelity to detail, while referring every series of transactions belonging to the system followed in this prison to the accepted customs of foreign nations in similar cases.

The author enjoyed unusual, because official, facilities for observing and personally investigating the matters whereof he writes. The better to produce a history of Andersonville that should be at once graphic and reliable, worthy of reference in the future as well as of careful perusal now, he begins with giving a description of the stockade, the mode of guarding the prisoners, their food, both for quantity and quality, their lack of water, shelter, and the most ordinary facilities for cooking their food, the rigorous rules adopted in relation to their escape, the total want of sanitary provisions of even the most ordinary kind, their packed condition, and a long and melancholy series of incidents in the cruel work of sacrificing more than thirty thousand unarmed prisoners to the brutal instincts which could rise and assault fair Liberty herself.

The details of this volume will burn themselves like living coals into the memory of the American people. This book tells them to the latest generation what noble men have suffered that freedom might live. Here we can read of stout and unyielding hearts that ceased beating rather than feel the uneasy throbs of a flinching patriotism. The wives and mothers of such men need be in no affliction on account of their end. They died, but they died martyrs. They are lost to home and the loved ones on earth, but they are the shining names in their country's annals to the latest times. We write nothing of all this in anger, or heat, much less to keep alive the memories of a civil war which has written its red record all over the landscape of the Southern States; but we feel, as all men feel who would swear by an united country, that patriotism is kept alive by reciting the worthy deeds, and even the terrible sufferings, of those who devoted themselves to its highest illustration.

Personal.

Bishop Randall, of Colorado, has returned to Boston for the present. It is rumored that he may be invited to accept the vacant bishopric of Maine. His recent visit to Colorado was not as successful as his denomination had hoped it would be. The good people of that new State, are turning their attention to the investigation of the Spiritual Philosophy. One of our prominent lecturers, Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, arrived there a few weeks after the Bishop, and commenced a series of discourses on Spiritualism; to which the people flocked "and heard her gladly."

Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood is creating quite a sensation at Chelsea by her excellent lectures on Spiritualism. She lectures there every Sunday during October. She has received a sum of money, contributed by a gentleman in Chelsea, toward defraying the cost of getting up a set of diagrams, illustrating some of the leading phases of Spiritualism, for which she is thankful.

We recently had a pleasant call from our friend, Dr. C. B. Foster, formerly of Philadelphia, but now of New York city, where he has just located. He is a gentleman of education, and thoroughly understands his business—that of Dentistry. Our friends will find him at 54 West 23d street.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will answer calls for week evening lectures, on the route to St. Louis. Her address is 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Chas. A. Hayden is in Chicago, Ill. Those wishing his services in the West, as a lecturer, can address him at 82 Monroe street.

Warren Chace is lecturing in Chicago, Ill., to large audiences. The Davenport commenced séances at Amsterdam on the 19th ult., with fair prospects of success.

Mr. James Brown Yerrinton, a well known printer of this city, died at his residence in Chelsea, last week, in the 60th year of his age. He has published three or four different papers during his eventful career, but of late years he printed the *Liberator* until it was discontinued.

Mrs. E. F. M. Brown, who has lately been suffering from a severe attack of illness, is convalescent, we are happy to hear. Her present address is Chicago, Ill.

John Van Buren, oldest son of ex-President Van Buren, died on board the steamer Scotia, on the 18th inst., three days before arriving in New York from Liverpool. He had been to Europe for his health.

The Impending Epoch.

This is the title of a promising monthly journal, published in Augusta, Ga., by Henry J. Osborne, and devoted to "the interests of Humanity in an enlarged and liberal sense." When its patronage shall warrant it, it is to be published once a week. The tone of the sheet is admirable, and its tenacious and advocacy are strictly in the interests of truth and liberality. It is ably conducted, and presents the philosophy of the Religion of Spiritualism as a fact, if not indeed the foundation of its faith. Such a journal is greatly needed in the section where it is published, and cannot but do a world of service in preparing the way for those radical changes which are yet to make themselves felt in the structure of its laws, morals, and society. We wish it success.

Message from John Pierpont.

Two weeks after the departure of the venerable John Pierpont, he visited our free circle in spirit, took control of Mrs. Donnan's organism, and addressed the audience at some length. His remarks will be found in the message department on our sixth page.

Following Mr. Pierpont came a soldier, who related some interesting incidents which took place on the battle-field between himself and Mr. Pierpont, who was then captain of the regiment.

Terrible Conflagration.

A fire broke out in Quebec, Canada, early on the morning of October 14th, which raged all day, destroying a large portion of the city. A moderate conflagration places the number of houses destroyed at two thousand five hundred, and the loss of real property at from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000. The number of persons rendered homeless is estimated at one thousand eight hundred. A subscription of \$25,000 was raised at once in Quebec to aid the sufferers.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is claimed as spoken by the Spirit who came to bear, through the instrumentality of

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

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

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

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

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, 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.

Infinite Jehovah, we stand knocking at the door of thy temple of Wisdom, asking for those truths that shall make the soul grow great and strong, and wise and good; that shall teach us that thou art our Father, and every living being is thy child; that shall also teach us, that all the manifestations by which we are surrounded are the manifestations of thine own divine mind. Whether we wander amid the hells of time or eternity, or in the heavens of the higher life, it is by thy pleasure, for thy will is manifested everywhere. Give us those living waters, that shall cause us to go forth whosoever we may be needed, for the benefit of the sons and daughters of earth. Let all our life be acceptable unto thee. Let our every thought and every act be pleasing to thee. And when thou dost call us no longer to earth, then let our crown of rejoicing be woven of the good deeds, of the pure and holy lives of those who have listened to our teachings. Let the souls who understand by our coming that life is eternal, be made better, purer and holier, by our coming. And unto thee, oh Spirit who ruleth this hour, who hath ruled in all the past, and who wilt continue to rule in the future, we dedicate our thoughts and our words. Amen.

