

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

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(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

There's a beautiful country not far away,
With its shores of emerald green,
Where rise the beautiful hills of Day,
From meadows of amber and shoon;
There beautiful flowers forever blow,
With beautiful names which ye may not know.
There are beautiful walks, star pavon and bright,
Which lead up to beautiful homes;
And beautiful temples, all carved in white,
With golden and sapphirine domes,
And beautiful gates, which swing so slow,
To beautiful symbols ye may not know.
There are beautiful valleys and mountains high,
With rivers, and forests, and hills;
And beautiful fountains leap to the sky,
Then descend in murmuring rills;
There beautiful "life trees" forever grow,
With beautiful names which ye do not know.
There is beautiful music borne on the air,
From bright birds with flashing wings;
And beautiful odors float everywhere,
Which an unseen censer flings;
And a beautiful stream near that land doth flow,
With a beautiful name which ye do not know.
Across this beautiful mystical stream,
Flash rare scintillations bright;
And many a "wishing, mysterious dream,
Is borne on the pinions of night;
And the stream is spanned by a beautiful bow,
With a beautiful name which ye do not know.
And beautiful gondolas, formed of pearl,
Come laden with wonderful stores;
While beautiful banners their folds unfurl,
To the dipping of musical oars;
And beautiful beings cross to and fro,
With beautiful names which ye do not know.
Would ye know the name of this beautiful Land,
Where the emerald waters roll
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand?
It is called "The Land of the Soul."
And the beautiful flowers which ever blow,
Are the beautiful thoughts which ye have below.
And the beautiful walks are your life deeds,
Which fashion your future homes;
While the temples grand are the world's great needs,
And its saviors have reared their domes;
Through the beautiful gates, which swing so slow,
Come the beautiful truths which ye learn below.
And the beautiful landscapes are formed of thoughts,
Of all that the world has been;
And the beautiful fountains are tears outwrought,
Through immortal sunlight seen;
And the beautiful life trees, which ever grow,
Are the beautiful hopes which ye cherish below.
And the beautiful melody is prayer,
But is echoed in man's powers;
And the beautiful perfumes floating there
Are the spirits of all the flowers.
And the beautiful stream which divides you so,
Is the beautiful river named Death below.
And the beautiful fashes across the stream,
Are your inspirations grand;
While the beautiful meaning of every dream
Is the rest in this fair land.
And the beautiful million-colored bow
Is your beautiful tears for each other's woe.
And the beautiful barges are all the years
Which bear ye away from pain;
And the beautiful banners, transformed from fears,
Are returning to bless you again;
And the beautiful forms, crossing to and fro,
Are the beautiful ones ye have loved below.

SUMMER DAYS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh summer days! dear summer days! how sweet ye are and fair!
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes throughout the earth and air;
When all the birds have built their nests in loving couples twined,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltzing down the wind.
The morning-glories drape the wall with crimson, white and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long sweet mornings through;
The humming-bird hangs poised above the lily's nectar-store,
And unfledged birdlings twitter in the nest above the door.
The grand sire sits beside the porch, where coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks of long ago.
I ask him if these summer days bring not a rare delight,
They rise so fair and gleam so slow into the golden night.
"Ah! no!" he says, "I dream upon the years that used to be,
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all alike to me."
I wonder if 't will come to me—the time when I shall say
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the day;
When birds shall sing above my head their chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my ear?
I wonder if I, too, shall sit and dream an old man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-forgotten themes,
While all the hues and symphonies of sea, and sky, and earth,
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles nothing worth!
Ah! no! whatever change may come, that change can never be—
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm for me;
Not all the sorrow time can bring, not all life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from the rose.
And though my senses fall with years, and lose their keenest power,
Yet, when the sparrow comes and sings at earliest morning hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song, can never cease to hear;
I know the clear, ecstatic voice, will pierce my heavy ear;
And I shall see the roses bloom, and nod the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the fire-flies come;
And though my eyes may have, as yet, their bitterest tears to shed,
I never can be wholly blind to evening's gold and red.
The flowers will not cease to glow because my cheek is wan;
The peach trees will not fail to blush because my bloom is gone;
And all the mists that mournful age may bring to cloud my view,
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's delicious blue.
This beautiful world, which every year renews its youthful prime,
Will be as fair when I am old as in my childhood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build—the morning-glories bloom.

Original Essays.

THE SITUATION AND NEEDS OF THE TIMES.

