

FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS, Held at Cleveland, Ohio, September 24, 4th, 5th and 6th, 1867.

On motion of Mr. Finney, it was Resolved, That the delegates from each State or Territory, and from the Province of Canada, be requested to confer together and select one person from each State, &c., to compose the following committees: 1st, on Credentials and Nominations. 2d, on Resolutions. 3d, on Finance.

not willing to see what he regarded as "God made manifest in the flesh" lying by the neck, or cutting each other into pieces, and destroying their bodies. I well remember, many years ago when this great and good man returned from the funeral of one of his children, in the deep yearnings of a father's soul he composed a beautiful poem; one line of each verse was: "I cannot make him dead."

Dr. A. Underhill, Mrs. Hannah Thomas, Henry Crist, Dr. J. J. Bigelow, John Henry, Edward May, Sarah A. Stone, C. Brownson, A. A. Wheelock, Mrs. Maria Wheelock, Mrs. L. Knight, Mrs. N. T. Ketchum, Mrs. A. G. Crocker, Addison Kelly, Ansel Randall, O. B. Woodson, Mrs. B. C. Huberton, Mrs. A. W. Pugh, Mrs. Rosa C. Wood, A. B. French, E. Whipple, J. H. Russell, Mrs. Maria Morley, L. F. Hager, C. D. Ensign, Mrs. T. Walton, William W. Lewis, J. R. Burritt, Dr. William Rose, O. F. Kellogg, Henry Hubbard, Mrs. Mary Graham, C. Kingsley, G. W. Gilbert, H. H. Waters, William Ward, Mr. William Ward, Mrs. H. D. Hick, Henry Book, Mrs. Henry Beck, S. B. Clark, George Ingham, Mrs. Thomas Tickbridge, Ellen R. Morris, Hannah T. Thomas, William Granger, Sarah Durgin, Ezra Riley, Peter Berry, W. C. Waldron, Alexander Williams, George W. Antikale, A. P. Maine, James Hulbert, Sarah E. Mcheney, W. W. Bailey, John Howard, Samuel A. Dean, Mrs. John Howard, Eben D. Howe, D. Hiram Bell, F. O. Olds, Benoni Webb, Jr., L. E. Carver, Mrs. L. E. Carver.

spirit-life, let us strive to follow his example by a closer adherence to the cause of Truth and Justice, and more earnest efforts to free humanity from the bondage of fear, ignorance, bigotry and superstition, and ever endeavor to adorn the glorious philosophy we profess with purer lives, purer hopes, and purer love for God and humanity.

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French encyclopedists; while on the other hand it corrects the too ideal tendencies of Hegelianism in Germany, and holds it to account on that middle ground of philosophy where sense and soul touch and unite. The idealism of Berkeley and Kant reduced to a mere picture of a mere phantom of sensation; to a mere picture of the nerves of the body, whose cause was forever shut away from our reach; and the Pantheism of Spinoza, or more especially of his one-sided disciples, here find their grave in common with that subjective Idealism of Spencer, Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, which is of late so much in vogue. Sensationalism has a half truth; Idealism has a half truth; and the actual truth is a half truth, which is claimed to be the only truth, all were false in a double sense, and blind. The truth in each of these schools is revived, emancipated and united in the Spiritual Philosophy. Idealism would recreate the external world from the depths of unaided consciousness. Sensationalism would create consciousness from the external world as a mere material force, which went out like any other fire in the ashes of the world. But Spiritualism in demonstrating the dual nature of man in showing that we live in two worlds at once, and are vitally related to each, laying powers that lay hold on the forces and verities of both at once, unites in itself the truth of each, unimpaired with the errors of either. Does Mr. Spencer tell us that spirit is "utterly inscrutable"? The Spiritual Philosophy answers, "Man is a spirit *per se*, and can cognize spiritual beings of the immortal life; has done so; has identified the persons of the departed; you must not falter." Does Mr. Mansel say "limits to thought"? The Spiritual Philosophy pulls them down and opens again the fair fields of spiritual naturalism to the contemplation of thinkers. Does Sir William Hamilton call the Idea of God a "revelation"? The Spiritual Philosophy answers "Yes"; but a "revelation made through those natural powers and faculties of the soul, which connect us with the soul of the world and which transcend the mortal life of man, and not by any means a supernatural revelation, made in a book.

The great contest in philosophy has been and is waged over "method." The sensational philosophy reasons only inductively; from external facts toward their causes. Idealism reasons only deductively from ideas which it finds in the reason, toward their effects. But neither method is a good one. It is better to begin with both facts and ideas as assumed in the outset by both methods. Hence it is evident that neither method is alone or often together fall and complete. How do we find the facts and ideas to start with, if after all the great question we cannot get our facts by induction, for induction begins with facts as given, and cannot proceed one inch, except on the assumption of facts from which to reason and induce. Induction cannot begin with reason and reason to entity. It must begin with some previously known and acknowledged facts or principles. It cannot discover by induction the original facts from which induction can alone set out.

So with deduction; it sets out with ideas which it finds in the mind. It cannot descend to effects from zero, any more than induction can rise from zero to causes. Neither can originate its facts or its principles. Both are dependent on other resources; data, some more superior to either method of reasoning. These methods are both second-hand processes; neither is aboriginal—primary. Now, what is that power which gives us the facts on the one side, and the principles on the other from which to set out? Whatever it be, it is self-evidently superior to either induction or deduction; for *it is directly given data both methods proceed.* Both methods are therefore dependent on the mere intellect of that power which gives the data to begin with. Hence reasoning is only the "kitchen work" of the mind—that process by which things and principles are accounted for and related, but never authorized.

There is, hence, the necessity for some power that is aboriginal, direct, authoritative and supreme, implied by both methods of reasoning. This power must therefore be in direct contact with both the facts and ideas with which these two methods begin, and on which they depend. This power can be nothing less than intuition. Intuition is the direct and immediate perception of facts on the one side, and of principles on the other. No reasoning can begin upon any other ground. The data of all reasoning is given at first hand in intuition alone. Hence, intuition is the only power of discovery.

The external facts, it notes through the external senses; while it reveals ideas, principles, laws, it acts through the soul. And here comes to clear the ground of our philosophy. It is direct, intuitive, aboriginal, authoritative and supreme. All possible speculation rests at last on its revelations. It says of the outward world—a revelation is made. When we discover an idea, another revelation is made. "Revelation" is the great aboriginal fact in all mentality. We no more will to see the world, than we will to be. We do not come to know that we are, or that anything else is by induction any more than we will to be, by induction. The consciousness of the existence of the me, and of the not me, is as direct as revelation as it is possible to conceive. These are the original intuitions of all souls, and form the ground of all possible reasoning. Now, if it be possible to get the greater, it is possible to get the lesser facts of existence by such aboriginal intuition—direct "revelation." Indeed, all the contents of existence are included in this primal intuition of existence itself. And if the existence itself can be so given, intuitively, directly, and with supreme authority, so can all the contents of existence be so given. Hence the spiritual method of philosophy. All perceptions by the senses, are direct intuitions of all that sensation reveals or perceives. Sensation may be, and doubtless is, limited to the phenomenal alone, but if so, its intuition of phenomena is direct and authoritative. So spiritual intuition perceives directly and at first hand the eternal laws and ideas which rule the things and beings of the world. Hence, all reasoning is dependent on intuition as the great revealer of all things and principles. It is the supreme voice of the absolute in the soul of man; or rather it is the world, the Universe, of both phenomena and power arisen into self cognition. The consciousness of man is the self cognition of the universe. Axioms of mathematics are self-revelations of eternal ideas; self-evident truths of the eternal. Axioms are given—and absolute. They admit of no contradiction, no limitation, and no suspension. They are absolute authority. Other axioms have the same character. Axioms are not inferences, not deductions. They do not depend upon logic; logic depends upon them. All reasoning derives from, not gives authority to them. Hence, these are intuitions of eternal principles. Now if the greater can be given by intuition, the lesser can be given by the spiritual method opens anew the royal road to knowledge. Clairvoyance is a practical proof of the feasibility and utility of the intuitive method. If the uneducated shoemaker's apprentice, blind-folded and parallel, can, through super-sensuous channels, in fact the great facts of science, (as has been proved and tested in this country often) then we have a practical and experimental proof and exhibition of the reality and truth of the spiritual method of philosophy. Mere metaphysical argument alone is inadequate to reach the masses. But when to spiritual metaphysics we add the experimental illustration of the transcendent nature and relations of the soul, we secure both sides of the required demonstration. And when on the top of all this, we place the wonderful facts of spiritual intercourse, our philosophy becomes irresistibly demonstrative. It recognizes the intuitive method as authority in revelation, and the inductive and deductive methods as the two wings of demonstration. The first reveals ideas and facts—the original data of all philosophy. The last two show the logic and relations of those data. Hence, the completeness of the Spiritual Philosophy. Does sensationalism ask for "facts." The experimental branch of our philosophy gives them in abundance. Does Idealism demand ideas and principles? The first principles given them at first hand. Does Pantheism demand recognition of the Infinite Presence and Power? Intuition gives us the direct revelation thereof in the very substance of the soul and its relations.

It is in vain for Mr. Spencer, Mr. Mansel, and others, to deny to us any absolute knowledge, or any knowledge of the absolute. The "absolute" of Spencer, Mansel and others, is nonentity defined as Being. The argument for the "relativity of all knowledge." He says, "We have seen how, from the very necessity of thinking in relations, it follows that the relative itself is inconceivable except as related to a real non-relative." We

reply: A "non-relative" related to the "relative," is a contradiction in terms, and an impossible conception. Mr. Spencer's "non-relative" is used to mean the "absolute." "The infinite—the real reality underlying all appearances. And yet it is said to be out of all relations, and out of all relations." And yet the relative itself is conceived as dependent on its conception on its relations to this "non-relative." If this is not self contradiction with a vengeance, what can be? Mr. Spencer's "non-relativity" is nonentity defined as the "absolute"—"the infinite"—a "real reality underlying all appearances." Can the "infinite," "real reality," "the destitute of all relations?" It is absurd. The very argument for the "relativity of all knowledge" destroys itself; for the very idea "relative," is acknowledged to be dependent on its relation to the "absolute." The characteristics of Mr. S.'s "non-relativity" are those of zero. The "infinite" of Nature and of the soul, are not identical with this "absolute" of Spencer. He is therefore wrong. An "infinite reality underlying all things" must be the aboriginal *esse* of the entire universe, the one indivisible substance and power of all forms and all forces. Hence it is in contact with the soul—with the mind. Nay, it is the substance of both body and soul. And who shall then attempt to set limits to our knowledge? No man can do it, until he can comprehend the infinite possibilities of eternal progress; until he can take the latitude and longitude of all possible truth; until he can measure all the possible developments of immortal ages; until he can rise out of his own limitations to a station where he can embrace and outline the whole future career of the immortal intellect of man. And this is self-evidently impossible. The very ground on which Mr. Spencer plants himself to prove the "relativity of all knowledge," is, by his own claims and in his own words, "the ever-present sense of real existence." He confounds the idea of some knowledge of the "infinite" with infinite knowledge. His whole system is that of subjective idealism, or, if you choose, of objective idealism. He plants us in an ontological vacuum between the objective world and the "absolute" Nature; and after granting the clear conception of the one, and the "ever-present sense" of the other, denies us any absolute knowledge of either.

He attempts, it is true, to save religion; but he saves it to us as the pursuit of an "utterly inscrutable" power, and a "mystery" and a "character" whether divine or devilish, which can never have any knowledge whatsoever. And yet he bids us worship this "utterly unknowable power." What is that religion god that bids us worship "we know not what?" It may be deity, it may be devil. And are we to be told that, though religion can never rise to the idea of divinity, can never know there is a God, in other words, can never have a philosophy of religion, we must still push on after a power which we know nothing of? Is this the way religion, the grandest pursuit of man, is to be saved to the nineteenth century? What is this but atheism under another name? What is the difference to me, whether it be proved that I can never know God, or that there is no knowable God. Is it not all one as to worship? Can we be rationally called upon to worship a being for which we know nothing, and which has no inherent, sensationalism and inductive philosophy driven itself.

