

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 89,
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 Hunt.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. III.—RAINBOW HUES.

"Don't be always fretting at her," said Aunt Prue to Mrs. Jones. "Nothing so hinders children as fretting. Do look at that Nasturtium vine. In February I put in the seed, and kept the earth well watered, and the first I knew up came the little plant, and grew into so much beauty that my whole heart was glad in it. If I had kept picking off the leaves and twisting and turning the vines, I should have had a poor little dull looking flower. There's Nela. When I brought her here she was just like a plant in a barren soil; she could not grow. I gave her a whole heart full of love, and then let her act out herself. Look at her now. She is like a Blue Rose; like a Carnation Pink; like a bunch of Clover; she's as rosy-cheeked and strong and good as I want her to be."

"But Lucy is not strong, and she mopes about and do not want to do what I say," said Mrs. Jones. "Perhaps you don't always tell her what is right. Suppose you send her over here for a month."

"If I could spare her I would," said Aunt Prue. "Oh, you want her to wash the dishes while you scrub, and make a carpet. Let her have her own way awhile. If you'll let her come I'll twist yarn for you a week."

Good Aunt Prue, willing ever to take a burden on herself to give comfort to another! And thus she wove into her life so much sweetness and blessing, that her days seemed like a beautiful meadow in spring-time—full of flowers and fragrance, singing birds and laughing waters.

So Nela became a visitor, and a great delight it was to her to think of having one all to herself to call her own. Aunt Prue gave to her the arrangement of everything that her little hands could do, for she was now eight years old and had quite an estimate of her own abilities. So she went into the little bedroom that she and Lucy were to occupy. She smoothed down the snowy white spread, and dusted the chairs, and wondered what she could put on the table to make it look nicely. She went to her own drawer, and brought out her special treasures. There was a little glass tumbler, a tiny pitcher and a little doll's cradle. She ran into the garden and gathered some Cinnamon Roses, now just in bloom, and some sprigs of Bergamot, and put them in her little tumbler, and tried them in a dozen places in the room. First in the window, that the dear little roses might feel at home as they looked out to the clear sky; next before the glass, that they might look at themselves and be glad in their beauty. Then she put them on the stand by the bed, that Lucy might see them as soon as she waked; but no place quite suited her, because she thought of something that would be better. At last she settled the important question by thinking where she should like to be if she was a flower, and she put them on a little shelf in the corner that overlooked the whole room. Then she gathered some oak leaves already only half grown, but large enough to form into delicate wreaths. These she had a skillful hand in making, and she lifted herself up into the chair and fastened the wreaths around the little mahogany framed glass.

"Now if I only had something to put under Lucy's pillow, that she might find it and call it all her own," she thought.

She had one particular treasure, a little box given to her by her grandmother the last Christmas, but it perhaps would not be right to give it away, so she ran for advice.

"Now, grandma, if I could make Lucy very glad, you know, it would be ever so nice. Don't you think I had better give her this little box? It's the prettiest little thing I ever had, and Lucy wants a box, I heard her say so."

"Certainly, my good little one. If Lucy needs it more than you do she ought to have it."

"Bless her good little heart," said Aunt Prue to herself. "She's got her father's heart. Think I'd tell her no, that she must keep it, and make her mean, selfish, calculating. Let them have their own way of doing what is right—these little ones."

Lucy came over about twilight, with her little bundle under her arm, and a glad smile lingering over her usually sad face. She had a good home, a plenty of food and comfortable clothes, and her mother loved her dearly—in her own way—but with all this Lucy was like a half-starved child. She wanted what Nela got—a plenty of love, and the way to be happy as her heart desired.

The two little ones—for Lucy was not larger than Nela—now sat down to their supper with smiling faces. Aunt Prue had baked some of her most delicious custards and cookies with sugared tops, and Nela felt as proud when she helped serve her friend, as if she were a queen and dispensing the most beautiful of gifts. Lucy's face brightened as she listened to the merry chat of Nela.

"My mother don't let me talk at the table," said Lucy.

"And that is all right when there are older people that wish to converse," said Aunt Prue. "But Nela and I have to talk, or else there is no talking done. I think little girls love to talk as well as birds love to sing. Look out at that western window, little ones, and see the sunset light, and I will tell you something about it. My life seems like a long summer's day that has come almost to a close, and I want to get all the glory in now, just as the day puts its greatest beauty into its last hours; and so I want to be as a child again, and to love all beautiful and childish and pure things. So now, if you please, Nela, you will think I am a child also visiting you. What will you do to entertain us?"

Nela laughed a merry laugh at the thought of her new guest.

"If you please, my children," she said, "we'll wash the dishes first, and then have the play afterwards."

Aunt Prue and Lucy sprang to their feet, and in a few moments this merry trio had put every spoon and dish in its place.

"I never thought it was fun before to wash dishes," said Lucy.

"That's because you didn't know the way to get the glory in," said Aunt Prue. "What next, Nela?"

"Well, I was going to say blind man's buff, but Lucy looks tired, and you can't run, grandma, so let's tell stories about fairies and funny things. I'll begin, because grandma is the smallest and Lucy do not like to tell stories."

"Once there was a little girl that wanted a

great dish full of cake and a plenty of candy, so she asked a fairy to bring it, but the fairy said it was washing-day and she had not baked, and the candy boiled over in the making. And then she asked for a new dress and apron, and the fairy said that the wool was all on the sheep's back, and the flax was not grown.

Then the little girl asked for a gold ring, and the fairy said the gold was all as brittle as glass, and no goldsmith could work it. Then the little girl said, "I don't believe you are a fairy at all." But the fairy said, "ask once more." Then the little girl thought and thought, and said, "I guess I'll have a bit of the rainbow." So the fairy brought a bit, and put it round the little girl's head and spun it, and spun it, and wound it, and wound it, and that's what makes little girls so happy."

"What a pretty story," said Lucy. "Oh, I didn't make it up," said honest Nela, "I read it, and I thought you two children would like to hear about it. Come, grandma, it is your turn now."

"Well, let me think. I believe I will finish your story, Nela, in my own way, and not mind what the book says."

"The sweet morning light shone into the home of a little child. It was as bright and golden as if there never was a cloud, or a mist, or a dark shadow. But over that home came great troubles, and cares, and anxieties."

"I wish you'd tell what they were, grandma," said Nela.

"How could you know, my little pet, if you had never felt them? There was great unhappiness, and many trials that the little girl knew nothing about, but she sat in the shadow of these troubles till night came on. Then out of her heart went a little sigh. It was all the little girl knew about prayer, but the angels heard it, and they said, 'Let us do the work of heaven,' and so they bound about her head a rainbow. And was made of light, so glowing and radiant that it looked like a gossamer veil bound about her head, and the little one slept. The next morning she awoke in the midst of the shadows, but her little rainbow glowed and glowed, and set its glory against the clouds."

"I suppose you mean," said Lucy, "that she was so happy, that it made them all happy."

"Yes, that is it," said Aunt Prue; "out of her little heart came a reflection of heaven's own light, and the rainbow was always brightest when the cloud was darkest."

"I wish we were all rainbow children," said Lucy.

"You are, you little darling," said Aunt Prue, giving Lucy a hug and a kiss. "Can't you finish the story, or tell one yourself?"

"I would like to, but I never tried much," said Lucy. "There was a little girl that did not like to do anything but just what she wanted to, and she had a rainbow. I can't tell any more," said Lucy, and the tears gathered in her thoughtful eyes.

"I was just thinking that we would take a look at the stars, and then you and Nela could try your bed. I see a rainbow glowing over you both, you precious pets, and God has given it to every little child; it is the light that comes from your purity and your love."

Nela and Lucy laid down in their bed, but their eyes had no sleep in them, so Aunt Prue left the candle burning that they might have a little talk. Nela felt all the importance of entertaining her visitor.

Grandma says we may go and get some honey-suckles down in the woods to-morrow. Won't it be nice? And we'll take our baskets and get some moss, for I am going to have a groto, so if there are any fairies, they can come and live close to us, for you see I don't really believe there are any."

"Why of course there are," said Lucy; "do n't the books tell all about them?"

"Well, did n't you see that grandma changed the story of the fairies to a story about angels? But we'll build a groto anyway, and I'll run up quick to it and peep my eyes in, and if there are no fairies then, I shan't believe in them any more."

Aunt Prue stole in soon after and found the little ones fast asleep—Nela's arm resting on Lucy as if to keep her safely within her loving embrace. A smile stole over Aunt Prue's face.

"These have indeed the rainbow light. Who could have a heart to shadow one of its radiant gleams? Let me be thinking what I can do for them to-morrow, to add a little to the brightness of their day."

So Aunt Prue sat down weaving delights into her own life by the pleasure she planned for others, and then she went out to carry gladness to others, and in the goodness of her heart to distribute just the best and most needed gifts. She could do all this because she lived so simple a life at home. She wasted no strength for mere show, and she saved all unnecessary expense at home for the sake of the one luxury of doing good, so she had money, strength and time for the many offices of love that every village and home in all God's world needs.

[To be continued.]

INFANTICIDE AND ITS PENALTY, FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Some ten years ago I commenced investigating the phenomena of spirit communion, and soon became satisfied that the spirit of man survives the dissolution of the physical body, and not only preserves its identity, but continues to take cognizance of affairs pertaining to earth-life, and under certain conditions to communicate with friends still in the form.

The media through which these things are accomplished are as wonderful and varied in their character as they are—when understood—simple and beautiful, and are governed by Divine laws that can in no wise be departed from, let circumstances be what they may. In accordance with these laws it would seem that the thoughts of spirits after they are unclotted of flesh, are not only transparent to each other in spirit-life, but that they have also the faculty of discerning, under certain conditions, the thoughts and intentions of mortals on earth, with greater certainty and distinctness than they can be conveyed to the ear in words. Of the reality of this fact I have had ample testimony in many scores if not hundreds of instances. This supervision of our departed friends, who in the order of Divine Providence seem to encamp about us constantly, and become our ministering spirits, must necessarily exert a wholesome influence on the lives of those who realize its truth, and for that reason, if for no other, it is to be hoped that the heavenly influx of spirit communion that seems to be now so widely prevailing Christendom, will not be stayed or perverted, as in past times it has too often been, but go on increasing until the whole world becomes partakers in its beautiful and consoling truths.

