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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-heavings, 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 cramping 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 son 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 genial 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 not 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 blasphemy 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 reentered 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 communicating 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 induced 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 recognized; 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 might 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 supernatural 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 of 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 his 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 Harding 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 formularies. 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 mediumistic 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, in broad day and an aunt were in a room together, my friend and an aunt were in a room together, in my friend's room, 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 been 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 nature 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 distracted 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 expiatory 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. 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 great 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.

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 great 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,  
E. CARPENTER.  
Springfield, Mass, June 20th, 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 womenly 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 REPUBLIC 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 Griggs 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 Angelic 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 Evils"; 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 39, 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."

(Lemon Hoyt.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

White Peal Lily.

If you have ever floated over a New England pond and gathered handfuls of this delicious 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.

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 south-winds.

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 tie 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 gate-posts, 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 any good he might 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 blackened.

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 didn't mind the storm, though the waves topped far over the ship and the wind drove us like a thistle-down over the pasture. 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 haint 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 could not 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 that 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 rheumaty 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 erling, 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 ample 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 bringeth 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 aye the summer shall come round because it is His word, And aye we'll welcome back again its 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 poor captive, shut out from the bless-

ed light and free air of heaven, and mingling with the sweet twitterings 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 roost 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 kindred. 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 plumage black above And white beneath, the herald Of fair seasons and happy years."

I trust that every child who reads this sketch will look over 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.

(From the Newport Mercury.)

GOD IN THE SOUL.

BY GERTRUDE M. HAZARD.

I bow not in the fanes 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, I gaze not with a sigh Of sorrow for the fallen state, In which Thy creatures lie,

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

With holy indignation stirred, Spurn thou, my soul, the thought! And trample 'neath thy feet the Word With such false teachings fraught.

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 mists before the uprisen sun, And in the holy place, Awe-struck, I veil mine eyes, as one Who looks upon God's face.

Oh, as my feet their way retraced, 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 the writer speaks do not allow those old rusty coats to be cut up. Please give this amendment to the pages of the BANNER, and oblige an old Spiritualist in an old linen coat. Dredbach, Mich., July 14th, 1867.

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 progresses 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-celestials," 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 sustainers 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 farowells 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-umistic powers of Miss Lizzie Klezer, and although I have had a large experience, I must confess her the 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 seance given by Mr. E. V. Wilson, and which I attended, she was decidedly the success of the seance. 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 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 "heaven" 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 berry," 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, now 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 Thomas, 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. PLANCK, Guardian of Groups. Springfield, Ill., July 1st, 1867.

The Grove Meeting at New Boston, Ill.

Owing to the unfavorable conditions for meeting in the grove, Roberts'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 Hull, E. V. Wilson and other speakers were present, and made able, earnest and logical speeches. Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Brown conducted a seance Sunday evening, that resulted in much good. Mr. S. Hollowell, a resident medium, who has dragged himself through our streets on crutches for years, astonished all by suddenly discarding the "sticks" 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, E. B. Oranier offered a resolution of thanks, which was carried by a unanimous uprising of the audience with demonstrations of approval. We feel that much has

been done toward lifting man to a higher standard of thought and action.

R. S. CRAMER, Cor. Secretary. P. S.—In the early part of January, Rev. G. I. Bally, Methodist of this place, preached a sermon which his friends claimed would "dry up Spiritualism" in this community.

After Mr. Hull had finished, the friends of Mr. Bally continued the discussion for nearly two hours with E. V. Wilson, to the discomfiture of Orthodoxy.

Our Missionaries.

SOUTH SCITUATE.—Allow me, through the columns of the BANNER, to congratulate the friends of the Association on their success in this great enterprise—that of sending the Gospel of Spiritualism to all parts of the State where meeting are not already established.

NEWBURYPORT.—We are happy to report that through the efforts of Mr. E. S. Wheeler, who has favored us with several lectures, the Spiritualists and friends of free thought in this Orthodox city are bestirring themselves and awaking to see the importance of more earnest effort for the advancement of spiritual science and philosophy.

Within a short time a social circle has been organized, which meets once a week, wherein questions relating to the duties of Spiritualists and the philosophy of a true life are being discussed by earnest spirits in and out of the body, which are quite interesting and a source of pleasure and profit to all.

