

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

SKETCHES CONCERNING THE BORDER-LAND.

PART FOUR.
BY A. C. GRAY.

Readers of our spiritual literature and investigators everywhere must know that there has been a stream murmuring through all the ages, whose thither side touched unknown shores, from whence came the propelling power to usher in all great events and discoveries. Therefore to attempt to multiply proofs of this intercommunication would seem a useless work, had we not painful daily evidence that still much testimony is needed; and as drop succeeds to drop, the tiny wave may swell to ocean-heavens, until all hearts shall be reached by the overflow. Some of the old erroneous teachings are so absurd, that were they not a lasting injury we might merely feel amused, and idly pass them by. Of this nature were the remarks, to me, of a little girl in favor of the belief of her grandparents, by whom she was petted and anxiously desired to be kept within the folds of their church. The mother of the child, herself still quite young, was being attracted to the fresher inspiration of a Methodist society, in their town more flourishing than the decaying close-communication Baptist church of her zealous parents. The child being full of vivacity, she prattled much of her church and Sunday school, saying, "They must be right, for when God lived on the earth he was a Baptist." Now this little girl verily believed that the great creative principle of all the worlds, so much beyond the comprehension of any earthly intellect to fathom, and that even the Hindoo conception of its sacredness forbids the utterance by them of the term given it, we calling it God, and the narrow sects cramming it in to suit their diverse creeds—this little child, I repeat, verily believed that Jesus Christ was God, and that God was embodied in human form, living on the earth for the sole purpose of founding the close-communication Baptist church.

Another instance similar in principle to that which resulted, not long since, in the cruel martyrdom of an innocent child, by its father, was that of a mere infant under the Episcopal church discipline, who was forced to pray, and call herself a Christian, and who through conflict between such arbitrary, bigoted exactions, and her instinctive resistance to the discipline, was forced to suffer severe punishment and cruel taunts upon her lack of Christianity.

I heard a preacher, too, at a large public gathering, proclaim from the rostrum that his own soul would lie and deceive him, in consequence of the innovation of free thought, and the milder discipline in schools creeping in through spiritual and "other false doctrines." Such being the fruit of the old systems, do we not need a renovation?

Later in my experience, I met at the house of a friend an elderly gentleman, a neighboring clergyman, who seemed very gentle and social in his nature, and who was quite willing to talk in a friendly manner upon religious views differing from his own; but his ideas had so long run upon his peculiar, narrow creed, that no words or evidence of anything outside of that could make the least possible impression upon him. In his estimation, to secure happiness in the future life it was imperative that we accept the atoning blood of Christ; but how or wherefore, he could in no manner explain, only as he so read it in his Bible, and such mysteries were too sacred for human reason to attempt to solve. The friends I was visiting had recently lost an interesting little girl, whose death-bed experience was very consoling to her parents, and marvelous to those who knew nothing of angel communion, as she spoke words of wisdom far exceeding her years, and described scenes opened to her spirit vision. The good old Elder could but acknowledge that this child might be saved outside the pale of his church, but it would be through some mysterious interference or acceptance of the blood of his Christ; and there he rests. Such persons may not be reached at present, but their followers will, many of them, be led into the light of higher unfoldings, if we are faithful in season and out of season. Then should their pastor leave earth with his beclouded vision, his future might be similar to one of his kind who came back to us in his ignorance from the other life.

A few friends, with myself, were awhile since receiving communications through a lady medium, when at a change of control she seemed unwilling to allow the spirit to express his desires, but at our solicitations she finally assented. The first words were an old-fashioned Orthodox prayer; then followed a sort of exhortation, in which the spirit warned us to beware of the doctrines he had heard that woman express, saying he knew nothing of her, but she must be a dangerous person, as her talk seemed blasphemous to him. Then by questioning we elicited from him that he was a preacher; had been in spirit-life between twenty and thirty years; was waiting for the day of judgment, surrounded by an innumerable throng of persons of like belief, who occupied themselves in preaching and worshipping in their old way. At first he would scarcely listen to any of our relations of spirit doings, but was obliged to admit, as one error in his old belief, that he was living and active, instead of sleeping in his grave until Gabriel blew his trumpet, and that he had not met his personal God or Christ yet. Then at a remark made by one of us of the light that had entered our world since he left it, he seemed to catch an idea, which he followed up, until, with some after interviews, he was prepared to return and preach a new doctrine to those souls imprisoned in their narrow belief.

He was first attracted to our circle by seeing several spirits going in one direction, and others falling in, he thought he would follow and see what it led to, and he thus for the first time became a listener to doctrines so strange and new. Among the arguments we used to convince him—

that of the Bible having been given through similar inspirations to those we were now receiving—was a bitter one for him at first. Another, illustrating the mode of spirit communion by our system of telegraphic operation, he was entirely unprepared to appreciate, until explained, as that had come into use since his exit from earth. The medium's guide, we learned, was instrumental in arresting his attention and inducing him to travel earthward for his salvation—another proof that no event is without plan or order.

Thus we are encouraged to go on in our teachings and investigations, learning that angels are our assistants, and that realms beyond our material vision are to be redeemed through our ministrations, although we may feel that our work is small and we do not see the way clearly ourselves.

I am assured from the many proofs coming within my own experience, that were evidence sought, there is not a family in our whole land—I might, perhaps, say the world—but would show in some of its branches a commingling between the inhabitants of earth and the spirit-world. Of the few examples I shall give, I have either undoubted proof or personal knowledge.

An intelligent elderly lady of English birth, with whom I have been closely associated for many years, has had occasional experience all through her life, which found no solution until the last few years' experience have inducted us somewhat into spirit philosophy. Her first acquaintance with the man she married commenced through meeting him in dreams.

At one time a friend of theirs, a physician, was an inmate of her family, and often during the night mysterious noises were heard in his office, when known to contain no living person. An electrical machine was turned rapidly, and other scientific or surgical implements made alarmingly active. Likewise from a certain closet opening into the family sitting room proceeded strains of music at frequent intervals, without any visible cause. Just before the death of a daughter, between whom and herself there existed unusual attachment, she heard her voice and conversed with her, being at the time many miles distant.

When the Fox family were on their early travels for public investigation, I chanced to be in a city where their sances were being held. Of course they were a wonder among all people, and called out much discussion for and against their claims. Among the patients at an infirmary where I was an inmate, was a German lady whose experience was considered as something unexplainable, until since clairvoyance has become an acknowledged fact. She was a lady of education and refinement, and sister of a gentleman whom I knew, then a resident of the town in which was my home. She related many particulars of acquaintances, sometimes thousands of miles away, appearing at her bedside, or in her quiet hours, generally in such garments as she required; one lady, however, presented herself in a garb of mourning, which she did not understand until she afterwards learned of her having, just previous to her appearance, buried a sister. Most of these persons died not far from the time of presenting themselves to her. I recollect, however, of the appearance of a little daughter of the brother mentioned, who was still living when her father accepted a foreign consularship, and removed with his family some time afterward. This lady did not, at the time, accept the spiritual theory, but remained resting in mystery.

Books of history and biography abound in incidents bearing upon the subject in hand; they are often reiterated by writers. I will mention only a few.

Columbus, while wrestling with the difficulties between himself and his fate, once heard an unknown voice whisper in his ear, "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and give thee the keys to the gates of the ocean, which are closed with strong chains."

Froissart, in his pleasantly related Chronicles, gives several instances of what we now, five hundred years later, have become satisfied is spirit intercourse. In vol. III, chap. 18th, quite a full account is given of one calling himself Orthon, who carried news in advance to parties he favored. Byron, when in Italy, was several times seen walking the streets of London.

Beethoven, although at other times shy and little given to conversation, would, when in the mood, talk long and enthusiastically upon his speciality. Music, in his own words, was to him a higher revelation than all the wisdom and philosophy of the world. "I must live with myself alone. I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others. I commune with Him without dread. I have ever acknowledged and understood Him. Music is the only unembodied entrance into a higher sphere of knowledge which possesses man." Then after his enraptured moments, when told of his utterances, he would exclaim, "Did I indeed say that? Well, then, I have had a rapture."

Goethe, in speaking of him to a friend, calls him a demon-possessed person, and says it would be mischievous to advise him, because his genius inspires him, and gives him, as if by lightning, a brightness; whilst we remain in the dark, and scarcely guess from which side day-light will break. Another one calls him "The great super-spiritual one, who introduced us into an invisible world, and our impulse to the powers of life, so that one felt the confined self widened to a universe of spirits."

Goethe's rare gifts, too, were heralded into being by family tendencies to spirit intercourse. To him a friend said, "Thou livest among spirits; they give thee divine wisdom," and he said of himself, "I should hold myself assured of the gift of prophecy belonging to old to my family." He believed himself to have been born under the influence of favorable stars, and said to his mother, at seven years of age, "The stars will not forget me, and will keep the promise they made over my cradle, won't they?" At the death of a little

brother, a playmate, of whom he was excessively fond, he did not shed a tear, and seemed irritated at the complaints of his parents, brother and sisters. When he was between six and seven years of age, the great earthquake at Lisbon occurred. Previous to this time he had lived, as it were, in a fairy-world, reveling in stories of his mother's invention and his own imagination; but this overwhelming calamity struck terror into all hearts, and the little Wolfgang, hearing it from day to day reiterated, ever in more horrible detail, became for the first time unsettled, and deeply impressed with the agonies of life. At last he came to a conclusion which surpassed all others in wisdom: After having heard one of the many sermons preached upon the occasion, his father asked him how he had understood the discourse; he answered, "After all, everything may be much simpler than the clergyman thinks; God will well know that the immortal soul can receive no injury from evil fate."

His grandfather had great revelations, through dreams, pertaining to remarkable events in the family or Empire. His grandmother likewise had fearful proof of the death of an absent friend at the moment of his expiring. One of her daughters, sister of Goethe's mother, inherited her father's gift of dreaming, and when, after his death, the will could not be found, she dreamed of a secret place in his desk, which proved upon inspection to contain it. The mother of Goethe, although not receptive of these conditions to that extent herself, believed them fully of others, and acted upon them to her own happiness and great content.

Madame Pflaffer relates the story of a haunted house in Java, where stones were thrown, &c., as in some instances in our own country and in England, and which no investigation could elucidate. So, she says, they could only checkmate the ghost by pulling down the house over his head. Even among the savage races in the interior of Borneo, where no traveler had previously penetrated, she found prevailing a sort of demoniac possession, similar to that of our North American Indians.

The mountainous mineral regions of California have favored some wonderful demonstrations of spirit power; and were any other proof needed than that of Emma Hardinge to some of her startling relations, there is ample evidence to sustain her. They are confirmed to me by a very intimate friend of my own, a common-sense, practical woman, born on the Puritanic soil of New England, and educated in its strictest formalities. She has been among and of those marvels. For several years a resident in California, circumstances or destiny placed her in positions where phases of her own meditative powers would excite the wonder of believers themselves.

Although not consciously or abnormally mediumistic myself, there have been several passages in my own life so positive, that upon them alone I can base a belief of the genuineness of the phenomena of these later years—among them one that substantiates the possibility of the "coat feat"—even were all the present exhibitions deceptive. More than forty years since, myself and an aunt were in a room together, in broad day, when a string of gold beads, securely fastened around her neck, slid into her lap, in the same circle as when worn, and without in any manner unfastening. I was near her at the time, and know that neither of us had any visible agency in the matter. It was of course a subject of amazement to us, as well as those to whom it was related, and was left unsolved among other mysteries.

Not long after the above occurrence, as I was standing alone at early twilight, in the open air, dreaming the dreams of childhood, I saw a woman approaching, but who, at some little distance off, vanished instantaneously. I marked her well, and noticed particularly a bundle she carried in her hand, and, upon reflection, I knew, from the nature of the ground, that no earthly woman could have been there. I pondered upon it in my own mind, but somehow felt it too sacred to be spoken of until since such phenomena have become common. No other spirit, although much desired, has ever blessed my vision; and wherefore then I know not, unless my spirit-eyes were casually opened at the time, and saw one of the number who may be at all times traversing their former haunts.

Impression made upon minds through space was likewise verified in my experience in those early days, for whenever a favorite cousin was on her way to visit me, I would be "just thinking of her."

One other, and perhaps more peculiar phase of this shadowy embodiment, and I leave personal relations. Many times in my life, upon casting my eyes involuntarily to the window to notice some one passing, I have said to myself, "It is such a one," a neighbor or acquaintance perhaps. But immediately thereafter the supposed person would in reality pass; and to this day I am not positive whether the first person was there or not, or, in other words, whether the first glimpse was the projected, embodiment of the real person, or whether some other individual was passing at the time and blended with the outgoing sphere of the person supposed by me at the casual glance. These occurrences may be of persons of no particular intimacy, merely recognizable. And why of some and not of all? Is the query. Tell us, ye wisest ones who may know: do some persons throw out an embodiment of self more than others? or is it that there is some attractive likeness in the natures of the perceived and perceiver?

What powers must there exist in the silent, unseen forces which can produce results like the following: A lady, the wife of a well known writer in our land, after having her mind disturbed by sudden and painful news, has, upon two occasions, found, soon after, a pet bird, caged in the room, dead, and could find no perceptible cause for it. Her own theory was that the shock imparted from her own disturbed condition produced the catastrophe to the bird.

In the first number of these articles, allusion was made to returning spirits seeking aid from earth. In a series of circles held just previous to the time of commencing these sketches, the broad highway between the two worlds seemed unusually thronged, and all the recently departed from our midst were crowding back. Two among this number were brides of a few months, both strictly educated in popular theology, and whose families disdained such intercourse as our opportunities afforded. One was vehement in her protestations of sorrow at being sent so prematurely from her friends, as a devoted husband and an attractive earth-life still confined her here, and no knowledge of the life beyond yet opened its ways unto her. The other did not express so much dissatisfaction at the change, but longed, oh how ardently, for recognition by her friends. Upon the minds of all those present must ever remain the solemn conviction of the sufferings of those who pass on in such utter ignorance of the life beyond, when bigoted intolerance of friends behind will neither favor their return or ascension. But worse than all is the sin-laden soul when the acts of its former life are awaiting it in stern retribution. One example of this kind will suffice.

Within a few years there had gone from among us to the land of souls a woman whose immoral career had attracted much attention, causing misery to her personal friends and disturbance in the community. This woman had endeavored, previous to her advent in our circle, to manifest herself, but owing to conditions of the medium did not succeed. Now, however, under more favorable circumstances, she was enabled to report herself fully. She first presented herself to the medium, who described her to our satisfaction. Then in deep contrition and humility she was forced, as the only means of escaping from her unhappy condition, to narrate her errors, recapitulating the crimes in which herself and associates had been participants, to the horror of the listeners, as well as the agony of her own soul. When this expository offering had been made, her mother was enabled to approach her for the first time, and such cries of anguish and recognition as we then witnessed I hope hereafter to be spared the pain of beholding. Oh, that all could have heard in what earnest and thrilling words she cautioned the young to heed the counsels of their parents, and not take the first step in a downward career. After this interview she came up from her lowest hell of torments, thanking us for the opportunity given her of advancement, and thenceforth walked on in a better life.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM CONVENTION.

Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian of the Worcester Lyceum, sent a card to the BANNER some time ago in reference to having a Lyceum Convention. It seems to me that the suggestion is a good one, and that there should be some measure taken to bring about such a meeting, and the sooner the better.

The best interests of the Lyceum absolutely demand that there should be some step taken in this direction. It is useless for us to undertake to conceal the fact that our Lyceums, many of them, are not all they should be, or indeed that any of them are up to the standard that they might attain. The reason for this is obvious.

To begin with, the Lyceum movement is new. Its methods are strange, and so different from the old conventional system of education, that the people cannot easily adapt themselves to its exercises. Old habits arise like giants in our pathway, and the current of popular opinion sets strongly against us.

Again, many of our Lyceums have been formed by persons who never saw a Lyceum themselves, and know nothing of it, only what they have been able to learn by studying the Manual, and the consequence is there are no two conducted alike, but differ materially in their order of exercises. This, however, is not an objection, for it is best not to be governed by arbitrary rules alone, pursuing the same routine continually in all Lyceums; but the question arises, which of these various methods are the best, and the most successful?

To discover this, there is no better way than for the officers and leaders and friends of the various Lyceums to meet together in convention and compare notes.

There is no doubt good in all. Some Lyceums may excel in one thing, and some in another. I have found this to be the fact in the various schools I have visited. I have seen those that were proficient in the physical exercises, while in mental discipline and recitations they lacked interest, and vice versa. We want Lyceums that excel in every department, and to do this we must bring together our experiences and use those means that have proved to be best.

Perhaps some would say that the time to discuss matters of this kind would be at the next National Convention. Granting this to be true, would it be done?

Would it receive that attention that the subject deserves? Judging from the past, I should say not. A question of this kind would come properly enough before the committee on education in the National Convention. There is no doubt but the Lyceum system will culminate in schools and colleges founded upon its methods of education. But this is in the future; for the present let us work as best we may with such as we have, and all these things will come to us in due season. If we wait the action of the National Convention, our hope is vain. A Convention should be called in the Lyceum interest, and that alone.

Now where and when shall it be? I suggest that it be in New England, either in Worcester, Springfield or Lowell, or anywhere else that will best suit everybody, and that the time be about the first of September. Now I hope the different Lyceums in New England, and those out of it who would like to join us, will consider this matter, and see what can be done. If there are enough who are interested and willing to take action, we will decide upon a place and issue a call as early as possible.

I should be pleased to hear the views of different Lyceum officers upon this subject.

Yours for the Lyceum,
A. E. CARPENTER.

Springfield, Mass., June 29th, 1867.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM LIBRARY BOOKS WANTED.

Allow me, esteemed editors of the BANNER, to call your attention to the importance of taking immediate steps to supply the very large and pressing demand coming in from all parts of the United States for suitable, non-sectarian, instructive and truly spiritual books for Children's Progressive Lyceums. Warren Chase, in your issue of July 20th, said the right words on the subject. And others, especially librarians of Children's Lyceums in their private correspondence, urge incessantly, and often eloquently, the utmost importance of action in answer to this universal want.

You, brethren, are publishers as well as editors. On my recent visit to your establishment, I observed in your "composing room"—which was systematically arranged, well-lighted by the sun, and amply stocked with types and tools of industry and prosperity—a battalion of competent women compositors, who were apparently happy in "setting up" the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and thus, with the assistance of manly workmen in other departments, are day by day constructing the grand future temple of absolute individual Liberty that shall encompass and give home and shelter to the whole human family.

Already the family of Spiritualists is very large. The doctrine of Equal Human Rights, now eloquently and effectively agitated by the progressive disciples of the Garrisonian school, is one of the pivotal principles in the spiritualistic platform. And so far as the influence of our great army can be exerted, it will continue to be felt deeply and widely in all elections, as in all spheres of usefulness, in which women and men are by the fixed laws of Nature equally involved and interested.

Now comes a new question—THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

First of all, like the fathers and mothers of progress, they must be saved from superstition! And the most influential means, after children are taught to speak and to read the English language, are interesting books written under the divine afflatus of that exalted saint not yet canonized by the Pope, now styled "common sense."

Such books for children are demanded, and they must come! The new taste is keen with hunger, the higher appetite is now kindled on the altar of progressive literature, and the food must be forthcoming.

Who will prepare the table? Who furnish baskets of fruit and food for the coming millions? Who are the natural evangelists of righteousness to the heart of childhood? Who shall send forth streams of living water to refresh the mouths of earth's children?

Women! mothers! sisters of Progression! You are the divinely-commissioned "compositors" in the inner temple of love and truth. The children of the new age are "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," and you are called to prepare the "feast of good things."

Women who are writing books for children inside the sectarian folds, give "stones" of superstition when the children "ask for the bread" of spirituality and common sense. You, the women of the New Day, will not so offend even the least of the little ones of the Father's Kingdom. Your hearts are truly unfolded in the love and wisdom of angels. The starry skies of the Summer-Land reflect their deep enchantments on the bosom of your kindled intuitions. The bewitching truths of Mother Nature are a million times more fascinating to the imaginations of children than the "fictions" of pious Sunday school authors can possibly be; and you have but to know and feel the truth, no matter in what department of human interest it may be found, to teach the brain and unfold the heart of the young.

And now, friendly editors, why will you not add your voices to the "call"? Why will you not put more women in your "composing room," and call upon the women in our vast family of Progressives to send in "copy" for little common sense books to fill the empty Libraries of the Children's Progressive Lyceums? And will not the publishers and editors of the SPIRITUAL RE-PUBLIC unite their voices and dollars, at the Chicago end of the line, to accomplish the same important results? I am quite certain that the Chicago and St. Louis societies would gladly unite with Boston, New York and Philadelphia, in pushing onward a better literature for children.

In the absence of any plan of operations, allow me to suggest that the following noble women, who are truly enlightened and qualified by education, be at once invited, rather, notified and commissioned by the National Convention (if their own hearts do not sooner impel them to the beautiful labor), to supply the demand, in part at least, by each undertaking to furnish a series of twelve little books in illustration of some particular topic, history, theme or subject. For example:

Mrs. Love M. Willis on the Spiritual "Miscellany for Children"; Mrs. Annie Denton Cridge on "Biographies of Reformers"; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown on "Lessons of True Lives"; Mrs. Emma Tuttle on "Incidents in Lives of Children"; Mrs. Sarah M. Grimke on "Remarkable Instances of Angels Interposition"; Mrs. Mary A. Whitaker on the "Story of many Flowers and Birds"; Mrs. Mary F. Davis on the "Acts of the Moral Police"; Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin on the "Hidden History of Social Evil"; Miss Amanda T. Jones on "Lessons of the Past." To this list I can think of twenty or thirty more equally competent women writers who might be added, and who would doubtless offer to labor with those named; but I simply suggest names and topics, so that the subject can at once take practical shape in the thoughts and feelings of our well-known and well-beloved workers in the new day of progressive truth. If these women will correspond together, and by mutual understanding accept each her own particular branch for the composition of a box of one dozen little volumes, and if you, Messrs. Editors, will agree to publish and pay a fair copyright premium to the authoresses, the work will at once begin.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 29,
Station D, New York City.

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

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

White Pansy Lily.

If you have ever floated over a New England pond and gathered handfuls of this delicate flower, you will not need to have anything said about it, for you will know all its beauty, and feel all its sweetness. It is a flower of such delicate and perfect proportions, of such exquisite form, of such rare sweetness, that one feels as if it must be a gift directly from the celestial country. One could fancy that the angels, wishing to let us know how perfect are all spiritual things, had brought the seeds of this flower to earth, and seeking a place fair enough in which to plant them, had found the clear water the nearest type of spiritual purity.

But nothing can live on this world of ours without doing one duty, that of bringing the pure and sweet from the impure and unlovely. And so this fair plant must find its bed in the black mud, from which with its magic power it brings up the whiteness that floats on the water as if it never knew anything but sunshine and southwinds.

I can think only of a crowd of children with their loving eyes fixed on me, as I gaze into a cluster of these flowers. It is easy to imagine all children just as pure, all childish hearts just as simple as are these blossoms, with their hearts of gold and their garments of pearl.

The generic name of this flower is *Nymphaea*, signifying water-nymph, and no wonder that it seemed to the one who arranged it into its groups, like those lovely imaginary beings that the ancients believed lived in the water and sported all day in coral caves and among glowing sea shells.

The Egyptian Lotus-flower belongs to this genus. This flower was held as most sacred by the Egyptians, and was always an emblem of holy things. It was touched with reverence by the Egyptian maidens, and it was esteemed the especial care of celestial beings.

It is very strange how people can ever believe that there is no goodness or virtue in the most evil of men or women when they look at this flower. It seems to be ever repeating the truth, that out of the unlovely the Infinite power of beauty can bring forth the lovely. We don't understand just how to do it, or no doubt we should produce the sweetest flowers of affection and goodness from the black mud of passion and sin.

There was once born up among the rugged mountains, a boy in whom all evil things seemed to live and thrive, as weeds in a neglected garden. He had a bright, active mind, that was like rich soil to all these weeds. He loved every sort of wrong, because it gave him a little excitement. He called it fun to lie an old tin pail to a cat's tail, and then frighten it by setting the dog on it. He thought it sport to scatter ashes into the newly churned butter, and to twitch the chair from behind his old grandfather and see him fall on the floor.

He put a thorn under the saddle of old Whitey, when farmer Smith was going to church, and he went to the pasture and milked widow Grey's cows on the ground, just before they were to be driven home.

Of course he got whippings and beatings, and was shut up in the cellar and in the barn loft, and he was scolded and was threatened, but it was all to no purpose. Everybody said he was in a fair way for the jail, and no doubt he was, for he did not mind a profane word, or a lie, and he loved the company of bad men.

Mathias was his name, but everybody called him Matt, and he was the dread of every well disposed girl or boy.

There was only one who ever seemed to think there could be any good in him. That was Susan Grey, the widow Grey's only child. She had the most loving heart and the most patient spirit of any one in all the region about. Everybody loved her as much as they hated Matt. Susan was up to all sorts of sweet surprises and pleasant little fancies for making other people happy. She knew where all the lovely flowers grew, and could wind garlands and hang them over gateposts, and send little bouquets to the sick, and offer to iron Dame Parker's towels for her when she had a lame arm, or run of errands for old Uncle Foot when he was laid up with rheumatism.

Susan never lost all faith in Matt, and it was said she saved him many a whipping by making amends for the evil he had done. But everybody thought it was not because of any good in Matt that Susan excused him, but for the grace in her own sweet heart.

The result of Matt's wicked boyhood was that everybody hated him and gave him a spiritual kick down any hill he might try to climb. For instance, when he wanted to get a place to work, nobody would hire him; when he tried to make a bargain, everybody tried to keep him from receiving his gain. This made him more revengeful, and it was quite clear that he was going fast to ruin.

But there is a good Providence that takes care of just such forsaken lives, and this came to Matt in shape of a chance to go to sea; and he determined to go. A rough time he had of it, according to all accounts received from him. But, rough time as he had, it did not smooth off the roughness of his nature, but there seemed to cling to him closer and closer the deep, black mud. Indeed, his whole life seemed blackness.

One night there was a fearful storm. It seemed as if the vessel could not resist the lashing of the wild waves. Matt realized all the danger; the bravest quailed, but he did not. He stood like a hero through all the tempest. He was the strength of the crew, and the captain's only real aid. His heroism saved the ship. This seemed to be a turning point in his life. The little bud had burst that was to bring up the flower. He wrote a little note to Susan soon after:

"I thought you might like to hear how we all are. We had a great storm, and we came near being lost; but I saved the ship, they say. And if you want to know how I will tell you: it was all by your help. At first I thought nobody would care if I was drowned. I thought I could hear old farmer Smith say, 'Just as I expected!' but you—I could hear you say, 'Poor boy!' and I looked straight out into the darkness, and there you were. I saw you plain as day. After that I did not mind the storm, though the waves topped far over the ship and the wind drove us like a shuttle-down over the pashers. You see I felt just as if you were there and I was working for you. When I get on shore I shall be promoted,

but I mean to go home, just to hear Deacon Spooner say, 'Well, I declare, if he hadn't turned up again!' I don't want you to let anybody know that I have written this to you; but I hope you won't forget your wicked Matt."

Now Susan was very happy when she got this letter, because she said to herself: I never believed he was all bad. And she felt as if something some day would open the white flowers of his heart. Matt came home at last, a tall young man, with a bright, glowing face, and with money enough in his pocket to buy a snug little farm, to which, after a time, he persuaded Susan to go and live as his own little wife; and he used to sit down and spin this yarn to her in the long winter evenings:

"I was rough all over, and I knew it. Sometimes when I used to dig a ditch and get the black mud all over me, I thought that it was just like me; and I remember once wading in after some lilies, because I heard you say you wanted some, and I pulled one up by the roots and saw the black mud out of which it grew. I thought, How wonderful and I couldn't but think about my own mud, and wonder if, by any possibility, any such whiteness could come out of it."

I felt as if your little seed of kindness had been planted, but it could not grow. How could it, for everybody gave me a kick and a knock. Sometimes I used to think it would be nice to be like you; but it seemed a great deal easier to torment Mr. Smith some way. But don't you ever think that anybody don't care a bit what they do. I kept caring all the time, but I didn't do any better till I felt all at once that there was somebody in the world that really wanted me to do right. It was that that opened the little seed and brought up out of the mud the little bud that you call the goodness in me."

"Oh, we will have beautiful blossoms by-and-by, so white and fair that every one will be glad," said Susan. "By the way, I feel a little anxious about old Dame Parker. She was poorly a day or two ago, and if nobody should think of her this cold night—"

"Oh, I know what you want: that I should put on my rough-and-ready and take down a little cordial and a loaf of bread and a slice of cheese and a bit of cold chicken and a half-dozen eggs and a quart of milk and a quarter of that best tea. Well, be ready in a jiffy, for I've no idea of losing all this brightness."

"And would you mind—" said Susan timidly.

"Oh, I know what you mean: would I mind stopping at old rheumatism Johnny Foot's, and carrying him a little of that liniment, and perhaps that great custard I was intending for my nine o'clock supper? Would I mind? Of course not! and be sure and put in that pot of jelly;" and thus the little buds did blossom forth into the white buds of kindness, until Matt was called the best hearted man in all the town.

Susan seemed to know just how to make his roughness turn to pure pearl and gold, and to make beauty spring up in place of ugliness.