As a general rule, it would appear that such persons as have lived sincere and conscientious

lives on earth, when transplanted into the spirit-world, soon develop beyond the narrow and vitiated religious creeds in which many of them have been trained, and as far as my experience goes, teach us that man is a compound being, composed of three primary elements, viz:

1st, *The spirit*, which is an emanation from Deity, and constitutes the life and light of the soul.

2d, *The soul*, which is the inner and immortal body.

3d, *The flesh*, or animal, which is but a perishable clothing and instrument of the soul, adapted to its rudimentary or earth sphere of existence only. Endowed with intellectual organs, and gifted with reasoning faculties and freedom of will, the soul becomes, as it were, the battle ground in which a warfare is waged between the spirit and the flesh, or in other words between good and evil, the one ever striving through admonition and entreaty to draw its desires upward, and bring them in harmony and oneness with its Divine Father; the other, on the contrary, ever seeking to tempt it through the delusive seductions of the senses to disregard the gentle pleadings and remonstrances of the spirit, and to surrender itself to the degrading pleasures derived from the gratification of animal passions and propensities.

Through the conflicts, sufferings and experiences thus induced the soul gradually becomes individualized and furnished with embryos of knowledge and virtue, destined by infinite wisdom and goodness to go on developing, and expanding through the countless ages of eternity, sure, sooner or later, to enter mansions of bliss prepared by the loving Father for all, although in their progress some may have to agonize through mental hell of unpeakable anguish created by remorse of conscience for crimes perpetrated in earth-life.

The earth-sphere being, as it were, but an alphabet of the book of life, our spirit-friends tell us that it is important that man should abide in it during a full term of his natural life, in order that he may acquire the rudiments of eternal progress at their fountain source, and thereby become fitted and prepared, through its contrasts and experiences, to enter upon the duties and enjoyments of the higher life that awaits beyond the grave. They also tell us that those who are cut off in early life, especially in infancy, enter the spirit-world under disadvantage, being incapacitated by reason of their lack of earthly knowledge and experiences (notwithstanding their innocence), to partake, for an indefinite period, of other than negative happiness.

If these teachings are true, and if crime is to be measured by the amount of injury we consciously inflict on others, it follows that among the most prominent on the list should be the willful killing or murdering of a fellow creature, and especially an infant—for such suffer most by the deprivation of their earth-life.

Again, our angel-friends tell us that spirit, which is the life and light of the soul, being an emanation from God, can never die, and that from the moment of conception an individual organism is created that preserves its identity through eternity. Of the continuous existence of such embryo spirits I may say that I have no doubt, the fact having been demonstrated to me in such varied and striking forms, and under such extraordinary circumstances, that I could not, if I would, disbelieve in its truth. On one occasion, when one of these immature immortals was presented and identified to my satisfaction, I remarked to its spirit-guardian that the continued existence of such innocents must add a fearful chapter in spirit-life to the annals of earthly crime! The answer came that it did, and that parents who had willfully aided in producing or had consented to the untimely death of their unborn infants, had a dreadful account to settle with their consciences when they came to recognize their murdered children in spirit-life—as by a law of being they necessarily do when they pass into the spirit-world.

Vaucluse, R. I.

Correspondence.

Letter from John Wetherbee.

Thanks to human progress, guided by unseen and spiritual forces, that I am able to be bodily sixteen hundred miles from you, and yet seventy-three hours ago I could clasp your hands, Messrs. Editors. I am not thanking *Progress & Co.* that I am so far from the "Hub" and you, but I am thankful that I can be, if I so will. So great has been the material achievements within the rising and setting of this generation—so much beyond the prevision of any but the dreamer has been the actuality—who dares forecast what is to be in the next? The bright sun is shining on me to-day and making lovely the shores of the Missouri, on which I am now looking and trying to realize that there can be so many degrees of longitude between us. But my watch, thanks to Bro. Willard, which is always on time, though I am not, says this same sun shining on you and me now, is an hour and a half younger here than with you. But with the miles of space, there are not miles of memory; the further I go geographically, the nearer I get sentimentally to my starting point; not that I love humanity and the Nation less, but that I love Boston more. I may be wrong to draw comparisons. I ought to be thankful that we have so many cosmopolitan people that feel moved to wander and locate further and further from early associations—and thus peoples grow and new "hubs" dot this wide domain, all in time the whole of it—ocean to ocean—shall blossom with civilization.

The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, said the Galilean. How true it is, in this age of material hope and desire for better worldly conditions, that we are indebted for this centrifugal expansion that planted Cleveland and Toledo and Chicago and Clinton and Boone and Omaha, and is now blossoming out North Platte and Julesburg, which are long will make this thriving spot, Omaha, a centre and not a frontier aggregation.

Now is it not a pleasant thought that though the object is mean and worldly, we are building wiser than we know? The attraction of a little more money, sacrifice of home for a little less competition, is the force that prompts. The world asks for room. The cities are overflowing. No one emigrates except to better his condition; he do not go to civilize the world. But the Infinite, who aims for human good, turns all to wise ends—and thus Rome is built, and God is praised.

In this city of mud, how activity prevails! What a growing place! Behold the budding out of another St. Louis! By-and-by the city streets will be paved, and the boots worn by humanity polished also. Then will come also the fops and dandies, whose fathers will have stood the mud and the privation for the almighty dollar. These sons, lawfully receiving the money, will forget how dirt looked, and die "snobs." Ever thus the world moves, and over in the end is God praised.

Let me apply a little philosophy to this progress. I have referred to this widening out, pro-

pelled by human selfishness, but ever ultimately in human good. It will commend itself to all who are spiritual in their intellectual organizations. I pretend to be, and am growing more and more so the longer I live; and I do like to contemplate the unseen workings of all human movements. The coral, ever fruitful, producing its kind, sees nothing beyond; but in time continents appear, and God's wisdom is manifest! So human coral, struggling for their bones, more in the same direction, and the thoughtful see beyond the daily act the continent of humanity taking higher and larger forms and better conditions.

Spiritualists, who have the *rational* of life's logic more than any other body of people, can look with satisfaction upon the ups and downs of life, and feel sure that everything is working for good, and that the end will be right. Believing that as my happiness is increased by my spiritual convictions, so I believe human happiness will be increased as men become more spiritual. It is with pleasure that I hear of the large estimate that some have named of the number of our order in this country. Feeling that to be a rather high statement, I still am glad we are numbered by millions—there can be no doubt of that number, though I cannot endorse the Judge's eleven millions, as it would not leave enough outside to make a respectable minority.

But it is a singular fact that I did not find a train of cars in my journey from Boston that did not contain something human that was spiritualistic. Sometimes my discoveries were quite accidental. For instance, a woman got into the train in the western part of the old Bay State. She had with her a gray-headed "guide man" and some other company. They began to talk and eat almost as soon as they were seated. They were Trinitarians, I perceived, by the sermons they were eulogizing as having been preached the Sunday before, (this being Monday); and then the plum cake and cold chicken, tea in bottles, to wash it down, was indicative more of Evangelism than Spiritualism. Like a dog who looked hungry, I suppose, they offered me a bone. I was tempted to keep my ethics in abeyance for the sake of the inner man, "making friends," you know, "of the mammon of unrighteousness," but I learned, almost too late, that she had a hope, though she was Orthodox, (not by the way strong enough to hurt her much). I found she had been to circles and with mediums, and owned up she "hoped" it was true, for it was such a beautiful belief. I regretted exceedingly I had not "spilled over" sooner, for the half-hour or so that my light broke into her sky was a pleasant half-hour to both of us; and the chickens and the cake and the tea took a turn in my stomach. I had eaten wiser than I know.

I do not propose to give you the minutiae of a railroad journey, but mention this incident to show that the thought works unseen, and many a pair who may be, as Emerson would say, but one couple more, still may be members of the elect. And this spiritual belief is very wide-spread; more in the heart than outside. No, I do not mean exactly that, but numbers instinctively feel and believe in the presence of angels, who for some reasons enjoy it and try to weave it into their ordinary religious belief, driving two horses that are not matched. But order will come out of chaos, things will stratify in the solution of time, and in the transition from new to old, matters are a little mixed, but the beautiful and the true and the natural and the elevating, will, in the long run, win; and narrowness, superstition and authority give place to reason, naturalism, and no authority, except the man's soul and a perennial inspiration. Omaha, Nebraska, Sept. 19, 1867. J. W.

The Work in the West.

As I have been to you—long silent, perhaps a few words upon matters of general interest will not be unacceptable to you and your numerous readers.

Coming recently into this section of the country, having located in this beautiful city, I found an apathy and inertness among Spiritualists and reformers, so common in various localities throughout this land of activity, progressive thought and universal restlessness, in all other departments of human possibilities. How strange that in this infinitely greatest interest of all considerations to humanity, so much laxity and so little earnestness of purpose is apparent on every hand. And how painfully strange that with so large a portion of those cognizant of the beautiful fact of spirit intercommunion between mundane and spiritual realms of existence, so little practical results are worked and lived out in external every-day life. With this only positive demonstration of continued existence and progress as individualized beings, teaching, as it does, that the considerations of this world's interests are as but ciphers in the endless line of numerals which would compute human interests, powers and possibilities, compared to those which are based upon the eternal rock of truthfulness and fidelity to justice, charity, love and freedom to do right, as conceived and understood by the inmost perceptions of each soul.

How strange! I again exclaim, that so little effort is manifested in the practical work of bringing up the action and status of humanity in the social and religious, the business and political spheres of life to that level and plane where stands the magnificent TEMPLE OF EQUAL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES; OF DIVINE AND ETERNAL JUSTICE. But, thanks to all the instrumentalities that have tended to that result, the stagnant waters have been stirred, and are now running off the sediment and debris which has collected along its dormant channels, and a clearer heaven, yea, a clearer atmosphere is already tangible to the refined senses of the denizens of the elevated realms of spiritualized thought and divinely quickened being.

