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Original Essays.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

BY DR. HORACE DRESSER.

The churches (so-called) or religious sects are professedly hostile to us. • • • Our efforts have been to defeat, and not encourage attempts at forming societies, getting up conventions, and establishing a sectarian press. • • • If you love the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, go there. If you prefer the simplicity of the Quakers, or the enthusiasm of the Methodists, as best calculated to encourage or gratify in you the spirit of devotion, go there. • • • Our cardinal rule of action has been to build up no party, create no sect, cultivate no spirit of proselytism, make no parade of faith. • • • While a few who could find no other congenial place of worship have united together in forming societies, not one out of ten true believers ever attend their meetings. • • • Unless when I occasionally lecture, I scarcely ever attend those meetings. My daughter, who gave herself up for several years to her duties as a medium, never attends, but worships in her own, the Catholic Church. • • • Under no circumstances will any sect be built up out of Spiritualism by believers withdrawing themselves into selfish associations, and away from an intimate connection with their fellowmen, into whatever condition, Catholic or Protestant, Established Church or Dissenters, they may choose to place themselves.—Letter of Hon. J. W. Edwards, to the Spiritual Magazine, London.

Spiritualism is waging war with the enemies of truth. The sons of Anak, a serried host, are in battle array and seek to stay its restless movements. But fearlessly and Caesar-like, it rushes into the field of moral and intellectual combat, and is fighting a good fight—keeps the faith which was once delivered unto the saints—and marches onward from conquering to conquer—a power in the land, a mighty sect among the religionists of the age, in spite of professing foe or purporting friend; though we know that everywhere it is spoken against, as of old was the sect of the Nazarenes, whose great teacher and leader was Jesus the Christ. Millions have come over, which is the signification of proselytism, to Spiritualism and joined its multitudinous ranks, all individual advice and effort and action to the contrary notwithstanding. Such attempts to quiet these millions within the pale of Old Theology—under the droppings of the sanctuary—manifestly have been but ineffectual dust, inseparable frictions in the grand highway along which roll its chariot wheels.

The true believer in Spiritualism will seek truth and Biblical instruction elsewhere than within the walls of the church or cathedral—for how can he honestly and truly consent to remain in fellowship and fraternity with those of a faith in hostility to his own—say nothing of the necessary expenditure of money for pew rent, etc., which must go to support and continue in being an establishment destructive to his own highest spiritual interest? What is the good, the gain, for all this sacrifice of feeling, faith, consistency, self-respect, money? The proper answer, perhaps, may be seen in the common maxim, "better reign in hell than serve in heaven," or in that something which is implied in non-attendance upon spiritual meetings, unless in capacity of speaker, or which is implied in the inconvenience of contact there with the ignoble vulgar, the common people, who in the time of the Nazarene, it is said, heard him gladly. There should be, indeed, some corresponding benefit for a practice or conduct so unnatural as that which is sometimes recommended to Spiritualists.

It is true that just now the meetings of Spiritualists must mainly be held in places other than costly edifices—it may be in some secular hall or saloon, on the banks of some quiet lake or peaceful river, in the cool shades and soft breezes of some silent grove—the groves were God's first temples, said Bryant—one of the high priests of the muses. And just as true is it that the old Spiritualists, the disciples, apostles and followers of Jesus, were without sacred edifices; had no synagogues, no temples. These structures, as now, belonged to the self-righteous, boastful and exclusive Pharisee. The parable has it, that in the temple, going there to pray, this churchman said, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess. Good place that and good society there for these old Spiritualists of the school of Jesus. Wonder why their Master did not advise them to "go there," and what a pity it is that these men could not have seen through modern eyes, and so not desert the sacred temple, to go off into upper rooms privately, away by the seaside, or apart upon the elevations of a mountain, to hold high communion with the Great Spirit and the spirits of just men made perfect.

The pulpit has hitherto exercised a monopoly in the matter of Biblical learning. Its sway over the minds and affairs of men, in this country at least, has been well nigh omnipotent till within the last fifty years. The Reformation of Luther, so memorable and so much lauded, as an event in which the Sovereign Pontiff first began to feel the vibrations of a moral earthquake, that has since so shaken the foundations of his seat on the Seven Hills, that at one time—the time of his flight to Gaeta—was deemed by him and his College of Cardinals no longer a safe lodging place for his Holiness, did not relieve the people from clerical bondage—certainly not those who have ever remained faithful adherents to the regency of the See of Rome—and, we think, most sincerely, as certainly not those who protested against its jurisdiction, and finally ruptured the ligaments that bound them to the Papacy. We think so, because the bondage exercised by a single Pope has been partitioned among many, and their multiplication has only enhanced the power and extent of the evil, not relieved from its dominion. The Reformation was an element of division and diffusion—not of decay—not of destruction of ecclesiastical bondage. Thunders from the paragon and bulls from the parish pulpit, have always had equal potency with the like agents emanating from the Vatican.

Theology has continued to establish its own exclusively religious and dogmatic schools and seminaries not only, but to fill almost all the principal chairs of learning in the colleges and universities with its professors—its hold in this behalf has never been weakened nor its progress in this direction ever been checked or impeded. Once it held unquestionable sovereignty in New England over all the people—it placed in all the pulpits men who had received its fostering care and teaching at its strongholds of learning—and from these so-called sacred places, the pulpits, there were alone obtained all the information on spiritual and religious matters that ever reached the minds of the masses, and nearly all they ever received on literary and scientific matters, these sometimes being brought before them collaterally to illustrate or prove some proposition or argument in a discourse. The meeting-house or lecture-room was the only Lyceum Hall—the people who were its main attendants and supporters, were the elect, the chosen, the church, par excellence. The minister settled there on a salary, for life, during good behavior, or until deposed or dismissed by his fellows, to whose association or consolation he belonged, was town teacher—secular and sacred preacher—and general supervisor of the marriages of men and maidens, of the baptisms of babes, of the burials of all classes!

But knowledge of all kinds, and especially that which once came only through the doctors of divinity, now reaches the minds of men through other means—the press has come to relieve the anxious student and honest inquirer after truth, and to break the bondage which held such multitudes in subjection. The difference between yesterday and to-day, is this: then, conditions were involuntary—now, none need wear shackles—men may run and not be weary, walk and not faint. The press has popularized Science, Literature and Religion. The people now have within their reach, through the newspaper, what they once were obliged to get through the pulpit, if obtained at all. The ponderous review and theological magazine were the store-rooms of the learned disquisitions of the day. They were too learned and technical and costly for the common reader. The professional few alone could afford them or well understand them. They were not written for the people—the elect, the elect only, were to be admitted within the sacred penetralia.

Popularization of theology and of general learning has increased so fast and gone so far by means of the press, schools, etc., that the pulpit has lost its prestige to a certain extent, and is now only a secondary affair, a shorn institution. The pews upon which the pulpit once poured its treasures of learning, have been evacuated by the earnest and sincere seekers after truth and knowledge, and their successors have converted them into soft sofas, for a solemn or smirking, as the case may be, sentimentalism to sit upon, on Sundays, whose visible flesh and blood embodiments make handsome exhibition of perfumed and sweet-scented dress and fashionable attire—sanctuary in these days vieling with saloon or show-shop of gewgaws and gay frivolity. For the man of sense, of thought, of research, the meeting-house and its fellow edifice, claiming to be holier, and hence calling itself the Church, have but little attraction and less of profit. The peaceful, quiet fireside and the library stocked with books and the current periodical literature, cannot fail to afford greater entertainment, and to be productive of larger spiritual profits.

While the pulpit sends forth a false theology and is the main support to an effete ecclesiasticalism, pray remand us not, to the churches, hostile, as it is confessed they are, to Spiritualism and its hosts of believers.

It is an invocation of Paul that believers should have an especial regard to the household of faith. This faith was the ancient Spiritualism taught by Jesus the Christ—the same Spiritualism as that of to-day, as is demonstrated by the apostolic phenomena in our presence. This apostle declared that whoever neglected his own household, was worse than an infidel, in other words, than an unbeliever. Just as applicable this to the household of faith, as to the personal or family household—hence let Spiritualists, as they have done, continue to work in the vineyard of the Great Founder of their Faith. The field of labor is the wide world. The period of labor is this life not only, but that which lies beyond the visible diurnal sphere—they know that man lives forever, is immortal, and by a law of deity can return to earth-life and aid mortals in their pilgrimage here. What a glorious work has Spiritualism done and is doing—millions disenthralled from the errors of the ages and brought into the substantial liberty of a gospel that disarms death of its power and takes from the tomb its terror!

The ministers of Spiritualism are visible and invisible. They need no ordination of men—no laying on of the hands of presbytery or prelacy to qualify them for work in the harvest-fields of humanity. Laymen and women are welcome priests and priestesses at the altars of Spiritualism. Their inspirations must be the tests—the credentials clear—to warrant the ministrations. No convention of bishops or mitred heads can sit in judgment upon their fitness to herald the glad tidings of immortality. The people alone will judge them in this behalf.

On skulls that cannot teach and will not learn! Spiritualism has had and still has potent instrumentalities—and shall it be said that they have been unproductive—and is it meant that they should be opposed by true believers? Witness its literature, how voluminous; its societies, established all over the land; its conventions, national, State, county, etc.; its Children's Sunday, Lyceums, spreading from village to village; its lecturers, male and female, itinerant; and local; how numerous and how eloquent, gathering together the multitudes to hear the words of a better gospel. And can the true Spiritualist find

satisfying allment in the churches whither he is advised to wend his way? Let him proceed thither, if he desire still to partake of the flesh pots and the loaves and the onions of Egypt. He is not so fully a Spiritualist as to warrant his enrollment—he is a Catholic, or Quaker, or Methodist, or what not. See to it in taking the census of Spiritualists that he is not numbered as such.

Cesar said, in recording the result of his marches and victories, in the language placed at the head of these remarks, I came, I saw, I conquered. May not Spiritualism justly say the same, in view of its successes? "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON WAGES.

NUMBER FOUR.

Q.—But admitting that rent is a feudal tax of an oppressive nature to those who have only wages or salary to depend upon, still we cannot absolutely do without it.

A.—There must be transient tenants; but the more just regulation of the principle of renting would establish a more reasonable system for all others.

Q.—Men will give anything for accommodation where they require it.

A.—That is no excuse for a lasting wrong. Temporary inconveniences must be submitted to. When, however, the injustice is legalized, then the poor begin to feel the burden and their poverty increases with the duration of the torture. A man, the third of whose income is absorbed by rent, has little chance of saving money to be applied to pursuits, inventions, industries or schemes for the increase of his means. The productive energy of his mind is cramped by so much, and the nation loses in proportion. His useful money, which should circulate, is generally hoarded by the landlord, who, turning dignified and lazy, stops his own productive work to live upon his rents, and thus becomes a mere consumer or drone. He may use the excess of money in similar efforts to increase his income, or gamble with it in business or pleasure.

Q.—To control this choice of operation would be difficult.

A.—By no means. Abolish the feudal habit of building on to property bought by rent, and all men will be instinctively occupied in using their money to the best advantage out of that bad routine. Circulation will go on better. There will be no check then to the natural flow of change of all property or values from money to land.

Q.—The same argument would apply to money lent at high interest.

A.—To some extent. But here also the evil of a large indebtedness is modified by true principles being admitted in relation to circulation, as already contended. In a purely feudal country almost everybody—even the rich—are in debt. In a free country, where some steps have been made in the right direction, the ability to use borrowed money and repay it is vastly increased. We have regular times of financial crisis in which the rich borrower is brought down just as the poor laborer is by rent. If one hundred millions of dollars are borrowed at ten per cent., in twenty years the sum has been paid twice and is yet owing! Hence legislation to relieve the embarrassed rich—embarrassed through their own imprudence, for the most part—and little legislation to relieve the laborer, whose relief and elevation to a higher standard of existence would benefit all other classes.

Q.—Nevertheless our men of leisure and professions do much good?

A.—It is just as important that every rich man should be constantly occupied in earning his living productively, as that all other members of society, male and female, should be doing something useful. The number of non-workers and non-productive workers is extraordinary. The number of rich, their wives and children; professional men, wives, &c.; clergymen, lawyers, doctors, soldiers, &c., who add nothing whatever by mental or manual labor to the actual wealth, is enormous. No wonder those who work (of all classes) are overworked. Eight hours a day cannot be enough.

Q.—But all these professionals have duties to perform.

A.—If the amount of wealth created adds to the prosperity and happiness of humanity, then not to add something to that wealth is an irrelevant act. Charity does not consist in relieving temporary wants, so much as establishing permanent relief in independence. The medicine-man among the Indians lives upon the tribe. He shakes his dry bones, beats his drum and mumbles incantations; and his lazy cunning, thought to be wondrous learning, and dreaded as a power, produces its counterpart and punishment in burden and poverty to the ignorant worker.

Q.—Our professional men devote themselves to—

A.—Undoubtedly, and with perfectly good intention. When young we do not comprehend the result of errors in which we are trained; and when old we are too impotent to escape from them. When we shall educate youth how to labor productively, he will find out that he can at the same time do good and teach what is good, without being an actual burden to humanity, and the counterpart of so much distress and poverty.

Q.—But what could we do without religious instructors?

A.—Millions of men have taught, and in numberless ways are teaching, without making a burden and a vanity of their words. The "prophets," whom the "stagnated people" stoned, were not priests.

Q.—And how can we do without lawyers?

A.—Or rather, how could lawyers do without litigation? It is very questionable whether all the decisions in the tortuous lawsuits in the

world in one year, involve anything like the amount of money audited and distributed in the governmental departments of a single country in the same time by men, few of whom are trained as lawyers. The most difficult cases are settled within a limited period, with a promptness and justice seldom questioned. These salaried clerks use only common sense and the rule or law applicable to the case. They have not so much need, and have not so many opportunities to make fortunes out of others' rights and wrongs.

Q.—You cannot do without doctors.

A.—No. But medicine has its mystifications too. Our thousand ills will arise more from our drugs—stale and adulterated—than from want of skill, questionable as that must be, considering the antiquity of the source, and the blind training to follow the authority rather than use thorough investigation.

Q.—Let us pass the soldier. Taken from labor, he must live idly on the labor of others.

A.—The anti-Christ is not so much this sect or that, but all those who, not knowing what they do, ruin nations by pauperizing and demoralizing them.

Q.—Men have been held to be public benefactors who could make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

A.—And with good reason. But when the burden of rents, taxes, fees, tithes and collections—added to the necessity imposed on the poor of buying everything in small quantities, and paying at least twenty per cent. more for the same articles than the rich—the small earnings are soon eaten up, hours of toil increase with the demands of the middle-men, and the money which should go into the market is accumulated by a few who cannot spend it all upon themselves. Hence we have a large class of mere speculators, brokers or bankers, who, deviating from the ordinary line of honest business, gamble with this surplus wealth—amusing themselves by, as it were, taking it from one man's pocket and putting it into another's.

Q.—Do not some employers build houses for their employees, let them at a low rent, and find their advantage in it?

A.—Certainly. And if cities could be built up in the same manner, a large revenue would accrue to the municipal governments, while the mass of people, rich and poor, being relieved from material extortion, would find abundant means and opportunity for the fuller development of their industry.

Q.—But how are we to do without teachers?

A.—A man may teach useful things and facts, and would therefore deserve wages, for he furnishes laboratorially, through experiment and research, the practical information we all need for our work of every kind. But another man may only teach Arabian Nights' tales, superstitions and opinions, which, from their immoral, impracticable character, only damage our humane or religious feelings and sentiments, while another may teach wrong principles of law and justice, and practice imposture and quackery. Thus many men really only give us their windy assertions for solid cash, and are dangerous to society and to morals; and as they make no return for their support, each one of them must have his counterpart in a number of families beggared and starved.

Q.—How can you show that?

