

# BANNER LIGHT.



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### CHARITY.

#### FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light, by Lois Walsbrook.

##### CHAPTER I.

###### A Woman of Principle.

Twenty years ago Cleveland was not so large a place as now.

"Why, aunt, who do not know that?"  
"Go away, Finkle; do not you know that you should not be looking over aunt's shoulder when she's writing?"

"But you said that you were going to write a story for the Banner of Light, and people want to learn something when they read that. Who do not know that a city like Cleveland would grow some in twenty years? Why, the little village of Brownsville has had fifteen new houses put up this summer. Let me see: fifteen times twenty, or twenty times fifteen, as my teacher would say—twenty times fifteen is—three, three hundred; who do not know that? and three hundred houses would make any place larger."

"True, darling; what you say is true. People do expect to learn something when they read the Banner; but sometimes we talk of what is known the better to introduce what is not known."

"I do not see the use of that, aunt."

"Perhaps not; but you will sometime; so be a good girl, and do not interrupt me again, please."

"May I go and stay with Lucy Carter this afternoon? It is so lonesome here when I can't talk to you, aunt?"

"Yes, go, and stay till five o'clock, if you wish."

"Thank you, thank you; you are the very best aunt, as Tim Smith would say. So good afternoon; but be sure and write a good Banner story."

There, I have provided for a moment's quiet, and now I will make another effort. Hope the fates will keep callers away. Let me see: what was I saying?

Twenty years ago Cleveland was not so large as now. True; but it was large enough to contain the rich and the poor, the oppressor and the oppressed, the virtuous and the vicious, the time-server and those who would sacrifice all for the RIGHT.

One of this latter class had just finished a day of toil, and was preparing for the evening walk that, when circumstances permitted, she always took at the close of a day's confinement to the long rows of figures in the merchant's ledger, for even then—twenty years ago—this woman was fearless enough to fill what was called a man's position, and through the favor of one who knew her worth, and what she had sacrificed for principle, she held the place and received the wages of an accountant in a store.

Ten years before, Marion Tracy, then but eighteen years of age, and the petted child of wealth, became the bride of Lorrain Reid, head clerk in her father's store. Her parents opposed their union; he was poor, and what was worse, had imbibed the "pernicious doctrines" of the Garrisonian school. In short, he was an abolitionist; he believed the black man had rights as well as the white man; that slavery was not a divine institution. This heresy so incensed Mr. Tracy, that but for the efficiency of young Reid, he would have dismissed him from his employ at once.

The daughter, however, did not feel as did the father. Marion listened to the eloquent words of her lover, as he painted the wrongs of the black man, till her soul became fired with the desire to do something toward breaking their chains, and when, in opposition to her father's wishes, yes, commands, she married the "young fanatic," as he was called, and was banished from the paternal roof, she went forth courageously, believing that the right would triumph.

The young couple found a home in the south part of the State, went to work hopefully, cheerfully. In due time two lovely children, two bright-eyed girls, were born unto them. But the black man still groined in chains, or fled at night through the land of boasting, toward the land of freedom, and Mr. Reid's home became an underground railroad depot, and himself one of the principal conductors, till, at length, he so exposed his health, in making extra exertions to save a company of fugitives from the human blood-hounds that were close on their track, that he sickened and died. Their property was not wholly clear from incumbrance, and the vampire of the law swooped down upon it, used it in litigation, and the widow and the fatherless were left destitute.

"I guess Mrs. Reid had had enough of abolitionism by this time," said those who hated, while forced to admire her intrepid spirit. "Guess she'll have enough to do to take care of herself and children, without minding other people's business now."

"Before I'd expose my life to save a lot of niggers!"

But Marion, while these cruel remarks were being made, was watching over the sick bed of her youngest darling, for her cup of grief was not yet full; or may we not rather say that the husband, whose heart was so knit to hers, still willed to share her burdens by calling one little one to himself? So at least it seemed to the stricken mother, for when, with outstretched arms and a glad smile little Nellie called, "Papa, papa!" and ceased to breathe, Marion murmured, "It is right that papa should have one with him; he can care for these darling, better than I can." So she wiped her tears, buried her dead from sight, and people said that she had no feeling for anybody but a "nigger."

But Marion failed not when they looked for her to fall. Their shaft fell harmless at her feet, as

she gathered herself anew for the conflict, and those who called her unfeeling because she wept not her strength away, and unwomanly because she sat not down in helpless dependence, knew not what they said, knew not the soul of her whom they maligned.

But it was not of Marion Reid's trials and victories that I sat down to write; she is not the heroine of my story; but even in her case we may see the lack of "Charity," that charity without which the great Apostle to the Gentiles said he was nothing; we can see even in her case how prone we are to misjudge the motives of others. I say we; for who among us is guiltless in this respect?

"Mrs. Reid," said Mr. Whitney, her employer, as Marion prepared to leave the store one evening, some three months after she came to the Forest City and found employment therein sufficiently remunerative to support herself and child comfortably—"Mrs. Reid, do you walk to-night?"

"I think I shall. It bids fair to be a beautiful sunset—just clouds enough to make old Sol look grand as he dips into Lake Erie."

"Could you not forego your sunset view and make a call?"

"Where?"

"There is a family living in one of Simpson's houses, a mother and three daughters, that I would like to know something about, but I cannot visit them."

"Why not?"

"Because I am a man, and the charitable ones have got it into their heads that they are not what they should be."

Marion looked at the merchant with a curious smile.

"No, it is not that, Mrs. Reid. I am not a coward; but it injures them; the eldest daughter is very, very beautiful, and having imbibed the idea that she is not virtuous, people seem to think that she is irresistible, and the larger the number they imagine she brings into her toils, the greater the indignation against her; therefore for me to seek the acquaintance of the family would only be to their disadvantage; but if the observation and experience of my life so far—and I count myself a close observer—if my past experience is worth anything, those women—they count the mother in with the daughter—are innocent."

"You spoke of three daughters."

"True; but the second one is only fourteen, a cripple, and they say, sweet and pure as an angel, while the other is but a child yet."

"If the mother and eldest daughter are what you believe them, why are they so talked about, and why do they think the second one any better than the other?"

"That is what I wish to find out. No one seems to know anything of them positively, only that the lame one—she cannot walk without a crutch—goes frequently to church, while the others do not, and they say that her very look is heavenly, and that she cannot be long for this world, and the church of which she is a member say they pray God to take her home to himself, that she may thus escape the contaminations of her surroundings."

"She belongs to the church then?"

"Yes, she was gathered in during the recent revival."

"Are you alone in your opinion of these people?"

"No; I have heard several gentlemen express the same, but the verdict of the female portion of the community seems unanimously against them."

"And so you, a man, knowing how much a woman's character is worth, and how easily tarnished, would advise me, a woman, to seek out these people and form their acquaintance?"

"Fie! fie! Mrs. Reid; you know there are some characters that fire cannot scorch, nor water drown. You are one of those that could walk in the midst of pitch and not defile your garments. You surely are not afraid to take the step I propose?"

"No, not afraid. If a sister woman is suffering injustice, I have sacrificed too much for the right to be afraid; but it seems to me that those gentlemen you speak of, in connection with yourself, might do more for them than one woman, single-handed, can."

"I tell you we can do nothing; the son of one of my old friends, William Holden, became acquainted with this girl, believed in her innocence, and thinking to vindicate her, took her to a party, and when she entered the ball room every lady left it, and William has been sent away by his father, ostensibly because his business needed some one interested therein to take charge of it in New York, but really that he might be beyond her fascinations. William told me, with tears in his eyes, the day after taking her to the ball, that he did not believe there was a purer girl in the city than Helen Merrill."

"The name is Merrill, then?"

"That is the name of the two eldest daughters, but the woman's name is Taylor; she has been twice married, I understand."

"You seem to know something about them, after all."

"Nothing more than I have told you, further than that they lived awhile in another part of the city, in a house belonging to a noted libertine, but a wealthy man, and as near as I can learn, most of the stories have originated with him."

"And you really believe them innocent?"

"Do you think I would ask you to call there if I did not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Yes, why not? If I possess the power you attribute to me, might I not possibly be a benefit to them, even if guilty? Might I not, by showing that all hearts are not shut against them, lead them back to the path of virtue? Surely the mother and sister of such an one as you have described the lame one to be cannot be wholly depraved. If they are innocent, they deserve friends,

and if guilty, need them, and I shall most certainly make their acquaintance."

"But how will you manage it? Judging from their appearance, I should not think them very approachable; and the proud reserve they manifest is one thing that leads me to believe them innocent."

"That's just like the men; set a woman to do what they dare not undertake themselves, and then when she accepts the challenge begin to suggest difficulties."

"Well, well, don't laugh at me, and I will leave the case wholly in your hands."

"Not till you have told me where to find them."

"Oh, I forgot that. They live in the pretty white cottage on C—street, No. —. I think it is; you will know it by its standing back from the road all alone, and by the elm in front."

"What! that little bird's nest? I have often noticed it. Just the place for innocence to nestle in. I should as soon think of associating heaven and hell, as guilt with that place; but how came Simpson to build such a residence for a tenant house? It does not seem a bit like him."

"He did not. It belonged to a poor widow who was unfortunate enough to become indebted to him, and report says that he took it from her unfairly. The poor woman grieved so at having to give up her home that she did not live long afterward, and report further says that since her death she has haunted the house. It is certain that those who went there did not stay long, till at length no one would live there. Simpson had been able to find a tenant for nearly a year, before these people came; and he has tried in vain to sell it; so, if he did come by it unjustly, it seems to be doing him but little good."

"Glad of it. I wish every one who obtains property unjustly might get as little good of it."

"But you do not believe in the superstitious notion of haunted houses, Mrs. Reid?"

"Why not? God has more ways than one to make the wickedness of the wicked return on their own heads. But if I am to form the acquaintance of these people, I must commence at once. You have interested me in them, and I shall now pursue the investigation for my own sake. I shall walk in that direction, find some excuse for calling, and trust me if I don't get at the bottom of this matter."

"Trust a woman for anything she undertakes."

"A truce to all such compliments, and good-night. I must work as well as talk."

"Good-night; and God grant you success," murmured the merchant, as he looked after her retreating form, then turned again to his desk.

The next morning Marion was at her place as usual.

"Well, what success?" said Mr. Whitney, as soon as he found opportunity to approach her on the subject of the previous day's conversation, unheard by others.

"Good," was the reply.

"You called, then?"

"Did I not tell you I should?"

"I know you did; but saying and doing are so often two things, that I thought—"

"That I was a woman of words and not of deeds."

"Not that, but feared that you might procrastinate; you know we are apt to put off disagreeable things."

"This was not disagreeable to me in the least. You aroused my interest in those people; I thought it a pity and a shame that in a city like this, where there are so many professed Christians, that there should be none to defend them if innocent, or to care for their souls if guilty. Circumstances opened the way for my calling there, without any effort on my part, and not only that, but gave me access to their hearts, and I mean to make the best of the opportunity thus afforded me. It seemed as if the hand of Providence was in it."