From this city and vicinity has been wafted to the senses of those male representatives (?) of the "citizens" of this State, who compose that body known as the "Constitutional Convention of Michigan," an earnest prayer, signed by numerous "citizens" of both sexes, asking that woman shall be justly recognized in the revised organic law of the State, and that impartial suffrage shall be established. One true woman—Mrs. Hunt, of this city—alone, obtained upward of five hundred names to said petition.

At Deerfield, thirteen miles east from this city, a Progressive Lyceum has been successfully established. The little society of Spiritualists there held two days' meeting some time since, which was well attended and was a grand success. A. A. Wheelock has been with us, dealing heavy blows at bigotry and error. With his efforts we have been enabled to erect the framework of an association, with articles and by-laws which, while they secure system and order, do not bind to creed or dogma.

We now hope to attract those elements which will enrobe and adorn, both exteriorly and interiorly, this noble edifice, with those practical uses and beautiful charms that will wield a mighty influence of attraction and good upon humanity around us. We can only do this, however, by the most unselfish devotion, angelically inspired zeal and unflinching perseverance. Let us see to

it, friends, that it does not fall; for we have but to will and do as becomes brave men and women, and success will be the bright star of our onward march to good and usefulness.

Bro. Wheelock spoke at Palmira, six miles from here, and made a lasting impression, as evidenced by the fact that the few friends of the cause there raised sufficient means to engage him to speak four evenings, and hold a grove meeting on the following Sunday.

With him I visited our neighboring city of Toledo, remaining over Sunday. Bro. W. addressed good audiences in the forenoon and evening. We flatter ourselves that a good work was accomplished in arousing the dormant energies of Spiritualists there. And, as evidence that Bro. W. was appreciated, I have but to state that he was engaged to occupy the desk there for a longer period. This good brother is an earnest, ardent worker in the cause, a good and efficient speaker and a noble man. Let him not be idle or suffer for want of material support commensurate with his zeal, ability and usefulness.

Adrian, Mich., 1867. Dr. J. K. BAILEY.

Mr. Rouse, the Blind Medium.

Having completed my pioneer labors in Minnesota, I thought fit to write a record of my impressions. At Lake City, Minn., we sojourned for a week breaking the bread of life to hungry souls. Earnest workers going West will find Lake City a good point. Call on A. Dwell, Durling May and June, I lectured for the Spiritualists in Rochester, Minn. They have an organization there with a few earnest workers. Lecturers visiting the State and desiring to stop at Rochester, should correspond with Sanford Niles. During July and August I performed a pioneer work, visiting Greenwood Prairie, Eyota and St. Charles. There is a good field of labor in Minnesota, but our beautiful philosophy has gained a foothold in few places. In the Eastern and Middle States, there are thousands of Spiritualists, men of vast means who might, if they would but take hold of the work, establish some plan of missionary labor by which the harmonious gospel might be carried to every hearthstone in the land. Friends and brothers, awake to the necessity of prompt and energetic action while it is called for to-day!

On the first Sunday in this month I commence my labors here. My engagement closes the last Sunday in the month.

I have not heretofore trespassed much on the columns of our journals or the time of their readers, but I would say here that I am devoting my time, talent and energies to the great work of inaugurating the reign of peace and harmony on earth, and I shall be happy to respond to calls from any part of the United States, but more especially do I desire to make engagements in Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Central and Southern Indiana. I may be addressed, box 281, Beaver Dam, Wis.

I have noticed in the BANNER, a letter from Dr. Mayhew, in which he proposes to establish at Washington City, D. C., a Central Spiritual Bureau, the objects of which he states clearly. I hope that speakers, mediums and Spiritualists generally, will hasten to supply the Dr. with the required information, as the interests of our common cause will be subserved thereby. The signs of the times are encouraging, and if Spiritualists everywhere will cultivate a spirit of unity and work with and for each other, the cause of truth, freedom and brotherhood will be irresistible in its onward march. With unshaken trust in the ultimate triumph of right, I am your fellow-laborer. J. T. ROUSE.

New Boston, Ill., Sept. 11th, 1867.

Mazo Manie, Wis.

I wish to say a word or two as regards our Society in this place. We organized last January, and number about forty members. We rented a hall, and meet every Sunday for discussion, lectures, &c., and next Sunday we intend to organize a Lyceum. Our prospects are cheering, and I trust the Lyceum will crown all our efforts. Mrs. Warner, of Berlin, Wis., lectured for us last winter, at two different times—five lectures each. Never before have such a number of people collected to hear a public speaker. G. Rice, of Breadhead, Wis., was the first missionary out here. He came a stranger amongst a strange people, and depending entirely upon his own efforts and the beautiful subject he presented to us; and to him we attribute all our success as a Society, and proudly do I tender him my own thanks. He now lies on a bed of suffering, but I trust he will be spared many years to carry the good tidings, as he did here.

We have a magnetic doctor, W. Tambling, amongst us, and I am happy to say he has been most successful in the treatment of long standing diseases. JANE SENIER, Treasurer.

The Cause in Portland—A Word to Progressive Lyceums.

The Spiritualists of Portland, Me., have recently reorganized and set in running order their Children's Lyceum, and it is to be hoped that it will prove this time a permanent and most useful institution there. At the time of the great fire, the Society sustained a heavy loss in the burning of their entire Lyceum equipments and valuable library, and I take the liberty (unsolicted) of suggesting to the various Lyceums throughout the country (as also to individuals who may feel so prompted) the propriety of remembering this Lyceum in its present efforts at reestablishing itself. Donations of books (or that which can purchase them) would certainly be very acceptable, and no doubt gratefully received and acknowledged. They could be sent to Mrs. A. W. Smith, 30 Salem street, who is, I believe, Librarian. Those who feel an interest in this heaven-originated educational movement, which seems yet to bless unborn millions, and to remove the shackles of superstitious fear from a world of mortals, cannot find a better opportunity than the present to testify of their interest and to illustrate the golden rule. J. M. ALLEN.

IRON.—In England, the quantity of iron now annually employed, in various ways, in the production of iron alone, is greater than the whole yearly supply was sixty years ago. Not a hundred years ago, an English dealer in iron was called "iron mad" on account of his "extravagant notions" of the use of iron. He predicted that the time would come when men would live in iron houses, and sail in iron ships. To day, the largest buildings, as well as the longest bridges and the largest ships, are made of iron; and we ride over iron roads, in iron carriages, drawn by iron horses. The first iron boat ever launched in salt water was a pleasure boat, built at Liverpool in 1815.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern) says she prescribes her health in this wise: "I don't eat pastry, nor candy, nor ice cream. I don't drink tea—bah! I walk, not ride. I own about books—pretty ones, too. I have a water-proof, and no dissonance. I go to bed at ten and get up at six. I dash out in the rain because it feels good on my face. I don't care for clothes; but I will be well; and after I am buried I warn you don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up."

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

Muscle Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The first of the course of twenty-eight lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, was given in Muscle Hall, in this city, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 6th, by Judge Edmonds, of New York, to a very large audience. It is noticeable that quite a change has taken place in the public mind within a few years on this important subject. On the above occasion, the largest hall in the city was filled almost to overflowing with the most intelligent people of our city, and in point of respectability, not inferior to any other congregation assembled for public worship on that day. All the daily papers had reporters present, who gave an impartial report of Judge Edmonds's address, without adding one word of slur or ridicule. This is only worthy of mention to show that intelligent minds from among all the religious denominations are anxious to become better acquainted with the truths of the spiritual philosophy. This fact was made evident, too, by the close attention each one gave to what the speaker was saying.

These meetings are under the sole management and direction of Mr. Lyander S. Richards, backed by a number of wealthy Spiritualists, who have chosen L. B. Wilson to act as treasurer. The ablest available talent in our ranks has been secured for this series of lectures, and we are pleased to notice that the entire course bids fair to be a complete success.

Saturday afternoon Judge Edmonds telegraphed that the storm was too severe for him—old and infirm as he was—to undertake the journey to Boston. But as the storm abated toward evening, and not wishing to disappoint an audience, he took the night train and arrived here Sunday morning, considerably fatigued, of course. In the meantime, Miss Lizzie Doten had kindly consented to speak in the case Judge did not arrive. She was present, however, and gratified the audience by reading her noble poem, entitled "Face the Sunshine," first given by her, under inspiration, in Philadelphia, two years since.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the occasion, was the appearance on the platform of the Children of the Mercantile Hall Lyceum, to the number of nearly one hundred, accompanied by their teachers. They marched through the streets with their flags and badges—creating a novel sensation for Boston, as it was the first appearance of the Lyceum in our streets—and, filling into the hall, took their places on the platform with as much regularity and decorum as grown people manifest. The children were particularly pleased with Prof. W. E. Thayer's performance on the great organ for half an hour previous to the lecture. Surrounded by these little buds of future promise, Judge Edmonds appeared as happy as though he had indeed found heaven upon earth. It was at his special request that they were allowed to occupy the platform, as he said, to give him inspiration.

Thomas Gates Foster, the well known inspirational speaker, follows Judge Edmonds, and speaks the next two Sundays. We need not urge any one to listen to Mr. Foster's eloquent discourses, for all will do so for him.

It may be well here to suggest that tickets be procured during the week, if not too inconvenient, in order to prevent such a continuous crowd around the ticket-office and consequent delay in getting into the hall, as was the case at the opening lecture. Hereafter the season ticket holders will have their tickets numbered for seats, thus securing them a position in front of the platform. Single and season tickets can always be procured at this office, at 158 Washington street, and at H. F. Fuller's, 245 Washington street.

Judge Edmonds spoke without notes, and our reporter has made the following synopsis of his remarks. He commenced by saying—

It is now some fifteen years since I first addressed an audience in this city on the subject of Spiritualism. Then, I remember, when I rose to speak there broke from the audience one of those shouts of applause that we meet with so frequently at lectures and political meetings. It gratified my feelings, in view of the solemnity of the occasion, and I arrested the outburst. I know not then the instinct that taught me to say, as I raised my hand to hush the outburst, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence."