BY G. F. KITTEDGE.

"How long, oh God, how long?" This is the exclamation and interrogation which ever comes to our mind when we contemplate what Spiritualism is and what Spiritualists are; the one a noble, grand and beautiful philosophy—the other, in the aggregate, a conglomerate of men and women who claim and assume more than their acts will attest. There are many of the devotees of Spiritualism who will, no doubt, consider this as a sweeping accusation and bare assertion; but Truth, stripped of all vanity, and in her simplicity, begs us write, and therefore at her shrine we bow and her mandates obey. Hence our adopted sentiment:
"Truth alone, where'er my life be cast,
In scenes of plenty or the pining waste,
Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last."
Modern Spiritualism, in the twenty-first year of its advent, claiming eleven millions of advocates and believers in the United States alone, and still not popular nor respected—still no churches, schools, asylums, hospitals nor beneficiary institutions—nothing save a few scattered organizations, half conceived and half born, and a few Children's Lyceums; and even these almost invariably characterized by contentions, wrangling, jealousies, disputes, gossiping harangues and general inharmoniousness.
Modern Spiritualism, with its exalting lessons, its sublime philosophy, its noble disclosures of truth, its saving influences from every species of vice and crime, and three hundred advertised lecturing advocates ready to present it before the masses, provided they are called upon "Ay, there's the rub"; for not one in ten ever have a call to lecture, and not more than twenty-five out of the three hundred are supported well enough to keep them in the field. Fro. Peebles says to us, "Why ain't you in the field? Lecturers are needed everywhere!" We know lecturers are needed, and we stand ready and equipped for battle, but there are two things requisite to get us out—1st, a call; 2d, compensation.
Again, one thousand test mediums for every phase of spirit manifestations are developed, and where are they and what are they doing? They are numbered as receiving any support for their divine, angelic missions, but, on the contrary, are living in the most indigent circumstances—existing and compelled to exist in dingy attics and damp basements, and often asked to give their services gratis.
Eleven millions of Spiritualists, and only two or three offices devoted to the printing of spiritual literature, and not one in five hundred of the said eleven millions who ever read a spiritual journal, much less that subscribe to or patronize one.
We have often heard lecturers narrate the wonderful growth of Spiritualism, and seen whole audiences swell big with pride as being counted among the pioneers of the cause, when, in fact, Spiritualists themselves are not entitled to one whit of the praise, since this wonderful and blessed philosophy, from its inception on the 31st of March, 1848, to the present time, has been forced upon this world by the denizens of the Summer-Land, and to them be the glory and praise thereof. Had professed Spiritualists taken one-half the time, or exerted themselves one-half as much in order to have had the Spiritual Philosophy disseminated among the children of earth, or had they been half as zealous to open the way for spiritual communion, not a household to-day would be without its acknowledged angel visitants. And here will be appreciated the pertinency of those trite aphorisms, "Angels help those who help themselves," and "As they minister unto us in spiritual things, how much more should we be willing to minister unto them in temporal things." Angels cannot build edifices of wood and stone, but they can direct us how to build. They cannot dig wells and bore for oil, but they can point out the successful places. They cannot fight battles, but they can inform us of the weak parts in our enemy's ranks. They cannot mine for precious metals, nor coin them to fill the coffers of Spiritualists—and thank God for that—if they could and would, we doubt if there would be but little expended in furtherance of the cause.
That we may the better be excited to shame, let us take a casual survey for a moment of the various sectarian denominations, and behold what they have achieved and are achieving, and the indomitable zeal with which they labor. See the costly and elegant edifices of worship being reared daily all around us. See the beautiful and stately buildings erected for asylum, orphan and hospital purposes. See the large academic institutions reared, with all the taste and skill which science, art and human ingenuity can devise, and expensively endowed, and wherein they are erroneously instructing and sending forth intellectual giants to brow-beat and cripple truth's onward and progressive march. And it is with these that our lecturers, mostly taken from the humble ranks of all professions and avocations—uneducated and untrained—are obliged to cope. All of this in a country containing eleven millions of Spiritualists, who, in the aggregate, are the wealthiest in this world's goods, but at the same time the most penurious, selfish and close-fisted class of humanity that exist on this green earth of ours. Were it otherwise, then we should not at this day and age be obliged to chronicle the apathy of spiritual progress; therefore, this assertion needs no further argument to substantiate it as a fact.
It is time Spiritualists bestirred themselves toward perfecting a grand system of organization, that they may hereafter furnish their own data and statistics of strength, wealth, progress, and prospective work, which shall be reliable, and not be dependent longer upon their opposers for their necessary information.