"How happened it," Matt said one day, "that you had faith in me when nobody else had?"

"Well," said Susan, "I never could see how it could be that the good Father of us could put some of his own life in us, and leave us all bad. I remember when you used to plague my poor mother so, I used to say, if he only knew better he would not do so."

"Susan, let us have a little school of our own. I don't mean a real school, but let us get all the children we can together, and try your way of making goodness blossom forth. Let us have faith in everybody. Nobody could be worse than poor Matt, whom nobody cared for, only the little girl with tender eyes."

When the lilies bloomed again there was a festival in the pretty farm-house. The house was adorned with the white blossoms, and all the children from the country round about were there, and Susan had written a little song, which Matt set to a chanting song he had learned at sea:

Out from the mud defiled
Springs the lily fair,
Bringing from the blackness
Sweetness to the air.

Thus from out the bosoms
Of the erring, grow
All the love and goodness
That we long to know,

If of love and kindness
We plant the little seed,
And keep it safely nurtured
By hopeful word and deed.

For in our Father's store-house,
So simple and so free,
Untouched by his own finger
One grain there cannot be.

And while with anxious waiting
We sometimes seem to tire,
He's never weary watching,
But ever drawing higher.

The little life He's given
From out his being's love;
And sometime in the ages
He'll lift it far above

The darkness and the dimness,
The sadness and the gloom;
Just as the lily brings forth
The sweetness and the bloom.

(Original.)

THE SWALLOWS.

Again has returned the season of the swallows. All over our meadows and fields they are skimming on swift wing in search of the flies and insects that make the food of the little wide-mouthed, yellow-throated, and always hungry families they are rearing in our barns and chimneys, and beneath our eaves.

Perhaps of all our birds there is no greater favorite among men than the swallow. We all love him, he is so genial and pleasant, so familiar compared with many of the shy birds of the forest and fields, coming even into our houses to build his nest and rear his young. Certainly no bird has ever had more honorable mention made of him by great writers. Nearly all the most distinguished poets have written of him in beautiful verse. Shakespeare and Gray and Thompson and Rogers and Milton and a host of others; and a sweet Scottish poet, Thomas Aird by name, thus beautifully sings of this little bird:

"The silent power that brought thee back with
Leading strings of love,
To haunt where first the summer sun fell on thee
From above,
Shall bind thee more to come to the music of our
Leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung,
Shall glad thee in our eaves.

Oh! all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God, who
Sits on high,
And gives to thee o'er land and sea the sunshine
Of the sky;
And says the summer shall come round because it
Is in His word,
And says we'll welcome back again thy little
Traveling bird."

One of the sweetest songs that was ever sung, is "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"; and one of the most exquisite pieces of instrumental music that was ever played, is called "The Prisoner and the Swallow." In it you can hear the plaint of the captive, shut out from the bless-

ed light and free air of heaven, and mingling with it the sweet twitters of a little swallow that has lighted upon the barred window of his lonely cell, and with gentle notes is wakening in his sad heart sweet memories of all the dear joys of which he is deprived.

So you see this dear little bird is quite distinguished both in poetry and in song.

We find that the swallow is capable of being tamed and educated to a certain extent. In Bewick's "British Birds" there is a very interesting story bearing upon this point, which we will give here.

A young chimney swallow, nearly fledged, fell down his chimney into the hands of the children of a clergyman's family. They took care of him without any difficulty, feeding him with flies, for which he would open wide his hungry mouth. In a few days he could fly, and they took him into the fields, and as each child caught a fly and whistled to him, the little bird flew from one to another for his food. He would always come at the first call, notwithstanding the wild swallows who were circling about would make great efforts to keep him away. Frequently when the children were walking in the fields, he would, without their calling him, alight on their heads.

They never shut him up in a cage, but he flew about the room with the children, and they never went out of doors without taking their little pet with them. Sometimes while sitting on their heads or hands, he would catch flies for himself with wonderful dexterity. His appetite increased to such an extent that it took from seven hundred to a thousand flies a day to satisfy him. Of course it took altogether too much time to supply him by hand, and so little Mr. Swallow was turned out to care for himself. After this, for a long time he would return every night to the window of the children's room, and on being admitted would rest on one of their heads till bed-time, with his head tucked under his wing.

But after a while this pretty friendship came to an end. The little swallow grew "sickly as a cat," and no doubt found a lover among his own kind. He became evidently less attached to the children, less tame, and the usual whistle did not bring him, and finally his visits ceased altogether, and no doubt he subsided into a dignified old bird, and became absorbed in domestic duties, forgetting, in the cares of his household, and the many hungry mouths he had to keep filled, the friends who were so kind to him in the day of his adversity.

Many persons are very superstitious regarding the swallow, and think it brings good luck to have them build in their barns and chimneys, or near their dwellings. They think it is sure to bring bad luck to injure or molest them in any way.

Often the same pair of birds will return year after year to their old nest. It has been proved that they were the same birds by marking them in some way, tying a silken thread to their legs, or marking their bills in some way.

Among the ancients the swallows were believed to be sacred to the gods, and every spring when they returned they were welcomed with a solemn religious hymn. It was thus they welcomed him:

"The swallow is come! is come!
With plume black above,
And white beneath, the herald
Of fair seasons and happy years."

I trust that every child who reads this sketch will look ever after with more interest upon this little bird, and watch more closely his habits, and never try to disturb the dear little fellow as he so busily works to supply his twittering brood with food.

GOD IN THE SOUL.

BY GERTRUDE M. HAZARD.

I bow not in the faces of art,
Oh Maker! unto Thee,
But see in every human heart
A shrine of Deity.

Before that shrine in mine own soul
I bend with fervent prayer,
That back the clouds of sense may roll
And show Thy presence there.

Upon a world by Thee create,
Gaze not with a sigh
Of sorrow for the fallen state
In which Thy creatures lie.

Charging with failure dread entire
Thy universal plan,
Conquering unto quenchless fire,
Thy helpless victim, man.

With holy indignation stirred,
Spurn thou, my soul, the thought
And trample beneath thy feet the Word
With such false teachings freight.

True to thy heavenly nature, shame
Creeds that God's love deny;
And yet in earthly fetters, claim
The freedom of the sky.

Soar to Truth's mountain heights serene,
On wings of wisest faith—
Look upon what the past hath seen,
And what the future hath.

Life—human and divine—behold
One ever and the same;
And thence see Life and Death unfold
The difference of a name.

I bow before thee, oh my soul,
In hush of earthly din;
The while before thy brightness roll
Away the clouds of sin.

As mist before the uprisen sun,
And in the holy place,
Awastruck, I veil mine eyes, as one
Who looks upon God's face.

Oh, as my feet thy way retrace,
To valleys dim and low,
May gleams from thy great glory pierce
The gathering darkness through.

And to the Fountain-head of Light,
A radiant witness bear,
Revealing unto human sight
God's seal and impress fair.

On all created things. To Thee,
Great Spirit, in this hour,
We would give fervent thanks, that we,
Thy children, have Thy power.

To pierce, with gaze Love's own must be,
Behind the mask of sin,
In which the soul doth hide, and see
Thy life glow pure within.

Modern Resurrectionists.

DEAR BANNER—In your last number of the BANNER, my attention was directed to the above heading of an article which proposes to give the bodies of strangers, unclaimed by friends, to medical colleges. I will offer an amendment to said bill, which I consider more just. Be it enacted by the Legislature, that the bodies of physicians and surgeons be delivered to colleges for dissection. The writer speaking of the body says, "It is a rusty robe to be laid aside." But who wishes his coat cut up as soon as it is off his back by student boys? We should respect those old rusty coats for the good they have done, although belonging to strangers. Let us teach the people to care for those old rusty coats, and thus save many from throwing them off too soon. The Indians of whom this writer speaks do not allow those old rusty coats to be cut up. They give this amendment to the pages of the BANNER, and oblige an old Spiritualist in an old linen coat.

Drebach, Mich., July 14th, 1887.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in the West.

The questions are continually asked me, as I journey from place to place, in my itinerating life, (for I have not yet become, neither do I desire to be, settled), what are the prospects? how progress are our glorious Spiritual Philosophy? Is there a growing interest? and do you notice any improvement? Allow me, through the medium of your widely read and everywhere welcome BANNER OF LIGHT, to say to all inquirers that the prospects were never better; the progress never so unmistakably manifest, the interest continually increasing, and the improvement decided and remarkable.

I do not refer, of course, in writing of this progress, to the millions of nominal Spiritualists of whom Judge Edmonds speaks, who consider it a thing to boast of that they seldom, if ever, attend the meetings and lend no assistance to the public presentation of the truth; they are mere drones in the hive of progress, and of no consequence whatever, ready to take credit to themselves for the number of years they have been Spiritualists when Spiritualism becomes popular, but until then unknown to the world at large, and useless.

With these millions of do-nothings and say-nothings there are also two or three other classes who do not assist materially to our growth, and I desire them also counted out in my reference—the Practicals, the Theoreticals and the Know-it-alls. They are to be found in every city and town; the first so very practical that they see no use in talking at all unless they have an opportunity, which they never neglect, of ventilating their peculiar idea, for it is noticeable that they have but one and that most outrageously impracticable; the second having no patience with you unless you are continually in the seventh heaven of theory, holding themselves aloof from earnest workers, wasting their time, energies, money and what little sense they have, in visionary projects or celestially ordered missions, for which a "thus saith the spirit" command is considered a sufficient reason; and the third what our sister, Lizzie Bliss, in her peculiar, quaint and expressive way calls "super-celestial," who, having arrived, as they suppose, at the summit of the mountain of wisdom, sit down contented, fold their hands and close their ears in sublime indifference to anything that may be said by those poor mortals who have not yet reached the supernal plane they occupy. To none of these do I refer; but outside of these is a great body, daily increasing, of true, earnest workers; men and women, with brains and hearts too, who never tire and are ever active in the lecture room, the Lyceum, or in their street ministrations, living Spiritualists who are an honor to the name.

Wherever I have been the past year I have seen these earnest workers, active as they never were before, and the effects of their activity conspicuously manifest. In Detroit, where the pleasant October month passed so rapidly by with me, I found a little band of those true-hearted ones steadily battling the conservative elements of that conservative city, and constantly gaining some new victory over them. Engaged between Sundays through the month in an exciting political campaign, I had no opportunity to know much of the spiritual progress outside of the city, though in Port Huron and Almont I found noble souls nobly at work.

The Sundays of November and December, on the rostrum of Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, and in the interesting Lyceum which meets there, I found, even amid a little temporary confusion, nothing but encouragement; and I look backwards to those two months with pleasant thoughts of the warm hearts that greeted me, and the big, true souls that labored with and sustained me there, until I long for the time when, my face again set westward, I shall mingle with them, hear their cordial welcomes, and join them in their earnest labors. My week evening engagements through those months, in Rockford and Waukegan, Ill., Darien and Beloit, Wis., and Dubuque, Iowa, brought me in contact with many old as well as some new friends, and I found their hearts as luxuriant in goodness and beauty as their noble prairies, full of determination and effective effort that was irresistible.

January and February, in Louisville, Ky., were months of unalloyed pleasure; the continually growing interest, the earnest attention to my utterances, and the warm, impulsive expressions of satisfaction with my labors were sustenance that did not come amiss. Here, also, I found ready helpers, and succeeded in organizing a Lyceum (my first attempt, by the way), which I left in a fine condition, and which, I hear, is still in successful operation, bidding fair to do much good. Louisville can be counted upon for a steady march forward, and the Louisville Spiritualists for men and women who will never weary in well doing. The first of March brought the farewells I have learned to dread. I knew, as the tears started from friendly eyes, they were real, and the "we are so sorry to have you go!" was no complimentary phrase, but the true expression of the soul, and so I knew that my work there had not been in vain.

March and April, in Cincinnati, opened, continued and closed with storm, and I felt at first almost discouraged, for the hall was very large and the audience small; but I learned to forget discouragement even there, as Sunday after Sunday there came to me from my audience of thinking men and women such fervent and intelligent expressions of satisfaction, and I learned to know that in Cincinnati were many Spiritualists who, while they were not in the least disposed to ignore the outer or more material manifestations, did not by any means consider the information of the presence of some departed ancestor, long forgotten, or a vague and mysterious hint that some years back a dark shadow, cast by a light-haired man, lay across their path, or that at some time a figurative leaf was torn from their figurative book of life, the ultimate of Spiritualism.

While here, I had the pleasure of witnessing, both in public and private, the wonderful medi-unistic powers of Miss Lizzie Klezer, and although I have had a large experience, I must confess her most remarkable medium I ever saw; she is doing a great work, and is destined to a still greater one; may the good angels preserve her many years. In a public séance given by Mr. E. V. Wilson, and which I attended, she was decidedly the success of the séance. With one or two exceptions she was unmistakably clear.

In Battle Creek, Mich., through the month of May, I followed good Bro. Pepples, finding the society in a new neat hall, and in a very flourishing condition; good, earnest workers are always to be found there, and they are not lacking in numbers. My reception was cordial, and I had the pleasure of delivering my last lectures to an overflowing audience. God bless Battle Creek! It always seems so like home to me, there are so many there who rest me with their sympathy.

June closed up my year's campaign in Oswego, N. Y. Mead's Hall seemed familiar after an ab-

sence of six years, and still more familiar were the friendly faces and the welcoming eyes and hands. The Society and Lyceum I found in an excellent condition, recovered from their losses by fire, and in possession of property to the amount of nine hundred dollars—the last payment upon which was made during my stay. Active souls were here too, and an evident disposition, as everywhere else, manifest for solid thought. June here was a pleasant closing up of my labors, and my July rest in the quiet of my New England home is assisted by the cheering memories of it.

So everywhere through the West are seen the signs of encouragement; to my Western friends, one and all, allow me to say, you have done nobly and made a very manifest advance. May all good angels continue to assist you; I know not whether months or years will pass before I visit you again, but my thoughts will often go out toward the mighty prairies, and the lakes, and the beautiful banks of the Ohio, and the many earnest, true and noble souls that dwell there; and should my steps ever again tend Westward, they, I assure you, will not be reluctant ones.

After an absence of two years, I shall—after this month's rest—commence my work in the East. I wish to say to the many who are soliciting my services, I have always made it a rule to give those who first apply the preference, so my Sundays from the 1st of September up to the 1st of March are already engaged. I will respond to any calls for Sundays after that, or for any week evenings during that time; my soul is in the work, and I do not desire to be idle. I am encouraged every day with the brightening prospects, and feel that we are fast breaking away from the little petty quarrels and jealousies that have stood so much in our way; fast becoming true men and women—men and women who, while demanding our own individual rights, will not desire in the least to ignore the individual rights of others.

Seymour, Conn. N. FRANK WHITE.

Springfield, Ill.—Lyceum, &c.