Fifteen years have passed since then. The cause that was then despised and disreputable, has spread through the world, and stands to-day triumphant. Now, fifteen years afterward, I can realize that indeed God was in his holy temple, and can trace his footsteps from that hour to this in the emancipation and elevation of mankind. To-day I come once again to your city. It is doubtless the last time you will ever hear my voice. The allotted period of man's life, three score years and ten, is close upon me, and I am reminded, by many considerations, that the tasks I am now performing must soon cease with me. Henceforth there is little for me to do on the earth, and in saying that, and in coming here to speak to you, I can but realize in the profoundest depths of my heart that God is in his holy temple.

In coming here at the opening of a new association, I may say these things to you with propriety. In speaking to you of that which this association is formed to further, I will not need to trouble you with any discussion of the manifestations, the outward symbols of spirit intercourse. For twenty years these manifestations have been tested by multitudes of people in all classes and conditions with the utmost faith and the utmost incredulity. They have borne the test triumphantly, and the witnesses to their truth are numbered by millions. I will not occupy your time here in discussing them. I take it for granted that there is such a thing as communion between us and those who have gone down to the grave. It seems to me most appropriate to speak to you of the effect of that phenomenon in our midst, the effect already produced, the object for which it has come, and the effect it is hereafter to produce.

The number of believers in this country has been variously estimated. My own idea was that they numbered from five to six or seven millions. But there has lately been a convocation of religious biologists in this country, who have made their estimate between ten and eleven millions. Heworth Dixon estimates the number at three millions, and in a late review of his work in an English periodical, I see the statement that they cannot number so many as ten millions. But the number ten thousand or ten thousand, the fact that there are vast numbers of people who believe, thousands and tens of thousands who are no longer afraid to investigate or to acknowledge their belief, is enough. It shows that the idea has gone forth among our people, and has spread with a celerity unparalleled in the history of mankind. And it is not alone in this country that the spread has been so great. In all parts of the world we hear of it. It is stated, on good authority, that there is scarcely a city or town in Europe where

Spiritualists are not numbered by hundreds or thousands. The manifestations have been given in every known language. In Africa, in Asia, in New Zealand, and in Australia. I may therefore safely repeat my remark in regard to the world at large, as in regard to this country. I saw that this doctrine has been unequalled in the history of mankind. What then is the object of all this, and what is to be its effect?

I have examined and watched closely the whole movement since 1851. With all the acuteness that man's profession or my nature would enable me to bring to bear upon it, I have watched its progress; have studied its teachings and have marked its operations. I answer the question in this sense: From the bottom of my soul I believe it is the introduction of a new religion among mankind. It is no matter of mere philosophy, nor of mere idle curiosity. It is something altogether new. It is God in his holy temple giving to man a new religion. Think a moment of the considerations I have presented to you, and judge for yourselves whether that is fancy in me, or whether there is foundation for it. In order to do that, it will be necessary for you to cast your mind back upon the history of the world and see how God has dealt with his people.

Mark you! that which distinguishes man from the other part of the animate creation is not his reason. The brute reasons. There is something in man which is not to be found in nature else upon God's footstool. That is the spirit of devotion. Man is a creature of God. This spirit of devotion is the attribute and badge of our humanity. Go back to the early time. Men once worshipped stocks and stones, the fire, the thunder, the lightning and the storm. The reason why their worship was on so low a plane was because they themselves were there. No higher religion could be welcome to them; none higher could be comprehended. From that they passed to the worship of Pagan deities—Jupiter, Juno, Venus and Mars, acknowledging the existence of unseen intelligences. The next step was to the worship of one God.

Zoroaster came and proclaimed the great doctrine of one God and of attendant spirits upon man, indicating the necessity of prayer, obedience, industry, charity and truthfulness. Confucius, in Asia, proclaimed the same doctrine of one God, and taught the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." For a thousand years after came Moses, proclaiming the doctrine of one God, but not of man's immortality. Two thousand years after came Jesus, teaching the doctrine of one God and of man's immortality.

Another teacher in Asia, Mahomet, proclaimed the doctrine of one God, of man's immortality, and of attendant spirits. This was the great advance of the race from barbarism to a new religion has come into the world, of a higher character, requiring more expanded minds to receive it. And now, when nearly two thousand years have passed, comes another revelation, and the object of it is the great question now presented to the human mind. It comes to reveal to us who we are, and of our existence beyond the grave, and from what other source could we receive it? Not from Nature. Humanity has tried to draw the inference for thousands of years, and failed. Not from reason, for the rampant infidelity raging over the world tells us what reason alone could do. You will find that this great truth lies at the foundation of all the religions of the world. Whatever the contradictions and inconsistencies in their communications to us, in regard to the state of existence after death, there is the marvelous consistency of truth, and truth from its highest source.

Take not my word for this. Investigate for yourselves, and decide whether I speak the truth. If I do, then see how vast is the movement in which we are concerned; and there is more than that to show us that this has a divine origin. In this whole movement one of the most remarkable features of it all is the plan and system upon which it has been conducted from the beginning. In reference to myself I have been in the habit for years of spending my summers in the country, during which time communication was for the most part suspended. And never once has that time passed but what, before I returned in September, the spirits have come and told me what was their plan of operation for the coming year, and I have never been told otherwise than truly.

When the rebellion broke out, they said that spirit intercourse would be partially suspended during the war, to be afterward renewed with increased power.

The cause of Christianity has been its sectarianism. Spiritualism was to be spread everywhere broadcast among the people, and among none had it had greater influence than among the great infidel class who had turned their backs upon Christianity; yet not there alone. Church after church throughout the land has found it among the communicants at the table, among the occupants of the pews, and even in the desk.

The spirits said also, "We will have no man-worship in this new religion. There shall be no concentration. The mediums of our manifestations shall be so diversified in position and character that no man shall think of worshipping them as sons and daughters of God. No man-worship shall stand between the creature and the creator. And who among us has ever thought of worshipping any of our mediums? You may give them your love and your regard; you may hasten to their company; but no person has ever dreamed of worshipping any of them."

Not only does this revelation come to unfold to us what is the fact, the truth, in regard to our future home, but it comes to teach us how to use this life as a preparation for the next. It teaches that we are forever surrounded by spirits in the spirit-world, affecting our actions and thoughts. And if so, what is the effect upon our earthly life? One consideration has ever struck me as of great force, perhaps the more because it has been my fate to sit in judgment on those who are tried for committing crimes. The object of human law is to prevent the commission of crime. Now the strongest inducement to possibly imagine to avoid offence, grows out of the reality of spirit communion. You know that you are surrounded by intelligences to whom every thought of your mind is known. They may be your wife, your child, your dearest relative. Put the question to your own hearts, and tell me whether anything that man can do will prevent so great a check upon sinful or vicious thoughts? What man would think of filching his neighbor's purse, or of running riot in the gratification of his lowest passions, when he knows that the wife of his bosom, the mother of his childhood, the daughter who has gone down to the grave, will know it, and suffer for it?

You will find in regard to what are called merely temporal matters, this spirit influence is around you, disclosing to you what is going on in other parts of the world. Everywhere it is lifting out of the isolation of ignorance and vice the whole human race.

The speaker gave several instances in which he had seen and related events that were occurring at the time in various parts of the country, and also in Europe, the entire accuracy of which was subsequently verified.

Another great truth now revealed to us is this: that man when he dies is not suddenly changed into a condition from which he never afterward changes. It teaches that man is a creature of progress from his birth till his death, and his death is but one step in that progress, that is to go on, how long God only knows—a creature of progress in the three great elements which signify his immortality: his knowledge, purity and love. And there is no stop to that progression. There may be impediments and obstacles. It may be arrested for a time, but ultimate progression is man's destiny, and from it he cannot escape. He can retard it by his sins, accelerate it by his virtues, but his ultimate destiny is beyond his control. And this idea of progression is of vast moment to man. He must work out his own salvation for himself. No man can atone for his sin; I alone am answerable. Again, we are taught by the theology of a great judgment day, at which the whole universe is to be assembled. This revelation shows what is the significance of the words that never die, infinitely more terrible than any assembled multitude of millions upon millions; the presenting to each man's view all the sins of his life at a single glance; the instrumentality of memory—which memory is the truth that never dies. Surely there could be no judgment before an assembled multitude that could compare with the words which disappear that would follow that one single glance over the life of a worldly man for three score years and ten.

There is one other question to be asked: "What is to be the effect of this revelation upon us? What has been the effect heretofore? What has Spiritualism done for the world? One thing, it

has abolished slavery in the United States. Yes, that has been done through Spiritualism. Thirteen years ago I went on a lecturing tour, in the course of which I saw and conversed with the chief Spiritualists of the country. I saw that no man could be a true Spiritualist who would not lay his hand upon that curse of slavery as surely as it came within his reach. I then made this prediction: Slavery is doomed; slavery will be abolished, and Spiritualism will do it. Thirteen years have passed, and that prediction is verified; and it is through the agency of Spiritualism that this foulest of stains has been wiped from the face of our nation. With regard to individual progress it is not so easy to speak. One can hardly do more than to ask you, each one of you, to look round among your neighbors and into your own individual life, and say if Spiritualism has not made you wiser and happier.

Spiritualism can explain to you what is man's soul, and how it is connected with the body, how much of that which constitutes the man passes with the soul to the other world, how much is left with the body. It can explain to us those things we have been taught were miracles. That which appears a miracle is only the operation of some law unknown to us. So of prophecies. I could mention many and many an instance where prophecies have been made and afterward found to be true. Spirits can prophesy better than we, simply because, knowing causes better, they are more capable of foreseeing effects.

One more restriction as worthy of a moment's consideration. My brother, who died a few years ago, was during his life much troubled at the idea of my periling my position in society and my reputation—of which he was a great defender. I was by the acceptance of so abstract a theory as Spiritualism. He was shocked at my folly. But some time before he died he said to me, "John, I know why your Spiritualism takes so with the people. It is so natural. It makes religion so comfortable." That comprehends the great truth to which I wish to call your attention. Spiritualism does make religion comfortable, happy, pleasant and attractive; and just in proportion as it effects that object does it draw us near to that God from whose beneficence we derive it.

Greater Liberty.