That Spiritualism is the only thing feared by all

sectarian denominations as a disintegrator of their ritualistic theology, is evident from the assaults made upon it by all the publications and sermons of note issuing from their presses and pulpits. As an earnest of this fact, allow us to quote an extract or two from a sermon preached by Rev. George M. Randall, of Mesiah Church, Boston, before the alumni of the Episcopal Church, held at Philadelphia. He says:
"The spirit of infidelity, in the present age, has assumed a gigantic form in its warfare upon Revelation which gives it an influence fearful to think of. It no longer contents itself with that simple, spiteful rejection of Christ, but it has assumed a guise far more attractive and infinitely more dangerous: it has put on the garment of great learning; it appears now under the phase of philosophy and science, and attempts to bring contempt upon Revelation by showing that its inspired words are contradicted by scientific facts; it has taken on the guise of religion, and in many communities is making sad havoc with the Christian faith of multitudes. Spiritualism is a fit rival of Swedenborgianism. What was treated a few years ago as only a freak of fanaticism, has assumed dimensions, in many parts of the country, which make it no longer a thing that may provoke a smile for its absurdity; it has taken possession of the minds of too many men and women, who had heretofore ranked among the pious and intelligent disciples of Christ, and is spreading its baneful influences quite as far and too fast to be longer regarded as one of those ephemeral religious phantasies which soon cease themselves."
Would that the devil were content that (these) his servants should make their onset upon the Bible from the domain of science; but alas! that infidelity should be found in the fold. * * * Treason in the church is terrible dealt at her by the hand of treason." It is a blow.
The above is a fair sample of the warnings and fear expressed in all the theological pulpits of this country to-day, from the old, dogmatic Roman Catholic Church down to the Old School Universalists, in regard to the influence of Spiritualism. They are fearful of its strength and its influence; but in our estimation, after surveying the situation carefully, we should say Spiritualism, or Spiritualists rather, in their inharmonious and disorganized condition, have more to fear from their opponents than their opponents have from them. It may not be generally known, yet it is, nevertheless, a serious fact that there is danger lurking in the body-politic of this country, instituted by two powerful religious sects, each bitterly opposed to the other, yet both striving to gain the same great end. The one, the Roman Catholic, with already a strong foothold on this continent, and daily swelling in its population; of immigration, and the other, the Episcopal, lately taken the name of the "American Church Catholic," which is also the "American Protestant," because she courts aristocracy, and being successful in her courtship, is, as a matter of course, becoming rich. In the county of New York alone, including the city, this latter named sect has already fifty-nine churches, valued at nine million seven hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, while the Romans in the same territory have only thirty churches, valued at one million nine hundred and thirty-one thousand two hundred dollars. These two powerful sects, although at war with each other, are boldly making their threats and boasts that they are individually to become the acknowledged church of this country, and that all other religious bodies will eventually be compelled to succumb to them; that the individual members composing them may hold their standing of respectability and honor in society. And how are they setting out to bring about their prophetic boasts and threats? By pouring out their treasures with no stint, and taking precautionary steps to proselyte the ignorant South; thereby to gain political strength and thus ensure national, as well as State legislators and officials, who will stoop and cower not at incorporating in the statutes of this country laws derogatory and obnoxious to free religious thought and intellectual progress, and wholly at variance with the spirit and spirits of the founders of our Government. Therefore we contend that it behooves every liberalist, be he Spiritualist or Deist, to ascertain before he deposits a ballot for a candidate to high offices of trust and power, what are his religious principles. The safety of the times demand it.
Although we may not be able to sound the note of alarm, but, still, seeing the danger into which we are drifting, because of the lake-warmness and apathy of Spiritualists, we cannot help exclaiming, "How long, oh God, how long?"
In view of these facts which we have hastily thrown together, after maturely deliberating upon them separately, the question arises, What can be done to remedy this state of affairs? The answer is apparent.
1st. A spontaneous uprising, in brotherly love, of all liberalists, and especially of Spiritualists, free of all selfishness and lust after notoriety and conspicuousness.
2d. A thorough and complete system of organizations in every State, county, city, town, village and neighborhood, and all corresponding with and appraised of each other's workings, and the whole subordinate to a grand national organization, composed of men and women of eminence, influence, respectability and strong will powers.
3d. Zealous and indefatigable labor by every member of each organization, and the liberal, generous and sacrificing outpouring of treasure, a large per centage of each subordinate organization to be settled in a national sinking-fund, to defray the expenses and maintain missionaries, who will be alive to the work, in all States and localities where the light of the Spiritual Philosophy is needed and cannot be, at present, sustained in any other way.
4th. The incorporating of a free publication society to scatter broadcast spiritual and scientific literature.
These and various other topics of interest should engage the attention of every delegate to the coming National Convention, and for such practical business we shall anxiously look, that the consummation of our dearest hopes may be realized. The good of the country demands it, the welfare of the world needs it and the denizens of the summer-land are irresistibly pressing it. Let it be done.
Buffalo, N. Y., 1868.