Eighteen months ago, a small band of reformers, earnest in spirit, strong in love of truth, and with firm faith in the angels, organized a "Children's Progressive Lyceum" in this little Western city. The "Lyceum" was small, but its quality was good, and it has brought forth a fair, large loaf. Last winter a pleasant festival was held for the little ones, during which, musical and other exercises by the Lyceum gave encouraging evidence of its growth and beauty.

During the week just passed, we have had another and more brilliant exhibition, greatly superior to the first and comparing favorably with any exhibition ever given in the city. Admiration and honor (as well as bouquets) from a crowded audience, greeted nearly every pupil that appeared on the stage; and in the "Banner march" a magnificent bouquet carried by the Guardian and presented during the march, testified of the impression produced by this noble feature of the Lyceum. Great credit is reflected upon leaders and children.

Our little metropolis has received a shock that has awakened it to the conviction that a strong, healthy and progressive institution is firmly established at the Capital. Our Orthodox friends already tremble lest this "fair heresy," with its grace and beauty, its streaming banners and significant emblems, attract the tiny ones from the gloomy and frowning paths of theology, into our smiling happy "groups," where angels fill the little hearts with sunshine, and guide the little pattering feet in the march of progress.

The children composing our Lyceum, for the most part, have been gathered from neglected corners—dark places, where the little blossoms were hidden from the world, and their fragrance unrecognized. But they are very sweet and lovely; their innocent spirits rise heavenward the more naturally for the cold depression and neglect that had fallen upon them, and the angels love them more for the poverty that has kept them humble, and the kind clouds of misfortune which have protected them from the burning rays of selfishness and worldly pride.

Our exhibition proved a success in every detail. The music was fine, the recitations excellent, and the tableaux more beautiful than any ever given here before. Those representing "America" in the "Past, Present, and Future," were really splendid. For the extreme beauty of these tableaux, their graceful arrangement and elegant costumes, we are indebted to the kind assistance of Ella Wren Nesbitt and her friend Mrs. Wentworth, who temporarily sojourning amongst us.

Last Sunday morning at the regular meeting of the "Spiritualist Association," the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the earnest and grateful thanks of this Association be and are hereby tendered to Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. Wentworth for their willingness and efficient aid in rendering the recent exhibition of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum" beautiful and successful; also, to Prof. Marx for his valuable musical services so generously volunteered; also, to our brother Franklin Thorne, who with his characteristic kindness furnished a piano for the exhibition.

Our association, though small, is flourishing. Noble Emma Harding gave us three lectures in May; this month we are to listen to the inspired words of Mrs. Wilhelm, and next month we expect our young sister Susie Johnson to give us angel teachings.

Our meetings are now held in "Concert Hall," at 11 o'clock every Sunday morning. "Children's Lyceum" is held at the same place, at 9 o'clock A. M., with Mr. B. A. Richards for its able and efficient "Conductor."

E. G. FLANCK, Guardian of Groups.
Springfield, Ill., July 1st, 1887.

The Grove Meeting at New Boston, Ill.

Owing to the unfavorable conditions for meeting in the grove, Robert's large hall was neatly arranged for the occasion.

The audiences on Friday and Saturday were respectably large, and on Sunday the hall was well filled during the entire day by an appreciative audience, notwithstanding the thermometer ranged at about 100°.

Many friends from Iowa and other portions of the country participated with us, which enhanced the interest of the occasion.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, W. T. Allen, Moses Hall, E. V. Wilson and other speakers were present, and made able, earnest and logical speeches.

Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Brown conducted a séance Sunday evening, that resulted in much good. Mr. B. Hallows, a resident medium, who has dragged himself through our streets on crutches for years, and walking erect through the hall under the influence of the "chief." In the Conference on Sunday morning an interesting incident occurred. A member stated that there was a sick family in the neighborhood who were poor; that the man's sickness was brought on by three years' service in the army, and that the wife had not the means to feed her children and invalid husband; it was suggested that a contribution be taken up, which was done, and \$24.00 was raised. Sunday afternoon, at the close of Mrs. Brown's discourse on woman's right to the ballot, B. B. Crandall offered a resolution of thanks, which was carried by a unanimous uprising of the audience with demonstrations of approval. We feel that much has

Letter from Dr. Willis.

EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS, ETC., ETC.

DEAR BANNER—Since the middle of May last I have been trying to get time to write to you, and having this week succeeded in breaking away from my business long enough to get a few days of rest and change here among the granite hills, I resolved not to let those days pass without accomplishing what I have so long been endeavoring to bring about.

On the first of May I took a suite of rooms in the house where Charles H. Foster, the medium, had been giving sances for a month. He remained there until the first of July, so that for two months I had an opportunity of seeing much of his mediumship, and I must say that in my whole twelve years' experience as a Spiritualist, I have never seen a mediumship that for spontaneity and directness and positiveness compared with his.

I sat in his room for hours, at different times, either at the table with friends I had induced to sit with him, or outside the charmed circle, a witness of the astonishing proofs of the grand fact of spirit intercourse that came rushing and surging through his organism, like the billowy swell of the waves as they roll in toward the beach and break upon the shore.

It seemed to me as if these billows from the great ocean of spiritual life were rolling in toward the shores of his being, now advancing and then receding, until they would break thereon, and the scattering spray take form in words and phrases, and rush to his lips in messages of affection, or words of counsel and advice.

At times his whole appearance would be that of a person standing by the seashore listening to the receding and incoming tides. At times a flood-wave would seem to bring him a part of a sentence, and then it would ebb and roll away, and he would have to listen and wait for its return before he could complete the sentence.

The interest with which I watched his sances during the delay that necessarily attended getting my rooms into shape for business, amounted even to fascination. At times, I sat spell-bound at the astonishing proofs he gave to strangers of the presence and identity of their spirit friends. Names that were not mentioned in any of the written questions, would appear in vivid letters upon the cuticle of his hand and arm—a manifestation kindred to that of the stigmata so well authenticated as appearing upon the flesh of many of the Catholic Saints and mediums of olden times—Brigette, of Sweden, Hildegard, and many others.

An acquaintance of mine had her house robbed, not long since, of many valuable things. Entirely opposed to Spiritualism herself, she was induced by a friend to go and see Mr. Foster. She was not introduced to him, but took her seat at his table an entire stranger. After a moment he said, "You have come to me in relation to some stolen property. I cannot do anything for you in that direction, for I do not often give myself to that business."

After some conversation, he consented to see what would come. Almost immediately he designated the articles that were stolen, saying, "Your silver you will never get, for it is melted up; but certain other articles you will get again." He then said the silver was marked in three different ways, and there appeared upon his arm the different sets of initials that were upon the silver.

Then followed several remarkable proofs of the presence of spirit friends, such as accurate descriptions of their personal appearance, and their names in full upon the arm.

Finally this remarkable interview was closed by a demonstration more startling than all the others. On the back of the medium's hand appeared the names in full of the persons concerned in the robbery, two of them being servants of the lady, and the third a male accomplice; and what was very singular, at that time the surname of one of the servants was not known to the lady herself.

Those who know Foster, know that he is no linguist; and yet the spirits through him give communications in languages with which he is entirely unfamiliar.

A gentleman called one day for a sitting, and a spirit manifested himself with sufficient clearness to be readily identified, but did not give his name. Foster, taking in his hand a piece of paper, said to the gentleman, "The spirit says he will write his name on this piece of paper, and you must hold my hand, with the paper and pencil in it, beneath the table while it is being written."

The gentleman did as he was directed, holding the hand of the medium in his beneath the table, and instantly the name of his spirit friend—a very learned man, who when in the form was Professor of the Oriental languages in Heidelberg, Germany—was written in Hebrew, and the Hebrew text was accurately and beautifully executed.

I could multiply these instances *ad infinitum*, but it would be only a repetition of similar wonderful and positive proofs of direct intercourse between the two spheres of existence.

A great many of my personal friends visited his rooms at his solicitation, and all united in the one exclamation, "How wonderful!"

During his entire stay of three months, his rooms were thronged with the elite of the city. Those who are so fond of asserting that our faith is dying out, would probably have felt that there was some reason for at least modifying their assertions, could they have seen the number and character of persons who flocked to this medium's room during his stay in New York. He did a great work there, convincing the skeptical, strengthening the doubting, and comforting the sad and heart-broken. He left the first of July for his home in Salem, Mass., promising to return after the heat of the summer is over, to the field where his labors are in such demand. We need invoke no blessing upon him, for the angels, who find in him so wonderfully facile an instrument, will surely keep him safe from all harm.

The good cause goes bravely on. Never, since the first days of the Rochester Rappings, has there been a profounder interest felt in the great subject than is everywhere manifest to-day. It pervades all classes and meets one at every turn.

On Wednesday evening, the tenth of July, I lectured to the friends in Williamsburg. Notwithstanding the heat, there was a good audience out, and it was pleasant to feel the spiritual life that pervaded the atmosphere of the Hall where they assemble. It was their last meeting for the season. There are many wide awake, earnest souls there with whom my spirit came into rapport, though I had to hurry from the lecture-room to the bedside of the sick, and so could not exchange greetings with them at the close of my lecture. I shall hope to make their further acquaintance when they resume their meetings in September. I believe they have a Lyceum there, or contemplate forming one, and are determined to carry on the good work in the fall, with renewed vigor and earnestness.

I find the BANNER growing in favor with the people everywhere. One generous-hearted friend of mine in New York buys six copies every week for distribution among those who cannot take it. Thus he feels that he is doing most effectual mis-

ionary work in behalf of a cause that lies very near his heart. Would that others, who are far more abundantly able than he, would go and do likewise. What a vast difference it would make in the circulation of the BANNER, wonderfully enlarging its sphere of influence and placing hundreds of copies of it in the hands of those who now know nothing of the glad gospel it proclaims.

The interest expressed in the Children's Department of the BANNER is almost universal among adults as well as children. In proof of this Mrs. Willis is constantly receiving letters from all parts of the country, and I feel that a few extracts from these letters cannot fail to interest, affording as they do proof of the widespread influence the BANNER is exerting in one at least of its varied departments. I think too it is but a simple tribute of justice to one who for nearly five years has labored unweariedly, and with an earnestness and consecration of purpose seldom equaled, never falling even for one week in the midst of sickness and the multifarious cares of domestic duties, to have her department supplied with original matter, and who is too unassuming even to acknowledge in the columns of the BANNER the many letters of commendation received, lest it seem like ostentation; and who would protest against every line I am writing should they meet her eye before going into type.

From a brother in Prophetstown, Ill., comes the following:

"All the beautiful things you have said in the BANNER OF LIGHT, I have read, and most of them are beautiful beyond comparison. My heart is this hour doing worship that cannot be expressed by any language, after having read the Bouquets of Flowers and the Sweet Singer. I am better for reading your articles, although I am nearly half a century old. Your sayings find the good there is in me, and make me joyous and happy. God bless you. A. J. M."

The following excellent letter is from a sister in Beloit, Wis.:

"I have this moment read your letter addressed to the older friends who read the Children's Department in the BANNER, and feeling myself one of them, I sit down to write you a few words of sympathy and encouragement.

Until reading your suggestions in this letter, I was not aware there could be the least necessity for any dissatisfaction or alteration of your course of writing. I have always read the Children's Department myself with as much satisfaction as any other part of the paper, and felt that you were doing a good work nobly; a work sufficient for one person to do, each being adapted to some peculiar department of mind or life. I think that person particularly fortunate who finds his speciality. That you have found the right way in writing to children, there is not a shadow of doubt. There are over some restless, unappreciative persons, who throw out such discords on the air as your second paragraph alludes to; but such, in time, will chime in with the universal harmony of things, and until then may we each and all work as best we may.

At the time you wrote that letter in regard to Lyceums, awhile since, I felt there might be truth in the idea that the children and others would become wearied with overwork; but from the repeated expressions of those engaged in conducting them, I am assured that the work to the satisfaction and delight of all, at which I rejoice. We are about starting one in this place, so we can test it by experience. But you surely are doing your own good work, and others may work in Lyceums or wherever inclination or opportunity may lead them.

These friendly words may not be needed by you, otherwise than as all appreciation is sweet to the human soul. In the great hereafter, when the obstacles of distance and other exterior bars are removed, we will meet and recognize each other, I think, as helpers in the good cause of progress, you in your wider course, I in the little space allotted me; and so, until that time, should an earth-acquaintance be forbidden us, believe me ever one of your admiring friends, Mrs. A. C. S."

A brother in Sacramento, Cal., an earnest and enthusiastic worker in the Lyceum there, writes thus:

"Oh, if I could only speak to you and say, God bless you and help you in your labor of love, and spare you yet many years, that you may realize how broad and enduring the harvest of your labor may be—must be! I am better for your work; my wife is better; our children are better. We are only five out of five thousand that are made better by your labors. May heaven spare you long to labor, and send us many more such workers.

God bless you! and, believe me, these last words well up from the depths of the heart. H. B."

These are extracts from only three of scores of letters from all parts of the country; but they illustrate the tenor of them all, and I cannot refrain from thanking the friendly strangers who have sent and are constantly sending these appreciative tokens to one who, in the retirement of her own home, with no thought and no ambition save to reach the hearts and bless the lives of little children, labors unweariedly for that one purpose, with a heart always tender, even to tears, lest she should after all fail in that effort.

We both of us feel to return with full hearts the "God bless you" that comes from so many quarters of the great world reached by the BANNER.

I feel that I am trespassing upon your space to too great an extent. Ere this goes to press I shall be back at my post of duty in New York, and shall try and hold myself in readiness to chronicle any passing events of sufficient general interest to your readers to make a note of.

Faithfully yours, FRED. L. H. WILLIS.
Hancock, N. H., July 10, 1887.

Movements of Lecturers.

Dr. H. B. Storer, now a resident of this city, well known as one of our best speakers, is ready to accept engagements for lectures anywhere in New England. His address is 143 Pleasant street, Boston. He is engaged in New York city for the Sundays in September.

J. G. Fish, one of the most talented lecturers in the field, is going West this fall, and will undoubtedly be retained there through the winter. He speaks in Cincinnati during November and December.

Mrs. Fanny T. Young is now ransacking in New Hampshire. She will go West again next winter. She will accept engagements to lecture in Massachusetts or Maine, during September and October.

Mrs. Hattie E. Wilson will lecture at Hartford, Conn., August 4th.

Rev. Edward C. Towne desires opportunities to deliver a popular radical lecture on "John Brown, a lesson of American manhood." For Western engagements address Edwin Lee Brown, 46 River street, Chicago, Ill. For Eastern engagements address Mr. Towne himself, at Medford, Mass. Mr. Towne, as all know who have ever listened to his earnest words, is an able man and eloquent speaker.

Warren Chase speaks in New York on Sunday, August 4th, in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirtieth street, before the Society of Spiritualists.