July 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

Q.—What institution or means, do you regard best for the treatment of demented persons?

A.—There are many kinds of insanity; so many that there are no two cases alike. No one has started from precisely the same cause. No one case tends to precisely the same end. So, therefore, what would be advisable in one case, certainly would not be wholly in any other. However, there is a certain general rule that may be safe to use as a guide, and that is the rule of uniform kindness. Seek ever to bring about a harmonious, spiritual and physical condition of the individual. Never seek to govern by arbitrary force, for that only tends to make the case very much worse, than before you undertook it. Sometimes these cases arise from entire physical causes. Then it should be your earnest effort to harmonize the physical forces, and thereby restore that that is in a measure lost. Sometimes they arise from entire spiritual causes. Then you should seek earnestly to harmonize the spiritual forces. The time will come, when the laws of mind as connected with the laws of matter, shall be more perfectly understood. Then you will know better how to deal with these mysterious causes. There are other physicians needed than those who deal specially with physical life. And it is our belief, and most earnest hope also, that the time is not far distant, when those who are entrusted with physical welfare, shall deem it necessary, absolutely necessary, that they study beyond physical life, to know how to deal successfully even with that. And when they feel the absolute necessity of looking beyond the physical form, to know what they shall do to equalize the forces of that form and bring a condition of health, then they will seek earnestly for the gift, and the wisdom will come. The Great Father of Wisdom, always provides a way to answer the material demands of his children. You cannot ask for any one blessing, in all truth, in all sincerity, but what the Great Author of life will provide a way to answer it, and perfectly, too.

Q.—By J. R. Hosley, of Dixfield, Me.: In the BANNER of June 30th, in answer to the question of L. W. Ransom, the invisibles assert, that they "believe that one who lives out his internal proclivities while here in deeds, is so much further advanced in spirit-life, than one who has been prevented from doing so by external circumstances." This assertion has elicited some discussion among the believers in the spiritual philosophy, which I think arises more from a misunderstanding of the meaning of the answer, than from any real difference of opinion. In order to settle the point, I would propose to the invisibles the following question: If a person be possessed of evil proclivities, would you recommend that he act out those proclivities, and allow them to take the form of deeds?

A.—That which is absolutely natural to the individual Nature will make use of even to the extent of deeds. Life is life everywhere, and under all circumstances; and as it seeks to perfect itself, in more ways than we can possibly count, it is very hard to determine what is an absolute necessity to good, and what is not. To the moralist it is absolutely evil, wicked, to swear, to steal. But to one who has an innate natural tendency in that direction, it is quite the opposite. There are some persons who could not steal; are so constituted, they could not swear. And again there are others who cannot avoid it. They are so constituted; and the more they seek to, the greater the propensity is felt within. Now, though all these things bring great sorrow, exceeding great misery upon the possessor and upon all those connected with him, yet it is not for you or me to determine, that God did wrong in giving them to him who possesses them. Who shall say it is not the very road over which those souls must pass, in order to become purified and fit for heaven. The Christian says, "God doeth all things well." That is a very broad assertion to make, considering that Christianity believes in a devil, in the existence of evil, in a very imperfect state of things existing everywhere. Now, we believe that God does indeed do all things well; all things, but a part. The various criminal that ever had an existence on this earth or any other earth, lives by the same Divine law that you and I live by. There is a difference

course marked out for him than for you and I. The speaker who answered the question under consideration, as offered a few weeks since, declared that the spirit who had lived most naturally here, stood in the advance, spiritually, of those who had sought to crush the natural powers of the spirit, or had crushed or dwarfed the natural propensities of their life on earth. If it is indeed absolutely necessary that you should steal, by all means steal. But you should remember that the greatest and highest gift with which the Great All Father has blessed you, is the gift of reason; and you should bring it to bear upon every point in life. If these so-called monstrosities in life have an existence with you, ask your reason why they are here? and when reason has answered the question, instead of trying to crush out the child, kill the parent. Instead of endeavoring to turn the tide of natural life into any other course than Nature has determined for it, seek to so begin these physical existences, that you shall have none of these regrets to deal with. If you do not want thieves, and liars, and murderers, do not bring them into existence. If you do, deal mercifully with them when here. If you sow tares, in God's name don't expect to reap wheat. Do not hope to convert the tares into wheat, for you cannot. The germ is there, and will follow the bent of its own life, and none other. You may turn it this way and that, may force it in this or that direction, but you are only putting off the time when it will live in its own life, manifest itself according to its own nature. You pay very great attention—some of you, at least—to the rearing of your domestic animals, while you pay none to the rearing of these, God's grandest, highest forms on earth. You give unto human souls machines to steal and lie and murder, and then you seek to kill the machine because a nuisance to you. Oh dig down to the roots of these dark shadows, these gloomy pallis that are flung all over the land. Instead of lopping off this branch and that, make your physical life perfect as it should be, and then you will have little cause to find fault with liars, thieves and murderers; those persons that are constantly trespassing upon your civil and so-called Divine laws.

Q.—Can those who have wrought so long at Dungeon Rock, ever expect to have their hopes realized externally?

A.—There are as many opinions on that subject, as there are minds to think upon it. For ourselves, we do not believe that their hopes will ever be externally realized.

July 12.

Harriet Hubbard.

I have a dear mother and sister in Philadelphia I am very anxious to reach.

I had no knowledge of these things before death, and, indeed, I have not much practical knowledge at present. But my love for those I have left, has surmounted all obstacles, and I am here.

I was sick many months, and suffered intensely, although it was not so supposed by my friends; and there were times during my sickness, when I should have thought that I was in communication with the world of spirits, if I had not been educated to believe to the contrary.

Those I have left, are believers in the Orthodox faith, as I was myself. My father, in my childhood, being a missionary of that persuasion at Hindostan.