"How? In what?"

"Why, the little girl, the half-sister that you spoke of, had been sent by her mother to some place of an errand. The child, a sweet girl of seven years, had by some means become bewildered, and could not find her way back. She was crying when I first saw her, and upon inquiry, she told me that she was Mrs. Taylor's girl, and lived in C—street, in the little house with a big tree by the gate, but that she could not find it. I remembered the name and the description of the place that you gave me, and concluded this to be the child of the woman I was seeking, and so it proved; so you see that when we wish to do good the angels open the way."

"It would seem so; I wish, Mrs. Reid, I could feel as you do. Your trusting faith is beautiful; but I find nothing to build a like one upon. The world, and even the Church, is so full of suspicion—there is so much injustice and so little charity, that I feel sometimes as if there was no God, no heaven; indeed, not anything worth trusting in or living for."

"Is there not goodness, justice and charity also?"

"I suppose there is, though I find so little of it. But what do you think of those people?"

"I have not made up my mind yet. I am an investigating committee at present, and will report when I have obtained sufficient evidence for such a proceeding."

"And I, meanwhile, must wait?"

"Certainly."

"Well, as I cannot help myself, I shall abide by your decision."

##### CHAPTER II.

###### The Tract Distributors.

One Sunday morning in December, 1835, the following notice was read from the desk occupied by the Rev. Mr. Schoolcraft:

"The members of this church are requested to meet in the vestry on Tuesday evening next, in order to devise some means by which religious reading may be circulated through every portion of the city."

"And now, friends," continued the reverend gentleman, still holding the notice in his hand, "and now, friends, may, more than friends, brothers in the cause of Christ, and sisters beloved, I beseech you that there be a full attendance. Think of the importance of the work to be performed—nothing less than to furnish religious reading to this great and growing city. While the enemy of souls is going about seeking whom he may devour—while his emissaries are actively engaged in leading souls astray—while the theatre draws its victims—while the gambler watches for his prey—while yellow-covered novels, filled with corruption, find their way into the hands of our young people—while the rum-seller sends his customer staggering home to his innocent wife and babes—and while the wiles of her whose 'steps take hold' on hell are constantly leading our young men into the path of destruction—while these, all these things are being done under our very eyes, what are we doing to stem the tide of corruption? Nothing, comparatively nothing. To be sure, we pray, and profess our faith in the saving efficacy of the precious blood of Christ; but what are prayers and faith without works? And of what avail will our professions be, if we do not practice? I tell you, friends, that there is something more at stake in this thing than merely the interests of others; momentous as these may be, they are not all, for our own eternal safety is involved therein. Not that I would teach reliance upon works; far be it from me; I know that salvation comes through faith in Christ; but, friends, it must be a living faith. We must have the spirit that was in Christ, the love divine that constrained us to labor for others. And beside, look at the exceeding great reward. 'He that converteth a soul from the error of his ways, shall multiply a multitude of sins.' Poor miserable sinners that we all are, who is there that does not need such a covering? What are a few paltry dollars, and a little time spent in this cause, if even one soul can be saved? I propose, brethren, to take up a collection for this purpose just now, while the subject is fresh in our minds. Brother Wilkins, and Brother Smith, please go through the congregation and receive what the friends are willing to bestow in so worthy a cause. Remember, it is to furnish religious food to send into the highways and hedges—not the food that perishes, but that which gives eternal life; not that which feeds the immortal soul; and remember, also, that 'there is he that scattereth and yet increaseth, and he that withholdeth more than is meet, and tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat.' The choir will sing while the collection is being taken, and then I will address you from these words, found in 1st Corinthians, xiii: 13: 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' And may the God of all grace help us to practice the charity we preach."

Many were the comments made, during that and the two following days, upon the piety and zeal of the new pastor. "Surely the cause would prosper in such hands." The collection was good, and the meeting on Tuesday evening well attended. After due deliberation it was decided that the city should be divided into districts, and the sisters, going two by two, should, as far as possible, visit every house and every family, and leave such religious tracts as appearances indicated were needed. Another meeting was agreed upon for the sisters to arrange their committees, and appoint their fields of labor. In the meantime, the brothers were to furnish funds, purchase tracts, and give such information as they thought beneficial in advancing the cause.

The minister was in earnest. Naturally of an active temperament, with warm, strong feelings, and being religiously educated, those feelings of course found vent in that direction. He was full of zeal, and, like the prophet of old, could not hold his peace; he thus became a focus, a sort of central sun for the minds he came into more immediate contact with, sending forth his warm, magnetic life into theirs, quickening them to action, till soon the church was all aglow with life.

The city, even to the very outskirts, was canvassed, pages containing words of counsel, warning or entreaty were left with every family, reports were brought in, and the time set for another general visit of the same nature, Mr. Schoolcraft counseling in the meantime a series of prayer-meetings. "We have sown the seed," said he, "but God only can give the increase; let us meet and pray for it."

"Showers of grace divine,"

that our labors may not be in vain."

And so tri-weekly prayer meetings were appointed, the circle of magnetic life deepened and broadened till the rooms overflowed with anxious inquirers, even till scores were added to the church, and amongst the number Eloise Merrill, the cripple, and sister of the beautiful Helen we have before spoken of.

The child—for she was but a child as yet—had been induced to go at first by a neighbor's daughter, and becoming interested, the mother or Helen sometimes accompanied her. But while Eloise was always greeted with kindness and warmth, there was something in the atmosphere that so chilled Mrs. Taylor and Helen that they soon ceased entirely to attend, though, loth to deny their darling ought that could go to her happiness, they still permitted Eloise to go, till in time she was baptized and became an accepted member of the society. Sweet Eloise, innocent as an angel, she dreamed not, as yet, of the dark suspicions that hung around her mother and sister, and wondered why they did not love to attend church as well as she did.

The time set for another exploration of the city had expired, and again the tract distributors brought in their reports. Some brought in goodly accounts of success, and some said there were giant evils in the place that could not be overcome. Some were hopeful, and some were desponding; but we have principally to do with the minister's

mother, Mrs. Schoolcraft, who resided at the parsonage, her son being unmarried, and a maiden lady of some forty summers by the name of Prudence Crowell.

These ladies had labored together, and, after giving in their testimony on other points, Mrs. Schoolcraft said, "Now, ladies, I have something very sad to tell you," while Miss Prudence put her handkerchief to her eyes as if to hide the tears she wished to shed. The ladies looked up inquiringly, and Mrs. Schoolcraft continued:

"You know that sweet lamb of our flock, Eloise Merrill, and the dark suspicions that hang about the conduct of her mother and sister. It is one of the mysteries that such a lamb should dwell in the very den of the wolf; still no one can look upon her pure, spiritual face without feeling that she is one of God's elect, and he will doubtless take care of her. But perhaps you have not generally known why we believe this woman and her eldest daughter vile; and, lest you may think us mistaken, or lacking in charity, I will tell you: Spending much of my time, as you know, among the sick, last October I learned that a poor woman was occupying an uncomfortable room on B—street, with a sick child, and, further, that she was a stranger in the city; therefore I felt it my duty to call on her. I there found this same Mrs. Taylor, with scarcely the comforts of life about her, and our Eloise quite sick. I made some inquiries into her circumstances, asked if I could be of any assistance to her, etc., etc., all of which she received quite coolly, thanked me for my kindness with a manner as proud as a queen, but thought she could get along without aid at present. I then turned to the little one, and she looked so sick that I really thought she could not live, and I began to talk to her about Jesus, when the mother interrupted me by saying that the child was weak and she did not wish her to be disturbed or to have her mind excited on any subject. 'But, madam,' said I, 'this child may die, and without the salvation that Jesus gives she is lost; she is not too young to understand the story of the cross in its simplest form, and if you will not yourself accept the pearl of great price, do not withhold it from your child.' And what do you suppose was her reply?"

Here Miss Prudence gave a sob, and Mrs. Schoolcraft, after pausing a moment to mark the effect of her words, continued:

"It was this: 'I hope I have found the pearl of common sense, and I tell you I will not have my child disturbed.' I have no words, ladies, to paint my feelings as I looked upon that apparently dying child and upon that heartless mother. I left the house, praying that God would have mercy upon them all."

"And it seems that God heard you in behalf of the child at least," said Mrs. Deacon Barnes.

"Surely we should take courage when we remember her providential restoration to a state of health that would admit of her coming where she could hear the words of salvation."

"That we should," replied Mrs. Schoolcraft; "but to go on with my story: In December, when we were first appointed for the blessed work in which we are now engaged, where do you suppose we found this woman? In a pretty cottage owned by Stanford, one of the most noted libertines in the city, and it was well furnished with all that was needed to make one comfortable, and Stanford himself had just left the house. Now, my sisters, what could we infer from this change? For my part there was but one conclusion that I could come to, and I tell you it made my heart ache; but I felt that I must do my duty, so, serving myself for the task, I uttered such words of warning against sin as I could command at the moment; told them that God's love and mercy extended to each and all; that no sin was so great but, if repented of, would find forgiveness; but I might just as well have talked to stones, for all the impression I could make; and were it not for the story of Mary Magdalene, and the words of Jesus in reference to the woman taken in adultery, I should think that there was no hope for such creatures. But I have not told all yet: I left some tracts upon the table, and as we passed through the gate I heard Mrs. Taylor say, 'Don't do that, Helen.' Sister Crowell here looked back. The door was standing open, and she saw Helen putting the tracts into the stove; so you see that the daughter is even more hardened than the mother."

"It seems to me," said Miss Prudence, "that I could put a stop to such doings had I the law-making power. Why, I would shut up every woman that would not behave herself; they should be kept in close confinement and not permitted to lead our sons and brothers astray. It's a burning shame in a Christian land."

"And that brings me to another point," said Mrs. Schoolcraft, "and no doubt it is the thought of what I am now about to relate that draw the last remark from sister Crowell. It seems that by some means the only son of one of our most respectable citizens, though not a member of this church, became acquainted with this Helen Merrill, and was actually so infatuated with her that he attempted to take her into company in spite of her reputation. It almost broke the hearts of his parents. Their remonstrances only made him angry, he declaring his belief in her purity! Purity! when Stanford boasts indirectly of his success. True, he calls no names, but he intimates plainly enough who is intended. Finding that William would not hear to reason, Mrs. Holden wrote to a brother in New York city, and they managed between them to find a situation for him, in a business in which his father has some interest, in order to get him away from this girl's influence. Well, to day, as we were walking along C—street, a well-dressed young lady came out of a cottage just ahead of us, and just a few steps from the gate she dropped a letter. Miss Crowell picked it up, calling after her at the same instant to inform her of her loss. She turned just as we glanced at the direction. It was Helen Merrill, and the letter was directed to



William Holden, New York city. We were too astonished to act promptly, and, ere we had time to think, she had reached her hand and taken it. No one was to blame, it was all so sudden; but that letter should have been kept and handed to his father."

