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SPIRITUALISM REVIEWED.

A LECTURE BY

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE,

Delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, July 10, 1867.

(Phonographically Reported for the Banner of Light by J. M. W. Verrinton.)

FRIENDS—It appears that this meeting is convened at the request of those who love and honor the cause of Spiritualism, for the purpose of enabling them to testify their appreciation of the services of one whom they consider to have labored faithfully and well in its advocacy.

On an occasion of so much interest, we deem we cannot better realize the highest purpose of the assemblage, than of a brief retrospect of the progress of that cause in which both speaker and audience are so much interested, and in whose behalf the grateful emotions of the present hour have been especially called forth; hence we shall make the subject of the night, the origin, progress and present status of the movement called "The Rochester Knockings."

No intelligent Spiritualist has ever claimed that Spiritualism originated on the American Continent. On the contrary, the affirmation of all the spiritual literature of this age, and the utterances of the spiritual rostrum, abound with definitions of the unity of Spiritualism in America with that of all other countries, while the most thorough analyses are rendered of the coincidence of the modern phenomena with those of every other age of the world. Still there are certain specialties which resolve modern American Spiritualism into a concrete movement, differing in some respects both as regards time and place from all other spiritual manifestations of history. These points of speciality we shall develop as we proceed, but we would first solicit your attention to the fact that this wonderful modern movement is the manifestation of a clearly appreciable design, both in the broad generalities of the divine scheme which we call "the providential plan," and also bears conclusive evidence of a systematized and successful action on the part of those spiritual intelligences, whom man justly assumes to be the ministering angelic instruments of working out the designs of Providence. In illustration of our first position, note the invariable stream of progress which has borne the race onward from material to spiritual growth and development.

Observe that all our discoveries in arts and sciences have tended upward from matter to mind; that the entire history of humanity is one grand epic, in which successions of eras reveal the marching footprints of the all-conquering hosts of mind triumphing over the mysteries of creation, until one after another the visible and sensuous powers of the universe lead us into the realm of the invisible and imperceptible.

Thus the fiery hieroglyphics of the shining heavens spell out the command to search into the black depths of the unknown, until the telescope reveals myriads of worlds invisible to the eye of mortality, yet visible to the all-piercing gaze of science. The heaving billows of the pathless ocean lead us onward from the known to the unknown; from their mobile surfaces to the profound depths which the conquests of science at last enable us to fathom from centre to circumference. The suggestions of every foot of earth the agriculturist tills leads him deeper and deeper into the cavernous mysteries of the invisible beneath his feet, until geology completes the history of the visible creation, and rolling back the curtains of the eternity behind us, discloses the long hidden footprints of the Creator conducting the germinal seed of an embryonic planet from the nebulae of the skies and the shining path of the obedient satellites. Gas, steam, electricity, magnetism, chemistry, and finally animal magnetism, psychology, and other kindred sciences, all form the last milestones on the road of man's sure and inevitable ascension through all the realms of science which the human mind can compass, until he arrives at the only barrier that arrests his triumphant march through his Father's universe, namely, the mystery of his own soul.

Here before the awful gates of life and death, shutting in the rudimentary sphere, but seeming to envelope in inscrutable mystery and unbroken silence the eternal issues of earthly being, man has been compelled to pause, baffled at last by the very power which enables him to triumph over all barriers to knowledge but himself; instructed in all powers, forces and elements but the supreme and crowning glory of all, his own deathless spirit; and since nothing remains for him to achieve but this one vast knowledge, since all other phases of scientific lore but lead him up to this, shall they leave him there to pause in idle rest, which is annihilation, or retreat on his own footsteps, which is retrogression? It cannot be—no evidence of retrogression has ever yet been manifested in the Divine plan; hence man must advance, and the only step which he can take onward is into the realm of spirit. No horizon has ever yet bounded the onward march of the tramping ages but human ignorance; hence this alone is the barrier which hinders the solution of all spiritual problems from his view. Hence do we assume that Spiritualism in the nineteenth century must have come, no matter how, or in what form, to complete the scientific progress of the race, and ultimate the designs of that Almighty Leader who has brought man up to the very gates of the Spirit Temple, nor written one restrictive word upon its portals to bar his entrance there. Spiritualism comes, in spirit, as the blossom of the ages—the flowering-time of man's advancing mind; it needs must come, and come in this very era, or all the prophetic marches of the race have been but a mocking chase after circling atoms, turning again to the groveling dust they've spurned, and proving

man has no soul, unless the universe he's all explored gives up at last its Joleman mystery to the importunate claims of science. And thus do we affirm that the Spiritualism of this age is obviously eliminated by the unfoldments of the Divine plan of creation, and the fulfillment of God's own scheme of eternal revelation.

Again: we recognize in this modern spiritual movement the action of those noblest of earth's master-minds, who, commencing their rudimentary career of science upon this earth, proceed to elaborate and further apply their knowledge in the brighter and higher spheres of eternity.

All Spiritualists realize that their views of the hereafter, in the light of spiritual revelation, are vastly different from those entertained through the influence of theological teachings. You will be prepared to believe, therefore, that multitudes must have entered the spirit-world, who, trusting to the efficacy of a vicarious atonement to compensate for an ill-spent life, must have realized the bitter fruits of ignorance and superstition in disappointment, and the inevitable penalty which we know awaits every sin committed on earth. We know, moreover, that multitudes must have entered the spirit-world who beheld bereaved friends mourning over their departure, seeking vainly for evidence of their possible resurrection through the dim traditions of theology, bending over the summer grass that concealed the mouldering form of death, and trusting only to find balm for the agony of bereavement in unkind forgetfulness of those most beloved. We may comprehend, therefore, the yearning anxiety that must have possessed millions and millions of those who in every sand-grain of time are passing through the gates of death into that realm which priesthood has purposely veiled from us by mystery. Ignorance and superstition have been man's only teachers on the phenomena of death. Hence you may conceive for yourselves of the hosts of spirits that must have vainly waited and hoped for some means of communicating with earth, and, like Dives in the parable, have longed to return that they might "warn the five brothers they had left behind."

Again: remember that instead of crushing out all the experiences of earth, darkening science, genius, and quenching human effort in the tomb, the risen spirit, as you understand it, commences its progress here on earth, elaborates it in the spheres, and continues to gather up knowledge and enlarge upon the first rudimentary pages of life first opened upon this earth. Hence, all of science, knowledge, light and understanding of God's universe that we can ever realize in eternity, must first be learned on earth. Comprehending this, we may perceive how the students in the occult sciences, known only in this nineteenth century, such as clairvoyance, psychology, mesmerism, electricity and telegraphy, passing into the spirit-spheres, must inevitably have produced those changes which culminated at last in the telegraph and its successful working between the spiritual and natural worlds.

We have been accustomed to think that when the soul passed through the gate of death it becomes as God; that all things were open to its view; that all knowledge was comprehended by the spirit; but we now realize that the spirit-world is founded, delimited, grows and progresses step by step with its own planet, ever a little in advance, and yet but a step. One of the sweetest and divinest harmonies of Nature is perpetuated in the constant growth and similarity of the natural and spiritual worlds. Hence we may perceive how the John the Baptists of this great movement sprang like blossoms of eternity from the roots that were sown on earth; and how Swedenborg, who with illuminated eyes, while yet in the mortal form, beheld the realms of eternity; who with spirit foot, while yet encased in the earthly clay, walked with angels in their spirit-homes—how this bright and philanthropic soul, realizing in himself the possibilities of clairvoyance for all, longed to bestow on all mankind the blessings that himself had enjoyed. He took no leap in the dark. He perceived the truths of that eternity to which he was wending; and, though his followers have superstitiously narrowed down to himself the possession of those occult powers of soul that belong to all, nevertheless the great and mighty spirit of the man outtroubled sect, and faithfully has labored in the advanced lycums of the higher world, for the dawning of that bright day when mortal eyes, like his own, shall be illuminated to behold the momentous truths of the hereafter, and comprehend the perpetual relations that subsist between the natural and spiritual worlds.

Following in his footsteps come others who, in this age, have also entered upon the study of the occult powers of the soul. Such was Mesmer, who discovered the secret of miracle and disclosed the existence of that very philosopher's stone for which the ancients had searched so long in vain. Mesmer proved that the occult powers of life within the human form were transferable from body to body; that life was the mysterious medium that bound the spirit to the form, and that spirit, by the aid of magnetism, could work the mystery of those signs and wonders which in ancient time were deemed supernatural.

And then came Hahnemann, the discoverer of "the soul of things"—Hahnemann, who realized that that spirit set free was stronger than matter; that the true force of the drug was the spiritual part; hence that Nature herself was one grand battery of spiritual forces that only needed the aid of science to apply them. And then followed Ben Franklin, who, Prometheus-like, stole the fire from heaven and animated the cold staccato form of matter with the living principle of an universal life, throbbing alike in the metallic veins of the earth and the electrical machinery of human life.

And with them were the electricians, physiologists, magnetizers and psychologists of this wonderful era, all and each carrying, their powers with them, and all and each joining the mighty

councils of those noble and philanthropic souls who, in pity to the darkness of superstitious earth and in reverence to the Divine command, "Let there be light," had convened in solemn congress to determine how best they could respond before God and man, "And there shall be light." And around the mighty councils of the spheres stood hosts of eager souls who longed and waited for the glorious hour when messages of light and love and immortality should flash across the spirit lightning wires, warning the souls of earth from off the shoals and reefs whereon themselves, in multitudes, had once been shipwrecked, waking the sluggish, warning the wicked, comforting the poor, cheering the heart bereaved, and bringing to all the daily bread of life eternal, for which the starved earth hungers, with no high priest to stand between the creator and the creature, save God and his ministering angels. And this was the means, the motive power and agency which resulted at last in the much despised and much misunderstood movement called "the Rochester Knockings"; and thus the momentous hour came at last, when the grand experiment should be made. Naturally that land most full of the forces of life and death, the old continent of Europe, where, generation after generation, the expiring lamps of life had gone out, and where the very walls, stones, air, and even garments of the dwellers, were charged with mediæval forces of life, was the first scene of the experiment. But mark the result! The dark terrorism of superstition was and still is dominant on the olden continent. Nature is ever harmonious in all her movements. The progress of free thought in this land has permitted free speech.

Hence all first great political, social and religious movements toward ultimating the freedom of man, soul and body, must be made in America. State churches and State governments in the older countries, palsy the minds and consciences of the people, and neutralized the possibility of any manifestations coming that were not made through the church, or that might clash with the unkind law of aristocratic caste, and hence the slavery of bigotry that would not think, and that of fear that dare not, drove the spirits back, and caused the attempts to work the spirit telegraph in Europe to become at first a failure. Following in the tracks of all grand experiments in civilization, the spiritual seers echoed all Nature's cry of "Westward ho!" and in a remote village in the Empire State of the land of the West, the first successful attempt to work the telegraph between heaven and earth upon a systematized and scientific basis was triumphantly inaugurated.

We would not willingly dwell upon personal experiences in this brief sketch of the general features of this movement, but we feel we should find in painting that noblest of all lessons, namely, how in the divine scheme the grandest results are wrought through the humblest means, did we not pause for a few moments to note the initiatory steps by which the corner-stone of the magnificent temple of the future church of the divine humanity was laid. At first the sounds of the workmen's hammers, in the shape of the mystic raps, were heard with that inevitable fear which is the child of ignorance and fondly cherished superstition; but when after a time the astonished listeners became more familiar with the incomprehensible noises, the keen spirit of investigation, so characteristic of the country, succeeded to terror, and friends, neighbors, law and divinity, were summoned to aid in attempting to solve the mystery. Like most other instances wherein ignorance prevails, friends and neighbors shrank back when the world began to frown. The church determined that any power which its solemn exorcisms could not control, must be of Satan, and the law resolved that spirits that were contumacious to the magistrate's warrant could be caught but evil; and thus it may be said that excepting a few faithful friends and common sense believers in the power of God to do that in the nineteenth century which he could do in the first, the unfortunate subjects of the first mystic rappings were basely deserted by those who should have been foremost to aid in solving the mystery, and forsaken of those who should have been last to desert them in their hour of severe, strange, and unprecedented trial. But when man is weakest the power of God becomes the most manifest; the beautiful and divine science that appealed in vain to an ignorant priesthood and egotistical schoolmen, took root in the very heart of humanity, through the divinely appointed means of human reason, and the mystery that Scribes and Pharisees would not or could not solve, yielded to the dictum of the plain common sense which God has implanted in every human mind. A little child reasoned that as the mysterious knocker would imitate her noiseless actions, so it would be able to see, and as it would respond to her spoken commands, so it must also be able to hear, and when in the simple counsels of reason it was determined that such proofs of intelligence suggested the agency of a human spirit, an honest New York farmer, confiding in the supremacy of good over evil, and believing that God was stronger to save than Satan to destroy, carried his process of reasoning one step further, and determined that the being that could see, hear and understand, could also communicate through human language; and so with a prayer on his lips, God as his staff in the valley of the shadow, and firm faith that from an honest purpose no evil could result, he descended to the cellar where the invisible rapper led him, and there for the first time since time itself began, the disembodied soul of man communed with the embodied through a clear, distinct, systematized and scientific method of telegraphy.

Oh ye who speak with scorn and contempt of "the Rochester Knockings"; ye who dare to stigmatize them as "humbbug"; or impudently revile them as "evil," would that ye could have watched by the council fires of the mighty armies of the noble dead, as for long, long years they had patiently

marshaled their ranks in heaven to do battle—the armies of light and progression against the legions of earthly darkness and superstition. Would that ye could have seen the bright and glorified forms of the master minds of all past ages that stood around the spiritual battery, sounding out its low tap, tap, in the silence of that midnight vault, whilst legions upon legions of anxiously watching spirit friends of earth, its patriots, martyrs, sages, schoolmen and teachers, hung breathlessly on the low workings of the spirit-telegraph, until the glorious message of immortality flashed over its wires; until the sound was heard, comprehended, answered, and "I still live!" shouted in rejoicing chorus through all the corridors of eternity by twice told ten thousand bright immortal spirits, and was then inscribed in characters of living fire upon earth's equatorial belt, to be erased alone when earth shall cease to be.

They heard it; and the circling zones of light that belt the earth with radiant spirit people, shouted their hallelujahs of rejoicing to their God. They heard it, the sunlike dwellers of far distant planets, and joined the rejoicing anthem of earth's victory. They heard it, the solemn stars of unknown firmaments, and through the archways of unending time they sang the mighty psalm of the triumph of the warriors of light. They heard it, ministering spirits and angels moving round the awful throne of Him whose work it was, and whilst the victor-browed angelic hosts thus celebrant bent low to listen to earth's spirit telegraph, the mortal who first heard its tones sublime wept like an humbled child before his father's manifest approach; and thus whilst all creation listened, and answered with the anthem of the universe, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?" the world, too, heard it, and with the press and pulpit in its van, answered creation's anthem with—a sneer, a scornful jest and fierce anathema against the "rapping spirits."

But ere we dismiss the subject of the "Rochester Knockings," and pass from this scene, which will yet become to a grateful and appreciative future generation a spiritual Mecca, it is well that we should remember how fearfully the throes and pains of martyrdom ever herald in the births of true Messiahs. The suffering family who were the subjects of this first grand experiment, realized this truth by drinking to the very dregs the cup of the world's scorn, insult and persecution; friends looked cold, and enemies rejoiced; the public voice was often raised in a wall of bitter execration against the "rappers," and not even the page of the most searching history can ever render justice to the moral crucifixion which this Christian age put on the hapless subjects of these despised "Rochester Knockings." And yet their lesson came, and they, too, in the midst of their adversity, learned to know their strength, and realize how good it was to suffer for the cause of truth. They thought their cross was too heavy for them to bear, and in their dark Gethsemane they prayed that the cup might be removed. They prayed so earnestly, that with the very force of will they answered their own petitions, and drove the spirits back, silenced the rapping floors, and stilled the moving telegraphy. But alas! no sooner had they gained the boon they sought, exemption from the spirits, than they found what a dreadful loss their gain had been. The spirits now were gone. The glimpses of heaven opened to them had disappeared. The kindly counsel, the wise guidance, the wondrous companionship of the bright immortals was withdrawn, and with them was gone the very sun of heaven which had shone upon them. Day by day the world grew colder, emptier. With tears and sighs and vain supplications they courted back the now lamented friends whom they in human weakness had relid on, even in the midst of all the pain the strange association had entailed. Night by night sad invocations were sent up from the now deserted dwelling that the kind, bright spirits would return; but all was vain, until upon the fourteenth day of this spiritual desolation, some visitors aided them in tender invocations to the spirit loves departed, when lo! their pleading tones were answered with the well-remembered shower of telegraphic raps. Midst tears of joy and choking sobs of gratitude, the "rappers" knelt and kissed the very ground where the precious detonations sounded out the returning footprints of "the spirits."

And now we must permit the individual experiences belonging to this movement to become merged into the general stream of history.

At first, it was deemed that the manifestations belonged to the house. So dark, so coldly ignorant and blind is man upon every subject that pertains to his spiritual welfare, that we are fain to believe that spirit power is to be found rather in wood and stone than within the human soul, and so it was thought that the house was the medium power. But soon it was proved that the power belonged to the individuals, and that when they passed from place to place, the sounds went with them. Then the same old superstitions were revived which once attached to occult persons, namely, that they were either specially favored of God, or in league with the powers of darkness. Again experience was the only corrective of these erroneous ideas, and it was found that, like the flowers of the field, the manifestations were springing up on every side, irrespective of place or person.

Next it was conjectured that the whole was the result of imposture, and the wisest and most pious persons of the land taxed their wits to prove either that they have no immortal souls, or, having them, that the soul can do nothing without the body's aid, and that whereas on earth men can be chemists, mesmerists, psychologists, and savans generally, when they get to spirit-land (if indeed there is a place at all for souls, save the Jewish jeweled heaven,) they are fools, nonentities and mere impotencies, without human love or wisdom, science, knowledge, or ought that makes up the

man, and hence that spirits could not, should not be the authors of the myetic "Rochester Knockings." But still the rappers rapped, and as the sounds could not be empty air, as *spirituocore*, why then they must be the work of "ankle joints," "knee pans," and "concealed magnetic batteries." This theory worked highly to the satisfaction of the theorists for quite the time it took to print the facts; but ere the ink was dry that was to rap the rappers out of public credit, lo! they broke out in new and still more perplexing forms. It came in the shape of visions, dreams and trances; spoke with new tongues, wrote graphic messages, and personated those whom none but the buried dead could be identified withal, and so in another shape the rappers still rapped on, and Spiritualism, slain by the scalpel knife of the Buffalo doctors, rose in ten thousand protean forms, in bodily shapes from its very ghostly death-bed.

Again it soon appeared that this obstinate and persistent phoenix seemed to make all the more rapid strides from the fact that its opponents were industriously advertising it. True, no champions, no apostles, no leaders were to be found. The whole movement was in fact an obviously supermundane one, and the spirit-world appeared to be in one vast league, whilst humanity had nothing to do but to submit. And the next most sapient theory was that in view of this unmistakably supermundane character, "it might in fact be spirits;" but seeing that it came neither through the gates of the church nor the college, neither originated with the high nor the mighty, but rather through the manger of obscurity, and the humility of babes and sucklings, so, by some process of reasoning known only to the Christian world, and doubtless derived (if any one could find it there) somehow from the Bible, it was determined that though it was not exactly humbug, nor quite all ankle and knee joints, that though it was too intelligent for electricity, and too powerful for mere human agency, and therefore that it was spirit, still, as aforesaid, it must be the work of purely "evil spirits." It was in vain that the Spiritualists pleaded the right to be tried by the FRUITS of their belief.

