

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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 effort has 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 places 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. Edmonds, 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 resistless 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 infinitesimal dust, imperceptible 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—to 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, saith 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 this 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 paragonage and bulls from the papal 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 consociation 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-pages 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 elite, 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, sentimentalist 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 vying 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 remind 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 spiritual 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 prelate 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 their 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 meet 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 whether he is advised to wend his way? Let him proceed thither, if he desire still to partake of the flesh pots and the leeks 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. Omar 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 holding 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 irreligious 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, though 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 toll 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 the 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 laboriously, 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 cooperative form among the working classes, with and without mercenary men. It is an advantage to both, and 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 tech-

## 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 envelops 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 mind, and hence they involuntarily move back, to what appears to them solid ground.

Out here on this cozy lake, a smile or a look is transparent; allence 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, "Rest—rest—rest 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 immanence 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 externals 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 floor of reason. Hence the radical prudence 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 acceptation, since every falsehood is either in the mind, as a misapprehension, or out of the mind, as a misrepresentation; of truth; and this or that, perceived for

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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.

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.

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 in a remote sense, as indicated by the infinitive verb in a remote sense, as indicated by the infinitive verb in a remote sense.

Of Truth, as the word is here defined, there are three categories: that of Principles, that of Phenomena, both real and possible, and the purport of the latter as being predicable 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 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.

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 simoon 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.

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. MERRIT 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 rest 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 PREUSS.

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 strings, '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 milllion; 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 virus 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 woe or in woe we are one.

Ah! the cross of all crosses we bear Is 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 26, Station D, New York City.

"We thank 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." (LITTLE HENRY.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

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 roadsides 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 not 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 Ernauld 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 not 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 toll 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 Ernauld 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 Ernauld 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, Ernauld 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 hadn'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 too, 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 Ernauld, 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 Ernauld would find 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 Ernauld 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 of a braggart 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 tumbled and fell head long 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, prattlesome 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 of 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, socials 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 ultimate 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 special 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 thousand dollars in holding half-dozen sectional Conventions, where one should answer every purpose. If the Societies are to elect the Lyceum officers and control their finances, &c., 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 sorry 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 construed or misconstrued 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 human progress and elevation. M. B. DORR. Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24th, 1867.



An Insane Man Hung.

The opinion appears to be gaining ground among a large...

The conviction must force itself irresistibly upon every person acquainted with the forms of mania...

It was shown beyond all dispute, that from his youth...

The attempt to invent a sane motive for the homicide failed utterly.

The number of the killing was like the work of a machine.

When arrested and charged with the crime, he is reported to have said...

"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 painted pictures which she said represented diseases of several kinds.

At all this, the simplicity and freedom from all attempt to talk insanely must carry home to every psychological student...

Some one asked him if, since the reading of his death-warrant, he had any hard feelings toward any one.

"I have had no unkind feelings toward any one. Since that time I have felt happier and more contented than ever in my life."

The counsel for Winemore, Messrs. Warriner and Kilgore, two cultivated gentlemen, in a most earnest, cogent and learned appeal to the Governor, declared it as their belief...

But the appeals of counsel, of eminent physicians, of numerous experts, and of three superintendents of insane asylums...

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 their missionary.

It meets with favor among almost all to whom I have presented its claims.

It is what we need as a bond of union to draw and bind us together.

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...

My Post-office address will be Hartford, Conn., care of R. K. Stoddard, box 657.

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 £20,000 given 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 or of taking place in the presence of the most fervent Catholics in existence. 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 can 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 lately deceased husband was, or was not, by communications transmitted through mediums and otherwise, his sole promotor 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 disputing the fact 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 theologic lore, and known to be written by Madame Petit—an indignant personal friend and correspondent of the present Pope, and one of the most fervent Catholics in existence—denounces the archbishop for the cause of the decadence he deprecates 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 killeth'; 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 present Pope, and the 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 consternation produced by the appearance of the pamphlet in question will be readily understood. Madame Petit has long been looked up to as 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 in Germany and the Catholic party in general, all of whom are agitated at 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 beaten track of mundane beings, make 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 on intimate terms with another of the cadets, whom we 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 on a visit 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 exactly 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 the stroke, applauding that, and assenting as if to the remarks of 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 at so sudden a departure, several of the pupils took out their watches and discussed 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 at 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 shuddering admission of the cadets when the news of Hartly's decease reached them. But the awkwardness of such an admission, and the responsibility of its being explained to the inmates of the college 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 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 an 'hallucination.' A few of the number, however, of whom young D— is one, persist firmly in their belief in regard to this remarkable incident, and stoutly declare that they did see, though, and in the perfect image of their friend, a being unable to explain the nature of such an appearance."