A.—If a crazy fit took our rich people, and they were to resolve to devote nearly all their means to build pyramids, triumphal arches, gorgeous monuments, &c., in honor of the sun, and, in addition, appointed a man at a large salary to keep each monument in order, and expatiate eloquently on its marvelous beauties, these buildings, affording neither shelter, comfort, use nor profit, would, with the salaries, quickly eat up everything that labor, religiously applied, had or could produce for the practical benefit of God's children. And here we see that what the Pagan calls "profane" uses, is the really religious use, and what he calls "sacred," is what has beggared humanity to gratify his savage pride and greed. Add to this foolishness of the wisdom of the rich, their ignorance of the sources of wealth, and the only true means of sustaining it, leading them to establish laws which absorb the products of labor, and ruin and enslave the laborer, and we have an explanation of the causes of the "decline and fall" of all nations, Imperial, Royal and Republican.

Q.—Then we are to suppose that labor has some "natural" rights which, having been trampled under foot, have yielded to human society these numerous evils.

A.—The spirit of association in business for the benefit of many united as a "company," &c., which long ago commenced among the commercial classes, is now extending in a coöperative form among the working classes, with and without mere moneyed men. It is an advantage to both, and is a recognition at last of the rights of the laborer to a fair share in that which he makes his own by his applied skill and industry.

Q.—But when the employer furnishes the place and the tools and the raw material?

A.—And receives payment for the same, he is not entitled to sell them over and over again. They have a certain given value, oftentimes very trivial, compared to the labor, time, skill and thought applied to develop them into saleable products. What right has he to enact a perpetual tax which absorbs almost all the profits?

Q.—Then it may be said that every man who is employed by another, acquires a right in that labor, and in the tools supplied to carry it on?

A.—As the labor would not have been accomplished, and the tools would have been without value, had he not supplied what is infinitely more valuable and important, the skill, talent, energy, patience, time and suffering which are necessary to create values, and as all this application, honestly given, is the most sacred of duties and trusts, the laborer, by his personal sacrifice, literally molds these instruments to his use, and creates out of his spiritual and physical powers the values demanded. He thus acquires a right in them which becomes superior to that of any mere technician.

nical owner, and this is continually demonstrated by the fact of the attachment which always grows up between the workman and the things used by him—an attachment which shows itself in mental distress when, even at a proper time, it becomes a necessity for him to be separated from his work.

PENETRALIA.

BY F. T. L.

In the social world there are beautiful lakes, whose waters are soothing and magnetic. The ocean of life—the busy world—is turbulent; there is an unceasing ebb and flow, a tidal motion to the atmosphere, rendering spiritual rest and quiet impossible. To withdraw from this external life, and in the quietude of the evening hour engage in spiritual commerce with some congenial friend, is like an excursion on the water by moonlight. A soothing magnetism envelopes each of us like a mantle. With steady, self-poised wills, we push out on the aerial lake; we row side by side; each "paddles his own canoe," and we glide far out among the lilies. The cares of life float to the shore, like drift-wood; the perplexities of head and heart fall like dead weights, for they require the murky, denser atmosphere of the street to make them adhesive. The world is near yet distant. We are even in the heart of the city, within a stone's throw of all its turmoil, but our seclusion, like our enjoyment, arises from self-possession. People press closely around the shore, yet the lake is to them a vacuum, for the sensuous instincts dominate their minds, and hence they involuntarily move back, to what appears to them solid ground.

Out here on this cosy lake, a smile or a look is transparent; silence is vocal; we find our sweetest rest in action; on shore we "talk" and grow weary, but here we converse and are mutually strengthened.

To the mere man of the world, this description is simply "moonshine." He plods only the common thoroughfare, ignoring the sylvan dell or cool retreat by the wayside. Thus he becomes foot-sore and weary, and sings with unctious song, "Jordan is a hard road to travel." There are only a few, to-day, whose conceptions of rest and refreshment can be expressed by the language of the olden time, "Restoration for man and beast." No; even the humblest and most untutored have a vague sense that it is in the "by-ways," and not in the "high-way" of life, that they must seek for their sweetest rest or highest enjoyment. The new Gospel—the good news—begins thus: Discard theological goggles and the world will cease to look "blue." Then, through all the varied modes of culture, the luminance of spiritual forces will be both a sweet surprise and a constant source of help and relief. Then we can suffer, if need be, and yet be strong. Then, through the dust and above the din of every-day life, we can

"Hear each other's voices softened by the distance."

As each sends his words of comfort and assistance. Because we have discovered flowers so near the wayside, we need not pluck them up by the roots. The grass is a soft carpet, and its color is pleasant to the eye, but we cannot roll on it without being stained. It is well for all the faculties, at times, to frolic like children, but sound discretion, rather than the pious "Mrs. Grundy," should select the play-ground. Above all, let us give due heed to our attitudes; then our adjustment to *eternals* will be easy as well as rapid. The Mount of Transfiguration is not objective; if it were, we could measure it with a yardstick. Let us remember, then, that without attitude there can be no beatitude.

Lawrence, Mass.

INKLINGS OF MORAL TRUTH.

ARTICLE TWO.*

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

In order to ascertain the true meaning of those indefinite and seemingly indefinable epithets, *good* and *evil*, *right* and *wrong*, which, as I have said, seem to signify almost everything as well as nothing, it is necessary to penetrate the sentiment itself of which they are primarily born; and this is only another way of affirming the common need of moral science, that is for compassing the end proposed. And since every science is a logical classification of things known, according to certain distinctive data of their similitude, which are so many indices of an identical yet partly consecutive genesis, the several categories whereof are comprehended by one logically radical principle; as in botany, for instance, all plants, however diversified by generic, special and peculiar characteristics, are classified according to general resemblances which denote the singleness of their vegetative principle; and since orderly intelligence, like vegetation, is progressive from the root upward, that is in the direction in which truth ramifies, making it necessary in the learning of any science to begin at its beginning; therefore, and in like manner, in order to discover what is Moral Truth, we are compelled to go to the root of the matter by considering the nature, and extent of that totality of which this, the subject of the present writing, is either a notable part or, as will presently appear, a partial predicate. In no other way that I know of is it possible to apprehend the subject which is thus taken in hand and brought to the door of reason. Hence the radical proneness of my pen.

There is one short, Anglo-Saxon word which epitomizes the meaning of all other words, whose implication is even broader than the explanation of all human tongues; and that word is *TRUTH*. In popular usage it often signifies the opposite of *falsehood*; but this is not its logical acceptance, since every falsehood is not in the mind, as a *misperception*, or out of the mind, as a *misperception*, of truth; and this or that, perceived for

* The first article appeared in our issue of August 31.—Ed.

exactly what it is, must be an item of truth itself; for every individual truth is a reality, or something the opposite of which is its negation. Hence, in the largest and proper sense of the word, *Truth is all that is*, and is opposed only to nothingness, or imaginary nothingness.

To make this definition sufficiently broad, it must not be limited in time. While many things that are not always true, and will not always be, many also have been that are no more, and others that are not and have never been, are yet to be. The Universe is replete with novel existences, while the volitions and actions of sentient beings, as well as the apparent operations of Nature, are innumerable various and successive. Truth, then, is a name for all things, not only that are and are done, but that have been, and been done, as well as that shall be and be done.

But one more enlargement is required to make this definition comprehensive. It is observable that more things are always possible than are real or actual; and every possibility, that is every unperceivable conception of reality, is being or action in a remote sense, as indicated by the infinitive verb *is*. Therefore, *what is* or *is done*, has been or been done, is to be or to be done, together with all that can be or be done, is my definition of the word TRUTH.

Of Truth, as the word is here defined, there are three categories: that of Principles, that of Phenomena, both real and possible, and the purpose of the latter as being predicated of Good or evil, Right or wrong. As to the first of these categories, which I call *Rational Truth*, it is opportune to say now that it makes no part of *Moral Truth*, but the sheer foundation of what is predicable only of *Phenomenal Truth*. Good and evil are epithets of Being, and Right and wrong, of Action. Whatever ought to be, is Good, and whatever ought to be done, is Right, that is in the adjective sense of these terms; and the negative of this proposition comprises evil and wrong. But what is the gist of ought? By what rule shall we determine what ought or ought not to be or be done? To answer this question one must be able to say *primordially what is Good in itself*, that is what the noun represents; for that is the sole criterion of Right, both relative and absolute.

Good in itself is the goal of Right. This must be the theme of another article, a pause in my argument being favorable to a due consideration of its developed bearing as verifying an important dialectical equation, to wit: Pope's odd conceit that "Whatever is, is right," though loudly mouthed by his youngest disciples, exactly balances an assumption which nobody will father—that whatever can be done, ought to be done.

SLANDER.

BY A. E. CARPENTER.

This seems to be a besetting sin even among us who claim to be reformers and advocates of charity in its broadest sense. Its dire effects are seen in every community and among all classes. Often do we find its poisonous arrows, sharpened with jealousy and hate, pointed toward our mediums and public teachers, many of whom are sacrificing health and comfort for humanity. Some of our best and most honest mediums have been so basely slandered and belied that they have taken themselves from the field of labor, disheartened and discouraged. Their sensitive natures were not able to withstand the oft repeated and sore attacks, and they have given up in despair. I am acquainted with men and women who are possessed of wonderful spiritual gifts and thereby the power of blessing humanity, who are kept from doing the good they would, were it not for the busy tongue of the slanderer and the want of proper appreciation by those who should be their friends.

Severe criticism is right and justifiable, but misrepresentation and falsehood cannot be too strongly condemned.

It is very unpleasant to see that this spirit creeps in among the mediums themselves, and in their ambition to be first and foremost they trample upon the rights of each other, and instead of laboring together for the elevation of themselves and their brothers, they destroy the good effects of their teachings by bad examples of personal altercations and difficulties.

The course that has been pursued by the BANNER in matters of this kind deserves our highest encomiums. Ever slow to judge, and apparently following the maxim of "believing every one innocent until proved guilty," it has shown a charity and love to mankind which is worthy of imitation. Slander! Let us avoid it as we would the breath of the scorpion which carries death and destruction to all in its path. The desert traveler in its way has no alternative but to cast himself down and wrap his mantle about his head until the fatal blast is past. So should we, when we hear the voice of slander, wrap the mantle of charity and human sympathy so closely around us that it will pass by and leave us uncontaminated with its foul breath.

"Faith, Hope, Charity, these three, but the greatest of all is Charity." Jealousy, Hate, Slander, the worst of these, because the parent of the others is Slander.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN SCHOOLS.

The necessity of physical culture is commencing to excite the attention which its importance demands. People are beginning to realize that souls without bodies are not of much account in this world.

The trite old saying, "A sound mind in a sound body," is better appreciated than it was a few years since. A great many people are beginning to have a little more conscience upon the subject of health than formerly. Many parents, in looking around to determine to what school they shall send their children, are giving preference to those schools in which the care of the health of the pupil is a marked feature; where some attention is paid to their dietetic habits; and where (which is perhaps of even more importance) each pupil is required to spend two or three hours every day in regular systematic exercise in the open air, when the weather will permit, and in a large and thoroughly ventilated hall when it will not.

Alas for the health of the rising generation that such schools are so few and far between. But it is a cause of thankfulness that they are on the increase, and that they are destined to multiply ten fold faster hereafter than heretofore. The reason upon which I venture this prediction is the awakened public sentiment upon the subject already referred to.

Intelligent educators everywhere are beginning to give the matter earnest thought and action.

I have recently visited, near Boston—at Lexington—what I regard as the model school of America for young ladies, conducted by Dr. Dio Lewis. In addition to the very best provision for the moral and mental attainments of his pupils, such attention is given to health as can scarcely fail to insure them that most desirable of all earthly possessions, viz., a sound and cultivated mind in a sound body.

The system of light gymnastics of which Dr.

Lewis is the author or inventor, and which has already given him something of a world wide reputation, is beyond doubt the very best and most practical system of exercises ever adopted for the development of the long and abdominal cavities; for however good walking, dancing, and military drill may be, and are, for the lower extremities, they are not to be compared as a means of strengthening and development of the upper half of the body. And it is here that we most need development, for there is scarcely one in ten who has not either a lung affection, dyspepsia, or stooped shoulders.

Dr. L. has also a training school for teachers of gymnastics. A few score graduates go forth from this Institution every year, whose influence for good will not be lightly estimated by coming generations.

J. W. M.

THE MERITS OF CHRIST.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

That man can be saved (i. e. have heaven in or out of the body,) only by the merits of Christ, is the corner-stone of the Christian temple, as it is represented in the churches of Christendom. That man can be saved only by his own merits, is a fundamental principle of Spiritualism, as it is taught by the teachers and organs of Spiritualism generally. Heaven came to Jesus by reason of his own merits. He deserved heaven, and had it. He finds what he deserves. No more; no less. But his merits can be of no use to me, can never give heaven to me, unless they become mine.

If ever heaven enters my heart, it must come solely by my merits. I am saved by the merits of Henry C. Wright, and not by the merits, nor by the blood of Christ. So must you and so must all be saved, each one by his own merits, and never by the merits of Christ. It must be true of me, of thee, and of each human being. I find what I deserve. Deserve heaven, and have it. MERIT HEAVEN, AND HAVE HEAVEN. This is true of us all now, and forever. The consciousness of deserving heaven is heaven. The consciousness of deserving hell is hell.

CHARACTER DETERMINES DESTINY. My character determines my destiny from day to day and hour to hour; and must do so forever. Christ's character decides his; yours decides yours. So of every human being. The character of each man, not the character nor the blood of Christ, must fix his destiny, be it for heaven or for hell; for happiness or for unhappiness; for weal or for woe.

The question for me is not what was the character, merits or demerits of Christ, but what is the character, merits or demerits of Henry C. Wright? The merits of Christ were great; his character was divine; yet his character and merits are of no account to me; can no more bring heaven to me, than the water drunk by Christ can quench my thirst. I must drink or die. That Christ ate cannot save me from starving. I must eat or die. So of character. I must have the character that is essential to heaven, or be in hell. Christ's merits are naught to me. The merits or demerits of Henry C. Wright alone concern my destiny.

This is the teaching of the disembodied world, as it speaks through Jesus, and through the apostles of modern Spiritualism. What is that character which alone can give us heaven now and forever? We find what we deserve. How can we deserve heaven? Christ merited heaven, and had it. How can we merit it?

Written for the Banner of Light.

"WE ALL SAIL IN ONE BOAT TOGETHER."

BY H. CLAY PRUESS.

From all we have learned in the past,
This flower of wisdom we gather:
On the storm-beaten ocean of life,
"We all sail in one boat together."

We are bound with a mystical chain
By the hand of the Father Divine;
No man is a stranger to me,
For his joys and his sorrows are mine.

The highest enjoyments of life
From sympathy sweet do we gather;
Which demonstrates clearly the truth:
"We all sail in one boat together."

You may play a false part with your brother—
Defraud him for pitiful pelf;
But the wrong that you do to another,
Is a greater one done to yourself.

The soul, after all, is the centre
From which all true happiness springs;
When the foul forms of evil once enter,
Like an angel it droopeth its wings.

When the harp of the spirit's musing,
"Tis a difficult labor to tune it;
And the grand law of harmony proves
That the whole human race is a unit.

We chase the false phantoms of self,
Till we get to the end of our tether;
And we find out the great truth, at last,
"We all sail in one boat together."

Our life is a garden of weeds,
But Time is a terrible reaper;
And the old Bible-truth will crop out,
That man is his brother man's keeper.

Be assured that your evil or good
Is the evil or good of the million;
Alas! how that truth presses home,
When we think of our bloody Rebellion.

From the once blooming plains of the South
A cry of distress cometh forth;
And the same fearful cry goeth up
From the far distant hills of the North.

The evil affecting a portion,
The good of the whole doth invade;
Our burdens have grown to extortion,
And a mildew has fallen on trade.

'Tis a great, vital law to remember,
That the whole, and a part, are the same;
And the crisis that creeps in a member,
Must poison the whole human frame.

This jewel of truth we conceive
More precious than fortune or talents;
We stand on each end of a plank,
And our safety consists in our balance.

Our law is, like planets in motion,
To revolve round one grand, central sun;
God bound us with lake, gulf and ocean—
In weal or in woe we are one.