Satan was a fine healing medium, and though it required the providence of God to make men blind, and halt, and deaf, and broken-hearted, it took the evil one himself to cure them; and what in fact could be a better proof of evil, than for impudent quacks, Diplomats, to interfere with the dispensations of Providence, cure the sick without the aid of poisons, and prove that the dead still lived without the price of pew rents? And now another phase ensued. Remember that those whom we have appointed as our soul's teachers have left us wholly in ignorance concerning the condition of those souls hereafter, or else they tell us we are either sleeping in the ground, or "gone to God." The conclusions we have drawn necessarily have been that spirits, if they live at all, know everything, can do everything, in fact, being, as men said, "with God," must be as God—hence the *ipse dixit* of the spirit was as a fiat from heaven, and "the spirits say so" authority enough to sanction the wildest license, or authorize the most insane fanaticisms.

The world looked on and laughed—of course it did. The world had been so miserably deluded respecting the true condition of the human soul, that when the truth broke on it it did not recognize it; so first it laughed (at its own ignorance, however,) then it hooted, and then it proclaimed Spiritualism a public nuisance, voted it out of existence, and put itself in mourning for its imaginary death; and still Spiritualism did not die, even beneath the murderous blows that fanatical Spiritualists dealt it, and the rappers still rapped on, and rapped into the world that truth and common sense which the priests should have put there some centuries before—for these rapping spirits taught mankind that the spirit-world is a human one—a world of men and women—a world of beings like themselves, with all its follies, failings, falsehoods and mistakes, only one step removed in advance beyond the natural world, of which it is the type and ultimatum. What was the result? Through the bitter failures which men made in this very lesson, they learned the truth that no living creature, mortal or immortal, can be authoritatively for any other living creature; and that is folly, misdirection and impiety which yields up conscience, judgment or pure reason to any dictum but the highest light that God implants within the human soul. And so the sneering world made little by the untaught follies of the Spiritualists, while they themselves came out of their prison-house of penalty all better, wiser men.

The next phase of Spiritualism was also a lesson, and a bitter one. At first men feared the spirits; the very subjection in which they placed their reason to "the spirits" proved what a wild and incoherent mass of folly all previous spiritual teaching had been. But when once the terrorism of the dreadful midnight spectre and churchyard apparition was removed, and men had grown familiar with the spirits, they also realized how lovingly and earnestly the trusting world began to seek communion with its dead; and praying on those holiest feelings of the human soul, there flocked in to the feast divine the loathsome vultures who batten on the sorrows of their kind, and who, striving to make capital out of Spiritualism, now for and now against it, swam with the ever-changing tide of popular opinion, and sometimes in the shape of reckless jugglers simulated the manifestations, and sometimes in the absence of all shame, boldly proclaimed themselves the impostors they were. Many, in fact, who audaciously claim for the world the character of "Gentlemen" and "Ministers," first impudently tricked, cheated and lied in the name of "the spirits," and then shamelessly demanded credit from mankind for proving themselves the cheats, swindlers and liars they truly were; and so the world, confounded with the true and false thus heterogeneously mixed up together, hastily rushed into the conclusion that all was false, and once more rang out

the requiem bell that at last must sound the death of Spiritualism, whilst the rappers rapped in chorus as it tolled; and ever as they rapped, they rapped out "care," "caution," "investigation," "Spiritualism is a science," "Spiritualism is dependent upon conditions of which you now know nothing. Search the Scriptures of this science, and you shall master them for yourselves. Trust no more, blindly, that the work will be done for you by the spirits. Study for yourselves, search for yourselves, master the phenomena, and you will no more be at the mercy of tricksters and impostors. Spiritualism is only a torch carried by the hand of angels to light you on your way, not to do your work for you. Spirits come only to reveal that which is within you, and prove the possession of those grander and higher powers which you possess, to do your life work for yourself." This was the next lesson that Spiritualists learned, and the world was amazed to find that Spiritualism did not die beneath the shafts of the camp-followers that are ever in the track of the army of progression.

But one more phase of the movement is permitted us this night to speak of, and it is one which becomes important to notice. We have all heard of certain reforms which we are told are absolutely essential to the welfare of humanity, and each of the reformers who propose to inaugurate those certain reforms assure us that first this one especial idea is wanted to make the world perfect. Thus we are sometimes told that the world must inevitably go to ruin unless ladies adopt the masculine manner of riding on horseback. Another class of reformers assures us that humanity has groaned and suffered beneath the weight of woe and sin, and only waited for the time when ladies should cut their skirts short, in order to renew and renovate the earth. Still another class proposes to wash the world clean with cold water; another restores it to paradisaical innocence by eating Graham bread; and still another assures us that all society has waited for in order to become pure, happy and even angelic, is to grant to every man the privilege of running away with his neighbor's wife at pleasure. In short, Mormonism, with all its male privileges extended to females, is just exactly the kind of thing which this last class of great-hearted philanthropists have discovered will bring heaven down to earth in the twinkling of a Joe Smith's eye or a Brigham Young's marriage ceremony. Now as it requires no other sense than common sense to see and believe in those spiritual manifestations which depend on the testimony of sensuous perception, so it need be no matter of surprise that amongst the ranks of phenomenal believers, these legions of one-ideal reformers made up their due proportion, and when they beheld this irresistible, grand and mighty Spiritualism moving on without the license of the law, or the blessing of the priest, neither seeking to shelter itself in popular churches nor beneath the umbrella of popular respectability; when they beheld this gigantic movement, which has received more stabs and shots from its own ranks than any other reform that the world has ever known, surviving them all, and marching on from conquest to conquest, planting its standards of power north, south, east and west, making its grooves so deep throughout the entire length and breadth of the continent, that the spiritual train ran with lightning speed from end to end of the land, and nobody could say who had done the work—when they saw this majestic car rolling on in its resistless might, they determined that it was just the thing to which they could safely harness their own little hobby, and so they did; and one after another, this reformer and that reformer, and at last every description of reformer, put forth the idea that this was Spiritualism and that was Spiritualism, and every thing was Spiritualism that each one's idea had suggested. Of course the world looked on amazed and again reiterated, "and is this Spiritualism?" They might better have asked what Spiritualism was not; for while it searches down into the fundamental depths of society, digs deep into the very central parts of the earth and probes even the first foundations of life, it also ascends to the heavens, and encompasses all that contributes to aid and promote the spiritual welfare of man.

It sheds its illuminating beams on the duties and relations of social life, health, diet, mental, moral and physical being; in fact, Spiritualism is everything, and is strong enough to carry everything. Spiritualism can bear it all, and instead of repudiating aught, Spiritualism preferred to suffer the small hobbles to take their stand by the side of its own magnificent steeds of light, and bears them all along, never stopping to repudiate any of them. And thus once more the rappers still rapped on, and Spiritualism was not killed out even by one-ideal reformers.

Friends, we need not now enter upon any other description of the various clogs to the wheels of its progress that ignorance has set to Spiritualism. We need not advise you further of the multitude of obstacles that Spiritualists themselves have thrown in the way of the grand progressive development of this noblest and purest of lights.

It is enough for us to trace how, with rapid and irresistible movement, the spirit-car has over-ridden all these obstacles, or carried them along, claiming them as its own, gathering in the outcast, the desolate, the down-trodden from the highways and by-ways, invited them into its broad paternal arms, and declared it was strong and mighty enough to shoulder all their follies and all their fanaticisms. And Spiritualism did not die beneath any of the shafts which suicidal Spiritualists themselves have hurled against it. We only remind you of them to show that what would have annihilated any other cause has only wrought out a higher and more triumphant field of operations for Spiritualism. We cannot take leave, however, of this subject without reminding you that this movement, though phenomenally corresponding to all other Spiritualism of all other times and places, is still special in America and this age, first, from the fact that it is a series of religious affirmations based upon the demonstrable facts of science, and next that in America only has Spiritualism arisen from a mere phenomenal marvel to be a rational, just and comprehensive religious doctrine, preached by spirits, proved by spirits, and adopted by the masses not as an authoritarian teaching, but as a religion which commends itself alike to head, heart and spirit.

In every land of modern civilization Spiritualism is now a household word. In every part of the world, however, but America, Spiritualism is phenomenal only. It is recognized as a telegraphic movement between the natural and spiritual worlds, stronger, more powerful, more abundant than at any other time of the world's history. Nevertheless, no deductions are drawn from that on the score of religious belief, for Spiritualism is not a doctrine where an authoritarian State Church and an autocratic form of Government crowd back the free expression of public opinion. Hence the progress of Spiritualism, in a doctrinal point of view, is slow and gradual, but inevitable in Europe and Asia. But not so here. With that degree of curiosity that ever characterizes this pioneering people, no sooner does an American discover that the golden gates of the immortal

world are left ajar, and that angels' feet are pressing through them his way, than he determines likewise to press through them their way. He must know what they are doing in the spirit-land. It is not enough for him to know that the spirit still lives, he must know how it lives. He determines to question the spirits, not only by reason of the intense curiosity that belongs to a people sworn to penetrate every mystery upon earth, but also for his own sake, concerning the condition to which he himself is going. The result is, a teaching that inevitably becomes a form of doctrine; in a word, a new religion. New in this sense: that whereas, in every age of the world before, religion has been the *ipse dixit* of some individual leader, Spiritualism is a revelation from the masses to the masses, details facts, makes statements, and founds these facts and statements upon scientific demonstration, that each living soul may realize for himself. Religion, therefore, is placed upon the basis of science; it is not entrusted to individuals to make or mar. Man can neither drive it back, nor hasten it forward. Spiritualism is the work of the mighty ones who are doing the bidding of the Infinite Spirit, in opening the gates of immortality for the full and perfect investigation of its conditions to man. And therefore it is that on this American continent Spiritualism is a specialty, and has grown to be the mighty and astounding movement that it is, from the simple seedling sown in the far-famed and much-despised "Rochester Knockings."

And now if in the progress of Spiritualism we have had occasion to glance at a somewhat dark side of the picture, pause but a brief moment on one more view of the question ere we close. It is due to those who have convened this assembly that I speak this night somewhat more in detail of Spiritualism with reference to myself. Oh, what has it been to me! When the broad waves of the wide Atlantic brought me to your shores, a young and friendless stranger, borne down with those cares and afflictions that press so very, very heavily upon the tolling *artides* of the older world, Spiritualism found me with no anchor, no hope, and little or no interest in the simple act of living. Life was to me, as to thousands of others, something to be endured, chiefly because it was inevitable; but why we were, whence we had come, and whither bound—these were problems to me, as to thousands of others, all an unsolved mystery. As to the hereafter, what was it? A dream, a hope, a possibility, perhaps a mere deception; but at best a formless, shadowy thing which bore no true relations to the vital present. I had seen my best beloved, my earthly treasures, one by one withdrawn into the dim unknown; like lamps untimely quenched, they faded from my vision into the gulf profound of dark oblivion.

One by one I had seen those bright stars quenched, until the sky was full of rifts and rents of spiritual blackness, in which no sun of hope would ever shine again, no moon of spiritual peace reflect the images of my lamented dead.

I've sought them in the silent tomb; I've called them in the gray mists of the morning, and watched for them amidst the solemn beauty of night's flowers; and though in all remembered time I've seen the fitting shapes of strange, ethereal beings, talked with some dreamy voices, peered into the distant worlds of vision, back to the misty past and forward to the untried future, though ever gifted with the strange, sad penalty of unknown, spiritual powers, I could not match them with my heart's bereavements, or disenthrall them from that ghostly world of dreadful superstition of which I always feared I was the victim.

But, lo! the veil of mystery was rent at last! My free, enfranchised soul looked out in space, and, where I only feared to encounter midnight spectres, I found the universe all full of ministering angels. I searched and found the blessed light of Spiritualism through those same seedling rappings the world has so despised, but which to me have proved to be the clarion tones of the angel of redemption.

On the first day of my investigation, after some hours of searching scrutiny into the mystic rappings, I went forth from the house where I had heard them, and lo! the empty air was full of my living dead; the blue sky above me was bright with angel-faces; the ground beneath my feet was radiant with the footprints of the marching hosts of ministering spirits; my lonely hands were clasped and my shrinking form sustained by arms that God himself had woven round me, to be my strength and power. Oh, how bright the world was to me on that memorable day! I remembered the spectral forms I had seen since first my eyes opened to the light. They were no more ghostly apparitions or hallucinations. There they were, all marshaled before me, and filled the air with angels. I remembered the wild dream, the strange, prophetic power that had separated me, as a weird child, from my kind, and almost branded me as a something terribly alone. And I was told, too, that I should be "a medium"; and from that hour I have gone forth to prove the truth of this assertion, whether on the plain or on the mountain top, amidst the desert, or in peril of my life, in the storm and tempest, sickness, or face to face with death, that medium power has been my guide and blessing. For more than eleven years the voices of those who the world calls dead have spoken with me; the beckoning hands of those who the world knows not of have led me on in never-failing safety, strength and triumph. Oh, what has Spiritualism been to me? And what it has been to me it has been to over ten millions of persons on this continent. Judge ye of Spiritualism by its fruits!

Farewell, Spiritualists! But ere I part with you this night, ere I close this brief and imperfect tribute to the glorious light of Spiritualism, let my parting words be given to that America where Spiritualism has, in God's great providence, grown with the institutions of the country into its now gigantic form and matchless strength. In no part of the known world could this most profoundly radical movement have taken the root which American soil has afforded it. Like free speech, free government and now (thanks to the God of armies,) a vast, free population, Spiritualism in its soul-free doctrines is essentially American. Shall the blessings which this pioneer land enjoys, including this great spiritual religion, yet make their progressive marks on other countries? Judge ye of the future by the past.

I have looked back upon the march of ages, and seen the first footprints of civilization shining in the early beams of the first streaks of sunlight that glided the eastern sky. I have watched through the page of history the onward march of the rising Sun-God, ever keeping pace with the advancing tides of human life and progress. The sun of the physical world and the realm of intellectual manhood both kept step in the mighty race of being; both pressed on and upward. Ascending high in the northern hemisphere they stood for many centuries in the noon-day power of grand and polished Europe; but this, was no more the *ultima thule* for progress, than the high fervid northern sky can arrest the Day-God's circling race. Both must still press onward, and then it is that the bright expanse in which the sunny majesty rides high is penciled by his glo-

rious beams into gigantic fiery characters which read, "Follow, thou me!" Far too over the wastes of the pathless deep, and, ay, away, on the broad Atlantic's wave, borne on the snowy crests of foam that toss their restless heads in ceaseless strife, and sounding in the solemn anthem of the wild sea breeze, come voices, first in low, still whispers, then in fierce cadence like the beat of the boatman's oar—anon, like the measured, manifold tread of distant armies, now swelling to a thunder peal in power, until it shouts like the chorus of ten thousand legions of the storm-king, "Westward! Westward ho!" And guided by the fiery writing of the sun, led by the swift-winged steeds that guide his burning chariot, on they pour, the advancing waves of ever-growing manhood following him to where the shouting elements still sing the burden of man's destiny, Westward! Westward ho! They track their way on the stormy billow's bosom; they plant their standard on the old Pilgrims' Rock; they stretch along the vast Atlantic seaboard, and make fair Massachusetts's snow-wreathed forests ring with the pioneer woodman's axe; but still he pauses not, the burning chariot of the skies; but above Manhattan's rocks, away over vast New York, and gliding every sweet green home and pleasant flowery dwelling of happy, rich New England, still he writes the stern weird sentence, "Follow thou me!" Can they mistake the summons? Hark how the thunder-peals that shake the woods and forests as the armies of progression rush through the Empire State and spurn Vermont's green hills, and the mighty Alleghanies, shaping itself in that relentless voice of Titanic power, that still cries, Westward! Westward ho! And now they are on the far, broad prairie lands and piercing the old primal forests of grand Ohio. Obedient still to the fiery writing of the sky; swept on by the mystic tones of that calling fate-voice, on they push, still on, speeding through Illinois's great rolling land-seas; cutting their way through rich Missouri's forests, tearing through Tennessee's mountains, or skimming their summits. Westward ho! Westward ho! still on, forever onward; shall we never, never pause? Behold! we have crossed the plains, and those of us who struggle on with life from the fierce encounter with the red-man, stand at last appalled, baffled, arrested, still, before the awful barriers of the mighty Rocky Mountains!

Surely their craggy summits lean against the sky, and here the foot of man can never press into the deeper mysteries of the West! Hark! hark! beyond those savage heights ten thousand of our countrymen are calling Westward ho! Riding triumphant on her crowning pinnacle with his eternal wreath of fire upon his brow, our majestic leader still rewrites the missive, "Follow thou me!" Thousands have gone before; millions are pressing after. We pierce the savage gorges, scale the awful heights, rush down the deep, wild, cañons on to the further sides, and now once more through woods and wilds and over plain and prairie, we stand all breathlessly before the second back-bone of the world, the snowy ridges of the vast Sierra Nevada ranges, they call us still! The crash and clamor stuns us. Surely, all of old buried Asia, black Africa and stately Europe, have poured out their tidal masses to swell that shout of Westward ho! still Westward! And see, our guide is even now rewriting—Follow, follow thou me! We mount, we climb, we wind around vast amphitheaters of castellated rocks; down, down with impetuous fury we rush on, sweeping through camps of emigrants and miners, trampling on gold and silver pavements, and beating beneath the tread of progression's armies the ever springing bloom of lovely California. Rushing past hill and vale and golden gulches, golden sands and rivers, now we stand and pause on the glittering sands that sparkle on the furthest shores, on the waves that lave the last, last foothold of the far, far West!

The goal is reached at last. Over the deep blue bay of the crescent golden city of the West, painting her lovely islands with the gorgeous hues of sunset, illuminating with its crimson streaks the fleets of snowy birds that scream their evening farewell to the sighing winds, gliding the lovely golden gate of San Francisco, and now on the summit of old weird Mount Diavola, now broken into ten thousand gold and purple glittering lines by the craggy hills and coast range mountain tops, the Sun God ends his race. See! he draws the crimson curtains of the sky around his sinking head, one moment gleams his orange eye of fire, and then he's gone! and all is done! The writing melts away; the cold gray shroud of the misty evening is falling on mountain top and crescent hills and bay, the snowy islands whitened with their winged inhabitants, the restless billow and the glittering sands, all, all look dim and grey and misty in the thickening veil of advancing night. His race and ours is done! Obedient to his charge, we and the sun have sped through our first great day of human civilization. On the furthest shore of the furthest West, the problem of humanity is solved, and as we turn to seek for shelter from the damp night dews, we hear the elemental shout which led us on, first sinking to the same low whispered murmur that woke us up to the march of destiny, then swelling into power again like the stately tread of an army of resurrected nations, changing creation's anthem to a new day's cry of "Eastward ho!"