"I felt so shocked," said Miss Prudence, "at the thought of the disgrace of being seen speaking to such a creature on the street, that I forgot what duty was; and all we can do now is to inform Mr. Holden of what we have discovered. I don't know as it is Christian like, but if it was my brother that she was trying her deceitful arts upon, I really believe I should feel like taking her life."

"God help us to leave vengeance in his hands," responded Mrs. Barnes; "but it is indeed a hard duty to keep up a feeling of Christian meekness and resignation under all circumstances. Still we must not be disheartened; the work goes bravely on. Our church was never in so prosperous a condition as now. Let us continue to pray in faith, and who knows but God may convert even these wretched women."

Here a little meek-faced woman who had not hitherto spoken, claimed the indulgence of the sisters a moment before they should proceed to business.

"Of course, sister Blackman, we will listen to you with pleasure," said Mrs. Schoolcraft; "but please to be brief, for time is passing and our business is important."

The little woman seemed somewhat abashed, but she had asked the privilege and now she must speak.

"It seems to me, ladies," said she, "that there are two sides to this question. I have heard much indignation expressed here against outcast women, and none against the men who make them so. We talk of the outcast leading our sons astray, and forget that somebody's sons first led them astray. Now, ladies, I think that the virtuous women of society are as much to blame for this state of things as any one. You may think it a strange assertion, but I believe it true. You and I are to blame, and in the great day of accounts will be reckoned so."

"Please explain yourself, Mrs. Blackman," said Mrs. Schoolcraft, with dignity. "I am not aware of encouraging vice in any form; and as to yourself, why ought you to know whether you have or not. The world is full of wickedness."

"Yes, and self-deception too," said the little woman with more spirit than usual, "and it becomes us to pull the beam out of our own eye, that we may see clearly to pull the mote out of the eye of another. Now what I mean is just this: We all of us look with more leniency upon a man who is guilty of sin in this respect than upon a woman. In the case already mentioned, that of William Holden's trying to take Helen Merrill into company—he took her to a ball, and every lady left the room, so I am told, and it was looked upon as an evidence of their purity—of their hatred of vice; but was it?"

"Certainly it was. Do you suppose I would stay in the same room with such a creature?" said Miss Botsey Jones and Miss Prudence in the same breath.

"I suppose not; but my informant tells me that some two weeks afterward another ball was held at the same place, nearly the same company being there, and Henry Stanwood, this same libertine you speak of, was there, and not a lady left the room, or even refused to dance with him. What had become of their horror of vice?"

"These people were not Christians, Mrs. Blackman, and I hardly think it fair to cite them as evidence of our being at fault," said Mrs. Barnes. "But the question is, do we not act upon the same principle? Do we not shrink from these poor creatures as from contamination, while we have scarcely a frown for their companions in crime? Which one of us would refuse to treat Henry Stanwood with common politeness, at least?"

"Common politeness is due to every one, Mrs. Blackman."

"Do we accord it to the outcast, Mrs. Schoolcraft?"

"While we are in the world, we cannot wholly ignore its customs; and we wish nothing introduced here to disturb the harmony of feeling that prevails. I think such discussions unprofitable; will the Secretary please read the minutes of the last meeting? and then we will proceed to business."

This was said with an air calculated to put a stop to further remarks in this direction, not only then but afterward, while Miss Botsey Jones whispered to a neighbor aside, "Poor thing! she is doubtless thinking of her sister; no wonder she feels as she does. It was a sad case. Sallie Smith was a pretty girl, and all thought her a good one; no one supposed that she would turn out as she did."

"What! Mrs. Blackman's sister?"

"Why yes. Didn't you never hear of it? I supposed everybody knew it. She was promised in marriage to one of the best young men in the country, when a gentleman from the East somewhere, I forget where, came into the place, and attracted by Sallie's beauty paid her particular attention. This caused disturbance between her and Winslow, she taking to the new lover. The stranger bringing forged references, as it was afterward ascertained, deceived her into a false marriage, lived with her a few weeks, and then deserted her. The poor girl became reckless, left her friends, and they say is now a woman of the town."

"Well, she should have been true to her vows. What right had she to be flirting with another? I should have considered myself as much bound as if I had been married," said Miss Prudence, with a toss of her head. "If girls will be foolish, they must suffer the consequences. I see no necessity for such mistakes, and I don't believe there is any."

"Neither do I," said Miss Botsey; "but somehow, I always felt sorry for Sallie."

The business of the meeting was soon finished, the laborers chosen, and their field of operations assigned to them for the month, and each returned to her respective home.

Meanwhile let us look upon another scene.

It is the Sabbath. Mrs. Reid had so far won the confidence of Mrs. Taylor as to draw from her a promise of her history. "But not now," said she, when she first gave the promise. "I cannot tell you all in the presence of Eloise. I cannot burden her young mind with the knowledge of what her mother and sister have been accused of. I should have left this place before now, and gone among friends, but she has been too delicate to bear the fatigue of the journey; the least excitement might prove fatal to her. I cannot tell you now, for she will be back in a few moments; she has only gone to take a short walk with Helen. If you will come next Sunday, then I can talk with you, for Eloise will be in church, and after service she stays to Sunday school. Poor child! she is not really strong enough to go, but she enjoys it so much that I cannot deny her."

And so on Sunday, the very one after the meeting of the tract distributors last referred to, we find Mrs. Reid at the house of Mrs. Taylor, instead of at church.

Very wicked, no doubt, to forsake the sanctuary for the society of one whom the world has rejected, but so it was. Let us look in upon that home for a moment. Helen is weeping; and Mrs. Taylor can hardly keep back the tears that her proud spirit will not permit to flow.

We will reserve the history for another chapter, only giving here some of the conversation.

"I think, Mrs. Taylor, I may speak plainly to you; you will not be offended?" said Mrs. Reid.

"Certainly not. I feel that you are a friend; no pharisaical idea of superiority, no feeling that it was your mission to seek and convert the sinner, has led you here time after time. You have shown none of this; but only that genuine sympathy that one can accept from another, without a sense of degradation."

"I honor you, Mrs. Taylor, for your self-respect; but still we must adapt ourselves to conditions, to things as we find them; and do you not think if you had been a little more yielding, not quite so cold and reserved, that you would have saved yourself much trouble?"

"Perhaps I might; but what right had they to intrude themselves upon me in the manner they did? It was not the fact of their calling, but the manner, that offended me. Their every look and movement said, 'you are a poor and needy creature, that we, in the abundance of our goodness, have called to assist, and you should recognize this fact, and be particularly grateful to us, and subservient to our superior wisdom.' Bah! I understand such Christianity as that. Surrender all you have and are unto its keeping; give up your own judgment, self-respect and all, and then they will make you the objects of their peculiar care, because doing so ministers to their self-righteousness; but dare to be yourself, keep your own counsel, and use your own judgment in preference to theirs, and you might as well be in a den of tigers."

"That may all be true, but it only confirms me in my position. If you really were in a den of wild beasts, you certainly would not let them rend you and yours were it in your power to prevent it by studying and adapting yourself to their natures. Now it seems to me that if you had so far conquered your pride—for I must call it pride—as to have made some explanation to these people, it seems to me that you would have had their sympathy and protection."

"Yes, every shepherd watches over his own sheep, every merchant takes care of his own goods; and had I permitted them to own me, they doubtless would have cared for me. No, I will be a free woman, and suffer the consequences."

"And I," said Helen, "will sustain my mother, and suffer with her. I should scorn to see her receive the sympathy of people who have insulted her as they did the second time they called on us. Why, had she been the keeper of a brothel, they could not have been more rude to her; and then the tracts they left—those written for the vilest of sinners. I felt like putting them out of doors, and I did put their tracts into the stove, as soon as they left."

"Do you know the names of those who visited you?"

"I have since learned that one of them is the minister's mother, and the other a Miss somebody—an old maid, one of the prudish, sanctimonious ones. I should think from her appearance that a man was her especial horror."

"Don't reflect on old maids, Helen," said Mrs. Reid, laughing; "you may be one yourself yet!"

"Well, I won't cry 'sour grapes' if I am," she replied.

"But in reference to these tract distributors," continued Mrs. Reid; "they are not the whole of the church, neither are all like them. There are good people there—those who would gladly be your friends if they knew how to reach you; but the way has been hedged; appearances have been against you; their minds are poisoned; and it is a duty that you have owed to yourself to explain those unfortunate circumstances that have aroused their suspicions. You have not done this; you have not done yourself justice, and still blame others for their injustice. Are you consistent?"

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Taylor. "I never thought of the matter in that light. I know I am proud, but I never was haughty and insulting to others, and I cannot receive such treatment from others in a spirit of meekness, I assure you."

"Eloise finds friends and kind treatment."

"I know she does, Mrs. Reid; but a demon right from hell could not do otherwise than treat her kindly. If there is an angel anywhere in the universe, she is one; but I see her coming, and we must say no more on this subject now. I feel that I shall not keep her long, and I must protect her from sorrow as far as possible."

Eloise came wearily up the walk. Helen met her at the door, took her in her arms, and placed her upon the sofa, saying:

"You are tired, darling?"

"A little, Nellie, sister; but we had such a good time! Oh I wish you had been there, you and mother. The minister told about Jesus taking little children in his arms and blessing them, and saying, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and when he was talking, little Mary Gray, who died before we left Rochester, came to me. She did, mother! I saw her plainly; and she was so beautiful! I saw her only a moment, but it made me so happy, and I have felt ever since as if God and the angels were all around me."

Helen and the mother exchanged glances, and the latter replied:

"It must have been beautiful, darling; but here is Mrs. Reid; you have not spoken to her yet."

"Oh Mrs. Reid, I am so glad to see you. But what do you suppose it means?"

"It means that God loves you, dear. But you are weary now; would you not like to lie quiet and let me soothe you to sleep?"

"Oh yes, I should like it so much, your hands are so soft, and they make my head feel so good."

"Well, close your eyes then, for I must go soon."

The child soon dropped to sleep under the soft magnetism touch of her friend's fingers, and then Mrs. Reid took her leave.

But few words were spoken. A holy awe seemed to have fallen upon each, even as if they felt the presence of God and the angels that Eloise had spoken of. Yes, they parted, and to meet very soon under far different circumstances; those that remained pondering upon the words the child had uttered, and she that went doing the same.

[To be continued.]

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial: "We want nothing from you but silence, and but little of that."

An apothecary asserted in a large company, "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,  
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 20,  
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."  
(LUCAS HOWE.)

## UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS. NUMBER TEN.

"Goodness gracious!" said Frank, "I can't get this spade down deep enough."

"My stars!" exclaimed Sue, "if here is n't an angle-worm wriggling about."

There was a little pause, when Reuben burst forth:

"Thunder and guns! if I have n't struck a rock."

"Goodness!" said Mary, "what shall we do? There's where we meant to have our circle and plant our Nativities."

Conversation like this was going on in Uncle Oliver's garden, beside his library window. He had given a plot of ground to the children to cultivate as their own, and they had formed an association, and were preparing to have a fine garden. There was to be a circle in the centre with beds arranged about it, and each one was to have the charge of a particular bed, while all were to assist in the care of the centre bed and the borders. Uncle Oliver had given them a plan for their garden, and had taught them how to prepare their beds, and this pleasant spring morning they had assembled for work.