Not only have we, of the liberal party in religion, been persistently calling out for more margin in ecclesiastical forms and observances, but we find now, much to our joy and satisfaction, that the same demand is being made, in a quite audible manner, within the church itself. We cite, for example, the address on behalf of the American Episcopal Bishops and clergy, before the Pan-Anglican Synod, at Lambeth, Eng., by Bishop Clarke, of Rhode Island:

"And now (said the Bishop) my brethren of the Church of England, permit me to say to you that if the Church of England is to do its work effectively, it too, must submit the matter heartily to its worship and work. You are dealing with living people, an enlightened people, and the Church must be a living Church, adapted to the spirit of the age. Our Lord left us no set of doctrines—doctrines die out with institutions—but our Lord's life, the Gospel, remains the same—yesterday, today, and forever. You, as well as we, must adapt the Gospel to the necessities of the times, and illustrate it by our own godly lives."

"A living people"—an "enlightened people"—"the spirit of the age"—"no set of doctrines"—"doctrines die out with institutions"—what phrases are not these, falling from the lips of an American Bishop in the presence of the ecclesiastical magnates of the wealthy and powerful Church of England? Verily, verily, we may say, and believe as we say it, that a power has gone out through the earth, before which nothing is able to stand. That is what Bishop Clarke styles "the spirit of the age." It is a living power—not a dead or dying one. It cares nothing for doctrines, but everything for the living truth. We rejoice that our lives have fallen upon times when we are permitted to behold the sight of Bishops themselves demanding that their church shall be liberalized.

This ferment which has long been going on in thought, is but an indication of the larger views of truth which were to follow. It never could be wholly useless, and we never believed it would come to naught. There can be no stir without a cause for it. When, only a few years ago, there arose such a hubbub in the English Church over the "Essays and Reviews," which really laid the axe at the root of the tree of ecclesiastical superstition and monastic traditions, we felt confident of a result such as we see the certain dawnings of to-day. The old idols of faith were to be stricken down, and a real, living image was at length to be set up in the heart.

In this urgent appeal of the American Bishop to his English brethren, we see the clear tendency of things; the great results we must be content to wait for, if indeed they make their appearance in our day at all. That tendency is to liberal ideas and liberalism altogether. When "the necessities of the times" are talked of, it means only that the sense and reason of the age shall be respected, and allowed fair play, instead of continuing in that hampered condition which has made cripples instead of whole men of the human race. No civilization even—to say nothing of religion—is anywhere near perfect, or tending in that unimpaired direction, which forbids the common reason to be freely exercised, and restricts human faith with human proclamations.

Mercantile Hall Meetings and Lyceum.

We witnessed the exercises of the Children's Lyceum, in the above hall, Sunday forenoon, Oct. 6th, and were highly gratified. Not many Lyceums can boast of a better class of children, or—considering the short time it has been organized—much more proficiency. Additions are being made to it every Sunday. Friends, this is an institution that needs your fostering care; it is the basis on which the hope and future welfare of the race rests. Funds are needed—and most of us can give something—to improve and continue this good work. Don't let this Lyceum dwindle for the want of a few paltry dollars.

Judge Edmonds came into the hall during the exercises, and before leaving briefly addressed the children, warmly expressing his sincere gratitude for the pleasure it had given him to be with them. It made him feel young again, and put new life into his limbs. He closed by cordially inviting them all to surround him on the platform in Music Hall, while he was delivering his address. In the course of the Judge's remarks he said Andrew Jackson Davis deserved more thanks than he had yet received, for having inaugurated a system destined to work such wonderful changes for the benefit of humanity.

In the evening the hall was filled to listen to the discourse of Henry O. Wright, and all were highly pleased with his words of wisdom. Rev. E. C. Towne follows Mr. Wright, and speaks next Sunday.

Contagious.

We are glad to perceive that the successful experiment of sending out missionary laborers, inaugurated by the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, is being tried in many other States. By a notice in another column it will be seen that Michigan is moving in like manner, with fine prospects of success. The Association has certainly started right, by putting such men as Col. D. M. Fox and L. B. Brown at its head. Friends in Michigan, put your hands in your pockets and help on the good work. A little from each will produce mighty results.

The Walden Pond Picnic.

The last of the season, came off agreeably with the public announcement, Wednesday the 9th inst., under the management of Dr. Gardner. At the hour appointed, a goodly number of those who appreciate a day's recreation in the woods assembled at the depot and took the cars for this favored spot. The gathering was considerably augmented by the arrival of the second train, though the company was not so large on the whole as was to be expected. Indeed no fairer day all that could be desired, indeed no fairer day ever dawned. It was one of those rich and radiant Indian Summer days which flood wood and field with golden beauty, and which has made New England justly famous the wide-world over. An hour's ramble after the arrival of the second train—dinner being served in the meantime—the bugle call brought the company around the speakers' stand. Dr. Gardner, officiating as chairman, invited all those accustomed to speak to take seats upon the platform. He abstained from calling names, knowing that speakers and mediums were peculiarly sensitive, and as he might unintentionally omit some, he preferred not to mention any particular one.

Mr. Bacon suggested that the friends gather nearer to the speakers' stand for mutual aid, and in virtue of a law which all Spiritualists recognized. After some preliminary remarks, he spoke with especial reference to the public recognitions of our plonies and gatherings generally, by the so-called respectable daily papers; claiming it was but simple justice and common fairness, to receive such treatment and mention, when noticed at all, that any other respectable body of men and women receive.

Instead of this, a correspondent of the Boston Traveller, present at our last picnic, and who was also in attendance at this, took occasion to caricature and ridicule the personal appearance and the apparel of those who participated in our platform exercises. Mr. B. properly characterized this as it deserved. In conclusion, he read from the same paper, containing this abusive attack on the correspondent's account, of spirits interference in answer to an old man's prayer.

Dr. Gardner followed in a similar strain—relating an instance which showed the ingrained bigotry of the proprietors of the Traveller. Mr. Bickford said he did not much care for the criticism of the papers; he felt independent of it; said we had much to learn; there was cause for rejoicing. He congratulated them on getting together once more, and at this beautiful season of the year.

Miss Barbara Allen simply wished to acknowledge herself as a public medium, knowing as she did the source of her frequent control.

Lizzie Doten said, by way of introduction, that making a speech for the sake of a speech was the very poorest satisfaction in the world. She wished that Spiritualism was the forerunner of a new religion, in the sense as was affirmed by Judge Edmonds in his late discourse at Music Hall. The proper condition, in order to commune with the disembodied spirits, was first to fully know how to commune with spirits in the flesh. Commenting upon the definition of eloquence as given by Mr. Emerson lately, she made some most beautiful, pertinent and eloquent remarks, which no brief synopsis can do justice to.

Chauncey Barnes, the wandering missionary, as plitely called by Dr. Gardner, took the stand, and said his say, as he remarked, without interruption or once being called to order—a fact which was almost unparalleled in his history. He thought this was a sign that the world was moving.

A. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, being interested in every progressive movement pertaining to the social, moral and religious elevation of the race, made, in his quiet, conversational, Emersonian way, not a few fine distinctions and criticisms about speech, thought, matter, soul, spirit, and the relative age of the body and the soul. We had a double duty to perform. There was need of more feeling and more correct thinking to interpret this feeling—a need of harmony existing between head and heart. Spiritualism will not have done its full duty or run its whole career until it has exhausted all the great questions which vitally belong to human thought.

A. E. Carpenter, on being introduced as the State Agent of the Massachusetts Spiritual Association, made an earnest, practical and eloquent appeal in behalf of its claims, which was to carry the immortal beauties and truths of our heaven-born philosophy and religion to those places where the people had no public opportunity to hear and know of the Gospel of Spiritualism. His appeal was heartily seconded by well-timed remarks from Dr. Gardner.

A. E. Giles, Esq., spoke of the beauty of the day, the autumnal glory of the year, the place rendered classic by the life and genius of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Parker and others.

Mr. Alcott related several anecdotes of Thoreau, and Miss Doten closed these pleasant exercises by reciting with fine effect one of her most beautiful poems.

The Indian Commission.

General Sherman has been called to Washington, but the Commission will proceed to have their second talk with the Indian chiefs without him. They were to hold a second interview sometime during the present month, when the chiefs engaged to have a final answer ready for General Sherman's proposal, which was the moving of them to certain reserved lands above the Pacific Railroad, and where their supplies from the Government could reach them without any difficulty. We shall be curious to note the decision of the red men, and how they will proceed to come at it, with their views of the sort of treatment they have received at the hands of agents and traders. Considering that General Sherman is not to be there, the Indians may very likely feel relieved to express their minds more freely than at the previous interview. His address was "rough on them." In places, and his whole tone had fully as much of the spirit of extermination in it as anything else. And to men, whether red or white, who feel that they have been going through a course of wrongs, such syllables are not apt to be very soothing or satisfactory. We hope the result of the approaching interview will be altogether for peace and permanent justice.

Lyceum Inaugurated in Newburyport.

On Sunday, Oct. 6th, A. E. Carpenter, the State Agent of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists, lectured in Newburyport, and also inaugurated a Children's Lyceum. A lively interest is manifested there on the subject of Spiritualism and the Lyceum.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

Dr. Newton, the healer, will remain in Syracuse, N. Y., until Oct. 20th. Then he goes to Utica, where he will remain till Nov. 14th. From thence he will go to Newport and New Orleans.

The Questions and Answers on our sixth page are worthy of careful perusal.

War in Italy.

Garibaldi set out to assail the States of Rome, having organized a force for that purpose, and was arrested by Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and required to give his parole that he would not pursue his hostile plan any further. But he refused to comply with the request, and was next sent to the island of Caprera, from which he made his escape, was re-arrested, and conveyed back again, where he is now held under a strict guard. Caprera is his home, as every reader knows. But the suppression of his personal freedom appears to have had no effect upon his original movement, as planned; or rather, it has had the very decided effect to stimulate the spirit of revolution from one end of Italy to the other. Garibaldi in duance seems to have more influence than Alibaldi left free. The various cities of Italy, outside those of the Papal dominions, have been holding enthusiastic meetings for the unification of the whole peninsula by the absorption of Rome and the States of which it is the capital. Some of the most distinguished men of the kingdom have lent their presence to these meetings, and made exciting speeches in favor of the purpose for which they are called.