One of the chief causes that brings me to earth is that I desire very much to clear up a mystery that has existed concerning my father. When I was but a child—after his labors as a missionary had ceased—he left his home and family with the intention of carrying forth a business matter in Mexico, and, from that point, he was lost to his family, they never hearing of his death clearly, or knowing why he was silent toward them. It was and is believed by some, that he is yet on earth and, for some unknown cause, remains away from his family and in silence toward them.

But this is untrue. My father died not in Mexico, but in California, of a disease peculiar to the climate. And his silence came in consequence of his finding no direct channel through which to transmit intelligence to his family. It is true that he lives, but not in earth-life; nor has he forgotten his wife and children; nor has he ever ceased to watch over them and defend them from harm as far as he was able to. And it is his ardent wish that they should seek to come into direct communication with him in this modern way—through this modern Spiritualism.

Although there is much that cannot be depended upon connected with it, yet, in the main, it is gloriously true and worthy of all credence. There are those, in and out of human life, who find in it their highest heaven, who worship their God therein, and praise him therein also. A blessing for my dear little sister; and while I pray that I may ever be permitted to guide her while here she remains, I pray, also, that she may recognize the guidance, for then I shall be doubly rewarded.

From Harriet Hubbard, Philadelphia city, Pennsylvania, where she lives. Good-bye. July 12.

Ephraim Wingate.

Well, stranger, I am Ephraim Wingate, from Terra Haute. [Some distance from here.] Ha, yes; not so very far off when you don't have a body like this to cart, but a pretty good distance, stranger, when you have a body to move, and have to strap all your truck onto the railroads and the like. I'm kind of unused to these things, stranger; but I suppose they were new to all of us once; but I don't know but precious little about them, anyway. Oh, stranger, I come like myself, because I can't come like anybody else; but I say I don't understand it.

Stranger, I went out with the first troops that went out from Indiana to fight for the Constitution, but lost my body by it. But that was the worst pill to be taken. It's a little hard to swallow, but after you get it down, stranger, it don't matter. Stranger, I got an old mother, and I got two children; I got a brother and sister that I would like to have know that I can come back, and that I am, somehow, alive. I know I was killed, but that was the body; I'm alive myself. Oh, I am I; no use trying to back out of it; I am alive, and if kind Providence would only furnish me with a body like what I had when I went to war, I could fight as well as ever. You might as well talk about my musket's being a part of me as well as to talk about the body. The me is the part that acts. It's the power that's left, it took itself away when the shot was so hard that it didn't like to stay.

I'm glad the folks got the money, and I'm glad they're getting along so well. But, stranger, I should be right glad if I could go to them at all times. I'm happy enough, but I could bear little more heaven, in the shape of having the way open betwixt me and my folks. [Is your wife with you?] Oh, she is—oh, I got her all safe! Oh, stranger, I never should have gone to war if she had lived. The truth of it is, I didn't care much how I went.

Oh, I'm all right, stranger. I would n't come back to stay if I could, but I want my folks to know

that I can come and go; not obliged to stay; not obliged to pay for myself or any truck I bring. No; it's all free—everything is free in the spirit-world. Sarah Jane—that's my wife—sends her love to the folks, and says she's happy. She's got more than she ever hoped for. She wouldn't come back here to-day, for she's little afraid to talk this way. That's the reason she don't come herself. She sends her love by me to all the folks she's left here.

I'm off, stranger. Will give my age if you like: in my thirty-eighth year. July 12.

Georgianna Goldsmith.

I am come to see if I can possibly get to my mother. My name is Georgianna Goldsmith. I lived on Center street, New York. [Do you remember the number?] I think it's 69. [You're not certain?] No, I ain't certain; I think so. [Was there more than one family in the house?] Yes, sir; four families in the house. [Can you give the name of any person who lived there?] Well, Mrs. Corcoran lived underneath us; had two children. Then there was a German woman that had just moved in. I could n't ever tell her name. It was a great, long, hard name. [Did she live above you?] No; she lived on the same floor. I don't know the others.

I was most ten, sir. I died in February. I had something—I don't know what it was. They said it struck in. I don't know; it was something.

[What do you want to say to your mother?] Well, I want to tell her that father never was taken prisoner. He was wounded, and died before he got taken prisoner. She heard he was taken prisoner and suffered awfully. But he didn't; wasn't taken. He only lived just about an hour or two after he was shot. And he says if he should have this life to live over again, he should know how to live now. He wouldn't do like he did. He says he wouldn't, and I don't think he would, because he's real good now. I like to be with him now, and didn't need to. [You love him.] Yes, I do now; I did n't.

I'd like my mother to know that I can come, and how I can, some time. If she won't be afraid, I can show myself to her; yes, I can; yes, I can. They say—the folks that are in the spirit-land say I can show myself, because she's one of the kind—[a medium]—yes; what you can show yourself to. But they say I must n't go and show myself to her until she knows I can come, even if I could, because it would frighten her, and then I shouldn't be able to do so any more. But if she knew, then she wouldn't be frightened. [Do you go to your mother's tomb?] Yes, I do; but she don't know it. I don't let her see me, because she'd be afraid if I did. [Have you any brothers and sisters?] Yes. [At home?] Yes, two: a brother and sister. [Both younger than you?] Yes, they were sick when I was, both, but they didn't die. I did, and they didn't. Do you understand? [Were you sick with the same disease?] Yes, I was, only theirs didn't go in; theirs stayed out, and mine did n't.

My father says he will try to pay you for letting me come, by trying to do you some good; and maybe by-and-bye he will like to come himself, because my mother has nothing to pay you with. Sometimes she don't have anything, if she's sick. Sometimes, if she's sick a long time, she won't have anything. When she gets well again, then she goes to work and earns money. So you might send her my letter after she'd been sick, and then she wouldn't have anything to pay for it.

My father once had plenty of money; yes, he had; but he learned to drink, and he lost all his money and his reputation; and he lost all desire to be good, because everybody tried to make him so much worse than he was. And when the war came, then he enlisted, because he wanted to get rid of himself. But he was n't always so, and he isn't so now. And I want mother to know it. [Perhaps this message will aid your mother.] I know it will, because she'll like to know. She hoped that father and I wouldn't be together. Well, you know she hoped I'd go to heaven, and she didn't think father would.