Uncle Oliver had been sitting in his library reading, but his attention was called to the children by their earnest expressions. He sat quietly listening to them for a half hour, and when they were weary of their labor he called them into the library. When they were quietly seated he began:

"My stars! gracious! furious! thunder and guns! goodness sake's alive! mercy on me! what a fine lot of girls and boys!"

There was a pause, and a look of surprise on the faces of all the children. They were puzzled, and did not know what to think of so strange a speech, and no one said a word.

"You see," said Uncle Oliver, "without intending to intrude upon your sport I have been a listener to your conversation, and I began to notice so many words that meant nothing, that I amused myself by taking note of them. I made a list of them; here it is," and he showed a page half covered with phrases. "Now I do not suppose any of you wish to swear—the girls especially would be shocked at the idea; but you will all of you feel that it seems very much like swearing when one hears such a torrent of useless words."

"I could n't have believed that we said all that nonsense," said Reuben, "if any one had told us but you."

"I feel as ashamed," said Mary, "as if I had been in John Blonkum's shop and had been listening to his swearing."

"I only wanted you to understand how foolish it is to use so many worthless phrases, and how coarse a conversation sounds that is filled in by so many exclamations. Your voices were sweet, your wishes and purposes all good and true, but one could have imagined you a set of pirates, by your rude expressions. I don't like to repeat them all to you, for they would make you too much ashamed. It is by beginning with such phrases that men learn to swear. Children do not naturally use such expressions. They learn them from each other and from men and women, but you do not hear any really accomplished men and women who often allow themselves to use these expressions, but you do often hear them among the rude and ignorant. Let me hope that you do not wish to be classed among those; and now to try and make you remember the folly and uselessness of those rowdyish expressions, let me tell you a short story."

"First," said Reuben, "please let me speak. It seems to me it does a fellow a heap of good sometimes to let off his steam by a heap of burst of words. I don't mean ever to swear, but it does sort of refresh me to fling off a lot of words. I feel as good after it as I do when I kick a sod that I can't make lie to suit me."

"I must think it a poor sort of comfort," said Uncle Oliver, "to make one's self little better than a brute by uttering meaningless sounds. Tell me truly if you have not sometimes felt ashamed at such rude outbreaks."

"I didn't exactly like to be caught at it," said Reuben.

"Come, Mary, tell me truly," said Uncle Oliver, "what should you think if you heard me swear?"

"I should think you were crazy."

"Why?"

"Because you are too much of a gentleman."

"Then you really decide that a true gentleman will not swear, and for the same reasons a true lady will not use slang phrases?"

"I am sure we do decide so," said Sue, "so if you will, please hurry and tell the story."

"There was a land called Blimmerhorn, a wild, romantic sort of place, on the borders of the sea, as its name imports. The people led wild lives, and they descended from good stock, and had in them true courage and a desire to improve their condition. The coast was barren with sand and rocks, and was inhabited by myriads of sea fowl who flew about in clouds. A little inland was a village of huts, where the families gathered together to enjoy what they could from their rude sort of life. The children played on the sand and among the rocks, and built houses of sea shells and hunted eggs for their food."

But these children learned rude ways from the sailors who stopped there, and among other things they learned to swear, and to use all sorts of slang, rude phrases. This greatly troubled the fathers and mothers, who remembered always the noble bearing of their ancestors, so they had a consultation as to the best methods of curing their children of their disagreeable habits."

There was an old man at the assembly with silver locks and grave manner, and yet with a bright twinkle in his eye that showed that the fire of his youth had not died out.

"Leave the young folks to me for a week, and see what will come of it," Blimmerhorn is a rude sort of place, but it shall not be made more so by its inhabitants. I had hoped to live to see the day when it would be better than a wilderness. You know my plans, but with men of fishing and women mending nets at home, who is there to carry out these plans?"

The children were accordingly left to the wise care of the old man, who assembled them early the next morning, while yet the sun threw its long line of light across the sea.

"Now attention all," he began; "I suppose you do not know what makes Blimmerhorn such a barren, bleak place. Well, I've a mind to tell you. As I've been told, it was once the loveliest place that ever the sun shone on. I don't pretend

to tell you that it really was, for I was n't there to know, and it is very dangerous positively to declare what one has not actually seen. But they do say the place was grand in its forest verdure, and beautiful in its green slopes, and that the odor of its flowers reached far out to sea, and that whoever touched the land never wanted to sail from it, so happy were its people in their simple joys, and refined pleasures."

But it is said also that there inhabited this coast many little folk, called fairies and sprites of the sea, and that they had much to do with all this beauty and loveliness; but as I must tell you again, I was not here then, and so never saw a fairy or a sea nymph."

It seems the fairies had entered into a compact with the people, that they would do their part toward opening the buds and blossoms, and giving lustre to the leaves and soft music to their motion, just as long as all the people and all their children kept their part of the compact, which was to allow, in the place nothing useless, nothing slovenly, nothing that could be inharmonious with the beautiful sights or sweet sounds of the place."

Well, very carefully did the people keep their part of the compact for a long time. They lived simple, truthful lives. But all at once they seemed to have acquired some very bad habits. It was impossible to tell just how they crept in, until they were fairly in, but they began to use all sorts of rude expressions. Instead of confining themselves to refined speech, they began to interlard their conversation with all sorts of meaningless phrases."

Matters went on thus, when the fairies began to be alarmed. It seemed to them that the harmony of this colony was departing, so they called a council of the people, and their wisest ones.

"You will remember," said the principal of the little folks or fairies, "that we agreed to sweeten your corn, to give milk to your wheat, to open your flowers and add music to your winds, as long as you kept nothing useless, rude, or vulgar here. Now we have decided that the words you use are so many of them useless, rude and vulgar, that you are daily and hourly breaking your part of the compact."

"Ere," said a brisk young man, "everybody knows that that is all moonshine. Why! words are nothing; they are only a breath that passes away and is of no account."

"Ah, my dear sir," said the fairy, "you were never more mistaken; words are real things; they last far longer than your roses, and their odor extends to a greater distance. Why, your words are like a great cloud of impurity about you."

"We don't see it so," said another man, "we didn't agree to any such things. I reckon we've a right to the use of our tongues, and we intend to keep the right too."

"Now I can assure you," said another fairy, "we'd rather have your old slop jars and swill tubs out in sight, than to have so many coarse phrases flying about. If you can't see, that don't prove that we are blind. I tell you that you are all violating the compact under which we have lived so harmoniously for so many years."

"Please tell us how our words look," said a young coxcomb, thinking he had thus put a poser before the fairy.

"Some of them look like a cesspool, some look like rotten fruit, some look like weeds, some like brambles, and all look like useless things."

"Ha, ha, ha!" was the general laugh, but one spoke.

"Well, you may as well understand first as last that we don't intend to give up our rights; we shall speak just as we please."

"Then you will not too late the consequences," said the fairy, "for we are obliged to keep our pledges, and for every worthless, senseless, low phrase that any of you utter, some beautiful thing will no longer receive our care, and will fade away forever from your sight."

The word of the fairy was fulfilled, and as the people showed no idea of reforming, it was not an hour before some lovely thing departed. It was only a leaf, a blossom, a tuft of grass, but one by one they went. It may seem to you that it would take a long, long time, for the flowers of the field, the leaves of the trees, the soft verdure to depart. But in nature one loss leads to another. One withered branch injured the whole tree, the loss of flowers prevented fruit, and thus after a time desolation began to show itself. It came so gradually that the people did not seem to heed it, nor change their course.

Year after year little losses came and no gain, for there was no reformation in the people. As the sound of their rude or coarse speech passed away, there died out some lovely object, a rose, a violet, a bunch of moss. I need not tell you just how long it was before this fair coast became a scene of desolation, until at last it was forsaken of everything but the sea-birds.

After a number of years your wise, courageous ancestors found a home here, but it is to be feared that the fairies had entirely forsaken the place, for no beautiful thing but the grass and a few shrubs grew hereabouts. I've heard it said that fairies had to sleep in flowers, and be rocked in harebells, and find their nectar in columbines. If that be so, it is very evident they cannot live in any numbers near this coast."

"What a pity!" said the boys.

"Let us grow some harebells," said the girls.

"You have hit my idea exactly," said the old man. "I have been for a long time bent upon the idea of bringing beauty back again."

"How can it be done?" said many anxious voices.

"I'd do anything for a bed of flowers," said the girls.

"Or for some cherries," said the boys.

"You will understand, of course," said the old man, "that we must be very careful not to destroy our labors by the same process that the former inhabitants destroyed theirs. We must cease all slang phrases. It won't do to swear, boys, or to indulge in coarse phrases, girls. I doubt if you could say, 'Lud a mercy!' without it's floating off in the form of a great black beetle or a heavy mist. So you will all see the necessity of reforming your habit at once. My plan is to take our teams and bring from the meadows that lie inland a plenty of muck, and then we'll collect good soil, and we'll prepare a place without too much drainage, and we'll each start a garden."

"But where shall we get seeds and plants?" said anxious voices.

"Oh, I've looked out for that. I've only to speak the word and they will be sent to me. But as spring is almost here we must commence our work at once."

"We are ready to-morrow," said all voices.

"Ready to curb your tongues, and to become true gentlemen and ladies?" asked the old man.

"Yes," answered all; "let's renew the compact with the fairies."

"I'll never say, 'By darn!' again," said one.

"Or 'By jolly!'" said another.

And so it went the rounds, each one clipping off some favorite rude phrase, and seeming forever to throw it away.

Now the story goes that Blimmerhorn began from that time to bring back its former beauty.

The efforts of the children seemed to rouse older people, and all joined in striving to make the desert place blossom like the rose. Garden was added to garden, and the harebells and columbines, the roses and honeysuckles thrived about every cottage door. And, what was remarkable, very few things died. If ever a withered leaf was found, out of season, in a boy's garden, he revolved his words to see if one unlawful phrase had escaped his lips. The girls kept a sharp look out from the time the crocuses bloomed in the spring till the asters died in the autumn, fearing lest some ill speech of theirs should bring harm to their flowers or their fruits, their vines or their young shrubs.

And so it came about, in process of time, that Blimmerhorn became a lovely place for its abundance of beautiful things. But more than for all else was it noted for its children, who forgot their rude ways in the culture of the beautiful, and who became daily wiser and happier."

"Oh, what a splendid story!" said Sue; "if only it was true."

"In one sense it is," said Uncle Oliver, "for it is true that rude speech destroys all harmony, and so beauty cannot thrive."

"But you don't believe about the flowers dying, and all that?" said Reuben.

"It requires a little stretch of the imagination for that," said Uncle Oliver, "but you all know that all beautiful things harmonize, and that a child's voice, sweet in refined phrase, mingles better with the music of whispering winds than do harsh words. So I thought when you were making your garden this morning."