Friends, farewell! Should ever the hands of tender friends be busy with this broken casket when its silver cord of life is loosed, for all the great hope and promise which America has been, is, and shall be to the world, for all the glory, light, life and liberty of soul which Spiritualism has brought to man, look to find engraved on my heart as its watchwords in life, its last memories in death, "Spiritualism and America."

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
And our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throbb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
It is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Action is the greatest law; it is by steady, strong, continuous action that all great works are accomplished.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him while the bell rings.

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."
(LUCAS ECCE.)

REMARKABLE BOYS.—No. 1.

In the reign of the French king, Louis XIV., there lived in the city of Paris a little boy whose name was Francois Beauchateau. He did not seem to be endowed with any very extraordinary talents, for he learned very slowly and with great difficulty; but by the most persevering and unwearied industry, he made himself very celebrated while he was as yet only a little boy.

When he was but five years old, he wrote a very handsome hand, and could read with a correctness and eloquence that surprised those who heard him.

When eight years old, he could read easily the best Latin and Greek authors. He was never compelled to study, or remain at his books a moment after he was weary. Three hours a day of study was all that was ever required of him. But so great was his power of application, that in this brief time he gained a vast deal, and his retentive memory held it fast so that it could not slip away from him in his hours of play.

He had a wise and judicious tutor, who took unwearied pains to have him understand everything he learned. He taught him the languages not alone from the dry and tedious grammars that all children think so disagreeable, but by conversations held with him in the different languages, teaching him words and phrases, and then how to put them together into little sentences. After he had thus become in a degree familiar with a language, then he would explain to him the grammatical rules. As the result of this simple way of teaching, Francois could, when eleven years old, speak Spanish and Italian as well as his own language, with elegance and propriety. At the same time he wrote poetry which was considered remarkably good.

Now in those days, it was very uncommon for a little child to be so learned, and consequently our little Francois began to be very celebrated, and far and near people talked about the wonderful little Parisian boy who knew so much.

Anna of Austria was the mother of Louis XIV., and some of the little boy's poetry chanced to fall into her hands. She was so much pleased with it, that she sent for his father and requested him to bring Francois to her palace. She had a long conversation with him, and was surprised at his good sense and intelligence. Turning to some one who stood near her, she said, "How is it possible that one so young should be so wise and witty?"

"Madam," quickly replied little Francois, "it would be strange indeed could one be stupid in the presence of so great and beautiful a lady."

This ready response, which could not have been excelled by the most polished of her courtiers, greatly delighted the queen and the ambassadors who stood around her. He talked with them in Latin, in French and in Spanish, and at parting, the queen gave him a beautiful miniature of herself, and an exquisite little box set with costly gems.

She talked so much about him, that Cardinal Mazarin, who was a very famous man, sent for him to come to his palace.

Francois had heard of this great man, and notwithstanding he knew so much more than most children of his age, he was as diffident and bashful as was ever any little girl, and when he found himself in the presence of this great man, he hung down his head, and the color rushed into his cheeks, and he could not find courage to raise his eyes or speak one word. The good Cardinal seeing this, tried by his kind and gentle manners to make him feel more at ease, and he soon succeeded, and the little poet began to talk freely and familiarly with the great man in the different languages with which he was acquainted.

The Cardinal was so pleased with him that he had made for him a costly gold watch. On the back of it, beautifully engraved, was a representation of Apollo and the Muses crowning a bust of little Francois. When he was thirteen years old he published a volume of his own poems. These added very much to his celebrity, and everywhere he went he was received in the most distinguished manner. Notwithstanding all this adulation he was always modest and unassuming, never thrusting himself forward, and always waiting to be drawn out before saying a word to any one.

One day he was invited to a splendid dinner party. Some quotations were made from a Spanish book, and quite an animated discussion arose as to what book they were to be found in, and although Francois knew very well, yet so great was his modesty that he kept silent, and when he returned to his home told his father what the book was and who was its author.

His love of music was very great, and he played with excellent taste upon the harpsichord. Indeed, his skill amounted to genius. On a certain occasion he was at a party where a number of young ladies were asked to play. As is often the case with young ladies, they required a great deal of urging, and then played some simple pieces and played them very poorly. But the company praised them very much, and they appeared very vain of their poor performances. Francois stood quietly by his father's side and said nothing. His father was a very judicious man, and proud as he was of his wonderful boy he never desired to show him off. So the company did not even suspect that he had any knowledge of music. Presently a celebrated violin player came in. He was an old friend and great admirer of Francois, and he asked him if he had played yet upon the harpsichord, and on his replying no he exclaimed:

"What! has not my little king of musicians performed yet? How could you so long deprive the company of so much pleasure?"

This compliment made the little fellow blush deeply, especially as all eyes were turned upon him, but he waited for no urging, but with graceful good will took his seat at the instrument and with exquisite skill played and sung several Spanish airs. Everybody wanted to overwhelm him with praises and caresses as soon as he was through, but he shrank from it all and seemed to feel that he had played merely to oblige others, not to make any display of himself. After this the guests talked with him and were astonished at the wisdom he manifested, and still more astonished that with all his rare attainments he should be so modest and retiring, and seem to think so little of himself.

When fourteen years old he sailed for Persia with the intention of studying the Oriental languages there. This was in the year 1700. The vessel perished at sea, and nothing was ever heard of Francois.

THE DUTIES OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

When I first came to this country, among the many new and astonishing things that attracted my attention, was the selfishness of the young people, their ingratitude to their parents, and the impositions they practiced upon them. I often felt pained at heart to see youths with robust forms and strength of limb bat a ball or sling a stone, willing away their time, unmindful of the faltering step of the father, his feebleness of arm when wielding the axe, his anguished look when bending 'neath the load which they should bear instead of him.

Oh! has the blush of shame tinged my cheek, as I beheld young ladies quiedy seated at their embroidery, or listlessly rooking themselves, their minds absorbed by the exploits of the hero of the last sensation story, utterly regardless of the weary step and careworn face of their mother, hastening down to the grave while administering to the demands of those who take no account of the many weary years she labored for them in infancy and childhood; those who take no note of the privations she suffered to educate and clothe them; of the numberless sacrifices made by her that they might have no wish ungratified; of her sleepless nights, her anxious days, and all the cares of motherhood.

But upon closer observation, I perceived that these conditions were the legitimate fruits of misguided parental affection. I will give one example to illustrate the many.

Calling on Mrs. —, I found her heated, fatigued, almost sick, so much was she over-exerted in her household duties. Her daughters, two young ladies of fifteen and seventeen years, were just returned from a pleasure party, accompanied by three others, whom they had invited to supper, which of course "ma" would provide; they also wished it early, as it was "lodge night"—they lated to be late. "Ma" hurried and prepared a tempting repast. The young ladies laughed and talked and ate. The poor over-worked mother could not eat; she was too warm, too tired. Then the girls arose from the table, ran into the garden, gathered flowers to decorate the hall, took their hats and were seen no more, leaving all the work for "ma"—"she would not mind." I could not resist the desire to speak, so I ventured to remark, "You are really unjust to yourself, Mrs. —. Why not let the girls work? They are strong and able; you look almost worn out."

"I am tired," she replied; "but, poor things! they are young. Let them enjoy themselves while they can. The realities of life will come to them soon enough, binding them down. I am old, and have grown accustomed to this monotonous life. It will not last long. I have not the heart to deprive them of a moment's pleasure;" and a tear stole down her thin cheek. "I love them too much; poor things! They are good girls, but they don't think. Never mind it; let them run."

"This is misguided love, my dear friend," I said, "and wrong to both parent and child. You need rest and sympathy; they require exercise, not only of the form, but every organ of the brain needs exercising, developing, educating. Knowledge is power, and lessens the trials of life. Have you forgotten the sufferings you endured in consequence of inexperience? You but lengthen the chain of your children's misery. There must come a time when they will regret these wasted moments, when they will suffer from the effects of your misguided love years of pain; I mean not physical pain alone, though that in a great measure is the result of our parents' misdirected love. I mean mental anguish resulting from incapacity; I repeat, you bequeath them years of sorrow for moments of pleasure; you render them wholly unfit to take up the thread of life, and weave for themselves garments of beauty. There is a duty you owe your children; there is a duty you owe yourself also. Not thus can either be paid."

Oh! I wish I could impress upon the minds of parents the necessity of guarding well the love that stands in the path of duty.

"Love is of luxurious growth, and needs
The training hand of Reason to make it
The crowning glory in the garden of Life."

MATTIE G. V. SMITH.

St. Clair, Michigan.

(Original.)

THE THISTLE, THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND.

The different nations of the earth have adopted some emblem that distinguishes them. This is engraved upon their coin, and often painted upon their banners. The emblem of England is the lion, and that of the United States is the eagle; that of Scotland is the thistle, and the reason of their adopting it is said to be this:

At one time the Scottish nation was at war with Denmark. The Danes attacked the country. It was deemed contrary to the rules of warfare to attack an enemy in the darkness of night. A regular pitched battle was considered the honorable method of conducting warfare. But the Danes determined to violate this method of honor, and to attempt to overcome their enemies by stratagem. They were so cautious that they took off all coverings from their feet, and marched in darkness barefooted.

They approached the Scottish forces, and were prepared for a triumph. Everything seemed favorable, and all were elated in heart as they silently pressed forward. But a Dane stepped upon a thistle with his naked foot.

He had not probably been taught when a boy the virtue of self-control. He uttered a sharp cry of pain as the thorns entered his foot. The Scots were immediately alarmed and ran to their arms. They defeated the Danes with great slaughter.

No wonder the thistle seemed to them like a deliverer. They immediately adopted it as their national emblem, and it is often seen in this country on goods imported from Scotland. It is also engraved on silver for those who love to trace back their descent from the bonnie Highlanders.

Who will ever see the pretty flower with its rough encasement, without thinking of the mortification of that poor Dane, and the gratitude of the Scots for their preservation?

SINGULAR PRESENTMENT.—A lady in Reading, while conversing with some callers, suddenly turned pale, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed, "Did you hear that gun? It affected me strangely," and wept inconsolably. Her visitors had heard no report, and it afterwards appeared that no gun had been fired at that time. On the next day, however, that her brother residing a hundred miles away, was at that very hour fatally shot by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece while gunning in a grove near his house.

A London medical journal alludes to the fact that fifty thousand pounds, of Cocoonin Indivo was imported from India to England last year—a sufficient quantity to drug one hundred and twenty thousand tons of beer. It is believed that this bitter, narcotic poison, a strongly need simply to adulterate ale and porter.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LEONARD A. D.
 (Died Jan. 23, 1867, on the coast of St. Domingo.)
 BY JOHN WILLIAM DAVY.

There's a ship just in from the harbor bar,
 And her anchor rattles down—
 And cheerily sings the sun-browned tar,
 As he glances off to the town;
 For the blue Caribbean's wave is far,
 And the dark Atlantic's frown!

But she seems a hearse by the churchyard gate,
 When the muffled bell is low,
 For she brings from the "Windward's" dreary strait
 The tale of a "wandering woe";
 He is gone—in the flush of youth elate,
 Where the Eden splendors glow.

When twilight came, and the rising breeze
 From the sea blew cold and drear,
 And the good ship rocked where the tropic trees
 With a sound of murmuring cheer
 Spoke out to her idly swaying spars
 High up in the moonlight clear—

When the night-fog lay like an ocean white
 On the fever's fearful zone,
 And the mountain peak as a headland bright
 With a steely splendor shone—
 And the falling star like a rocket light
 From Death's black feet was thrown—

Then a pale bark swept to the port embayed—
 With a viewless wake she passed—
 And still as a pulsing shadow laid
 Her top-sail to the mast,
 And a spectral flag at her mizzen swayed
 In a deadlier midnight's blast!

And the sailor heard a ghostly hail—
 He had known it well before,
 When the thundering Dhalgrens drowned the gale
 On the wild Florida shore,
 And the blazing stars on Columbia's mail
 Flashed red in the battle's roar!

And his soul went forth—and the phantom fast
 In her silence filled away,
 And our hearts in her chilling leeward cast
 Toil on till the promised bay
 And the heaven broad, we shall reach at last
 In Jehovah's morning grey.

And as life the log-line swifter takes,
 And we watch the waning sand,
 We know where the unseen ocean breaks
 On the Future's golden strand,
 And the spirit's port to its vision wakes
 We shall clasp the sailor's hand!
 Boston, Mass., 1867.

THE GREAT SIN.

In a late number of the N. Y. Independent, a distinguished writer says, "If I were called upon to say what I regard as the greatest crime of this nation, I would at once indicate the murder of the unborn."

Doubtless this is a great crime—a wide-spread and growing evil, and terrible is the penalty attached to it. Thousands and thousands of American women, in the commission of this violation of Nature's laws, bring upon themselves life-long and irreparable disease. Considering merely the physical derangements following nearly every commission of this unnatural crime, I would say, better, far better a half-dozen unwelcome children, than one abortion. Although I fully agree with the writer above alluded to, that this is one of the great sins of our day, I do not consider it by any means the greatest.

An intentional abortion is a great wrong to the author of the good and beneficent laws made for our welfare and happiness, a great wrong to the innocent unborn, a great wrong to the woman who commits it.

I regard the bringing of unwelcome children into the world as a great crime, to the legitimate and illegitimate. And how fearfully prevalent. If all the unwelcome children in this country (young and old) were to die to-day, I do not believe there would be enough living left to bury the dead. I regard licentiousness in its various forms as the great crying sin of our generation. That form of licentiousness which is doing incomparably the most to render us a nation of invalids and imbeciles, is known as self-abuse. This is, in my estimation, the crime of crimes, the king of evils in our country. It is the greatest and first cause of the premature breaking down of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of our youth of both sexes—though far more prevalent among males than females. It has far more to do with "general debility," "general good-for-nothingness," indigestion, consumption, insanity, epilepsy and scores of other diseases, than any other crime against nature that can be named.

Now if any reader of this doubts either the great prevalence of this vice or its exceedingly injurious effects, let him consult two or three intelligent physicians of extensive practice, and he will doubt no longer.

This is supposed to be a delicate subject; too delicate for the preacher, the teacher, or the lecturer; too delicate for the parent; too delicate for even the physician, when he knows that his patient is going straight to destruction for want of friendly admonition. The fact is, the American people have altogether too much prudery and false modesty; we have more of it than any other nation on the face of the earth. There is no subject that may not properly be talked about, or written about, in pure and chaste language, that has for its object the good of our fellows.

It is the duty of parents, as they love their children and regard their happiness, to warn them in time of the dangers of this terrible vice. Let not parents be too ready to conclude that their children are too good, or too pure, to be guilty of this sin. Some of the most worthy, intelligent and gifted young men I have ever known, have been consigned to an early grave by this destructive and degrading habit. And the friends said, "Over-work," "Hard study," "Consumption," hath done this. But oh! they went not to the root of the matter. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is, the press is beginning to speak out upon this subject. Only last week I noticed an excellent article in Harper's Weekly entitled "Impurity in the Young," which every parent would do well to read. A number of good books have been written upon the subject, some of the best of which can doubtless be obtained from the publishers of this journal. May a stream of truth and light be poured upon this topic till the great evil is put far from us:

He who knows the truth and keeps it,
 Keeps what not to him belongs,
 But performs a selfish action,
 Which his fellow mortal wrongs.
 What he who hears the truth, and places
 It in high promings under an
 Loud may boast of all that's manly,
 But himself can never be a man.
 He then than like the great apostle,
 Like the true Paul,
 What he thought seeks expression,
 Speak it boldly, speak it all.
 Lexington, Mass., July, 1867. J. W.

Criticism on Judge Edmonds's Letter.

Our heads are still above water in Delphi. Last December we organized for pecuniary purposes, and have twenty-five names with their small amounts as a monthly support for lecturers, to be applied when enough is in the treasury. We have trodden down the rough prominences of prejudice that existed years ago. We command greater respect. With good speakers we have good and listening audiences. William Denton gave us nine lectures in April, to full houses, laying the solid foundation for the beautiful superstructure. Mrs. Wilhelm has just finished a course of five lectures that had the genuine ring to them, and must result in the spread of light and truth. We most cordially recommend her as a number-one speaker, earnest and logical, with an unswerving private record, and a common sense social bearing that commands respect.

By our organization we shall be enabled to have occasional speakers to promulgate the truth, and hope to not shipwreck on the rock referred to in Judge Edmonds's letter in the BANNER of June 1st. To me, some of that letter seems strangely absurd, and I felt after reading it as though I had swallowed a sedative dose of digitalis. We count eleven million Spiritualists in this country, yet a microscope of five hundred diameter in power could not find one-third of them. We should not attempt forming societies or getting up conventions, for fear of bad consequences, sectarianism, &c. Say to the child, Always crawl, for fear when you attempt to walk you may break your leg; just as though a few broken legs would do any particular harm in the world. I understand part of that letter to say to investigating Spiritualists, Believe this thing in your closet (in your heart and to yourself), but do not proclaim it in the broad sunlight. "Why should you? Each man's belief is a matter between God and himself;" "only make a public avowal of it if your position in society demand it." What would Christ have thought of his followers had they simply believed in him, but continued worshipping in the synagogues over burnt offerings and incense? "He that is ashamed of me," &c. Would he have recognized them as real followers, counted among the flock of the faithful, or not counted? Would not Christ's mission have been a complete failure if a partial failure to date? Would a second dispensation hardly have succeeded the Mosaic? and will the wisdom dispensation succeed the second, by following such advice?

Is it right to believe a truth, one calculated to benefit society, and not encourage it publicly by your presence and material aid? "If you love the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic church, go there," though counted among the eleven million Spiritualists and Emma Hardinge speaks in the adjoining hall, and a few earnest souls are paying the way! For heaven's sake do not count those Spiritualists that are satisfied with the twaddle of a priest, when he not only abuses our form, but would feed you on endless torments, the blood atonement, personal God and Devil, &c., be content to remain in a church, with its creeds and dogmas, for fear a spiritual society might be built up and eventually run into the same error. Give your presence—inferred sympathy—and money to a bigoted sectarian church, while your soul craves other food, your real belief being that of a Spiritualist! The angels would, if they could get a speaker, depend on outsiders, not believers, to swell the audience. Strange consistency!

"We have a power in the land." What has made this power? what spread the truth? Catholics, Methodists, Quakers, or spiritual speakers, societies and conventions? And how would these latter have been sustained and patronized had all Spiritualists done as do Judge Edmonds and Dr. Gray? If the angels are at work to consummate a grand design, should believers be idle? Why fear rocks in the distance ahead? Better, if we come upon them, that we dash them to pieces. The Mosaic dispensation run to the end of its string; the next arose as a sequence. This second approaches the end, and a third arises. Should we fear results when God and the spirit-world are managers? Let us be helpers.

In no unkind spirit, yours for truth,
 E. W. H. BECK, M. D.
 Delphi, Ind., 1867.

Physical Manifestations.

I must write a little (in behalf of the cause,) of an honest, exemplary young man, Dr. H. Slade, of Jackson, Mich., a clairvoyant physician and physical medium of the best demonstrative manifestations that has ever passed through this section of the West—the Davenport Boys not excepted—as their manifestations were in the cabinet, in the dark. Dr. Slade's are in the broad, open light in the room.