CONSISTENCY—A WORD TO THE UNWISE.

BY DEAN CLARK.

It may be an unparliamentary presumption, and seem to be conceded egotism in me to even suggest the line of duty for others to pursue, but feeling the working of the spirit within, prompting me to duty, and being raised by it far above all personal considerations to the plane of impersonal principles, I must give utterance to unwelcome truths when the good of humanity and the prosperity of our cause demand earnest efforts to stay the progress of popular errors and false practices, and I have no other apology to offer for "adding line upon line, and precept upon precept," pointing out the mistaken policy of some of my brethren, than the hope that I may aid them in correcting errors fatal to their own highest good, and detrimental to the progress of Spiritualism. Fault-finding is not my special delight, and were it not an imperative necessity to place the mirror of reflection before those who are prone to look without, instead of within themselves for evil, so that we may "see ourselves as others see us," I would gladly forbear to add another word by way of reprimand or criticism upon the conduct of professed Spiritualists; but as our philosophy enjoins reform, beginning first at home—within ourselves, and in our own ranks—as a laborer in "the Father's vineyard," I must pull up "tares" wherever I find them. In the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 7th, 1867, appeared an article from my pen, urging upon Spiritualists the duty of being true to themselves and their professions, and showing, to me, obvious incompatibility of Spiritualism and church dogmas, and of the practice of Spiritualists in supporting the latter with their profession of belief in the former. My observations and experiences since have but fortified the position therein taken, and though brother Henry Strong says that the course I advise "falls far short of the true course that all Spiritualists should pursue," I still believe my position substantially correct, as I will proceed to show.
Let us see what is the actual condition and departed from the "faith once delivered to the saints," has lost its spirituality and primitive simplicity and purity, has become "worldly, proud, aristocratic, pharisaical in every sense."
"She pampers pride, and winks at sin,
A whitel sepulchre she stands,
Hiding the dead men's bones within!"
It is a veritable soul-dungeon, incarcerating every progressive mind behind bolts and bars (creeds), shutting out the sunlight of science and inspiration, and absolutely chaining its inmates so that they dare not and cannot attempt to escape from its dismal vaults.
Its doors are closed against all great free-thinkers and reformers, and it excommunicates and brands every aspiring soul that dares to be wise above what was written in ages of barbarism and superstition.
It is covertly if not openly the implacable foe of Spiritualism, and every Spiritualist who patronizes it, is guilty of "giving aid and comfort to our enemies," and by the rule of belligerents, is a traitor to his own cause!
Let us not deceive ourselves any longer with the delusive idea that we can serve the church, and the cause of human progress, and liberty; it is impossible; they run in opposite directions, as the history of ages proves!
The injunction of Jesus to his followers, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees," is as much needed and as appropriate to-day as when spoken, and Spiritualists should heed it, especially those who still cling to the "dead body" of the church whose "flesh-pots" they hanker for. What fellowship can exist between the lovers of religious liberty and the supporters of those ecclesiastical institutions that hold mankind in vassalage, that prevents all growth of soul and all freedom of opinion? There can be none; and yet hundreds of professed Spiritualists are paying more to support the churches than for their own faith! Wherefore this unpardonable apostasy, this unjustifiable infidelity to the teachings of the angels of deliverance? Oh! it is fashionable to go to church; it makes one respectable in the opinions of the gay and fashionable throng that go there to see, and be seen. It is a good investment to purchase pews and pulpits, (and their occupants) for it secures the patronage of mercenary cravens whose motto is, "Tickle me, Jack, and I'll tickle you!" "Respectable" it is, in the eyes of men forsooth! thus to pauper to human pride and selfishness, but, mark you, it is despicable and perfidious in the eyes of angels, who in warning tones caution the unfaithful to "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees," and in words of merited rebuke thus reprimand them, "Oh ye of little faith, and less works, how long will you barter your manhood for church-pottage, and covet the approval of time-serving idolaters, at the expense of the disapprobation of your own conscience, and of those spirit visitants who witness your recreancy and hypocrisy with sorrow and pity?"
No person is a consistent Spiritualist who does not strive to live according to the teachings of Spiritualism, and as these enjoin upon all fidelity to their highest perceptions of truth and duty, no one can justify a cowardly surrender of their personal liberty to the authority of ecclesiastical despots who demand the subordination of reason to dogmatism. If your reason rebels against the teachings of the church, what right have you to sustain its dominion, to aid in spreading its false dogmas, and perpetuating its soul-darkening errors? None whatever! You cannot consistently serve the church, which rejects the truths of Spiritualism, practically saying "good Lord and good devil," any more than you can love both Vice and Virtue. "Those who are not for us, are against us," and neutrality is impossible between diametrically opposite ideas.
Let church-serving Spiritualists (?) seek not to