"You shall never hear any more milk and water swearing, as Uncle Joe calls it," said Reuben; "we'll all promise that."

"So we will," said all.

"And may your garden prosper as did those of the Blimmerhorners," said Uncle Oliver; "and here are your seeds and the sticks marked to go with them. Now to your work again."

## Correspondence in Brief.

MRS. P. I. HUSSEY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—The first year of our Lyceum has passed, and with it the services of our talented and beloved Guardian, Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, and able Conductor, H. H. Cranley—other dear ones, who have been for them to leave us; so we have done the next best thing—elected James Wilson and his wife. Two better selections could not have been made. We commenced the Lyceum with seven members, trusting that with a little energy we could reach twenty-five. We have now over one hundred, and have the full equipments, a handsome piano, and two hundred and twenty-five first-class books in our library. We have made and distributed over one hundred articles of clothing. We are out of debt, and have one hundred and seventy-five dollars in the treasury—thanks to the ladies for their industry, and to the gentlemen for their hearty cooperation.

MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON, writing from Chicago, Ill., May 25th, says: We are having full houses, notwithstanding the Methodist Conference is in full blast, with every muscle strained for the consolidation of its numerous seceding churches, and some of their speakers have openly declared that such "consolidation" was necessary, that they might become a united power to oppose the spread of rationalism. Rev. Mr. Puncheon has crossed the ocean, and with the first flourish of his ecclesiastical trumpet declared against the "blasphemous pretensions of Spiritualism." The good cause is progressing finely, under the management and self-sacrificing devotion of our indefatigable Bro. Spettigue, himself an Englishman; and if Mother Britain will only send us one Spettigue for every ten Puncheons, we can afford to take all her stock in the importation, and promise handsome dividends in the future. Mr. Spettigue is a disseminator from the Methodist order, and knows all the ropes. He carries with him that perfect enthusiasm which is the sure prophecy of success in whatever he undertakes, and wherever this gentleman's interest is enlisted the motto is "Onward."

JAMES LAWRENCE writes from Cleveland, O., May 27th: After listening to a discourse last Sabbath, from the lips of our respected brother E. S. Wheeler, I returned to my home refreshed, and I may say full of admiration of the man and his beautiful and efficient spirit control, when I received the following spirit communication, which I append, in justice to the individual of whom it speaks, endorsing it in full:

DEAR BROTHER—At length the time has come to give expression to our estimate of one whose inspiration seems to soar above the common lot of talent and research, and whose life has been a life of self-sacrifice, and whose teaching all we have hitherto listened to, reaching beyond the expectation of the most sanguine advocate of Spiritualism. In E. S. Wheeler we have a teacher whom to hear is to be inspired; his rhetoric stands preeminent; his logic clear and demonstrative, free from all homocentric effort, and comprehensive to the simplest mind, bringing conviction to the soul, warming up its energies, and creating in the mind a thirst to investigation and a desire to reach the truth, to science and philosophy; and, without, so truthful and sincere, he holds his audience in mute astonishment and admiration at such development of talent and research, that it must be, by angel efforts to promulgate the glorious truths of Spiritualism, and thus creating an intense anxiety to discover whence the power is derived to elucidate and to enlighten, certainly not acquired by mundane education, but by and through the intuitions of divine and holy inspiration. Amen.

## A Letter from Detroit.



For the Banner of Light.

**"THERE ARE NO DEAD."**

BY WASH. A. DANFORD.

Delivered at Saratoga Hall, Baltimore.

It has, my friends, been sometimes said that we are "talkers with the dead"; that we are like those, in days of yore, who sought in dark, forbidden lore, to find that stone, whose touch we're told turned all things into purest gold. So we, with impious gaze, would scan The realms which God's forbid to man— That we, with bold, presumptuous eyes, Would pierce the walls of paradise. But 'tis not so. We are not dreamers, Nor are we visionary schemers; We do turn from this lower plane, Where much seems sickle, false or vain, And rising o'er this scene of strife, We seek a nobler, purer life. We do desire to learn the doom Of those whose bodies fill the tomb. We ask our friends who've gone before, To tell us of that other shore. We call upon the world unseen, The good, the wise, who once have been The living counselors of men, To mingle with us yet again. We call on heroes, martyrs, sages, Whose glory fills the hygean ages, To cast from their bright, upward track, One gleam of holy radiance back, To light the paths which mortals tread And show the world—"There are no dead."

**MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.****SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING,**

Held at the Melancon, Boston, Thursday, May 28th, 1868.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

**Morning Session.**—Agreeable to the published call, the members of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association met in convention at the Melancon, and were called to order at half-past 10 A. M., on Thursday, May 28th, by the President, William White, of Boston.

On motion of G. A. Bacon, voted that the reading of the records of the last meeting be dispensed with.

On motion, voted that the Chair appoint a committee of three, to take up the business of the Convention. M. V. Lincoln, Mrs. Flora W. Bowler and George A. Bacon were appointed to serve on this committee.

On motion, voted that a Finance Committee, consisting of three, be appointed by the Chair. A. E. Carpenter, I. C. Ray and Miss Abbie K. T. Rousseau were appointed.

On motion, voted that the Chair appoint a committee of three, whose duty it shall be to draft resolutions for presentation to this Convention. Moses Hull, Henry C. Wright and A. E. Giles were appointed.

The Business Committee having retired to consider their duties, the meeting was addressed to some length by Mr. Allen, of Lowell, who declared the love of gold to be the underlying source of all the evils of the race, prompting, as it did, the selling of tobacco and ardent spirits, and the oppression of the lower by the powerful hand of the wealthier classes; he prophesied that the time would come when four hours of labor per day, participated in by all, for the good of all, would remove the weight which now bore so heavily on the limbs and bodies of the poor.

The Business Committee returning, reported the order of exercises as follows: The remainder of the morning session to be devoted to a general conference, speakers being limited to ten minutes. In the afternoon, session to begin at half-past 2 o'clock; reports of Treasurer and Agent, to be followed by reports from Moses Hull, J. O. Barrett, J. P. Greenleaf, and others. Report accepted.

The meeting being opened for remarks, Mr. Lincoln said that to be successful in the promulgation of the truths of Spiritualism it was necessary to back up our statements by positive proof; if this was done, there was nothing left to our opponents but the introduction of negative proof, and one positive demonstration of a fact was worth any quantity of negative evidence. Reason was the true avenue of approach to man; it was that alone which kept him above the "beasts that perish"; and it was our duty to use it. We could not object to the truth of others unless we strove by intelligent effort to show them that we had a tangible faith—until we endeavored to awaken in them an answer to the higher promptings of Nature.

Mr. Place, of Boston, made a short statement of his personal experience, going to show the certainty of the fact of spirit communion.

Moses Hull, of Indiana, gave an account of an interesting test which had happened in his presence; remarking that the facts he presented in public meetings produced thought in the general mind.

B. F. Richardson, of Vernalis, Vt., (the blind medium), offered a few remarks referring to his particular case, the manner in which he was guarded and guided through the streets of this, to him, strange city by invisible intelligences, and the visions which he had been permitted to behold.

J. M. Peabody spoke very briefly of the glorious future of Spiritualism.

Charles Holt, of Pennsylvania, said he had been gratified by the remarks already made. He believed if anything was worth preaching it was worth practicing; and consequently he was a practical Spiritualist. As the tree fell so should the man; as man was at death so should he be in the future, and whatever of good he had neglected here he must learn in the world beyond. Spiritualism did not point for man a heaven hereafter where a few should sing psalms to a tyrannical God seated on a great white throne—it gave its true definition to the declaration that, wherever there was anything to bless mankind and make them better and happier, that field of labor was the true heaven of the spirit.

Henry C. Wright, from the Committee on Resolutions, presented, informally, a part of the series then under consideration by said committee, and consumed his ten minutes in supporting and urging their adoption when the proper time should arrive. He stated that the grand object of existence was that each should rule himself or herself; no man was ever made to govern a woman, or a woman to govern a man. In the field of religion, as in that of society, were to be found artificial, outside restraints, as seen in the reason which worship of the Bible by the crowds. All these external authorities must be abolished, whether of bodily or mental freedom, and then the machinery of government, which now consumed so much of the energies and industry of the race, would become obsolete and useless. The mission of Spiritualism was to work out this freedom, to remove these obstructions, to cultivate the love-principle in the soul, so that war and arbitrary force should cease in the world, and mankind be educated up to the divine principle embodied in the utterance, "Die rather than kill."

A. E. Giles remarked that Theodore Parker accounted for the strenuous opposition he received from those of his day, on the ground that he went back further in the past for his causes, and reached out further into the future for his effects than they did. This was the reason of the opposition attending Spiritualism, which also was too far-reaching to be appreciated by many minds. The natural influence of Spiritualism was to lead man to radiate out from himself, broaden his field of vision, and extend his experience. All things were working out their legitimate purpose, and "Man, know thyself" was the injunction contained in them. The mind was its own place, and could make its own heaven or hell.

J. C. Chace called the attention of the audience to the great causes of intemperance to be found in the mainly built and ill-ventilated houses of the poor; he cited one instance where, in Boston, there were two blocks of buildings each having sixty-four tenements, one room to a tenement, and in

each room from eight to ten persons crowded. Too poor to pay for better habitations, was it a wonder that they were driven to discouragement and despondency by the life of poverty? A great deal of the crime and suffering of the world were caused by men who hastened to be rich, and built these miserable huts for the needy.

A. E. Carpenter (State Missionary) was pleased with the practical turn the affairs of the morning had taken. The business of the present assembly of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, was to bring the subject of its further continuance fully under discussion, to see what the people thought of this organization—whether it had met their ideas of right—whether they were willing by pecuniary aid to contribute to its greater strength and increased usefulness. He called the attention of all to the work being done in the matter of organization and missionary effort in the States of Ohio and Michigan, and desired to know what the Spiritualists of Massachusetts were going to do. The time had come when Spiritualists must organize themselves, and show to the world that they were united for a good purpose, and were capable of producing noble results. In his extensive travels over Massachusetts, he felt the great need of more lecturers. The harvest was ripe, but the reapers were few. The mission of Spiritualism was to show mankind that as there was a material universe in which no atom was lost, so there was a spiritual universe in which no soul lived forever when it laid aside the garment of mortality.

Mrs. Brown, of Vermont, said that she had never known a time before when, all over the land, the human soul seemed so anxiously reaching out for truth. There was much more work in her field of labor (the northern part of Vermont), than she could accomplish. More laborers were needed everywhere to keep up the interest in different places as fast as it was awakened.

On motion, voted to adjourn till half-past 2 P. M. Adjourned.

**Afternoon Session.**—The attendance on the afternoon session greatly exceeded that of the morning, and the interest manifested was intense. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Boston, displayed three new and beautiful banners painted and presented to them by J. W. Wood, of Boston; the one over the speakers' desk represented a triumphant array of glad worshippers, and recited a stanza from "Christian Hymns Improved" as follows:

"With holy hope and cheerful song,  
Reverence and joy became the tongue,  
That speaks the blessings of his power."