Miss Emma Houston, we are glad to learn, is to resume her labors in the lecturing field this fall. She retired from the field some time ago on account of her health. She speaks in Worcester during September.

Garibaldi alluded to a great meeting recently held at Pianosa, Italy, that the time had come for liberating Rome from Papal tyranny, and restoring to the city her ancient freedom.

The Banner of Light is issued and on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Next National Convention.

The Executive Committee of the National Organization of Spiritualists having called the Fourth National Convention for the 31 day of September, at Cleveland, Ohio, to be continued until the 6th, they have presented a timely and appropriate summons to the great body of Spiritualists in the United States to be present in Convention on that occasion, either themselves or by their representatives and delegates. At the last Convention, which was held at Providence in August, it was voted and resolved that that body and its successors were constituted a "permanent National Organization of Spiritualists." The objects of the Conventions of the Organization were declared to be "the spreading of the true facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, by sending out and supporting lecturers, fostering schools and Children's Lyceums, and circulating spiritual literature among the people."

It was further resolved that National Conventions should be annually held, composed of delegates from local organizations, the Executive Committee to decide on the time for calling such Conventions, and such Committee to be composed of the President, Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer of each Convention. Each local organization of Spiritualists or Progressive Reformers shall be entitled to two delegates in the National Organization, and to an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members. And each State organization is entitled to as many delegates as the State is entitled to representatives in Congress.

The National Convention prescribes no creed, nor does it assume to fetter the belief or limit the freedom of any individual mind, but declares its object to be the discovery of truth, and its practical application to the affairs and interests of human life. And it recognizes everything that tends to the enfranchisement, development and true welfare of human beings, as embraced within the range of the Spiritual Philosophy and the purpose of the National Organization.

Nothing could well be broader than this. It is ground on which all men and women who seek constant development and progress can stand together. The call of the Executive Committee for the assembling of the next National Convention, if it be heeded as the summons to come together for the advancement of the objects and purposes named, cannot fail to be answered with promptness and an enthusiastic emphasis. Every State in this broad Union should need no further urging, no repeated request, to induce its population of Spiritualists to be present at Cleveland from the 31 to the 6th of September. Let there be such a gathering on that occasion as shall challenge the respect of a lifetime press that in due time learns to respect the influence of numbers and shall compel the serious thought of the churches. Spiritualism should show itself the power it really is. The time has finally come.

The following letter from Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, suggests a general reduction of railroad fares, at the instigation of active Spiritualists—a matter of no little importance to those who intend being present, or who would like to be present—and also that the Southern Spiritualists be specially urged to send as strong delegations as possible:

"There is considerable interest awakened in reference to the Fourth National Convention. The various societies in our city have appointed their delegates; the Lyceums, also; and the State Society—which has elected twenty-four delegates—has called upon the members of the Executive Committee in different parts of the State to attend as delegates, or in case they are unable to do so, to forward the names of suitable persons as substitutes to me, as Secretary of the State organization."

I have made arrangements with the Pennsylvania Central Railroad and the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, to return all the delegates over either of these roads, or any portions of them, free of charge, provided they purchase tickets to the Convention at any of their offices. Persons from other States intend to do so.

The through fare from Philadelphia to Cleveland is \$13.50, and by this arrangement it will be the cost for the excursion from our city. The return passes—of which I shall have three hundred—will be good until the 15th of September. I hope our friends in all parts of the country will be active in making their arrangements for sending delegates and getting the fares reduced wherever they can do so.

Our friends in the South, who have not been represented in the former Conventions, should take measures to send delegates. Where there are no organizations, it is easy for a few friends to get together and organize, and all such meetings are entitled to two delegates, and there will be but little difficulty in forming such organizations as will be satisfactory to the Convention, and be the nucleus of future societies. One of the objects of these Conventions is to promote local organizations; and if there be only a dozen members they will be recognized, and entitled to representation."

The following is from J. G. Fish, of Hampton, N. J., and deserves attention. His suggestions are particularly weighty and valuable. They are, 1st, that each local organization procure and forward to the National Convention all the statistics and facts relating to its history, thus giving to the Spiritualists of the whole country a general introduction to one another through their published records; and 2d, that a complete history of the Convention, based upon these local reports, be made up by the Convention itself and published in book form.

"It is a fact not to be denied, that hitherto the business of our National Conventions has been conducted almost, if not entirely, to the suggestions and preferences of the delegates composing them, and the information obtained relative to the state of the cause in any locality, has been only such as such delegates chose to or could give. There has not been an official statement of the organization, working conditions, numerical strength, financial condition, number of lectures, where and by whom given, number who attend meetings, number of Spiritualists in the vicinity, condition of Lyceum, number of pupils, how equipped, volumes in library, &c., and all other information of general interest to the spiritualistic community. Further, the burden and expense of these Conventions have been borne almost entirely by the delegates themselves, who, having done all they could, have been obliged to accept as history of their doings the meagre newspaper reports—full as could be given, it is true—and be content therewith. Of the three National Conventions already held, there is not extant a single official history save the ones referred to. Were any one of us who com-

posed these three Conventions to be asked for their history, the utmost we could do would be to point to the files of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and its kindred papers. This, to me, is not treating the matter with that publicity its importance demands."

The history of a National Convention of Spiritualists, representing eight millions of American citizens, and probably more, deserves something more than a newspaper record. Minutes, in a good, substantial, attractive form, should be published by thousands, and hundreds of thousands, for gratuitous distribution all over the land, that every Spiritualist may have one or more to give to friends, to let the people know what we as reformers are doing. In this way, as well as by all the others now in use, let us publish ourselves to the world.

To meet these demands for information and publishing minutes, I would suggest that each society of Spiritualists appoint one or more of their number to write an annual epistle to the Convention, giving the required information alluded to above, together with any and all further information that may be of general interest, and let these epistles be read before the society for its approval; and thus duly authenticated and officially endorsed, let it go to the Convention as the annual greeting and statement of the society. This will give our records weight before the community, commend them to the confidence of the people, and tend vastly to increase our influence in the world.

To meet the expense of publishing, let every society take up and forward to the Convention by the delegates, one, two or three collections, as they may deem proper, to pay for minutes, and let the amount so raised be noted in their report or epistle to the Convention, and entered upon its minutes to the credit of the society, which shall entitle such society to its proportion of the minutes, and let this committee be instructed by the Convention to procure said publication at the lowest possible rates.

These suggestions, to me, are of vast importance to the cause, and I do sincerely hope, as the anniversary of our national greeting is so near at hand, that every society which intends to be represented there will act promptly and effectively in this matter, that the records of the Fourth National Convention may go before the world in a form that will be at once attractive and telling. Any Spiritualist can pay ten cents for this purpose; and if any society does not wish to cooperate it need not hinder those that do.

Will you, dear BANNER, to the suggestion? What say Spiritualists generally, and the Executive Committee in particular?"

Delegates ought first to be certainly secured, and then properly provided for. The following hints come from a Spiritualist in Chicago:

"Will you allow me a little space in the BANNER OF LIGHT for a few words on a subject that will, I think, interest your many readers, viz., our coming Convention? It seems to me, friends, we Spiritualists would do well in some respects to pattern after our Orthodox friends. More especially in the matter of making arrangements when over a Convention is held to entertain those who may attend. I think every Society should send just as many delegates, and no more, than they can pay the traveling expenses of. Then let no place invite the Convention unless they can either themselves or among their friends find places for at least the speakers and delegates to be entertained free. Now this is doing no more than our Orthodox friends do; surely, Spiritualists might do as much. Last May our Baptist friends held a Convention here for a fortnight; our city was filled with them, the different denominations opened their houses to them, and it was a noted fact that although nearly every family belonging to any church had more or less of them to entertain, our hotels did not receive a single accession. At our last Convention nearly every delegate, and many of our speakers, paid three to five dollars per day, and were obliged to pay their traveling expenses. Now, unless we Spiritualists can be a little more free hearted, I think we had better not have any more Conventions, for it certainly is a great tax on those who are ill able to bear it. Our speakers in particular are not paid abundantly that they can afford to give not only their time but money for a week or more every year. We had a glorious good time at the last Convention, and I should be the last person to wish them given up, but I do think a reformation in this quarter is very much needed among us. I have a large house, and if ever the Convention is held here again, (it was not here at the last one) it shall be filled. All I ask of others is to do likewise."

Wonderful Cures.

We learn from a reliable correspondent that Dr. J. Whipple, the magnetic healer, is doing wonderful cures in Worcester county every day; meeting with as good success as any other healer the writer knows. Dr. Whipple is now stopping at the Waldo House, Worcester, where he will remain until further notice.

Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, says he has made several remarkable cures by "the laying on of hands," which he is too modest to chronicle in the press.

Dr. Greenwood, in Tremont Temple, has made some marvelous cures by "the laying on of hands," evidence of which he will give to any one who may take the trouble to call at his office.

Hundreds of people have been cured of disease, by Mrs. J. H. Conant within the past ten years, through spirit influence. We can produce ample proof, if necessary, that this statement is entirely correct.

Mrs. Lizzie Wetherbee, 643 Washington street, room 12, is said to be an excellent healer by the laying on of hands. We are informed that she is very successful in the cure of dysentery. She had in one week under treatment thirty-two little children with cholera-infantum, and has never lost a case out of the hundreds she has had.

Mrs. Latham, 293 Washington street, is an excellent clairvoyant. Hundreds of people have been cured of various diseases through her instrumentality.

There are other mediums in the city, who have been very successful in eradicating disease from the human form, without medicine. They are all fully aware that did they not derive aid from the spirit-world they would not be able to effect the cures they do. Spirit friends are just as anxious for our welfare as though they dwelt among us in the form. When people, generally, come to understand the great truths of spirit communion, they will comprehend more clearly why certain people possess the power of healing magnetically with the hands, while others do not possess the gift at all.

Lyceum Missionary Work.

A. J. and M. F. Davis request us to give notice that they have, at least for the present, withdrawn from the missionary work upon which they entered as volunteers last spring. The principal reason is that they have already made engagements with "Local Organizations" to lecture and organize Children's Lyceum the coming autumn and winter. They, therefore, do not wish further contributions to the "Missionary Fund"; and with the surplus on hand they have agreed to aid the Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., where a fully-equipped Progressive Lyceum is to be established in September next.

Caution.

We again caution our friends in Maine not to pay their subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT to strangers. We learn that the scamp who signs himself "H." or "A. Peebles," (which is probably a fictitious name) is still swindling people out of their money by representing himself as our agent. His bogus receipts are given in pencil. No receipts go from this office without our imprimatur upon them.

Children's Lyceum Convention.

It is suggested that there be held, perhaps at some central point in New England, a Convention of those interested in Children's Lyceums, to confer together on the most approved and progressive methods of instruction and spiritual development of the young, and to consolidate, by comparing experiences, the highest views on the subject from all who have founded and operated these institutions in diverse localities. The National Convention of Spiritualists have hardly the time to give so fundamentally important a subject the attention it has come to demand, and therefore it is proper that a Convention should be specially called for discussing and disposing of it. Upon the Lyceum system is clearly to be built the grand superstructure of a spiritual educational system in the great future. It is therefore of the first consequence that the base be carefully and solidly laid, according to sound laws, and with a view to its natural development in society. Read Mr. Carpenter's and Mr. Davis's articles in reference to this matter on our first page.

Emma Hardinge's Farewell Lecture in Boston.

We shall publish in the next issue of the BANNER OF LIGHT, a verbatim report of Mrs. Emma Hardinge's farewell discourse, delivered in Tremont Temple, in this city, on the evening of July 10th, just prior to her departure for England. The discourse was listened to by a very large audience, and created a profound impression. It was just what was needed at this time—a compact résumé of SPIRITUALISM, from the date of the first Rochester Knockings (nineteen years ago) to the present day, with gleamings of its future progress.

Those who desire to secure extra copies of the BANNER containing this valuable production will oblige us by forwarding their orders at once, so that we may know how large an extra edition to print.

Meeting of the State Association.

The half yearly session of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists was held in Melrose, on Thursday, July 28th. Although the thermometer stood at 93°, there was a good attendance, and a hopeful degree of zeal manifested to push forward the noble work for which the Association was organized, namely, the sending out of speakers into all parts of the State to promulgate the glorious truths of Spiritualism. Many earnest and able speeches were made on the subject, which we hope will result in obtaining the needed means to continue the work which has thus far proved a perfect success. We have not time or room for further allusion to the proceedings this week.

Rev. Rowland Connor and the School-street Universalist Church.

A meeting of the proprietors of the School-street Church will probably be held on Tuesday evening, July 30th, a call having been signed by five proprietors for a meeting, as follows:

"We, the undersigned proprietors, believing that the action of the meeting held in the vestry of the School-street Church, on Monday evening, July 1st, should be laid before the proprietors, respectfully request that a meeting of the proprietors may be legally called, to be held on Tuesday evening, July 30th, to act upon that and any other business that may legally be brought before them."

The meeting referred to was held in reference to the dismissal of the junior pastor, Rev. Rowland Connor.

Lying Telegrams.

The telegram announcing the massacre of a Catholic priest and his sister on the Plains by the Indians, turns out to be another of the thousand hoaxes of the same tenor, got up by swindlers, who are thus endeavoring to manufacture public opinion against the Indians, who are "more sinned against than sinning," for the sole purpose of making money! Why don't the daily press cease publishing the telegraphic lies they are continually receiving from the West? Is it because members of Congress are interested in the Union Pacific Railroad grand fraud upon the General Government? Did Thad. Stevens pack the committee that reported the bill in favor of this road? We learn upon good authority that such is the fact.

Disbelievers in the Divinity of Christ.

The Appletons have issued "Christianity and its Conflicts, Ancient and Modern," by G. E. Marcy. He estimates that one-third of the United States deny the divinity of Christ, and classes them as follows:

Spiritualists.....6,332,000
Unitarians.....543,000
Universalists.....543,000
Jews.....600,000
Infidels and skeptics.....2,000,000
Total.....10,778,000

He supposes there are eight millions of this same class in Europe, leaving out of the sixty million Protestants in the world, less than forty-five million Christians.

Oregon.

Spiritualism has found its way into Oregon, where there are now quite a number of believers, and it is rapidly spreading. One of our subscribers in McMinnville, D. S. S., writes that when he first went to that place he could not discover that there was a Spiritualist in it. He and his wife commenced holding circles, and invited several friends to join them, and quite an interest is now manifested in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy. Truth is mighty and will prevail, and the above is only one of the many methods the invisibles are employing to assist mortals in finding it.

Williamite Children's Lyceum.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Williamite, Conn., held its annual meeting Sunday, July 24th, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Conductor, G. W. Burnham; Assistant Conductor, William Fuller; Guardian, Mrs. George Purinton; Assistant Guardian, Miss Alice Spencer; Secretary, Annie H. Tivigley.