In September, 1864, a treaty was formed between Victor Emmanuel, of the one part, and Louis Napoleon, of the other part, agreeing that the French troops should be withdrawn from Rome by a given day, and the Pope be left to himself—to stand or fall as he might, provided the King of Italy engaged to see that no interference should be allowed by the Italians in the affairs of the Roman States. It is in obedience to the requirements of that treaty that Victor Emmanuel has ordered and executed the arrest and confinement of Garibaldi. He could apparently do no less. But when it came to a call on the King by the Papal Government for troops, to aid in suppressing the rising in Viterbo, the King absolutely refused to lend any aid of the kind. This he is at liberty to do without infracting the conditions of the treaty, since all he pledged himself to do in that was merely to keep his own hands off the Papal dominions. He means by such a refusal, of course, to reserve to his own benefit every right and privilege in the premises to which he is entitled. He cannot be expected, in reason, to prevent any number of his own people from crossing the border in such manner and at such times as they choose, provided only they do not undertake invasion in an organized form. If there is anything to all this, it implies simply that the King will look on and let the Pope help himself against his own subjects if he can. But every one conversant with the matter understands that there is no help for the Pontiff against his own subjects, if they once become fairly alive with the revolutionary spirit.

It is rumored that Napoleon will, in the last resort, interfere on the Pope's behalf, practically setting aside the treaty to which he was a party. It is likewise stated that Italy has made an appeal to Prussia for aid and comfort in the exigency, and that the latter has responded favorably. In such a case, therefore, it requires no flight of imagination to foresee a general war in the end as the legitimate result of French interference and Italian opposition. This would only be the difference between France and Prussia, long brewing, developed in another fashion. Instead of the treaty of Prague, or the other two causes of difference, being allowed to precipitate war, the *cassus belli* would be Rome—the Rome which Napoleon is resolved to keep for the Church alone, but which the people of Italy are determined to make the capital of the then unified kingdom. The temporal power of Papacy is gradually passing away.

Speculation in Breadstuffs.

We find the following paragraph in the Leavenworth (Kansas) Conservative. It speaks for itself.

"A heavy attempt is being made by Eastern speculators to bull the grain and flour market. 'Short crop' is the cry, and papers in the interest of speculators are reiterating it with a lustiness that will doubtless have the desired effect."

We do not fully know whether this attempt of speculators to run up the price of grain and flour for the purpose of swindling the poor out of their hard earnings the coming winter, should be denominated "capital" rascality, or rascality of capital. But this we fully know: that purely selfish capitalists, with bank facilities always at command to almost an unlimited extent, go into the market every fall and buy up and store nearly all the staple necessities of life, by which they run up the price to a certain figure, and then exact from the poor buyer sometimes double the real value of the article needed, thus realizing oftentimes immense fortunes by this procedure. It is, we repeat, no more nor less than (indirectly, to be sure,) the worst description of robbery under cover of law, and, besides, the cause of immense suffering among many of the very class that produces the wealth of the nation—the working men.

Death of Elias Howe, Jr.

Elias Howe, Jr., the sewing machine inventor, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 4th. He was a native of Spencer, Mass., where he was born in 1819. Two months ago he returned from Europe in a very low state of health, and in a short time after his physicians gave him up as hopeless, and when all supposed he was dying, a clairvoyant and magnetic healing medium was sent for, who immediately proceeded to treat the patient, and so far restored him to health that he was enabled the next day to start on a journey to Connecticut and Massachusetts. He continued to grow better until he returned to New York and went down to Coney Island, where he took a severe cold which carried him off in a few days.

It is estimated that the sewing machine yields a value of labor of four hundred millions of dollars per annum. Since the death of Fulton, no American inventor has ever conferred upon the world fruits of genius which are so universally enjoyed by all classes. Howe's name will be recorded among those who have made the world their debtor. He leaves a large fortune, accumulated from the manufacture of his machines, the original patent of which expired a few weeks ago.

THE LYCEUM BANNER, of Oct. 1st, opens to our view a bunch of beautiful flowers, but the word-picture, "A Visit Among the Flowers," by Lizzie Moore, is the most attractive. The children will appreciate it. Its brevity is its only objection. Dr. H. T. Child, M. D., has a paper in this number on "Human Physiology." "The Wonderful Word," by Hudson Tuttle, is a good but brief story. There is much other interesting matter upon its pages. The last page contains a piece of music (with words) entitled, "The Spirit's Greeting," by Emily B. Tallmadge. The Lyceum Banner is doing a good work, and we hope it will not lack for ample support. The worthy women engaged in this work are a guaranty of its moral status, hence parents need have no fear of presenting it to their children. By giving the proprietor your aid at this time, you may be the means of placing her in a condition to enlarge and beautify the children's semi-monthly.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was written by a spirit who has been in communication with the spirits of the dead.

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

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

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

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

Invocation.

Oh God, our Father and our Mother, though we have ascended the Mount of Transfiguration, and have talked with Moses and Elias, still the burden of our prayer is "Nearer, my God—nearer to Thee." Nearer to that holy standard of justice, truth and love which every soul rears for itself, and unto which every soul strives to worship. Oh Lord, when we behold nations plunging into the whirlpool of war with each other, then it is that we would write for them this inscription, "Nearer, oh God—nearer to Thee." For we know that every nation rears for itself a high and holy standard and endeavors to worship thereunto. But it is its ignorance, its weakness, that causes it to fall and stumble in the way, therefore we have pity; therefore it is that we pray earnestly for nationalities. And, oh Lord, when we enter social life, and find there thy children warring with each other, and find there from many a lip words of slander, hatred and ill-will, then it is for them, oh Lord, that we pray earnestly that they may come nearer to thee—nearer to that beautiful, divine standard of truth, nearer to that holy standard of love that all life perpetually rears for itself. Our Father, our Mother, we bow down at the foot of every cross and ask for strength to bear it up the steep of Calvary; and even if we are called upon to ascend the cross and become crucified again and again for truth's sake, we are ready to say "Amen—even so let it be." We thank thee, oh Divine Father of every event in life, that thou hast allowed that we should return to mortal life taking upon our spirits the crosses of human life and bearing them up human Calvaries. We thank thee that we are permitted to again deal with human conditions; that we are permitted to again assist in liberating souls from the bondage of superstition, of error and of bigotry. We thank thee that out of all the confusion that surrounded our souls in the past we are now enabled to behold the divine harmony in the present. We thank thee, oh Lord, our God, for the cold words of bigotry and superstition that fell from the lips of our brother teachers in mortal life against ourselves—praying that our mouth might be closed; praying that thou mightest put a hook around us to draw us into the hell of annihilation—oh Lord, even for those dark experiences we most devoutly thank thee, for now we can perceive that it is by that darkness thou hast been able to give birth unto the ray of sunlight that now cheers us on our way. Father and Mother, Spirit all holy and perfect, thou hast no need that we pray, but we have need to pray. Therefore it is that we have prayer always with us; therefore it is that we ought ever to be found near unto prayer, for then we shall be near unto duty and unto a recognition of all those deeds of holiness that go to make up the heaven of the soul. Father and Mother, upon thine altar we lay our gifts. They are humble, but they are not unworthy. Nay, for thou hast blessed them, else they would not have been. Therefore we have hope that in the future they will become stars to guide us up the steep of eternity, stars to bless us, stars, oh Lord, to crown us in that kingdom of peace and joy to which every soul aspires. Amen. Sept. 9.

Questions and Answers.

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

Ques.—Will the intelligence give his opinion of the following text?

"And Jesus when he was baptised went up straightway out of the water, and lo! the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon him, and lo! a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

Ans.—There can be but one rational opinion concerning that text, it seems to us. It is a well-known fact, or it is generally believed by those who claim to have a knowledge of the manifestations of spirits disembodied, that Jesus was a medium for such manifestations; that his entire life was but a series of spirit manifestations. He seemed to stand with one foot upon the spirit shores and the other here, and there was a perfect distribution of spiritual power through his organization. The record tells us that the heavens were opened, and he saw the spirit of God, like a dove, descending upon him, and he heard a voice, saying, "This is my beloved son." Well, why not? The spirit of God performs like so-called miracles even to-day, and has performed them in every age, for in every age there have been ears attuned to spirit voices; there have been eyes that could perceive spirit forms; there have been those, in their physical senses, who could take cognizance of the conditions of spirit-life. Now as Jesus possessed a highly developed physical and spiritual organization, or, in other words, as he was perfectly rounded in spiritual and in physical form, so then he would be well able to receive perfect manifestations from the world of mind. We believe it to be but a spirit manifestation precisely similar to the manifestations that have occurred in every age, and that are occurring on a very large scale in this age.

Q.—Could the ways and dealings of God with man be equal unless we alternately lived in the spirit-world and then in this—say about every two hundred years? A great writer says, "There were just as many spirits in the days of Adam as there are now, or ever will be." Please give me your opinion.

A.—That seems to be a very vague and singular question, therefore in all probability our answer will be equally vague and singular. I believe that God is identical with all life, and never can be separated from life. For if it were possible to separate God from anything, any state, any condition, either of mind or matter, then it would

be possible to destroy that condition or thing—to annihilate it. Not to change it, for a change of form does not destroy the life, by any means. But if you could separate God from anything, or any place, you could entirely blot it out from existence. You may say that the rose is blotted out from existence when it is faded and all its component parts are crumbled to dust, or cast into the atmosphere. This is not so; the rose is living still. It possesses its own distinct life just as perfectly after it has faded as before. So with everything—all things are changing their form, changing their manifestations, but never losing their life. So, then, God is everywhere; as much with you to-day as he will be two hundred years in the future, as much as he was two hundred years ago. God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The forms are perpetually changing, but the life remains forever constant. Well, then, God is just the same to-day as he was in the days of Adam. All spirit means God. All form means God's expression. There is just as much spirit to-day as there was then, and vice versa.

Q.—Was the idea of the Emancipation Proclamation original with Abraham Lincoln, or was it suggested by some other persons?