The one on the right of the desk was illustrated with the tombs of Old Testament, and bore an inscription: "In words of the Lord, we are born; 'Delighted, we rejoice to see the curse removed.' The one on the left was inscribed, 'Salvation only through Progression. Damnation comes by Retrogression.'"

The meeting was called to order by L. S. Richards, Esq., in the absence of the President.

Mr. Lincoln, from the Business Committee, stated that on account of the absence of the Treasurer, the order of business must be reversed, and the report of the Agent be rendered first.

A. E. Carpenter being introduced by the Chair, presented a verbal report of his labors as missionary for the State of Massachusetts. He said he had been kindly greeted, and found a strong desire on every hand to know the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, from Cape Cod to the hills of Berkshire. The eastern portion of the State, however, was more interested than the western. He had found a great want of liberal ideas in the county of Berkshire in particular. There were hardly any of the so-called liberal churches—Unitarian or Universalist—to be found there, and but very few Spiritualists. He had found one new Society of Spiritualists in Great Barrington. Here and there he found converts, but they were not made by any missionary; the influence of the spirits coming into the family circle had produced their mass of believers, and showing the great work which the angel world was carrying on. But because we had the spirits to help us, were we to give up our labors, and feel that we had no work to perform? No; we should rather try to help ourselves the more, that we may be the more worthy of what we are given. It was our duty to unite for a distinctive purpose, to scatter the truths of our divine philosophy broadcast over the State. He had been laboring for the present month on the south shore of Cape Cod, and had found more interest there than anywhere else. An effort was being made there by neighboring towns to establish a Society in each, also a Lyceum, to have conferences on Sundays, and constitute themselves a kind of circuit, so that a speaker could pass from one to the other, thus making a connected effort. He gratefully acknowledged a note of welcome from his department, of H. B. Storer, J. H. W. Tooley, Miss Agnes M. Davis, and C. Fannie Allen, who with him had labored to keep up the irregular method of speaking now used—that of being in one place to-night and perhaps forty miles away the next night. Did any one object to this as copying too much after church fashions? He, for one, was ready to copy after anything in the Church which he considered good; the Spiritualist who refused what he knew to be true because the churches taught it, was as fully sectarian as the most bigoted creedless themselves. He did not believe that the great mass of churches were working for evil; he would give them the glory for the good they had done, and he hoped Spiritualists would pattern after their self devotion to their preconceived opinions, labor earnestly for the God-given truth of angel communion, and not imitate the dog in the manger, and refuse to do anything, while at the same time they objected to what others were doing around them. We had a new truth, and that truth would give us power, but power could come only by organization. We must put ourselves into some form to show to the world what we were able to do. The people felt kindly disposed to this new faith, and refused to let their journeys had been met at the close of a lecture by the statement, "Oh, Mr. Carpenter, if we knew that this was true, we would not part with the knowledge for the world. We want to see test mediums—we wish to have the evidence you make there, as the truth of the matter." Now the object of this Association was to give this evidence, to send out not only lecturers, but test and physical mediums to assist the lecturers. Money was needed to carry on this glorious work. There is plenty to do; ten missionaries could be kept in employ in answering the calls made on him alone. Did we not see that the angels were our friends? While the convert to Orthodoxy, filled with enthusiasm, rushed out to tell the news to his neighbors, should we, the recipients of a divine light, sink back to quietude and repose, hugging our new found treasures to our hearts, unmindful of our brother yet in darkness? It was a comfortable belief some had that heaven was sure—we had only to wait till death unbarred the way; but heaven would never come to any man or woman till it was earned, and then it would be no heaven unless shared by others.

John Vetterhoe, Esq., Treasurer of the Association, then presented his report, as follows:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1868, \$117.81

Received from the Secretary, U. A. Bacon, 225.00

A. E. Carpenter, Agent, 225.00

Balance on hand May 28, 1868, \$567.81

Mr. Vetterhoe closed his report by some remarks, in which he stated that the great mass of "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," had been of incalculable value to the churches, but in our present state of advanced intellect, if he were to say so some one would demand him to prove it. This Association must be sustained, no true Spiritualist could doubt that it was doing good. Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. It was the duty of all present to feel for this organization an interest sufficient to produce for it a strong accession of material aid. This Spiritualism was the greatest religious movement that had occurred since the days of the last days of the world; it was the only outgrowth of Christianity, but while the Rationalists converted hundreds from the creeds, Spiritualism was counting its millions. We were taught by this divine truth that as a man made his bed so in it he must lie. What good had it done, did any one ask? Why, for

himself, he could say it had made a happier and he hoped a better man of him. He closed by a most appealing for help for the Association.

The reports of the Treasurer and Agent were accepted.

Mrs. Agnes M. Davis, of Cambridgeport, followed in a few interesting remarks, which were delivered in a modest, unassuming, lady-like manner, and worthy of one who had PREVIOUSLY delivered a number of lectures to aid the cause in Massachusetts.

I. C. Ray, of New Bedford, said he had never been obliged to throw off the chains of Orthodoxy, for he had never had them on; but he had discovered that he could not lift himself in a basket—he might pull out the handles, but in the churchmen made a God who was the highest idea they had, and of course they could not lift themselves beyond their own most elevated conceptions. He wanted no religion of fear, but one of love, and for that reason wished to see this Association strongly upheld in its good works. A contribution was then taken up to assist in defraying the expenses of the missionary work.

Moses Hull, from the Committee on Resolutions, then presented a series, which, after being thoroughly discussed, was accepted as the voice of the meeting:

**Resolved,** Man's natural demands are God's only commands; therefore, as Spiritualists, we reject all external authorities, and we believe in the power of the human mind, and we believe in the power of the human will, and we believe in the power of the human soul, and we believe in the power of the human spirit, and we believe in the power of the human intellect, and we believe in the power of the human heart, and we believe in the power of the human hand, and we believe in the power of the human foot, and we believe in the power of the human eye, and we believe in the power of the human ear, and we believe in the power of the human nose, and we believe in the power of the human mouth, and we believe in the power of the human tongue, and we believe in the power of the human throat, and we believe in the power of the human chest, and we believe in the power of the human stomach, and we believe in the power of the human liver, and we believe in the power of the human spleen, and we 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believe



## Letter from England.

THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Dear Sir—Knowing your journal to be one of the chief organs through which Spiritualists publish their proceedings in America, it has occurred to me that some account of our doings on this side of the Atlantic may be acceptable, although penned by one totally unknown to you, but who is anxious to promote the holy cause of Spiritualism to the best of his ability, and be in unison with all real Spiritualists, by which I mean those who act out their belief, and show by their lives that they are worthy of that sacred name; I desire to draw a wide line of demarcation between these and mere physical phenomena hunters, but at the same time not to be misunderstood as undervaluing these phenomena—far from it. But, looking at them as the alphabet through which our senses are first convinced that there is an occult force with which we have been previously unacquainted, and, secondly, that that force is accompanied by intelligence, I have been led into a much longer digression from the real object of my letter than I intended; which is, to tell our transatlantic friends that six months ago we formed what has not been unaptly termed a Spiritual Church. Our meetings were held on Sunday evenings in the Polygraphic Hall, King William street, Strand; and when I state that Mrs. Emma Hardinge, with her well known zeal and anxiety to promulgate Spiritualism, has been our speaker, it will create no surprise that not only have our congregations steadily increased, but that with the increase of numbers the interest manifested in the subject has also increased, and, I venture to believe, a better and holier tone has been produced in the minds of her hearers as regards our much misrepresented science. In addition to this, much of antiquated and irrational dogmas has been exposed, and, as I hope and think, obliterated from many a truth-seeking and unprejudiced mind.

On Sunday, the 20th of May, our Spiritual Church was closed for the Summer. The subject of the last lecture was "The Spiritual Church," which was treated in Mrs. Hardinge's most powerful style. At the conclusion of the lecture a short address (written by Mr. Thomas Shorter) of which I send you a copy, was proposed by Mr. O'Sullivan, seconded by Mr. Webb, and carried by acclamation. I have reason to believe that one feeling pervaded all present—that of regret that an adjournment was considered desirable, in fact absolutely necessary. Some of our friends, I could observe from the platform, were moved to tears.

About a month since Mrs. Hardinge gave two lectures at Cambridge Hall, Newman street, Oxford street, on Modern Spiritualism, the Oxford Spirit Mediums. Both were well attended—about eight hundred at the first, and one thousand at the last. I should have named that questions were put and answered most satisfactorily after each lecture at the Polygraphic Hall and at Cambridge Hall.

We have now induced Mrs. Hardinge to give a short course of six lectures at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent street, one of the most beautiful as well as the most fashionable halls in London. The subject will be, "Facts and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism."

## SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

To Mrs. Emma Hardinge—We, the members of the Spiritual Church, and others who have been privileged to attend the services at the Polygraphic Hall, cannot let these services close, though it be, as we hope and trust, for a brief period only, without expressing to you our deep sense and grateful appreciation of your most valuable labours. We feel how much we owe you, not only as the able public representative, the eloquent exponent and advocate of our deeply cherished and much misunderstood faith, but also for the instruction we have ourselves received from your discourses, for the light you have shed upon our difficulties, and the healthful stimulus you have given to our higher natures.

We gladly recognize the free, reverent, catholic spirit and the generous sympathy which have distinguished your ministrations, and we would cherish in ourselves and promote in others a like disposition and kindly feeling. The Spiritual Church—the Church of the Future, the Church you have labored to build up—must be no narrow communion, must rest on no shifting sands of human opinion, but on principles firm as the earth, eternal as the heavens, wide as humanity. With loving heart acknowledging God as our Father, all men as our brothers, and immortal life, with all its glorious opportunities of knowledge and progress, as the destiny of all, we would be in fellowship with all true, earnest, devout souls, of every clime and creed. May the noble inspirations with which you are so largely gifted, and by which you have so largely benefited us, be to you an ever present strength, joy and consolation. We beg you, in conclusion, to accept the assurance of our hearts' best wishes and most affectionate respect.

Signed, on behalf of the members of the Spiritual Church, J. C. Luxmoore, Chairman, R. Cooper, S. O'Sullivan, G. Dowdall, W. Webb, T. Shorter, T. Shorter.

So you see we are trying to give the people an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with and progressing in our glorious science, and I hope I may say with truth, are to some extent succeeding; we have, of course, to endure the opposition and even ridicule of two classes, *c'est à dire*, the ignorant and those who are considered, and consider themselves, the savans of the age, and therefore believe everything to be impossible which they and their self-sufficient arrogance cannot explain nor comprehend. Their taunts and ridicule, however, rest light on the shoulders of those who have for their object the promulgation of truth for its own sake—the fullest possible spread of the belief in the immortality of the soul—the desire to live in fellowship with all, and the wish to aid and comfort those who are afflicted either in body or mind. Permit me to subscribe myself your humble fellow laborer, J. C. LUXMOORE.