Not only are his clairvoyant and healing powers of the first order, but his physical manifestations, as a medium, are such as to cause the infidel to know and feel that there is life beyond the grave, that soul is immortal, and that God reigneth in the universe of man and Nature. As was the case at Dr. Slade's séances, which took place here a few days ago, the circle formed around the table and joined hands. Mr. Slade had his left hand in the circle while his right hand held a slate under the edge of the table or in the shade, upon which was a piece of pencil about as large as half of a kernel of wheat. Names of spirit-friends of persons present were written upon the slate (all entire strangers to the medium,) by some unseen power, and that power made itself known by pulling, twitching and jerking the garments of persons in the circle, and the motions were plainly visible in the light.

Not only spirit-names were written upon the slate and recognized, but other matters were also written on the slate, the little pencil point often getting lost by apparently being thrown across the room into the shade; but on Mr. Slade's requesting it to be replaced upon the slate, it was promptly done by some unseen power in full view of the company. The doctor also held an accordion with his right hand in the same manner under the edge of the table or in the shade, and several tunes were played upon it splendidly. At the close of the circle the doctor was entranced. Several different spirits controlled and gave us instructive information.

I have seen a good many phases of mediumship, and have had some experience in the phenomena, therefore feel warranted in saying that Dr. Slade's mediumistic phases is better calculated to convince infidels or any class of skeptics than any medium that has ever visited this place.
 GEORGE W. HATCHEL.
 Princeton, Ill., 1867.

Betsy D. Harris.

DEAR BANNER—The spirit says unto me, "They of Lewiston, Maine, and vicinity, where she was wont to scatter the pearls of truth and the diamonds of joy in the evidence of the life evermore, are asking, where is our beloved sister, angel-missioned Betsy D. Harris? Has she wearied and laid down the holy armor she has worn so well to rest in unused inactivity? or does she speak words of joy, and comfort, and happiness to earth's jangling children still? Is the voice of the holy oracles dumb

and its harp tuneless? or does the glad response still cheer the soul of the inquirer after the ways of life? We fain would know." "Tell them," says the spirit, and my spirit too, "she still stands in the pearl-lighted doorway of life. She still beckons earth's children, and bids them be of good cheer. She still transmits heavenly messages from those of the inner life to the tempt-tossed mariners of time. She still stands as a truthful guide to those who are seeking the joys of the higher life. At present she is watching the uncertain flutterings of the spirit of the last of her family, her only son, upon the threshold of its clay tenement. Beautiful the watching, beautiful the spirit, beautiful the change about to take place. Be satisfied, dear friends; she is still upon her heavenly mission, and will not rest till she lays down the earthly armor."
 J. G. F.
 Hammon, June, 1867.

Mrs. S. A. Horton's Report for July.

To George A. Bacon, Cor. Sec'y. M. S. A.:
 MY DEAR FRIEND—A written report is demanded, while a verbal one would be far more agreeable, as talking is my forte and writing is almost denied me from the constant demands made upon my time by the anxiously inquiring public. The last two months have been occupied by two lectures each Sunday, one lecture each Tuesday and Thursday evening, besides circles other days and evenings of the week. There have been a great many inquiries as to Spiritualism than the present, and a candid investigation seems going on everywhere.

Since June 1st I have spoken in Bedford, Lexington, North Easton, Fall River, Somerset, Swansea, Rehobeth, Dighton, Berkley, Sandwich, East Wareham, Agawam, Barnstable, Hyannis, Brewster, Dennisport and Harwichport, all of which lectures have been well attended, with an interest which betokens a willingness to investigate. Funds received from Fall River, one dollar and fifty cents; Hyannis, four dollars; (surplus from hall rent); five dollars from Isaac Keith, of Sandwich; Cyrus Howes, East Dennis, two dollars.

The friends in Fall River are organizing; they sustain evening circles and Sunday meetings. Mrs. Eliza McQuitty, a good medium and true woman, is speaking and laboring in various ways to advance the truth in this place. The people of Fall River are genial, having true social natures—know just how to make others happy, as those who wish to do the benefit of the soul on the Narra-masset Bay and the clam-bake on the 4th inst. can testify.

In Somerset I stopped at Capt. Andrews's, who has lately become a good healer. Some remarkable cures have been wrought, and the cause is being advanced in many ways by the captain and his family. In Bedford there is a good opening for a society of Spiritualists, it being four miles from Lexington, where Dio Lewis has his Reform School, and where some of our oldest Spiritualists reside. With these facilities progress seems inevitable. The church in Bedford was opened the 24th inst., it being the second time, I think, for ten years. It was well filled, and it seemed like a "rally round the old flag," with many cheers for the liberal sentiments of the day. I hope the Association will not forget Bedford, as it is a point from which Spiritualism may be advanced without the cost of hiring a hall, which is very expensive in most places.

Progressive Lyceums are also being formed in places where the agents have been. One in Randolph I would mention, where E. S. Wheeler proposed to the people the necessity of engaging in the cause, it being the only place in the future which were so full of rich and noble spirits. Mrs. Joseph Erith was appointed to solicit funds, but not meeting with sufficient success to warrant the carrying the plan into effect, she was about to give up, when a little spirit calling herself Rosa whispered in her ear, "These papers," which was immediately accepted; and when there a few weeks ago I attended the Lyceum. With tissue paper flags and badges worn and borne by old and young, so ethereal they seemed, attended by spirit-like forms, who were saying, "Where there is a will there is a way," and "who humbly bleth himself shall be exalted." I doubt not the future prosperity of this Lyceum, and mention this incident that others may be encouraged. I find nothing discouraging in this missionary work, though it is somewhat fatiguing. Our pioneer agent goes before with his tones of "living thunder," waking up the sleeping dead, some of whom with half-opened eyes cry "Infidel!" (yet I notice that none of them have fallen asleep again, at least not before my appearance among them.) While with others he has strong words of encouragement for the weak, and in fact, just what each most has he to give. I am always inquired of, "When will Mr. Wheeler come again?" Keep him in the field. Give him money, and he will do the work well for the Association and humanity. Now to all who have entertained me on my pilgrimage, I must say, "God bless you!" For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; weary, and ye gave me rest; sick, and ye ministered unto my wants. Though I cannot here speak your names, yet Memory's page will ever be bright with a grateful remembrance of your names. Not one kind word or cordial shake of the hand shall be forgotten. And may this Association long be sustained, and other agents be sent forth, that they, too, may learn how much of good there is in the human heart, is the heartfelt desire of your Agent,
 S. A. HORTON.
 July 22d, 1867.

Illinois State Association of Spiritualists.

Please allow me to inform the thousands of Illinois readers of that most noble and ever-welcome spiritual paper, the BANNER OF LIGHT, so ably and faithfully edited, that I have made arrangements with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company to return all persons free over said Company's road who may attend the annual State Convention at Chicago on the 23d, 24th and 25th of August, and shall make further similar arrangements with other roads so far as possible.

Galesburg is one of the most beautiful cities in the State, celebrated for its three colleges, one of which is Lombard University, Universalist. The Spiritualists of that city are an enterprising class of people, and have made ample arrangements for the accommodation of all the friends who may attend the Convention. In the matter of hospitality I am advised that the Universalists kindly propose to receive and entertain all our friends.

This will doubtless be one of the most interesting meetings of the kind ever held in the State. It will afford speakers, mediums and friends generally an excellent opportunity for an interchange of thought in the devising of plans for the elevation of humanity by the promulgation of the principles of Spiritualism. Indeed, we look for a large and happy gathering. The liberal railroad facilities will bring the Convention within the reach of many who might not otherwise be able to attend. I remain fraternally yours,
 S. S. JONES,
 President Illinois Association of Spiritualists.

A SONG FROM WITHIN THE VEIL.

BY ELIZABETH N. GLADDING.

Oh Life, beautiful Life,
 By thy gates I see; I see;
 Oh Life, beautiful Life,
 That the Angel of Death brought me!
 Thou hast made me one of the noble,
 Thou hast made me one of the free,
 Oh Life, beautiful Life,
 I sail on thy crystal sea!

Oh Life, beautiful Life,
 The haven of low and high,
 Oh Life, beautiful Life,
 Thou hast given me back my youth.
 I rise on your mystical pilions,
 I breathe in your magical breath,
 Oh Life, beautiful Life,
 For me there is no more death!

Santiago, Chili, has a principal street, three hundred and fifty feet wide, with a mountain stream running through in two brooks. The street is adorned with statues, made comfortable by seats, and boasts the modern improvement of a railway.

Why are trout like poor base ball players? Because they are often caught out on a fly.

SEMI-ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

In accordance with the provision of the Constitution, a published call was issued by the Executive Committee, for the Semi-annual Convention of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association to meet in the Melrose (Tremont Temple), on Thursday, July 25, 1867. The Convention was called to order at half past ten A. M., by the President, L. S. Richards, Esq., who read the printed call. Mr. Bacon was requested to act as secretary.

The minutes of the previous Convention being called for, Mr. George A. Bacon said, in consideration of the fact that the records of the last meeting of the Association, published in full in the BANNER OF LIGHT at the time, and as the reading of them would not consume an hour of valuable time, he would move that the reading of the records be dispensed with; which motion was passed.

On motion of Mr. Ray, it was voted that a Business Committee of seven be appointed, who shall arrange matters to be brought before the Convention. The Chair appointed on this Committee, Messrs. Wheeler, Tooley, Ray, Wright and York and Mrs. Wheeler and Willis.

Mr. Wheeler was then called upon to make a general report of his labors as a missionary of the Association, which he did to very general acceptance, occupying some thirty minutes.

He was followed by Mrs. S. A. Horton, who also engaged the attention of the Convention in remarks of a most earnest, eloquent and touching character. She conclusively showed the need of missionary labor, the desire of the people to have speakers sent among them, and the great good there was being done by this organization. She feelingly urged the Spiritualists of Massachusetts to support by their monthly and annual contributions the claims of the Association, backed as it was by the inspiring aid of the angels.

The Business Committee were invited to meet in the ante-room for the preparation of work. Voted that a Financial Committee of five be appointed by the Chair to solicit and receive funds for the carrying on of the great work before us. This Committee consisted of J. S. Loveland, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge, John Page, of Quincy, Mrs. Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, and Mrs. M. J. Mayo, of Charlestown.

The Chair, Mr. J. S. Loveland, one of the founders of the Association, addressed the Convention. He said, years ago, in connection with others, he fully felt the necessity of organized action, such as this Association contemplated, and was accomplishing; he therefore sought at the time to do what could be done in this way. Since then, and while absent laboring in another part of the country, he was glad to know of the success it had met with. He concluded with strong and hearty words of encouragement which were warmly received by the Convention.

The Business Committee then reported that the afternoon session would begin at 2 P. M. by a general conference, speeches being limited to fifteen minutes; by the introduction of resolutions; by considering the subject of sending delegates to the National Convention, and also by considering the question of finance.

Short but pithy and pertinent speeches followed from Messrs. Dean Clark, of Vermont, H. C. Wright, Dr. H. F. Gardner and H. B. Storer. In the absence of the Treasurer, by request, the Secretary then read a report of the financial condition of the Association, showing, after all bills were paid, a lack of \$400.00 to balance account. After an opportunity was offered to all who wished to become members of the Association, the meeting adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The President called the Convention to order at 2 P. M. Mrs. Horton's report for July, prepared for the BANNER, was then read by the Secretary. C. B. Lynn, who had been acting as an independent agent under the auspices of the Association, then gave a very encouraging account of his labors on the Cape, the substance of which appears elsewhere in this number of the BANNER.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of Vermont, being called for, favored the company with many practical suggestions. The Business Committee reported the order of exercises for the remainder of the day and evening—that there would be no regular set discourses, but, as heretofore, speeches be limited to fifteen minutes. They submitted the following Resolution:

Resolved, That in view of the success hitherto attending the labors of the Association, we request our Executive Committee to make an appeal to the members of the Association to all the Spiritualists of the State, that the Treasury be replenished and the good work carried forward in obedience to the spirit of the Association, and in demand for education in regard to the sublime truths of Spiritualism.

Voted to accept said resolution. Prof. Tooley then took occasion to explain the circumstances under which he uttered the phrase, "shut-eyed mediums," which has caused so much criticism, complaining that his thought and motive had been privately and publicly misunderstood and misrepresented.

Mr. M. J. Dunn, of Dighton, gave several items of personal experience. He had come forth from a creed-bound religion; he had labored and struggled for years to save sinners; now he was free and happy—had found the truth and was going to keep it. He had many difficulties to encounter for the sake of Spiritualism: opposition from his family, his church, his connections and friends generally. He felt to urge upon those present the necessity of always being harmonious and not let discord prevail.

At this stage of the meeting the President again read the Resolution, and desired the friends who spoke to confine themselves to the subject. Mr. I. C. Ray, of New Bedford, said we want money to pay our agents, who cannot live very well without something to eat, to wear, and a place to sleep; we want money to keep them in the field doing the good work which was everywhere apparent; we want to increase their number, and must have means to do it. Now, friends, you all must do something—give us of your material substance. To start the subject I will give ten dollars, and call upon the Secretary to open the ball.

Mr. George A. Bacon said the friends would bear witness that it was not customary for him to consume the valuable time of his kindred Conventions by much speaking. His public weakness, which was an amiable and pardonable one perhaps, was in another direction—that of caecothese scribendi. But he wanted to say a few words now by way of seconding the remarks of Bro. Ray. We have the good will, the spiritual instigation and encouragement of the angels with their inspiring presence; we have the power of our own minds; we have wisely selected and adapted agents whose hearts and lives are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the movement; we have the opportunity to sow the seed of spiritual light and truth as never before. What we now want to act in conjunction with all this, is your material aid, your pecuniary support. Shall we have it? It will be a living shame to let this organization die for the want of a few dollars. A dime from every Spiritualist in Massachusetts would place this association in a splendid working condition.

I will be one of ten to give or raise one thousand dollars—one hundred dollars apiece; or one of twenty to put fifty dollars each in the treasury. Who will duplicate it? If preferred, you may give it in installments of twenty-five dollars at a time, or when most convenient during the remainder of the year. This method will put the Association on a firm financial basis.

Mr. John Wetherbee being unexpectedly called upon, made a telling and characteristic speech, wherein the need of money was shown to be a powerful auxiliary to introduce Spiritualism everywhere.

Mr. Guild, of Lawrence, and Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, both spoke in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism, its demands, its teachings and its tendencies. Mr. Loveland, Chairman of the Finance Committee, in remarks of persuasive power, eloquently urged the people everywhere to liberally contribute to the Association.

send lecturers to all the smaller places in the State where there were no established meetings; that though Spiritualism was always existed, and it was a foregone conclusion that it will flourish wherever all, we can by individual and associative effort essentially aid in forwarding the good work.

Mrs. Willis, of Lawrence, being called upon, remarked concerning the harmony of the Convention. There was a soul in the work. The appeal for money was for a grand and noble purpose, in doing in its issues the happiness of humanity. The duty of Spiritualists were most pertinently dwelt upon, now that they had a State Organization through which to work. This is what we have long wanted.

Mr. Dean Clark spoke of his interest in the missionary enterprise, of his desire to have the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association extend its benign and blessed influence throughout the entire boundaries of the State, all over the country and the world. He wanted to assist in the movement in every practical way. He had devoted himself all he had to the cause of Spiritualism. With what zeal and ability he possessed, he was laboring for the dissemination of spiritual truth; he claimed to be a worker for the good of humanity. The Association, to carry forward to yet far greater success, needed a material basis. This was one of the levers which move our world.

After remarks from H. C. Wright and Dr. York, who related some personal experiences, the meeting adjourned till 7 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

At the appointed hour the Convention was called to order by the Chairman. He stated that the Executive Committee had for members of being full, and suggested that the Convention take action on the subject.

E. S. Wheeler urged the selection of active persons, saying that the business of the Association had suffered in the past from the inattention of a part of the Executive Committee. It was requisite that every member become a working member; he hoped that those who had been appointed and who through indifference or inability failed to act positively and earnestly, would resign, and allow the appointment of those whose convictions and conditions fitted them for the place, and he hoped such would come forward and so direct the affairs of the Association that its work should be wisely planned and energetically executed. He hoped men and women would be found who could comprehend responsibility, and know duty only to perform it. They alone were fit for usefulness in this direction.

Dr. H. F. Gardner approved of the resolution offered by the Business Committee, namely, to have an appeal to the Spiritualists of the State, and certain resolutions were carried out and met with triumphant success. At present a large part of the Spiritualists in different sections of the State are not reached. The last Convention, it will be remembered, raised some \$600. He would suggest issuing a circular, as the resolution contemplated, stating the design and purpose of the Association, and sending it to every known Spiritualist in the State. On some specified Sunday, have every Spiritualist meeting or gathering of the friends throughout the State, by concerted action, make up a large collection, as far as possible, in behalf of the Association. This would probably result in something tangible. We can learn something of the churches, and when feasible and practicable adopt the Orthodox method of raising money. Last year they wanted to raise \$300,000 for a certain purpose—it might have been a missionary project. An appeal was made to all the churches, when it was found they raised what was required and had \$200,000 surplus. Let us imitate them in this respect, as much as we can.

Henry C. Wright stated the manner of society in general when it made an effort to do good; there was a specific movement; a system was adopted by which large numbers were reached. We wanted something of this kind, and we also wanted all our speakers to tell the exact truth to the people.

I. C. Ray thought the raising of funds was to be very much of an individual effort; even he might do something, as he had heretofore. We have no priests to tell us what to do, to shape our thoughts and direct our means into their theological views. The movement of our country is itself to our better nature. We must talk up the collections of funds when we get home—among our own people.

Mr. Roberts thought that by procuring some good spirit picture which was a test in itself of spirit presence and power, have it duplicated by thousands and sell it to the friends everywhere, that it would prove a source of considerable income to the Association. He had seen this tried on a small scale, and felt convinced of a large result when proportionately extended.

Mr. S. Loveland, in relation to the resolution which all his will, which he would not do, he thought there were eleven millions of Spiritualists in our country. He thought it ridiculous to estimate the number so high; it was one-third the whole population. We all know such was not the fact. While we had but some two hundred public speakers, we had but one or two public organs, and they were supported only indifferently well. We own but a few places of public meeting, halls, &c. Though aware that there were thousands in the various churches who were not reached by the spirit, he felt that we must stilling still in the strict sense they could be reached as Spiritualists. The churches are combining against us; uniting their power to have the national government recognize the dogmas of the popular church. Measures are being put forth and plans concocted whereby strength is accumulating against us. Added to their contributions for foreign purposes, they raise millions to carry on the work at home. They realize the aggressive character of this New Dispensation, which if not checked, will gather up the people until its feet shall be upon the neck of the infidel. Politicians inspired by church influences are working in the interests of popular theology. All forms of despotism are marshaling their forces. Despair would be in every soul were it not for heavenly aid. Angels are with us, so let us work with renewed zeal. A conflict is coming of more significance than any we have yet had. Take time by the forelock, anticipate our common enemy, not allow them to wrench from us our truth.

Mr. T. L. Richards were full of arguments and earnestness, and carried the resolution to a vote. E. S. Wheeler spoke of money as being a power in the land, and of Spiritualism as not receiving anything like justice in our courts. Orthodox power has sullied the purity of the emblem on the bench.