Ah! the cross of all crosses we bear
In the faith we have lost in each other;
Though the terrible struggle is past,
We still harbor hate for our brother.

We rejoice that the eagle of war
In the temple of peace now reposes;
But the trail of the serpent is seen
In our beautiful garden of roses!

God grant, from our sufferings at last
This glorious truth we may gather,
That on the rough voyage of life
"We all sail in one boat together."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 30,
Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Wild Aster.

This autumn flower, with its clear eye and its trusting faith, is looking up to the blue heavens before the summer days are fairly over. But few flowers have been blooming since the hot days came, and this one seems to take advantage of that law of life, and to gather the beauties of sky and of earth to itself, as if to represent to us the great fact that, after all, heaven and earth are not to be separated.

The Asters contrast beautifully in their blue and purple and white garments with the brilliant Golden Rod. They love the same places, and live beside each other in the most friendly manner. They make the roadside seem as if hemmed in by garlands, and they bring beauty to the humblest places.

There are many species of this plant, but all resemble each other. It belongs to the seventeenth class, and is therefore a compound flower; that is, the numerous small flowers are so arranged that they seem to compose one single flower. The Dandelion, the Daisy, the Sunflower, the Thistle, are compound flowers. Indeed, there is a larger number of common and useful plants in this class—the seventeenth—than in any other. The Aster is a very democratic flower. It does not disdain the humble places, and is as beautiful and radiant by the stone wall of the cottage as by the gate of the palace. I think flowers never seem so much at home as in common places—by the roadside, under a stone wall, in the field and meadow. I often wonder if they are conscious of the happiness they give to the tired or the sad.

The Aster has always been a pet flower of mine, and so you will not wonder that it seems to talk to me, and to tell me pleasant little stories. Perhaps if I repeat one to you, you will believe a little bit of it, just for the sake of the pretty flower.

It was a lovely day in the early autumn. The sun was still hot as it shone at mid day, but the breeze had a cool, refreshing feeling, as if somewhere the frosts had cooled the earth, and had marked the spots where the first snows would fall. Little Aster and I listened. She nodded, and so did I; but she was wide awake and I half asleep. The tall pines seemed to me to be an organ in an old cathedral, and through my misty eyes I could see the nuns coming and going to matins; though when I roused up a little, there was nothing but the lights and shadows among the trees. After a while I heard the rustling of silks and satins. "Ah," thought I, "now the fine ladies have come to their worship. I wonder if their devotions are as sincere as those of the meek women yonder?" And then I opened my ears to hear a little more clearly the sweet sound of the poplar as its leaves rippled in the never ceasing tide of air.

But after a little while I looked no more at the nuns and solemn priests in the shadows, but into the clear eye of my friendly Aster, and I heard no more the organ and chanting, but a loving voice close to my ear:

"I've been wanting to see you ever so much," said a little lady in blue. "This is almost the last chance we poor little flower fairies shall have, and I have lots to tell you."

"Do begin, for I am tired of the magazines and papers, and can't keep awake over them only when I read about the sea serpent, or the Sultan, and I should like nothing better than a little bit of romance out here."

"Oh, as to romance, don't expect anything wonderful; but the funniest thing has happened I ever heard of. You know little Pinkie Parker—though she is n't so very little or so very young, but she's the dearest girl in all the region where Asters grow. We all know that, and we know her well."

"Yes, I know she's true gold, but what of her?" "Well, she's married to Ernest Hunter, and settled in as snug a little home as ever a dear little queen could want."

"Dear me, that is news. How did it happen?" Mr. Parker is such an old aristocrat, and declared years ago—I've heard him myself—that Pinkie should never marry any one that could not give her as good a home as she should leave."

"Well, it's quite a little story; but if you are not in a hurry I don't mind telling you, though I do believe I've told it fifty times before."

You know we all loved Pinkie ever since she was a baby. My grandmother told me that when she was only six weeks old the Asters were in their last blooming, and a cluster was carried to her. She smiled the sweetest of smiles, just as much as to say, "I saw those flowers where I came from." Well, Pinkie grew up in all goodness and beauty. She looked as if she came straight out of heaven, and she was n't over handsome, either—no prettier than many others, but she loved all good and beautiful things. It was natural to her, and I believe she loved everything.

As she grew older she seemed to fit into everybody's life, and to be made on purpose to go about the world doing good. I don't believe she ever thought of herself when anybody else was to be thought of. We have watched her many a year—we Asters—and we called her one of our family. You know we were all born to do good. There is not an Aster in all the world that don't know that. It's our mission, as some of our prim people say. We can't tell or spin, and we have no cotton or silk to give to the world; neither do the doctors or nurses want us, and I've heard people say we were just good for nothing.

Never was a greater mistake made. We are among the most useful of families. We love the poor things of this world as well as the rich. We want to bless the whole universe. I'm sure I'd just as lief be here shining and shimmering, as to be in the king's garden, only let me know anything is made the gladder or even the prettier for my being here. I like to think this old pasture is indebted to me for one little reflection of heaven's blue, and this little corner of earth is telling a sweeter story of the goodness and beauty of life for my living in it.

Now Pinkie felt just so, though she was born little less than a princess. Nothing ever made her so glad as to know she'd blessed somebody. What wonderful stories we Asters could tell of her. Her little feet have traveled miles and miles, just to speak a kind word or do a kind deed. Nobody ever wanted anything she had that didn't get it. When she was not much more than a baby, she took home all the friendless cats and dogs, and she gave her lumps of sugar to the flies and bees, and never wanted a cherry that the robins would gather.

But perhaps you know all that. I love Pinkie as if she were my own child, and so I am never tired of telling all her virtues. I can only add she's a real Aster, and after our own heart.

When Ernest came here he was almost such another, only he was poor, and she was ever and ever so rich, and she did just as she wanted to, and he could do nothing as he wanted. But they had one heart and one wish, to make the world like heaven, and if ever two people ought to have loved each other, it was Ernest and Pinkie; and so they did, and she had a good helper in him. Never was a night too dark or a day too stormy for him to go on her errands; and she used to send him here and there, as she felt some one needed something. When they were all down with fever in Slocum's old shanty, Ernest was afraid of nothing, but did just what Pinkie told him to do.

We watched them off and on for ten years, and we knew they loved each other just as the diamond loves the setting of gold, and shines and gleams with a new beauty. But her father was dead set against their marrying, and I was a little afraid that Pinkie would grow sour and selfish about it. But she just grew more lovely every day. She set her great love in her heart, and made it a great sun to shine out on the whole world. Dear Pinkie! how proud we were of her when we found she was true to the blessed law of love, and did nothing to shame a single Aster.

We let things work on so for five years longer, and then people said Pinkie was growing old, but we knew better. She was in her freshest youth, for her heart was as pure as a child's, and I guess we should have let her go on in her beautiful glory, but for one thing; old Mr. Parker said she must marry Tom Slater's son, the most selfish, unfeeling, proud fellow in all the country. I can tell you the heart of every Aster was stirred at such a proposition. The news spread like wildfire among us. Not one of us but uttered a solemn declaration that it should never be. From the shores of the sea way back to the hills of Berkshire, and from the Sound to the St. Lawrence there was a general declaration of war against the thing.

But what to do, that was the question. We had to wait our time, and it came. Mr. Parker got sick walking out late one evening, and had a hard time of it. Just as he was getting better, and felt all the richness of Pinkie's love and all the goodness of her heart, because of her devoted care, just then it was our time of full flowering.

What possessed Pinkie I don't exactly know, unless she felt in sympathy with the Aster world. Anyway, she went out and gathered hands full, even arms full of our loveliest flowers, and embowered his room with them. She said she had a fancy that they were wholesome for a sick man. And then she hugged and kissed him just as if she were a little child, and not thirty-five years old—and she was but sixteen in her heart.

She left him alone, and he began to doze—he had n't slept much—and we whispered to each other, "Now's our chance. We all began together, whispering and singing, and putting pretty pictures before him. We showed him Pinkie when she was a dear little baby, and led him up through all her lovely childhood. We showed him all her good, sweet ways, and let him see all her acts of love.

Then we showed him his own life, so selfish and so hard, except in his love for her. We showed him all the mean, selfish things he had done and concealed from dear Pinkie. Oh, I tell you we were a busy set of beings. I say we, for I sent my best cluster of flowers to the work—you see where the stem was broken—but I do not feel the loss in the least.

Well! we worked away at the old man until he fairly cried; he could n't help it. Who could, at seeing such a blossoming beauty as Pinkie, and such an old withered stump as himself?

In the very nick of time Pinkie came in, and he laid his head on her shoulder and wept like a child.

"Pinkie," said he, "you shall be married next week—no, to-morrow—no, to-night—no, now, in sight of all these blossoms, under this bower of beauty. It is God's will, and I know it. Go and tell Ernest, and bring the minister. I mean it, Pinkie. Perhaps I shall die if you wait longer. Hasten, child, for I am not wild with fever now, but in my right mind."

And they were married, just then and there, under the beautiful blossoms so like her life. Yes, if I do say it, Pinkie is a genuine Aster, and it was beautiful to see her there.

And now look at the world. Is it not a lovely place? Do you not see how those good lives make it seem like heaven? But the best of all was, that Ernest would and the home, and Pinkie would go to the little cottage; and there they are, like two of God's angels sent to this world to show how good and beautiful it is, just as we are put here to show the beauty that can come out of this gravel and sand. There never was a better year for Asters, and we are all doing our best to prove our work has been well and faithfully done."

I roused myself to find my head half bent over an Aster that seemed to be looking straight into my eye. I could not have dozed but a moment, for there sat the robin on the selfsame branch of the maple tree.

But what was all this story? A dream? There was left the one beautiful fact: the lovely, the beloved Pinkie Parker was indeed married to the excellent, the devoted Ernest Hunter, the rich, proud, selfish father giving her away. And she went to live in the pretty cottage under the hill, just under the shelter of which the Asters grow in great luxuriance. Who shall say flowers have nothing to do in this world of ours? At least, we may be sure they open the senses of the soul, through which we can look at many wonders. They will never speak falsely, or waken gloomy dreams, but ever become as sweet loving companions to the loving heart.

A Prophetic Dream.

In the "Diary and Letters of Sarah Pierpont," who married Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated theologian, now publishing in *Hours at Home*, occurs the following letter describing a singularly prophetic dream relative to the celebrated Aaron Burr, who was a grandson of Mrs. Edwards:

STOCKBRIDGE, MAY 10TH, 1786.
Dear Brother James:—Your letters always do us good, and your last was one of your best. Have you heard of the birth of Esther's second child, at Newark? It was born the sixth of February last, and his parents have named him Aaron Burr, Jr., after his father, the worthy President of the College. I trust the little immortal will grow up to be a good and useful man. But, somehow, a strange presentiment of evil has hung over my mind of late, and I can hardly rid myself of the impression that that child was born to see trouble.

You know I don't believe in dreams and visions; but lately I had a sad night of broken sleep, in which the future career of that boy seemed to pass before me. He first appeared as a little child, just beginning to ascend a high hill. Not long after he set out the two guides who started with him, disappeared, one after the other. He went on alone, and as the road was open and plain,

and as friends met him at every turn, he got along very well. At times he took on the air and bearing of a soldier, and then of a statesman, assuming to lead and control others. As he neared the top of the hill, the way grew more steep and difficult, and his companions became alienated from him, refusing to help him or be led by him. Baffled in his designs, and angered at his ill-success, he began to lay about him with violence, leading some astray, and pulling down others at every attempt to rise. Soon he himself began to slip and slide down the rough and perilous sides of the hill; now regaining his foothold for a little, then losing it again, until at length he stumbled and fell headlong down, down into a black and yawning gulf at the base!

At this I woke in distress, and was glad enough to find it was only a dream. Now, you may make as much or as little of this as you please. I think the disturbed state of our country, along with my indifferent health, must have occasioned it. A letter from his mother, to-day, assures me that her little Aaron is a lively, prattling fellow, filling his parents' hearts with joy.

Your loving sister, SARAH.
Though "only a dream," this vision of the night prefigured a sad reality, and the first incidents of the mournful history quickly came to pass. A memorandum of Sept. 30, 1786, records the death of President Burr—one of the "guides"—the previous week, and under date of Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1788, is this entry in the diary:

"Arrived here yesterday, to take charge of my dear Esther's children, who have been in this city since their mother's death. We shall return in a few days to Princeton. Sad as it is to see my household so rent and broken, God still lives, and He has my whole heart."

Only two years after the dream, and both "guides" gone! How faithfully the rest of the dream was fulfilled is matter of history.

Children's Lyceums.

Agreeing fully with Bro. A. E. Carpenter in regard to the importance of the Lyceum movement, and the "problem in regard to the relation which the Lyceum should sustain to the Society," but differing with him in its solution, with your permission I would say a few words in reply to his criticism upon my answer to the queries of your Western Editor.

Bro. Carpenter says, "Almost wherever I go through the new England States, I find the Societies gone or going to pieces, in consequence of the financial interests of the Societies and the Lyceums being disconnected or separate." If such is his experience, I hope he has not traveled much the past year; and if the Societies have no more self-respect or sense of justice than to be dependent upon the earnings and efforts of their Children's Sunday School for an existence, and are so mean and contemptible as to be jealous of the success, efforts; and what their children can do, from such Societies I would say, "Good Lord deliver us!" And if they are gone or going to pieces, I would sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." They should not only go to pieces, but should be ground into dust and made better use of.

In my opinion, the argument Bro. Carpenter presents for the necessity or a unity of financial and other interests of the Society and Lyceum, is the best reason why they should in that respect be separate. He says when money is raised by exhibitions, festivals or other entertainments of the Lyceum, the Society becomes jealous, and dissatisfaction arises in regard to whom the profits or proceeds belong. Is it possible that there are any who are willing to quarrel about whether they have a right to the proceeds of their children's efforts to meet the expenses of their Society? Where did the idea of exhibitions, concerts, sociables and entertainments originate, and by whom are they made what they are? The Children's Progressive Lyceum; and they are the means by which the Lyceum is constituted a self-sustaining institution, and is not dependent upon the Society for its support. But according to Bro. Carpenter's observation and experience, these poor, decrepit Societies are dying out, or going to pieces, because the children do not support them. He says some of the members of the Societies take part in these exhibitions and entertainments, and therefore the profits or proceeds should belong equally to the Lyceum and the Society. Because a father assists his son in establishing himself in business and in enabling him to support himself, does he claim half the profits of his son's business? If the Societies have not brains, energy, industry and executive ability enough in them to devise means by which they can support themselves without taking the means of support from their children, it is time and better they should go to pieces and give up the ghost.

The effect of combining the financial interests of the Society and the Lyceum will ultimately in destruction of all self-reliance on the part of the members of both the Society and Lyceum. The Society will say, We are out of funds and in debt; the Lyceum must give an exhibition, or work in some other way to meet the deficiency. The members of the Lyceum will say and feel that they will not exert themselves to pay the debts of the Society, in the creation of which they had no voice.

Again, he says the officers of the Lyceum should be elected and controlled by the Society. With the same propriety and justice might you say, because the compact denominated the United States is one in object, aims and purposes, that the government at Washington must or should elect all your State officers, control the finances of each State, and pay all their debts.

Again, Bro. Carpenter says the Society must be one and inseparable in its financial and all other interests, because their aims and purposes are the same; and in the next breath advocates a total separation of all interests of a financial and executive character by calling for separate Conventions for the exclusive and especial interests of the Lyceum, and a still greater subdivision of interests of the Lyceum itself, by making those Conventions local and sectional. He complains of a want of funds to sustain the Societies and Lyceums in New England, and then proposes to squander a few thousands of dollars in holding half-a-dozen sectional Conventions, where one should answer every purpose. If the Societies are to elect the Lyceum officers and control their finances, will not Bro. Carpenter and the Lyceums have to ask permission of their masters whether they shall be allowed to hold a separate Convention and spend the Society's money? He complains that at the last Convention a sufficient opportunity was not afforded for a proper consideration of the Lyceum matters; to which I would say, If the Lyceum interest was not adequately presented, it was the fault of its representatives, not the Convention. No subject before that Convention commanded more respect or elicited greater interest, and every delegate had a good opportunity to express his views upon that question who chose to embrace it.