But Spiritualism relegates man to the aboriginal sources of all inspiration and all revelation. It plants itself on the demonstration of the spiritual entity and super-sensuous relations of the soul. It illustrates its philosophy in its experiments. It rises inductively from this demonstration to the divine God; or, starting with this divine idea, reasons deductively to the idea of the soul and its immortality. Starting with the fact that man is a spirit *per se*, it rises to the inference that all aboriginal substance may be spirit, *per se*. Or, starting with the idea of God as infinite spirit, shows that there is no room for "matter" as aboriginal substance in the universe. If one admits the idea of infinite spirit—God—he cannot escape the great spiritual idea that there is but one substance in the universe, viz: Spirit. If one starts with the idea of the spiritual entity of the soul, he lands in the same conclusion. Both paths lead to the same great idea. And when we perceive the unity of nature; when we regard the mutual transformability of bodies, and of all forces; when we discover in the analyzed substance and starbent elements which have been precipitated and hardened into rocks, and coal, and iron, and other metals; when we behold everywhere the reign of the active invisible power, ever changing in form, but ever the same in *esse*—the soul is carried, as on the tide of inspiration, up to the same great idea that spirit "is all, and in all."

Our philosophy shows that man is made of the same stuff as the universe is. Hence his fraternity with all things. In the words of an American poet:

"So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God, are blended."

For how could man receive life, power, substance, light, heat, gravitation, electricity, beauty and wisdom, if he were not composed of the same substance, and power, and law, one and identical with these? All substance and power is one, or no universe could arise out of them. Hence man is the autocrat of creation. He carries slithered within his flesh the potent secrets of all things.

And here it will be seen is a religious philosophy, which carries with it all the causes of ultimate success. In its view all creation is tremulous with the ideas of God. Hence, its high estimate of true science. Can science be a high truth our philosophy will not consecrate and use? No. For science is only the study of modes and symbols of divine life and action. Spiritualism is the only religion on earth, that can "have science for symbol and illustration." Though "at first, cold and naked, a babe in a manger" again, it is, nevertheless the mathematics and physics of eternal life. It makes religion natural; but then it makes nature spiritual and divine. It does not degrade God to "matter"; it elevates "matter" to spirit. It does not reduce religion to "material" science; it elevates science to the divine business of justifying, explaining and demonstrating religion.

I said, "An age of sensationalism in philosophy is an age whose average motives are low; in which little more than a mere appearance." On the contrary, an age of Spiritualism in philosophy will be an age in which the grandest heroisms and enthusiasms will appear. Look at our own age for proof. Never were there so many great men, great thinkers, great observers, great reformers, great orators, great nations and great deeds, centered in one century. The greatness of antiquity stands eclipsed before the progress of this time. The great nations and of lightning, the laying of the Atlantic Cable, the opening of the American Republic, the downfall of Russian serfdom, and the political resurrection of Italy, are among the marvels of but a few years in this century. While in religion the advent of the Spiritual Dispensation, emancipating millions in our own land as well as in Europe; the decay of the Papal hierarchy, and revival of the spirit of art, and its consecration to Nature, attest the immense activity and spiritual energy of this century. All these facts are the sure signs of coming day. Man is found to be the divinest thing on the planet. The idea of man is rising. He is no longer to be controlled by institutions. They are made for him, not he for them. It is the age of spiritual and political liberty, because it is the age of spiritual inspiration—of Spiritual Philosophy.

When masses of men and women lay hold on the spiritual world, and awake to the ideas of immortal life and relationship, despotisms in Church and State go under. When souls awake, thrones and oligarchies crumble in ruin; Liberty, Equality and Education become the watchwords of the race. From the rising consciousness of the democracy of souls, comes the demand for "equality of all before the law," and the consequent enfranchisement of woman, of labor and of the negro. Society is being re-organized and re-erected. The ruling principles lead the march of nations. And all this because has dawned the era of spiritual fraternity in society, and of Spiritual Philosophy in religion. The wrecks of old institutions floating around us, attest that the currents of Spiritual power have risen to high-water mark, and will, out of their sediment create a fairer world. It is spiritual power alone, that thus renews the world. "The meaning of Spiritual is Real," in our philosophy.

Hence the spiritual idea of man: man is nature—physical and spiritual—essential and phenomenal—gone up into organic, self-conscious moral unity and volition. He has a sense for each external phenomena, and a spiritual faculty for all

external verities. He is a myriad-stringed instrument facing every point of the infinite radius, and able to receive and repeat all the harmonies of the universe. His bosom contains the germs of all conceivable grace, person and spirit. He is a spirit, whose glory is that of an sun and star in eclipsed by the glory of that reason, of that soul that can weigh and measure sun and star. It was spiritual inspiration which moved the poet to write:

"Even here I feel
Among these mighty things, that as I am,
I am akin to them, and that I am
Of the use universal, and can grasp
Some portion of that reason in which
The wisdom dwells, that I have
A spirit nobler in its cause and end,
Lovelier in order, greater in its powers
Than all these bright, and fitly named,
Religion and philosophy are both possible to man only because he is whatever God and truth is. Light and love could not pour into us, unless we were built of both light and love, and so could draw both from the depths of the universe by native attraction. As the solid earth is but precipitated sunbeams, so the nature of man is organized spirit. The body is but the secret shell of the soul. Our proper self is pure spirit—pure as God. To feel and to realize our native divinity, is the only true method of salvation, and the aim of philosophy.

A day will come to every soul, when into the channels of its purified being will pour the love, the truth and the beauty of the world. To be passive to the spirit of nature, is the secret of genius, and the path of salvation. Thus does the Spiritual Philosophy revive the hopes, and strengthen the soul of man.

—This is as nearly what I said in my speech as I can put it after a week's removal from the occasion which called me here. I am, however, sure that the address before the Convention, though it would necessarily vary somewhat in mere literal exactness. S. J. FINNEY.

THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

President in the chair. On motion, the rule providing more than one speech, except by the mover, was suspended.

Judge Holbrook: You have sprung up here a foreign, not to say a new question. It came in with a thundering sound, like the rushing of a mighty wind. You were going to rush it through substantially, without argument. Under the new regime, you were going to have all the argument on one side. Truth comes out of the friction of thought. Now, my friends, I am a plain man, and speak riskily, as you may call it, or cogitation. I do not think it is expedient for you to have these rights which the resolution proposes to give them. You said that if you had no rights, you had no duties. That is why I took the position I did. It was an exercise of gallantry on my part. [Voices: "Oh! oh!"] Woman is materially different in her make up from man. There is a fineness of fibre, a delicacy of organization, that makes her a legislator, or the ideas that must develop in her, if she is to become a voter. Governments are based upon force—physical force. The result of the use of force in government is frequently the death of the individual. Such force is inconsistent with woman's nature. Woman is not prepared for government that is based upon force. If you vote, you must go side by side with your brother on the battle-field. [At this point the ten minutes allotted expired, when, by vote of the audience, an additional ten minutes was allowed.]

I hoped to be choked off; for it is a matter of which one does not like to speak. Do you want the women to learn the machinery of war? Are they fitted to become a police force? I think this matter is jumped at without due consideration. I acknowledged, in fact, that women have the right of suffrage. Government is the science of not doing any better by your influence, what is right to do. The policy of the law forbids that women should vote. It is not expedient to do all things that are right. It is your right to do all the out-door work; but it is not expedient. In the lower conditions of the race, woman has not much influence. Can you, by entering the cesspool of politics, of political intrigue, of bribery, and of money making, by your influence, be a man that elevated you and brought you up to your present condition. Become a politician, and you will lose the gallantry that is now shown you; and you will be lost, dragged down to the cesspool of political degradation. Woman has more rights in the holding of property than man has. A woman can hold property independent of her husband, while he cannot do so independent of his wife. So much for the gallantry of men toward women.

Resolved, That the slavery of woman is the worst slavery in the world.

What good will it do you to vote? Will the result be different from now? Will it be different in any way, in the temperance question? Invariably a woman thinks upon politics as her husband does. The result will be the same on all questions, men and women being about equal. There will be just as many females, who will vote against you on the question of prostitution, as males. "Poor women that work hard!" Can you remedy that by voting? You ought to be thankful that you can get the men to do the dirty, coarse work for you.

Mr. H. P. Fairfield: I am astonished that a man will stand up and not tell two truths in twenty minutes. He said this resolution had no business before this Convention. "Progression and Reform!" Is not this our battle-cry? This is what I understand to be the philosophy of Spiritualism. Everything which goes to elevate man and woman, should come before us, by whatever name it may be known. I was still more surprised to hear that we were to have a woman up. I was surprised to hear that women have not the capacity of men to endure hardship; have not the brain of men. Woman's powers of endurance are even greater than man's; and I think if you had a woman in the chair at Washington, that it would be a great deal better for the country. [Laughter and great applause.] We ought to have women in our Congress, too. I feel to-day that we have been tyrants.

W. E. Jamieson: This is not a question of expediency, but of duty. Do right, let the consequences be what they may. Woman possesses the same inherent rights that man does. Never have I heard a single argument against the position of the equality of woman with man in all the relations of life. We might as well try to argue against the Golden Rule as against this. Brother Holbrook thought this question should not be brought up, but I think it should. Why not? Is there a question pertaining to human interests that should not be discussed by Spiritualists? Here is one of the greatest of questions, if not the greatest. The National Convention has announced to the world this grand, liberal principle: "No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit, idea or genius of the great Spiritual Movement." In the face of that, talk about dragging hobbies into Spiritualism, when it is, in fact, a system of hobbies. It includes all that pertains to life; anything less than this is sectarianism. The Judge says he speaks without any premeditation. From the manner in which he has treated this subject, I am inclined to think this is so. We are informed that it will be degrading to woman to go down into the cesspool of politics, and that she will be contaminated by the bribery and corruption that attend it. This state of things in the political world, is an argument in favor of woman suffrage, instead of against it. Whatever pure, noble woman touches, is refined, improved, not excepting even man himself, as Brother Winslow so clearly proved in his allusion to life in California, in the first years of the gold fever there. Without female society, men became brutal, sinking lower and lower in the scale of manhood.

The aristocratic young man may sneeringly say, "What! my sister go among that rabble on election day to deposit her vote?" If women voted, there would be no rabble there, and election polls would be as quiet, as orderly as any other places where men and women meet together; for instance, as in this house at the present moment. A few years ago a woman was considered out of her sphere if she attended a political meeting; now it is not uncommon to find political meetings made up principally of women. What is the result? Reformation. The vulgar harangues that used to characterize political gatherings have been superseded by dignified utterances, thanks to the presence of women. The wrongs of wo-

men! Barely time enough in this short, closing speech to call attention to some of the most flagrant. Women have not the right to own their children or earnings. A wife, who has contributed so much to the accumulation of property as the husband, dies. Who owns the property, the joint earnings of both? The widower, you say. Reverse it! The man dies. Who owns the property? The children own two-thirds, and the wife has the use of one-third as long as she remains a widow. Why this partiality? Oh! the widow might marry again, by which means the children might be defrauded. Did you ever know of a widower marrying the second time? How thoughtful men are, and how they forget the wrongs of their own offspring! It is a wonder upon the nature of woman to assert that her vote would do nothing toward cleansing society of its foul stain, prostitution; or to say that it would make no difference with the temperance reform, or, indeed, any and every good work. As to women having the "right" to do the coarse, heavy, out-door work—if a woman, from choice, does farm labor, she has a "right" to do it. Our friends are extremely anxious about woman's "sphere." What is woman's "sphere"? Can they tell? Men pride themselves on following the occupation for which nature has fitted them. If circumstances favor, and do not suffer others to say what business they shall pursue. Why should they seek to dictate in regard to women? The sphere of woman is whatever nature has fitted her for. If she has the talent that qualifies her to be a physician, let her be a physician. If she is qualified for the profession of law, that is her sphere. If she has an attraction for the ministry, who will say that she has not a call to preach good news? Out of her place in the pulpit, is she? So you thought a few years ago if she was seen at a political meeting. Why should women not teach as well as men? Nature has adapted her for the work. It does not follow that she must straightway become a farmer, if she votes; or do any kind of heavy work if she obtains the rights of which men have so long deprived her.