Geo. A. Bacon, anticipating the action of the Convention relative to the raising of funds, said he had during the past week applied to several of the wealthy Spiritualists in Boston, to become with himself one of ten who would give the Association one hundred dollars each; but not a single one would do so—those some of them, confessed they were contributing to the support of both Unitarian and Methodist churches. He properly characterized the inconsistency of such Spiritualists as being practically enemies rather than friends to the cause they professed. The time was hastening when real, live, earnest Spiritualists, not the mere nominal ones, would have to stand shoulder to shoulder in common defence and maintain their position against the legal, ecclesiastical and social despotism to be arrayed against them. Let the thousands of Spiritualists throughout the State practically respond to the resolution offered by the business committee, our power would be greatly augmented, and our facilities for extending the blessings which come through Spiritualism would proportionately multiply.

The resolution was unanimously adopted. On motion, it was voted that Amasa Smith, of Provillestown, C. Fannie Allyn, of Middleboro', Samuel Story, of Essex, and Mrs. Robert Sherman, of Newburyport, be added to the Executive Committee.

Mr. Tooley submitted remarks relative to the appointing of delegates to the National Convention, criticizing and condemning the spirit which characterized some of the leaders in the movement; that if we send parties we instruct them as to what specific points to advocate before the Convention, so that no fault-finding or misunderstanding would afterward arise.

Mr. Wheeler moved, and Mr. Ray seconded the motion, that the Executive Committee be authorized to represent the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association at the National Convention, which, after some discussion, was passed.

Dr. Gardner wished to inquire whether the expenses of delegates were to be paid or not by the Association. As for himself, he thought nothing would come before the National Convention requiring this Association to be represented. He

did not see the propriety or wisdom in appointing delegates to go to Cleveland, and was therefore opposed to sending any. He did not like, nor did he believe in the National Convention, as at present managed, and pointed out several instances where injustice had been done. He wanted the motion reconsidered.

A motion to reconsider was then made. Mr. Storer wanted to know what the delegates from this Association are going to be sent to the National Convention to do, or what they were expected to accomplish.

Mr. Tooley said he saw how things were turning. He wanted people to talk in public what they do in private; if we appoint delegates, tell them what to say, and instruct them how to act, authorize them to do this and so, and then back them up in it. Send them with an idea, and support them in it.

The motion to reconsider was then carried. E. S. Wheeler said he understood by this action of the Association, that the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association does not recognize the National Convention. Do we really mean this? Shall we have delegates or not?

Mr. Wetherbee said he felt to volunteer a remark. He did not believe that any individual could represent Spiritualism; at least he was yet to see him. He found it difficult to represent even himself; had no definite idea; thought the National Convention points to something. He did not agree with Dr. G. for he saw no impropriety in sending delegates to Cleveland.

After considerable informal discussion Mr. Wetherbee moved that the President and Secretary be authorized to issue certificates to the required number of proper persons who would attend the National Convention and represent the Association.

Mr. Loveland hoped that this Association would not be unrepresented in the National Convention. All agreed with the object as announced in the Constitution. They were in harmony with the Association.

P. B. Randolph spoke in favor of sending delegates—that there was need of it, and if persons wanted a specific object to advocate, in the absence of everything else, he would suggest the organization of Lyceums. No more important subject would be presented for their consideration. Look to the children first; we could take care of ourselves.

The motion of Mr. Wetherbee largely prevailed. On motion, it was voted that Messrs. Wheeler and Bacon, with Mrs. Horton and C. Fannie Allen, be specially authorized to solicit and receive contributions and subscriptions for and in behalf of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

Mrs. Wilcoxson, who had been unintentionally prevented from speaking at an earlier hour in the day, desired to announce to the friends present that she was visiting Massachusetts for the first time in her life, and was willing to receive calls to lecture in this vicinity during her stay.

The Chairman expressed a general disappointment in there not being a better opportunity to hear Mrs. W. speak to the Convention, when on motion of Mr. Ray it was voted to adjourn.

Had the weather been more propitious, the Convention would have undoubtedly proved a much greater success, both as regards the number in attendance and in pecuniary result. As it was, notwithstanding the great heat of the forenoon, and the extremely severe thunder shower in the afternoon, the friends contributed, with what was collected next day at the picnic, one hundred and eighty dollars. In a few days the President will probably publish a full statement of the condition of the Association, and what it is proposed to do, to which attention is respectfully requested.

Geo. A. Bacon, } Secretaries.
C. B. Lynn, }

L. S. Richards, Chairman.

Mr. C. B. Lynn and the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

This young brother, who has been lecturing as an independent agent, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, receiving for his compensation whatever the friends before whom he spoke felt disposed to contribute, writes to the Secretary as follows:

"Spiritualism has assumed a new phase to me since I liberated the South Shore. In consequence of the non-receipt of letters in Kingston, they did not expect me. Mr. Fuller, however, said we must have a meeting. I immediately brought forth the printed posters, and in a few minutes we were riding through the town, posting them on trees, fences, &c. Mr. Fuller engaged the Town Hall, and after only eight hours' notice I had the largest audience since I started. So much for a little energy!

The people of the South Shore are looking to the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association as to the Almighty. The young people will go to Spiritualist meetings, and will talk it to the old folks when they get home. I apprehend a reaction in the cause of Spiritualism in the various towns hereabouts, and on the Cape, if you fail to keep alive the interest the Association has already awakened. I am anxious to send speakers for six months in succession, in most of the places where I have been, and I am sure they will support meetings independently of the Association—the very point to be gained. Show them you are in earnest, and then you will be respected and supported.

I now see the great field in which Spiritualism alone can work satisfactorily. Why, the people walk five and six miles to circles, and are obliged to go to Unitarian churches, because sometimes they get one-third Spiritualism to two-thirds theology. In some instances I have had nearly half of Mrs. Horton's and Mr. Wheeler's discourses repeated to me when conversing with the people. It is encouraging in the highest degree to find the friends in these parts so evidently pleased with the work of your regular agents, and to find the people lingering over their inspired sentiments. Some of your Boston Spiritualists who have been over-zealous, should go into the country and see people eager if not starting for what they cast aside as merely the wandering discourses of "shut-eyed mediums." Keep the good work going. Increase your force, and the old Bay State, the first to practically organize associative effort to carry the blessings of Spiritualism to every family in the Commonwealth (whose example has since been followed by Connecticut, New York, Indiana and Michigan,) will reap the glorious reward she so meritoriously deserves."

Gloucester, Mass.

We organized a small society called "Friends of Progress," in April last, a notice of which was forwarded you by Mrs. Julia M. Friend.

We held meetings for three months, and during that time were encouraged by having our numbers gradually increase. We have now discontinued the meetings during July and August, but intend to resume them again in September with renewed vigor, and hope to keep the ball moving in Gloucester until bigotry and superstition shall be overcome.

On the evening of May 25th we held quite a large gathering; remarks were made by Henry C. Wright, Esq., A. C. Robinson, of Salem, and others; and on the evenings of June 18, 19, 20 and 21st, and on the two latter afternoons, a series of musical séances through the mediumship of Miss Mary E. Currier, of Haverhill, were held under our auspices, at the residence of Bro. A. L. Steele. The séances were largely attended, and quite an interest manifested. C. H. Oxtun.

Infallibility.

In a late lecture by Prof. Ruxley, in London, he states that he has read an Egyptian novel of much greater antiquity than the Pentateuch, and that he finds the original of the story of Joseph in this novel. If the Bible thus drew from the old Egyptian romances for its facts, can we be quite sure of its infallibility? C. B. P.

The famous trotting horse Dexter, on the Riverside course, Brighton, last week made the best time in wagon on record—a mile in 2:19.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 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 Library on Sundays.

There has been considerable interest manifested in this city for two or three weeks past, over the petition of a number of our citizens to the City Government, for the opening of the Reading Room of the Library building on Sundays. The petitioners and remonstrants have been allowed several hearings before a Committee of the Government, at which the arguments and testimony adduced have been of a decidedly interesting character.

We are not expected to stop and recite the grounds on which the petitioners request the simple privilege of enjoying what belongs to the whole community, on any and every day of the week. They aver that the Library is a public institution, founded for the use of all alike; that Sunday is a day of rest and recreation for all, which no statute pretends to turn over to special uses; that the law takes no further cognizance of the day than merely to preserve the public peace, and to protect all classes and creeds alike in their own chosen way and enjoyment of it. They thus rest their petition on two grounds: that the Library is established for the community, and that, as Sunday belongs to the community likewise, they have a right to enjoy the use of the Library on that day as well as any other. The discussion is directed to the character of the two institutions—the Library and the Sabbath.

The arguments and statements of those who appeared before the Committee in remonstrance, fitly illustrate the narrowness and bigotry of the motives that actuate the opposition. On the threshold, it is assumed that the Church, as organized under the names of various creeds, owns Sunday, and may do with it what it will; that although it cannot as yet compel people to go and listen to its barabases about hell and the devil, God's hatred to the human race, and the utter shortcomings of the divine plan of creation, yet it may turn the key of the Public Library, and bar out thousands who would be grateful for the opportunity of resorting thither on Sunday, the only day when large numbers can. The testimony brought forward against the petitioners was stale and old-foggy in the extreme, it was sheer Puritanism run to seed, and brought back into the light to show how well preserved it was. It had no more of the spirit of these times, knew no more of the needs and characteristics of these times, and was no better acquainted with the larger and more liberal views that lift up this era out of the low level of that of the Pilgrim Fathers, than day has to do with night. Its bigotry was rank and unmistakable.

One man, a "reverend," frankly admitted that he was opposed to libraries altogether; he thought that those who had a taste for reading could easily enough procure their own books. Evidently he is the husband of the woman who cautioned her boy not to go near the water until he could swim. We at least admire the frankness that was so ready to publish the ignorance of its possessor. Another person, a "deacon," declaimed against the breach of the Holy Sabbath by opening the doors of the Library. He never will learn anything more in this world, simply because he does not want to. Dr. Manning, of the Old South Church, brought up the rear with a very "proper" string of considerations, all ecclesiastical in their motive, but speciously proceeding from the assumption that Theodore Parker, were he living, would not himself wish the contribution he made to the Library to be opened to the public on Sunday, if he was satisfied that the sense of the community were against it.

That sounds somewhat plausible, but it is nothing but the old-fashioned kind of bait used to catch gudgeons with. In the first place, it is very easy to presume what a man now in spirit-land would say, unless the one indulging in the presumption is a Spiritualist, and then he can learn the particular views of the one quoted in another and the divinely legitimate way. But if Dr. Manning, of the Orthodox Old South Church, had been but a thousandth part as familiar with Theodore Parker while living as he pretends to be now that he is dead, he would have learned views from him which would have silenced such quotations as he presumed to make before the Committee. We respectfully submit, that merely for decency's sake, no preacher or teacher of the denomination that put up public prayers for the removal of Mr. Parker by the Almighty, ought to presume to make the most distant allusion to him, now that he has been removed, by way of strengthening his own opinions or entrenching his own authority.

One speaker appeared before the Committee, of less consequence than any, but for that reason more certain to present himself. Notoriety being so easily confounded with solid and enduring repute by some men, they naturally rush in wherever they see a crowd, and swing their hats and hurrah before they comprehend what is going on. Such is Rev. Mr. Fulton. He discourses at Tremont Temple every Sunday, and admitted in answer to the questions put him that his congregation were not strictly a reading congregation. It was cruel to force the confession, for as much might have been inferred. Yet in the face of that admission, he tells the Committee that if the Library is to be thrown open at all on Sunday, he is ready to go and preach (!) to such as choose to collect there! The arguments of such a speaker, on any subject, are met effectually answered by himself. Conceit so insufferable can be matched by nothing but itself.

People are getting out of the shadow of ecclesiastical submission, to which they have so long been subjected even in matters social as well as religious; and they begin to comprehend with more clearness and exactness than ever, that all the law has to do with Sunday is to set the part of a policeman respecting it; securing every one in his and her quiet enjoyment, that the day may indeed be one of rest, but keeping it exclusively for none. The ministers have six days when they do not work at their calling, and the people have but one; the latter may as reasonably and rightfully call in the law to assist in depriving the former of their six days, as the former may do it to deprive the latter of their one. The law never made Sunday "sacred," and there is where the error of the clergy lies. Since the above was put in type, a decision has

been reached in this matter, temporary no doubt, yet a decision. The opinion of City Solicitor Healy was asked by the Committee, and he returned the same to the effect that it would be in violation of the statute to open the Library on Sundays, and in this way: to open the Library would make necessary the attendance of persons to overlook the public wants, and that would be a work not of "necessity" or "charity" on the Lord's Day, which by the law is forbidden by threats of a penalty. The Committee felt bound to accept the City Solicitor's opinion, but in making their report to the Common Council query if the statute is not obsolete in its character, so far as it forbids other acts and occupations which are notoriously practiced and allowed. There is where the settlement of the question hinges, as a question of law only, on the interpretation of the two words "necessity" and "charity." Narrow minded bigots and zealots will give them only such a meaning as will suit their own purposes.

Now if we are to have an up-and-down, old-fashioned, square-toed, Puritanic interpretation of the statute on this Library question, we demand in fairness and equity that one of like strictness shall be applied to all other public concerns on the day which sectarians profess to regard as "holy" above the rest of God's days. Just put that strict and wholly illiberal view of Sunday, and the law's requirements respecting Sunday, into all the practices of the day; and then see how much life would be left in the streets of our cities. It would be the stillness of death itself. There are those, of course, who would have just that if they could, believing that religion is smothered under such a heavy covering. It would compel the horse-cars to stop their trips, carriages not to be seen in the streets, people who have become worn and weary with a hard week's work from walking out for a breath of free air or a bit of recreation, and so stiffen life as that it would in reality become of the heaviest burdens we are summoned to accept and endure.

Such bigotry is a humbug. It is not founded in sense or religion. It is only a semblance of holiness, a pure pretension. They who chiefly insist on the execution of such a law would care nothing about it, did it not somehow extend their power over others; it is well exemplified in the "reverend" Mr. Fulton's assertion before the City Committee. "If the people insist on having the Library opened on Sundays, I will go there and preach to them." The motive is to control the liberty of others, in their actions and even in their consciences. So far as Fulton's preaching goes, we hazard little in saying that the people would never ask for entrance into the Library on Sunday, if the penalty attached was being compelled to listen to one of his slopping-over harangues.

The subjoined communication appeared on this subject in a city paper, and is deserving of the space it occupies. There is food for thought in it, and touches the question on a rather new side:

MR. EDITOR—Why is it that the Christian (?) part of our community are so much opposed to the opening of the Reading Room of the Public Library on Sunday? For my part I think it would be far better for the hundreds of young men and women of our city, who are obliged to labor during the week in order to gain an honest livelihood, if on Sunday—blessed Sunday, to them at least—there was just such a place as the Reading Room of the Public Library, where they might pass the hours of the day which God has given us as one of rest, in improving their minds, and in an intellectual manner, preparing themselves for the battles of life awaiting them. How much better this than loitering around our streets and public grounds, or even to attend church and hear from the pulpit, where they expected to hear the Gospel preached and learn Christ's lessons, only politics. I think it a great pity that clergy-men who pretend to preach from that blessed book, the Bible, could not confine themselves to their subject. Is it considered sinful for us to sit down at our own homes and read the Bible? If so, my education has been sadly neglected! I am inclined though to think, in spite of all the croakings, God will smile just as sweet a forgiveness on those who pass their time in reading good moral works on the Sabbath, as on those who stand up before a congregation and pass the precious hours in denouncing other religious sects, and expressing their ideas as to how this nation ought to be governed, &c. By all means let the Public Library be opened. A LADY.

The Peace of Europe.

It is more than likely that the peace which at present rules in Europe will come to a sudden termination almost any day. Prussia bound herself, among other things, by the treaty of Prague, which was signed soon after her great triumph over Austria at Sadowa, to order a plebiscite, or popular vote, in North Schleswig, now and hitherto a real belonging of Denmark, so that the people might decide for themselves whether they would remain under the rule of the Berlin Government or be remanded to the former government of the King of Denmark. Since the peace, however, she has made no effort to redeem her solemn promise, but acts toward the people of North Schleswig as if she intended to retain them and their country within her dominion until actually compelled to carry out the letter of the treaty.

Napoleon is reported to have addressed a note to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the fact that he has not yet complied with all the obligations of the Prague treaty, and declaring his expectation that the question of their allegiance should be submitted to the North Schleswigers, as agreed. And he backs up his request, it is said, with the statement that France is interested as much as either of the two original parties to the contract, in the faithful execution of the treaty; it is, in fact, a matter of serious concern to all Europe. This view Austria has recently endorsed, in the columns of the official journal at Vienna. The Czar of Russia is reported to have forwarded to Prussia a similar note with that of Napoleon; so that now Austria can demand of Prussia peremptorily a fulfillment of all the obligations of the treaty on her part, and count on the support of two such powerful Governments as France and Russia in urging her demand. On the other hand, the Berlin journals semi-officially denounce the interference of Napoleon in the matter, which is precisely opposite ground to the view taken by Austria; and if they denounce Napoleon, of course they must the Czar. This state of things cannot last long, and we may look for war at any time.

Another Picnic.

Our Charlestown and Chelsea friends are wide awake for picnics. By a card in another column it will be seen that a picnic is arranged to take place at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Wednesday the 7th inst. So those inclined will have a capital opportunity to escape for a day from the noise and bustle and heat of the city, enjoy the balmy breezes of this magnificent grove, and listen to the messages of love from the angel-world through the lips of inspirational speakers.

Acknowledgment.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of twenty-five dollars, at the hands of the administrator of the will of the late Mary P. Faxon, Peterboro', N. H., a legacy to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Abington Spiritualist Picnic.

The morning of the day assigned (July 26th), for Dr. Gardner's grand picnic opened lowering and threatened rain; yet notwithstanding, about six hundred assembled at the Old Colony Depot at half-past eight o'clock, and with commendable courage embarked for Island Grove. Soon after their arrival the shore trains came along with another installment, and carriages by the hundreds kept arriving, until the noon train from Boston came down, swelling the number on the ground to upwards of two thousand. The rain which fell in the vicinity did not come near enough to the grove to disturb the harmony and pleasure of the party, who appeared to enjoy themselves despite the unpropitious aspect of the weather.

The invigorating atmosphere of the beautiful pine grove seemed to have an exhilarating and beneficial effect upon those who favored the multitude with "a few remarks." Among the speakers was

Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, of Hammoncton, N. J., who made her first appearance in Massachusetts on this occasion. She is the sister of Mrs. Middlebrook, the favorite lecturer, and somewhat resembles her in tone of voice. Mrs. W. is a fine speaker, clear and consecutive in her argument, and has the happy faculty of holding the earnest attention of her audiences. She spoke in the forenoon and again in the afternoon. All seemed anxious to catch every word she uttered. Mrs. W. will remain in New England a few months if she has sufficient calls to keep her busy in the lecturing field.

J. S. Loveland, just returned from the West, was present and entertained the people with his usual speech-making ability.

Mrs. Sarah A. Horton made one of her highly spiritual addresses, which all listened to with pleasure.

H. B. Storer, recently from New York, but now a resident of this city; Dean Clark, of Vermont, J. M. Allen and E. S. Wheeler each made excellent speeches.

John Wetherbee, able, witty and philosophical, always ready for a speech, on this occasion spoke of Spiritualism as a solvent, and proceeded to show that all theological dogmas and errors would come under its neutralizing and dissolving influence.