Let the Lyceums send their representatives to this Convention, and they will have no cause to fear a lack of opportunity to be heard. I regret that Bro. Carpenter should have so constrained or unbecomingly what I said in a previous reference to this subject into a reflection upon his sanity, ability or devotion to the cause. No such reference was made, or intended, for I esteem Bro. Carpenter as a noble, energetic, faithful, and efficient co-laborer in the Lyceum movement, and a worthy advocate of the cause of moral progress and elevation.

M. B. DYOTT.
Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 28th, 1867.

An Inmate Man Hung.

The opinion appears to be gaining ground among a class of the community that insanity ought not to be hereafter admitted as a plea in extenuation of crime. Gov. Geary, of Pennsylvania, in refusing to pardon or even relieve George W. Winemore, has lately added himself among the advocates of this theory. The telegraph brought word, the 29th of August, that Winemore was hung on that day—hung notwithstanding three superintendents of insane asylums had applied to the Governor, asking a reprieve until the question of the prisoner's insanity could be more fully considered.

The conviction must force itself irresistibly upon every person acquainted with the forms of mania and mental disease, that Winemore, if he committed the act for which he has been hung, did it in a state of frenzy for which he was not morally accountable. No motive for the act was shown to have existed. He was a young man of twenty-two, Mrs. Magilton, the victim, an elderly married woman of upwards of sixty. There was no suspicion of any wrong relations between the two. The deceased treated Winemore like a son, and showed the deepest compassion for him; trying in every way, especially by mesmerism, to cure him of his terrible disease, epilepsy.

It was shown beyond all dispute, that from his third year up to the very time of his trial, Winemore had been an epileptic; that he had been known to have thirty fits in twenty-four hours; that at these times he would suffer much from pain in his forehead, and would often try to bite his best friends. His mother and his sisters testified that he was insane. Dr. Roberts testified as to his insanity long before the homicide. It was proved that he had been discharged from the army of the United States because of his liability to epileptic fits; that he was sane, however, in a singularly mild, kind-hearted, sympathetic youth, and that his life had been free from brawls and acts of violence.

An attempt was made by the prosecuting attorney to show that Winemore had robbed Mrs. Magilton of four dollars. The only evidence for this was that the dollars of United States currency were found in his pockets, and there was some evidence that Mrs. Magilton had in her possession four dollars of similar currency. But there was no identification of the money, and it was not shown that Winemore was in want of money. No case of necessity was made out against him. The attempt to invent a sane motive for the homicide failed utterly.

The manner of the killing was like the work of a maniac. Seven blows on the head with a hammer, five of them penetrating to the brain, and each of the five enough to produce death, and then the cutting of the throat with a razor to ensure it. It is hypocritical, the same man did for the sake of pilfering four dollars! Adding to the chances of his detection by a wholly superfluous cutting of the throat! Winemore himself first went for an officer of the law, and, though he had plenty of chances to escape before suspicion was roused against him, made no attempt to do so. He was as free from apparent consciousness of guilt as the chairs and tables that were present during the assault.

When arrested and charged with the crime, he is reported to have said, "If I did it I was not aware of it," or words to that effect, and on that expression many persons base their belief of his guilt. But what made it so hard to believe with him was the fact that he was an avowed out-and-out Spiritualist; not a speculative one merely, but one who, if we may credit his own wild declarations, was in daily, hourly, direct intercourse with legions of spirits. Dislike of spirits seems to have been at the bottom of the motives which led the jury to convict Winemore of murder, and the Governor to treat with contempt the appeals of the many experts in the treatment of mental disease who besought him for a reprieve.

Here is a specimen of Winemore's conversation after his arrest:

"I am a Spiritualist and a medium. Mrs. Magilton was a medium. She was a magnetizer, and often placed me in an unconscious state. She was also a good healing medium, and I have been cured of a great many complaints while in her house. The influences that surrounded her were very ancient ones. She controlled me by the spirits that controlled her. It looked as if there were millions of them. One evening they came into the room where we were, and commenced to talk."

She called them Arabs and Chinese, but they did not look like them, nor like any pictures of men I have ever seen. They were dressed in uniform like an army. They had a large white band, about four inches wide, tied around their heads to keep their hair back. They wore white shirts and blue breeches. They had at their sides large scimitars. They carried long spears in their hands. Mrs. Magilton claimed that she was under the influence of these spirits, and when she did so I saw them.

She painted pictures which she said represented diseases of several kinds. I cannot express the feelings I had on seeing them. I felt as though I could get up and tear them all to pieces. As soon as I looked at them I felt the change and wild. At times I would leave the house on account of them. The mere thought of them would make me feel bad. If any person tried to hold me, I wanted to fight. Once I was at a house where I knew there were some of the pictures. There was a three-cornered stand, filled with little relics, in the room, and I felt like kicking it to pieces."

In all this, the simplicity and freedom from all attempt to talk insanely must carry home to every psychological student the conviction, which strong internal evidence conveys, of Winemore's insanity.

Some one asked him if, since the reading of his death-warrant, he had any hard feelings toward any one. In his reply, from the utter absence of all pretence and affectation, the serenity of his views of death, the fullness of his assurance of spiritual comfort and aid, his language, had the same ring. I have in my cell been able to see those whom I loved on earth, and with some I have seen on earth, who have kept me and surrounded me with their bright influences. While I had no friends here at one time, I had plenty of invisible ones—visible to me, but not to all. I do not leave this world friendless."

The counsel for Winemore, Messrs. Warner and Kilgore, two cultivated gentlemen, in a most earnest, cogent and learned appeal to the Governor, declared it as their belief, as gentlemen and men of science, that Winemore was insane. They quoted from the most recent and eminent authorities on the subject of epilepsy and mental phenomena, (including Maudsley's late work,) conclusive facts, showing that the prisoner's disease was a full and sufficient explanation and extenuation of the act of frenzy proved against him.

But the appeals of counsel, of eminent physicians, of numerous experts, and of three superintendents of insane asylums, were all of no avail in procuring for the prisoner the briefest reprieve. He died protesting his innocence, and manifesting the same confidence in spiritual realities which he had displayed so wonderfully from the first.

The facts of the case justify us in pronouncing that on the part of the jury who could thus send a diseased lunatic to the gallows, there was either the densest, most dogged and willful ignorance of established facts in mental pathology and medical jurisprudence, or else far more of the stuff out of which murderers are made than there ever was in the conscious, responsible heart of George Winemore.—Boston Evening Transcript.

To all the Spiritualists in the State of Connecticut.

Greeting: The Spiritual Missionary Association for the State of Connecticut, has commenced its work by appointing my humble self its missionary. I have been at work one month, and so far as I am able to judge, the Mission is a success.

It meets with favor among almost all to whom I have presented its claims. All seem to feel that it is the right move in the right direction; that

it is what we need as a bond of union to draw and bind us together. It is surely what the world needs for enlightenment and deliverance from the cruel bondage in which it has so long been held.

In all the places in the State where there is a family that can obtain a hall, or school-house, or find room in their own dwelling for a meeting, and can give shelter and a place of bread to the missionary, let them send at once their requests, and I will arrange appointments, and as soon as possible comply with them.

My Post-office address will be Hartford, Conn., care of R. K. Stoddard, box 637. A. T. Foss.

The Home-Lyon Suit—Phenomenal Spiritualism, etc.

The following interesting letter, dated Paris, August 9th, we copy from *The N. Y. Nation* of the 29th ult.:

"The suit spoken of in my last as likely to be brought against Mr. Home by Mrs. Lyon, for the recovery of £500,000 paid by her to the celebrated 'medium,' on his adoption by her, has commenced. But public curiosity is a good deal disappointed by the fact that it is in the Court of Chancery that this curious affair will be investigated and judged; for the proceedings of that court are conducted exclusively by writing, all the evidence being submitted in the form of affidavits—no pleading, no questioning and cross-questioning of witnesses ever taking place in the prosecution of the suits submitted to its decision. Written evidence in support of the reality of the 'phenomena' which are declared to have occurred in the course of the adoption and dotation of Mr. Home by Mrs. Lyon is understood to be pouring in upon the learned officers of the High Court in question, and one well imagine the amazement and embarrassment of those big-wigged and dignified functionaries at finding themselves thus called upon to decide whether chairs and tables did really move about a room and rise into the air without any one's touching them, and whether the spirit of the lady's deceased husband was or was not, by communications transmitted through the tables and otherwise, her sole prompter and counselor in the adoption, whose effects she now seeks to undo. One can also understand how greatly their sense of the heterodox character of such a suit must be intensified by finding that Mrs. Lyon, so far from denying the facts of the alleged communications from the other world, fully admits their reality, but affirms that they were produced not by the spirit of her husband, but by the agency of evil and lying spirits, suborned by the great medium to further his private ends."

While the much-disputed claims of modern Spiritualism are thus being brought so prominently before the English public, an analogous sensation of surprise has been created on this side of the Channel by the appearance of a pamphlet entitled 'An Enquiry into the Causes of Atheism, by a Catholic,' and dedicated to the Archbishop of Paris, in reply to a recent homily put forth in regard to the decline of faith among the French people by that prince of the Gallic Church. The pamphlet in question, published by Dentu, crammed with theological lore, and known to be written by M. Louis Petit—an intimate personal friend and correspondent of the present Pope, and one of the most fervent Catholics in existence—assures the Archbishop that the cause of the decadence he deplors is to be found in the failure in the Church of Rome to keep pace with the progress of humanity, and the provocations to incredulity resulting, first, from her fatal rigidity in maintaining 'the bondage of the letter' that killed; secondly, by delaying to undertake the new translation of the Sacred Canon, imperiously needed to purge its books of evident and admitted errors; and thirdly, her refusal to acknowledge and direct the unfolding of the intimate relations existing between the material and spiritual spheres, which the author declares to be now taking place in the order of Providence, and to be the great fact of the present age. The constitution produced by the appearance of the pamphlet in question will be readily understood. Madame Petit has long been looking up to the very incarnation of Catholic orthodoxy and personal excellence, and the fact of her intimate friendship with the Pope—who is said to have no other lady correspondent—has surrounded her with a halo of sanctity and venerability in the eyes of the faithful St. Germain and the Catholic party in general. All eyes are turned to the spectacle of such doctrines emanating from such a quarter, and are inquiring of Heaven and of one another, 'What are we coming to?'

Your correspondent's goose-quill having wandered so near the frontiers of the unseen, would fain, before returning to the material plane, make a dash, make a dash over to your readers one of those incidents which most people like to hear of, even if only to laugh at them afterwards, and which has the double merit of having come to me very nearly 'at first hand,' and of offering certain peculiarities not always met with in 'ghost stories.'

My friend, Colonel Sir William D., an officer in the British army, having seen much service in various parts of the world, has been for some time past residing in Paris with his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and a highly accomplished and charming daughter. From Sir William and his daughter I have the following story, which I give—changing only the names and initials of the parties—exactly as they told it to me a few evenings ago:

The eldest son, when pursuing his studies, a very few years since, at the Military College of Sandhurst, near London, was an intimate friend with another of the cadets, whom he will call Hartly. Young Hartly was a general favorite in the college, a promising, active young fellow, fond of the sports usually played by young men in England, and especially addicted to cricket. One Saturday afternoon, young Hartly having been absent for some time from the college, he went to his parents in London, the pupils all turned out for a game of cricket. It was a fine sunny afternoon; the cricket-ground was full of animation, and the game was going on merrily. Presently, to the surprise and satisfaction of all the pupils, young Hartly was seen to enter the ground, dressed as usual, and looking in all respects as usual like his usual self. He went up to the ushers and shook hands with them, and with a number of the pupils. All present appear to have seen him perfectly, and to have felt pleased at seeing him come back. Presently he threw himself on the ground, took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and began to smoke, watching the game, meanwhile, with his usual interest, and every now and then commenting upon its progress, criticizing this stroke, applauding that, and seeming as intent on the game as any of the players. At length he suddenly drew out his watch, and started to his feet, exclaiming, 'I am wanted in London at four o'clock, and I must be off at once, for I have but just time to catch the train,' and rushed from the ground in the direction of the railway station. Much surprised as we suddenly saw a departure, several of the ushers took out their watches and discovered his chances of being in London by four o'clock, as it then wanted but a few minutes of that hour.

Next day brought to the astonished inmates of the college the news of young Hartly's death, which had occurred the preceding day at his father's house, exactly four o'clock. He had fallen ill during his visit home, and, as was afterwards ascertained, had not once left his bed from the time of his falling ill. It was also ascertained that during the whole of that last day, through which he lay in a sort of quiet stupor, his mother had never left his bedside. 'We've seen a real apparition for once in our lives!' was the astounding admission of the cadets when the news of Hartly's decease reached them. But the awkwardness of such an admission, and the impossibility of classifying or explaining so inconvenient a fact as the visible and tangible presence of their comrade on the cricket-ground, while he was really dying in his bed in London, were too obvious not to produce a certain reaction; and so it came to pass that, in course of time, the cadets gave up the idea of having 'seen an apparition,' and settled down on the more convenient hypothesis of a 'hallucination.' A few of the number, however, of whom young Hartly was a general favorite in their first belief in regard to this remarkable incident, and stoutly declare that they did see, touch, and hear the perfect image of their friend, though utterly unable to explain the nature of such an appearance."

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

Banner of Light.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Argument of Ridicule.

It appears as if the enemies of Spiritualism owed it a settled grudge which they feel no disposition to pay to any of the creeds to which they profess themselves equally infidel. The real reason is, no doubt, that the creeds are still masters of the social machinery, and Spiritualism is not; and so long as that continues to be the case, the men and presses that work for gain and place will fall to with all conceivable rancor to degrade in popular regard the religion which is not yet the rule of the social system. Change the circumstances, and we should instantly find these deliberate libelers on our own side. Let us not cease to be grateful that they are just where they are; and may they never come over until they come from conviction and with a fixed faith.

When the secular press of the day makes such a boast of its intelligence, we stop to think of the way it deals with Spiritualists and their belief. When it plumes itself upon its liberality, we cannot help regarding the rancorous spirit with which it visits every act, profession, and public assemblage of those who put their faith in the reality of spirit intercommunication. Ridicule is all the argument they have; long since driven from the ground they took with open argument, based on incontrovertible facts, they shoot these Partisan arrows at our advancing hosts in their own retreat, and positively proclaim themselves defeated by the style of weapons they are driven to employ. It is much like the confessing of defeat which an army would make in battle, if, instead of leveling and firing its long lines of deadly musketry, it should club them and make ready to cover their retreating footsteps.

This practice, now about the only one followed toward Spiritualism by a subsidized press, we do not allude to in a spirit of anger. Further possible from that. Although we still insist, as we always have done, that the practice itself is an abominable one, it is nevertheless welcome enough on account of its significance. It says, as plainly as anything can say, that the armory of argument is clean exhausted, that nothing remains there to be drawn away, and that all that the enemies of our Religion can do is to fall back on the bald resources of ridicule and slang. This they alternate with cant, in order to give it an air of respectability and veracity. It is all hypocrisy, therefore, the slang not less than the cant.

We cannot readily believe that those who profess a creed of their own are genuine believers in the spirit or terms of the same, unless they pay respect to those who differ from them. More especially are we prepared to discredit them, when, after piling up penalties manifest high against such as dare to speak scoffingly of their faith, they turn and scoff themselves at those who believe in the closer relationship of the earth and heaven. It is nothing to know why they should not rather be rejoiced that the heavens were indeed opened to man; but it is everything to discover that their creed has no spark or seed or religion in it. It does not make them gentle and tolerant; it fails to show them patterns fit to be copied; else they would certainly fall to and make copies; it works not in or upon their hearts; and it hardens and overlays and deadens with a satisfied conceit. That is no religion, and never can be. It is worldliness of the worst sort, because of the meanness. If the creeds have nothing better than this to give, the people need be in no fear of committing an error in calling for their early demolition.

France and Austria.