We do not exactly agree with our friend Warren Chase, that Maximilian was dealt with harshly—although we would have spared his life—when we take into consideration the fact that the Austrian Arch Duke went to Mexico with the spirit of Charles V., determined to exterminate all who would not yield to his despotic sway. With his proclamation of October 2, and the Imperial order of October 3, 1855, he announced death as the punishment of all supporters of the Liberal government who were found in arms. Under this decree, Generals Arceaga and Salazar, and many other officers of high rank, were foully shot, and without the form of a court-martial. Under these circumstances was it to be supposed that the victorious Liberals, who had secured their direct enemy, would willingly set him at liberty, that, peradventure, he might again prey upon their country at some future period? By no means. May the sad fate of Maximilian be a warning to all ambitious despots of whatever ilk.

street, Boston, and at the Branch Office, 644 Broadway, New York. Room 6.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

Our Public Circles—Vacation.

There will be no public circles at this office until Monday, September second. Our friends in town and out will bear this in mind. We should be pleased to have them call and see us, as usual, notwithstanding.

Invocation.

Oh, Life, in our littleness we look out with wonder and awe upon thy greatness. We look out with wonder and awe upon all thy past manifestations, upon that which is with us, and we reach forward unto that which is to come. And we have named thee Jehovah, and we believe that thou hast had a being through all the past eternity, that thou hast an existence in the present, and that thou wilt exist through all that which is to come. Therefore we are surrounded by thee. We exist in thee, and thy life is our life. Thy greatness belongs to our littleness. The two are inseparably wedded together. Thou art our source, we are the streams running from thy great fountain. In the past, souls have been taught to fear thee and to bring thee offerings to appease thy wrath. But in the present souls have learned to love thee and to receive the offerings of thy love, which thou art perpetually giving unto them. There is no longer need that they seek to appease thy wrath, for the soul knoweth well thou art all merciful, yet all powerful.

Thou Spirit, who in thy greatness dost condescend to clothe the lilies of the field, who in thy greatness dost condescend to whisper in the winds, to smile in the sunshine, oh thou Spirit who filleth Nature and the soul, we ask that we may become better acquainted with thee. We ask to talk with thee face to face. We ask to come close to thy great, throbbing heart of wisdom, and become students in thy Temple of Life.

Father, thou hast taught us to ask, and thou hast said, "If ye ask I will give." So we ask for all the choicest gifts of thy wondrous being. We would know wherefore worlds are? and wherefore souls are? and wherefore thou art? There is no limit to our soul's desire for knowledge. It is fathomless, it is eternal. The soul, fashioned in thy image, seeks to become one with thee in wisdom. We know as it seeks, as it asks, its desires are legitimate, for every one of them is born by thine own divine impress, called into being by thy divine will. Therefore we know it is right to seek. We know it is right to draw nearer and still nearer unto thee through all our journeyings in life.

Father, thy children everywhere praise thee according to their soul-perceptions of thee; according to their own abilities; each in their own way; each erecting an altar according to their own life. And we know, whether that altar be sacred or unsanctified, it is sacred unto thee. Whether the skin of the offering be dark or light, it will be received and the blessing will follow, for thou art Father and Source of all nations and all people, and thy blessing, like sunlight and shower, falls alike on all. Therefore it is that we love thee. Therefore it is that we will ever serve thee in sincerity and with as much of truth as our souls can comprehend. Amen.

May 14.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have any propositions, Mr. Chairman, that you are unsettled concerning them, we would be glad to talk with you concerning them.

QUES.—By M. Pond, of Winstead, Conn.: It is, I believe, admitted by all so-called communications from spirits, that animals, as they are termed, have no hereafter. As the motive power of man is claimed to be the spirit, what is the motive power of animals? I fail to discover the difference between man and animal, except in his having a more perfect organization.

ANS.—Life is dependent upon form or organization for manifestation. The Divine Power is able to express itself more perfectly through the realm of intelligence by human forms than by any other forms. Though Divine Life expresses itself through all forms, yet its highest form of expression is given through the human. It is scarcely possible for the human to realize how nearly allied, so far as form is concerned, you are to all other forms. The animal creation, wherever it is, and under whatever form it has an existence, belongs to one family. We have come to believe, in this new sphere of mental action, this spirit-world, many strange things; and one of these strange things is, that our brethren do not always exist in humanity, but through-out every grade of being. The same Divine Power that gives sustenance and existence to the pebble gives it to the human body. There is only a difference of expression, a difference of standard, a difference in organic life. But, when resolved to a primal source, it is one with ourselves. It is often affirmed that animals have no part of the experiences of spirit-life.

Now, be it understood, there are as many phases and degrees and castes of spirit-life, as there are of earth-life. There are places on the earth where animal life has no existence. There are also places where vegetable life has no expression. I believe, indeed I know from experience, that all forms through which life expresses are constantly being passed through a series of changes. Forms are constantly being made over. The forms that have an existence on the earth to-day are exceedingly unlike those that had an existence thousands of years in the past. There may be a similarity of external life, but their component parts are entirely different. But whatever the form be, whether a dog or human body, the indwelling life is absolutely eternal, immortal. If God is everywhere, and if he is eternal, then he is with the form of the dog or horse, as with humanity; and as much of immortality as belongs to the dog or horse, they will most surely have. I believe—yes, more, I know, that there are certain localities in the spirit-world, where the distinctive forms of lower animal life have an existence; not as here, but according to the law of that life. I also know, as I have remarked, of localities where they have no existence. Life is made up of endless variety, perpetual change, and

yet there is the grandest harmony pervading the whole.

Q.—By the same: If a person is rendered perfectly unconscious by a blow on the head or otherwise, where is his spirit at the time, and why does it not manifest itself? And because it does not manifest is it not a proof that there is no spirit?

A.—No, by no means. Externally a spirit does not manifest during the hours of deep sleep; and yet that state bears no proof that the spirit does not exist. We have just been telling you that spirit was dependent upon form or organization for manifestation; and a normal condition of the brain is one of the conditions dependent upon a normal expression of spirit. If it is abnormal, then the expression will be correspondingly abnormal. The spirit, or intelligent power, retires from the sensorium oftentimes through accident. For instance, a blow upon the head will cause the spirit to retire therefrom. This seems to have been wisely ordered, for in all probability death would ensue from sheer fright, were the spirit allowed to remain taking part in the physical shock. It would itself receive great injury, but Nature or God has provided against it. And under such circumstances, generally—there are exceptions—but generally the spirit retires, leaving the body, the animal life power, to control it for the time being. For instance, during a fainting fit Nature demands that the power the spirit holds over the body normally shall be withdrawn, the spirit shall retire during the fainting fit, so that the animal forces shall not struggle, but allow the body to fall in a horizontal position. During the fainting fit the blood has receded from the brain, and it is clogging the heart. The natural remedy is to place the body in a horizontal position. Now if one were conscious they would struggle to remain erect. Therefore our Father, in wisdom, has provided that the spirit should retire. All things are appointed in wisdom, and our materialistic questioner has no right to determine that the spirit has no existence, because it has no power of expression. He may as well determine that he dies during the hours of sleep, as to determine that the soul dies because it does not express itself through a human organization.

CHAIRMAN.—We have no more questions to present to-day.

SPIRIT.—We are informed that you received one concerning the fall of Ninevah, yesterday. Do you remember the question as it was given?

Q.—When and by whom was Ninevah, that great city, destroyed?

A.—It is the custom to place the seal of infallibility upon sacred history; but we are very glad that the custom does not extend with equal force to profane history. Therefore we shall deal with what profane history has to say upon the subject, in order that we may be allowed to differ, if need be, without incurring the charge of blasphemy. Profane history says that Ninevah was founded about one thousand three hundred and twenty-seven years before Christ. It also says that it was destroyed about six hundred and four or six hundred and six years before Christ. It also says it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar and Cyaxares, a Mede. We believe that the real truth of the matter is this: Ninevah was destroyed about six hundred and one years before Christ, by a revolting band of Chaldeans, and they in turn were subdued by Nebuchadnezzar and destroyed by him. It is a well-known fact that all ancient history became history long after the events themselves were dead. Therefore the historian was liable to give more of fancy than fact. We thank God that these things are changed to-day, and a historian, in order to be such in these days, must deal more in facts than fables. He must not wait until a hundred years have rolled by in order to collect material for his work. We want you to remember one thing, and that is this: that your Bible, dear as it is to thousands of hearts, that sacred history, became history long years after the events were dead in every instance. No writer claimed to write concerning the present. All who had any positive knowledge concerning facts contained in ancient history, passed to the spirit-land before those facts were recorded. We earnestly hope that you may all seek to throw off the swaddling clothes of your religious infancy as fast as possible, holding to all that is good and steadfast enough to sustain you, but letting go of all of those things that are not steadfast enough to sustain you. You are a matter-of-fact people, and because you are, we have faith in you; faith that you will not allow your reason to be governed by your prejudices. When reason asserts her right, we believe you will say to prejudice, get thee behind me, as Jesus said to the intelligences who desired to lead him out of the way of duty.

May 14.

Nancy Thayer.

I am Nancy Thayer, sir, and I am here with the expectation and earnest desire to communicate with my children. Most of all, I want to communicate with my son William.

There are many reasons why I should come. I am very well satisfied with my portion in the spirit-world, but I am not satisfied to remain idle, while there is so much to do on earth—while there is so much mental darkness. And I am very anxious now to make the most of all the talents I had. If I can do anything toward enlightening or benefiting those I've left who know me and love me, I want to do it.

Well, I have come back—I have returned. This is the first time I have spoken in this way, but 'tisn't the first time I've come and tried to, by any means.

There were some singular experiences connected with my earthly life, that were always misunderstood. Now I want to make those things plain to them. It's not well to speak of those experiences here, because it could not do anybody any good, and it might do some people harm.

Say that Nancy Thayer wishes to communicate with her son William; that I've been here. Will you do it? That's all. I lived here in Boston fifty-four years, long enough to learn a good deal, but I'm afraid I didn't learn half as much as I'd ought to. Good afternoon. May 14.

Lieut. William Augustus Dorn.

I died of wounds I received in battle—the battle of Winchester, shortly after the evacuation of Richmond and the capture of Mr. Davis.

The name I bore was William Augustus Dorn. I was son of William Dorn, of Montgomery, Alabama. I was turning my twentieth year, was a Lieutenant in our army, and I had the honor, sir, of dying fighting against your Government, or I died of wounds that were received fighting against it. I believed that it was conducted under bad policy, and I believe so to-day.

What has incited me to come here is this: A short time before my death, in an uneasy sleep, I dreamed that Mr. Davis was set at liberty on bail. My friends said, "that will never be. He's in the hands of the Philistines, and will be dealt with according to the law of the Philistines." My friends at the South believed you were in the habit of dealing very rigidly with all prisoners, very rigidly. I suppose you think the same of

us. Perhaps you have a right to. I'll not say you have not. But my dream has been externalized, and my friends have met Mr. Davis; and they have been so intent upon their thinking of me and my dream, and what was said, and the circumstances connected with it, that I was drawn to them with so much power that I felt an earnest desire to let them know that I was in the way of communicating; that I could communicate; that the part that had the dream still exists, and would be most happy to open correspondence or communicate in some way with them. I do not understand this thing; in all probability you do better than I. [It is the result of natural law.] I suppose so; but I do not understand why the earnest thought of my friends thinking of me, should so draw me to them as to make me so earnestly desire to speak with them. I only understand that it was a great force that I could not resist, drawing me toward them, and when I got in their presence, their midst, near as I am to you—when I was there I had no power to speak. I was told I should come here and send my message from here.

I'm very glad that you've been able to open a way for our return to earth. I pray that you may have success, and great success. I pray that you may be more successful in this than your Government has been in some directions, and far more successful than she is in a different direction. Your Government has been successful in one direction. She thinks she has achieved a great victory in subduing the South. Well, in that direction it was a victory. The slaves are liberated, thank God for it! and perhaps it may be the means of making peace between North and South. At all events, I hope so. At any rate, there's not an understanding now. Well, I think there is a fault at the head. I must think so, because I do not see the head moving in accordance with wisdom.

But to my friends. Tell them I am intensely anxious to communicate with them. I come here speaking from this Northern platform because it is a free one, and I respect it because it is worthy of respect. [Where are your friends?] They are at present in Richmond. They belong in Montgomery. I would like to have you direct to William Dorn, if you will. May 14.

Séance opened by Dr. Judson; closed by C. A. Randall.

Invocation.

Lead us, oh Spirit Wise and True, into thy courts of wisdom, into thy halls of Justice, and there let us learn the ways of our Father; there let us understand the mysteries of life. We know it is our Father's good pleasure to give us the Kingdom, but we know also it cometh alone by earnest endeavor. Even as it is the Father's good pleasure to give to these mortals the glorious spring-time, yet the spring-time cometh not save by the earnest endeavor of Nature.

She worketh night and day in her great laboratory, painting the green leaves, and the fair flowers, until the earth smiles in its robe of beauty. So, oh our Father, we will labor earnestly in the garden of wisdom and truth, of hope, faith and justice, striving to bring out all the inner beauties of our lives, that they may come to the external and find expression. We know that thou wilt send these angels unto all those who have need of them. We need not ask thee to send thy holy and true spirit to guide those who are weak, for thou wilt do this. Thy loving kindness, thy everlasting wisdom, pervaseth all the needs of thy children sojourning in the vale of human life.

So, our Father, our Life, our Hope, forever we will trust thee, never fearing but that thou wilt lead us safe unto the Kingdom of Heaven, safe unto the courts of wisdom and the halls of justice. And whether thy children in mortal do mourn for justice, do seek earnestly for wisdom, oh may they feel, as we do, that it is not well to get weary in well doing; it is not well to falter when the Lord God is calling us continually; it is not well to say we cannot go further in the way of life, when the angels are upon our right hand ready to give strength to all that are fainting and weak. Oh, may lessons of love and wisdom and truth be scattered over all the earth, until the hearts of thy children everywhere bud and blossom like this glorious spring-day, throwing off the chains of winter, and rejoicing in the beauty of spring.

Father, our prayers go out to thee, and they mingle with our praises; and we ask thy blessing upon them. Amen. May 16.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By D. Wood, of Lebanon, Me.: If God created the heavens and earth and all that is therein, all mankind is doing his will, and why should they not all receive the same reward?

A.—The rose is not the lily, neither is the lily the rose. It seems to have been the plan of an Infinite Creator to deck all spheres with infinite variety, not only in matter, but in mind. Mortals often complain because of the uneven distribution of the gifts of God; but it is only a complaint of ignorance. The wondrous law of compensation for all the sorrows of life you may rest assured will visit every living soul. Every condition of sorrow is compensated for by a condition of joy. It is not wise to suppose that because the soul is cast down here in the earthly way, because a lot of sorrow falls upon it, that it will always be so. There must be seasons of joy and sorrow constantly alternating each other. If it were always day, you would not appreciate the blessings of day. The soul is fashioned so that it craves variety. Perpetual riches and joy would stagnate the powers of the soul, render it a mere machine, as the body is. We are glad that God is wiser than we are, and that all our complainings, which come through ignorance, do not result in the change of one single part of His immutable laws. They are laws just and perfect, altogether so, as we shall all sooner or later determine.