The question then being put to vote by the President, was carried without a dissenting voice.

Dr. E. C. Dunn said he would offer a few remarks before reading a resolution for the consideration and adoption of the Convention. By some it may be considered a little matter whether mediums are sustained or not; but to me it is all important in a certain class of Spiritualists, who reject, in a measure, the only source from which we draw our information concerning Spiritualism, i. e. mediumship, and try to trample mediums down. I feel that it is the duty of every true Spiritualist to act in this matter.

Whereas, inasmuch as mediums are subject to the severe, and sometimes unjust complaints and criticism of the skeptical, and the Convention of Spiritualists, in order to give them the right support and encouragement.

Resolved, That inasmuch as mediumship on the part of pretended mediums has sometimes been practiced, it is the duty of all Spiritualists, as of all others, carefully to scrutinize all mediums, for the purpose of detecting all impostors.

Resolved, That we will resist by every means in our power all such acts of violence, and in the Convention of the States, as in any of the States of the Union, any recognition of the peculiar theological tenets of the so-called Evangelical Church.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield was glad his friend Dunn had brought up this subject. We, as an organization of Spiritualists, should encourage mediums. A Milton T. Peters thought that mediums who are useful should be encouraged; but he opposed the resolutions, because they propose an indiscriminate support of mediums.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield (under influence) said: My spiritual friends, feel pained that any individual should lack to exercise the grandest gift to humanity—the possession of mediumship, and to be happy that you have experienced in Spiritualism, you are indebted to mediums for.

Dr. Samuel Underhill said he was a medium, and could take care of himself. [Laughter.] Every man is a medium. The Doctor went on at length, speaking of the many phases of mediumship, and to comfort the Spiritualists to sustain mediums, and to treat them with kindness and consideration.

Mr. Cramer offered the following as a substitute for Dr. Dunn's resolutions:

Resolved, That mediums, so-called, are natural functions of the human organization, given for our highest and happiest development; that it is the duty of persons, as well as nations, to foster and encourage the best possible development of those functions, and to be in spirit-intercourse, and their charity and sympathy should be extended toward all genuine mediums.

Resolved, by Messrs. Dunn, Fairfield, Peters, Underhill, and Raymond, the resolutions and substitute were referred to the Business Committee.

On motion, a committee of five was appointed to report names of delegates to National Convention at Cleveland, Ohio; also to nominate officers of the association to act for the ensuing year.

The chair appointed as such committee, Dr. E. C. Dunn, Milton T. Peters, H. A. Jones, Mrs. H. P. Fairfield and S. H. Todd.

The Secretary read a letter from E. V. Wilson to the Convention.

On motion of Milton T. Peters the letter was laid upon the table.

Harvey A. Jones read the following resolution, which he said he would offer to the Convention next day, for its adoption:

Resolved, That we will support no person as a candidate for the office of President, who is not pledged to the support of impartial suffrage, regardless of sex or race.

The resolution was adopted.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Convention called to order by the President. Committee on nomination of officers of the Association, and delegates to the National Convention to be held at Cleveland, reported the following, which report was unanimously adopted.

President—S. S. Jones, of St. Charles.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Porter, of Chicago; H. P. Fairfield, of Galburg.

Secretary—Milton T. Peters, of Chicago; Thos. E. O. Smith, of Decatur.

Trustees—S. H. Todd, of St. Charles; John Robkoff, of New Boston; Dr. E. C. Dunn, of Rockford; Susie M. Johnson, of Springfield; A. Williams, of Galesburg.

Delegates—E. C. Dunn, of Rockford; S. S. Jones, of St. Charles; E. V. Wilson, of Babcock's Grove; Mrs. Porter, of Chicago; Mrs. W. Meyers, of New Boston; Mrs. C. S. Jones, of Springfield; H. F. M. Brown, of Chicago; John S. Spatig, of Chicago; Sarah M. Shaw, of Vermont; Mrs. H. A. Jones, of Sycamore; William Meyers, of New Boston; E. S. Holbrook, of Peru; Dr. J. Boggs, of Havana; Dr. J. Underhill, of Peru; J. O. Barrett, of Sycamore; Milton J. Peters, of Chicago; B. H. Winslow, of Batavia.

The Committee on Business reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this Association in Convention assembled, create a Missionary Bureau of five members, who shall elect their own President, Secretary and Treasurer, whose duty it shall be to solicit and receive voluntary contributions to be appropriated to employ missionaries to visit such localities in this State as have need of their labors, for the purpose of promoting the best interests of the human race, by lectures, organization of Children's Progressive Lyceums, by physical manifestations, organization of sciences, &c.

Resolved, That they be authorized to employ such missionaries, and to pay them from the funds so contributed; and to transact all the business hereby conferred to the said Bureau, which is not deemed expedient; and that the said Bureau be required to keep an accurate account of all receipts and disbursements, and to make a written report of the same to the Convention, and to the progress of Spiritualism in this State, so far as it appertains to the missionary enterprise.

Adopted.

W. F. Jamieson offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That Spiritualism is the only system of religion that is adapted to the world that invites a free and open discussion of its principles.

Adopted.

Miss Susie M. Johnson gave the regular lecture, which was listened to with great attention.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Convention called to order by the President. Milton T. Peters offered the following substitute for the resolution on mediumship and mediums, yesterday referred to the Business Committee.

Resolved, That it is the duty to extend kindness and charity to all, whether they be mediums or not; and that no partial rule of charity should be applied to any class of persons, but that our benevolence should be world-wide.

Mr. Cramer offered his substitute for both the original and Mr. Peters's substitute.

On motion, both substitutes were laid upon the table.

On motion, the substitute of Mr. Cramer was taken up and adopted. (See the substitute in Saturday's proceedings.)

A resolution against incorporating any change in the Constitution of the United States, establishing a recognition of theological tenets was adopted.

AFTERNOON.

Convention met in conference at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Jamieson offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Convention do recognize the "Spiritual Republic" as a spiritual paper.

On motion of Mr. Peters, the resolution was laid upon the table.

Ira Porter delivered a lecture on Industrial Education. He made industrial education, as a leading life-long pursuit, his subject.

He stated that the human race, beginning their existence upon this planet in utter ignorance of good or bad, right or wrong, not yet knowing by experience what was wise or unwise, hurtful or helpful, it was to be expected that they could make progress only through a series of blunders; that one of the most glaring of blunders which remain uncorrected is that upon which all of our systems of education are based, viz: the assumption that youth is exclusively for study, and manhood and womanhood for business. That our boasted common school system is only a half Americanized institution, inasmuch as it made no provision to train its pupils to those industrious habits without which the man or woman would prove a burthen to the world; that, in order to build up a true system, we must acknowledge a set of principles which he enumerated, and that these could be no high civilization, such as we should strive for, without industrial education; and that there could be no system of industrial education put into successful operation, except parents and guardians who had resolved to make integral education a leading, life-long pursuit, and to lend themselves and their business to the work of organizing a true system for themselves, their employers, and their homes; that it was a duty of every parent to have it effected.

W. F. Jamieson gave an address upon The Phenomena of Spiritualism.

EVENING.

Convention called to order by the President.

On motion, the chair was empowered to appoint a committee to recommend names for the Missionary Bureau.

Ira Porter, S. H. Todd, Milton T. Peters were appointed, and recommended Harvey A. Jones, Chauncey Elwood, Milton T. Peters, Dr. S. J. Barrett, H. H. Marsh, which recommendation was adopted.

Short addresses were made by Dr. Dunn, Mr. Seeley, Mr. Holbrook, Dr. Raymond, Dr. Underhill and Dr. Fairfield.

One hundred and fifty-seven dollars were subscribed to the Missionary Bureau.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the President, and to the officers and members in which he has presided over its deliberations.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the attention of those kind, attention and hospitality extended to them during their attendance at this Convention.

Thanks were tendered the officers and managers of the C. B. and Q. Railroads.

Resolved, That thanks be tendered to all other officers and agents of the Convention.

Resolved, That the Reporter submit the minutes of this Convention to the President and Secretary for their approval before publication, and that all spiritual papers be requested to publish the same.

CLOSING ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT S. S. JONES.

My Brothers and Sisters:

It becomes my duty, in some small degree, to vindicate mediums and mediumship, and thus redeem my pledge made to you this afternoon at the close of Bro. Jamieson's address.

I regret the necessity, but being fully aware of the fact that a certain class, though few in numbers, assume the office of censors, not only to decline the only true meaning of spiritism, but to ignore the phenomena of man's immortality, and ask us to take theory—their theory—as evidence of the fact, unsupported by physical manifestations. They either condemn all physical manifestations as impostures, or assert them to be the *b* of Spiritualism, and unworthy the consideration of men and women of ordinary intelligence.

The design of this small class of our brethren seems to be, rather to war against the channel that exists between Spiritualists and other professing liberal religionists, than to boldly define Spiritualism by philosophical and phenomenal evidence.

This is a wonderful age in which we live. Truths to us are now being daily unfolded. Clear thinkers, from all walks of society, seize upon them, and are made better and happier thereby. Occasionally an over zealous brother gets cheated or duped by some impostor, as in the case of Bro. Jamieson, whom it seems by his own statements, was duped by a convicted felon, fresh from the State Prison at Jackson, Michigan. Bro. Jamieson's zeal ran away from his cautiousness, and he found he was dealing with an impostor, and receiving the just fruits of his indiscretion.

Had Bro. Jamieson been possessed of that courage which is founded in the immutable principle of truth, and which is developed by evidence, he would not have been deceived by those wonderful evidences of man's immortality, which are constantly being given to us from the spirit-world, and especially by physical manifestations, in and out of dark circles.

It requires the most noble traits of character to withstand the frowns and sneers of an incensed audience, who feel that they have been imposed upon by a professional impostor. Such people cannot discriminate between the impostor and the innocent, but do but companion. It is lamentable that often those who have been the most zealous, under such trying circumstances find themselves incapable of standing by and leaning upon a great truth, which is ever capable of sustaining man even under the most trying circumstances. Such weak brothers doze until they openly deny the existence of that truth, and join in the clamor of its most malignant opposers. Spiritualism has marked an example in recent history, through movement in past ages.

Mr. Jones then went on and gave numerous examples, detailing the particulars of physical and spiritual manifestations of a marked and extraordinary character—when the evidence of truthfulness on the part of mediums was irresistible, and the power of spirits to do that which is contrary to any known laws in science, was beyond controversy. Mr. Jones fully vindicated the evidence of Spiritualism, and showed that those mediums in their multifarious phases. He called upon Spiritualists to stand by mediums and give them a hearty and cheerful support. He said there was no class of people who were so reviled and persecuted—none who have such claims upon our sympathy and charity. He instanced the Fox family, from whom modern Spiritualism dates, and who stood whom reproach as members of a popular church, until the tiny raps gave evidence of man's immortality in their presence. From that time down, every medium, of an celebrity, has been the fit subject of slander and reproach; and but too often, would be popular Spiritualists have joined in the clamor.

In conclusion, Mr. Jones enjoined strict obedience to ever living principles, and truthfulness to each other, both upon the mortal and immortal planes of life, and craving the guardian care and protection of fellow-workers in their presence. From that time down, every medium, of an celebrity, has been the fit subject of slander and reproach; and but too often, would be popular Spiritualists have joined in the clamor.

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S. S. JONES, President.

Attest, MILTON T. PETERS, Secretary.

Spiritualism in Houlton, Me.