But we are together most of the time. And I like him ever so much. And I want mother to know it. You tell her so, because it makes him feel bad to have her feel so about him. He don't blame her, only he feels so bad to think he didn't live right when here. Good afternoon, sir.

July 12.

Circle conducted by Theodore Parker.

Invocation.

Our Father, God, thy perfect life we read in the face of this young autumn day. And because we read thy love there, oh our Father, we would worship thee in spirit and in truth. We would know concerning all thy creations. We ask wherefore thou hast called into being the flowers and grasses, birds and beasts, rocks and rills; the glorious lamps thou dost hang in the firmament at night; ay, of all things thou dost, we ask, oh God; for, to know of thy creations, is to know how to worship thee in the beauty of holiness. Our Father, God, while we turn upward, and there behold thy love, even in the darkened chambers of mortal life, oh loving Father and Mother, we can but wonder at thy children's coldness who dwell there. We can but wonder that they do not know thou wilt ever guide them, ever protect them, ever minister to all their wants. Oh, our Life, we praise thee for all thy gifts, and in behalf of these, thy mortal children, we also praise thee, hoping that we may be able to lead them outward and onward up to the great centre of love. Oh, Spirit of Justice, fold thy soft wings around the hearts of these mortal children, and teach them, through thy ministering angels, what justice means with thee. Oh, let those who have talked with the angels seek to learn justice, and of all those attributes that make the soul stand pure before its God. And unto thee, this day, as upon all others, we render the undying homage of our souls. Amen. Sept. 3.

Rev. John Pierpont.

No farewell word was spoken, Not even a parting sigh; For the Angel of Light was not willing to wait, When I laid me down to die.

And so, by the kindness of my dear friend and brother, Channing, I have been invited to address you, brothers and sisters, this afternoon; not because I would utter that farewell word, for such belong to those who do not know they can return, Farewell words are more fitly spoken by those who believe in a distinct and positive separation between the mortal and immortal at the change called death.

I did not believe it. I know it is a fallacy now. That I am as much united to mortality, in one positive and distinct sense to-day, as I was two weeks ago to-day. When I spoke to some of you in Providence, I know. To me it is no belief, but a positive knowledge. My faith was something more than a myth. It was grounded, upon the Eternal, and therefore must be abiding.

It is impossible for me to picture to you the glorious reality that I enjoy in this, my new-found spirit-home. Language would fail me should I attempt it; and I can but beseech of you all to cultivate the beautiful flower of faith while you shall here remain, assuring you that so far as the truth of these things is concerned, it will not be of no avail.

My dear friends, I live; I am an immortal spirit; and I return, possessing myself of the sensitive subject you call medium, that I may add my testimony to the thousands that have already returned, proclaiming that the doors and windows are all wide open between the two worlds.

No darkened shadow of doubt attended me as I crossed over. No; I felt assured that I should realize all, and even more than I expected to. To me there was no doubt, no darkness, no lingering, no fearing to cross the river. I was ready for the change, and I am as ready, as earnest to give my voice and all my powers—thank God, I have them every one—in favor of this glorious Philosophy of your day. It led me through many pleasant paths while I was here in the flesh, and it will lead you through them, if you earnestly desire it.

Spiritualism is the grand light that shall bring all religions up out of darkness. It does not propose to leave any one in the shade. It proposes to fold its ample wings over all. It says to you, God, our Father, is able and willing to take care of all his children. He has no desire to close the heart of his love upon any. You need not fear. Live honestly; seek earnestly for the highest and best gifts given to mortals, and it will be all right with you.

Oh, that I could speak to all who are dear to me. I would, had I a thousand tongues, preach Spiritualism to-day, as I did two weeks ago to-day. To me it is glorious! To you it may be the same, if you desire that it should be so as earnestly as I did.

The voice of inquiry has reached me from all parts of the land. What does Pierpont think now? How does he feel now? Where is he located? Pierpont that was, is to-day just as he was; and he dwells here with his kindred; here where there is so much work to be done; here where souls are crying out for light, more light. He has not gone to some distant star, there to sit in idleness. No, no! he's here; here, ready to work in everything that speaks of its goodness and its greatness and its use to humanity, to his heart.

Oh, that glorious song of welcome still lingers within my soul, as I crossed the strand of mortal life and reached the heavenly goal. Sept. 3.

John Rand.

I am assisted here by that noble reformer, to whom I am indebted for all the knowledge I possess concerning the power of the spirit to return after death.

During the brief time he was attached to our regiment as Chaplain, I was sick unto death, and in the capacity of spiritual adviser, he came to see me, and I could not forget his words, even if I had tried to, they were so beautiful.

But to me, I must confess, they were then rather visionary. I was educated in the Baptist religion, and had no idea the spirit could ever return after death to possess itself of the body, unless it was of those who were in favor with our Father, God. I had no idea that I should return. I had heard of their coming; and seen a great deal of this Spiritualism, but believed nothing in it myself. And then that most honored man who has addressed you, came to my cot and told me I was not going far off; that I should be able to come back again, and through such a subject as was suitable to me, speak to my friends; that I need not fear the goodness, the kindness, the great all-mercy of our Father, for he never excluded any one of his children, much less me, from his presence and love. I need not fear that I should be shut out from heaven; need not fear but that I would be all well with me; for, because I had been lukewarm in my religion for many years, I expected to fall short of heaven.

"But," said this good man, "if God saw fit to call you into being as a distinct individual, rest assured he will never consign you to endless punishment. All punishment comes from within; springs spontaneously; because you feel that you have not done right. That is all you will receive, all that you deserve."

And then he prayed with me. Great God! I could never forget it, if I would. It seemed to lift me up to heaven. I felt that he was telling me true, but I dare not believe it, because I had an idea that I should be stepping aside from the old Christian path, to have anything to do with Spiritualism. Yet something told me he was right.