Efforts are also being made to raise funds in order to secure a hall so that public meetings may be held every Sunday, and, as often as possible, a good speaker procured.

For the benefit of the cause, and credit of those who believe in the superiority of our belief over all others, we hope that the Association may be enabled to keep a few speakers in the field to visit every corner of the State and stir up the people and lead them to see the utility of our scientific, philosophic and spiritual religion.

A few more good lectures here, and a combined effort on the part of the friends of progress, I doubt not will not only enable us to hold public Sunday meetings in a short time, but be the means of bringing those who love the cause to see the necessity of putting their hands in their pockets and giving the material aid necessary to enable the State Association to carry out its object of spreading light and truth, to help the weak to become strong and the lukewarm to become earnest.

Chicago, Ill., July 14, 1867. W. F. JAMERSON.

Miss Wheelock in Chicago, III.

This evening it has been my good fortune to listen to a thrillingly eloquent lecture delivered by Miss Elvira Wheelock, in Crosby's Music Hall. Earnest, logical, noble, were her utterances. Her subject, "Human Rights," was elucidated in a very skillful manner, and rarely surpassed for purity of diction. It abounded in telling hits, mirth and sarcasm, aimed with most happy effect at the popular crimes and iniquities of the day.

Miss Wheelock was frequently interrupted by responses of satisfaction from the audience, which was the largest that has convened here for a long time. She has been in the lecturing field only a few months—since her debut at the Rockford Convention a little more than a year ago—but she now takes her place among the best speakers of our time, and in the front rank of reformers.

Chicago, Ill., July 14, 1867. W. F. JAMERSON.

Lecturers Wanted on Long Island, N. Y.

I wish Spiritualists having the welfare of humanity at heart, would make some effort to send some missionaries to this benighted place, where their labors are so sorely needed. Poor, hungering souls, crying earnestly for food, are fed and fed upon, by the ravens and vultures of the Orthodox Churches, who possess not anything which giveth life or strength to the soul.

Since Mr. Hayford's discourse, which produced such a quaking among the rigid believers in Satan and his fiery dominions, a splendid hall has been erected here, where I should like to sit and feast on the rich, luscious fruits of Spiritualism, so refreshing, so far from fasting upon the "meagre diet of Christianity."

The Universalist Society of this village, presided

ed over by Rev. George H. Emerson, editor of the Ambassador, well known to Spiritualists for his intelligence and his liberal ideas, have engaged this hall for the coming year, at the expiration of which they anticipate having a church of their own. I heartily wish them success in all their efforts, for although they have not yet advanced as far as could be wished, nevertheless they are gradually advancing, and will yet reach an eminence whence they can look down on their present weakness and folly, so frequently exhibited in their flings and sneers at Spiritualism.

I hope my appeal to lecturers and mediums will not go unheeded; but I feel warranted in assuring them that they will meet with success here, although they may expect much persecution and opposition from those blind bigots who will resist everything tending to break down the sway they have so long exerted over the darkened minds of the people.

Their rule must necessarily be of short duration, for the combined attack of so many forms of free thought, springing up over the land, must yet produce some marked effects, and these effects I hope will be the total destruction of all manner of oppression, and every tendency, even, toward intolerance and religious bigotry.

Huntington, L. I. L. SIDNEY DEZENBORF.

A GEM FROM THE SHINING SHORE.

The following beautiful poetry was improvised through the mediumship of Mr. Joseph D. Souza, of Boston, Mass. It was dictated by Miss Mary Ladd, now of the spirit-land, who was, and is now, most tenderly and affectionately beloved by all her relatives and friends.—V. V. F.]

Dear brothers, gladly do I come To earth, your evanescent home, To write, through this material hand, A message from the Morning-Land.

The years upon their way have sped Since I was numbered with the dead; Since friends upon my clay-cold face Took their last fond and loving gaze.

Death could but kill the outer shell In which the loving soul did dwell; It could not crush the thinking part, Nor stop the throbbings of the heart;

For still, in brighter worlds above, It beats with true, devoted love, And in its beatings will not cease Till every one finds perfect peace.

There is no dreary, wide abyss That separates your world and this; No gloomy chasm intervenes To hide from you heaven's glorious scenes.