It will gratify the friends of our noble cause to learn that in this, the shire town of the sunrise county of Maine, is permanently established a correct and vigorous organization of Spiritualists. About two years ago, some few of our citizens, tired of the teachings of a priest and of its fetters and intolerances, and feeling the need of a truer and a holier religion, determined that the sublime truths of Spiritualism should be promulgated in Houlton. They were in earnest, and at once secured the services of Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon. The work she did, and the words she uttered caused much excitement, and disabused many minds of false and mistaken notions in regard to the object and purpose of Spiritualism. The work was succeeded by her talented and worthy co-laborer, Miss Susie M. Johnson, whose lectures were well received and well attended, and fruitful with good results.

Mrs. Clara B. De Evere who was engaged with us in August, closed a course of eleven lectures last Sabbath. She has also spoken several times in adjoining towns and in the Provinces of New Brunswick. Her eloquent words, and graceful manner has won her many friends, who regret that she is compelled to leave them. We do most cordially commend and recommend this young and talented sister to our friends everywhere as a young lady of purity and character, and an able advocate of the philosophy of Spiritualism.

During the past year, our Society has purchased a hall in a central part of the town, which they have enlarged and improved as the headquarters of over a thousand dollars. Mr. J. Madison Allen, of Massachusetts, will be present in October to dedicate it to free speech, free thought and free religion.

S. B. S.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. I.—A BAD BEGINNING.

A little, puny, weakly baby opened feebly its eyes one spring morning and uttered a pitiful wail, as much as to say, "What a dreadful world this is!" And it continued to cry and pine and look sick and pale, till its mother was quite out of patience with it. She wished to have a baby that would show off well to her fashionable friends; but this one had nothing attractive about it, for it seemed to be in distress all the time, and was entirely unimpaired of the elegant linen cambric dresses and thread laces that decked its little suffering body.

Mrs. Hastings had made no preparations for a crying, fretting child, and this little corner disturbed all her plans. She could dress herself in her white merino robe de chambre, and the baby in its fluted and pinked, embroidered robes that fell nearly to the ground, but the moment she tried to receive calls in her elegant boudoir the baby put everything into confusion by pitiful cries and contortions. She tried this for several weeks and then gave it up, and gave up the baby to a nurse who dosed it with paracoric and soothing syrups. This hushed the crying somewhat, but made the little cheeks paler, and the little form more languid.

So little Nela was carried up one story higher, so that her coming and going, her sleeping and waking need not disturb Mrs. Hastings. Thus the old life of fashionable calls went on again just as of old, and the opera and the theatre made the mistress of the most elegant establishment on Fifth Avenue forget that she ever had a baby. Poor little thing! how sad it was to see her with all her finery about her and yet not a particle of joy, not a bit of the gladness of babyhood. She did not even miss her mother's caresses, for she seemed to be only struggling to live.

Once in a while, when the day was stormy or the attractions below less, Mrs. Hastings would come up the two flights of stairs to the nursery, and ask how the baby did, and if it had grown any, and perhaps she would stoop and kiss it; but not often, for it seemed as if some chance made the baby more fretful the moment she came near it, and she would turn away with an impatient shrug, saying, "What a trouble babies are!"

There is no knowing what would have become of poor little Nela, left to the mercies of a selfish, unprincipled nurse, but for one of those fortunate events that we can call by no better name than a merciful Providence.

Nela had a grandmother, a dear, good, old lady, with old-fashioned, kindly ways, who lived in a quiet country town and was known and beloved by everybody in the region. The dear old lady knew nothing of the selfishness of the world, because she was all love herself. Her son had married a showy, fashionable lady, and he had given up his yearly visit to her since, but then he always sent her quarterly remittances which were sufficient for all her wants and left her enough to gratify all her generous impulses to aid others.

She sat in her cozy, neat kitchen, her ruffled muslin cap, as white as snow, surrounding her benevolent, happy face, her folded silk shawl giving to her plump form a maternal look, her ample apron speaking of a busy, active life. She evidently had something on her mind; she was resolving on something unusual. One of her neighbors came in.

"Well, Aunt Prue, what's in the wind now? You are in as brown a study as old Parson Cummings when he don't know exactly how to prove his five points."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, I've just been thinking that I'd go to York."

"Go to New York? Goodness gracious! and what for? Are you clear demented? You never went beyond the sight of Sunnich Mountain that ever I knew of."

"The fact is, I've got a boy there, the best and kindest boy that anybody ever had, if I do say so! To be sure, he don't come and see me as he used to, but then—"

"But then! You'll excuse the Pope himself, Aunt Prue, I do believe! To tell you the truth, we've all thought queer that your son hasn't been to see you since—"

"Thought strange of my Joe? The kindest, best and handsomest boy that ever went out of Adams? Think strange of him?"

A glow of offended pride passed over Aunt Prue's face, but she soon calmed her agitated manner and quite mildly said:

"The truth is, they've got a baby there, and they know no more about babies than your Lucy. I'm sure of it; I keep dreaming of it nights and wondering about it days, and the upshot of it is, I'm going."

"But, Aunt Prue, have you thought that they might not—might not—"

"Might not want to see me? My Joe not want to see his old mother? Never you say that. As sure as I am alive he'll be glad and as for his wife, if she is n't glad, the baby will be. You know as well as I that the Lord ordained grandmothers to look after the babies. Now I've laid up a lot of catnip and spearmint, for I'll venture to say they haven't a sprig in the house; and I've got a nice roll of blankets that I used about Joe, and I'm going; so do n't say a word against it, for it won't make a bit of difference. I'm going to-morrow morning, and I was just going over to your house to ask if Mr. Jones would carry me over to the depot and just get me on board the cars."

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Hastings; if you are bent on going we'll all help you. Can't I do something for you?"

"Well, as to my dresses, they are just such as Joe used to see me wear, and I've crumpled two caps extra fine, and I've got out my white silk shawl that Joe sent me when he was married. I think I'm all ready. And if you'll tell Mr. Jones to be sure and be in season I'll not keep him waiting."

The morning was fine, and Mrs. Hastings was off to commence a new and untried path in life—an entrance into fashionable society. She had too much good sense to allow herself to be much disturbed at the thought of what she might encounter, and she whirled away at the rapid rate of steam, with her heart beating as calmly as if she sat in her own quiet kitchen.

She arrived at the elegant mansion of her son who had been one of those so-called fortunate men that make a lucky strike in business and rapidly acquire a fortune. In a rapid glance she beheld the whole splendor of the establishment. At first a feeling of pride came over her that a son

of hers should be possessed of all this. Her own boy, her pet, her Joe—had she not always said he was the best boy in all the world, and did not this prove it? But in a moment she turned to the little cottage so snug and neat, so simple and unpretending, where, in his boyhood, Joe had lived the happiest of lives with her, and a tear glistened in her eye.

But she had no time for reflection, for she found herself in the presence of her daughter-in-law who was entertaining her friends in her parlor and looking as lovely as possible in a lilac silk elegantly trimmed with velvet. Now Aunt Prue had imagined herself ushered into the nursery, and expected to find a mother absorbed in the care of a baby very much after the fashion in her day. It never entered into her head to imagine that a young mother could wish to be away from her child.

"I hope you are all well," said Aunt Prue, bowing quite kindly to the party of callers that seemed to be absorbing Mrs. Hastings' attention.

"You must be mistaken, ma'am; I have no recollection of seeing you. Bridget, show this woman into the dining-room."

"Not at all, madam," said Aunt Prue, quite calmly. "I am not likely to mistake a my own son's wife, when I've had her picture on my mantle these five years. I am very comfortable here. I will not disturb you;" and she seated herself in an arm-chair, a little way from the company.

Mrs. Hastings blushed crimson, but took no further notice of the new visitor, until the ladies took their leave. Aunt Prue was simply waiting to be introduced to the baby, but as no mention was made of it by Mrs. Hastings, she concluded the little thing was dead, and forebore to speak of it herself.

After a time Mr. Hastings came in. How handsome he looked in the eyes of his mother! He greeted her with warmth, untied the strings of her old-fashioned bonnet, arranged her shawl over her shoulders, and sat down beside her, holding her hand as of old. He asked of the old home, of his old acquaintances, and forgot no one. But he made no mention of the baby. At last Aunt Prue ventured to say:

"Oh, Joe, I'm so sorry if anything has happened."

"What has happened? Nothing, I'm sure."

"Why, Joe, is it—is it dead? The baby I mean? I came all the way to see it."

"Why, bless my heart! I forgot all about it. Dead, no. But then, you see, Lizzie says it only makes it cry to see any of us, and that crying is n't good for it, so I don't go often to see it. But I was thinking the other day, I wondered if it would cry if you saw it, and held it as you used to Polly Anna's baby. The fact is, we all lotted on having a baby in the house, and it's a dreadful disappointment to have it always fretting and raising a rumpus. It sets everything out of joint. There's Lizzie, she loves company, and the baby is afraid of everybody, so, of course, she can't stay with it. I don't want she should, you understand. Lizzie is a dear little thing, and everybody says she's the handsomest woman on the street. I'm proud of her, and you must be."

"Hem!" said Aunt Prue. "But let us have a sight of the crying, troublesome baby. It will be a strange child if I can't see what it wants."

In five minutes Aunt Prue had the little Nela on her shoulder, tilting her back and forth in a chair, while her son stood looking on, as surprised as if gold had gone up fifty per cent.

"There, now the blessed darling is asleep. Do n't tell me that's a cross baby. Who wonders it cries with its feet as cold as ice, and its little arms purple for the want of a good blanket around them. Why, babies need blankets as much as lambs do wool. See how the little thing enguggles up to my great warm arm. I tell you, Joe, this baby belongs by nature to me, and I'm just going to take it home."

"Capital!" said Mr. Hastings. "The doctor was telling Lizzie that we must find a place in the country for her, and now it all comes right. How good in you to come! and he gave his mother another hug and kiss, that made her face look ten years younger for the joy that spread over it."

"I tell you how it is, Joe, babies and fashions do n't fit well together. Tend a baby in the new-fangled dresses? Impossible! You must have plenty of breathing room and stretching room, if you are going to do justice to the little ones. And I've just opened the little one's dress, and unbound its little body, and just see how warm its little arms are. I calculated on wanting a dose of catnip for certain, but I've got something a deal better in this old frame of mine."

Little Nela had indeed a sweet sleep, and so long a one that Aunt Prue ventured to go down stairs and get a cup of tea, that Joe ordered made for her.

"You see, Lizzie and I are going to have a little select company to dinner, and she thought—ah, I thought—yes, we thought it would be pleasanter for you to have a snug little supper up here. Lizzie is a dear girl, the dearest girl ever was. You'll be sure to like her."

"Hem!" said Mrs. Hastings senior. "I am well pleased to stay up here. But don't tell me what you thought, Joe. It wasn't your way. Tell me what you wish."

"You're a dear, good mother, and I do want you to have the best sort of a time, and I'm so glad you've come," and he kissed her again.

"Did n't I tell them so?" thought Aunt Prue. "He's the best boy ever lived."

Aunt Prue was indeed well content to be left in the care of little Nela. Wrapped in a comfortable blanket, she took her into the fresh air, held her in the sunshine, rubbed her wee limbs, dismissed the nurse from all care, and had her own way in everything. She threw wide open the blinds, drew up the curtains, and let the gladness of the springtime enter the room. She was left entirely to herself, for Mrs. Hastings did not care to be very familiar with her, lest she should intrude herself when she was not wanted. She did not know Aunt Prue's good sense. She was too conscious of her own right in her son's house to feel in the way, and she cared too little for what people should think of her dress to be at all ashamed, or mortified in any position.

She was so proud and happy that the little baby was glad in her presence, she did not think of herself as being neglected by any neglect. In a week's time the baby became as good and lively in her arms as a little lamb beside its mother. Its face brightened, its eyes had already the glow that Joe used to throw upon her. It had its old, tired look, and was really getting to be a happy baby.

Mrs. Hastings was only too glad to accept the grandmother's proposal to take the little one home with her, and she became quite cordial, as she talked over the journey and the packing up of the baby's wardrobe.