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL, LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The 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 circumstance, 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. Furthest 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 mountain 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 falls 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 worthlessness of the worst sort, because of the meanest. 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 anew 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 tune 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 Innatics 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 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 Management of the Music Hall Spiritualist 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 credents 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 Brainard'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. Peebles 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 REBIN, 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.

S. 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.

Mr. 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, Charleston, Sept. 15 and 20.

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. Albe will speak for the Society of Spiritualists holding meetings in Lamartine Hall, New York, on Sunday, Sept. 15.

Mrs. Lois Walsbrooker 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. Peebles. It chronicles the fact that Dr. Slade, 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 Calhoun's Grove, Harwich, we learn, was a perfect success. So much so, that the managers continued it until the 6th.

By Dr. York's notice in another column, it will be seen that the grand social picnic of the Spiritualists of Charleston 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.



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.

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. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

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 brightness hath gilded the heavens and the earth, draw nigh unto these souls in mortal, shedding a divine halo over the altar of their being...

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.

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. Chairmau, we are ready to talk about.

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

SPRIT.—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 sinfulness 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?

ANS.—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.

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.

Well, that's what I call "tenting on the old camp ground" in your 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.

I want, in the first place, to open the windows to let them know I 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.

I want them to let me have as good a one as they give me. 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.

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.

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.

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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 well to be expected that new beginners should be well posted.

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 do not know; at any rate, it is the name I have given it.

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.

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upon the altar, and we ask thy blessing thereon. Amen.

June 20. Questions and Answers. QUES.—By W. T. Mullins, of Memphis, Tenn.: Was Mr. E. O. Evans, (whose communication appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT of May 25th), 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?

ANS.—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.

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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 know you are; I love you all. And I died—did I know you are; I love you all. And I died—did I know you are; I love you all.

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 in 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 my name when here was Daniel B. Frost, of Almond, Wisconsin; that is to say, you know, the name my wife 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 is a solid me, since I've met her, she has tried many times to come, but never succeeded. Now I can understand it. A different 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.) God bless you, and your dear old BANNER. Don't forget your BANNER will go to my household, so you need not send it. God bless 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 un-settled. 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've 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 come back here to-day, as it was true that I was lost from that burning steamer, and that I should be found in some condition, 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 lifeboat 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 a few moments, is rather mysterious to me. 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 2d Indiana Cavalry. I was taken prisoner, and "toted," as the rebels would say, to Andersonville, and quartered there three weeks. I have 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 when I died, but judge from the falling off, not much; and a fellow 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 thought of, for I had no hope of anything else. At last it came, and I assure you it was the most welcome guest I ever entertained in all my life. But it's over, and I'm glad of it. I shall remember it, of course, but I feel 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. I



Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Dependence and Independence.

There is a vice of defect, and a vice of excess. Each is a moral peril and pollution. Rightly balanced, dependence and independence are both virtues; but when extreme, both are evils, abhorrent to Nature's beautiful orders.

The infant exhibits self-reliance proportionate to the degree of its intellectuality. It has its demands and powers of resistance, its rights to cry and kick, to cleanly garments, pure air and water, orderly sleep and playful sunny hours.

Is there any disproportion when the child, weaned from its mother, unfolds to the youth? Must he not have care and watchfulness, home protection, food and raiment, rest and culture?

What a blessed gospel is ours, that makes the grave the portal of immortality, that brings the departed back with golden intelligence of a beautiful hereafter, that lights up the bereft home with the fire-voices of ministering spirits!