Q.—By E. Smith: Are the fraternities called "Masons" and "Independent Order of Odd Fellows," continued by their makers in the spirit-world, as or similar to what they are here?

A.—The question presupposes that the beginning of said Orders was here on the earth, which is not the case. There are Orders corresponding with every Order on earth in the spirit-land, but those said Orders originated in the spirit-land, not on earth.

Q.—I would ask concerning Capt. Thomas Barnes?

A.—An effort has been made to bring that intelligence here again, and in all probability he will soon appear. May 16.

Gen. Frederick Lander.

In behalf of that army who ascended to the spirit-sphere as martyrs to the cause of freedom, and the perpetuation of the war of these United States, I am here this afternoon; not because I can do better than any one else, not because I can defend them better than any one else, but because I happen at this time to be better fitted to use the magnetic life of the subject.

I am here to ask what President Johnson meant when he said, "I mean to teach the people of these United States, that treason is the worst of crimes and should be punished accordingly." Judging from recent events, we are to suppose that President Johnson meant nothing more than a display of patriotism in words, when he uttered that sentence. It is vain to say, "It is not my work to deal with these arch-traitors. It is the work of the Chief Justice." The people of the United States, at least the loyal portion, know better.

But granting it is his business, is he fit to perform it while he is waiting for Southern votes to push him into the Presidential chair? Can he be just, while his own interests are at stake, while those interests are dearer to him than the interests of the nation? No, he cannot, and we all know he cannot. No lover of justice would think of treating an individual who had been guilty of the worst of crimes, as those persons have been treated to whom we refer.

Now then, either those persons who have been guilty of treason are guilty of no crime, or those persons who have charge of the measuring of justice are not doing their duty.

Mr. Johnson says, "I am waiting for Mr. Chase." Well, that individual says, "I am waiting for the right time." When is the right time? There is a time for all things, it is said. Well, it is possible that may be in the far distant future, when those persons who have been guilty of what is called treason shall stand face to face with those who have suffered the most, who have thrown the most into the scale and have lost.

That unsatisfied army who are unseen to mortals, have something to do and something to say in this matter. Notwithstanding they are unseen, and to a certain extent may be unheard, they will not be unfelt; for it so happens that there is now a direct channel of intercourse open between every living soul on earth, and every living soul in the spirit-sphere. So all can be influenced to a greater or less extent. The amount of influence depends simply upon the requisite condition.

Mr. Johnson will soon stand before a tribunal that will not acquit him if he does not do his duty. Those persons who by virtue of their knavery, not their wit, have forced their way to the head of the government, will be called to stern account by those who demand justice.

Now we only ask that those persons who have failed to perform their duty, should be made to know the extent of their wrong doing; and when they know it, educated out of it. This is all we ask. We only ask that instead of perpetuating the egotism and self-righteousness of those who are ruling you, not you ruling them, you would build mental hospitals, in which their sufferings should find relief. They are weighed down with their own ignorance. They know in their inner lives they are ignorant, and do not know how to carry forth the best interests of this nation. They need to be kindly cared for, but not luxuriously treated. They do not need your roast beef dinners—do not need that you praise them for their treason. They have no need of this. They have need to know that they have made suffering all over the land, that there are widows and orphans, whose cries are continually going out for justice. When they learn these things, they will bow down in the deepest sorrow, we believe, and rise up redeemed.

But the course that has been pursued toward traitors will only result in a darker political state—only result in a confusion of ideas, in a want of justice, here and everywhere throughout your land. It will only result in dissatisfaction throughout every household. Even the plodding wayfarer will pause on his way to ask, is it safe to live under such a government, whose treason is no longer looked upon as a crime? These traitors are not punished. They are pampered in luxury. They are set free.

What will be the result? Why, it is plain to be seen. Your elder nations, instead of looking upon you with pride, will look upon you with pity and scorn. These people, they will say, who have fought so strenuously for right, for victory, they who desired to perpetuate the justice of their government, they are either asleep or dead. It would be better for them were they dead, for then they would speedily begin to rouse themselves from the lethargy of non-doing, and go out into the field, ready to work in any direction.

Now one is saying, "It is not my business," another is saying, "It is not mine." It is the business of every living soul who demands the protection of the Government. If it is not your business, you have no right to live here. Twenty-four hours' calm reflection would convince any sane, honest mind what the right course was. But time for reflection is wanting with this fast-living Yankee nation. I myself plead guilty to a charge in that direction.

But I do earnestly hope that these souls, this vast throng who are crying out for justice, may be heard and answered right, not with the stringing up of any culprit, but with the convincing of them that they are wrong, and educating them into a condition of right.

I am, or was, Gen. Frederick Lander. Good-day. May 16.

Lieut. Thomas B. Shields.

I seem to be in something of the same condition that I was before I yielded up the control of my body, died, in consequence of becoming over-laided and intensely exerting myself during the hours of action. I was said to have become insane, and I presume I was what was called insane. My name was Shields—Thomas B. Shields. I was a Lieutenant in the service, and I was under Gen. Sigel.

After the battle was over, I was carried to the rear. They said I was injured by the concussion of a shell, and the rush of blood to the head. Be that as it may, my friends took me to the hospital in Utica, and then took me out again. And so I died. And now it seems that everything is with my friends, so far as my effects are concerned, unsettled. I suppose I have no right to come back this way, but I felt as though I ought to, so I did not stop to question whether it was right or no.

I am not insane in my new life, not at all, nor am I here, only I feel that same terrible pressure to the head that I did when here. But it's only transient. I shan't feel it when I go away from here.

Some of my friends think had a different course been pursued toward me, I should be alive and well now. I want to tell them it is a mistake. I was permanently injured; never could have been well; and it's far better I should be where I am. Now with regard to the property I had at the South, I have only this much to say: It can be obtained, but I should quite as lief it wouldn't be, unless it is used for good.

And with regard to one person who feels that perhaps they have not been just to me, I have to say, I forgive you, if there is anything to forgive. And to all those who are similarly situated toward me, I'd say, I ask your pardon. I want to have no call back to earth such as would reflect a shade upon them or me. I want all my friends who have a desire to call me back to earth, to

shut out everything that would make either them unhappy or myself.

I would say to my friends I have met Major Celta. It is all right, he says, between him and me. They will understand it. (To the Chairman.) I am obliged to you, sir. May 16.

Lemuel Burroughs.

I'm Lemuel Burroughs, and my father wanted me to come here if I could. He don't believe I can, but he wants me if I can. I lived in Cincinnati, and I'm going there when I go away from here. I stayed here eight years; and mother's dead, and me. And mother's coming next time if she can; and she wants father to know we're not dead, but we're alive. Mother died first, and she had—she came and took me when I came.

When I died, father said he hoped there was a hereafter, another world, and if there was, and folks could come back, like the Spiritualists said, he wished I'd come. So I'm come; and I reckon he'd better give my things away now, because I shan't come back after them. I shan't want them, and 'tisn't any use to keep 'em, mother says, but give 'em to somebody that they may do good. I'm a—shant' join the circus in the spirit-land, because I've got something better now. [Did you desire to here?] Yes, sir, I did, because I liked it. And father said when I grew up he thought I'd get over that, and wouldn't want to join a circus troupe and go round. But I think I should if I'd stayed here. But I don't want to now. [Did your father ever take you to the circus?] Yes; and he said he would speak to the ring-master about me. I know he would n't; I knew he only said that; but he said he thought he'd find me the fastest pony he'd ever trotted round the ring. But he wouldn't say nothing to him. I knew he was only fooling me. But I shan't go now. And I shall never have any fevers in the spirit-land, and I shall never have any kind of sickness like I had here.

(To the Chairman.) I can't pay you anything, because I left my gold piece with all my things, and that's all I had.

[Does your father ever think of you as being round him?] Yes, sir, he does; and I reckon that's why he wanted to know if there was another world. [Did you get his message on your side of life, or here?] Oh no, I got it here. He did n't think of it until I died. My mother got it first. She thought I could come best. We're both dead. [Did you have any brothers or sisters?] No, there was only me.

Well, I reckon I'll go now. [You loved your father very much, didn't you?] Yes, sir, I did; yes, sir, I wish he was in the spirit-land too. I wish he'd die pretty quick, so I could meet him as my mother did me. [Did you expect to meet your mother when you died?] No, sir, I didn't. I was asleep. I took something. I had a horrid fever. I took something to make me sleep, and died, and mother came for me. Yes, sir, I did. [Were you happy when you met her?] Yes, sir, I was; I had n't any fever, only was afraid I'd got to come back. I didn't want to come back.

Oh, there's a plenty of folks in the spirit-land. Oh, there's enough to play with in the spirit-land. They do n't get sick and have to stay in the house. We have a heap better times than we did here. I wouldn't come back to play and to go to school. Yes, sir; and you do not never get sent to the foot. [Don't you when you miss?] No, sir, we don't. [There are no attempts to disgrace you?] No; but a fellow feels better when he knows a good deal; don't like to miss. I don't like to miss. But I didn't like to go to the foot when I was here. [Come again.] Yes, I will, and bring my mother. May 16.

Olive Litchfield.

Won't you say that Aunt Olive Litchfield wants to have a talk with her boys, who are here in Boston? Good-day. May 16.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; closed by "Cousin Benja."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Captain Thomas P. Brooks, of the 7th Virginia Infantry; Annie M. Winslow, of New York; and others; Aunt Polly Locke, of Newcast, N.H.; to Mr. White; Stephen Dougherty to his wife. **Tuesday, May 21.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edward Augustus Middleton, a slave, to his master, Edward A. Middleton, of South Carolina; Allen Allen, to his mother and sister Emma, in St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel to his mother, Mrs. Know, of Orleans, Mass.; Stephen Robinson, of North street, Boston, to his daughters, Mary and Eliza. **Wednesday, May 22.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Father Henderson, to Col. Chivington; Charles E. Gould, born at Hingham, Mass.; Allen Touchman, to his mother, New York city; Margaret Terrence, to her children and friends in Boston.

Monday, May 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Thomas J. Jackson ("Stonewall Jackson"); Terence McDermott, to his wife and brothers, in Boston, Mass.; Sophie Doucette, a medium, of Mr. Friend N.H., to her children. **Tuesday, May 28.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary E. Surratt, to President Johnson; Robert Clyde, of his son, to friends; Anna Nelson, of New York city, to his mother, Eliza Nelson. **Thursday, May 30.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Captain William P. Mudge, to Col. Underwood, of the 33d Mass. regiment; Augusta May, to her mother, in New York; Jennie King, of New York, to her mother.

Monday, June 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George P. Wyman, of Troy, N.Y., to his friends; Sarah A. Southworth, to friends; Annie Maria Barry, to her mother, in Denver City, Colorado; the wife of William Tappan, to her husband, in Colorado; to Lewis, or Samuel Foster Tappan. **Thursday, June 6.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Alexander Murray, to his wife; Frances Howe Prescott, to her sister, in New Bedford, Mass.; Willie Demarest, to his parents, living at New Bedford, Mass.; to his mother, Mrs. Brady, of East Boston, to his brother James, and Uncle Daniel Brady.

Thursday, June 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George P. Folly, to friends in Springfield, Mass.; Hiram Banks, to his brother, Hon. N. F. Banks; David Roche, to friends in Springfield, Mass.; Annie E. Williams, to friends. **Friday, June 11.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. William E. Hackett, to Col. Underwood, of the 33d Mass. regiment; to friends in Boston; Olive Sargent, to her mother and sister Sarah, in Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Callahan, to her daughter Mary, and a priest of this city. **Saturday, June 16.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen H. Caverly, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, Co. K, to his wife Jackson Logan, of Baltimore, Penn.; to his wife; Patrick Macnamara, of the 1st Mass. regiment, to friends; Adelaide Garvin, of Chicago, to friend W. C. Garvin, in New Orleans; Sister Mary Burke, to the Society of Friends in Water Street, N.Y.

Thursday, June 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Daniel B. Frost, of Almond, Va.; Abbie Green, lost on the steamer "Golden Gate," to friends in Williamsburg, N.Y.; Silas M. Proctor, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, to his brother Samuel; to Anna Cora Wilson ("Birdie"). **Tuesday, June 25.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Message from a Londoner to the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT; Dr. J. R. Moore, of Lawrence, Mass.; David Chester, of Alton, to his brother Stephen, in Kansas; Edith Wallace, of Cincinnati, O., to her friends in Georgia.

Thursday, June 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Howard M. Burnham, of Battery B, 6th Artillery, Frederick Circus, to his wife, and his friend Robert in Philadelphia, Pa.; Sarah A. Southworth, to the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT. **Monday, July 1.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Susie Bridgman, to her father, James C. Shelton, to his brother Charles, and friends in and near Portsmouth, Va.; Willie Putnam, to his mother, in Boston; James Riley, to his wife and children, in Boston.

Tuesday, July 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Brigadier-General George C. Strong, to his friends; Ephraim Harris, to friends in Princeton, Ind.; Clara Pope, to her brother, Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Boston; Lowell F. Wood, of Charles town, Mass., to friends.

MODEL COMPOSITION.—The Essex Statesman says a boy in South Danvers wrote the following composition upon his native town, which it thinks is very good for a schoolboy:

"South Danvers is in the United States. It is bounded by Salem and reaches to Middleton. Its principal river is Goldthwaite's brook, which empties into Salem Harbor. Its principal lake is the mill-pond, which is dry in the summer. Its principal productions are leather, onions, the South Church and George Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship their minister, the Spiritualists, who worship everything, and the Unitarians, who worship nothing."

This is a very gentle world if you do not rub the wrong way of the fur.

New York Advertisements.

NO LET.—Furnished Rooms by the day or week at 64 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. 3w*—July 2

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for the Editor should be addressed to J. M. PEEBLES, Local Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill. Those who wish to contribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT should send their contributions to the Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill. Those who wish to contribute to the BANNER OF LIGHT should send their contributions to the Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Appearances.

Each Sunday of August we lecture to the first Society of Spiritualists in the city of Detroit, Mich. Correspondents will address us accordingly, care of C. Randall, Fisher's Block.

M. B. Dyott's Reply to Mr. Peebles.

The inquiries you propounded in the BANNER of June 8th, admit of no other answer than those based upon our opinion and belief, corroborated by what measure of success our efforts and experiences may have earned for them. We believe the financial interests and responsibilities of the Society and Lyceum should be separate and distinct from each other; that each should feel and realize the necessity of self-sustenance, independent of each other.