A.—Absolutely there is nothing original. Abraham Lincoln was, to a very great extent, acted upon by outside spirit influences, and he knew that he was thus acted upon. He knew that it was the will of God, and the will of the spirit-world, that the black man should be made free, and he took the Presidential duties upon him with the express intention of performing this duty, should God open the way. And he prayed earnestly and faithfully that God might open the way, and he ever promised that if the way was opened he would perform the work—and how well he did it is not for me to say. His works he has left behind him. You may judge of them.

Q.—What became of the Ark of the Covenant, together with the written law of Moses, at the first destruction of the temple of Solomon?

A.—There are a variety of opinions concerning this. Some say it was destroyed by a certain class of priests or rabbis; some determine that it was caught up into heaven, being first spiritualized and etherialized to facilitate its ascent. There is another class who believe that it was destroyed by the Gentiles. This is to me the most rational belief.

Q.—Will you be kind enough to tell me if there is any hope of reformation of one of our family who has for the last six years become a drunkard?

A.—This is a personal inquiry, and demands a personal investigation, and the question should have been put in a little different form. And it would have been better to have addressed it to some person who was familiar with the family, who could come in rapport with them, and then the question could have been better answered.

Q.—Will the controlling intelligence please to tell us why spirits do not give their whole names when asked so to do while communicating through test mediums? They will give their first name, but seldom give the surname, when if the whole name were given it would give much better satisfaction to skeptical people.

A.—All spirit is obliged to use the medium of matter in communicating upon the plane of matter. You use the body which you call your own. It is your medium, and by long assimilation you have become thoroughly used to its control. You know how to use it. It has become in the external part of your spirit, because all the manifestations of your spirit have been to a certain extent done with the medium, the body; therefore through this medium you can more perfectly manifest as a spirit, than through any other. By-and-by death comes. It cuts the cord that bound you to the medium, the body. The golden bowl is broken, the cord is destroyed, or cut asunder, but the fountain of life remains. Now, then, if the fountain would manifest again upon the earthly plane, it must seek out a medium; and your own good sense will tell you that unless the medium could be used for many times by the spirit, and they become perfectly assimilated with it, the manifestations must be more or less imperfect. If the spirit can but manifest imperfectly through the medium that Nature has furnished it—your own bodies, namely—then surely you should not expect perfect manifestations through a medium that is simply taken up for the occasion. Spirits labor under a great many more disadvantages in returning to manifest here after death, than you have any idea of. When they return they are suddenly ushered back again to the world they have been taken from, and a thousand—perhaps ten thousand times ten thousand—things, thoughts, forms, conditions, press upon them, and their medium is imperfect, consequently they find their work very hard, and they struggle, oh how earnestly and laboriously sometimes, to give even one word. Names are hard to give; first, for this reason: When the sinner comes into rapport with the medium and the spirit who has a desire to possess the medium and to manifest through it; the first, most intense, and most positive thought of the sinner is the name of the party that is to control. It is perfectly natural that this should be first; that it should occupy the most prominent seat in the realm of thought, but its naturalness does not prevent it from being the greatest barrier to the giving of the name that could possibly be interposed. If it were possible for the sinner to render his mind entirely passive to what might come, the manifestations would be far more reliable, and names would come much easier. Why is it that there is scarcely any difficulty in giving names at this place? Now ask yourself the question as I have asked it. Is it not because you do not know who is coming? Because you have no expectation of what name is to be given? Surely it is. If you expected Edward Everett to speak to you on a certain occasion, all your minds would be possessed with the name of Edward Everett, and it would be almost impossible for him to give the name. He might identify himself in a thousand other ways, but to give the name would be hard. All persons who are in the habit of visiting mediums, should remember there is a great law governing all spirit manifestations. It governs you in the control of your own body. That is your medium while you are here. The great law holds good after you have left that body. If you desire to return through some other body, there is the law meeting you face to face. You cannot infringe upon it, cannot put it under your feet. It is there greater than you are, and you must obey it. And the nearer you come to an understanding of the law governing spirit manifestations, the better will be the manifestations, and the more perfect and satisfactory. But the further you are from an understanding of the law, the more vague will be the manifestations, and the more unsatisfactory. Therefore become students, every one of you. Enter the school of spiritual science, and there study day after day, year after year, if need be, till you shall be able to grapple with the law understandingly. Even then you cannot control it, but you will know how to take advantage of it, or, in other words, to act in harmony with it. The law is constantly by you. You cannot separate yourself from it, not in any one thought or act. Therefore, whether living here, or living as

your speaker lives after death, it matters not; the law is clear, and obey it you must. And if the law says it is hard to give a name that is registered upon the mind of the sinner, then the law must be obeyed. There is no going around it nor through it. You must bow down before it.

Q.—Will the controlling spirit at the Banner of Light Circle please explain to me why it is that I very often behold objects, places and things I never beheld before, when my eyes are closed, especially on retiring to rest for the night. At times I can at will see landscapes, houses—with their various shapes and locations—roads with their windings and turnings, various objects about a door-yard, etc., all of which come before me like a moving panorama. At other times these things appear to me of a sudden, when no thought had been taken of them, and all which appear very life-like and natural. Often I will see persons, men and women, that I never saw before; notice their clothing, expressions, etc. Often see machinery, pictures, and ten thousand other things. Now, is this anything more or less than what is commonly called imagination? Sometimes these visions are annoying to me; at other times very pleasant. It would be quite a satisfaction to me to see an explanation of these things.

A.—Absolutely there is no such thing as imagination. Everything that exists at all has a cause for existing. It is absolute. It has been born of something, not of nothing. Something that is simply imagination is born of nothing. This cannot be. I presume that your correspondent is to a certain extent spiritually unfolded in the perceptive faculties, or, in other words, his spirit sees these things without the aid of the usual medium—the eye. We have always told you that the spirit sees by perceiving, not by seeing as you see through the eye; it perceives. To you, who see differently, this is vague, cloudy, foggy, indistinct; but to those who have come under that condition, it is clear, perfect, real and distinct. The spirit, as a spirit, is able to recognize forms and conditions better—upon a larger scale—through perception than through physical sight. It can gather a larger amount of area. It can be here and see, and a thousand miles away and see. It can behold the doings of the bed-chamber, and the doings of the palace in a far-off land. It can behold scenes in the spirit-world and scenes here upon earth, for the soul in the absolute is perfect, and at all times clairvoyant.

Q.—By one of the audience: I understood you to say that the rose, after its component parts had mingled with the earth, or the atmosphere, still continued to exist. Was that the correct idea? Is that rose a spiritual rose?

A.—Yes, it is a spiritual rose.

Q.—How long does it continue to exist?

A.—Its life exists forever, but it changes its form perpetually. The rose, and every other form objective, is constantly changing. Though you cannot perceive the change that is going on, still it is changing. By-and-by there comes a radical change. The rose fades. It is dead, you say. But is it really dead? No; it is living, blooming in the atmosphere still. Its life remains. It is a spiritual rose, precisely as it was a material rose—for every material form has its internal spiritual form, that corresponds to its external. Your atmosphere, such as the rose blooms in here, is the soil that the rose grows in here. Your atmosphere is as dense to the spirit—the freed spirit—as the soil is to you. And it is in that that the rose takes on the other condition of life, and becomes a rose in the spirit-land. Oh, this study is so grand, so beautiful, that when we once enter upon it we are never ready to leave it.

Q.—I can understand that the substance of the rose still continues to exist as a rose. But if this spiritual rose continues to exist, how long, and what causes the dissolution of that spiritual rose?

A.—The length of time that is required to perfect or bring about a radical change, is determined by the necessary conditions of the rose, or the conditions of the rose as allied to spirit-life. Under some conditions roses fade or change their forms very quickly; under others they remain without a change a much longer time. So it is with regard to the form of the rose in the spirit-land. There are favorable and unfavorable conditions. Here if you cut the rose from the parent stalk it soon withers; there it only changes its form if you cut it from the parent stalk. Life rises by slow and distinct degrees; form changes also by slow and distinct degrees. There is no vacuum in Nature. There may seem to be, but really there is no great stretch between the death of the rose here, and the life of the rose in the spirit-land. Life is all connected. There is no separation, though a constant change is going on through a vast variety of form through which life is manifest. Still there is no break. There is perfect harmony, notwithstanding there seems at times very great discord.

Q.—Is there a spiritual rose separated from the spirit stalk, at the same time the material rose is separated from the parent stalk?

A.—No, not necessarily; no more than a spirit limb is separated from the parent trunk simply because the external limb has been separated. Those who have lost their physical limbs, will tell you that they can tell by analogy precisely how the external limb has been disposed of. This they are able to do by virtue of the magnetic connection between the two. The spirit limb remains intact, while the material one has been severed. But the spiritual one can be severed just as the material one can be. There are quite as many amputations in the spirit-land as on earth. Jesus said, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee," and he meant something more than that which was allied to the mere form external. If any member of thy spiritual body offend thee, cut it off. And if you have need of a rose—a spiritual rose—to bestow as a gift upon your earthly friends, cut it from the spirit stalk and convey it to your friends here, if you are able to do so.

Q.—Does the spiritual rose exist before the material rose is clothed upon it?

A.—No, not as a rose in form. It grows up from the material soil. It is a rose and the spirit of a rose, but its form is first perfected here.

Sept. 9.

Mrs. Magilton, a Medium.

My name was Magilton, and I was a medium in Philadelphia. The cause of my death is too well known for me to speak of it. There is no need of that. I am here to defend the poor boy who murdered me. And not only to defend him, but to defend the spirit-world against certain charges that have been made—which charges are those: that if he was influenced and controlled by disembodied spirits, it was the disembodied spirits who committed the murder. It was neither George nor the disembodied spirits, neither one—but simply the abnormal condition that existed between the spirit-world and himself.

I had been in the habit of opposing his wild fancies, for I thought it was best that I should, and indeed I was instructed by my spirit guides so to do. But whenever I did oppose him, then he would, for the time, become furious and almost

unmanageable. But if I, or the spirits through me, could throw him into the magnetic sleep, then all that would cease; he would become very quiet, and I could lead him out of his wild fancies. To illustrate, let me tell you: One day he came to me, I think about two months—it might be a little more or less—before my death, and he says, "The spirits tell me that I must cross the water; that I must go to England; that they have a very great work for me to do there, and that I shall be unfolded perfectly there, and see when I get there what they want me to do. And now I am going. I am going to raise money to go, and they tell me I shall get it, and I am going to set right about it now." Said I, "George, you will do no such thing. I do not think the spirits want you to do it. I do not think you are able to go, or fit to go, anyway." "But I will go. I will go. I feel as if I could murder you for opposing me."