It over pleases us to meet the Spiritualists of Albion, and especially upon picnic occasions. The sunny faces, cordial clasping of hands, and general gush of good feelings, with the excitement incidental to such gatherings, all tend to renew our hold on life.

Moses Hull in Battle Creek, Mich. In this city Mr. Hull resided several years. Here he renounced Second Adventism and commenced the proclamation of that more excellent gospel, Spiritualism. He is a sound, earnest speaker, and posted in facts, thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, and naturally argumentative; he is consequently an able theological disputant.

During the past month he has spoken in Battle Creek to crowded audiences. He procured several subscribers for the Lyceum Banner and the BANNER OF LIGHT, and in many ways performed the work of an evangelist. He has just left for Ohio to hold a discourse.

Mrs. S. Helen Matthews. In the growing fraternity of Spiritualists is the above named worker, lately from the East, but more recently lecturing with excellent success in Disco, Farmington, Pontiac and other localities in Michigan. Her discourses for psycho-metrical readings are unusually attractive, and generally accompanied by more or less tests equally satisfactory.

Missionary Fund. I wrote you a few weeks since proposing the raising of a missionary fund, and the employment of at least two speakers in the State, and suggested this as one of the important subjects to be brought before our next State Convention. I proposed to be one of twenty, or of ten, to raise two thousand dollars for this purpose.

Is it all dependence? Nay; but glorious independence. Does not the spirit feel immortal yearnings? Is there not unconquerable faith? The inner man wastes fast its casement. It hath an energy of religion which no fesside, no children's fidelity, can fetter. Upward it springs, onward it presses, eternal in love. Independent in the dependence, the old father or mother passes on, and if religion rainbows the fading day, the agitated step is but the tremble of hope.

Where? At home! And are they now independent? There is giant thought, the freest love, the individuality of angelhood, the godlike ability to instruct and minister unto earth's children, the lordship over the elements on this sea of life, the liberty of exploration after truth, the ascension into higher beatitude, the shout of "victory!" at every step in infinite progression.

What independence! and yet it has a dependence even closer, tenderer than when a child just born. The mighty angel over says, "I am God's!" What trusting prayer! What folding of the soul in the bosom of Divine Benevolence! What gratitude! What confidence! What a glory of independence! What an inward peace of dependence!

The Universalist papers are strenuous in enforcing doctrinal tests upon the denominational ministry. They are generally agreed that heretics ought to be and are properly branded. It is a sure sign of a dilapidated fence, when the farmer sends his dogs after the young colts which are eating the best clover in a forbidden Eden.

Sunday Sulks. The church folks go to meeting in morose decency. As you seek the good Orthodox, dressed in an ecclesiastic, with what a cold formality do they greet you; with what a snottified air is a "good

morning" worned out of their smothered souls—smothered under a world of fashion! On a secular day, they are themselves—quite social—showing a better nature than their creeds. But Sunday must not be profaned with common courtesy!

Orthodox Funerals. Reader, did you ever attend a genuine Orthodox funeral? If there is any hell in all the universe, that is one. Not one feature of it is attractive or comforting. The dismal tone of the minister's voice, the dismal praying, the dismal sermon—oh horror! A cold chill runs over us as we review the scene. No wonder the bereft weep, and exhibit a grief dark as the "mourning fashion."

Dependence and Independence. There is a vice of defect, and a vice of excess. Each is a moral peril and pollution. Rightly balanced, dependence and independence are both virtues; but when extreme, both are evils, abhorrent to Nature's beautiful orders.

Dependence and Independence. The infant exhibits self-reliance proportionate to the degree of its intellectuality. It has its demands and powers of resistance, its rights to cry and kick, to cleanly garments, pure air and water, orderly sleep and playful sunny hours.

Dependence and Independence. Is there any disproportion when the child, weaned from its mother, unfolds to the youth? Must he not have care and watchfulness, home protection, food and raiment, rest and culture? Dependent then, and yet independent, for is there not the balance of race and laugh, of romp and swing, of smile and pout, of school competition, of battles with a b c and exultant conquest?