Dr. Gardner, as did some of the other speakers, made an earnest appeal, in behalf of the State Association of Spiritualists, for aid to carry on the missionary labor, which was so much needed and had been thus far a success. A contribution was then taken up, and something over forty dollars was realized for this noble work.

Dr. Gardner announced that the next picnic would take place in that grove on Thursday, August 22, when he expected about five thousand would be present. If two thousand can be got together in foul weather, what may not be expected in fair?

No accidents of any kind occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. All seemed to be happy—as all good and harmonious Spiritualists ought to be, with their knowledge of the hereafter.

We have not room for a more extended report of the day's proceedings, but cannot well refrain from giving place to the following note from Susie E. Davis, of Roxbury, as it alludes to a want which others undoubtedly felt:

DEAR BANNER—Having just returned from a picnic at Abington, I cannot sleep or rest until I have recorded, for the benefit of those who have not been so highly favored, some of the pleasant experiences of the day. The morning was unpropitious, but the day proved better than the morning. The rain of the night previous so refreshed the face of Nature, that nothing was lacking to rejoice the eye or minister to every sense. The grand old pine grove was fragrant with spicy odors, and bright with its greenest foliage. The gnarled trees lifted their heads grandly above, teaching us, also, to reach and aspire for the true, holier atmosphere of the spirit-world.

The old and the young, the high and the low, the teacher and the taught, all met together on one common level. Sociability, good feeling, brotherly love, prevailed. No body of people so truly understand and live out the meaning of these words as does the Spiritualist.

Our speakers were many and earnest. God bless these noble workers! God bless these noble and women who go bravely forth to "work their work" and God will bless them. Such labor, such effort, cannot fail to bring its own reward. But there was one element lacking; one thing that would have added so much to the occasion, namely, vocal music. Among such a concourse of people there must have been many talented singers as well as speakers. And what could have been more grand, more soul inspiring, than to have made the forest ring with the harmony of sweet songs? It may be because that talent has been denied me, that I appreciate it all the more fully in others. But there is no occasion, however sad or however joyous, that is not made all the more harmonious by music. We, as Spiritualists, have many sweet songs, and we have, also, in our ranks talent enough to produce more. The supply is always equal to the demand. Then let us with our "preaching" have the addition of good music, to make these pleasant occasions still more pleasant.

Without the music, the memory of this day will linger in my heart forever, fragrant as the flowers and sweet as the chime of silver bells. Truly I felt that I was on consecrated ground. And was it not consecrated by the earnest souls in earth-life, and the nobler, purer influences of those who have gone up higher?

The influences of Nature are always as a potent spell to those who tread her paths humbly, with child-like faith and trust in the boundless love and wisdom of the ruling Spirit of the universe. Then, as we often as possible convene together in the wide halls of Nature, throw off the shackles of conventional life and labor, and be free to exchange and interchange our truest thoughts and ideas.

A Children's Lyceum, and Sunday Lectures in Mercantile Hall.

The Spiritualists of the city we are pleased to learn have at length organized a Children's Lyceum, which meets regularly every Sunday morning at ten o'clock, in Mercantile Hall, Summer street. The first meeting took place on Sunday, the 4th inst. The Lyceum already numbers about seventy scholars. It is desired that all persons interested in the Lyceum attend punctually.

Now that a Lyceum has been inaugurated in our midst, where the children of Spiritualists can be instructed in the great truths of our Philosophy, we hope parents will sustain it with their influence and their means. And we also hope the organization of this Lyceum will serve as an impetus to others, in different sections of the city, to "go and do likewise."

Spiritual meetings will also be held in the same hall in connection with the Lyceum, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Dr. H. B. Storer has been engaged as speaker during the present month.

Gene Home.

Joseph Brigham, Esq., of Quincy, passed to his spirit-home last week, at a ripe old age. He was a man of prominence, highly respected, and for years enjoyed the blessing of a firm belief in the Philosophy of Spiritualism. Several years ago he published a large volume of messages from the spirit of his intimate friend John Quincy Adams. Mr. Brigham's companion passed to spirit-life about one year since.

Physical Manifestations through the Mediumship of Laura V. Ellis.

Mr. Ellis, with his daughter Laura, has been holding séances for physical manifestations by the invisibles in Cambridgeport and Chelsea during the past two weeks. The effect has been to awaken an interest in regard to the spiritual phenomena. On each evening, Miss Ellis proved herself to be a thoroughly reliable and truthful medium, as we know her to be, having repeatedly tested her medium powers.

The Cambridge Press devotes a column to the report of one séance, giving a minute detail of all the transactions, which it says were inexplicable. Alderman Samuel B. Rindge, Esq., acted as committee-man one evening, and Ex-Mayor Sargent another. Both gentlemen gave the closest scrutiny to all the proceedings, and finding no deception practiced, admitted that they could not account for the wonderful manifestations otherwise than that they were done by some power independent of Miss Ellis.

Previous to the exhibition on Thursday evening, Dr. H. L. Chase handed the committee four glass plates, which he requested might be placed under the four corners of the cabinet, in order as he said to prevent the use of electrical appliances. With these non-conductors under the box, the audience were satisfied that no magnetic means were used.

We need not here enumerate the various tests the medium was subjected to, having done so repeatedly. One, however, we will mention, as it is of a remarkable character. The girl's hands were securely tied behind her and then fastened to a staple in the wall at her back; the sleeves of her dress were nailed at the elbow to the back of the cabinet; then a narrow strip of cotton cloth was wound twice around her neck, and tied in front in a strong square knot. After this secure arrangement was completed to the satisfaction of the committee, the cabinet door was closed, and in ten seconds it was opened again, when the strip of cloth was removed from her neck and found lying in her lap, while she remained fastened as before.

In the face of such tests—inexplicable except on the spiritual hypothesis—it is not well or just to one's self to utter the senseless cry of "humbug" without further investigation, which would surely result in finding that Spiritualism is true. These physical manifestations are but the stepping-stones which lead to the divine and more elevating truths of our glorious philosophy.

Commonwealth vs. Hunt & Whitney.

In the Watertown liquor case, second trial, the jury failed to agree, when District Attorney Morse abandoned the case, and Judge Ames ordered that a notice of court be issued for the High Constable or his Deputy to restore all the seized liquors to Mr. Ghas. Whitney, at the expense of the Commonwealth! When will the state-constable-liquor-farce cease? There are more drunkards in Boston now than there were before the prohibitory liquor law was put in force, and the Commonwealth is mulcted in the shape of fees, etc., to the tune of some hundreds of thousands of dollars per year to support a pack of spies. We are in favor of temperance; but we detest the abominable hypocrisy manifested by the temperance party to carry their points. Certain liquor dealers in Boston have never been disturbed, are continuing their business the same as usual to-day, and making more money than ever before, while another class of dealers, with less money, are pounced upon at every favorable opportunity. Hate is engendered between man and man by the present mode of procedure, and if the temperance people are not careful, they will find themselves in the minority before they are aware of it—and then the liquor business will become a nuisance indeed.

Hypercriticism.

We wish Spiritualists would be less hypercritical by speech and pen than many of them are. As the evil in man is the lesser good, and as each works out his own mission in his own peculiar way, those who have been the most favored by Nature in their make-up should have charity for those of their fellows who are less favored, and, instead of condemning them for their apparent shortcomings, should endeavor to cultivate all the good qualities they possess and take no note of the lesser good. If Spiritualists themselves would pay more attention to the teachings of their spirit-friends in this respect, they would, as a body, be less calumniated by their opponents. The angel-world teaches us to deal gently, kindly, justly with all. "Do as you would be done by," is the golden rule sent down from heaven many years ago. If strictly followed, peace supreme would reign upon the earth. Then, instead of going to some far-off heaven, as credulists believe, heaven would come to us all here on the earth—the heaven of universal happiness. But Nature will bring about this most desirable epoch in her own good time, when the lesser good is absorbed in the Divine affluence.

The Indian Question—Passage of the Commission Bill.

A press of other matter compels us to put over an editorial article on the Indian Policy finally adopted by Congress, which embodies our views on this subject from the beginning of its history. We shall take occasion next week to express the same to the readers of the BANNER at length, and hope to satisfy them all that the liberal, enlightened and spiritual policy advocated by us in relation to the treatment of the red man has been adopted by Congress and the nation. The bill as passed has received the President's approval, and the Commissioners set to execute the same have been appointed. They are three army officers not below the rank of Brigadier General, viz., Lieut. Gen. Sherman, and Brig. Gens. Harney and Terry, with three others, viz., Senator Henderson, of Missouri, Mr. S. F. Tappan, (chairman) and Mr. John B. Sanborn, commissioner of Indian Affairs. We congratulate the country on having an Indian policy at last, whose basis is to be justice, honor, and peaceful intentions.

Wrath in the Pulpits.

Were many, or most, of the sectarian pulpits to be accepted as leaders for the public sentiment, instead of working to mold the popular heart continually to works of peace and spiritual advancement, it would stir it up to a pitch where all the passions would be hottest and reason would melt in the flames it has deliberately kindled. The pulpits want Davis hanged, and approve of the execution of Maximilian after he had surrendered. Why are they so bloodthirsty above others? Why do they relish the horrors of war and bloodshed, the destruction of human life and the inauguration of human hatred? It is because they preach, in all other respects, the doctrines of revenge instead of forgiveness, of power instead of persuasion, of punishment in place of charity and love. They go upon the old pariah methods still, and nothing less might be expected of them. But their influence is sensibly on the wane. The people are more religious than they are.

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...

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

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

Our Public Circles—Vacation.

There will be no public circles at this office until Monday, September second. Our friends in town and out will bear this in mind.

Invocation.

Oh thou spirit who giveth beauty to these fair blossoms, (referring to a vase of flowers on the table), thou whose sunlight hath beamed in through the darkness of every age...

Oh thou Spirit of this hour, we thank thee for thy presence. We thank thee that we recognize thee, that we know thou art here. We thank thee that we hear thy voice whispering peace into our souls...

Father, we know thy life is everywhere. So thou wilt take cognizance of all our thoughts, of all our deeds. Therefore we are safe in thee.

Our Father, we have laid our gifts upon thine altar. We know thou wilt bless them. We know thou wilt endow them with thy power...

Father, for all things we praise thee; for this glorious springtime, for the summer which will follow, for the autumn and winter; for all things, thou spirit of the past, present and future, we adore and praise thee. Amen. May 20.

Questions and Answers.

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

QUEST.—The Atlantic Cable is said to be often worked with great difficulty from daylight until two o'clock in the afternoon, after which the working grows easier and more rapid until dark. Through the night it is in the best condition. The same phenomenon has been noticed on some land lines. Will the controlling intelligence explain the above?

ANS.—In all probability this point of phenomenal existence may be attributed to the different states of electric life, or the different conditions of atmosphere. Sometimes the atmosphere is powerfully electrical; then there is more disturbance than when it is magnetic, or when the magnetic element is in the ascendency. There are positive and negative conditions of atmospheric existence, as you are well aware. All electrical experiments are performed better during a negative state of the atmosphere, than during a positive, or when the two elements are in harmony or equilibrium. It is very difficult to obtain an electrical message during a thunderstorm. It is because the atmosphere is powerfully charged with electricity. There is a disturbed state of the atmosphere, consequently that which must pass through the confusion will necessarily be confused, disturbed, obstructed, detained.

Q.—By whom or what race of people, and for what purpose, was built the great Western wonder, called "The Walled Lake," in the State of Iowa? And being several feet higher than the surface of the land, where does the water come from, and where go, as it remains all the time clear and fresh?

A.—By a certain class of theorists it is believed to have been the work of Northern men, who visited this continent before Columbus discovered it. For ourselves we do not know. But as mind is searching into all corners of the earth, and solving all problems, we are to expect that sooner or later it will solve this.

Q.—Will the intelligence controlling please explain, if able, the wonderful case of coma, near Hickman, Kentucky, of a young lady who for twelve years has slept all the time, except at intervals, waking twice in twenty-four hours, and remaining so ten or fifteen minutes, at which times nourishment is given her?

A.—Not having any particular knowledge of this particular case, our answer must be general. Scattered here, there and everywhere, there are exhibitions of what seems to be a stepping aside from natural law. But in reality, so far as Nature is concerned, there is no such thing as infringing upon natural law. All the exhibitions of Nature are done within the pale of natural law. We believe they cannot find expression outside of that law. Medical men inform us that, under certain circumstances, the brain receives and is acted upon by the magnetic element of the atmosphere, much more readily than by the electric element. Now, whenever there is more of a disposition in the body to gather to itself the magnetic element by which it is surrounded than the positive, then a large amount of sleep is required. The body must have it, will have it, Nature requires it. There is a child existing in the southern part of France who, we are told, has slept ever since it was two and a half years old—it is now, we believe, eleven years old. We are also told that the child only takes food at the beginning of every month, never at any other time. A certain class of scientific men have determined that this was attributable to lunar influences, the magnetic influence of the moon. The atmosphere of the moon is largely magnetic. The magnetic element is in the ascendency there, and whoever or whatever comes under the direct influence of the moon, becomes in a magnetic condition. So upon that hypothesis their theory may be correct. However, for ourselves, we are not sure of that point. What we give is but a reflection of somebody else's theory. May 20.

Captain Thomas T. Brooke.

I was in action at the battle of Shiloh, was wounded, and died of my wounds. I am advised by Gen. McCook to visit this place, with the hope of reaching my friends. I am a native of Kentucky. At the time of my death, I was acting Captain in the 7th Virginia Infantry.

I am positioned very strangely here, as I never believed in a positive life after death, much less in the power of the spirit to return, manifesting itself to those who are still on the earth.

I would like, if it is possible, that I, Thomas T. Brooke, should have a hearing with those I know here, those who knew me. Since there seems to be only a very thin veil or mist obscuring this so-called spirit-world from you, I do not deem it very hard for my friends to reach me; at all events, no harder for them than it is for me.

There are many strange experiences that belong to me, that I might go over to prove who I am, but if I should do so it would involve in difficulty those who are left; so I must, I suppose, bide my time, and wait till it comes.

I am strangely disappointed. I had hoped to be done with the miserable confusion and misunderstanding of life. This fighting to gain the ascendancy, this constant waring that we meet everywhere, not only on this side, but over the river of death, is annoying to me. There are no two souls who think alike, not even on the blooming of the rose. One says that it gets all its fragrance and life from the atmosphere, some say it gets it from the ground, some from the water, some from the sun. No two agree. Still the rose blooms, the sun shines, the rain falls.

Well, say to my friends I live, notwithstanding my last words were, "I shall soon be done with this confusion of life." I do not understand it any more now than when here, but am constantly told, "You will know better by-and-by." That was what I told here.

I desire to have my little Katie, my child, brought up with some sort of a knowledge of what there is to come. So, instead of having fear when death comes, there will be nothing but the fear of being separated from those who are here. And with regard to all my affairs in Kentucky, I have only to say, if I am not dead these things are dead to me, and I care nothing about them. [What was your age?] In my forty-first year. [Is your name spelled with or without an e?] B-r-o-o-k-e. [Do you wish your message directed to any one?] No, I do not. May 20.

Annie M. Winslow.

I was born in old Massachusetts, in the year 1835, on the 11th of May. My name was Annie M. Winslow—Ann Maria Winslow, generally called. I left New York in the "Evening Star" for New Orleans, but never reached it. My purpose in coming here is to let my brothers and sister know that I am dead. Say that I have met our mother, and she is to me what she was here, kind, loving and forgiving. There are some hearts who have experiences that they would not care to unroll to the world. Mine is one of that number.

I am very anxious and very earnest to reach those I've left here, and I shall employ all means that are good to accomplish my purpose. I cannot tell how it will be with me in the hereafter, but I am satisfied. I have seen no God more than here. I have received no sentence. Life seems to be life beyond death even, and all classes of people in the spirit-land are disposed to pity rather than to censure all those who make mistakes in life. When once the soul is free from the chains that bind it to society on earth, when once it steps out into that freedom that belongs to itself, it hardly knows how to act. There is no struggling for bread in the spirit-land; there is no struggling for external appearance, but a natural life is a perfect life there, and we are free from all those petty annoyances that meet us on every hand here. If I have any advice at all to give to my friends it is this: Live as honestly and as truly before God as you are able to during life here; then you will have nothing to fear when you die.

(To the Chairman.) Thank you, sir. [Are your brothers and sister in New York?] I have a sister there, and my brothers, I suppose, are in the Western country. The wheel of fortune took me in one direction, and them in another. We were separated. May 20.

Aunt Polly Locke.

Do n't you know me? [You must remember I can't see you.] Well, then, I'll have to tell you who I am. I am Aunt Polly Locke. I used to live in Newcaston. Don't you remember old John Locke? [Yes.] Well, I was his wife. Why, I knew you at the time your father died, when you was a little boy, just about so high. [Measuring the distance by raising the hand.] You could not have been more than eleven or twelve years old. [I was eleven.]

Oh, how strange it is! I've been here more than a dozen times, trying to come and speak to you, but there was always something to prevent me. Most generally the atmosphere would be too clear. I wanted it a little cloudy to do well. Your father said you'd know me. He thought if I came and told you certain things you'd know me.

Why, you did n't get drowned, after all, did you? [No; do you remember that circumstance?] Oh, why, I remember all these things just as clear! I seem to be taken right back there again. [Where did you reside?] Pretty near the bridge. You know where John Bruce lived? [Yes.] Well, pretty near him.

Oh, I've met your father on the other side. Do you know when he told me that I could come back I thought he was crazy! He told me to come and see how it was done. And I come one day when your little brother that was drowned was here. He took care of the writing business here. Well, I come then and see how things were managed here, but I thought it was so strange! Then I met your Uncle Isaac in the spirit-world, and he told me to go back; you'd be glad to see me. I thought I must come.

Do you know where my daughter is? Oh, I want to go to her and talk to her as I do to you if I can. [I do n't know where she is.] She married a Davison, you know. Oh, what would she say to have her mother come back from the dead? It sounds so, you know, for one that was dead to be coming back to earth again. And I'm back here, using another's body, talking to one I know when he was a little boy. Oh, it's so strange!

I've known, many a time, of your going over to town when your mother did n't know anything about it. I remember one time you went, and had a new cap on, and it blew overboard and you lost it going home. You was crying along the road when I saw you. You was small then. You are as much as fifty years old, ain't you? [Yes, more.] Oh, is it possible? Oh, well, you must be. Tell them all about this glorious light, won't you? for it is glorious!

Where's your mother? [In Epsom, N. H.] Your father told me she wasn't white but red; she wasn't dead. Don't it seem strange for dead folks to be coming back here? It seems like going down into the ground and getting into your old body again.

Oh, bless your heart, I'm glad to get back here! [Come and see me at my home, sometime?] Oh, I will. [I'll make you welcome.] Will you?

Do you know Huldah Bell? [Did she live near the bridge?] Well, she lived down there—pretty nigh there. [I know Thomas Bell.] I think she was his sister, though I'm not sure of it. But why I spoke of her is because she's afraid to come back and manifest in this way. She thinks, somehow, it's somehow the wiles of the devil to get folks back here. But I'm going to run the risk, anyway. Oh, bless you, how glad I am to get back here! [You did n't dream of it when you were on the earth, did you?] Oh, bless you, no! I did n't know anything about this thing. But it's true! It's true!