Well, during the night I died, thinking of him, died, wondering if I should realize what he told me. That I have realized it, is already proved by the fact of my returning.

Now as soon as I learned of that dear old man's death, that he had come and had gone back again so quick, that he was earnestly laboring for the good of others, I sought him out, and asked him if he remembered me. "No, I don't," he says. I then told him the circumstances of my sickness and death. "Oh, yes, I remember you," he said. "Yes, I am very glad to meet you." I asked, "Can you show me the way back to earth again?" He replied, "Oh, yes, come right along with me. I'll try to make the way plain and clear to you; and the dear old soul did do it. So you see I am indebted to him for assisting me to obtain the power of this great blessing."

Now I do not expect to reach my friends—for there are thick doors and high walls between me and them—I shall be able to go through those doors and climb those walls. I shall, I am earnest in whatever I undertake. I've no fear, for now I know I am right. So I am going ahead. I'm a child in these things; know scarce anything about them; but I told the dear old man I didn't know how to take the first steps, and if he'd only show me how to take them, I'd do the best I could to take the others myself.

So here I am. Here I am to-day, happy to be here; happy, because I'm free to return to earth; happy, because I hope to do all my friends good service, now that I've taken the first step. If that first step is never taken, the second never can be. So this one is just as necessary to me in giving light to my friends, as will be all that shall follow it.

Well, well, well, I am John Rand. I was born in Fall River—hail from there, of course. I say I am—well, that was the name they gave my body, and, as a matter of course, I must give that here in order to be identified.

But I do not hope to clear up the brambles that are between me and my friends to-day. All I do hope is to make a beginning between them and myself. Then I shall know better how to work for them. Farewell, sir. Sept. 3.

Oliver C. Wendell.

I am here to-day to thank your Editor for the appearance of an article in your journal, which bears this heading, I believe: "Ten Machine Girls Wanted." I was with the writer, and succeeded in so faithfully impressing my own thoughts upon him, that I could but feel, greatly gratified. But I have something more to say. I was myself a

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machine girl. I ran the machine for a livelihood, two years and a half in New York City, till my health broke down, and I died of consumption.

I first lost my voice, and then I worked on for months, because I felt obliged to, having no means of support. And when I could no longer run the machine, I could not beg, I had rather die; die of starvation—although I did not die of absolute starvation, yet I many times came very near it. Twice I sent an appeal to the man for whom I had labored so hard and earnestly; but all in vain. Words came back to me, that should be attended to all such calls, he should soon be a ruined man. Well, of course I could not blame him; but I felt as all do, doubtless, under the circumstances, that if I had received my just due for the work I had performed, I might have had enough to carry me through, without being obliged to ask in charity.

My father, during his life, was a man of means. I did not know what it was to work for a living. But it was found at his death, that there was nothing left for the support of his wife and child. So we together toiled on, until she went to the angel world; then I toiled alone. And the way I purchased my machine, was by working over hours; many times till two, three and four o'clock in the morning; because what I received from my ten and twelve hours labor, was hardly sufficient to sustain me, to say nothing of the purchasing of a machine, such as was necessary for my use.

When I found myself entirely free from my body, I said, is there nothing I can do to benefit that class of God's children, from whom I have so lately been called? The poor girls who work ten, twelve, and perhaps fifteen hours, for a pittance that hardly keeps soul and body together, can I not say something for them? Can I not appeal to at least the hearts of those who believe in these things? who employ such? who pay such as I was for daily labor? Can I not bring about a reformation among them, that shall be like heaven? that shall leave all the rest? I felt that I might do this, and for that purpose I influenced the writer of the article. And for the same purpose I am here to-day.

I have no wish to identify myself as an intelligence to any one on earth. I can speak to their inner lives—that consciousness that is ever active. And although they in

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. FEEBLES,.....RESIDENT EDITOR.

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The Damnation of Unbelief.

"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned." (Mark xvi: 16.)

The teaching of the Nazarene, that unbelievers "shall be damned," is very clear and truthful to us, and, withal, exceedingly pleasant to contemplate. The surgeon, that the body may be saved, cheerfully engages in the work of amputating the limb; blood and groans are only incidents pointing to the future good. True, Jesus, as an enlightened and divinely illumined Jewish youth, beautiful in person, spiritually organized, grandly inspirational, a student probably in the school of Hillel, certainly conversant with the philosophies of Egyptian seers, and remarkably mediums, had no reference in the language, "He that believeth not, shall be damned!" to an honest skepticism, nor to those natural doubts that lead to the most critical methods of investigation. He knew there was no merit in the mere act of belief, no merit, disconnected from motive, in the act of unbelief. He was intuitively conscious of the generally conceded fact that sufficient evidence is not more immutable. Consequently he referred directly to that willful and persistent refusal, on the part of the Pharisees to listen to any testimony, or witness any of the daily evidences that presented themselves in attestation of his spiritual powers.

Those old Pharisees, much like their Church brothers of this age, were so wedded to Moses, so cloaked in bigotry and incrusted over with superstitions and traditions; that they purposely rejected all evidences and shunned all investigations looking to the reception of higher truths. Yes, worse: they not only refused to hear, not only shut their eyes lest they might see, but, without cause, accused this mediumistic man from Nazareth of being a wine-bibber, a blasphemer, an adulterer, and of doing his wonderful works through the power of Beelzebub, the prince of devils! Thus, refusing to investigate, and willfully resisting all offered opportunities of witnessing living proofs and accumulating evidences, they necessarily remained in ignorance and unbelief; and Jesus distinctly taught that such unbelievers should "be damned." It was more a prophecy than a sentence. He knew that such a willful rejection of evidence would result in damnation; that is, in a legitimate condemnation, upon the principle of sowing and reaping.