The veil that shields us is so thin That ye may take a glance within, And your beloved ones behold Upon the shining shore of gold;

May see each dear, familiar face, And feel the pure and warm embrace Of angel-friends around you twined, Low breathing peace and joy of mind.

The lowly Jesus, when he reigned, By heavenly beings was sustained; Was led to do his Father's will, And cheered 'mid every pain and ill.

When woes and troubles round him pressed, And anguish was his constant guest, When death before his eyes loomed up, And bitterest sorrows filled his cup;

Then legions, from the sunlit isles, Were near to light his path with smiles, And guide his tempest-driven bark Through all his tribulations dark.

They solaced him, and with him prayed, Beneath Gethsemane's cool shade; And in that agonizing hour They gave him new and strengthening power.

And when upon the cross he hung, How sweetly through him angels sung That song, so sweet to us and you: "Forgive, they know not what they do."

And are the laws of God repealed? Has He the book of knowledge sealed, And veiled forever from your gaze "The bliss and beauty of His ways"?

Ah, no! sweet Inspiration's page Reveals God's truth in every age, And opens to man's inner sight A world of harmony and light.

God's records never can be sealed, His laws can never be repealed; He is unchanging—'er will be The same through all eternity.

And through those self-same laws I'm here, My parents, brothers, sisters dear, Upon this BANNER pure to write A line or two for you to-night.

Think not that Mary dear is dead; Her soul to fairer skies has fled, Has gone from earth and all its pains, Its doubts and fears and blighting stains.

'Tis mine your troubled hearts to soothe, Your checkered paths with joy to smooth; To fold you in my arms of love, And sit you for the heavens above.

Though calm and storm and shine and shade, And woes of every kind and grade, May be your portion while you stay, Amid the things of swift decay,

Be patient. Fear not. Angels bright Are ever with you, day and night; Around each darkling cloud to throw In gorgeous lines hope's golden glow.

If friends prove false and foes defame, I'll be your faithful friend the same, Will prove a daughter, sister true, Till life upon the earth is through.

And when the last farewell is said, And coffin'd is the "gentle head," Your souls, above the mortal sphere, Shall rise to greet your Mary dear.

Children's Festival in Maine.

The cause is still progressing in the almost wilderness of Maine. As the readers of the BANNER are aware, the Progressive Lyceum of Dover and Foxcroft were to hold a grove meeting; it was to have taken place on the Fourth, but for the inclemency of the weather it was postponed till the Fifth, which opening fair, the large hall was densely crowded with smiling children ranging from the infant two years old to the second childhood of ninety. Never has this place witnessed a more pleasing procession than upon this occasion, considering our Lyceum was formed only the first Sunday in May, by Bro. Carpenter. It now numbers one hundred and forty members, and is still increasing. With their banner bearing the in-

scription, "A Foretaste of the Summer-Land," "Angels guide our footsteps," and one hundred more flags fluttering in breeze, guided by the Council, Mr. Farall, and Gustavus M. Gray, who with firm hearts and steps were foremost on the ranks, never for one moment finching under the piercing eyes of the hundreds of spectators, headed by martial music, the procession marched to the grove, where the public were highly entertained by singing, marching, speaking and other exercises, which were well executed.

The friends being anxious to hear from the Summer-Land, Dr. S. Roe, Jr., of New York gave an address which interested all. After a sumptuous dinner had been served, several of the scholars recited, and Mrs. Anderson made a fine inspirational address. The procession was then re-formed and marched into the village again, and counter-marched in the square, where were hundreds of skeptical lookers on.

Dover, Me., July 6th, 1867. F. L. WARNER.

Meeting of Spiritualists and Free-Thinkers, At Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

A meeting of Spiritualists, free-thinkers and friends of human progress was held at the place named above on the 29th and 30th of June last, pursuant to published notice. The meeting was organized on Saturday, the 29th, at 2 o'clock P. M., by calling to the chair Fuller Bucklin, Esq., of Little Valley, and choosing for Secretary, J. E. Weeden, of Randolph. After appointing a Business Committee, consisting of friends Bushnell, Larkin and Mrs. Leach, both of Bushnell's, and a musical song, accompanied by instrumental music, the effect of which was felt and appreciated.