Self-reliance is an indispensable prerequisite to success, and we do not believe that element will flourish where the financial interests of the two are united, and each dependent upon the other. The Lyceum, if directed with any degree of ability, is a self-sustaining institution; but, in order to develop its powers and resources, every individual member should be taught to feel that his or her efforts are necessary for its success, and that the Lyceum will be just what they make it. The Society, in my opinion, should be a separate and distinct organization, and should inaugurate and devise its own means of sustenance and control its own affairs.

In their work, aims and purposes the Lyceum and the Society should be one and cooperative; in their existence and government they should be distinct and separate. Each group should have the right to elect its leader, and the whole Lyceum should elect its executive officers. The officers and leaders should govern and manage its financial and executive business, and as far as it can be, a fair proportion of the officers and leaders of the Lyceum should be members of the Board of Directors of the Society, and officers and directors of the Board should also be officers or leaders of the Lyceum. That fact, I believe, will furnish a solution to the second question in regard to the unity of the social, mental and spiritual interests of our Society and Lyceum.

The reply to your third inquiry will be found in the institution of frequent social meetings, which combine pleasure and amusement with physical, intellectual and musical instruction. In a word, by making everything in connection with our Lyceum as attractive as we can.

In reply to your fourth inquiry I would say: If we have, to any considerable extent, convinced the Spiritualists and others of our city that it is neither wise nor consistent to send their children to sectarian Sunday schools to be taught creeds and theological falsehoods, it has been by the demonstrated utility and superiority of our teachings, as practically illustrated in our Sunday exercises, our week day practices and our public exhibitions, which have exhibited such a striking contrast with the old stereotyped, monotonous, erroneous teachings of the sectarian Sunday schools, that their reason and judgment can no longer withhold their verdict in favor of the Lyceum system. Their children are not only attracted to and become members of the Lyceum, but they bring their parents with them and both become interested in our progressive work.

To your fifth inquiry I would say: Having been blessed with exemption from petty jealousies and rivalries in our Lyceum, we have had no need for a panacea to cure them. Our officers are, and have been, all filled by those who have rather shunned than sought preferment.

Sixth: The Lyceum services preceding the morning lecture do increase both the attendance and interest in our morning and evening meetings, and draw into our fold hundreds of parents and others who would otherwise never have heard of our beautiful philosophy. I have given my views at length upon that subject in a recent issue of the BANNER, and I will, therefore, not occupy your time or space by further reference to your sixth inquiry.

Despise not the Rudiments.

Three-quarters, if not more, of the Spiritualists were converted to the belief in angel ministry through physical phenomena of some kind. The same rule applies in the scientific world. The falling of an apple suggested to Newton the law of gravitation regulating the motion of the planets. The flash of lightning led Franklin to experiments in the agencies of electricity, which in our day is so practical for good. The steam from a boiling kettle inspired the first thought of a steam engine.

The spiritual manifestations have awakened mankind to a knowledge of immortality. Those raps, those tappings, those simple familiar writings, those scoffed rances, have inaugurated a stupendous revolution in the social life. They have converted millions. What exalted thoughts they have developed, what risings of soul, what earnest purposes, what heavenly inspirations, what radical reforms.

Notwithstanding all this good, we have a class of pretentious leaders who, ascending to the house-top, propose to kick away the ladder as a useless thing now. Poor souls on the ridge-pole, would you not like to come down to terra firma? Perhaps others would like to enjoy your point of honor. Prithoe, let us have the ladder to climb up.

We will try and be patient with these wise-creeps. A little study or spiritual numeration will assist you much, gentlemen, in the higher branches of the science. Suppose you review for once. Please remember the fact that there are others in the world who will be under the necessity of learning the rudiments; that human nature is the same in all ages; that its first developments of mind are in the senses; that object lessons are the best for beginners. Despise not the rudiments.

Agassiz on Types.

The Hon. H. Wilson, United States Senator, wrote Prof. Agassiz awhile since relating to a matter involving physical structure, human types, and other ethnological problems. Among other things in Agassiz's reply, under date of July 8th, he said:

"The only ground I may have given to question the soundness of my views concerning the different races of man is the opinion I have always maintained, and which I still hold now, that the different types of the human family have an independent origin from the other, and are not

descended from common ancestors; but this idea I do not apply to the negroes only, but to the Indians, the Chinese, the Indoos, the Australians, etc."

He further contends that mankind, instead of being created as "individuals"—a human pair, according to the Moslem account—were "created in nations," and "crowds" at that; thus implying a fixedness in nationalities, and an eternity of distinctive types. This is the last word of Agassiz, and corresponds with eminent scientists of Europe.

Too Dear a Whistle.

No compromise with the church prisons whence we have escaped! Our emancipation has cost us a great price. We have endured too long a serfdom, felt too deep its galling links, suffered too much persecution, drank too copiously of the fountains of spiritual life, received too many blessings in our sacrifices, ascended to too high glories of experience, altogether so, to sell our birthright now for "a mess of pottage." It is no use to propose a splicing of new timber with rotting sills; no marrying of Christ with Belial; no dalliance of Samson with Delilah! Let dogs go back to their vomit; but let Spiritualists be firm in the newness of their blessed gospel.

We rejoice in the Free Religion of the Radical Unitarians, and will work with them in their rationalistic reform; but we say to them, as we say to all, there is need of the inspirational, the interior illumination, to sanctify the whole body. To accept of your platform with angel ministry left out, or ignored the least in word or act, might be a beautiful scholarship, fair as the marble Greek Slave, but just as dead. Let us have a Free Religion, but give it a soul that shall work even "miracles" in our reconstructive age. Good brothers, ascend the Mount of Transfiguration and talk with the angels till a divine aroma shall pervade your whole being, making you "ministers of flaming fire."

New Book of Music.

The undersigned have been repeatedly solicited to supply the general demand for improved hymns, songs and chants, to be used in our fast multiplying and growing societies. The feeling seems to be, that, whilst the books heretofore used have served a noble purpose, there is need of the fresh inspirations of melody from the angelic choirs, melodized through our world's gifted poets.

Agreeably, therefore, to what is required of us, we propose to compile a Spiritual Hymn and Song Book, containing a pure eclecticism of love and thought, adapted to the choicest music, suitable for all occasions, and arranged in the natural order of human experiences, comprehending the earth and spirit-life in their organic and marriage relations, educations, victories, harmonies and perfections.

As the undertaking concerns all spiritualistic reformers, and is allied with the interests of a common cause, we respectfully ask our friends generally to forward to us selections of the above specifications, that we may have as large resources as possible from which to body forth our other musical enchantment. Address either of the authors—

J. M. PEEBLES,
Battle Creek, Mich.
J. O. BARRETT,
Sycamore, Ill.

The Battle Creek Spiritualists, Mich.

Our friends in this city are continuing their interesting conference meetings during the hot weather. This is commendable. We think other localities would find profit in so doing. These frequent social gatherings keep the fires of truth and wisdom burning.

Their regular lecture term commences the 1st of September. They are now making arrangements with speakers for the year. Lecturers from the East desiring to come West, or from the West going Eastward, will address Mrs. D. M. Brown, Battle Creek, Mich.

Convention of Spiritualists.

On the 13th and 14th of June the Spiritualists of Marshall County, Iowa, held their first convention at State Centre and Bear Grove as per call previously issued. The meeting was organized by the choice of S. Molar as President, and G. Snow as Secretary, pro tem. Mrs. E. M. Brown entertained us by a discourse, and remarks were made by Dr. Data, Dr. Wheelock, W. Myers and others. A poem was then read by Dr. Wheelock, which Mrs. Brown followed by remarks on the rights of women.

Committees were then appointed on business, on organization and on resolutions. A poem was then read, also a letter from Mary J. Colburn.

Appointed W. Myers to answer the letter in behalf of the Convention.

Adjourned until evening.

Evening Session.—Pursuant to adjournment, the Convention met and was opened by an invocation by Dr. Wheelock.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown delivered a discourse; subject, "What is the difference?" showing the difference between the Creolists and Spiritualists.

Adjourned to meet at ten o'clock next day.

On Sunday the Convention met in the lovely grove; W. Myers was appointed President, and M. J. Wright, Secretary. A poem was read by Mrs. H. Brown, after which we had one hour of Conference.

Mrs. Brown was then introduced, and said that it should rain in the afternoon, and that her soul by speaking of that which lay nearest her womanhood—woman's rights! We regret that the length of our report precludes the possibility of publishing at least a part of this truly able and eloquent discourse.

Dr. Wheelock then spoke at some length on spirit manifestations.

Afternoon Session.—During this session the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Spiritualists of Iowa have thus far worked without any particular acquaintance with each other, and as union is strength and harmony of action is success, we recommend that we become better acquainted, to the end that united organizations and cooperative associations be established, by which we may be able to do more for the cause, and that active workers, mediums and speakers may be known and sustained for the upbuilding of the great spiritual temple of the nineteenth century; therefore,

Resolved, That the Spiritualists of Iowa take immediate steps to better know and understand each other, and the strength of their numbers, by appointing a Corresponding Secretary, who shall correspond with all who may desire for the purpose of forming Town and State Associations or Cooperative Committees.

Resolved, That the "Harmonical Philosophy" sometimes called Spiritualism, is not an "ism"—except in name—but is a Divine law inherent in a Divine principle lying at the foundation of all other principles, giving evidence of man's immortality, by communion with the inhabitants of the angel-world, realizing the truth of a life hereafter, uniting in human goodness and perfection in the realm of spirit existence.

Resolved, That in union of principle and action depend the life and prosperity of all societies, and that whatever tends toward caste or division should not find place with Spiritualists.

Resolved, Woman is man's equal, and should be denied no privileges, social or political, enjoyed by him.

Resolved, Spiritualism is the law that is lifting the world out of darkness into the light of wisdom, love and truth.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT and SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC for publication.

An organization was then formed of thirty-two persons. M. J. Wright was appointed Corresponding Secretary. A correspondence is solicited from all Spiritualists of the State, for the purpose of constituting the property of calling a State Convention, to meet the coming autumn. I also wish a correspondence with all who wish to join an Agricultural Cooperative Association.

M. J. WRIGHT, Secretary.

Lectures by Robert Dale Owen.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to our friends in the West that Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN proposes, in case he receives as many as twenty-five applications, to lecture throughout that section of the country during the months of February, March and April next, on the following subjects:

1. SPIRITUALISM as a phase, vitalizing other phases, of the religious sentiment of the day.
2. The East as a Human Prisoner, deduced from history, with a scene in the Temple at Jerusalem.
3. LABOR: Its history, its prospects, and the marvelous aids afforded to it by modern science. Extract: "I desire to speak of those whose strong arms, ceaselessly tugging at the oar, have impelled through all time, the bark of Life; and briefly to ask of each of us, how it has helped them of the Present, what is their actual condition; of the Future, what will be their coming fate."
4. THE HOUR AND THE MAN: Abraham Lincoln and the crisis which called him forth.

Mr. Owen will deliver any one, or more, of these lectures at the same place; if more than one, on successive days. Applications to be sent to Edwin Lee Brown, Esq., Western Lecture Bureau, 46 River Street, Chicago, who will arrange Mr. Owen's course, furnish information as to terms, and settle all other particulars.

Quarterly Meeting.

At a meeting of the Free Opinion Society of Spiritualists and Reformers, of Summit County, Ohio, it was resolved to hold a quarterly meeting of the friends of progress and reform, in Empire Hall, in the city of Akron, on the 17th and 18th of August, commencing on Saturday at ten A. M., and continuing the usual hours on Sunday.

There will be a free platform, the friends of progress and reform generally are invited to attend and participate.

A. UNDERHILL, and others, Committee.

Akron, Ohio, July 20, 1887.

Grove Meeting.

There is to be a grove meeting in Varona, Mo. (a quarter of a mile from Buckstop Village) on Friday, August 20th, and will continue three days.

All friends of progress and reform are invited to attend. Some of the best speakers in the States will be present, and also some of the best test mediums. All letters addressed to S. C. VILES.

Buckstop, Mo., July 22, 1887.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 64 Washington Street, at 3 and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford.

Chicago.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 1212 Howard Street, at 2 and 7 P. M. Sunday services, 10 A. M., 3 and 7 P. M.

St. Louis.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 230 West Second Street, at 3 and 7 P. M. L. P. Freeman, Conductor. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Conductor, Mrs. M. J. Wright.

Madison, Wis.—Meetings are held in Madison Hall, at 3 and 7 P. M. L. P. Freeman, Conductor. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Conductor, Mrs. M. J. Wright.

Chicago.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings at City Hall every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. A. H. Richardson, Conductor.

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LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED CHRONOLOGICALLY EVERY WEEK.

Arranged Alphabetically.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore has been carefully checked and corrected, and is published as a list of appointments, and of the names of the lecturers, wherever they occur. Should any name be omitted in this list of a party known to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, author of the Panophonic System of Printing and Writing, will lecture on Spiritualism, and where desired give week-end lectures in the new Shortland. Address, care of Banner of Light, Boston. Speaks in East Boston, Aug. 23 and Sept. 1. F. FANNIN ALLEN will speak in Dover, Vt., Aug. 4 and 11; in Putnam, Conn., Aug. 18 and 25; in Milford, N. H., Sept. 1 and 8; in Stoneham, Mass., Sept. 15 and 22; in Providence, R. I., Sept. 23; in Madison, N. H., Sept. 30; in New York, during October; in New Haven, during November; in Chelsea, during December. Address as per appointments, or North Middleboro', Mass.

J. ALLEN will receive calls to lecture and organize Children's Lyceums. Address, Chelsea, Mass.

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

Dr. J. T. ANON will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 200, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDRUS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lectures upon reform.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYNER will speak in Lynn, Mass., during August, and in Boston, Sept. 15 and 22. Would like to make further engagements for the fall and winter. Address, 87 Spring Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will answer calls to lecture on Sunday and Monday, during November; in Chelsea, during December. Address as per appointments, or North Middleboro', Mass.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN will speak in East Brainerd, Vt., the first of the month, and will further notice. Would like to make other engagements to speak. Address, West Randolph, Vt.

Mrs. M. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 6225, Chicago, Ill., care of Spiritual Republic.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLER, 151 West 12th St., New York.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, 260 North Second Street, Troy, N. Y.

Mr. BRYAN will answer calls to lecture in Michigan and Wisconsin, until further notice. Address, box 315, Camden P. O., Mich.

M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, Address, Parkeville, Pa.

Mrs. ANDY N. BURNHAM, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Auburn, Mass.

H. B. BUCKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass.

Rev. ARD BALLOU, Hopedale, Mass.

W. B. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

Dr. E. K. and S. A. BAILEY will answer calls to speak in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana. Address, Adrian, Mich.

W. T. BALLOU, inspirational speaker, Lansing, Mich.

WARREN CLARK, 54 Broadway, New York.