16 Gloucester Square, Hyde Park,  
London, Eng., May 23, 1868.

## The Next National Convention.

To the Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers who may attend the Fifth National Convention, to be held in the city of Rochester in August next: At the Yearly Meeting of the Association of Progressive Spiritualists, held May 31, a committee of seven were appointed to make arrangements for securing homes for speakers and delegates, and to solicit proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses to reduce their rates of board. The committee have ascertained that board can be had from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per day, and that they will do all in their power, and hope to be able to find homes for all, pleasant and agreeable. Address Mrs. C. P. Stewart, Chairman of Committee, Plymouth Avenue; or Mrs. S. A. Burris, Secretary, 62 North St. Paul street, Rochester, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y., May 26th, 1868.

DEATH OF KIT KATSON.—A letter from Fort Lyon, Colorado, says that the noted pioneer died there on the 23d inst. from the effects of a rupture. During his visit to New England with the Ute Indians last winter, it was not expected that he would survive many months. General Katson accompanied General Fremont in his famous exploring expedition, and was one of his most trusted associates. He has done the Government great service in the Rocky Mountain District, and his death is to be regretted. He was held in great respect by the Indian tribes of the West.

J. BUNN, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.  
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

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WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Luther Colby.

## Punishment in Schools.

The majority report of the Committee on Education, in the lower branch of the Legislature, was adverse to the proposition to abolish corporal punishment in the public schools by law, on the ground that, while the majority of the Committee are convinced that the practice of corporal punishment is "unwise, unnecessary and demoralizing in its effects upon both teachers and scholars," yet, believing that school committees now have full power to abolish it, they regard it as more proper and prudent to leave the management of the matter in their hands. Hence legislation on it is discouraged.

But the report of the minority, consisting of Messrs. J. P. Ordway, of Boston, and Gaylord, is a paper betraying careful reflection and a large and comprehensive collation of facts. It takes up the subject and argues it from its beginning. Every position and argument taken and advanced by the advocates of corporal punishment, is examined with fairness and patience, and some most striking illustrations are employed to show that flogging and whipping do more harm than good to both teacher and pupil. The minority are not willing to leave so important a matter to the adjustment of local school committees; and the very good reason they give for their objection is, that these committees are too likely to be influenced in their judgment and decision by the representations of school-teachers themselves, who have learned to believe that a school could not be kept at all except under rod, fable and frown.

An argument used by the minority against the degrading practice is, that anybody can see the lamentable effect of an indiscriminate system of beating and hanging in such families as resort to it on the slightest provocation, because their culture has not yet taken them out of the control of their passions. That we regard as a pointed and potent argument. It goes to show the direct and decisive influence of physical mauling upon the minds of those who administer as well as those who receive it. If there is a cruelty done to the body by this practice, there is a greater and more lasting wrong done to the nature of both parties to the practice. Children have little respect and less love for parents who fail to beat them on almost no provocation whatever; and as for confidence in them, they have none of it. When bonds like these are broken in such a ruthless manner, it is not possible to reinstate them.

The minority report of the Legislative Committee on Education have been at the pains to investigate the history of the bastinado practice both in schools and colleges, since the country was settled. A quotation from Josiah Quincy's "History of Harvard College" is interesting and pertinent. Over there they practiced corporal punishment as long as they dared. The minority argue that force ever provokes antagonism and fosters a spirit of violence; that the cruel mistake is many times committed of whipping children for not committing a lesson to memory, when they have no capacity to do it; that excessively timid and sensitive children are actually prevented from performing their tasks by the fear of the punishment which accompanies their failure; that the glow and stimulus which an intellectual success imparts to the mind is of more service than all the whippings that were ever administered even with the utmost judiciousness; that to aid, encourage and stimulate a child is far better than to flog him; and that the true way to teach and discipline is through patience, working in the channels of interest and love. The advocates of whipping are infidel on this point, and of course they cannot expect to realize the power of love until it has been fairly and thoroughly tried.

Whipping has for ten years ceased in the State penitentiaries, in the prison, on shipboard and upon wives and apprentices; and it is simply sought to banish it from the public schools. The people of Massachusetts are averse to the semi-barbarous practice. It is openly opposed by pulpit, forum and press. Teachers are governed by their temperaments as well as other persons; they whip in haste, in passion, and on the uncorroborated representations of others. The abolition of the practice has abundantly shown the good effect wrought by it wherever undertaken. It has resulted in suppressing and subordinating the class of feelings which ought to be kept under, and developing the higher and nobler class for which too much play is never apt to be allowed.

The Senate, we see, has gone so far as to vote to prevent the whipping of young women and females, but that is only a step in the right direction, though a long one. Public sentiment is rapidly advancing to this ground, which it will certainly take and hold. Testimony from the best and most experienced instructors, and from superintendents of schools, proves that public opinion is strengthening in favor of the entire abolition of corporal beatings and flagellations. It is not a "mere sentiment" that is at the bottom of this, but a divine principle which is planted deeply in our nature. The sentiment, however, is the finger-post for the principle, showing that it is permanently there. Chastisement of the body is so apt to be mixed as a penalty with the weakness, the prejudices and the passions of the person inflicting it, that there is really no safety except in making that steady appeal to conscience, to reason, and to honor which is to be found hidden somewhere in every nature. That appeal will be a success when it shall have been made in earnest.

## The Picnic Season.

By notices in another column, the reader will observe that the picnic season is close at hand. Preparations are being made by Dr. Gardner for a grand Union Picnic at Island Grove, Abington, June 18th. As in former seasons, these popular and well managed gatherings will be attended by thousands.

The managers of the Children's Lyceums also announce a picnic at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, to take place June 26th. A grand time with the little folks may be expected.

Our Message Department this week is unusually interesting.

## A Glorious Work.

Anything that is inaugurated for the advancement of woman's interests meets our cordial approbation. Too long has she been a slave to the selfishness of man, especially in a pecuniary point of view. Now, to the everlasting honor of our race, the liberal-minded and just are bringing the great question of woman's rights and woman's equality before the world of mind. The wages of working-women have never been adequate to their comfortable support. In consequence of which a few individuals with large, unselfish souls, some time since formed a Working-Women's Protective Union, which has accomplished a great deal for the sex. In New York city such organization was especially needed. Being the commercial centre of the country, cheap, unprincipled men, watching for chances to fleece or defraud the unwary, are more numerous than in smaller cities, while the chances of detection and punishment are less. Unskilled in the forms and methods of business, women are especially liable to imposition and extortion. Unscrupulous employers advertise for girls, hire them at so much a week or by the piece, and then swindle them out of the whole or part of their pay on various excuses. In some cases poor women are defrauded into advancing small sums of from \$2 to \$10 as security for work, and then that is the last they see of the work or the deposits. To shield them from these and kindred rascals, the Working-Women's Union was formed. The report informs us that during its five years of operation no less than 48,551 females have applied for information relative to employment. Of these 10,200 were supplied directly with work, and it is believed that a large proportion of the balance obtained employment through the information afforded. In the same time, by means of legal counsel gratuitously furnished, about \$2700 has been recovered for them from employers. Many complaints of working-women against their employers, however, reach amicable settlement through advice given by the officers of the Union. In all cases, employers are communicated with in case of complaint, and prosecutions only take place as a last resort. The Union regards this department as very important. Dishonest employers are deterred in the only way in which they can be reached, for the poor girls alone would of course be powerless to bring them to justice. The Union is supported by voluntary contributions and the gratuitous services of the original founders and Executive Committee. The benefits which it is enabled to bestow upon a very deserving class are obvious.

## Free Religionists.

The assemblage of men who have adopted that title, recently gathered in Boston, was composed of a variety of specimens from the different creeds. They transacted what business they proposed to do in harmony, yet appeared to reach nothing like a definite result, after all. There were good words spoken for the largest freedom of faith, and it was peculiarly gratifying to find that Baptist, Episcopalian, and the rest, were holding converse together on a common platform. Yet it occurred to us that this novel association is arranged rather as a novelty show than anything else.

There was no common bond of fellowship proclaimed, that was to draw and hold them together. One, if not two, of the speakers merely held that toleration was the polar star of the association; and he went on to illustrate his meaning by declaring that he still held to the Orthodox theory of redemption as much as he ever did—only he had charity enough to let others hold such views on the same subject as they choose. This is simply a spirit of toleration—a spirit which we ought to be ashamed to have to organize a special association to advocate and proclaim. But a free Religion is something very much more than this, and different.

## Will Science Look In?

We mentioned in our last issue that Mr. Home had expressed his readiness to continue the offer, or proposal, he made to the late Professor Faraday to Professor Tyndal, and that we hoped the latter gentleman, who is deservedly of high repute among advanced men of science, would have no hesitation in accepting the proposal. Mr. Home is a representative medium, and any truly scientific investigation of the manifestations made through his organism would be sure to carry authority with its unprejudiced conclusions. But the New York World, in noticing this invitation from Mr. Home to Professor Tyndal, expresses the wish that a similar investigation shall be set on foot at once in this country; arguing the propriety and necessity of it by remarking the fact that there are millions of believers in Spiritualism in the United States, and that a faith which spreads so fast should challenge the most serious inquiry possible. And as this faith is built upon certain well-known manifestations, it is perfectly proper that Science should be the first to step forth and proceed with an unbiased and thorough investigation. We certainly are ready for such an investigation, and should be rejoiced to see it begin.

## Investigation in Connecticut.

The Waterbury Daily American, of May 28th, thus alludes to a discussion recently held in Waterbury, Conn., between Dr. Munn and Andrew T. Foss, on the subject of Spiritualism and Immortality:

"Last evening a large audience listened with marked interest to the debate. According to the report, the 'apirits' have the best of the argument. Dr. Munn's arguments were the best. 'What could be brought forward on his side of the question, but his opponent's facts' were stubborn things, which he found difficult to answer. Spiritualism, like Banquo's ghost, will not be down. When we find staunch, old Baptist clergymen, like Mr. Foss, advocating it with the utmost earnestness and sincerity, we are disposed to give them a candid hearing. Some of their statements tax our credulity, but we do not forget that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.' Mr. Foss evidently believes that the spirits are determined to give to mortals of our day positive, tangible proof that the dead live, and he believes that their teachings will strip our Christian theology of its Judaism and heathen mythology, leaving only truth, justice, love, peace on earth and good will to all men. If this be the mission of the spirits, greet them with a hearty welcome, say we."

## The Blind Medium.

We published some time since a very eulogistic notice of the mediumship of I. L. Richardson, from the pen of a legal gentleman well known in this community. Since then we have received information which leads us to infer that our correspondent—unintentionally, of course—received statements from the controlling spirit of the medium that several investigators inform us they cannot trace to an authentic source. But we understand that several gentlemen have secured a suitable room for the medium, to enable him to give public sittings. Our informant, in his investigations, thus far, pronounces the spirit communications given in his presence of a very superior order.