Some very appropriate and interesting remarks were made by the Chairman, who then introduced Mr. James, of Chicago, who made an interesting and instructive discourse on the question, "Whither are Spiritualists drifting?" He said, "Bigots say they are getting far away, but I ask, where are they drifting and what are they seeking?" and then proceeded to show that we are seeking knowledge, and for that purpose are examining the first truths and principles of Nature, that new lights are shining upon us, and new resources of knowledge are opening; that mankind were once in a different state from what they are now; that progression is a law of Nature, and applies as well to man and mind as to other departments; that for the past eighteen hundred years comparatively few have advanced beyond the masses. He proceeded to show examples of progression, and contrasted the state of the world and society to day with what they were in ages past. His illustrations were interesting and instructive.

Appropriate and interesting remarks were made by Bro. Tobias and Charles H. Oberlin, after which, on motion of Bro. Toucey, committee was appointed to draft and present resolutions to the meeting for its consideration. The committee consisted of Messrs. Toucey and Weeden and Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Wadsworth.

The meeting then adjourned until Sunday at 9 o'clock A. M.

Sunday Morning.—A session was spent in free interchange of thought and general remarks and conversation. Mr. James spoke of the Chicago Artesian Well, and also of the Spiritualists' oil well near Pleasantville, Pa. He gave the history of its location by himself as a medium, and the direction of the spirits relative to the disposal of its stock.

Mr. Toucey spoke on the freedom of thought, and showed some of the wrongs resulting from its suppression. He said there are different ideas among mankind, and the interchange and comparison of those ideas tend to elicit truth and develop thought and knowledge. All minds should be free, and no person should be blamed for his views or belief, but all should endeavor to improve. In treating criminals, we should teach them that they have a principle of good within them, and that they should not be impressed with the idea that all within them is bad.

Mr. Beals gave some excellent music, and a song, "The Good Time Coming." Mr. Howe, of New Albion, was then introduced, and spoke at length, and with masterly force and thrilling eloquence. He commenced by saying, "Creeds, systems, empires rot with age, but people are ever youthful. Creeds are mortal, and are brought forth in ignorance, and must therefore die. If a creed contain nothing but truth, it cannot decay. It need constantly change, from decay and extinction. This is proved by time, history and observation. They never come up again in the same form. One of the ideas of Christendom consists in the idea that creeds are infallible. We should cultivate scientific and intellectual religion, and make it more for ourselves, and hold nothing as truth merely because it comes from the past, but the test of observation and reason should always be applied. When Moses gave the law, "Thou shalt not kill," he was himself one of the greatest murderers that ever lived. The dictum, "Thou shalt not kill," is alive to-day in the public mind, but it is still practiced, so far as governments are concerned. The doctrine that "thou shalt not go after false gods," is dying away, and people are making gods of false creeds. Creeds are compelled to change, because the people have grown, and their minds have expanded. The doctrines and practices of Moses and Solomon are practically repudiated. Murder and polygamy, debauchery and licentiousness, although practiced by those whom the Church reveres, are to-day discarded with scorn and reprobation; and such men as Moses and Solomon, David and Jacob, are being exposed to the gaze of public indignation and contempt. We must not every day of our lives. Their creeds are dying away. The people will hereafter regard past creeds as idolatry, and their worshippers will be looked at in the same light as the worshippers of dumb idols and the rotten sayings of the priesthood of dead superstitions and the gods of ancient mythology are now regarded. He then asked, "What would you do with churches?" and answered, "Let them die. I would not kill them—they are killing themselves. There is much that is false in Spiritualism. The errors are crumbling before the light of truth. He exhorted his audience to seek their own sentiments, and prohibit others from thinking for us. We are unwilling to authorize any one to say to us, Adopt our ideas or be damned. In speaking of the organization of societies, he said, We are in favor of organization in a general sense, but not in the special or sectarian sense. We would not advocate restraint by any religious authority, but would do it by education and general information.

Mr. H. illustrated his subject throughout with much force and beauty of sentiment, at times rising high in poetic imagery and enforcing his ideas with a masterly and forcible use of metaphors and illustrations. This report of his lecture is but a meagre outline, and does it but feeble justice. To be appreciated, it should be heard. Creeds were annihilated by force of irresistible logic.