"You can put up all these laces and muslins if you want to," said Aunt Prue, "but I shall never let the baby see them. Give me some good cambric dresses, that the baby can roll on the floor in, and keep these at home."

At the end of a fortnight Aunt Prue was back again in her own home, and little Nela was sleeping in Joe's cradle, and growing fat on good milk, and happy in the loving care of the dearest of Grandmothers. [To be continued.]

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jewels five words long, That on the straggled fore-finger of all time Sparks forever."

THOUGHT.

The time for Night's mysterious gifts Is softly dawning bright, And silence breathes upon the earth From her pillow in the sky; And on her breath comes floating down The changeful spirit, Thought, With a mantle wrapped about her By Fancy's fingers wrought; Its folds are gemmed with dew-drops, And its borders fringed with light That she borrowed from the moonbeam When it kissed the brow of Night, And Thought is fair in such a robe, The one that suits her best, When sorrow folds her fluttering wings, And, weary, sinks to rest. Oh! then her dreams, her waking dreams, Around the heart entwine, Like that sweet flower whose blossoms droop, Till midnight bids them shine, Whose cup is closed, nor ever gives Its perfume to the day, But waits till Darkness lifts the lid— Then throws them all away.

Live to do something, and it will be something to live!

INDIAN SUMMER.

'Tis Autumn, and the falling leaves Fall slowly down upon the wind, Lending like Death when he bereaves The living germ of hope behind; 'Tis Autumn, and the sun is dim, His summer fire is nearly gone; The breeze wails out a mournful hymn, And all the earth is sad and lone. 'Tis Autumn; over land and main A veil of azure haze is thrown, As if the parent heaven again Had claimed our planet for its own; And the blue vestment of the sky For garments of glory given, Till scarcely can the straining eye Tell which is earth or which is heaven.

Justice weighs atoms in the same scale that it weighs worlds!

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

Where cool and long the shadows grow, I walk to meet the night that soon Shall shape and shadow overflow; I cannot feel that thou art far, Since near at need the angels are; And when the sunset gates unbar, Shall I not see thee waiting stand, And, white against the evening star, The welcome of thy beckoning hand? —Whittier.

Think all you say, rather than say; all you think!

WORLDLY SUCCESS.

Vulgar souls surpass a rare one, in the headlong rush; As the hard and worthless stones a precious pearl will crush.

The verdict of Nature, and not of men, is required.

Original Essay.

"CAUSE OF THE GULF STREAM."

BY H. A. M.

My attention has been called to an article in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Aug. 24, relating to the cause, origin, &c., of the Gulf Stream, and it leads my mind to a line of thought, which may be of interest, and call from others facts, if not ideas, which may lead to ultimate truth upon this question of present speculation.

I do not propose to answer that article, but merely to suggest matter for the more active and deeper researches of others. Neither do I adopt the reasoning of that article on the true cause of that phenomena known as the Gulf Stream, because it does not begin at the foundation. There was a time when the cause which is there given did not exist; when the magnificent Amazon was a labyrinth of mountain streams, each with its own course and laws. The gathering up of these little streams into the mighty river has been the work of myriads of centuries, and the current setting westward has been a mighty law to the mountain debris in determining and keeping it to the mountain shore, and concentrating the currents of these smaller streams into one. There is truth in the article, but it is of to-day and not of that period—millions of years in the past, when the laws which formed the Amazon were old and acting. The same laws are now acting, but of course the change of the land governs the course of water. That bank which your writer describes as being in the ocean upon the south side of the mouth of the Amazon, is the subject of this law, and in time will be hard land and the extended bank of the mighty river. For thirty miles into the ocean the waters are discolored by the immense flow of matter down this mighty river, and the ocean current of the Gulf Stream, setting westward, confines it, drives it back by its myriads of eddies, sets it out of its forward course, if by chance any of it gets too far on its northern side, eddies it back again into the main stream, thence again it is whirled about until it finally finds the southern side where there is no gulf current and where it settles to the bottom and forms the bank. This cause was at work from the first and has formed the immense stretch of land from the mountains to the mouth of the river. The mountain streams from the Andes are supposed to be cold at their fountain head—the river is very deep and snow water constantly pouring down its feet supplies to chill its currents. The temperature of the water at its mouth is not above, if up to that of the ocean with which it commingles.

This would be a strong argument against the conclusion that the heated water of the river was the water of the Gulf Stream, because in order to impart a temperature to ocean water so as to produce the marked effect named, the river water at its mouth would require to be very warm, overheated beyond the ocean, or it could not affect a mass of water of such vast expanse and depth, and of much greater density. This latter fact, this greater density, would of itself be a strong argument against the conclusions of your correspondent. Besides, the same sun which now heats the Amazon, would as well give warmth to ocean currents from Africa to the Gulf of Mexico. The land or sea-board north of the Amazon and up to the Gulf of Mexico has all been formed by the action of the Gulf Stream—the wash of the mountain, the growth of marine plants, and the work of animals. Nay! further than this, there was a period when this Gulf Stream flowed in unimpeded course across the place of these present lands, in a direct line over what is now the Mississippi Valley, and met the highlands of Canada near the great lakes. Here a Northern current, setting down from the Eastward or the backing up of the waters from the shores, caused the current to eddy back upon itself, which resulted in

the formation of banks at a distance from the obstruction, and the current setting up to the extreme Northwest, turned again down over the course of the lakes, kept the spaces open, and hence these inland seas became, as these banks grew, out off from the main tide. The valleys became filled up. The eddies about the base of the eastern ridge of mountains were carried down to meet the great current again, and conveyed its continual tributaries to the Gulf States, the Carolinas, and formed Florida. There are at present immense deposits of sea-shells in Georgia and Tennessee and Kentucky, all the produce of this cause, deposited by this ocean-tide, and carried into banks by counter currents of water, winds, &c. The sand, sifted out, leaves the shells, and winds often blow them into windrows near some obstruction or into a sheltered place. For ages these banks have excited the speculation of the wise and learned, and they could never go back in their dreams to the period when this vast valley was an ocean.

There are many curious matters involved in this law of the Gulf Stream, and we must bear in mind, at one period it was the great primal source of change and formation—it was the great embodiment of action. There were no Amazons, Mississippi or Missouri to carry their millions of loads daily into the ocean, but the ocean carried its daily tribute to the land, its offering to the foot of the mountains.

This subject is too vast for an article of this kind; it is matter for lectures upon lectures, and then not exhausted. The ocean is full of currents. The Gulf Stream is the great current. It comes in contact with the current setting from the eastward, all along from Cape Fear northward, and produces eddies which in turn produce banks in mid ocean. But a comparative short period since, Cape Hatteras was not in existence. Her early explorers speak of no belt of shore outside of Roanoke Island.

The Gulf Stream running eastward, where it comes through the Florida passage, is constantly forced to the west by some power unknown, except it be from the motion of the earth, and the currents caused by it north of Hatteras. The eastern current sets down over the Bank of Newfoundland, and turned off by the land and reinforced by the river and bay currents, forces the Gulf Stream over toward Europe, and gives now eddies and forms new banks. Hence, where these currents meet there are shoals. Seventeen miles from Hatteras there is a shoal with but ten feet of water at low tide. This will become in time an island, another Roanoke. A bank is forming outside of Cape Fear, off to this shoal; another will extend from the Chesapeake and near to it from the north; and in time the Sounds of North Carolina will become marshes with rivers through them, and Sounds will form outside of Hatteras some twenty miles. The same current setting down from the east meets a current from the north, there forming St. George's Bank and proceeding on are thrown off by the eddying back current off Long Island. The tides from the Sound, Buzzard's and Narragansett Bays, form Nantucket Shoals. The currents off New York from the bay is forming shoals about three miles off these eastward of that harbor. These would all seem to indicate a current in the ocean from east to west; generally, of course, subject to disturbances by islands, channels, shores, and the counter current incident to known local causes.

Many of the Banks in the West Indies are formed from coral growth. The Bahama Banks if not entirely formed from this cause, have been much aided by the coral deposits. The Gingerbread ground is entirely coral, and kept clear and white by the current passing over it. Therefore we cannot so well argue a point of natural law from evidences in that region. The host of Keys which make the point of Florida, have the same origin apparently, and the current so far from aiding their growth by deposits, rather tends to keep them back from their channels.

This system of building up land is a curious study, and one of great importance. Thousands of lives are lost upon these shoals, where it is not deemed possible to keep any mark, light-ship or buoys. A vessel disappears in the sand soon after striking, and her frame is ground to splinters in the breakers. Yet if those having charge would but study the laws which form these banks, they could soon build an island where there is now but a bank, and place above water a beacon of safety. By a little aid, rivers now forming and conforming to every turn and eddy of the current could be made straight at trifling expense, whereas in time they will become crooked creeks. Points of land could be added and directed so as to form harbors and cover openings, now useless from the sand bars at their mouth.

I have often watched these operations upon the shores of North Carolina, and often by a few loose stones, a little gravel, changed the shape of the beach so as to become marked in a single storm. There was an iron boiler near Hatteras Inlet which was often tumbled over by the storms; by piling up stones upon its side, &c., it became fixed against the south-east waves, and in one season the beach had formed sixty feet to it; and this would continue until some storm from the east cut away my embankment, and which with one day's labor could have been secured on every side. My attention was first called to this by the Government's attempt to build a breakwater near Seacoast Point in Rhode Island. They threw \$100,000 worth of stone upon the point, and the next Spring the beach had filled off as much further as the stone carried the sweep of the current out, and if the breakwater had been completed, the course narrowing out would have destroyed the little shelter that there was at first.

The formation of land is a beautiful study. I have often watched its progress for years, and marked the elements which entered into the different kinds of soil, and the manner of its accumulation. Yet this is a subject not embraced in the question of the origin of the Gulf Stream, and I have already, perhaps, taken up too much of your space from more useful occupation. These hasty thoughts may call out other minds, and lead to light upon a matter which has scarcely ever been touched save as phenomena for speculative thought as to its cause. Its effect is of much greater moment in the history of the past, and in the hands of those having time and means may lead to results valuable to us all. In my haste I may have mistaken some of my conclusions, but as my purpose is to elicit inquiry, it will not be the less tempting that an opening is made the broader for question.

PRE-VISION.—A Miss McCall, residing in this city, on Sunday night, 11th inst., dreamed that her sister-in-law's body rested here on the Central cars from the West, where her brother has been residing for the past three years, for the purpose of being buried in the family burial ground. Imagine the surprise of that girl yesterday morning on finding that her dream had been realized, and that the body of her brother's wife was here. On Sunday last her brother and wife were out riding near Chicago, where they resided, the horse took flight, ran away, and Mrs. McCall was instantly killed. This is indeed a singular but sad realization of a dream.—Albany Knickerbocker.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON WAGES.

NUMBER FIVE.

QUES.—A free country like ours has wonderfully recuperative power.

ANS.—All nations can recover losses, by a similar display of energy; but all nations have found that the repetition of losses brings them finally to destitution. A nation is but an aggregate of individuals, and no individual can stand up against a constant violation of natural law.

Q.—So long then as we have abundant land to fall back upon, our position may look well?

A.—And yet that cannot save us from a vast amount of needless distress.

Q.—What more could be done than already stated, to give more stability to our wealth?

A.—Give more solidity and permanency to all the creations of labor. For example: Suppose a man builds a house which costs him ten thousand dollars, and that in a year or two it is burnt down, he will be compelled to withdraw another ten thousand dollars from other investments in order to rebuild his house. But on the other hand, if the house, solidly constructed, stood a century or more, it would, during all that time, make an enormous return in shelter, comfort, use and profit to numerous families; while the other ten thousand dollars not having been taken from other investments, keeps increasing in usefulness and expanding in profitableness during all that long period. The gain then is double.

Q.—In that case our losses by fire must be enormous?