The word "damned" has no reference to punishment in the immortal state of existence. To this end that eminent scholar, Dr. Campbell, says the word "damned" is not a just version of the Greek word. The term *damned* with us (meaning the Orthodox), relates solely to the doom which shall be pronounced upon the wicked at the last day. This cannot be affirmed, in truth, of the Greek *Katakrisis*, which corresponds exactly to the English word "condemnation." Accordingly Paul spoke to Timothy of some as "having damnation" in the present tense. To the Romans he writes: "He that doubteth is damned if he eat." Jesus, in one of the Gospels, says: "He that believeth not, is condemned already." This condemnation is the natural result of that perverted will which knowingly rejects the conditions that precede evidence, such evidences as would lead to the acceptance of heavenly truths. Bigoted Pharisees souls in the past, and those similarly constituted in the present, must suffer these bitter, biting pangs of condemnation, and it is but a just retribution. The "prodigal son" deserved the hunger and the hawks that he was forced to eat. Pains and penalties arrest the erring in their downward courses; while love, guided by wisdom, kindly places their feet in those paths of obedience that end within the gates of heaven.

Spiritualism, spiritually interpreted and understood, is the second coming of Christ. His first coming, from that pre-existent state, was as a babe in Bethlehem's manger. His second immediate and special appearance was personal as a spirit. The Marys and the apostles, being clairvoyant, recognized him, knew him; and hence their divine enthusiasm. But his second coming proper was to be general and universal, pertaining more to ideas, than personalities. It was to be in "the clouds of heaven," accompanied with holy angels and ministering spirits. It is also to be in power, and great glory, holding in its divine grasp the gathered spiritual forces of the ages.

Forgetting for the moment Rome, Greece, Persia, India, China and Egypt, with their peculiar religious systems, we see that old dispensations have disappeared; others are vanishing, and new ones taking their places, and by the same law, that the dew, fresh but pushes the old one from the stem. The Jewish dispensation has for the past fifteen hundred years been characterized by its persecutions, Popish authorities and dogmatic faiths. Its star is declining. We are entering the vestibule of the Angelic dispensation. The apocalyptic John's seventh angel has sounded. The "door" that on Patmos he saw opened in heaven—also, the ladder that Jacob in vision saw, with feet resting upon earth and top leaning against the battlements of heaven, is now clearly and gloriously seen by seers and multitudes of mediums, giving absolute knowledge of immortality.

Said Jesus, "When ye see the fig tree branches putting forth their tender leaves, ye know that summer is nigh." The fig tree budded afresh in 1847, and its tender leaves, alive with lessons of immortality, are gladdening our soul-gardens—ay, the summer of summer-land visitors from the celestial world is upon us. The Christ-principle is beginning to be acknowledged. Angels are over us in the clouds of heaven. Spirits are in our midst. Their manifestations are to us matters of positive knowledge. In fine, those spiritualistic facts and phenomena are as common, and if possible more startling than the "healings," "visions," "trances," "gifts of tongues," &c., that prevailed in the earliest apostolic times; and those who direct themselves of all prejudice, becoming willingly receptive to newly-conceived and well established truths—those who investigate the spiritual phenomena, accepting its divine philosophy, and practice its heavenly principles, "shall be saved"—shall enjoy a full, free and soul-satisfying salvation. But those who harden their hearts, despise prophesies, repel angel ministrations, and refuse to candidly and prayerfully investigate the claims of Spiritualism, thus remaining in unbelief, because willfully rejecting the proffered truth—such "shall be

damned." They ought to be. In fact, they are damned already. We daily see bigots thus conditioned, and churchmen too, hugging their creeds, and walking the earth sad and sorrowing—doubting and damned!

The words of Christ: "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned," are just as applicable to men of these times as they were in that Judean age when the Nazarene stood, a spirit, in the midst of the twelve, and first uttered them. Those self-righteous Pharisees re-live in the persons of sectarians. Epochs and ages repeat themselves. The old is ever new again. This overshadowing influx of spiritual forces from the heavens, is only a fresh rising wave upon the ocean of time. It is a defiant wave; the more so, from the gathered force of descent, and is destined to ascend to mountainous heights in this nineteenth century. The baptism mentioned is not water baptism. John, the precursor of Jesus, baptized with water unto repentance. It was initial merely; symbolizing the approaching spiritual baptism. This forest fanatic, John the Baptist, said, "He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The term "Ghost," is a most barbarous translation of the original Greek word. It should read *spirit*. He shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit; or into a most excellent spiritual influence. This, and not water, was—Christ's baptism. It is a submerging of the whole being under and into that etherealized, spiritualized aura, or descending divine affluence, breathed from exalted spirits and banded brotherhoods of angels.

Those who believe and are thus baptized, are saved—saved from ignorance, fear, doubt, darkness, and the crushing conventionalisms of the age. Moreover, the promised signs follow them. "These signs," said the Galilean teacher, "shall follow them that believe." "They shall cast out devils—they shall speak with new tongues—they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover—they shall make the lame to walk—the blind to see," &c. Again said Jesus, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." These "signs" follow mediums. They abound everywhere among Spiritualists. These works they do; and do because genuine believers, and baptized with the Christ-baptism. They are the mediators between the winter-lands of earth and the summer-lands of immortality, and their spiritual powers increase as they approach the more spiritualized planes of the pure and the holy of heaven.

In conclusion, we exhort sectarians and professed Christians, who, in imitation of the Jews calling Jesus a "blasphemer," call us "Infidels," to at once ground their weapons of rebellion—repent—believe—become baptized from on high, and no longer be found fighting against God, Christ, angels, spirits of just men, the highest interests of the human soul, and the broad, beautiful and blessed principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Mrs. Judge Carter's Address—Woman's Position.

This truly intellectual woman delivered a very able lecture a few weeks since before the "Daughters of Temperance," in Cincinnati, from which the following is a brief extract:

"Governments would be administered better, and would therefore be better, if women were allowed, like men, to fully participate in them, and their full rights of citizenship recognized. Now I do not thus decline from the standard of a 'woman's rights' woman—not at all—for I do not claim to belong to that category; but I assert these things from the standpoint of a true woman, knowing woman's nature, knowing her intelligence, knowing, in fact, her love and wisdom of character, and feeling assured that it is quite necessary that the female element should truly exist in all governments, before or after the fact, to those organizations, but I would have them with the men in principles and action.