Musical by Mr. Beals, and song, "De a man." An intermission of one hour was then had, which time was agreeably spent in partaking of refreshments and interchange of sentiment. During the intermission, Mrs. Paries, of Ellington, read a beautiful little poetic effusion, given by spirits through her organism.

On reassembling the Chairman made some highly interesting remarks on the continuance of life and illustrated his subject by philosophical principles founded on observation. He also gave his idea of God: that he exists in the life of Nature, and that we know nothing of what is, outside of Nature.

Mr. Beals gave some more of his excellent music, and a song, "Under the Ice," which produced a marked effect.

Mr. Howe again spoke on "Faith—Its Use and Its Abuse." He said, "Faith is something in faith, but does not show its meaning. They quote the Apostle's definition, and then claim to have faith in all the ridiculous dogmas of theology. He proceeded to illustrate, showing that their ideas amount to nothing when examined in the light of nature and reason. He said, we need a faith and religion that dares the bold face of science, and dares face all the crucifixes that are recognized as tests of truth. The best faith is faith in ourselves, and faith in our own reason and observation, and faith in humanity and each other.

Musical by Mr. Beals, and song, "Something sweet to think of." The following resolutions were reported by the committee, and after appropriate discussion and remarks, were unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That we are in favor of the free interchange of views and opinions, and the free expression of thought, and the free pursuit of truth, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of science and art, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human mind, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human hand, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human heart, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human soul, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human spirit, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human mind, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human hand, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human heart, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human soul, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human spirit, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the human mind, and the free enjoyment of the fruits of the 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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 came 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 circle 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—Brigetta, of Sweden, Illidgegarde, 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 my 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 labor is so much demanded. 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-

sonary 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, least 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. J. M. 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 yours in writing for children, there is not a shadow of doubt. There are ever 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 they 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 an 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 I 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 fall 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 19, 1867.

**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 rusticiating 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 Thirteenth 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 announced to a great meeting recently held at Pistoria, 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.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

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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 3d 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 3d to the 6th of September. Let there be such a gathering on that occasion as shall challenge the respect of a hireling 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 will be entitled to twenty-six 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, at the rate of one cent per mile, provided they purchase tickets to the Convention at any of their offices. Persons from other States please note.

The through fare from Philadelphia to Cleveland is \$13.50, and by this arrangement this 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 confined 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 condition, 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 expense of these Conventions has 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—still 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 this 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 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. Let the cost of the society, which shall entitle such society to its proportion of the minutes, to be forwarded to it by the publishing committee; 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 effectually 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.

What say 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 very 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 now do I refer to making arrangements whenever 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 well. 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 board, after being obliged to pay their own 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 so 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, (I 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 Walden 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, 645 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. Peabody," (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 imprint upon them.

Children's Lyceum Conventions.

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 resumé 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 Hall, Tremont Temple, Boston, on Thursday, July 25th. 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 telegrams 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 favor the committee that reported the bill in his pocket 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:

Total.....10,376,000

He supposes there are eight millions of the 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.

Williamantic Children's Lyceum.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Williamantic, Conn., held its annual meeting Sunday, July 21st, 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 his decree, Generals Artoaga and Salazar, and many other officers of high rank, were foully shot, and without the form of a court-martial. Had these circumstances been 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 be-



Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond...

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.

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.

CHAIRMAN.—We have no more questions to present to-day. SPIRIT.—We are informed that you received one concerning the fall of Ninevah, yesterday.

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.

Q.—By M. Pond, of Winsted, Conn.: It is, I believe, admitted by all so-called communications from spirits, that animals, as they are termed, have no hereafter.

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

Q.—By M. Pond, of Winsted, Conn.: It is, I believe, admitted by all so-called communications from spirits, that animals, as they are termed, have no hereafter.

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.

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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?

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.

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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'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.

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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?"

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?

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?

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.

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.

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.

What will be the result? Why, it is plain to be seen. Your sister nations, instead of looking upon you with pride, will look upon you with pity and scorn.

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 overheated and intensely exerting myself during the hours of action.

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 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 would not be, unless it is used for good.

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

I would say to my friends I have met Major Caltze. It is all right, he says, between him and me. They will understand it.

May 16. Lemuel Burroughs. I'm Lemuel Burroughs, and my father wanted me to come here if I could. He do n't believe I can, but he wants me to if I can.

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.

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