It is not yet known what Napoleon and Francis Joseph mean by their recent conference at Salzburg, and the Prussian Minister is apparently dissatisfied with the meeting. One report is, that the Emperors met to consider what was to be done about the Mexican loan, of which the European creditors are becoming clamorous; another declares their purpose to be as much to reach a joint understanding on the Eastern Question as anything. And a third rumor is, that they intend to put up the four States of South Germany to opposing Prussia's project of incorporation, and to stand out firmly for the maintenance of their own independence. It is a fact that the South German matter is more available than perhaps any other for a pretext for a quarrel. Prussia being determined to appropriate every individual German State to herself, and thus establish a consolidated Empire, in place of the mere Kingdom she was. Austria would naturally feel the indignities from which she suffered last year, and would be glad to find an ally in so powerful a nation as France against Prussia.

That some sort of an alliance has been concluded between them seems pretty much admitted on all sides. But to what end it is not so plain. Austria cannot desire war so soon again with Prussia; and Napoleon, in his recent speeches on his return home, declares emphatically that he is for peace and business prosperity, although he goes on strengthening and drilling and perfecting both army and navy. Possibly, if not probably, the understanding between France and Austria is something like this: If France will back Austria in the sure dismemberment of Turkey, so that Austria may extend herself in the south and east, instead of suffering continued encroachments from Russia, then Austria is to lend her moral and physical aid to support France in any expected trouble with Prussia. Thus the alliance would be in the nature of a trade; what one did in one direction, the other would balance by doing in return in another. Russia is becoming impatient to know the sequel. And Prussia, through the Berlin journals, is growing tart and bold toward France, evidently seeking to provoke the trouble that is almost certain to come. Matters in Europe will not be quiet till France and Prussia have made a trial of their strength.

Our Book List.

Those who desire to replenish their libraries, are referred to the list of valuable publications on our seventh page. All books in this list will be promptly mailed to any address, from our Office in Boston, or our Branch Office in New York, upon receipt of price. All other books published in this country may also be ordered through us, at the very lowest market prices.

Rev. Rowland Connor.

This gentleman, who was thrust out of his pulpit by the pew-owners (not the congregation) of the School-street Universalist Church, has organized a new Society of Universalists, many of them going off from Dr. Miner's Church, and opened Mechanics' Institute for holding public Sunday services. His first discourse to his congregation under the new organization was preached on the 1st day of September, and its theme was "The Religion of To-Day." He had previously accepted the invitation of his people to become their pastor, and formally subscribed his faith in their approved Universalist form of belief. His text was taken from the Epistle of James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." After stating as preliminary that the breath of God had been breathed into every living soul, and that all humanity is in its own way devout, he passed to the comprehensive remark that there is perceptible progress in religious ideas, for which new forms and modes of expression are demanded.

Mind never ceases to grow and expand; and the religion of the past time is therefore not like the religion of the present. The distinctive religions of the world are just beginning to make one another's acquaintance. The world is rousing up with a curiosity to know the history and significance of them all, as well as their relationship. Nations are reaching out their hands one to the other. The old and traditional ideas and conceptions are breaking up. The opinions of men are boiling and bubbling as in a cauldron, and an unnatural excitement is for some time to be looked for in consequence. But finally, these discords and inharmonies will be reconciled, and the whole world will keep step to the time it is marching by. Can any existing religion withstand this contentious excitement? It is essential that we should stop and look to see where our ark of faith is likely to rest. Our Father's tabernacle has been lifted up. Men do not now read Calvin and Edwards, Hopkins and Wesley; but Colenso and Renss, Spencer, Mill and Emerson. Science is undermining old theology. Our theologies are evidently to be reconstructed. The foundation of all of them was to be—MAN. We are not to believe in pope, creed, or church; nor to believe first in anything but Man. That faith includes and involves all the rest.

Legal Murder in Philadelphia.

In another column the reader will find an article from the Boston Transcript on the hanging of George Winemore, the Philadelphia murderer, which will repay a careful perusal. It considers the subject of lunacy, or obsession by evil spirits, as was clearly the trouble with the wretched man who paid the forfeit of his life for his great crime, from a side not commonly regarded. We do not propose to indulge in any comments of our own on this matter at present, but intend to return to the subject another time. The remarks, or suggestions rather, which are all that we shall permit expression to now, are in brief that there is a law that governs in this thing, the disobedience of which by ignorance has long entailed an amount of suffering from which the world may readily free itself. By understanding that law, there need be no such innocents as Winemore, no horrible murders such as he committed, no hanging scenes to be multiplied upon one another because their lesson is as ineffective now as years ago, and no more procreation of murderers and murder-cherishing natures. It is that great law to which we would revert at another time.

Death of Mrs. E. A. Bliss.

A private letter to a gentleman in this city announces the death on board the steamboat Montana of this estimable lady, while on her voyage to California and shortly after leaving Panama. The object of the journey was the recovery of her health, which has been very much impaired for several years, together with the hope of being useful in spreading the glad tidings of Spiritualism in the golden land. But she has made the long voyage, passed through the "golden gate," and found the haven of rest. All who have listened to the practical truths enunciated with such fearlessness and sincerity from her lips, while the body seemed hardly strong enough to serve the spirit's uses, will rejoice with her in the rest which she has attained, and the greater freedom upon which she has entered. Her body was consigned to the ocean at sunset on the 27th day of July.

Spiritualist Grove Meetings, Picnics, Conventions, etc.

The present summer has been prolific of Spiritualist Conventions, Grove Meetings, Picnics, etc., in various portions of the country. This is a sure index that the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century is rapidly gaining proselytes. At these gatherings men and women of talent and energy lecture to the multitudes that attend; who, in turn, scatter the gems of Love, Wisdom and Truth they have listened to and drank in from inspired lips, among those less fortunate than themselves. Thus the good seed is being sown, which in due time will yield an abundant harvest.

The Great Organ.

The Management of the Music Hall Spiritual Sunday afternoon meetings have succeeded in obtaining the use of the Great Organ, which will be played half an hour preceding each lecture by the distinguished organist, W. Eugene Thayer, whose services have been secured for the season. Spiritualists and others desirous of attending these meetings, which commence Oct. 6th, with a lecture by Judge Edmonds, are notified that season tickets (price \$4) can be had at This Office.

Characteristic.

We understand that the Congregationalist newspaper has of late published an article, in which the writer, "a devout and humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus," endeavored to hold up to ridicule the proceedings of the late Spiritualist Convention in this city. The intolerance of bigotry is proverbial, and our Orthodox friends eclipse all other credulists in their opposition to the incoming soul-inspiring truths of Spiritualism.

Caution.

There are numbers of people in our midst, both male and female, that advertise in the daily papers as "healing mediums," "spiritual clairvoyants," etc., who are not and never were Spiritualists. Spiritualists should be on their guard, and not be deceived by such pretenders, whose only and sole aim is to make money out of the unwary. There are plenty of good and true clairvoyants. Beware of the spurious ones.

We have been obliged to omit our New York Department the present week, in consequence of the great press of other matter upon our inside pages.

FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

This Convention assembled in compliance with the call, at Cleveland, Ohio, in Brainerd's Hall, on Tuesday, September 3d, at 10 o'clock A. M. Newman Weeks, of Vermont, President of the Third National Convention, called the Assembly to order. After the usual preliminary business was transacted, J. M. Peabody offered a resolution in commemoration of the late venerable JOHN PIERPONT, President of the Second National Convention of Spiritualists. He made a very fitting speech on the occasion, and was followed by J. M. Spear, H. C. Wright, E. V. Wilson, Dr. Hallock, and Moses Hull, who all spoke briefly and to the point. Mr. W. R. Jocelyn, entranced, then gave a brief poetic address, purporting to come from the spirit of Pierpont.

The Convention then took a recess till 3 P. M., to give the committee time to make up their reports.

In the afternoon, Henry C. Wright spoke upon the need of a definite statement of the issues made between Christianity and Spiritualism, claiming that Spiritualism was essentially a plan of salvation, more in accordance with reason and nature than any hitherto offered the world. No man, he said, could be a true Spiritualist while following immoral practices or indulging in unnatural habits.

The Committee on Credentials here made a partial report. The Committee on Permanent Organization reported ISAAC BROWN, of Philadelphia, for President; H. T. Child for Secretary, and L. K. Joslin, of Providence, for Treasurer. The report was accepted and adopted.

Mr. Weeks introduced the newly elected President, who, with a few exceedingly happy and concise sentences, took the Chair.

A. J. Finney moved a vote of thanks to Newman Weeks, Chairman of the Third National Convention, which was seconded and heartily carried. Mr. Weeks retired after making a brief and eloquent speech.

Mr. Chase moved that the parliamentary rules in common use be the rule of the Convention.

The Chairman of the Business Committee announced that the evening session would be devoted to the hearing of essays—the first by Mr. Finney, on the character of the Spiritual Philosophy; the other by Mrs. Mary F. Davis, on the Spiritual Idea of Education.

The large hall, capable of holding twelve hundred persons, was well filled during the day and crowded in the evening. The weather was delightful.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns will lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., until further notice. Permanent address, Vineland, N. J.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture and establish Lyceums. He would like to make engagements for the fall and winter as early as possible. Permanent address, Putnam, Ct.

Isaac P. Greenleaf is to speak in City Hall, Charlestown, Sept. 15 and 22.

A. A. Wheelock, of St. John's, Mich., speaks in Cleveland, O., the last Sunday of September.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Louisville, Ky., during this month.

James G. Allie will speak for the Society of Spiritualists holding meetings in Laramie Hall, New York, on Sunday, Sept. 15.

Mrs. Lols Walsbrook writes as follows: "Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, of Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., has consented to enter the field as a speaker. I have known her for years, and would say to the friends that she is every way worthy of encouragement. She is also a good circle medium, and has fine healing powers. Set her to work, friends; set her to work."

Particular Notice to Subscribers.

As the present volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT is drawing to a close, we request those of our patrons whose subscriptions run out with it, to renew at once—if they intend to continue, (and of course they do.) By so doing it will save our clerks much unnecessary labor, as they have to remove every name from the mailing-machine when the subscription expires. It would create confusion to make exceptions to this rule. In a word, a prompt renewal will save much extra labor in the mailing department.

St. Louis.

We have received from St. Louis a very neat small-sized monthly sheet, published by the "Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum" there. It announces as speakers for September, Susie M. Johnson; for October, Hudson Tuttle; for November, J. M. Peabody. It chronicles the fact that Dr. St. John, of Michigan, is a powerful physical medium. All the manifestations through him are done in the light. They are considered very wonderful by those who have witnessed them.

The Lyceum Banner.

The children of Spiritualists will no doubt be pleased with their paper, the LYCEUM BANNER, the first number of which has just been issued. It is filled with interesting illustrated stories, choice poetry, music, etc., edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and published monthly at Chicago, Ill., by Mrs. L. H. Kimball. For sale in this city by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

Spiritualist Funeral.

On Saturday last we attended the funeral of an infant son of John W. Wentworth, of Brighton. The services were conducted by Mrs. Conant, through whom was given a most beautiful address and prayer by Theodore Parker. Surely it is good, when the angels are present, to visit the house of mourning.

Healing Medium Wanted.

The Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., we have reliable information for stating, are anxious that a good healing medium locate there. Our informant is of the opinion that such an one would be the means of not only restoring the sick to health, but also of spreading the gospel of truth in that locality.

Spiritualist Camp Meeting on Cape Cod.

The camp meeting at Cahnson's Grove, Harwich, we learn, was a perfect success. So much so, that the managers continued it until the 9th.

By Dr. York's notice in another column, it will be seen that the grand social picnic of the Spiritualists of Charlestown and vicinity will take place at Walden Pond Grove, on Wednesday, the 11th inst. This excursion is to be for the pecuniary benefit of the Children's Lyceum, therefore it is desirable that the friends muster in strong force.

A subscription to erect a statue to the Emperor Maximilian has been opened in Trieste.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

This number closes Volume 21 of the BANNER and a grand number it is, replete with living inspiration upon every page.

A host will join Dr. Gardner's Grand Excursion to Walden Grove on the 18th inst., weather permitting. For full particulars, see notice in another column.

The spirit message on our sixth page, purporting to come from Abby Green in spirit-land, is so full of feeling and sincerity that we should indeed be deeply gratified if such a person ever lived on the earth, to receive material evidence of its truthfulness. Will the dear friends she says she left in Williamsburg have the kindness to respond to our request?

If the letter sent to our care for another party by some one in Circleville, Illinois, is valuable, the writer had better send for it, as we have no knowledge of the whereabouts of the person to whom it is addressed.

There are some persons in this world whom you may assist ever so much, even for many years, that will turn, viper-like, and sting you the moment you cease to aid them peculiarly. They will write letters to your friends derogatory of your character, and show their vindictiveness in various ways. These peculiarities of human nature teach the benevolent man who has been injured by them to become cautious as to whom he aids. Ingratitude is the father of selfishness, and raises many children.

Frank Smith, of Baltimore, wants us to double the size of the BANNER and double our "Message Department," and that we double the price of subscription, if necessary, to accomplish this purpose. Brother, this is just what we should like to do; but (ominous words) while "friends will aid us" in a literary point of view, they will not, peculiarly. Recollect, friend Smith, it costs more than double to publish a paper now that it did when we commenced the BANNER.

THE PHILBRICK HOUSE, Portsmouth, N. H., under the superintendence of Henry C. Amory, is one of the neatest and best managed hotels in the country. It is very evident that Mr. Amory fully understands his business. Friends visiting Portsmouth are advised to tarry at the Philbrick House, by all means.

DR. J. R. NEWTON.—This gentleman has sent us a long list of cures performed by him during his late sojourn in Boston—some very severe cases—the patients having since reported to him that they are still in good health, and are willing that their names should be known for the benefit of the afflicted. Dr. Newton is now healing the sick in Syracuse, N. Y., where he purposes to remain six or eight weeks.

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

The entire receipts at the Springfield, Mass., Horse Fair were about \$16,000, of which amount nearly \$3000 was profit.

The cholera is raging fearfully in Palermo, and throughout Sicily. Nearly one-half the cases terminate fatally.

The Christian Era and The Universalist are at variance in regard to the Connor School-street Church case. Their language does not indicate a very reined "Christian spirit," it seems to us.

DR. U. CLARK IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—The friends and patients of Dr. U. Clark in Central and Western New York, will be interested to learn that he is about revisiting the scenes of his former labors, as will be seen by his advertisement on the fifth page.

An exchange says, "Chicago has eaten frogs voraciously this season, having already consumed 100,000!" The poor innocent croakers in that locality have become silent! It is well.

Faithful hands that toiled so long,
Lays that sung my cradle song,
Come and hush my sighs once more,
Lighten burdens as before!
Softly through this silent room
Floats a brightness through the gloom,
While her presence seems to steal
Back to me beside this wheel.

Charles Pelree, Esq., writing us from Maine, under date of Aug. 29, says: "I am sorry to announce to you that a great calamity has befallen the industrious farmers of Maine, viz., the total destruction of the potato crop by that great scourge, the 'potato rot.' Its operations are most singular. The day before the disease struck the vines they were perfect and promising; the next morning whole fields appeared as if a scorching fire had run through them, the foliage black and crisped. In one week after, the potato in the hill became discolored and was soon a mass of decayed matter, fit for food for neither man nor beast. From what I can learn, the disease has swept over the whole State."

The Portland physicians account for the remarkable healthiness of that city this year by attributing it to the purifying influence of the great fire.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—We would call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the above named paper. It is the exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy; is decidedly progressive in its tendencies, and is filled with reading of an exceedingly high moral and Christian character. It is well worth reading. We take much pleasure in perusing it.—*Advocate, Greenville, Ill.*

The editor of the "Banner of Progress" has challenged the priesthood in California to a public oral discussion as to the truth or falsity of Spiritualism; but none as yet have ventured to accept the challenge. By the way, the "Progress" is a live paper. Success to you, friends.

If our friend, Mordecai Larkin, who dates his letter from Milford, and sends \$1.50 for the BANNER OF LIGHT, six months, will give us the name of the State in which he resides, we will forward the paper.