## Laws and Morals.

Mrs. Cady Stanton is sagaciously near the truth of the matter, when she says, as she does in the "Revolution," that "the morals of our social life are repeated in our legislation," and that "just so long as women have no individual aims, desires, opinions and purposes in life, but secure their ends by echoing, wheedling, and managing men, your men will be of the same plastic character, governed by policy rather than principle, led by the nose by wily politicians, ready to sell their opinions, their votes, their birthright for a mess of pottage." We accept pretty much the whole of this generalization, entirely outside of politics and political considerations. Men are pretty much what they are made by the influences surrounding them. If they are given over to be molded by others, they will of course become plastic; but left to contend and struggle with opposition, they grow strong and sturdy, like the oaks in the wind.

Now it is as Mrs. Stanton says respecting woman's influence over man. It was intended to be so, and so it will be. Men must inevitably and at the last listen to the other sex. Their commonest instinct teaches them as much. And if woman is kept as a dependent, weak, dawdling creature, to wheedle, coax, and manage men into her own predetermined plans, naturally the influence will be harmful and demoralizing. It will fail to give that strength to the man which he would derive from contact with a superior instead of an inferior being. And as he is thus taught by custom to regard woman as weak and helpless, and to concede to her the native strength of character which is certainly to be reckoned with her other gifts, of course the legislation shaped by him leaves her correspondingly out of the account, and she is treated by it as at least an inferior and subordinate human being.

The history of civilization attests that the character of the relation existing between the sexes is the standard of the laws, civil life, and social status of each separate age. As woman is treated, so does current civilization rate itself. The laws betray the estimation in which she is held. They do so because she stamps the current morals; and laws are not above the morals of the generation enacting them. Hence it follows as a logical necessity, that as we elevate and ennoble woman, by giving her the right to enjoy the largest freedom, so do our laws and customs reflect the practice, and work through themselves to the common elevation.

## Persecution for Singing Hymns.

On Friday, May 29, the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Pennsylvania suspended from eldership and membership Mr. George H. Stuart of Philadelphia for the offence of singing hymns. The rules of the Synod forbid the use of any other metrical compositions in divine worship than a certain version of the Psalms of David—the versification of which, in some instances, is very quaint and poor. Mr. Stuart, however, had attended what are called Union Prayer Meetings, and on those occasions had joined in singing the hymns given out from what is called the Union Hymn Book. He was accordingly suspended, after a sharp and somewhat excited debate, not without protest from several influential members of the Synod, but to the great satisfaction of the adherents of the old-fashioned customs. Mr. Stuart is widely known from his connection with the United States Christian Commission.

## The Boston Children's Lyceums.

The Lyceum which convenes each Sunday forenoon in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, is making rapid improvements in every branch of education taught there. The school is nearly as full as the accommodations of the Hall will allow. The picnic to take place on the 24th of this month, at Walden Pond, is anxiously looked forward to by all the little folks as well as the adults.

The new Lyceum recently started at the South-End, meets in Springfield (street) Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. It has already twenty-six members—a pretty fair start—and is sure to increase each week. The officers are zealous in their efforts to carry forward so noble a work, and they should be encouraged by contributions to defray the expenses.

## Physical Manifestations.

The Paine children have been holding sittings in New Hampshire for several weeks past, and creating great excitement in many places. Closely scrutinizing committees have tried unsuccessfully to detect fraud, but have not yet succeeded in satisfying the public that fraud is perpetrated. The Manchester Mirror, after devoting a column to what it terms "the wonderful and mysterious" manifestations, adds, "Whatever may be the opinion as to the cause of these singular manifestations, it was clear enough to all that the boys could not have done these things unaided, bound as they were."

We learn that Prof. Cadwell intends to travel in Massachusetts with these excellent mediums for the next two months.

## Third Edition of Willis's "Parker in Spirit-Life."

This exceedingly interesting work has already run through two editions. We have just issued a third. Sent to any address by mail. Price 25 cents.

After alluding briefly to A. J. Davis's last new book, "Memoranda," the Springfield Republican says: "Another Spiritualist publication is a pamphlet entitled Theodore Parker in Spirit-Life, a Narrative of Personal Experience inspirationally given to Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D. People who are anxious to know what Heaven is like and cannot wait till they get there themselves, may be interested in knowing what Dr. Willis says Theodore Parker's spirit has told him about it."

## Explanatory.

R. W. Flint, of 91 Third Avenue, New York, who has recently become developed to write involuntarily in answer to questions in sealed letters, is said to be a very remarkable medium. A notice of this gentleman's mediumship recently appeared in our New York Department, which has led many to suppose Mr. F. answered such questions by letter, gratuitously. This is not the case. His fee is one dollar and three red stamps. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." These sensitively organized mediums would gladly sit for the public "without money and without price," could they afford to do so. But as "time is money," they should be paid for their time the same as other people. Why not?

## The Belvidere Seminary.

The anniversary exercises of the young ladies' seminary, under the charge of the Misses Bush, located at Belvidere, N. J., will take place on the 23d and 24th of June. The occasion will be a very interesting one. Persons from various parts of the country have already expressed their intention of being present.

## Spiritualism and Sectarianism.

We are often asked by sectarians, what good has been done by Spiritualism? We reply, it has proved to thousands if not to millions of intelligent truth-seeking persons, the certainty that there is a future, organized, active, useful existence, and that those who have left the material body, in which they had as spiritual beings hitherto resided, can return and make themselves visible, audible and tangible to those who remain temporarily behind, but who are constantly asking what of the future.

We cannot believe that there has been an age or a people since intelligent human beings have lived, when this great question has not been asked. No one who thinks at all, can fail to ask himself, if he does not question others, what this is which we call life, and if it does really continue after what we call death.

Spiritualism has answered us; and not only given us assurance that "if a man die he shall live again," but has shown us how he lives and how his life here affects the future.

When an ancient philosopher inquired of the oracle how he should learn to live properly, he was answered through the medium employed by those in the spirit-world who controlled these oracles, that "he should ask the dead."

Our mediums now reply to such questions, that we are to live here precisely as we should wish hereafter we had done; and they show us in multitudes of instances what those are doing now who have been acknowledged as the best friends of our race while on earth.

It does not appear that Cheverus or Channing or Parker or John A. Andrew forget their interest in humanity at large because they leave the body and to most of us become invisible. On the contrary, we are told that all such, as well as those who in the former life were real physicians of the body, are more active and efficient than ever.

The communication from Theodore Parker, through our friend Dr. Willis, shows that there could be no rest or satisfaction but in coming back to earth to comfort the mourners and the afflicted.

We say then, finally, that Spiritualism has done this great, good thing which sectarianism has not done and cannot do, and it is for this reason that the first is gaining ground with such wonderful rapidity, while the other loses almost in the same proportion, and seems destined to die out altogether.

D. W.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm lectures in Providence, R. I., during June. This talented speaker has accepted engagements which will occupy her time for nearly a year ahead, with the exception of part of July and August, which she proposes to spend in New England. Those who can secure her services will be fortunate.

Mr. S. C. Hayford is ready to accept calls to lecture. For the present he can be addressed care of this office.

Moses Hull speaks in Portsmouth, N. H., during June.

J. H. Powell will speak in Geneva, Ohio, the first two Sundays in June, and in Cleveland the third.

Mrs. Margaret Kane, (one of the Fox sisters) a correspondent informs us is now in Albany, N. Y., giving sittings at the City Hotel (old Dunlop House) every afternoon and evening, meeting with distinguished and deserved success. She lives with a private family where warm hearts, comforts and luxuries appear to render her very happy.

## A Visitor from Over the Water.

We were much gratified to take by the hand, a few days ago, our friend and brother, Rev. Fred. K. Young, of London, now on a visit to this country. He is a noble worker in the cause of human elevation; advances the most liberal ideas, and is a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism. He is doing more to enlighten the people of England than all the creedist preachers in that country. We bid him God-speed, and trust that his soul may be strengthened by his visit to America for the glorious though arduous work that awaits him at home.

## Meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The First Spiritualist Society of Brooklyn still hold meetings at the "Cumberland-street Lecture Room." The Society comprises a large majority of those who have been identified with it from its commencement over a year ago. Their prospects are so encouraging at present that a charter has been applied for.

## Thos. Gales Forster's Music Hall Address.

We have put this very interesting address, "WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?" into neat pamphlet form for the benefit of the millions of readers of spiritual literature. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

## New Publications.

DIKES AND DITCHES; or, Young America in Holland and Belgium. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the fourth, in order, of the "Young America Abroad" series by this popular writer for the young, whose eyes and ears were ever open for their gratification mainly when he should return from his foreign rambles to his native land. This volume takes the Academy Ship and her consort into the waters of Holland and Belgium—a region peopled densely, and crowded with historic associations. It is as interesting fully as any of its three predecessors, which is as much as can well be said in favor of any book of the kind in a serial line. Much of this volume is devoted to sketches of the topography and history of the country, with its manners and customs; and the lofty examples of patriotism, courage and fortitude which are conspicuous in the history of Holland, are duly set forth in Oliver's most engaging style. The story of the voyagers increases in interest, too, from sundry proceedings on the part of the crew, all of which are worked up and worked into the groundwork plan with admirable tact and the most happy effect.

THE PRISONER'S HIDDEN LIFE, or INSANE ASYLUM UNVEILED, is the title of a stout volume received from the authors, Mrs. E. P. W. Packard, and published in Chicago. Her object is to show up more explicitly and fully the details of the management of the Illinois Insane Asylums, of one of which she herself became an inmate and helpless victim. Her stories are harrowing indeed; one can scarcely find it in his heart to believe that human nature is so hardened, in a state of professed civilization, as the revelations on these pages abundantly attest. It all forms a melancholy record in the extreme. The Report of the Investigating Committee of the Illinois Legislature is given, and commented on, together with the testimony of Mrs. Packard's condition. So monstrous an evil and abuse as this insane asylum system in the very heart and centre of civilization, is of the first importance to expose and denounce. No people can consistently lay claim to the title of Christian who knowingly tolerate such practices, cruel and barbarous, as are recorded in this volume. It makes one's blood run cold at times, and at other times it fills it with indignation. We hope that every citizen of Illinois at least will peruse this outrageous record.

Garison & Co., New York, show their enterprise by getting out this promptly a translation of George Sand's novel, entitled "MOLLY MARQUEZ," it having been running through several numbers of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. The translator's work is faithfully done; the story, dropping from Sand's pen, will speak sufficiently in its own praise.

Lee & Shepard have received Peterson Brothers' cheap edition of "PARADISE OF ENGLISH FAITHFULNESS," by Charles Dickens, and "QUESTIONS UNANSWERED," by Sir Walter Scott. Both publications are attractive and of permanent value. The Petersons are making good literature as cheap as they can.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM MANUAL.—The sixth abridged edition of this indispensable little work, by A. J. Davis, has just been issued from the press of Bela Marsh, 14 Broadway street, Boston.











## 7

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mounts, Pleurisy; all Inflammations, acute or chronic, such as Inflammation of the Lungs, Kidneys, Womb, Bladder, &c.; all Disorders of the Liver, Gall Bladder, Stomach, Intestines, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds; Scrofula, Nervousness, &c.

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Sept. 28.—1f

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