Oh, I want my daughter to know that I come back. Why, she's as old as you are. Let me see, she's much as sixty-nine years old; most ready to come to me, I know. I wish she knew—if she would n't be frightened—about my coming here. Your father says there's always somebody to carry the news of our return to our friends here.

What a strange world we do live in, the spirit-world! [Do you remember Uncle Thomas?] Yes, your Uncle Thomas? I do remember him. Oh yes, he is not dead, not as I know of. Well, if you see your mother, tell her I've come, won't you? [Yes.] Does she know about us coming? [Yes.] Oh well, that is grand! that is grand! [Father was sure you could come.] Yes, he was. He told me to come right along, not to be afraid of anything. Oh it is beautiful! God is good. Aint it glorious, this coming back? [You are enjoying your new home, aint you?] Oh yes, enjoying it more than I can tell you, it's so beautiful.

Do you remember when the bridge was over-floored between Newcastle and the town? I think you must. Let me see, it must be between thirty and forty years ago. [I left when I was between ten and twelve years old.] Oh, so you did. I thought I lost sight of you when you got to be ten or eleven years of age.

Well, now, I'm going to my daughter. They told me to come here first, and then I could go to her. [You'll be able to see your daughter when you leave here.] Well, that will be a great blessing, to be able to see those that you've hoped to see for years. Oh, it is glorious, aint it? I'm going right there, down to Newcastle, just as straight as I can. You'll print my letter, won't you? 'cause that's the way they say you do it, to let 'em know we come. And give my best love to your mother. [I will. Come again.] Yes, I will, I will. May 20.

[The conversation, as above reported, took place between the spirit then holding control, and Mr. Wm. White, one of the proprietors of the BANNER. He considers it a very convincing test of the truth of Spiritualism.]—EDITOR.

Stephen Dougherty.

I have come back, sir, to report myself alive; and my name was Dougherty—Stephen Dougherty. I died of camp fever, and I'm from the 35th Massachusetts. I suppose I died from the camp fever, took it on the banks of the Chickampowey. But I'm back here to report myself alive.

My wife has got married since I died, since they said I died, and that's a pretty state of things. [You do n't intend to sue her, bring her into court, do you?] No, sir; I won't make any sort of a fuss about it. It's all right, I suppose, according to law, but it seems so queer, you know. I had the idea that most folks do have, that when you die, come to the spirit-land, that you're taken so far away that you would n't know anything that was going on on earth. But it's the strangest thing in your life for a man to be at the wedding of his own wife and not be the bridegroom. And that's where I was. That was the queerest thing I ever knew.

It's very well for Margaret to say she did n't know I was dead, wasn't sure I was dead. The report she'd heard. If I'd had a good speaking trumpet, I'd like to have told her that there was nothing at all certain in reports, because I'm not dead at all. Yes, I tell you I felt queer enough, of course, to be there without an invitation, for of course I was the last one whom she would have invited. [Were you jealous?] Ah no, I was not jealous at all, but I thought it was queer. It was a laughable affair, anyway. It's queer enough for a man to be attending his own funeral, but it's queerer to be where I was. And then the more I thought of it, the more I thought I'd come back if I could and announce myself not dead, make a little sort of a fuss, nothing to hurt. [Did you reside here?] Yes, sir; in South Boston, at Washington Village; that was the last place where I was. But then Margaret, she's here now. It's all right.

Well, the bride and the bridegroom have my best wishes. And if there's anyway that I can come back to them and talk as I do here, I'd like it first rate. [Did you leave any children?] No, sir. Well, sir, I suppose if I like to get a chance to come this way again I can. [I suppose so. Your age?] Twenty-seven. Maybe if I can, well, if I can get an invitation to go home—home, is that it?—well, to go to the folks I know here, maybe if I can go there, I shan't want to come here again. But if I'm like all the rest, perhaps I shall want to keep trying until I do get it. [Perhaps Margaret will want to make peace with you.] Oh, it's all peace with me, I'm contented. Faith, I did n't think that bounty money was going to furnish a bridal outfit for some one else. This is a queer machine we are in. Somebody's got the crank; I do n't know who he is, but he's turning it whatever way he pleases. Sometimes we are in, sometimes out. Ah, it's going all round all the time.

I just like to laugh myself to death. Any way of dying here? I like to laugh myself to death being at my own wedding, and myself as much alive as any of them. Oh yes, and never offering me not a whiff of a pipe. Ah well. [No cake?] No, sir; not a sip of wine, or whiskey, or anything. Well, I had the laugh all to myself, anyway. That was better than all the rest. [Did you have any friends with you?] Oh, yes, sir, I did, but it was n't so comical to them as it was to me, the interested party. Oh well, sir, it's all right, and my best wishes on 'em all. Good-day, sir. May 20.

Scene opened by Father Henry Fitz James; closed by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Our Father, and our Mother too, humbly and reverently we bow at the altar of Life to receive thy blessing, not because we have never stumbled in the way, not because we are better than our fellows, not because we have performed all duties with which thou hast entrusted us, but because of thy great magnanimity thou must always bless. We thank thee for the prayer that Jesus was permitted to offer upon the cross, when suffering the ignominy that was heaped upon him. Because of the darkness and superstition there were few of his time who could understand him. The influence of that prayer has

softened the action of many hearts who have groined beneath the iron heel of oppression and bigotry. We thank thee that every age has given birth to great minds in men and women, who have dared to live what they thought. But, most of all, we thank thee that we are permitted to take part in the struggle between justice and injustice, light and darkness. We thank thee for the gift of flowers and little children, for the flowers bless us with their silent beauty, and the little children with their merry laugh and tender love. That thou wilt always bless and never curse, we know. Therefore in thy keeping we trust our enemies, our friends and ourselves. Thy Kingdom is beyond all other kingdoms, thy Power beyond all other powers, and thy Love has swallowed up all other loves. May 21.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—By W. M. Dinsmore: Will the spirits inform us if it is our duty to love God?

ANS.—The whole Christian world have determined concerning that fact, for a fact it seems to be with them. But the nature of humanity, intellectually and morally considered, determines whether or not we shall love God. It is not a matter of choice with us. We are all bound to love God, not by duty simply, but because there is a power within us that forces us to love God. This is my belief. God is a spirit dwelling with all things, sustaining all things; and if we love anything at all, we must of necessity love God; and I do not believe there ever was a soul who had an existence through human life, that did not love God, and I do not believe there will ever be one. All must love God, but not in the sense that is religiously considered. The Churches tell us that we must one day in seven enter the so-called house of God to worship God; and if our names are not found attached to some particular Christian Church, we do not love God, so they say. But this is a mistake, for they only exhibit a lamentable ignorance concerning this God; for if God is everywhere, and every soul loves something, every soul loves God.

Q.—By Theodore Phelps, of Middlebury, Vt.: What is the use of conscience, if this theory of A. B. Child is true, viz: "Whatever is, is right"? If whatever we do is right, we can do no wrong, and know no conscience to upbraid us.

A.—No, that is a mistake. Allowing that whatever is right, that does not infringe upon the rights of any man or any woman's conscience, by any means. It does not limit the action of conscience. If it is right for our good brother, Dr. Child, to believe that all things are right under all circumstances, then of course the law sustains his conscience, for he acts in obedience to it. The doctrine of "Whatever is, is right," when divinely considered, is a most glorious philosophy; but when considered from a low, earthly standpoint it is a most dangerous doctrine, for the soul who has not got beyond fear, who does right simply because it fears to do wrong, cannot understand the law governing whatever is right. The soul that does right because it loves to, can fully understand the divine import of this doctrine, and no one else can fully understand it. So those who do right simply through fear of doing wrong, are in nowise capable of understanding this doctrine, and had better let it alone, because it would do them more harm than good. It would be like giving meat to babes. Their stomachs could not digest it. May 21.

Edward Augustus Middleton.

The name by which I was known when on earth, was Edward Augustus Middleton. I was born in Georgia, if I have been correctly informed, in the year 1821. My parents I have never been particularly acquainted with as a mortal, but as a spirit I have met them and been recognized and owned by them. My father was a white man, my mother a mulatto woman.

After passing through a series of slave trials—for I was a slave—I was finally bought by a Mr. Middleton. I believe he belonged in Tennessee, but lived in South Carolina at the time of purchasing me.

Some seventeen years ago I met Mr. Parker, who is in attendance at this place this afternoon, in one of the Western cities, where I was transacting some business for my master. In justice to my master, I will say that I was liberally educated, that I might better serve his purpose. Perhaps he was aware of his own deficiency, and he did not care, or perhaps he could not remedy it, and as I was quick to learn; I was educated, that, as I said before, I might serve him the better. Hearing that Mr. Parker, a man of free thought and abolition principles, was in the city at the time I was, I made bold to call upon him. And I told him that I was almost inclined to determine for myself concerning my freedom. He heard my story, sympathized with me very deeply, assuring me that the path I proposed to take would be beset with thorns, and concluded by telling me I had better remain as I was. But at the same time he assured me that as there was a just God overruling all things, every slave—not only throughout the United States, but throughout the entire world—would eventually receive their freedom. He told me he believed it would come through bloodshed and great tribulation, but was sure it would come. He advised my waiting for that time, and advised me to pray earnestly that the wheels of the great car of Progress might roll quickly around. I took his advice; I remained in slavery until, through the vengeance of God, by many agents, this civil war determined concerning my freedom.

I was met, recognized and cordially welcomed by this bold defender of weakness, of human wrong. He defended most nobly all souls that were oppressed. His words were sharp as a two-edged sword, and I believe that much is due unto him, and such as he, for the great change that has taken place on this American continent.

My master lives, chastened and unhappy, because of the loss of worldly property. That property consisted in the blood and sinew and bone of human beings chiefly. God has seen fit to make a change in these matters, and my master, like many others, is in tribulation. I come to offer him my sympathy. I come to offer him whatever strength I may be able to impart to him. I come to say to him that the time is not far distant when he will rejoice because of having died outside the reach of slavery. No matter if he was forced out of the ring—better so than not at all.

I have reason to believe that my master and others will receive my thoughts from this spirit-land. It is not the land he expects to find. Disappointment will meet him, perhaps, on every hand, and yet he, I think, will be more happily disappointed than otherwise.

And to my sons, whose lives are in the hands of the God who has freed them, I would say there is now a new path opened before you. The blazing gun of freedom is directly over your heads, but unless you are active it may destroy you; for great blessings, like great curses, sometimes destroy you. So make the most of your freedom. Learn all that you are able to learn. Walk as fast in the way as you are able to walk. Deal justly with all, and most of all before the sight of God. Never

fear to speak what you are satisfied in your own soul is right, for it is written, "He shall give His angels charge concerning you." I believe this is true concerning every human soul, and whether they do whatever they believe is right, some good angel will always be sure to help them.

My master, sir? Edward A. Middleton. I took his name. May 21.

Alice Alden.

I am come back to my mother. I was eight years old, and Emma was four; yes. I am Alice, I am. My name is Alden. [Alice Alden?] Yes. [Did you live in Boston?] No, sir; I'm come from St. Louis. My mother is feeling bad because I've died. I've been dead since last March.

Emma did n't die. That's because she was Emma Hardinge; that's her name. I reckon she did n't die because the angels wanted her to stay with mother. She's named after Miss Hardinge. Mother called her Emma Hardinge Alden, because she thought she was a splendid woman, she said, and she hoped our Emma would be as good. That's what she named her for.

But my mother do n't know that we can come back. She kind of thinks we can, but she do n't know.

Mr. Parker brought me here; yes; and he told me not to be afraid. [He's kind to children.] Yes; he always says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." So he helps us all. There's ever so many with him to-day—ever so many children. He told me to go back to my mother, and tell her how happy I was in the spirit-land, and how I was learning fast, and that Emma would stay with her till there was no more need of her staying. I hope she will. I did n't want Emma to stay here at first, because I did n't have anybody that I knew much. So when mother knows I can come, I hope she won't cry any more, because it makes me homesick. And I'm going to send a kiss to Emma, too. And I would send her some flowers if I had any way to, but I have n't. [Have you many flowers?] Oh yes, and Mr. Parker has sights of 'em! He does—he has a lot; and he gives you all you ask for. [Did your mother know Mr. Parker?] Mother used to read about him; mother did n't know him, but she'd read about Mr. Parker.

Don't take any medicine to go here, do you? [No.] You die without, do n't you? I had to, I did. [Were you sick a good while?] No, I was sick only a little while; but I took horrid medicine. Don't know but that was what made me die. Don't have to take any to die with here, do you? [No.] Then I do n't care. I aint afraid about dying. I do n't like the medicine. I'm going to die now. Won't forget to print this, will you? [No. Have you said all you wished to?] Yes; only I'm coming again. [Where is your father?] My father? Oh, he's in the spirit-land. He aint with me, but he's there. [Do you see him?] Yes, but I do n't live with him. I'm going now. May 21.

Samuel Snow.

My name is Samuel Snow, and I wish to communicate with Henry Snow, of Orleans, Massachusetts. Good-day. May 21.

Stephen Robinson.

I have two daughters, Mary and Eliza. My name was Stephen Robinson; and I wish to communicate with those daughters. I lived here—died here, I should say—nineteen, most twenty years ago. I owned a house in North street, pretty near the Square, lived there, kept boarders there, died there. Now what more shall I give to identify myself? [We should think that was sufficient.] Yes, I should think so.

I am quite desirous to reach my daughters, for several reasons. It makes me rather uneasy in the spirit-world—some of us who did n't leave things straight here, to go where we can see the workings of them a great deal better, and so they're a great deal harder to hear. You're not apt to see the wrong you do when here. But when you're on the other side you can see it very clearly; did you know it? [Under certain conditions, we presume you can.] Yes, yes; we are not apt to see ourselves as others see us, you know. Well, that was the case with me when I was here: did n't do up things just right. Slow, slow, slow, I was; got to come back and do up things I did n't do here. Ah, this is paying for a dead horse. Better done the work when I was here. I'll do as well as I can. If there's nobody to take it, I'll tug it along a little further.

[Are your daughters married?] Yes, both on 'em. Oh yes, oh yes, yes; been married these fifteen years, one on 'em; t'other about twelve. [Since you passed away?] Oh yes, they were gals, little gals, when I went on; married young, too, both on 'em. Good-day. [Is that all you wish to say?] Yes, that's all I wish to say, want to here. [You want your daughters to go to a medium, so you can talk with them?] Yes, to talk, straighten out some things that's crooked. [You left some property?] Yes, I did. These husbands do n't always know how to take care of their wives' property, do they? [Not always. Do n't a great many men marry for property?] Yes, very likely. That's generally apt to be the case. [Is n't money the greatest object?] Yes, particularly in this country. In the old country it's title, in this country it's money. Oh dear me! I wonder if there ever will be a country where it will be for what's really good in the person, nothing else? Wonder if that'll ever be current? [In due time, after the human race has sapped sorrow sufficient.] Well, you'd better take deep draughts, and get through the sooner. May 21.

Scene opened by Theodore Parker; closed by Thomas Campbell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Father Henderson, to Col. Chivington; Charles E. Gould, born at Hyannis, Mass.; Alice Broughton, to her mother, in New York city; Margaret Terrence, to her children and friends in Boston. Monday, May 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Thomas J. Jackson ("Stonewall" Jackson); Terence McDonogh, to his wife and brothers, in Boston, Mass.; Sophie Donelle, a medium of Hialeah, N. H., to her children. Tuesday, May 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary E. Barrett, to President Johnson; Robert Clyde, of Missouri, to friends; Annie Nelson, of New York city, to her mother, Eliza Nelson. Thursday, May 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Aquinas William P. Judge, to Col. Underwood, of New York; Jennie King, of New York, to her mother, in New York; George Wyman, of Philadelphia, to friends; Sarah A. Southworth, to friends; Annie Maria Barry, to her mother, in Denver City, Colorado; the wife of William Tappan, to her husband, in Colorado; or Lewis, or Samuel Foster Tappan. Tuesday, June 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Alexander Murray, to his wife; Francis Howe Prescott, to her sister, in New Bedford, Mass.; Willie Demarest, to his parents, living at No. 11 King street, New York city; Charles Brady, of East Boston, to his brother, James, and Uncle Daniel Brady. Thursday, June 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George F. Spring, to friends in Springfield, Mass.; Hiram Banta, to his brother, Hon. H. Banta; David Hoehn, to friends in Springfield, and Boston, Mass.; Anne E. Williams, to friends. Sunday, June 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. William P. Tucker, to friends in Philadelphia; Gen. Richardson, to friends in Boston; Olive Margaret, to her mother and sister Sarah, in Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Callahan, to her husband, Mary, and a sister, in New York city. Tuesday, June 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen A. Caverly, of the late Mass. Cavalry, Co. K, to his wife, in Philadelphia; Mrs. M. C. Caverly, to her mother, in Philadelphia; Patrick Macnamara, of the 6th Mass. Cavalry, to his wife; Adelaide Garrison, of Chicago, to Stephen W. Garrison, in New York city; Mary Burke, to the Society of Friends in Water

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department...

W. A. Danksin on Pre-existence.

Our only aim true, we take pleasure in inviting the reader's attention to Bro. Danksin's communication, at once able, suggestive and spicy with important inquiries...

PRE-EXISTENCE—ETERNAL EXISTENCE.

BY WASH. A. DANKSIN.

FRIEND PEEBLES—Heretofore I have read with pleasure the expression of your thought as given in the "Western Department" of our luminous BANNER...

I love Spiritualism because it sweeps away all the mysticisms and superstitions of the past; setting us free from dogmatism, unfolding our reasoning faculties, and demanding that he who comes to us as a teacher should not only comprehend but be able to explain and make clear to his pupils that which he offers as truth.

Spiritualism, with its facts, demonstrates not only that the departed spirit lives, but, also, that it has power to transmit thought to us through many and various channels of communication.

I hold it valuable because it discards all ecclesiastical machinery through which even the most religious systems are held, and the hopes and fears of the people, and lead its adherents in subjugation by exciting their credulity.

I esteem it beyond all things else, because it ever appeals to the highest faculties of man's nature, instead of developing zeal into fanaticism by playing upon the irregular impulses of the irrational devotee.

I would, therefore, in all kindness and good feeling, with no other motive than to enlighten and sustain truth, and to lead in this theory of "Pre-existence"—ask you to present some plain, intelligible basis for your proposition.

If I have lived, organically—if my interior, essential self—if the identity or individual spirit, known as myself, has lived throughout all former ages, passing through experiences in other worlds, gathering knowledge, and adding to it, in spheres, unfolding the intellectual faculties which form a part of my organization, what has become of all the knowledge necessarily obtained in these prior stages of existence?

If I have lived, I must have lived in action. I must have acquired. Where are all my acquisitions?

If I have lived in other worlds, in other ages, why do not memory retain some impress of the past? Why does thought, in its theory backward, always come to the knee or into the arms of a revered mother, and there become lost in a sphere of maternal love?

Why, if my existence has been eternal—organically and individually, I mean—do I retain no trace or sign of all the glories of the past, but begin my life the helpless infant, dependent in all things, plastic to all influences, led step by step from infancy through boyhood and youth to manhood; and, as I advance in years and experience, why do I recognize more and more clearly, how little I have yet gathered and how much there is to glean in the vast fields of knowledge which God has spread out before his children?