Justify their flattery by pleading necessity, for

honest, energetic and faithful men can live in this age of the world, and maintain their integrity by cultivating the soil, if not by arts and trades dependent upon the patronage of narrow-minded bigots. And what man worthy of the name would not scorn to become a hypocrite and a craven for the sake of securing the favor of base, truckling knaves? "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world" and lose his self-respect, his integrity of soul, his manhood, by toadying and fawning to Mammon-worshipping Pharisees for the sake of their base preferment? Away with such sycophancy!
"Better not beneath the sod
Than be true to church and state,
While you're doubly false to God!"
Spiritualism has come into the world to set the people free from the bondage of the church, and no man can strengthen the arm of the oppressor and be a liberator to those "in bonds." Come out, then, oh, ye timid, cringing, church-sustaining Spiritualists who bow before the Moloch of Ignorance and superstition for the sake of the "loaves and fishes" of church patronage! "Remember Lot's wife!" Stay not in bondage for the sake of the sham "respectability" upon which servile communicants may pride themselves, while making broad their phylacteries, and thanking God they "are not as other men," but come out into liberty and be true to yourselves and the teachings of angels who bid you to walk in the light of truth even though all the world forsake you. Which is most to be coveted, the approbation of time-serving men or the love and fellowship of angels? Which keeps the "most respectable company," he that associates with laughing, self-righteous, carnally-minded church men, or he that by faithfulness to his honest convictions forswears allegiance to slavish creeds, quits the "den of thieves," and, though forsaken by little men in the body, has the companionship of "the spirits of just men made perfect," who ever come as "comforters" to those that love the truth more than the praises of men?
"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" whether the church or humanity, whether priests or the people, error or truth, devils or angels, the liberty, truth and individuality; and, when you have chosen, let consistency mark your conduct by fidelity to your professions, remembering that "ye cannot serve two masters," and that if you conclude to serve God, he dwells not in temples of wood or stone—not in Bibles nor creeds, but his temple is the universe, his church contains the universal family of man, and "they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth!" Is this position too ultra? Is it untenable and unjustifiable? Let me be misunderstood. I am not advocating sectarian exclusiveness, nor uncharitableness toward "erring brethren," but fidelity to truth, to all men, and, first, to your own soul.
That the church is a necessary institution for a portion of the people, as a nursery, there is no doubt; that many honest, sincere and devout persons are members of all the various divisions of it, is evident; that many great and valuable truths are taught by all sectarians, is undeniable; but there are, also, fundamental errors, so gross and injurious in their effects, and so utterly incompatible with the philosophy of Spiritualism, as to render an assent to and a support of both at once, by Spiritualists, a solecism that no plea can justify. And while it is our duty to fellowship all honest, true men, and work with them in every relation that does not jeopardize our individual liberty nor compromise our integrity; and while it is obligatory upon us to exercise the broadest charity, to recognize the necessity of diversity of opinion, and to tolerate the existence of every institution that is an outgrowth of human needs; and while it behooves us to banish from our minds every sectarian feeling and scrupulously guard against bigotry and self-righteousness, that are the glaring faults of creeds, yet it is a solemn obligation upon us to maintain an individuality more free, a loyalty to truth more constant, a fidelity to humanity and its innate divinity more firm, and a consistency between practice and profession more faithful than characterizes any church now existing. But I will not extenuate this matter further at present. For one, I have determined to abjure all allegiance to priestcraft, to church bondage, and shall try to live in accordance with my highest conceptions of truth and duty; and while I will honor every true man, be he High-churchman, Low-churchman or No-churchman, who is faithful to his professions, I cannot refrain from detecting duplicity, hypocrisy and infidelity, (in its primitive sense), whether I find it among sectarians or Spiritualists. Brethren, let us be faithful, HONEST, CONSISTENT!