Dependence and Independence. The acorn, so easily felled in its green burr, grows so large the feller's break, and off it drops an independent thing to develop an oak. The bird bursts its shell, and after weeks of fostering by its faithful mother, puts out feathers and wings. Then what? The sweet sky woots it forth on a grand venture, and away it flies, no longer tied to shell or nest—Independent. Passing the dangerous period of puberty, the young man and maiden feel the energies of worldly ambition.

Dependence and Independence. There is an attraction abroad. The mind is restless; it pants for freedom. Nature throws off from the parental home to pair again, to assume the usual responsibilities of life, each in turn to suffer, grow old and depart. Nothing is forgotten. The cradle, the lullaby song, the garden, the brook, the maple tree, the birds that sung in it, the old arched chair, the mother's anxious prayer, the father's pride in his child's manly or womanly strength of purpose, the school-house and church, the playtimes with the boys and girls long ago, the joys and sorrows, conquests and disappointments, all are remembered, all attach themselves as life-threads to the heart pulsing with love of other days, drawing us with a pensive, dreamy power, gliding all past shadows with hallowed light, loosening just enough to permit free, independent action, inviting new experiences all intertwined, that when the "silver cord is loosed" at death, life may be a whole full scene of reality upon which we can gaze with angel eyes and see all things transforming into gladdening memories, whose reviews shall likewise enchant the future with ever varying vicissitudes.

Dependence and Independence. So we are not absolutely independent, even in manhood's prime. What we were, is the prophecy of what we shall be. We find no way, no wish to dissolve from the past. Memory holds us in willing captivity. We lean backward to find support. We feel always a sense of dependence upon the mother who nurtured, upon the father who stirred ambition, upon all sources of use within and without the cot of our nativity. Thus our dependence feeds a sublime independence. Growing old! here a stray gray hair; here a wrinkle. Growing old! It takes many a frost, many a storm, many a trial, to blanch the locks to a beautiful white. There is a duller, more trembling action of the pulse. The step totters. There is a waste of body—a caving in—a smothering. Growing old! Ambition draws in its forces. The fireside has peculiar attractions. There is meditation, serious thought. The stories of old of other things brighten the hopes, as alternating lights and shadows flitting over the landscape; and then all vanish, all is wrapt in silence, as a decaying mansion darkly ensconced in a valley. A child again—growing old!

Dependence and Independence. Is it all dependence? Nay; but glorious independence. Does not the spirit feel immortal yearnings? Is there not unconquerable faith? The inner man wastes fast its casement. It hath an energy of religion which no fesside, no children's fidelity, can fetter. Upward it springs, onward it presses, eternal in love. Independent in the dependence, the old father or mother passes on, and if religion rainbows the fading day, the agitated step is but the tremble of hope.

Dependence and Independence. As the flower cup unfolds to die, as the sunset cloud pales to darkness, as the tired traveler lies down to pleasant dreams under the watching stars, so the good old folks depart full of rest, with glories lingering on their wrinkled faces, with a blessed good-by so sweetly said, so deeply felt, that the gates of heaven open ere they have stepped across the river.

Dependence and Independence. Where? At home! And are they now independent? There is giant thought, the freest love, the individuality of angelhood, the godlike ability to instruct and minister unto earth's children, the lordship over the elements on this sea of life, the liberty of exploration after truth, the ascension into higher beatitude, the shout of "victory!" at every step in infinite progression.

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Dependence and Independence. The Universalist papers are strenuous in enforcing doctrinal tests upon the denominational ministry. They are generally agreed that heretics ought to be and are properly branded. It is a sure sign of a dilapidated fence, when the farmer sends his dogs after the young colts which are eating the best clover in a forbidden Eden.

Dependence and Independence. So we are not absolutely independent, even in manhood's prime. What we were, is the prophecy of what we shall be. We find no way, no wish to dissolve from the past. Memory holds us in willing captivity. We lean backward to find support. We feel always a sense of dependence upon the mother who nurtured, upon the father who stirred ambition, upon all sources of use within and without the cot of our nativity. Thus our dependence feeds a sublime independence. Growing old! here a stray gray hair; here a wrinkle. Growing old! It takes many a frost, many a storm, many a trial, to blanch the locks to a beautiful white. There is a duller, more trembling action of the pulse. The step totters. There is a waste of body—a caving in—a smothering. Growing old! Ambition draws in its forces. The fireside has peculiar attractions. There is meditation, serious thought. The stories of old of other things brighten the hopes, as alternating lights and shadows flitting over the landscape; and then all vanish, all is wrapt in silence, as a decaying mansion darkly ensconced in a valley. A child again—growing old!