A.—So enormous that it is not an exaggeration to say that, in spite of our necessary and inevitable increase of wealth by natural means, immigration, &c., a great deal of our poverty is due to that misfortune and improvidence. Our losses by fires alone will average now some fifty millions a year. This sum at six per cent. would yield three millions a year, which would give six thousand families five hundred dollars a year each. And yet to the losses of mere buildings we must add furniture, books, paintings, clothes, workman's tools, family relics, &c., and those resulting from change and loss of employment of a great number of individuals.

Q.—Our system of insurance will however cover much of this loss?

A.—That is only a deception, so far as the national wealth is concerned. It is but making many other individuals pay for the losses of the unfortunate. It is a part of the art of gambling.

Q.—But is there no good feature in an institution that has saved so many from ruin?

A.—Nenty, where properly applied. By our careless system we render the insurance system more extensive in its operations in that particular line than it ought to be. So far as buildings, ships, &c., are concerned we want less of such tax by giving more solidity and workmanlike character to our constructions; but as there are at all times natural causes of disaster in operation, such as inundations, storms, earthquakes, failures of crops through drought, &c., it would be but right to make property of every kind liable to a small insurance tax, so that the whole population would support, as it should, these uncontrollable misfortunes of a few here and there of their fellow-citizens. No one need thus ever be impoverished. Indeed, there is no reason why a national revenue might not be raised in this manner.

Q.—But if you built private houses and works of public utility more indestructibly many laborers would find nothing to do?

A.—It has already been shown how instability creates poverty. Society does not gain by losses. No man should govern by the ruin or injury of many others. There is always, through the operations of nature, sufficient wear and tear for the healthy purposes of labor, and the misapplication of wealth to reconstruct the thing inopportunistly destroyed, is an undoubted disadvantage to labor, as already shown. We want all the capital we can to be devoted to new constructions, to new industrial operations and to those renewals which must be made of those things which have given a proper return for the original investment. Nations have too long kept themselves on the verge of misery by wars and other destructive habits and pastimes, by antagonism in business, by the misapplication of wealth, and by the exclusion of the people of laborers from a genuine use of the land and a fair recompense for their toil.

Q.—Should you not be contented with the abundant prosperity which good wages produces?

A.—Certainly not. Although the millions paid in wages per week circulate with rapidity, and every dollar is the medium for a multitude of transactions, as already shown, still every species of property must also circulate in just proportion to the demand, and be perfectly free to exchange the moment the price is paid for it. Some dollars may buy food, which is consumed for the use of life; the food producers may buy with the same dollars clothes for the limited use of comfort; while the manufacturer, with the same dollars again, accumulated, may buy a house or land, and occupy it for shelter as long as he needs it, or he may sell off or sell in regular payments (rents) to another who requires it for like purposes, the natural condition being that when the personal use is over it shall belong to another for use by reason of its durability.

Q.—Then you view the wages system as the grand lever of national prosperity?

A.—Without question. For, take the case of one of the poorest modern nations, where the people are landless, and the aristocracy, both titled and commercial, own everything, control everything, absorb everything, and the average of wages to the whole capable workers will not exceed twenty-five cents a day each. If, in that nation, there are four millions of workers, that would give one million dollars a day of wages, or three hundred and twelve millions a year. If, on the contrary, we find a freer country, the average may be a dollar each, or four millions a day, or twelve hundred and forty-eight millions a year put into circulation, and causing business transactions or exchanges amounting to thousands of millions, as already shown. The difference of money put into the market by the two conditions of society is nine hundred and thirty-six millions! Where a condition of slavery exists in full force, the money actually put into the market by the slaves would not be five cents a head per week. The small number of middle-men or trading class, and the still smaller aristocracy, would have to do all the business, as the slaves would neither be properly fed, clothed nor housed.

Q.—It is strange that the rich should not have foreseen these facts?

A.—We see things only through the medium of training. In old times, the aristocracy was every thing, and their deeds, their rights and their wealth, alone occupied the common mind. In modern times, as in several ancient republics, the commercial world—its wondrous power, enterprise and riches—engages the common thought and admiration. But neither the aristocracy nor the mercantile community, could see that their prosperity was only built on a sandy foundation, so long as the true interests of labor were mis-

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was claimed 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—their character for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

Invocation.

"And God said let there be light." And there was light. Our Father, and our Mother, too, we thank thee that we are able to add, and God says let there be light, and there is light. We thank thee that no Church or State, no caste or creed has been able to obscure thy light. We thank thee that in the midst of all kinds of darkness, still thy light shines on, though the darkness comprehendeth it not. We thank thee that though clerical lips cry out against thy light, still thy light shines with a steady brightness, and no soul can dim its rays. And we thank thee, also, that thou art drawing all souls out of darkness that have been so long kept from the light. We thank thee that thy voice is heard in the churches; that thy voice is heard in national halls; that thy voice is heard in the cottages; that in the highways and byways souls are turning to listen to thy voice.

Oh our Father and our Mother, what can this mean? If it meaneth not the New Dispensation, that the souls of thy children are ready, what can it mean? Even as these fair blossoms, (referring to a bouquet on the table,) in obedience to a command from the centre of the Solar System, come forth to bless the heart of humanity, so these radiant blossoms of Truth, in obedience to thy command are coming forth everywhere. Thy children are beginning to learn that there is no death, but all is life; that thou art a God all perfect, all full of wisdom and love; that thy mercy reaches out unto all thy children; that the gates of thy heaven are closed upon none.

Oh our Father, and our Mother, too, we thank thee, oh how earnestly thou must know, for the light that is flooding this age. We thank thee that we in our spirit homes live to see thy children coming unto the altar of Truth, reverently bowing down and worshipping thee. We thank thee that thy children are no longer exclusively worshipping in gilded churches and cushioned pews; but in the cottages of the poor man thou art found, in the hearts of little children also, and in the hearts of these fair blossoms. Though they are children of Nature, they are also children, ay, yes, children that belong to thee. They are of our family. We recognize them.

Oh our Father, and our Mother, too, grant that our mission to earth may never end, until those souls who seek so fervently for light from that better land, shall be satisfied with an abundance. For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory, to-day and forever. Amen. July 2.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have propositions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

CHAIRMAN.—I have a question to ask respecting the star Halcyon.

ANS.—Your speaker is unable to give such information as might be given by those who have made that question a subject of study. If you will propound that question at another time, it will doubtless be answered to your satisfaction.

Q.—By H. Scott, of Lancaster, O.: I am a subject of incubus, (nightmare.) Some of its phases are marvelous. When the attack is on me, I have a duality of consciousness. First, I know I have a nightmare, and cannot move a muscle or utter a sound. Secondly, I leap from my bed and perform superhuman feats; demolish glasses, clocks and windows; strike my sleeping family furious blows in the face; throw furniture upon them to crush them, and utter loud screams. During all this I am as consciously awake, and know myself as well as while I now write, and even feel amused at the scene. The room to me is as light as day, and every door, window and article of furniture in place, and natural. I say to myself, this is not real. I am in bed and motionless all this time, and then open my eyes in profound darkness, and know that nothing has occurred. These scenes seem as real to me, and are as well and as long remembered as the occurrences of real life. How am I to understand this double action of my mind?

A.—It is a well known fact—to medical men, at least—that whatever tends to obstruct the free and natural flow of the fluids of the system, tends to produce a corresponding disturbance in the brain. And if the person afflicted be at all sensitive, or, in other words, mediumistic, at such times the spirit will partially retire from the animal life of the individual, and be able to take cognizance of the inharmonious or disturbed pictures that are represented upon the brain. For, be it known, that all things, all circumstances in thought that pass over the brain, are registered there, fixed there, and the spirit in its clairvoyant state is able to perceive these pictures. Sometimes they are exceedingly fair, sometimes they are the reverse. Now it would seem, in the case of your correspondent, that there is some physical obstruction in the fluids, magnetic and electric, which is the cause of all these wild conditions. The very best remedy which we know of may be found in magnetism. We believe it might be used upon him with most excellent results: might be used in restoring that which is in a measure lost, and removing those obstacles which exist in the circulatory system. Medical men will tell you that case is not a rare one—by no means an isolated one. July 2.

Brigadier General George C. Strong.

I feel a most profound sense of gratitude to God the giver of all good gifts, and to yourselves as his angels on earth, that I am able to return manifesting in this way to the friends I have left. I had no expectation that I would be able to return in this way when I was called to exchange

worlds. A very brief relation of facts pertaining to myself will doubtless be sufficient to identify me to my friends.

I was born in Stockbridge, Vermont. I was appointed as a Cadet at West Point in 1853, and graduated, of course, in the class of '57. Shortly after, I was ordered to a post at Selma, Alabama. Still further on, I occupied a post in the Ordnance Department at Watervliet. And when the voice of rebellion grew hoarse in the land, and there was need that the army should come into active service, I desired to be put in the field. And my desire was gratified.

I was a personal friend of General Butler, appointed to the army from civil life; and was engaged at the storming of Fort Wagner, where I was wounded, on the 18th day of July in the hip. I was carried from the parapet to the hospital in the rear, and on the following day conveyed to New York, where I continued to sink until the 29th day of July, when the lockjaw set in, and on the 30th I died.

In coming here I experience the same sensation that I did before I was unable to speak. There was a sort of paralysis, and a tendency to closing of the jaw, on the day before it was a settled fact that I was the victim of lockjaw. I presume there is a fixed law governing these manifestations. I presume, also, the law is in the hands of the Giver; therefore it is legitimate that I am visited again with similar physical experiences to those which I have passed through.

The name I bore here was George C. Strong, and the commission I held was that of Brigadier General.

I am aware that my friends—and I presume a good share of my comrades in arms—do not know that I can return. I did not know it myself, but I know it now. And as God has been kind enough to open the way, and kind enough to assist me to walk therein, I earnestly hope that my friends, my military acquaintances, will be wise enough to avail themselves of one of the greatest blessings that God ever vouchsafed to man; namely, the return of the spirit after death. July 2.

Ephraim Harris.

The General, you see, has left a pretty strong dose behind him, and I've got to swallow it whether I want to or not. [You do n't like the feeling the lockjaw produces, probably.] No, not so well when you want to talk. But I'm good for overcoming all difficulties, and I rather think I shall master this.

My name was Harris, Ephraim Harris, and I occupied the honorable position of private in the army.

I'm from the 2nd Indiana Cavalry, and I'm a deadhead in one sense, in another sense I'm pretty well alive. As far as I'm able to look back—and that is about thirty-three or thirty-four years—I was nearly all the time in a very happy frame of mind. It would take something pretty steep to give me a fit of the blues. So you see when the time come for me to change from this country to the other, I kind of made up my mind that it was about the best thing that could happen, seeing as there was no help for it. "No use of crying for spilt milk," the old woman said, "cause it could n't be helped." And there's no use in my folks crying for me, because that won't bring me back again, only in this way—that is, I can come and stay a little while and go again.

Now, you see, stranger, I am here for several reasons. One of them is, to inform my folks that I do n't see any meeting-houses where I live. I do n't think there's one in a day's ride, now. You see, they'll understand that, because it's like this, stranger: Some of our folks was pretty well inclined to religious meetings, and I used to say to them, "I wish there was a meeting-house within seven days ride, because you do n't get any good in going, don't get any better. I can stay at home and take care of the truck, and get as much good as you get at meeting." Now, I ain't there any more meeting-houses. So tell them so, I'm pretty well off in the spirit-world. Now the general was brought up in a meeting-house nearly all the days of his life, and that's why there's so much go about him. That makes no think so. But I wasn't because I did n't want to be. I'm just as well off as if I had been. It isn't those who go to meeting most who are the best, you know. No, it's n't. It's those folks who do about right, no matter where they be. I do n't know how much of your toes I'm treading on, stranger, but you see I can't come back here and preach religion when I have n't got it. It would be deceiving my folks to do so. Why, they'd think I joined the church here, experienced religion before I died, which was n't the case. But it's all right. And if any of my liberal minded friends want to know about me, tell them how I come. I haven't got anything to sell. I have n't got even a tract to peddle; no, I've nothing of the sort to sell. But I'm here, at any rate. I'm just as comfortably off and happy if I did n't go to meeting. That's all the religion I had, and if it do n't suit, why, I can't help it. It's all God gave me.