THINK AND BE DAMNED.

NUMBER TWO.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Sincerely do I pray that thou, dear Banner, mayest burst the bars of death with which the theology of Christendom prevents all egress to the souls which are confined in its dark and loathsome sepulchre. Thy beams of light and love must be let into that tomb of theology—that region and shadow of death where three hundred millions of souls are held in chains; their intellects lying dormant, their consciences perverted, their "loving and tender sympathies" numbed, their reverence misdirected and their aspirations all crushed. Spiritualism comes to open wide the door of that theologian's prison and let the prisoners go free. It is thy mission, *Banner of Light*, to break the yoke of theological error, and let these three hundred millions of souls go free. But—
"THINK AND BE DAMNED!" The heading of my last, (No. 1), DOUBT AND BE DAMNED, is the one great battle-axe with which theology knocks out the brains of people; or, at least, so stuns and palsies their brains that they cannot and dare not doubt any doctrine which it deems essential to

salvation. Said theology might as well say at once, THINK AND BE DAMNED, for to think on...

I do not misrepresent nor exaggerate, when I say that THINK AND BE DAMNED is one of the great props that sustains the popular theology.

ANTE-NATAL INFLUENCES.

Considerable has been said among Spiritualists of ante-natal influences, and in looking through Nature up to Nature's God they may have discovered more than they have spoken.

God creates in the image of the medium through which he works—the medium of laws or statutes of being in all the correlation of forces.

Their best conceptions were always in parable to the strength of the Sun, or God of heaven. The Psalmist sings him as the bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man.

In a religion without superstition, let us see what can be done by ante-natal influences in progressing humanity from the lower to the higher spheres.

What saith the Amen from the oracles of the Banner of Light circle—the "Message Department"?

JERUSALEM.—A recent visitor at Jerusalem gives some of his impressions of that city, as follows: It is cavernous, disagreeable, damp, desolate, and very uninteresting.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

"We think not that we really 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."

MINNIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR AUNTIE—I have been thinking about the beautiful country, and how the leaves are falling every day, leaving the trees almost bare, and I got real homesick as I thought.

I told you how angry Agnes was the other day. She said ever so many hard things to Mr. Ames. I was sitting in the parlor reading, and they were in the little room with the buff damask curtains.

But oh, auntie, she is so handsome. Is it not strange? I wonder why people have such lovely faces when there is no loveliness within.

Saturday.—Mr. Ames called and took me to walk this morning early. I wish I could tell you all he said. I tried to remember, but I could not.

We found that she has the care of three grandchildren; that her daughter married, was deserted and died, leaving her all the care of her children.

"I think it's dreadful living in this world. I'm sure if I was the Father in heaven I wouldn't have people in so much trouble."

Then Mr. Ames looked up at the great white clouds that were passing over us, and said: "See, Minnie, are not those clouds grand?"

I did not answer. "Could you not read something in that old woman's face? I could see that she had been selfish, perhaps mean, loving her own pleasure best of everything."

"When I was a boy I wanted a garden, and my uncle that I was visiting staked off a piece of ground for me and said I should do just as I pleased with it."

I said no more, but waited patiently for the rain to pass over. The next day the sun shone clear, and I was so glad that I went out to begin my labor.

"These late frosts," said he, "are of great benefit. They seem to hasten the decay of the vegetable matter that has laid all winter, and now when the sun thaws it, we shall find ourselves in the best possible condition for work."

I began to wonder if my uncle thought everything was about right. At last I got my ground all ready for planting, and sowed my seeds and grain.

"How fortunate," he said, "that the wind blows so. Now our field will soon be dry, and we can work it to advantage."