I had a terrible struggle to overcome that wild fancy, and bring him under control, but I succeeded in doing it. When in the magnetic sleep he was perfectly manageable, and when he came out was perfectly calm. He says, "Well, I do not know but you are right, and I had better wait." And this was only one of many times that I turned him from some wild course. And he always said the spirits told him to do it. And he thought so, but it was only a wild freak of the abnormal condition. This condition was induced by physical ailments, and those physical ailments had been upon him for years, but I was strongly in hopes of overcoming them, of his passing beyond that stage and becoming sole master of his own body, and then if it was right that the spirit-world should use him here, they could use him perfectly; but as it was, all control was more or less imperfect; and from this Spiritualists should all learn a lesson. The lesson is this: To place the most perfect conditions around your mediums that are possible. Render them as harmonious as possible, and avoid all disease—organic disease. Functional disease, they tell us, has very little to do with spirit manifestations, but organic disease sometimes interferes terribly with it, and under such conditions you should constantly be on the alert. Weigh and measure everything that is given through that organization.

Poor George! he was poor here. He had many crosses to bear, and I can in all sincerity and honesty acquit him of the crime of murder. He was no more accountable for that act, and should no more have been held accountable for it, than for his natural birth. I pity him. And I have the same pity and love for him now that I had when here.

I saw he had good medium powers, if the body could only be made what was necessary to perfect control. So, by the advice of my spirit guides, I did all I could to cure him of his terrible trouble, and to assist those spirits who from time to time aided me to control him legitimately and harmoniously. When these wild freaks came upon him, it was neither himself nor the spirits; so do not charge my murder upon them or him. Charge it upon the abnormal condition that attended him and upon natural laws.

When Gov. Geary shall come to the spirit-world and learn what a great mistake he has made, then the mantle of a terrible remorse will be thrown over him, and he will find it not a very comely garment for his spirit; but it will so cleanse that spirit from bigotry, that he will be enabled to rise through it.

I was sorry to hear him say, as he did to one of George's friends who called to plead for his life, that he would make him an example against all Spiritualism. So then it was Spiritualism that he executed, or tried to, and not George. And as God is greater than he, the very example that he intended to turn against Spiritualism, God will make use of to show up Spiritualism in a clearer and more perfect light. The very act that was perpetrated through his bigotry, God will turn to good account for his holy child, Spiritualism. And Gov. Geary and a thousand other governors cannot change his purpose or thwart his laws. He is the same—our good teacher, Parker, tells us—the same yesterday, to-day and forever. And although you may commit a legal murder to annihilate Spiritualism, every day in the year, still Spiritualism will live and thrive, for it is of God. And by-and-by these very bigots will come and sit under its branches and acknowledge its perfectness and worth. They must see how they are destined to go beyond the little boundary of earth. They are destined to live as I am living, notwithstanding poor George pounded me so mercilessly.

Say I send much love to all I have left; and I am now—in the capacity of medium here—serving God in that line just as I did on earth, and I am satisfied to serve in that way. The poor representations of certain spiritual forms that I endeavored to trace when in earth-life, were but the beginning of the glorious reality that shall be mine, I know, in this life. Sept. 9.

John Hollingford.

It is thirty-four years this very day since I died. And the locality was Liverpool, England, St. Marks street. There was then some trouble attending my mortal affairs, and it was said that all was not right with reference to my death. And even now a stain rests upon those who remain. And since I have learned I can come back, I thought it best to do what I am able to toward washing out the stain and making the wrong right.

The name of John Hollingford is a very common one, but there was but one of that name in myself, and the disposition of what belonged to me when here was made by myself, and were I here again I would not change it. And all attempts to change or to bring some expectant thing to light for the purpose of making a change will be futile. I gave what I had to those who had need of it. There was not a very large amount then, but it is quite considerable now. I gave to those whose pockets were empty, and I had a right to do so. I withheld from those whose pockets were full, and I had a right to do so. Now it seems that those whose pockets were then full have become empty, and so they seek to bring about a change whereby they shall be enabled to fill them. So they say I was dealt foully with, and at this late day strive to bring up something out of nothing for the sake of drawing to themselves what does not belong to them, and what, in my opinion, they can never gain.

I visit you here because there is one member of my family—who are about attempting a course which I think will fall—who is a believer in these things, and he has wished, if they were wrong, it might be possible for me to return. And I know that he would wish that I should return privately, but I could not do it. I have tried in many ways, but all have failed; so I have come here. And now I say that I am satisfied, and wish no change made. There are many reasons why I wish none made. They are not to suppose that I shall lend my influence toward making any, but the contrary. I would be pleased to give perfect and thorough evidence of my life, of my personality, my identity, to those who are near to me. But they have something to do in the matter. They

must furnish the medium, and, if I can, I will come and do so. But for want of better conditions I have made free to use what is offered here, and I am most thankful for them, though I would rather have made my communication in private. Still I am satisfied with it as it is. Sept. 9.

Harry L. Simpson.

I died six years ago in Brooklyn, New York. My father's name was Samuel Simpson, and my name was Harry L. Simpson. I learned a great many of these things before I came here, and as my father was killed in battle, and my mother is left, I felt quite sure she would be glad I should come back and tell her how we are. My mother has since then gone to her friends in the West—in Illinois. Father wants her to know we have known all—how much she has suffered, and how badly she has been treated by those who should have been very kind to her. My father was killed before Richmond, and he is very sorry he did not leave things in a more settled way, so that mother would know what to do; so that she would not have been swindled out of everything that was hers. But he can't help it now, but will do all he can toward making her comfortable while she stays here—and I shall, too. I was in my eleventh year. I can't help feeling just a little sad on coming here, because I would like to meet my mother, and I thought I should, so I am a little disappointed. I misunderstood those who assisted me to come here. I understood them to say I would meet my mother, instead of that I would reach her by coming. I'd like her to know that I met my sister, and that she is a beautiful spirit here. She was a baby—don't remember anything about the earth—has no recollection of the earth at all, she says. Mother must not feel bad about that, because she has been taught to love her very dearly, and will be just as glad, when her time comes to meet her, as I shall. Still she don't remember her here. She thinks it very strange that people can like to live on the earth, and are so loath to die. But it is because she don't know anything about the attractions of earth, and how hard it is to die. She don't remember anything about dying. But I do.

My father says when my mother learns to get used to these things, and gets over the first shock of wonder that will be produced by our coming, he shall try to do something tangible for her—try to help her by influencing her—by impressing her. I am going now, sir. Good-day. Sept. 9.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Oh Lord, thou art our Father, and we are all thy children. Thou hast gathered us together from all parts of thy Universe, and thy holy benediction rests upon every soul; and the voice of this inspiration every soul has heard, and every soul has responded, each according to the abilities with which thou hast blessed them. We hear thee saying, "It is well—they are all my children."

Oh Lord, thy servants who still linger in the confines of the flesh and still worship at changing and decaying shrines, they, and they alone, are in doubt. And for faith for those here, oh Lord, we most fervently pray. Gather them into thy bosom of holy trust; bathe their brows with thy living waters of truth; quicken their spirits with fire from thine own holy altar, and purge thou all souls in mortal form that most dreadful pestilence called fear. Oh! make thy children everywhere learn to love thee without fear. Make them receive thy baptism that casteth out all fear, and giveth the soul to know it is thine, and thine eternally. Father, God of nations and of souls, Perfect Love, around which every soul, like a satellite, revolves! thy voice we will ever follow. Thy love we will ever seek to understand. Thy greatness we will ever rest upon; to-day and forever we will praise thee; and in the deep places of our souls—there we will hope that wells of living water shall gush forth, that the nations may drink and be satisfied, that thou art God to-day and forever. Amen. Sept. 10.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—We often see through personating mediums the death scene, as we call it, so faithfully enacted, that it seems but a repetition of the same thing. Now, what I wish to know is this: How is it so faithfully reproduced? Is the departing spirit conscious all the time enough to remember so definitely all those motions of the physical? I have always thought there was a time when most, if not all, were unconscious—at the time of change, or immediately after. Is it so?

Ans.—The soul never for one instant loses its consciousness—that which belongs to it as an immortal soul. But it is sometimes shut out from the experiences of human life, by the circumstances that surround itself and attend human life. Therefore it is that it is sometimes unconscious to external circumstances, but never in the absolute unconscious of its own soul realities. These repetitions of scenes, called scenes of death, are easily produced, because they make a very vivid and very clear impression upon the mind of every spirit. Though in the external there is no consciousness, in the internal the spirit is conscious and active, and the recording angel never fails to take down the most minute circumstances. Everything is faithfully transcribed, and therefore can be, under proper circumstances, reproduced. These mediums are mirrors that seem to be hung between the two states of being, and if the surface is clear, the reflection will be correspondingly clear; but if it is spotted, the reflection will be correspondingly deformed.

Q.—From one of the audience: I would ask what is the recording angel?

A.—It is sometimes called memory. That name or term may answer as well as any other. You have often been told that the attribute of memory was eternal—that whatever condition the soul passed through, that condition it retained by virtue of the power of memory, and under certain circumstances it was able to call it up again into active life. The circumstances through which every soul is called to pass, become the external characteristics of that soul, and no one thing, even the most minute, is ever lost.

Q.—What is the view of the intelligence of the new secret society which is proposed to be formed?

A.—All societies, as such, hold within themselves both the elements of good and of what we term evil, or the greater and lesser good; and as we believe that good will finally triumph over all evil, or the greater good will finally prevail, so that good which is in all these different societies will finally bring harmony and peace and a better state of things out of the confusion that may in the inaugural be present. It is believed by a certain class of intelligences on earth, and in the spirit-land, that all so-called secret societies have a tendency to diffuse a spirit of distrust over the people of the earth. But this is simply an opinion of those who entertain it, and in no wise belongs elsewhere. The majority, however, I believe,