Now, good-by to you, sir, if I get a chance to come again I will. [Did you mention the town you were from?] Did I mention the town? No I did n't. I'm from Princeton, Indiana.

Oh, bless you, I tell you my folks are kind of in the dark. [Who do you want this to go to?] It's an infidel paper, is n't it? [Yes, to some religious.] Then I'd better take care of it myself. Might as well send them "Tom Paine's" paper, "The Investigator," that's published in Boston, is n't it? [Yes.] It would get burnt up as quick as it got in the house. No, it's got to go in a round about way, else they won't swallow it. It's too big a pill. Good-day, sir. July 2.

Clara Pope.

It seems that the church has arrayed itself against the light that is shining through modern Spiritualism; and from various pulpits you may hear, if you listen earnestly, words that are not exactly friendly to modern Spiritualism. It is true that many of the clergy tolerate it, because they do not deem it advisable to endeavor to kill it with blows. And there are some very noble exceptions, where the clergy do not hesitate to go down from the pulpit out among the masses and gather whatever truth exists there.

There are some who are not afraid of God, or his manifestations; while there are others who seem to be afraid that God will vouchsafe some new manifestation to his children on earth, that will not be in keeping with the old. It seems to me, that if your moral teachers, your spiritual advisers, did indeed possess that love for God and that trust in God they profess to, they would hardly fear any light which might be given, however different it might be from their own. There are stars in the West as well as in the East. There are other spiritual lights than those that shone upon the plains of Bethlehem, and it is not wise to determine that God would be small minded enough to allow the light of his wisdom to shine upon any chosen few, or cover it up under the bushel of any church. No, God to me sets his light upon the hills. It shines down into the

valleys, and it illuminates all grades of minds. He does not cover it up. It enters the heart of the little child, it enters the heart of the laborer, it enters the heart of the king. This liberal, this glorious catholic truth, to me is shining everywhere.

It is true I did not so understand it when here, because I was hedged about by circumstances that forced me in one groove, although I had much freedom of thought, and to a certain extent, clear perception of spiritual things. Whatever was shown me I was able to see, and was ever satisfied concerning any new truth, until I knew where it came from, and whither it was going.

Now I hear, ay, more, I know that my good brother, who is a clergyman in your city, thinks that he is doing the will of God by speaking against modern Spiritualism. He says it is all a delusion. He says it is one of the devil's traps, into which he entices foolish minded men and women; and when he has enticed them into this trap, then he springs it upon them by the psychological influence that is exerted upon impressible minds by mediums and by persons who profess to believe in this great delusion; all new comers into this field of delusion are suddenly enfolded about by psychological influence, which corresponds to the charm of a serpent, and when once in its power you cannot withdraw from it.

Well, my dear brother thinks he is right in this matter. However, he has determined very unwisely, for I know that he has never thoroughly investigated modern Spiritualism. He has never made it a study; he has only heard that this wild thing and that wild thing is done in certain places, by persons calling themselves Spiritualists; and being naturally opposed to it, he believes all that is untrue concerning it, and takes no pains to seek out that that is true.

He says it is of the devil. Well, allowing it is, if he expects to successfully cope with this devilish influence, he must understand it. If he attempts to overthrow an influence he has no knowledge of, he will be constantly kicking against the pricks. They will pierce his feet at every step, and he will do no good to either himself, or his hearers. He thinks he is dropping seeds that will do good to all who come under his religious influence. He is greatly mistaken, for the scorching sun of this new truth will shed its rays upon them, and they will wither and die. They will never take root; rest assured, they never will. He has sown in ignorance. If he had sown in wisdom, in all probability they would have germinated and borne fruit.

Now he knows very well, if he will reflect a moment, that whenever I believed in whatever was presented to me, I was not ashamed or afraid to promulgate it. I was ever ready to give it to others.

And when I heard that my good brother was preaching against modern Spiritualism, I said, "I'm going back to earth, and I shall do all I may be able to do to oppose him in his position, but to convince him there is a better way for him to walk in than the one he now treads, ere he has a right to say that there is none. When he says it is a delusion, the people should ask him how he knows it is a delusion? By-and-by they will, and certain minds will not be satisfied until he is able to prove what he says.

No judge is fit to sit upon the bench until he has passed through all the spheres of Coke and Blackstone. He must come up step by step, so he will know all the little minutiae pertaining to law.

I would advise my brother to come down among the people, and learn whether or no he has spoken the truth. If he finds he has; if he is still satisfied after a long and earnest investigation that modern Spiritualism is a delusion, surely he will have a right to preach against it.

Do not think I am severe in speaking thus. I should tell him the same were I here in the body talking face to face to him, instead of communicating in this way. He is my good brother, child of the same father and mother, and I love him most dearly. And I shall be only greatly rejoiced, when I see him lifted out of that clerical darkness in which he is enshrouded, into the clear light of truth.

I am the sister of Rev. Mr. Fulton. I believe you have such an one here. My name was Clara. I passed through a series of unfortunate circumstances when here, and no doubt they developed me to what I am. They were no doubt aids in making me rely upon myself, in making me step out beyond the fear of what the world would say, when I knew I was right.

I would have my brother know that I have not come from that lowly grave in the West, by no means; but I come to him from my glorious spirit-home. I want him to know something concerning that spirit-land, ere he shall join me and the loved ones that have preceded me.

Clara Pope was the name I bore last when here. Farewell. July 2.

Lowell Wood.

I've come back to assure my friends, in particular my wife, son and mother, that they are not deceived in regard to this spiritual truth. Although I do not find everything as I thought I might, still in the main it's all what we have been taught by returning spirits.

I want to thank good brother Peebles for the words of consolation that he spoke at my funeral. They were all true. When he said, "There is no death," my spirit responded almost audibly, for I felt that I was alive—that I had only changed tenements—that I was still alive!

I hope I shall be in the way of doing a great deal of good in the spirit-world, and I mean to do all the good I can, anyway. And it gives me most unspeakable pleasure to know that my friends know where I am, that I'm not obliged to feel that they do n't know what place I've gravitated to, and that they would be startled if I returned. Oh no; they know I can come, but still I thought it would be a satisfaction to me at any rate to come. I shall do better next time.

I died by accident, not by any lingering disease, so you see I'm able to come back very quick. My name, Lowell Wood. [Do you want to speak to your wife?] I can do it. Thank you, however. [She is here.] I know it, and that's what brought me. [Were you at your funeral?] I was chief attendant upon that occasion. [I'm happy to meet you.] I'm happy to come, I assure you. I'm happy to be free from all those ills that physical life are more or less heir to. But because I'm free from that life, separated from it, I do n't mean to forget to do all the good I can to my friends, assisting them through all their trials, for I surely will. And when they cross the river, I shall be there to meet them; and it's only a step across. You shut your eyes here, and you're over. It's something like drawing a tooth.

Good-day to you. I thank you for the way that you've opened to us. God grant that you may never close it, while there's a single soul that wants to come; that you may always keep it open just as long as you can, and that will be as long as there is a doorkeeper. All right. We'll

be satisfied, then. If the folks on our side furnish the doorkeeper, I suppose you'll do the rest? [Yes.] All right. God bless you!

[Turning to his wife, who was on the platform, he said:] Good-by, dear, and not good-by either. July 2.

This séance was opened and conducted by Theodore Parker, and adjourned by him until the first Monday in September, when, he remarked, the dwellers in the spirit-land hope to meet you again. Letters answered by Clara Pope.

Invocation.

Thou Sacred Presence, whom neither men nor angels can divine; thou who art formless, and yet who hath all forms; thou who art nameless, and yet hath all names, thy children who are gathered here to-day would worship thee as becometh their heirship to the heaven of heavens, the holy of holies. They bring their doubts and these are very great; they bring thee also their fears, and these are still greater; but they bring thee also their loves, and these, like the divinity of children, shall find entrance into the kingdom of heaven. Thy ways are so mysterious that thy children cannot understand them, and thy power is so vast that thy children cannot comprehend it. When the shadow falls upon them, they fall to see thee; when darkness comes in the shape of crime, then they do not behold thee. But thou Infinite Presence, we thank thee that it is our mission to point out thy dwelling-place as being everywhere; to show to thy children in mortal that thou hast reared thy altars wherever there is life. We purpose, by thy blessing, to unfold to thy children these realities, which come so near unto mortal life, even though they are of the spirit and seem to belong to immortality. Oh Spirit, thou life, thou presence, who abideth in the flower, in the mountain, in the valley, in the ocean and on the dry land, our prayers thou hast, our praises are thine; do with us as seemeth good unto thee. Sept 2.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Shall we have a righteous government here during this century?

ANS.—Righteousness is a term which is very imperfectly understood, and it possesses as many different phases as there are different minds to consider upon it. The righteousness of one man or woman is not the righteousness of another man or woman. He who bows down before an image of wood or stone worshipping thereunto as God, is altogether righteous in his own estimation, but altogether unrighteous in the estimation of those who bow down before other kinds of idols and worship at other shrines. But believing, as we do, in the omnipotence of God, we believe that this eternal presence determines concerning the affairs of the so-called spirit-world. Therefore if our standard be the correct one, all governments are to a certain extent righteous; righteous unto those who believe them to be righteous, and unrighteous unto those who believe them to be unrighteous. But to pass to the extreme point of the subject, we will say for ourselves, and it may be for many others, that we believe that the present confusion that exists on this American continent; the present seeming desolation that exists at its head will finally be wrought out into a more perfect form of government and those persons who have appeared to cause our confusion are used in the hands of the great All-Powerful to bring about a more perfect government—a government that shall better answer the demands of this age. You have been told many times that parchments do not grow; but the people's heads and the people's hearts do grow, therefore they outgrow parchments and from time to time have need of new ones.

Q.—What is the disease of mind called catalepsy? Is it induced by the influence of spirits, or is it a diseased condition?

A.—There are certain physical conditions into which the spirit may enter or by which we who are spirit may influence and pass beyond the realm of external sense and enter the realm of internal sense. Catalepsy is one of them. It is dependent sometimes upon the action of friendly spirits, but often upon physical conditions, physical disturbances; and generally the disturbance begins at the heart and ends at the brain.

Q.—It is known that physical disease is transmitted from parent to child; we believe equally that moral diseases are transmitted. I wish to know whether in both cases alike it is not possible to reach the child through the parent, who may be in the other world? Having such a case in mind, I would like to be satisfied on this point.

A.—All disease, which is a disturbance either of physical or spiritual forces, may be transmitted from generation to generation, because all bodies and all souls are inseparably connected; therefore those little globules called disease may pass from one condition of being to another very readily, and wherever there is soil, either physical or mental, that is adapted to their growth, there they will germinate and come forth, perhaps bearing more terrible fruits than they ever have borne before. And as you can reach all kinds of disease through the mental more readily than through the physical, and disease is in existence in the spirit-world as it is here, if a child remains on earth who has been diseased by the parent who is in the land of souls, the cure can be effected by the magnetic play of the forces between the parent and the child. Ignorance has persuaded you that there is a great gulf lying between the two states of being; while the truth is, they are so closely interwoven that no angel could draw the line between the two.

Q.—There appears to be a conflict between Congress and President Johnson. Which will succeed?

A.—Neither. But the power that plays between President Johnson and Congress will succeed. There may be a seeming victory upon the part of Congress and a seeming defeat upon the part of President Johnson; but the real truth will be that the Great Congress of Spirits that are acting between the two will win the victory. Johnson is but acting his part, and acting it well. Congress is but acting her part, and acting it well. The great power between the two shall bring out of the confusion a fairer state of things, a more acceptable form of government.

Q.—Are the business affairs of men ever influenced and controlled by the spirits?