I was quieted, and amused myself the rest of the day with my books and pencils. The next day when I arose it was calm and still.

sects, and were my uncle's. 'Dear me,' said I, 'what a toment! To think of working like this and then being all my labor.'

"These bugs," said he, 'have thinned out my vines better than I could have done. Now if I look out of the bugs, I shall have a first rate crop of melons.'

The next morning that befell my garden was by means of a thunder shower, which beat down my beans and bent my corn, and washed my beds of beets and turnips.

So it was with everything; the sun that wilted my beets made my corn grow luxuriantly, and the beeti proved as soon as the dew fell on them.

When the autumn came, I looked with surprise at my garden, as I remembered all the changes that had come to it. My melons ripened, my corn prospered, my beets and carrots did me full credit.

"You will find," he said, "that your life will be very rich like your garden. There will be storms that will seem very dreadful, but they all have their purpose."

My uncle looked me straight in the face, and it seemed to me he stamped his words on my mind at any rate, I never forgot them.

"You see, auntie, I was thinking all the time of Agnes, and wondered if he thought that trouble was like a thunder shower, when he said: 'I shall never be so old that I shall not be able to learn something, so I trust I shall never be without trouble of some kind, for trials are our great teachers.'

BLUE BELL AND THE FAIRY. Blue Bell grew in a sweet, sheltered place beside the great rock. She was a wee bit of a thing only a day old.

"Blue Bell," said a voice close to her, "this is a very beautiful world that you have come into. Would you like to grow as beautiful as all these things you see looking upon?"

"I want to be beautiful and fair," said Blue Bell. She stood looking upward as she spoke these words, little thinking what they meant, for to be fair and beautiful seemed to mean to live in joy.

"I am dying, oh I am dying. This is dreadful! What shall I do? This world is a fearful place." Then the fairy said: "Did you not want to be strong? This storm comes as the great blessing of your life."

"Oh dear! one trouble follows another," she said. "I thought the storm was dreadful, but this is worse. I shall die with the beams of the cruel sun," and she called again for the fairy and entered her complaints.

"Did you not wish to be beautiful?" said the fairy. "This hot sun is giving a rich tint to your leaves and buds. They will unfold with a beauty, they could not have known without. Bear patiently the heat of the day, and at eventide this dew will fall and refresh you and enable you to endure another noon."

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copy it out of a book he had. I wanted you to read it, because it made me think of what you said to me, that we were like the plants and trees; we needed the storm as well as the calm.

Correspondence in Brief.

CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman occupying an honorable position in California, who is just becoming interested in Spiritualism, writes from "near the city of Shasta Butte, Yreka, Siskiyou County, Cal., June 15th, 1868," as follows: As your purpose is to disseminate the spiritual doctrine and keep the reading public informed of the progress of "the enlightenment," a word of its appearance in this far-off portion of the United States may be acceptable to you.

The subject is one in which but little interest has been hitherto taken by our citizens, as no lecturer had favored us with a visit, and further than that no religious experiments in table rappings, or other means, had been made to gain admittance.

It was my fortune to hear all three of her lectures; and I must bear witness to the fact that in her address and elocution she is hardly surpassed by the most eloquent of our orators of the male sex, whilst she is equally able to gain admittance.

That Mrs. Stowe awakened a spirit of investigation and inquiry I need not tell you, for so able a teacher could not pass through any community without leaving a permanent impression.

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speaker, and has been the medium of communicating to us much of truth and of the religion of reason and philosophy, while her deportment and graceful manners have won the esteem of the whole community.

L. K. COONLEY, VINELAND, N. J.—We have just had a two days' Convention here, (July 18th and 19th) of "Spiritualists and friends of progress." It was one of the largest and best Conventions ever held here.

The Lyceum.

Questions and Answers. The following are some of the answers given to questions by members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum at Mercantile Hall, in this city, at one of its regular sessions:

Ques.—What causes the wind, and what are its benefits? Ans.—By Philander F., Temple Group: Wind is air in motion, and is caused by air becoming rarified and expanded by heat and rising by the pressure of cold and condensed air rushing in to take its place, and it, in turn, becomes rarified and rises.

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MEDIUMSHIP AND MEDIUMS. NUMBER THREE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

In our former articles we argued the universality of the mediatorial, or mediumistic condition; that its gifts are inherent in all men; that all men are mediums from the necessity of their nature, by virtue of their very life.

In this article, as before stated, we propose to discuss the question: How can we make ourselves more worthy expressions of these powers?