Then, as I am in favor of woman taking an active part in Governments, so I am of woman taking an active part in all human organizations, for the benefit and amelioration of mankind. I would not have them merely advisers and advisers, or mere auxiliaries, but co-workers with the men in all organizations; but I would have them with the men in principles and action.

I, therefore, think it wrong that females should be excluded from active personal participation in any of the human organizations established for the good of mankind in the world. The Free Masons—the oldest of all secret societies, whose fewest objects is the amelioration of mankind—have always excluded women from the secret business of their societies. Now this had its origin in olden times—in very olden times—when woman, instead of being regarded as the companion and equal of man, was regarded merely as a sort of property, to be used by men for their pleasure and glory, and was in fact treated more like a slave than anything else. But the gradual progress of the world has placed woman in a better and more luminous light, and now she stands forth before God and man the equal, if not superior of man.

But let us labor and wait. Let us women, in this as in all other things, abide our time. For the time is surely coming—the good time is fast speeding—when the true position of woman in the affairs of men will be recognized and appreciated; and more than that, when true womanhood in humanity will be recognized and appreciated. When woman indeed will be the equal of man, and therefore in all things will do quite as much as man. Then will the car of Progress, of Humanity, travel much faster than it does now, and in its rapid career will astonish the minds and gladden the hearts of the whole human family.

The above furnishes a text for a short sermon. We fully believe with our sister, that "governments would be better administered if women were allowed, like men, to fully participate in them." They should vote; hold office; sit as jurors; edit papers and books, especially those designed to interest children; plead at the bar; preach in pulpits; preside over societies; sit in Presidential chairs, and away sceptres over nations, as does the British Queen—sphere being commensurate with capacity. But how many of you have taken the first step toward securing these privileges and positions by going, in years ago, to the polls? Come to the confessional of your own souls! How many offered their votes this fall? Our ears ache for a response. It is your first duty to demonstrate to your brothers that you are deeply in earnest. Second, to convert your common sisterhood to these principles. This done, and we think your fathers, husbands and brothers would gladly confer the elective franchise.

Do we hear some sister, modest and weak, saying, "They would not have heeded our votes had we offered them?" What of that? European Courts did not for seventeen years receive Columbus's proposition for ships to discover a new world; nor did Congress cheerfully receive certain petitions tending to freedom, in John Quincy Adams's day. But the right at last came.

The world moves—angels call—alters, up and at it—the truth will the sooner conquer, showing to conservatives and continental nations that a ballot in the hand of an American woman is as dignified as a crown upon the head of an English Victoria.

A few words here in regard to the short dress: It looks, business-like, comfortable, healthy. A

lady correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, "states that ten thousand women in the United States now wear either the Bloomer or some short costume, and predicts that within the next twenty years this now partially proscribed dress will become universal."

Dr. Dio Lewis says, in the Herald of Health, after speaking of several unhealthy practices: "The short skirts, although in importance to health the least vital of these three changes, are nevertheless very important. The skirt should fall a little below the knee, the pants should be the large Turkish pants, which, made long enough to fall to the ankle, and fastened at the bottom by being drawn close about the ankle with a slight elastic cord. . . . In my school at Lexington, Mass., I had more than a hundred fashionable young ladies last winter, all of whom wore constantly during the school year the short dress, the gymnastic costume; while all the fashionable ladies of the village outside of the institution, adopted the same dress. Indeed, it is almost rare to see in Lexington a lady with a long dress."

We do not forget the shameful scene occurring a few months since at Antioch College, Ohio, where Mrs. Susannah W. Dodge, having completed the prescribed course of study, winning by scholarship a diploma, was prevented by the "faculty" from reading her thesis on the platform, unless she would don the long, trailing dress. Like any true woman, she spurned such college dictation. Spirit of Horace Mann, that once gave Antioch College a name for progress in the land, re-baptize it with your principles of equality and manly independence! This was an exception—certainly a large majority connected with the institution wished her to wear precisely the style of costume she preferred.

From no meagre source, we think men generally would not only be glad to have woman vote, and take an active part in all branches of our Republican Government, but adopt such styles of dress as are in accordance with convenience and comfort, health and happiness.

Muncie, Indiana.

This is a pleasant, thriving village, on the Indianapolis and Belle Fontaine Railroad, with several churches and many substantial buildings, indicating thrift and future prosperity. We here found several families of excellent Spiritualists, that had previously been addressed by Denton, Stebbins, Wilson, Whiting, and Nellie Wittale—these departing, left footprints ennobled in light. We have spoken several times in the Universalist church, the present pastor valuing his appointments, and permitting us to occupy his pulpit during Sunday. Such Universalism and Spiritualism can never clash. Our friends have just perfected a business organization, and are agitating the matter of a Progressive Lyceum. Miss Maggie Morgan, an excellent circle-medium, is here at present holding sances. The Spiritualists in this locality are united and energetic, and their beautiful philosophy is continually gaining favor in the public estimation.

A Progressive Lyceum in Lotus, Ind.

We had the satisfaction last week of organizing a Children's Progressive Lyceum in Lotus, Ind., with fair prospects of success. Bro. F. A. Coleman, a true and faithful worker, was elected Conductor, and Mrs. Eliza M. Huddleston, an excellent woman and fine trance speaker, was selected as Guardian of the groups.

We urge upon Spiritualists everywhere to organize Societies and Lyceums, to gather libraries and reading-rooms, to continue their sagacious, tripping at seasonable hours "the light fantastic toe," to get up exhibitions, decorate Christmas trees, and all else designed to amuse and confer correct educational benefits upon the young.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton announces to the electors of the Eighth District of New York City, that she is an independent candidate for Congress, desiring an election as a rebuke to the dominant party for its retrogressive legislation, in so amending the Constitution as to make invidious distinctions on the ground of sex.—Ez.