Why is not some love or affection of the past held sacred by me now? Have the affections as well as the intellect failed to retain a single impress of former associations?

If I have lived, organically and individually, in all the past, why have I no memory of place or person that I must have called my home, and my friends, and my "locality," no attachment to the place where I have lived, that I should root up and cast out all memory of the endearments which must cluster, in greater or less degree, around every spot called home?

Was I, in former ages, and in other worlds, an embryonic form of life? Emerging after the proper period of gestation into infancy, thence to more advanced stages of development, and finally through maturity into declining physical life, and gratification of the senses, thereby losing my identity, or, at least, all knowledge of my identity; because if I was, my immortality is destroyed rather than established by such a theory.

If I change continually, passing from the maturity of one sphere into the embryonic condition of another, and carry with me no knowledge of the fact, lose my identity with every transition, I surely have no claim to other than the present life. I not only lose the past, but must as surely, by logical deduction, lose all claim upon the future. The mind and memory that contains nothing of or has brought nothing from an endless series of prior existences, cannot be relied upon to carry anything of the present into the future, nor anything of that future which is comparatively close at hand, into the limitless far-off future which an endless or eternal existence must inherit. Such an existence I could not recognize as immortality. It would, at least, be but fragmentary, or rather, if we are to pass through all the trials and sorrows which my nature endures in this life, and, after having nearly culminated in knowledge and power here, suddenly throw off all that we have gained, and, sinking into helplessness and imbecility, commence afresh in another world, would we not be like Sisyphus, engaged in a tantalizing and abortive effort to do that which can never be accomplished?

As I before said, I do not offer these queries in a captious or controversial spirit, but I wish every proposition made by me to be passed through the trial and sorrow which my nature endures in this life, and, after having nearly culminated in knowledge and power here, suddenly throw off all that we have gained, and, sinking into helplessness and imbecility, commence afresh in another world, would we not be like Sisyphus, engaged in a tantalizing and abortive effort to do that which can never be accomplished?

Spiritualism is strong enough, and grand enough, and beautiful enough in its impregnable truths, without our passing beyond the plane of reason to seek additional attractions.

Baltimore, Md., July 7, 1867.

Implacable Reformers.

It is said of Howard, the philanthropist, that he was a tyrant to his wife, over which treatment he afterwards wept before her image, when she had departed to the spirit-world. True abroad, but false at home! Is not this too apt to be the case? The most fierce and denunciatory advocate of Woman's Suffrage with whom we are acquainted, is an overbearing husband, whose wife to live in negative peace seeks herself to the compulsory relation of an imploring slave; the most earnest and angular hobby-man on the question of labor and the eight hour system, is cold, unsympathizing and unbenevolent, neglecting the present claims of suffering humanity under pretense of reconstructing society; the most loud spoken defender of honesty and literary propriety

is a most cunning Judas—a Oantline was not less superior in craft and ability to cover up his mischievous tracks; the most vehement defender of the rights of the industrious masses, is the most abusive critic to individuals who are working for the same good ends. Diogenes sneering in a tub was personally well defended. When that cynic went forth by day with a lantern in his hand seeking a man, did he not truly represent his own want of manliness?

"Not all is gold that glitters." These "missionaries to the heathen" never see any heathenism at home. With them reform is to be accomplished at a great distance, because they are themselves so morally distant from it. The reputation they have is but gloss to brass, or silvering to pewter. The best soldier is he who acts, and talks less. That is a true reformer who is reformed, having heaven in the heart, and thence heaven in the home, and thence heaven in society. Are there any streams without fountains? Begin at the fountains.

"The Sappheads."

We are told by a gentleman who was present at the late Convention of Baptists held in Chicago, a zealous minister argued the value of a resolution recommending greater provision for the education of young men for the Baptist pulpit. As soon as he had finished his earnest appeal, an old veteran rose and endorsed the utility of the educational movement. "But," said he with solemn emphasis, "there is a serious difficulty in the way; to accomplish anything you must have talented young men, who, after they are educated at our expense, generally get uneasy in the denomination, and at last go over to the liberal churches; and God knows that all the sappheads stay in!"

Mrs. Dr. L. R. Murray, Detroit.

From different sources we hear that this mediumistic worker and clairvoyant physician is having remarkable success. Wonderful is the power of spirits through these mortal instrumentalities for good. Covet earnestly, said the Apostle, the "best gifts." See her advertisement in another column.

Interesting Letter from N. B. Starr.

Permit me the use of your columns to relate some things in connection with my mediumship, only wonderful but absolutely astounding. I feel the more like doing this because of the recent real and also pretended exposures of mediums.

You perceive that I have been domiciled some six weeks or more, in the truly beautiful home of Col. Cushman, Ottawa, Ill. This is also the permanent residence of the medium, Mrs. Anna's Lord Chamberlain, who for years has sustained the reputation of being both an excellent woman and a very superior medium for physical manifestations.

During the past six weeks, I have attended circles, sometimes daily, and always two or three times per week, and I claim to have investigated critically and philosophically; and I further claim as keen perceptions and sound judgment as my peers; and I wish I have the interior or clairvoyant sight, enabling me to investigate from two standpoints. Therefore I speak of that which I know, and testify of that which I have seen and felt. Of course I have to say, he is a man substantial and practical; one of the solid men of the world, who seems to value his great wealth only for the good he can do with it.

He would be the last man on earth who would suffer himself or permit others to be deceived. Those circles are not held for money, nor the gratification of idle curiosity. Strangers are occasionally admitted through courtesy.

The circle room is dark, containing an oval extension table, around which the attending circle of Mr. and Mrs. Cushman, four children, a lady visitor who attends to have her eyes manipulated by spirit hands, the medium, and myself; all hands are joined, including the medium's; soon as the medium is entranced, the violinist playing outside, the concert commences; several instruments being played upon at the same time, all of which have been detailed many times in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

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New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY, (Opposite the American Museum.) WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

A Rest.

At the foot of a busy day, with weary feet and a tired brain, we secured a wide berth in a broad-gauge car on the New York and Erie track, without an editor's pass or the reduced fare, engaged on a long ride into the country. We soon bored through the hill and smoked over the marshes of the Jersey side, and were out among the farms in total darkness and a most violent shower, interspersed with "rattling thunder" and sharp flashes of lightning, which was truly a relief from the incessant noise on the Broadway pavements and almost constant fire-hells of the city. The "iron horse with a wooden tail" was not frightened at the lightning, and paid no attention to the shower, but walking through it like a god, was soon out of Jersey; and winding up and down the crooked streams on the iron rail, we could not always tell in the darkness whether we were in Pennsylvania or New York, especially on the banks of the Susquehanna, which is altogether too crooked for a State line, but is more like the line of one of our political foxes, an ex-President, whose paths are straighter in the Summer-Land, but of whom it was said in his popular day, "when the hound is on his track, it cannot tell whether he is going South or coming back."

When the night was gone, and the sun came up, it shone first in the west and then in the east windows of the cars, so we know we were going and coming, and getting our money's worth in the ride; but the horse sped on, and the tail followed after, snorting and stopping only at large and important places, treating all small ones with contempt, though not silent, for he usually squealed at them as he shook his tail and sped.

"On and on in his mad career, Like a crazy shot off from a comet's sphere."

We had started for the hills and rocks, the hemlocks and raspberries of old Steuben County, and in the late morning hours found we were in the midst of them, and when the boy announced Hornellsville and breakfast, ("from 8 to 9") we up and packed, and soon met an anxious and familiar face, and another horse took us seven miles from the noisy town and iron road on a still more crooked route, winding round the hills, up and down the brooks, and by the "old mill by the hill-side," which we used to sing in idle hours of happy days at many a home where the BANNER is read.

A white cottage dotted the green spot by the roadside on the farm of brother and sister Franklin, where hills are near and numerous. Tall old hemlocks are shooting out of the greener trees, and there sits and sings the shining black crow, while all around the cottage are the robin and the lark, the sparrow and the nightingale, and all the little songsters seemed to welcome us as did the children and the whole household.

Here we are for a three days' rest, and it seems so good to be here among the birds and flowers, with cattle and sheep and all the farm stock and wild fruit, with music in the house, music in the air, and music everywhere; but we must be excused now, and will report next from the office in Broadway.

Good News for the Children.

We have assurances from several of the best and most experienced female writers in our literature, that books suitable for children, full of interesting and useful matter, not saturated with the sour, crabbed or wicked theology of the churches, shall be forthcoming as soon as arrangements can be made for publishing them. Lyceums and families will be notified and supplied at prices, we hope, that will enable the children to purchase from their spending money.

Annie Denton Griggs, (sister of William Denton) of Washington, D. C., will have a series ready in a few weeks for the publisher, and we know they will be "winged messengers" of love, kindling a flame of divine life in the little bosoms that throb over the reading of them.

Mrs. Frances Brown, editor, and now proprietor, also, of the Little Boquet, whose thoughts ever sparkle like diamonds in her written words, is also ready, with pen in hand and a large amount collected and prepared, to feed the little spiritual mouths now open and asking for better food than the stones and serpents of theology, fed to them in Sunday school literature.

Mary F. Davis, too, whose soul, like a never-ceasing fountain, pours out its pure love for the little ones in the Father's mansion, will surely give them from the treasures of her heart some little book-tokens of her regard and hope and wishes for their earthly and eternal welfare.

Our own co-laborer, also, whose pen has so long editorially enriched the Children's Department of the BANNER, we trust and expect will have a "finger in the pie," and be sure to leave some delicious plums for the Johnny and Fanny Horners to draw out on Christmas days and other days.

We can therefore say to the little ones: Save up your pennies and get ready for the new books, and we will soon be ready to send them by mail to all parts of the country.

Jeremiah Hacker and his Boat.

Once more that old and faithful captain, J. Hacker, has started his Pleasure Boat, which so long sailed from Portland, Me., and which, after the war disturbed its voyages, turned into a Chariot, and run after wisdom and love till the great fire burned it out of materials. Now the editor, publisher, printer and proprietor, all of which are J. Hacker, the captain, have moved to Berlin, Camden Co., N. J., and with new materials the paper again appears, as sharp as ever, and it never was dull. It looks like living now until fire or war again disturb it. It is a faithful worker, and terribly radical on some subjects, but such a paper as everybody ought to read, and we hope the old subscribers, and new ones, will sustain Bro. Hacker to his heart's content. Copies can be had at our office (544 Broadway). Give us your hand, Bro. Hacker, and fight for the RIGHT till the day-star of immortality shines on your brow, for fight we know you will, though denying all weapons, repudiating all wars, and abhorring all contentions, but using love as a two-edged sword, and cutting right and left.

Business.

An older and esteemed brother writes us from Indiana an earnest and intelligent letter, full of facts on the subject of cooperation and the necessity of further steps among Spiritualists to help each other, and especially of an agency in our large cities, and an agent through whom sales and purchases could be made to the advantage of those at a distance, and save many losses from the schemes of speculators. We have long seen a good opening in this direction for an honest man or woman, or a dozen of them, but fear the

time has not yet arrived for carrying it out practically. We are not yet well acquainted with each other, and no sooner is such business proposed or started than irresponsible and unreliable persons are the ones to seek the places of trust for selfish purposes, and the effort soon fails, setting back the just and righteous cause, and discouraging the honest from further efforts. It was the rash of this class of persons that broke up the efforts of associations which started with such flattering prospects in 1844-5 in this country, and let us watch and wait and labor for the good time.

Rochester, N. Y.

Our friends in Rochester, N. Y., have resumed their meetings again. Their hall and their Lyceum equipments and books were burnt up last winter. Meetings and the Lyceum are now held in Scitler's Hall. A. B. Whiting is now speaking there, and giving great satisfaction.

We can now supply the first four numbers of "Human Nature," the most radical monthly of England, edited by our earnest and able co-laborer, J. Burns, of London, and fully devoted to human progress. We have the numbers for April, May, June and July, in which, for a story, is being republished "Ideal Attained," by Mrs. Farnham, and now out of print. Price thirty cents per copy. Sent by mail.

MRS. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simmons, Clairvoyant, Magnetist and Electric Physician, has removed from 1249 to 1102 Broadway, New York.

Lectures by Robert Dale Owen.

ROBERT DALE OWEN proposes, in case he receives as many as twenty-five applications, to lecture throughout the West during the months of February, March and April next, on the following subjects:

- 1. SPIRITUALISM: as a phase, vitalizing other phases, of the religious sentiment of the day.
2. THE HOPE AND THE FEAR: as deduced from history, with a scene in the Temple at Jerusalem.
3. LAMON'S HISTORY, its prospects, and the marvelous aids and inspirations of the "Ideal Attained," a desire to speak of those whose strong arms ceaselessly juggling at the oar, have impelled through all time, the bark of Life, and briefly to the "Ideal Attained," the treatment of the Present, what is their actual condition; of the Future, what will be their coming fate.

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

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—Spiritualist meetings are held at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, Dr. H. B. Stewart presiding. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock A. M.

THE PROGRESSIVE SOCIETIES in care of Miss Phelps meet in No. 12 Howard street, up two flights, in hall. Sunday services, 10 1/2 A. M.

EAR BOSTON.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. L. P. Freeman, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor. Mrs. Martha Weston, Guardian. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Aug. 11 and 18; J. Madison Allen, Aug. 25 and Sept. 1.

CHARLOTTE.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charlotte hold regular meetings at City Hall every Sunday afternoon, commencing at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission—Ladies, 5 cents; gentlemen, 10 cents. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. J. S. Dodge, Conductor. Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Brandon, Cor. Sec.

CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock every Sunday afternoon, commencing at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission—Ladies, 5 cents; gentlemen, 10 cents. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. J. S. Dodge, Conductor. Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Brandon, Cor. Sec.

CHICAGO.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Westminster Division Hall, Chicago, at 3 and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seated, D. J. Ricker, Sup.

CHICAGO.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon, commencing at 3 and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seated, D. J. Ricker, Sup.

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LYMAN C. HOWE, inspirational speaker, New Alford, N. Y. Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Buffalo, N. Y., during August; in Cleveland, O., during September, October and November.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, Livermore Falls, Me. DR. M. HENRY HODGSON will lecture before religious, political and temperance assemblies. Address Millport, Mass. DR. J. N. HODGINS, trances, speaks at various places to lecture in the West. Address, East Boston, Mass.

MRS. A. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt. MISS JULIA J. HUBBARD, box 2, Greenwood, Mass. MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Springfield, Ill., during August; in St. Louis, Mo., during September. Permanent address, Millport, Mass.

DR. P. T. JAMESON, trances, Ypsilanti, Mich. DR. P. T. JAMESON, inspirational speaker, care of the Spiritualist Republic, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill. CAPTAIN B. LYNN, semi-conscious trance speaker, 667 Main street, Charleston, W. Va.

J. S. LOVELL, will answer calls to lecture in New England during August. Address, Maiden, Mass. MRS. E. K. LADD, trance lecturer, 175 Court street, Boston, Mass. MRS. F. A. LOGAN will answer calls to awaken an interest in, and to aid in establishing, Children's Progressive Lyceums. Address, Station D, New York, care of Walter Hyde.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, box 718, Bridgeport, Conn. MRS. SARAH HILLEN HARTWELL, East Greenwich, N. H. DR. G. W. MORGAN, trances, speaks at various places, and will attend funerals. Address, Boston, Mass. WILLIAM MOODY, Malden, Mass.

B. T. MURPHY will lecture on Spiritualism within a reasonable distance. Address, Skaneateles, N. Y. MRS. MARY A. MITCHELL, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in New England during August and evening, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri. Will attend Conventions when desired. Address, care of box 231, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. M. S. MORRISON, inspirational speaker, box 578, Haverhill, Mass. MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Parkville, Platte Co., Mo., during August. Address, as above.

DR. W. K. RILEY, box 85, Exton, Pa. DR. B. B. RAYBURN, trances, care box 353, Boston, Mass. ALBERT E. SIMMONS will speak in Simonsville, Vt., Aug. 11; in Williamstown, Aug. 18; in Danbury, Aug. 25. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

H. B. STOKER, inspirational speaker, will speak in Madison, Wis., during August. Will accept engagements for the New England States. Address, 143 Pleasant street, Boston, Mass. MRS. C. M. STOWELL will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address, San Jose, Cal.

FRANCIS P. THOMAS, M. D., lecturer, Harmony, Kansas. HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, O. MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, Vt. MRS. CHARLOTTE F. TAYLOR, trance speaker, New Bedford, Mass., P. O. box 592.

J. H. W. TOWN, 42 Cambridge street, Boston. DR. W. K. RILEY, will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, address, Kenosha, Wis. BENJAMIN TODD, San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, 36 Bank street, Cleveland, O. DR. J. VOLLMAN, Ann Arbor, Mich. DR. P. T. JAMESON, will speak during August, care of the Spiritualist Republic, in Worcester, Mass., during September; in New York during November; in Springfield, Ill., during December; in New York, during January; in Providence, R. I., during February. Applications for week evenings promptly responded to. Address, as above.

MRS. M. MACOMBER WOOD, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass. F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., 22 West Fourth street, New York. MRS. E. W. WALKER will lecture in Rochester, Minn., during August. Will answer calls to lecture week-evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address as above, or box 14, Berlin, Vt.

E. Y. WILSON will speak in St. Louis, Mo., during August. Permanent address, Babcock's Grove, Du Page Co., Ill. MRS. HATTIE E. WILSON, (colored) trance speaker. Address East Cambridge, Mass., for the present.

LOUIS WYBROOKER can be addressed till further notice at Forestville, Fillmore Co., Minn., care of A. B. Register. MRS. N. J. WILLIS, 3 Tremont Row, Room 15, Boston, Mass. F. L. WOODWORTH's address care of the Spiritualist Republic, P. O. Drawer 525, Chicago, Ill.

HEWY C. WRIGHT, inspirational speaker, can be addressed at 402 Sycamore, corner of Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis. F. S. WYBROOKER, inspirational speaker. Address, care of the Spiritualist Republic, P. O. Drawer 525, Chicago, Ill.

PROF. E. WHIFFLE, lecturer upon Geology and the Spiritual Philosophy, Clyde, O. MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT will receive calls from a distance. Address, Danbury, Vt.

MRS. MARY J. WILCOXSON will speak in East Boston, Aug. 18 and 19. Will receive calls for fall and winter service. Address care of Banner of Light office. MRS. E. W. WALKER, inspirational speaker of Progressive Lyceums can be addressed at 402 Sycamore, corner of Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis.

DR. R. G. WELLS, Rochester, N. Y., trance speaker, will lecture on Spiritualism and attend funerals, within a few hours' ride from home. JONATHAN WHIFFLE, Jr., inspirational and trance speaker. Address, Mystic, Conn.

A. A. WHEELER, St. Johns, Mich. ELIASH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich. MISS ELVINA WYBROOKER, normal speaker, Janesville, Wis. WALTER WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker, Janesville, N. Y.

A. B. WHITING's address till Aug. 10th is 129 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y. MRS. JULIETTE YEAW will speak in Lynn, Mass., during September. Address, Northboro, Mass.

MRS. & MISS W. J. YORK will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of New York, during August and September. MRS. S. J. YOUNG, trance speaker, 65 Pleasant street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. FANNIE T. YOUNG, Boston, Mass., care of Banner of Light.

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