A.—They are. There are many spirits in the land, unseen to mortals, who find their heaven oftentimes in mercantile pursuits on earth, in all the various branches of human life; and for such their work is not done upon earth. The body may have performed its mission and have been cast off by the spirit, but the spirit's work may not have been done in regard to earth. Sept. 2.

Jonathan Peirce.

I knew I should come here. Blessed be the power that gives us victory over death. I was so anxious to add my mite to the testimony of those who have already returned, that I could scarcely wait the proper time. But I wanted to tell my

friends that Jonathan Peirce is all right. All right I am! blessed be the power that takes care of all our souls. The bridge is strong enough to carry every one of you over; yes, if there is a pack on your back as large as Bunker Hill Monument. It seems to me now that I have the greatest work before me that I ever had, and the way is the most clear and the most perfectly defined. I seem to know just what there is for me to do, and it is not greenbacks that are wanted to open the way. Not at all. It is only the earnest desire of the soul to do what is before it to do, that clears the way. [Do you find things as you expected?] Almost just what I expected. And although I left as good a family as God ever blessed a man with, yet I would not return to earth again if I could be blessed with their unbroken society throughout eternity. Not I would not return again. I know how they are coming to me and what I am going to do for them; and I know, blessed be God, that Spiritualism is true, and that is better than all the rest. I doubted it sometimes when they used to tell me such "large stories," but now I know it is true. Why, there seems to be so many thousand windows open between my home—blessed be God, it is mine now; I have the right to call it so—and this earth-life, that there ought not to be a single soul left in darkness; the light should shine on every living soul; that there is a life after death, and the spirit can return when conditions are suited to its return, after it is liberated from the body. I told my family that I should come back as soon as I could—and here I am. God has helped me to keep my promise. I will do all I can to help every one of you. Good-by. God bless you! My love to all those who loved me and to all God's children. Spiritualism is a glorious fact. Persevere, and if you sometimes falter, gather yourselves up again just as quick as possible. Good-by. Good-by.

Sept. 2.

Professor Faraday.

In the midst of the confusion that exists at the period called death, the passing soul is sometimes wont to think very swiftly and determine very correctly.

I had supposed by my investigations, so far as I had been able to investigate the phenomena called death, that when the soul was passing through the change, it was neither cognizant of the things here nor of the things that were beyond; but my own experience has proved that I was mistaken. I found myself surrounded by a company of those I knew were dead when I was passing through the change, and all my forces in the realm of thought were roused, and I said, "Spiritualism is true." Oh what a mistake I have made! And immediately, feeling the remorse that temporarily grew out of the mistakes made in the earth-life, I thought of the promise I had made to certain friends. It was this: "When I shall die, if Spiritualism is a fact I will return."

I have returned, and I will acknowledge that I have been wrong in my estimation of Spiritualism and of Spiritualists.

Like my brother with the great earnest soul, who preceded me, I could scarcely wait for the time to come when I might be enabled to say even one word in favor of what I once deemed a delusion. Say to my friends in England I am living, and also that my presence here proves the power of a return. And to those who believed in a return of the spirit after death, I beg that you will forgive me for any word I may have uttered or any line I may have written against your most glorious philosophy. Though it has its dark side, it has also its sunny side, and there grow flowers that the angels may pluck to deck their brows and not demean themselves. I am Prof. Faraday, late of London. Sept. 2.

Susie Hammond.

My name is Susie Hammond, and I have got a mother in Cincinnati, and I want to go there. [Have you ever seen her since you have been in the spirit-land?] No, I have not. I am nine years old now. And I want to hear from my mother. I died last winter. I had the fever, and Eddie had it, too; but he staid here—he got well.

Uncle Edward is here. He was killed in the war; and he brought me here so I could go to my mother, and he wants me to tell her that she shall come just as soon as he can, and that he sent her his watch and his papers; but the man he sent them by was afterwards shot, and the rebels took all there was in his pockets, so my mother did not get the watch, and the papers nobody has got.

I am nice here. I do n't want to go back to live. My mother's name is Esther, and she does n't know how I can come; but I know somebody that is going to take my letter to her when it is printed. He said he would. I do n't want her to die, but I wish she was here. Next time Uncle Edward will come. He says he will. Sept. 2.

Victoria Perkins.

I have got four sisters and a brother in Alabama. I have been dead myself only about four months, but I know all about this thing. I was a medium myself, and I got all the information about this thing myself. My name was Perkins—Victoria Perkins. I had that name from my master. But since we've all got freed my folks are comfortable. They got the paper, and I said I should come, and I was told I could go straight to them from here and they get the communication. [That is true.]

The old grandfather Perkins was with us some. He believed in these things. He first told me about it. He said I was a medium, and then he died and came back to me many times himself. He has helped me to come here. He is very glad my people are all free, and I want to go straight to them so I can talk to them just as the spirits talked to me. They told me I was n't going to live a great while on the earth; and I want to go to them and tell them what things I have seen, and what a blessed, good place it is, and everything is just like what I was told it would be. It is a heap better than anything on the earth, and I would n't go back, not if I could be mistress myself I would n't go back. And I wish you would say, too, that I met Miss Harriet—she that was married and went to Georgia and had so much trouble. She is a heap better off than she was on the earth, and has got her baby here, too. She was about the first one I seen when I got here, and she said to me, "Oh, Vicky, is that you? I am so glad you have come!" She married some poor white trash from the North, and he took her down to Georgia. She thought he had a heap of money, and, you see, he thought she had a heap, and that made the trouble. He did n't have, nor she did n't neither; and they had to sell off the slaves, and they had a heap of trouble; and when the baby came, she took the baby and came here, too.

Oh bless the Lord for this good time, this blessed time, when all the children of the great Father-Spirit can be just what he designed they should be! Every one can perfect themselves as they can. No matter if I am black, if I was a slave—it is no matter; I am just as good. It is all the same here as if I were the mistress. [To the Chairman.] Massa, do n't forget my

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

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

Confirmation—Played Out.

It is a remarkable fact that, when the deeds of great minds are memorialized in ceremonials, their virtue is lost. Such admiration, like sponge, absorbs and nullifies all past goodness...

A New Lecturer—Miss Sparks. We are informed by a well-known and prominent Spiritualist of Brooklyn, N. Y., that Miss F. Sparks, of Brooklyn, has declined to enter the lecture-field as an advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy...

Marriage—Starting Right.

In that fine city of Richmond, Ind., noted among other good things, for its many Quakers, progressive thinkers, and an organization of Spiritualists with a flourishing Progressive Lyceum, there resides Bro. E. F. Brown, Conductor of this Children's Lyceum, and dealer, if we mistake not, in books, periodicals and stationery...

By the form of the religious Society of the Friends of Progress, on Tuesday evening, the 31st inst., at the residence of Agnes Cook, Eli F. Brown to LUCRETIA MOTT COOK, all of Richmond, Indiana.

Skeptics Astonished—N. B. Starr. The spirit influences controlling this artist, had promised that he should take the likenesses of immortals in public audiences. Accordingly, a few Sunday evenings since, in Detroit, Mich., in a hall literally crowded with people, after Bro. Starr had spoken nearly half an hour in a semi-conscious trance state, he took three portraits...

Consecration to a Purpose. The royal road to any great result is a fixedness of purpose. It is the chief element in the characters of all successful men, the surest prophecy of final victory. Not bigotry, not a fiery fanaticism, not hobnobbing with one idea to the exclusion of millions that well up within or hang over us like stars at night, but the grasping of broad principles, the enlargement of all the soul's faculties, the critical investigation of all theories, the practical living of all divine precepts, and the improvement of the whole physical, mental and spiritual structure; these combined in one grand aim, should constitute the life-purpose of each.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall. Desire for excitement, and a gratification of merest curiosity, too prominent among us, often conduces to a non-appreciation of home talent. Many Spiritualists will run to hear new speakers, especially if they are of the "spread-angle style," such as troops of boys rush to the first circus of the season. This hint, however, has little application to Spiritualists in the more northern portions of Michigan. They seem substantial. We had the pleasure of meeting in Almond, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, of Disco, Mich., a plain, earnest, noble woman, and withal, sound, practical and eloquent as a speaker. She has spoken in Disco, and the "regions round about," for several years, organizing societies, distributing papers, and doing the work of an evangelist, generally. She was formerly a Universalist, always a worker. Spiritualism may well rejoice in such accessions. We will not ask, for we know the angels attend her.

The Indiana State Association of Spiritualists. It gratifies us to announce that our sister State, Indiana, has wheeled into line and perfected an organization. The officers elect are substantial men and women—a certain promise of success. Among other efficient officers chosen were Byron Reid, of Kokomo, President, and E. F. Brown, of Richmond, Secretary.

Hand in your Checks. All persons knowing themselves to be signers of the subscription list, circulated at the Indiana State Convention of Spiritualists, held at Muncie, Ind., June 1st, 1867, for the purpose of raising funds to defray the expenses of missionary labor for the State of Indiana, are hereby notified that the first and second quarterly payments are now due; and that they are requested to pay the same to our Treasurer, William Lynn, of Muncie, Ind., forthwith.

Transfigurations. If a man's ruling love is lust of appetite, it takes form in a putrid face, bleared eyes, calloused brain, guttural voice, licentious manners, and a beastly organism generally. If it is lust for wealth, his every faculty and sense—his mouth, eye, ear, nose, lip, hand, step, gesture are so many "stocks in trade"; his is a cash home, a cash carriage, a cash family, a cash worship, a cash everything. If it is lust for literature, he has an intellectual head, intellectual manners, intellectual coat, intellectual boots, intellectual starch in his very collar. By this law of love we are molded, as the potter molds the clay. Mind is an inspirational engraver, making us forms of what it loves—the exact counterparts of its every spiritual essence. If, then, the mind is awakened to the consciousness of immortality, to a positive and tangible communication with returning spirits known to us in the associations of this life, a new love is born in the mental forces, a latent spring gushes up, higher thoughts are generated, and we begin to take on the form of an angel. Frequent association with spirits transfigures all our powers to be to us the very organism, or character, we once aspired for when mere children. Here is one of the moral virtues of Spiritualism. It is the fountain of the soul, cutting a new channel for the river of our hopes.

Spiritualists of Michigan! Remember our State Association that meets in Adrian, on Wednesday, Oct. 21. Speakers from a distance in other States have promised to be in attendance. Let there be full delegations, and a general rally from each and every locality containing believers in the ministry of spirits. There are officers to be elected, work to be planned, and work to be accomplished. Then the victory!

Michigan State Association. The second annual meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will meet in Adrian, Mich., on Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 10 o'clock, continuing two days, and longer if the body in session so decides. Each local society is entitled to two delegates, and one additional delegate for each fraction of fifty, over the first fifty members.

The Convention of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists, which is to meet in the city of Adrian, in October, will convene in Old Fellow's Hall, Maumee street. The following committee of our local organization will be in waiting to receive and assign to places of entertainment the speakers and delegates: Lemuel Martin, J. N. Chandler, and Wm. C. Hunt.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS. BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held at Mercantile Hall, summer street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 and 9 o'clock. Speakers: Dr. C. C. G. York, A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Conductor. Speakers engaged:—Mr. J. P. Greenleaf, October 10th; Mrs. F. A. Smith, October 17th; Rev. Edward C. Young, Oct. 24th; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during November.

TOLEDO, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old Mason Hall, South street, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. All are invited free of admission fee. Children's Progressive Lyceum in same place every Sunday at 10 A. M. A. A. South street, Toledo, Ohio.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Plank, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

LETOURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES. PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK. Arranged Alphabetically. To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore has been compiled and published to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.

J. M. DANFORTH, 111 West 12th St., Toledo, Ohio. J. M. DANFORTH, 111 West 12th St., Toledo, Ohio. J. M. DANFORTH, 111 West 12th St., Toledo, Ohio.

MOSES HILL, Hobart, Lake Co., Ind. Mrs. R. S. JONES, 808 1/2 Broadway, New York. Mrs. R. S. JONES, 808 1/2 Broadway, New York.

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