A servant girl in Rochester was given a sand-glass to cook eggs by, and put it into the kettle with them. She did this three times before her novel method was discovered.

A Card from Walter Hyde.

Our labors in "Teaching the Philosophy of Healing by the laying on of hands, and the Principles attending mediumistic development," have for a time been suspended; but under far more favorable auspices than formerly, we have opened our doors to the public, and invite attention to our classic instructions and evening séances, which commence on the 17th of this month, and continue one week, at No. 100 East 29th street, New York City.

We believe the nature of the conditions necessary to success may be learned, and that mortals may heal even as the spirits do, if they but know how. We have our bodies to work through, while they use their mediums. WALTER HYDE.

SECOND GREAT SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING.

At Pierpont Grove, Melrose, Mass., August 28th, 29th, 30th, and Sept. 1st, 1887.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Last year's successful inauguration by the Spiritualists of Eastern Massachusetts, of the Camp Meeting system of physical recreation, social intercourse and spiritual culture, prompted a very general desire among all who participated in that first meeting, or read the report thereof in the BANNER, to have another convene upon the same grounds this year. In accordance with this desire, several gentlemen residing in Malden, Melrose and vicinity, known as zealous, active and practical Spiritualists, determined that the wishes of the people should be gratified, and at once assumed the responsibility of calling, and the labor and expense of preparing for the meeting. Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, was elected Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and the engagement of speakers and general charge of the meetings entrusted to him.

Although not, perhaps, exactly the spot that "Camp Meeting John" or any other Methodist veteran would have selected for a permanent camping ground, in all weathers, yet last season being dry, the splendid grove, thickly studded with a great variety of forest trees, covering about four acres, two of level land, and gradually rising on the southwest and south upon a protecting hillside, forming a vast amphitheatre, quiet, beautiful and secluded, charmed every visitor, and left a pleasant picture in the mind of the place itself. But the present season has been uncommonly wet, and the disadvantages of the locality have been brought out by the rain in very distinct water-colors.

An early visit to the Camp, on Thursday morning, was calculated to dampen enthusiasm. A small portion of the grounds was already wet and marshy, owing to recent rains, and all signs, including air, sky, wind, smoke and tree-tops, portended a storm. About twenty tents were already up, and the working committee were busily engaged in finishing up the sitting accommodations for about two thousand persons, around the large stand for speakers. At the west end of the grove was the police tent, and the wooden structure of the caterer. By noon time some two or three hundred persons had arrived upon the ground, generally from abroad—tents were selected, trunks deposited, and preparations made for enjoying whatever circumstances would permit. Several speakers were already on the ground, and at 2 o'clock Dr. Storer called the audience together and announced a Conference meeting for the afternoon, the exercises to consist of short volunteer speeches, singing, and the narration of experiences and facts.

The choir, with melodeon accompaniment, then opened the meeting by singing the animating hymn—

"The Host of God, they come to us,
On heavenly mission bound."

The Conference was of a very interesting character, being addressed by A. C. Robinson, of Salem, Dr. E. Sprague, of Schenectady, N. Y., J. S. Loveland, A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, Mrs. Litch, of Melrose, Chauncey Barnes, and Dr. Greenwood, of Malden.

No rain fell during the meeting, but later in the afternoon a drizzling storm set in, which prevented an evening meeting, and drove everybody to the shelter of their tents. Through the night the rain poured in torrents, draining down from the "beautiful hills," in the rear of the tents, miniature rivers running under the straw, and making bed clothes, tents and bedding generally moist and uncomfortable. Toward morning, however, the rain ceased, the clouds dispersed before a rising breeze which played among the tree tops, shaking the drops from the branches, and the campers waking on Friday morning from troubled dreams of drowning, were greeted and gladdened by the sunlight shimmering through the foliage, and bathing the grove in golden promise. During the morning large accessions were made to the company. More tents were pitched, and among them a large Marquee tent for the remarkable exhibitions of physical manifestations through the mediumship of Miss Laura V. Ellis. So well satisfied were all the committee of the genuineness of these spiritual manifestations, that Mr. Ellis was cordially invited to give opportunity for those who might attend this meeting to witness for themselves these remarkable phenomena; and we may here say, that the interest of the meeting was greatly increased thereby, some nine séances having been given during the four days, probably attended by at least one thousand persons. The evident fairness and sincerity with which this exhibition was conducted, seemed to impress every visitor, and although considered astonishing and unaccountable by the numerous skeptics present, we heard not a word of distrust or suspicion expressed.

At 10 o'clock the large bell sounded through the camp, and the morning Conference commenced. Dr. Storer gave opportunity for the exercise of freedom in opening the meeting with prayer, if any desired it, which brought upon the stand Mr. Chauncey Barnes, who offered an appropriate and earnest invocation to the Father of all spirits, and the spirit children of the Infinite Father. An original hymn, written for and presented to the camp by Mrs. S. S. Johnson, was then sung to the tune, "Tramp! tramp! tramp!" by the choir.

Dr. Wheeler, after quoting a sentiment of Bishop Aubrey, "What thou hast not by suffering bought, presume not thou to teach," delivered an eloquent address, condensed but clearly illustrated, upon the contributions made to human knowledge and human progress, by the life-experiences of individuals.

A poem entitled "Ministering Spirits," was read by J. S. Loveland, in the hush of profound attention and appreciation of soul; followed by Mr. Page, of Gloucester, and E. S. Wheeler, upon the controverted subject of re-embodiment and dark circle manifestations, the sentiment being elegantly handled, as enunciated by Mr. Wheeler, that "whatever may be true or false as to the mediumship of this or that individual, the demands of a scientific study of Spiritualism require that the conditions under which they are produced be such as absolutely to preclude the possibility of deception." Conference closed with singing.

The afternoon session was opened with singing by the choir, its numbers somewhat increased, and aided by the melodeon accompaniment, for the excellent playing of which throughout the meetings, the audience were indebted to Miss Mary Jackson, of Malden. Then followed an address by Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, on practical obedience to the highest perceived laws of our nature, at the close of which a poem was improvised on a subject given her by some one in the audience entitled, "Inward Light," evincing very marked ability in expressing appropriate sentiments in rhyme and rhythm.

Mrs. O. H. Rand, of Milford, Mass., read Lizzie Doten's beautiful poem entitled, "The Spirit Mother," after which Dr. Houghton, of Milford, delivered an excellent address upon the "Natural and Philosophical Salvation of Man."

Brief remarks were also made by Mr. J. S. Loveland upon the "Sacredness of True Mediumship," and the duty of Spiritualists to protect their mediums, so far as possible, not only from conditions that tended to involve them in suspicion as impostors, but from the necessity of publicly exhibiting their mediumship for pay, in competition with fingers and imitating impostors. He said that efforts had been industriously and persistently made to create the impression that some prominent and well known Spiritualists, such as Mr. Drott, of Philadelphia; F. L. Wadsworth,

editor of the Spiritual Republic, himself and others, were opposed to physical manifestations. Nothing could be more false. They were determined to expose the impostors, as all true Spiritualists should be, that the genuine mediums might be protected from the indiscriminate odium now publicly cast upon all professing such mediumistic laws involved in it might be thoroughly studied.

After singing, the large audience adjourned till the evening session. Notwithstanding the dampness of the grove, that rendered it imprudent for many to remain during the evening, that would otherwise have done so, arrivals from Boston, Malden, Melrose and adjoining towns, kept up the number in attendance, so that when the bell rang at half past seven o'clock, there were probably five hundred persons assembled to listen to the announced address of Mrs. A. Horton, the efficient co-laborer with Dr. E. S. Wheeler in the State missionary work. Her inspired thoughts, flowing calmly on a deep stream from an inexhaustible fountain, seemed to pervade all minds, and win universal approval and acceptance. The choir sang "The Gifts of Angels," after which Prof. J. H. W. Tooley, of Boston, narrated the circumstances attending the murder committed by the so-called Spiritualist Winmore at Philadelphia, and the efforts which had been made for a commutation of his sentence.

The meeting closed with a selection by the choir, the audience in large part departing for their homes by carriages and on foot, leaving the campers to get the best sleep they could in the chilly atmosphere of the tents.

Saturday morning dawned bright and fair. At an early hour the camp was astir, and active preparations made for breakfast. Arrivals by horse and stage cars, including small delegations from Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut, swelled the numbers in attendance during the day to about three thousand. Promptly at 10 o'clock, Dr. Storer rang out the morning call to Conference, which was opened by singing the original hymn presented by Mrs. S. S. Johnson. The conference was addressed by Dr. E. Sprague, followed by Miss Barbara Allen, Dr. Greenwood, of Cambridgeport, Miss Davis, of Charlestown, Miss Dehnam, of Boston, J. Madison Allen, J. S. Loveland and Miss Hattie Wilson, of East Cambridge, the colored medium, interspersed with singing by the choir. Miss Wilson's address, entitled "The Gifts of Angels," was at once an eloquent plea for the recognition of the capacities of her race, the sentiment and philosophy of universal brotherhood, and a timely and beautiful application of the idea of human progress, under the figure of a moving camp, temporary and a day's march from home.

A fraternal greeting was received from the Camp Meeting at Calhoun's Grove, Harwich, now in session, by their Secretary, R. Thayer, which Dr. Storer read to the meeting, responding to the fraternal sentiments expressed in behalf of this meeting.

At the close of each session the President gave notice of the séances to be held at the tent of Mr. Ellis, and the recess of about two hours gave opportunity for witnessing the spiritual manifestations there produced, dinner, or a stroll to the beautiful cascade in the immediate vicinity. The afternoon session was opened by an invocation by Dr. S. Houghton, singing "The Host of God," and the reading of a poem by Mrs. Rand, entitled, "The Soul's Asking." An address, occupying an hour, upon the "Obstructions to Spiritual Freedom," was delivered by Mr. I. P. Greenwood, of Maine, and the President then introduced Dr. S. S. Johnson, who sang in a very sweet and beautiful manner the song entitled, "Shall we meet each other there?" which was listened to with intense interest and heartily applauded. Short addresses were then made by Mrs. J. J. Clark, of Connecticut, and Mrs. S. A. Willis, Lawrence, the latter from the peculiar text, "Mind your own business," with general and special applications.

Evening Session.—As twilight faded, the innumerable stars blossomed out in the heavens above, and as the throng of people poured in from every direction, the grove, illuminated by the numerous lighted lamps, and the trees and tents, presented a cheerful and brilliant appearance. The chilliness of the air rendered shawls and thick clothing indispensable, but the seats were rapidly filled, and hundreds stood in the aisles and on the outer circle during the exercises. The exercises commenced at nine o'clock, by the congregation, Mr. J. S. Loveland rose to address the audience. The hush of expectation swept over the assembly, and as the clear, mellow voice of the speaker introduced the subject of the evening, attention was at once concentrated, and interrupted only by the occasional nodding of "Charity," as interpreted by Spiritualists. The speaker's inspiration was indeed a "deep breath in the atmosphere of serene ideas."

Short inspirational addresses were made by Mrs. Litch, of Melrose, Mrs. Belknap, of Hopedale, and Mrs. Juliette Xew, of Northboro', Mass., the exercises closing about nine o'clock. Sunday was expected to have been the great day of the feast, and but for the threatening appearance of the clouds, there would have been a vast concourse present. As it was, extra teams were run from Stoneham, Malden, Melrose, East Boston and Chelsea, and before night not less than 4,000 persons visited the ground.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the signal bell rang through the grove, and Dr. Storer announced the opening of the morning Conference. As upon each previous day, it was desired that all persons having interesting facts, personal narratives or short personal remarks to make, call upon the speaker, the exercises should be free to speak, and by giving their names at the stand would be announced in order to the audience. The East Boston Spiritualist choir now arriving, augmented the musical talent, and led the congregation in the opening hymn—

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above."

Mrs. Rand read in a very impressive manner the beautiful poem "Evermore," followed by an address from Mr. Morrison, a young trance medium from Haverhill. Interesting musical manifestations were described by Mr. E. S. Wheeler, of Northboro', and by Mr. B. Walker, of Hopedale, Mr. Lincoln, of Boston, Mr. Goodwin, of Abington, and Mr. Marblehead, and Mr. Harris, of Abington.

In the afternoon, in accordance with previous announcement, Mr. J. S. Loveland, after reading his grand poem, "The Power of the Power," delivered an address in answer to the question, "What is Spiritualism?" followed by Mrs. M. M. Wood, of Connecticut. Mrs. Wood's discourse was founded upon the words "Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, that which has been revealed to the spirits." These addresses, in intrinsic value of their subject-matter, profound analysis of the principles involved, clearness of statement, and general ability of treatment, were remarkable, and were fortunately heard by one of the largest audiences assembled at any one time around the stand. The exercises closed with singing, and the camp was equally intense.

But little rain fell during the day, not enough to interrupt the public exercises. The dampness, however, increasing, many left the camp before the evening meeting, leaving perhaps 800 persons on the ground to participate in the closing exercises. Dr. E. Sprague first addressed the meeting, subject, "Spiritualism the best Religion," followed by Dr. J. N. Hodges, of East Boston, upon the "Service rendered to man by all Religions and the necessity of every progressive step that has been taken." The time having arrived for the closing prayer, Dr. Storer in brief and eloquent remarks, reviewed the general influence and tendencies of the meetings so harmoniously held, happily enjoyed, and now brought to an agreeable close; returned the "thanks of the committee to all visitors and participants in the meetings for the excellent order maintained throughout the camp, and for their valuable services, and the speakers who have made this gathering truly a feast of reason and a flow of soul, with heartfelt gratitude to the invisible company of spiritual attendants whose influence has pervaded our souls and inspired our utterances."

Dr. Storer then announced that he desired all who favored the idea of holding another camp meeting next year, to signify it by saying "Ay," when a unanimous shout resounded through the grove, confirming the desire. The choir then sang in sweet, harmonious strains, "Home, sweet home, and the service was closed. Effortful police regulations under the direction of Capt. J. T. Lervey, of Melrose, and L. D. Phillips, of Malden, nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the camp during the four days, and no arrests were made.

Sunday Afternoon Lectures in Music Hall, Boston.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity have the pleasure to announce that arrangements for a Sunday course of Lectures at the Music Hall, for the fall and winter season, are completed, and the most distinguished exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy in America have been secured, as follows:

Opening lecture, October 6th, 1887, by JUDGE J. W. EDWARDS, of New York, on which occasion the Great Organ will be played.

Oct. 13, 20 and 27, THOS. GALES FORSTER, of Washington, D. C.

Nov. 3 and 10, MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER, of Massachusetts.

Nov. 17, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, of Massachusetts.

Nov. 24, MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM, of Massachusetts.

Dec. 8 and 15, MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, of New York.

Dec. 22 and Jan. 12 and 19, To be announced.

Jan. 26, Dr. F. L. H. WILLS, of New York.

Feb. 9, 16 and 23, MRS. ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., of Philadelphia.

March 2, J. M. Peebles, of Michigan.

March 9, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, of New Jersey.

March 16, S. J. FINNEY, of Troy, New York.

March 23 and 30, and April 6, 13, 20 and 27, To be announced.

The above vacancies will be filled by the best talent that can be secured.

Tickets for the season, (28 Sundays, from October 6th to May 1st each, for sale at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street, Room 3, up stairs, and at HORACE R. FULLER'S, (successor to Walker, Fuller & Co.) bookseller, 245 Washington street. Let every one desiring a seat apply early and secure their ticket.

Services will commence at 2 o'clock P. M.

A Social Lecture

Will be held at Macmillan's and Blacksmiths, Hall, corner of City Square and Chelsea street, Charlestown, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 14th, 1887, for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum that meets in said hall. Good music for dancing. Tickets to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets—For gentlemen, 50 cents; ladies, 25 cents each. C. C. YORK, Manager.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot agree to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. C. PARIS, Ill.—Dear friend, your kind note has been received. The manuscript is safely on file. It will be reached soon.

Business Matters.