This has the genuine ring. It means work. Mrs. Stanton would honor Congress. It could not degrade her. Under all skies woman is more moral than man, more intuitive and affectional; accordingly, in law and the administration of all governments, the paternal and maternal elements, the intuitive and intellectual powers, should equally balance.

Dr. W. D. Blane and Wife in Cincinnati.

It is with pleasure that we refer the reader to the advertisement of Dr. Blane and lady, in another column. They are not only excellent healers, but faithful workers in behalf of the Spiritual Philosophy. Visit them and be healed. Their office is 152 Fourth street.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

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

For new subscribers, with \$3 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Coonley; "Poems," by A. P. McCombs; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$3 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever is, is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature"; "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures." For new subscribers, with \$15 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of "Supernatural Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, A. M., L. L. D., including Twenty Years' Observation of Preternatural Phenomena," edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D. English edition. The price of this work, is \$2.50, and twenty cents postage.

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style. Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time. Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 P. M., in the Tremont Hall, Boston.

CHARLESTON.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charleston hold regular sessions at Washington Hall, every Sunday at 10 A. M.

THE IMPROVED SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, Charleston, meet every Sunday afternoon and evening at Mechanics Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square.

SEATTLE.—Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M., in the Children's Lyceum, corner of Broadway and 1st Avenue.

CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings at City Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 8 A. M.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Westminster Division Hall, Chicago, at 7 A. M.

NEWTON CORNER, MASS.—Mrs. N. J. Willis will lecture on the present political aspect of America, in Middlesex Hall, Newton Corner, on Wednesday, Oct. 24th, at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, alternating with the Children's Progressive Lyceum, meetings in the forenoon.

HAVENHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill hold meetings at Music Hall every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—The Plymouth Spiritualists' Fraternity hold meetings in Lynden Hall, three-fourths the time, Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Spiritual meetings are held in the Universalist Church, Haverhill, every other Sunday.

MARLBORO, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Forest Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M.

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

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Westchester street, Sundays, afternoons at 2 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock.

SALEM, MASS.—Meetings will be resumed in October, in Lynden Hall, at 11 o'clock.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Spiritual meetings are held in the Universalist Church, Haverhill, every other Sunday.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 12 o'clock P. M.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 10 A. M., in the Broadway.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 Broadway.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

VENICE, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in the new hall every Sunday at 10 A. M.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The "First Spiritual Congress of Baltimore" hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets.

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

ATLANTA, GA.—Regular Spiritualist meetings every Sunday, at 10 o'clock.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured the Academy of Music, at 10 o'clock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Curry lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings at 10 o'clock.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured the Academy of Music, at 10 o'clock.

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Mrs. D. C. GARDNER, trance speaker, will lecture, hold a seance, give a reading, and prescribe for the sick. Address, box 17, Cincinnati, N. Y.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Haverhill, Mass., will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

ISA H. CARR, trance speaker, upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

MISS LIZZIE GABLE, Trapani, Mich.

Mrs. ELIZA C. CLARK, inspirational speaker. Address as in this office.

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

CHARLES S. CHUCKER, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y.

MISS LIZZIE DODGE will lecture in St. Louis during October, and November in New York during January and February. Will make no other engagements. Address, Franklin, 71 Tremont street, Boston.

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

Mrs. E. DELANE, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

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

Mrs. ELIZA HOWE FULLER engaged at Stockton, Mass., and vicinity for the summer and fall. Address, Stockton, Mass.

Mrs. MARY L. FERGUSON, inspirational speaker, and will answer calls to lecture, attend seances, and give readings, in the following places: Address, Eliza street, Washington, D. C.

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

Mrs. FANNIE B. FELTON, Cacho Creek, Colorado Territory.

S. J. FINNEY, of Anti-Abolition, Mich., will lecture in Lowell, Mass., during October and November.

RAY, James Francis, Mankato, Minn.

DR. Wm. FREDERICK will answer calls to lecture on the manifestations of Human Electricity, as connected with the manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. CLARA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, New York, N. Y.

A. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1855, Chicago, Ill.

ISAAC P. GREENGLASS will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during October and November. Will make further engagements for the fall and winter where the friends may desire. Address as above.

Mrs. L. DE FORCE GORDON's address is Denver City, Colorado Territory.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. DR. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture, upon spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address, Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, 30 Canal, New York.

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

Mrs. EMMA HARDING will lecture in Philadelphia during November, and in New York and St. Louis up to the end of April. Mrs. Harding can give a few evening lectures en route to St. Louis. Address, 8 Fourth avenue, New York.

M. HENRY HOGGARTH will lecture in Mill Village, N. H., during October. Will speak Sundays and week evenings. Address as above.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Somers, Conn., during Oct.; in Charleston, Mass., during Nov.; in Oswego, N. Y., during December. Address as above.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, 82 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged for the present.

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

Mrs. N. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt., will speak in Faxon's, Mass., Nov. and 11. Address as per appointment, or Boston, Vt.

MOSES HULL, Milwaukee, Wis.

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

Mrs. MARY M. JOHNSON, feeling, in common with others of her class a strong Westward impulse, proposes opening the evening of the 27th of September, and October, and will accept applications from those who desire her services, that she may, as far as practicable, economize in travel. Address during October, Camden, Me., box 16; permanent address, Milford, Me.

WM. H. JOHNSON, Corry, Pa.

W. F. JAMESON, inspirational speaker, care of the R. P. Journal, N. Y. City.

JO. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Tremont, Astoria, Co., Mo., will speak in Monroe Centre the first Sabbath of every month.

Mrs. ANNA KIRKALL, New York City, will answer calls to lecture in New York in September and October, and will accept calls to speak evenings in adjacent places; address 26 Madison street. She will lecture in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 11, and Dec. 2. General address, box 70, Bridgeport, Conn.

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