Dependence and Independence. Is it all dependence? Nay; but glorious independence. Does not the spirit feel immortal yearnings? Is there not unconquerable faith? The inner man wastes fast its casement. It hath an energy of religion which no fesside, no children's fidelity, can fetter. Upward it springs, onward it presses, eternal in love. Independent in the dependence, the old father or mother passes on, and if religion rainbows the fading day, the agitated step is but the tremble of hope.

Dependence and Independence. As the flower cup unfolds to die, as the sunset cloud pales to darkness, as the tired traveler lies down to pleasant dreams under the watching stars, so the good old folks depart full of rest, with glories lingering on their wrinkled faces, with a blessed good-by so sweetly said, so deeply felt, that the gates of heaven open ere they have stepped across the river.

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Picnic Excursion. The Spiritualists of Boston, Charlestown and Chelsea will unite in a Picnic Excursion to Walden Pond, on Wednesday, September 18th. Special trains of cars will leave the Fitchburg R. R. Depot, Boston, at 8:45 and 11 o'clock A. M., and 2:15 P. M., for the grove. Returning, leave the grove at 5 o'clock P. M. Tickets to the grove, and return, 50 cts.

Picnic to Walden Pond Grove. A grand social picnic of the Spiritualists of Charlestown and vicinity will take place at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum. Music by Bond's Band. Cars will leave the Fitchburg Depot at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M. Tickets, 50 cts for adults; children, 25 cts. If the weather is stormy, it will be postponed till further notice. Dr. C. C. Yonk, Manager.

Spiritualist Meetings. The Spiritualists of Morrill, Waldo County, Me., will hold their annual two days' meeting in the free meeting house in Morrill, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29 and 30th, 1867; commencing on Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing at the usual hours on Sunday.

To the Spiritualists of New Hampshire. REDUCED RAILROAD FARES TO CONCORD, AT THE TIME OF OUR STATE CONVENTION AT BRIDGE. The Merrimack County Agricultural Society holds its annual exhibition at Concord, September 24th, 25th and 26th, the time set for our Convention, and advertises, among other things, that "passengers will be carried on the railroads at reduced rates." FRANK CHASE.

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LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES. PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK. Arranged Alphabetically.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore has been compiled from the most reliable sources, and is published for the benefit of those who are desirous of attending the lectures of the various societies, or of being appointed to lecture.

J. MADISON ALLEN, Cliftondale, Mass., will lecture in Putnam, Conn., Sept. 15; in Dalton, Me., during October. C. PATTER ALEX, will lecture in Stoneham, Mass., Sept. 15 and 22; in Providence, R. I., Sept. 29; in Masonic Hall, New York, during October; in Worcester, Mass., during November; in Chelsea during December. Address as per appointments.

J. G. ALLEN will lecture in Lamartine Hall, New York, Sept. 15. Address, Chelsea, Mass. Mrs. M. K. ANDERSON, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., P. O. box 45. Mrs. N. K. ANDERSON, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. Dr. J. P. ANKRO, will lecture on Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, box 201, Rochester, N. Y.

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Mrs. MARY A. MERRILL, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri. Will attend Conventions when desired. Address, care of Mrs. H. T. Lyne, 107 Market street, East Boston, Mass. JAMES B. MORSE, inspirational speaker, box 278, Haverhill, Mass. Dr. J. MADISON ALLEN, Cliftondale, Mass., will lecture in Putnam, Conn., Sept. 15; in Dalton, Me., during October. C. PATTER ALEX, will lecture in Stoneham, Mass., Sept. 15 and 22; in Providence, R. I., Sept. 29; in Masonic Hall, New York, during October; in Worcester, Mass., during November; in Chelsea during December. Address as per appointments.

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