COUSIN BENNY'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

THE RADICAL for September is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

DR. L. K. COONEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, June and July numbers, for sale at this office, price 30 cents. Also for new monthly, HUMAN NATURE, published in London; price 35 cents.

SITUATION WANTED.—A lady who is a thorough English and French scholar, desires a situation as governess, copyist, or to do any kind of writing. Will leave New England if a good salary offered. References furnished. Address, Miss G., BANNER OF LIGHT office, aug10 6w7

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin. Agents wanted (male or female), to sell our celebrated FRANKLIN and DIAMOND DOUBLE-THREADED SEWING MACHINES. Complete with Table only \$25. Single Thread Hand Machines are not practical for any sewing at any price. WE GIVE AWAY our Machines to the poor and needy, and send them out on trial. Circulars and Information free. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., BOSTON, MASS. sept7-4w

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Address DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, No. 56 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y. Sept. 14.

The Great Medicine of the World.—Perry Davis & Son's "Pain Killer" may justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe where it has not long been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no climate to which it has not been proved to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; and as a specific and unsurpassed remedy, speedy and safe, for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, wounds, and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhoea, and local complaints generally, it is admirably suited for every race of men on the globe.

A significant fact that, notwithstanding the long period of years that the "Pain Killer" has been before the world, it has never lost one whit of its popularity, or shown the least sign of becoming unfashionable; but on the contrary, the call for it has steadily increased from its first discovery by that excellent and honored man, Perry Davis, and at no previous time has the demand for it been so great, or the quantity made been so large as it is at this day.

Another significant fact is, that nowhere has the "Pain Killer" ever been in higher repute, or been more generally used by families and individuals, than it has been here at home where it was first discovered and introduced, and where its proprietors, Messrs. Perry Davis and Son, have ever been held in high esteem. That the "Pain Killer" will continue to be as widely valued, and its great medicine of the world, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.—*Providence Advertiser.* 2w—Sept. 14.

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MRS. FOWLER, CLAIRVOYANT, Oracle and Test Medium, No. 85 Bowdoin street, Boston, will lay on of hands; also tell of lost money, disease, love, marriage and death. Terms \$2.00. Circles Sunday evening. 4w—Sept. 14.

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NEW ENGLAND AGENCY.—GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston. 14—Sept. 14.

DR. J. R. NEWTON Will Heal the Sick at SYRACUSE, N. Y., On and after Sept. 8th.

MAGEE STOVES, RANGES AND FURNACES. Magee Parlor Stoves, unrivalled for economy, power and beauty.

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DR. URIAH CLARK, LATE of Greenwood Health College, and of Boston, author of the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," and formerly editor of the "Spiritualist," will treat a few cases of the "SICK WITHOUT MEDICINE," from Sept. 14th to the 21st, at the Reformed House, Rochester, from 2nd to 5th in the Exchange House, Niagara Falls.

All kinds of invalids guaranteed thorough treatment to insure cures. Evening lessons given to qualify persons wishing to learn to practice without using medicine. Free circulars for list of wonderful cures, etc. 2w—Sept. 14.

DR. P. B. and JENNIE RANDOLPH, CLAIRVOYANTS, cure Hysteria, Nervous disorders, Chronic Catarrhs, and all diseases of the Female System, and all diseases of the Male System, and all diseases of the Child System, and all diseases of the Old System, and all diseases of the Young System, and all diseases of the Middle System, and all diseases of the Advanced System, and all diseases of the Declining System, and all diseases of the Senile System, and all diseases of the Geriatric System, and all diseases of the Aged System, and all diseases of the Very Old System, and all diseases of the Extremely Old System, and all diseases of the Superannuated System, and all diseases of the Decrepit System, and all diseases of the Frail System, and all diseases of the Feeble System, and all diseases of the Weak System, and all diseases of the Invalid System, and all diseases of the Sick System, and all diseases of the Dying System, and all diseases

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 133 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the Invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Oh Lucifer, thou Morning Star, whose brightening hath gilded the heavens and the earth, draw nigh unto these souls in mortal, shedding a divine halo over the altar of their being, such as shall drive away the bats and owls of superstition and bigotry. We know thy light hath shone through every age. We know that no soul is without its radiance; yet in behalf of the souls who are gathered here on this occasion, we beseech thee to shed a newness of thy light upon these souls, whereby they may come to an understanding of thy truth, and shall be made ready to leave all doubt, all superstition and error, and be ready to worship at the shrine of everlasting truth.

Thou art our Father; thou art our Source; thou art the brightening radiance of our souls; thou art the Father that giveth us our immortality. We cannot understand thee, but we can worship and love thee. In the midst of the darkness of every age, thy wondrous wisdom some soul hath been able to perceive. In the midst of wars, of pestilence, of famine, and of all those dark experiences through which the soul in humanity is called to pass, there thou hast shone, and thy light has been the light that has led every soul unto heaven.

Therefore, Oh Son of the Morning, Oh Morning Star, unto thee we will ascribe all honor, all glory, all praise, forever and ever. Amen. June 18.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Whatever questions you may have received, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to talk about.

CHAIRMAN.—Phoebe Hammond, of Chester, N. H., sends a question for the Rev. Mr. Pierpont's special consideration.

SPIRIT.—I will do what I can toward answering it.

Q.—Will the spirit of John Pierpont answer the following question: We often hear an audible sigh for "that land of rest where sin or sorrow never enter." Now is there any such place? If when we leave the form we enter the spirit-world with the same propensities that we had while living our earth-life, will not the same faculties be employed? And, if so, the desire to do evil? Returning, might we not be led to degrees of selfishness toward mortals that in time would induce us to sorrow deeply? And if our spirit-life be a life of progression, how can it be a state of rest?

A.—Oh yes, there is a condition of peace and rest such as the soul sighs for, but humanity has not properly defined that condition. True rest does not imply inaction. On the contrary, it means that action that brings pleasure to the soul of him or her who acts. When a soul is in a state of harmony with itself, with all the circumstances that belong particularly to itself, then it knows something concerning that state of rest, that peace that it sighs for when out amidst the conflicts of time. Or in other words, when the soul has overcome by the exercise of its own native goodness all that which is less good than itself, then it is in harmony with itself, with its surroundings, and consequently is in that state of rest, that condition of peace. It is vain to go outside of one's self to find heaven. Christ said the kingdom of heaven is within you, for he knew very well that it could not be found elsewhere. The kingdom of heaven is within, and the power to understand and enjoy that kingdom is also within. It is not without. Men go all over the world seeking for heaven, when it is within themselves. They go into the gold mines seeking for gold, because they hope perchance it will bring them heaven. They seek for the diamonds of Peru, because they hope to find heaven there. Everywhere they seek, except in the right place. It is the purpose and the mission of the spirits who return here, to show you how to find the kingdom of heaven. They purpose to lead you within yourselves, to tell you that you are no longer to seek outside your own being for the kingdom of heaven. Oh yes, there is a kingdom of heaven, there is a place of rest, there is a condition of peace, but it is not in any distant star. It is within the holy of holies of one's own being.

Q.—Will the Intelligence please to inform us if Christ, our Saviour, descended into the earth after he was crucified, and preached to spirits in prison? And if so, how were they imprisoned? and were they afterward set free?

A.—Yes, why not? The Spirit of Truth, which was the spirit that manifested through Jesus Christ, is not limited by the circumstances of human life. It finds no barrier in rocks or earth, in clouds or sunshine. It can go everywhere. It can penetrate through all darkness, it can understand all light. Now this same Spirit of Truth that descended into—if I may so speak—the caverns of hell, where spirits were imprisoned by superstition, by error, by religious darkness, by all those crimes that are born of ignorance, it went there, it preached to those spirits, and in preaching liberated them. It did so centuries ago, and it does so to-day. The Christ is not dead, spirit is not lost. Life is life, and there are spirits in prison to-day, just as there were in the days of the man, Jesus the Christ.

Q.—Are spirits who die now in darkness imprisoned the same as in the days of Jesus?

A.—Precisely the same. The rule is not killed nor lost. It exists, and is in action to-day, just as it was in his day. The Spirit of Truth preaches continually to those spirits who are bound in prison-houses of error. You have them all over the land. Some of them are bowing down beneath frescoed walls, from cushioned pews, before gilded altars. But nevertheless they are in pris-

on, and the Spirit of Truth, in robes of simple white, approaches every one of them in good time, and, preaching to them, sets them free. June 18.

Stephen H. Caverly.

I am not at all posted in this most glorious way of return to one's friends, but I suppose it's not to be expected that new beginners should be well posted. I had no knowledge of these things when I was here, and I've not had as good advantages as many have had of gaining knowledge since I left the earth. But there are many urgent reasons why I should return, so I have made the attempt, hoping I should be successful.

I want to reach my family, who were in Balmbridge, Pa. Do you suppose I can? [We think it probable.]

Well, you see, if I look back at all on the last scenes of my earthly life, I find myself getting rather unhappy. But I'm obliged to travel back there in thought for a few moments, in order to identify myself.

They say it is your custom to receive from all those who come here, certain facts relating to their earthly lives that will lead to their identification. [For the spirit's benefit we require such facts.] Yes, I understand it.

Well, in the battle before Richmond I was wounded, and taken prisoner. I say in the battle before Richmond—I suppose it was called that—I don't know; at any rate, it is the name I have given it. It was in '64, sir. They tell me it is now '67. [June.] Yes, Well, in May, '64, I was taken prisoner, and was quartered in the Pemberton building. I don't know, but I was so told. [You were not in Libby, were you?] No, opposite there. At any rate, they said, "Libby is over there," and I certainly was in an opposite direction; that was on the other side of the street from where I was. I was taken sick right away upon entering that place, and very soon died.

It was said that I was exchanged. That was a mistake; I was not. And again, it was said that I was shot—murdered. That was a mistake. I died from want of care, want of food, and from sickness.

I am terribly troubled by a comrade who is determined that I shall surrender to him. But I am determined that I shall not until I have finished. He says it was his turn to come here and speak—not mine. Well, if it was, I am sorry; that's all. It so happens that I am here, and he is a few paces at the rear. [Turning and speaking to the spirit:] Your turn comes next; so, comrade, wait. I know you had the ground before me; but never mind, you shall come back and have your say. I know I stepped into your shoes, but it happened rather naturally. I was awaiting a chance to come, and he was not paying strict attention, so he lost his ground. But I'll make it all right with him. You see, he wants to reach his friends in Pennsylvania. I want to reach mine in Massachusetts. [I think you have got things rather mixed up.] I know it, but I'll straighten them all out. He wants to go to his friends in Pennsylvania. I am from the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, he from the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry. There's the difference. I am from the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, Company K. [Speaking to the spirit:] "All right; you shall have your say." And I died, as I said before, at the Pemberton building, opposite Libby. And I would like that my friends apply to the Colonel of our regiment for further information. Perhaps he may give it; I don't know. But at all events, I hope they'll give me an invitation home; that is to say, meet me where I can speak to them.

I have not given my name, but I will do so. Stephen H. Caverly. [To the spirit again:] "All right; you wait awhile." I am under the necessity of using a little force with my friend; not because I've got anything against him, but because he's crowding me considerably. [To the spirit:] Now, then, my good lady, strike out the Pennsylvania part, and substitute Massachusetts. That will do. [What town in Massachusetts were you from?] Boston, good old Boston; right here where I am.

I suppose my friends do not exactly know where I died. I want them to know I'm alive, and as I've come back, of course they'll know it. [To the spirit:] "I'll surrender to you, good friend." June 18.

Jackson Logan.

Well, that's what I call "tenting on the old camp ground" in good earnest. Now, for fear he should come back again, I'll hurry up a little.

I'm a recruit from Andersonville; a little different from Libby Prison or the Pemberton building; and I'm from Balmbridge, Pennsylvania. My name, Jackson Logan; a descendant from the Mingo chief, I claim to be. I don't know how much of his blood runs in my veins, though. I'm one of the enthusiastic kind, and I don't like to have anybody step into my place.

Now I'm very anxious that my family should know I can come back, so they can get what government should pay over to them; and I don't want them to go to other folks about me, but I want them to ask me to come, and let me come and talk with them myself. That's the very best way, because, you see, I know my own story, and can tell it better than any one else. But I know very well they don't know anything about this thing.

I want, in the first place, to open the windows to let them know I can come back here and talk; in the second place, that I want to talk with them; and in the third place, to come straight to them. [You want them to provide you with a medium?] I want them to let me have as good a one as they can. If they can't give me the best, let them give me as good a one as they can, for I don't like these half machines that some folks are obliged to make use of.

I hear that Mr. Davis is at large. Very poor pay for those boys who fought so hard to put down the rebellion. I hope the time is not far distant when he'll get his just deserts. Talk about hanging him to a four apple-tree! Poor old Massachusetts never grew an apple-tree crooked enough to be willing to bear the disgrace of Mr. Davis upon its branches. That's the way I feel about it. That's the way a great many others feel. I'm not alone.

But that's nothing to do with my wife, is it? I want her to overcome all her prejudices in regard to these things, and be willing to hear a voice from Andersonville. It's not so strong a voice as some, but anyway it's strong enough, I suppose, to give light enough, nevertheless. If my wife wants to gain further evidence concerning my death, let her find me some good medium, and I purpose to ask her to come and have a talk with me.

Now, then, suppose you mail one of your good papers to Mrs. Ellen Logan, Balmbridge, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. That is straightforward, is it? [Yes.] All right; and I'll pay you in something better than "greenbacks," or even gold, when you get to the spirit-world. June 18.

Patrick Macnamara.

All right, major-general. There seems to be a sort of an earnestness on the part of the boys to

have the right to get in just where they belong in coming back here to talk.

I'm a graduate from the 9th Massachusetts, and I claim allegiance to the name of Patrick Macnamara. You will spell it Macnamara, and I'm from the country where dead folks are said to live. I've just emigrated, and I've got on my freedom suit, and I've got folks here myself. Now, sir, all that's wanting is a good vehicle through which I can talk to them, and let them know I can come; that I'm alive; and that I'm as ready to fight now for the capture of Jeff. Davis as I was here. Oh the rascal! he is out, they say. Well, he would not be if I was in Andy Johnson's place. But he's the greatest rascal of the two. That's the living truth, sir. I hope the party that elected him is satisfied with him; that's all. Oh, if he didn't give him the greatest—what do you call it when they've all got their heads in a bag together? All right, I suppose, if he don't come out of the bag head foremost. But when he dies, he may not ascend head up, as Lincoln did. Faith, I think if he gets killed, it's not all the parade would be made about him that there was for Mr. Lincoln. No, sir, I rather think he might possibly get a pine box. A hemlock one would suit him better, I think. [Are n't you a little rough?] Oh yes, sir, I suppose I am rough; and if I'm not of the fancy to be smooth, I suppose I'll have to put up with the other thing.

That old Dow fellow what is here preaching to-day, feels the same way I do about Andy. I think if he should speak his mind, he'd say just what I should say, that he and others have a right to express their opinion about Mr. Johnson.

Well, now, I want my folks to come up where I can talk with 'em. I've got nothing to tell about money. I've got to tell them how I got to the spirit-land; how I am myself. What's the use of their wishing me back? I'd not do it if I could. They all say I'm just as happy as a lamb in the spirit-land. Yes, sir, I am just as happy as a lamb. I had no idea that I could come back, and when I was told I could come here, I could hardly believe it. Talk about going down into the grave when you die! I never was there. [Are you sure?] Oh, sure, if I'd be sure about myself. No, sir, I'm alive. It's only dead so far as the body is concerned. That's not me. Palaw! you may as well talk about your old coat being yourself. Faith, I may as well say that this one's clothes is me. Faith, I know I'm alive, and you'll please say so to my folks.

[To the Chairman.] I don't know how I'll pay you, sir. [Who do you wish your message to go to?] To my folks, every one of 'em. [That's not sufficient.] No, sir, I know it's not very definite, but I'd like it to reach the whole crowd of them here. [You'd better give their names, or some of them.] Well, then, I will. There is Michael, and there's James, and then there is my sister Catherine, and Mary and Alice. Oh well, I'll go on all day if it won't do you good, sir; but I tell you I think Michael is the best, because he's the nearest your kind. I'd like him to come and have a talk with me, then I'll reach all the rest through him. [You'd better have it directed to him, then.] All right, sir. May the boat have a fair wind when you come over. June 18.

Adelaide Garvin.

I am Adelaide Garvin. I died from Chicago. I was twelve years old. I died of inflammation of the lungs. I am here with my mother. Her name is Charlotte, and I've come hoping to find my father. He is, I suppose, in New Orleans, and his name is Stephen W. Garvin. He was away when mother died, and he was away when I died, and we were both of us, but he never came to me. I never saw her till I died, and I never thought I should live with her in the spirit-land. But I am with her, and she sends many messages to me. She died before I was born, so I never saw her here. But we all want father to know we can come. And I've seen a great many of our folks in the spirit-land. I have seen, since I went there, old Father Frazier. Father will know him. He has died, too, since father went away. I have seen other folks, and I'll send you his name. "Send my love too." Her name was Elizabeth.

[To the Chairman.] What makes me come, sir, is because my father bought one of the papers, the other day, what you will publish my message in. And he thought it was very strange, and he said, "I should like to have my folks come, if it is true." You'll publish my letter, will you, sir? [Yes. Where does your father reside?] In Chicago, sir. [How long has he been absent?] Do you remember? Yes, he has been having business in New Orleans since the war. Good-day, sir. June 18.

Mary Burke.

I would have you say that Sister Mary Burke, from the Society of Friends at Watervliet, N. Y., has returned, desiring to communicate with her friends of that faith. Say that it has pleased the God of heaven to open wide the doors between the two worlds, and souls of all castes are availing themselves of the privilege, and it comes to us, as mortals on earth. And whosoever close the doors of their hearts against it, close the doors of their hearts against the king of truth and the kingdom of heaven.

There is a new unfolding to come to our people. There is to be a rolling back of the skies of the earth, and we are to be able to see the things that lie beneath every brother and sister of the faith to receive the revelations, trusting in the God who hath seen fit to make them.

Our Mother Ann taught us when on earth that we were to be led by the spirit. She did not teach us to undertake to lead the spirit; but she taught us that we were to be led by it. And if that spirit leads into new revelations, the soul that refuses to follow brings death, moral death, to its own soul, and unhappiness must be the result. This new revelation must come to the brethren and to the sisters, and I pray God that no soul may reject it, or refuse to provide a place in their hearts for it. June 18.

Seance opened by Lorenzo Dow; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Thou Spirit whose glory beareth in through the shadows of Time, and glideth even the valley and the shadow of Death so that we may fear no evil, thou who art Father and Mother too, we would lift up our souls with song of thanksgiving to thee; not because thou hast need of our praises, not because thy brow needeth laurel at our hands, not because we can add to thy greatness, but because we love to praise thee; for in praising thee we come nearer and still nearer unto an understanding of thee, and therefore we are near unto the kingdom of heaven and rest. For when the soul truly understands thee, its source, then it is that it will rest in peace.

Thou Spirit who smildest this hour upon us, grant that thy children who have gathered here may each and all recognize thy presence in all its fullness and glory. Let them understand that thou art near them. Let them feel that thou art sustaining them; that whatever sorrow may be near them, that thou art as near as the sorrow; though shades environ them, thou art present with them, and the sunlight of thy love, the greatness of thy wisdom, will overcome all sorrow will overcome all darkness.

Father, Mother, we thank thee for the gift of flowers; for like the songs of little children, they lift our souls nearer unto that kingdom of heaven, and we come to rest that the soul in its weary pilgrimage through earth so often sighs for. Oh, strengthen the hearts of thy children who are weary. Send thy ministering angels to teach them that thou art near, very near, to every sorrowing soul; teaching them that they are near to that kingdom of heaven, and pointing them to the rest within. Lead them from the turmoil and waste that is without unto the kingdom of peace that is within.

Father, our simple offerings of praise we lay

upon thine altar, and we ask thy blessing thereon. Amen. June 20.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By W. T. Mullins, of Memphis, Tenn.: Was Mr. E. O. Evans, (whose communication appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT of May 22d), assassinated through mistake, by being taken for a spy or approver? And would it be advisable for a young man to go to Ireland and assist in reviving the Fenian organization there? or will the freedom of Ireland be accomplished during the next ten years?

A.—We are informed that the intelligence questioned concerning was assassinated not by mistake, but designedly. We are also informed by those who have made the matter a subject of deep and earnest study, that it is almost a settled fact that Ireland will be free within the next fifteen years. The Fenian spirit seems to be very largely alive, perhaps not so much in words and in deeds as in that deep under-current that will sooner or later burst forth in most terrible volcanic eruptions. The crust seems to be very thin. Judging from appearances, we should say that these volcanoes will soon be in action. It is impossible to tell whether or not it would be advisable for any special young man to go to Ireland as one of her defenders. But we believe that wherever the spirit of human freedom, in its largest and broadest sense, leads, there it is safe to follow. It matters not where it is, if it is down into the very depths of hell, a hell more terrible than any Orthodox has power to conceive of. It is safe to go there, if you go in obedience to the call of freedom. The soul is by its God naturally free. Sooner or later, the great Power of Freedom will gain ascendancy on earth, and oppression will be in the minority.

Q.—By P. Martin: If disembodied spirits can, through the proper mediums, produce table tipping, rappings, play upon musical instruments, sing bells, &c., why can they not, through proper mediums, have power to move the earthly bodies of those who have vacated them for good, and cause them to rise, walk, speak, before they are assigned to Mother Earth?

A.—It is by no means an impossibility, for the same rule that is good in the moving of tables is also good in the moving of dead bodies, so-called, or bodies that have been permanently vacated by spirit.

Q.—By the same: Does the secret order of Free Masonry have a tendency to the improvement of the domestic society of mankind?

A.—I suppose you heard of the burning of the steamer "Golden Gate." Well, I was a passenger on board that steamer, and was lost, with many others. We were, our captain said, between five and six hundred miles from San Francisco. I was a Spiritualist. I believed, yes, more, I think I knew that our friends from the other side could return, and under favorable conditions could come back and manifest to friends. And I told my friends if anything happened to me on the voyage, I should certainly come back. And I have been back, many, many times since then; but I have never been able to manifest as I do here to-day.

A.—By no means. But there is not more than one out of every hundred of its members who understand either its foundation or its dome. They know nothing about it. They only know that it is a something that will shelter them. Ignorance is that which is the cause of society that produces all these terrible disturbances.

Q.—By H. C. of Pittsburg, Pa.: Will the controlling spirit please give his opinion about an intermediate state? I mean the state of man after death before he is received into his proper sphere?

A.—Every state on which you can by any possibility arrive, is an intermediate state, because there is something beyond it. I do not believe that you ever will reach that condition of perfection, in the absolute, that many souls are so earnestly seeking for. There will always be a haven of rest in the future, a something better than that you are now in, therefore you will always be in an intermediate state.

Q.—By the same: How do spirits receive an education in the spirit-world? Do they have lectures, or do they pursue a regular course of studies, as we do at college on earth?

A.—There is a great variety of means by which spirits receive education in the spirit-land. One is that the soul to which it is assigned, is free to bring the soul back to earth, and by placing it in rapport or in contact with some earthly medium, they gain what they would have learned legitimately through their own earthly bodies. Another way is to receive instruction from every-thing that the soul perceives; in other words, from everything that the soul takes cognizance of. The flower in the spirit-land becomes a teacher. The sunbeam becomes a teacher. Little children are teachers to old age, and vice versa. This is a system of promiscuous education. All souls are taught the lesson in their own way to obtain knowledge. Every soul in the spirit-land is free to follow the bent of its own inclinations. There is no restriction there. You are not obliged to pay for an education in spirit-life. There you are not obliged to drag weary chains after you in your search after wisdom. The spirit-land offers ample room for education. Every rock, every tree, every flower, every drop of water, all things that are, become teachers to the soul. The soul makes use of them, and the soul strings them like so many pearls, to be worn around its neck, as it journeys upward.

SPIRIT.—It may not be amiss for me to add something further, by way of explaining the last question. I have been asked, in our beautiful spirit-land, so-called, there dwells a little Indian spirit, who for want of a better name I have called my Prairie Flower. When she became fully awake to the realities of the spirit-world, and learned by contact with media that there was something to be gained in channels of earthly education, learned that her people were degraded because of their ignorance, were hunted down like wild beasts, then it was that her little soul became fired with a desire to possess herself of the knowledge that the white child was possessed of. In her childish ignorance, she believed that this great Spirit had favored the white man in this respect more than he had the red man; that he had designed that the red man should be ignorant, and the white man should have wisdom. But when she learned this was all wrong, a libel upon that Great Eternal Father, she became imbued with a desire to obtain knowledge, in order to improve her people. She came in rapport with the subject your speaker now controls, and by the aid of the subject, and the aid of others in earth-life who are disposed to be kind, to be just to her, she is rapidly advancing up the ladder of earthly knowledge, gaining not only the knowledge that the white child has, but of all that pertains to the spirit-world. Indeed, there seems to be a deep well-spring of power within her little being, for she is rising with great rapidity toward the Temple of Wisdom; but she rises per virtue of the ways and means that have been instituted by mortals. She has come to your people, she gains a knowledge of them. She pursues all the branches of your modern means of education, and she gains by this course not only the internal, the lasting, the immortal part of your earthly means of education, but she gains the external also. And it is that external that she proposes by natural ways and means to shed upon her people, that they may rise to a better standard. The way of our Father toward the Temple of Wisdom is mysterious and leads through many avenues. And yet who desires to walk therein can do so. June 20.

Daniel B. Frost.

Being an old subscriber, I take the liberty to call you friend, to address you as an old acquaintance, and I have never met before.

I have been a devotee, almost a constant reader of your dear old BANNER ever since it was born, and the change through which I was called to pass a few months ago has not prevented me from reading it still. For I assure you, I have found ways in plenty by which to carry on my investigations since the change you call death; which change came to me the first week in last February.

The last thing I remember of reading—yes, it was the last—in fact, the last that was read to me when I was too weak to peruse it myself—was the Message Department of the BANNER. Dear, dear Message Department! it has brought me many a sunbeam, and it has been the means of cheering my spirit onward, as it went through the valley of the shadow of death. Why, I seemed acquainted with those returning spirits. I used to talk with them as I would talk with old friends here. I used to say to you to speak to me on the other side. I shall be very weak, and I want

you to assist me when I get to the spirit-world. You're my friends—I know you are; I love you all." And I died—did I say died? yes—blessing the Message Department of the BANNER. And I told my folks to take the BANNER just so long as it was published; never fail to have it as a member of the household.

Why, I could sometimes feel the very atmosphere of the spirit-land around me before I passed away; and when I came to step across the tide, it was only one step, and I was there, in the presence of all those dear friends who had preceded me. Oh it was glorious! Many a time the beautiful spirit-land I have felt to thank God for the Message Department of the old BANNER OF LIGHT, for it is the ladder, I believe, such as Jacob saw between heaven and earth. Now, you see, if it were not, I should not be made as happy as I expect to be in the future. Long may it wave, for somewhere in the midst of its folds there is a Power Divine, guiding it to its holy destiny. I feel this so.

Now my name when here was Daniel B. Frost, of Almond, Wisconsin; that is to say, you know, the name my body bore. I went hence the first week in last February. That was the time I met with the change. Now I thank God it has come.

Now tell my folks I shall want them to continue taking the BANNER, for it is the link in the chain that binds me to them. It is a channel through which I can talk to them.

I bring to-day my little daughter with me, from whom I hoped to hear through the BANNER before I passed away from earth, for she's told me, since I've met her, that she tried many times to come, but never succeeded. Now I can understand it. A diffident spirit, unless it meets with assistance, finds it hard to return. But she's here with me to-day, and joins me in sending love to all the loved ones here.

(To the Chairman.) Good-bye you, and your dear old BANNER. Don't forget your BANNER will go to my household, so you need not send it. Good-bye you! Good-day. I'll meet you when you come to the spirit-world. And if you're faithful over what God has placed in your hands, oh what a reward will be yours! I wish it were mine. Good-day to you. June 20.

Abby Green.

I am so forcibly carried back to the last scenes of my earthly life, that I am almost entirely unsettled. I was told that I should live that scene over again when I came here, but I never thought it would come so vivid.

I suppose you heard of the burning of the steamer "Golden Gate." Well, I was a passenger on board that steamer, and was lost, with many others. We were, our captain said, between five and six hundred miles from San Francisco.

I was a Spiritualist. I believed, yes, more, I think I knew that our friends from the other side could return, and under favorable conditions could come back and manifest to friends. And I told my friends if anything happened to me on the voyage, I should certainly come back. And I have been back, many, many times since then; but I have never been able to manifest as I do here to-day.

I want all the dear friends I've left, to rest assured that the belief I entertained in spiritual things is not a delusion. It is absolutely true. It is just as true that I came back here to-day, as it was true that I was lost from that burning steamer, amid such a fearful rush of confused conditions, pertaining to the mortal and immortal worlds. There were curses, there were prayers, mingled almost in the same breath. Ah, it was a wild scene; but I felt—I want my friends to know that I felt, even in the midst of all the terrible confusion, that my guardian spirits were with me. They folded me in their arms, and carried me and my little ones away out of the smoke, out of the flames, to that beautiful spirit-land. Oh, my faith sustained me, though it was such a terrible way to go.

And I would advise every one who has not possessed themselves of that glorious, ever glorious life of spiritual reality, to possess themselves of it at once.

To the dear friends I have in Williamsburg, New York, I would say, sit down and ask for me in the quiet of your own homes, and I shall be able to manifest to you, if you persevere. I love you still, and shall do all I can to bring you into a knowledge of this beautiful belief of Spiritualism.

(To the Chairman.) My name, sir, Abby Green. Good-day, sir, good-day. June 20.

Silas M. Proctor.

This crowding so many scenes of one's earthly life into the small compass of one's memory is rather mysterious. I tell you, I have lived over again within the few seconds almost that I have been in rapport here, the whole thirteen weeks I passed at Andersonville, just before I got a commission in a higher and better army than I served in here.

My name is Proctor. I am from the 21 Indiana Cavalry. I was taken prisoner, and "toted," as the "rebs" would say, to Andersonville, and quartered there thirteen weeks.

My brother Samuel has tried in various ways to find out how I died, and something about the circumstances attending my death. Nobody seems to know anything about it, only that it was reported that I died. Then I suppose I know as well about it as anybody. He wonders why I didn't get an exchange, as there was one, two, while I was there. Well, the first time it was said they overlooked me, and the second time I was too sick, too far on the other side, to think of an exchange. I think if I had been weighed, I might possibly have weighed—well, perhaps sixty pounds. I doubt it, though; and my usual weight was one hundred and sixty-four. Quite a reduction, you see, stranger. I don't know, of course, how much I would have weighed if I died, but judge from the falling off, not much; and follow in that condition would not be very likely to think of an exchange. Oh, I prayed God for an exchange by death. That's the most I thought of, for I had no hope of anything else. At last it came, and I assure you was the most welcome guest I ever entertained in my life. But it's over, and I'm glad of it. I shall remember it, of course, but feel it no more.

All my folks have a sort of a righteous indignation against the Government, for the way they've managed with Jeff. Davis. I've nothing to say about it, neither do I think I should display any revenge if I were on the earth. I won't stick to that now. It won't pay, stranger. But I'll assure them of this bit of good news: that is, that he's just as sure to get his just deserts, as he's sure to live after death. He cannot escape it. Talk about fleeing from justice! I don't think in the calendar of divine justice, he can do it. You may dodge earthly justice here, in Canada, and the isles of the sea, but divine justice brings you up with a close round, turns the key upon you, and brings you up close. You cannot help it, cannot escape it, cannot dodge it in no way. Your life is in your hands, and you won't save you. You're just as sure to come under. So my folks needn't be at all troubled about his escaping that just justice that belongs to him.

(To the

the Banner one year." It will be forwarded to their address receipt of the paper's with the advertisements marked.