A man with a pure, healthy body, may become a medium to convert the world from its sins of sickness and disease. The true use to be made of physical mediumship is to make it the means of relieving the sufferings of the world by the cure of pain, disease, thus aiding the spirit to live on earth as long as it can, that it may gain every possible experience.

The true physical medium is a fountain of those forces, electricity and magnetism, which, when combined and given forth through the human system, constitute the divine healing power of the universe—a power well understood by the ancient Egyptians, and practiced in all their temples of healing as one of the sacred mysteries of their religion. The ancient Hebrews also well understood these forces, and the Old Testament gives us many wonderful instances of spiritual magnetic healing.

Any one possessing physical mediumship to the extent of giving ever so slight a sign of that mediumship, ought to deem himself a God-constituted physician, and rise superior to all wonder-working into the aspiration for good doing by lifting the burden of physical infirmities from suffering humanity.

What a sublime spectacle does Jesus present, when we remember that he possessed the power of doing all the wonderful works ever performed by man, and yet set aside the great temptation to win to himself power and renown thereby. For the devil, or tempting inner voice, said, "All this will I give to you if you will pervert your powers to selfish uses. How grand arises his character as we remember that instead of spending his life in enacting mere wonders, he turned his gifts to the sublimer use of healing the sick, administering physical comfort to the suffering.

The world must rise far higher in the scale of physical perfection. What pitiful bodies we have! What poor expressions they are of divine perfection! The world is yet to be inhabited by races physically like the famed Apollo Belvidero and Venus de Medici, equal in strength to all the tasks necessary for the conversion of matter into its highest uses. Let us covet earnestly, then, the power of blessing men physically. Let us seek to ennoble our bodies, that they give out healthful streams of life for the salvation of the physically sick. Let those of us who possess in any perceptible degree the gift of physical mediumship cultivate it most assiduously with the one purpose of turning it into this noble channel of use, for we verily believe it to be the power that shall, in time, do away with all druggapathies, and enable men to rise superior to all physical infirmities. And we shall find also that a true use of physical mediumship will lead us directly to mental mediumship, for the mind grows by every true use of the natural powers of the body. The intellect of man is ever ready to seize upon the life it needs, and it continually seeks to draw mental power from physical force.

Mentally and spiritually all men are mediators; but how few perform the office of mediation according to the highest and holiest methods. To love men so that we seek to bless them, is the natural expression of our spiritual powers. The spirit-world is governed by the same laws we are governed by. To see a spirit, to recognize a spirit, is only giving the sign of the power. All men stand equally near to the all-pow'ring life of spirit; but he who beholds the true and real things of the spirit all about him, is considered a favored son of heaven. But he is not the most favored. The highest and truest medium is he who, loving most, converts the life within him into an active force of good. Every mother who loves her child is a mediator, a spiritual medium unto it. If what is termed death takes the body of her child, it is no less the recipient of her love in its spirit-life, and she continues just as much the mediator, the medium between her child and its perfect life, as she could be if it lived with her on earth.

Close within the gate immortal She has placed her faintest love; Every prayer will open the portal, Every wish its answer give.

For the God who knows her sighing, Knows it only through her love; All her grief and sad reprothing Only his rich mercy prove.

For in grief and piteous story She tells the same best truth, Ever gives to God the glory, Draws him closer by her ruth.

For her love, by loss first quickened Into its divinest birth, Is her hold to all that blesses, By its beauty heaven or earth.

What a beautiful gospel is this that is being proclaimed by every human heart. Yes, every human heart that loves, stands closely related to the spiritual universe.

It is good and beautiful to be able to recognize this mediumship; to see the spirit form, to behold the life of spirit, to feel how near we all are to the land of love! But oh, it is greater and better by far to be possessors of the true, divine love, and mediators thereof, so that the whole universe of love folds itself about us, and we take in and give out the divine life of heaven.

We are, we must be mediators by our very natures. Oh, that we might all of us aspire after that perfection that shall enable us to bless, and bless only, ourselves and the world. Think not that any one can escape the requirement of this office of mediator. All men are equally responsible to the highest life within them, which is divine, to act as mediums, as mediators of health, beauty, enlightenment, love and wisdom, and to make their own physical life minister to the mental, and the mental to the spiritual and divine.

As with individuals, so with nationalities. By the more perfect operations of these laws of mediumship, a purer spirit shall descend upon the governments of earth, and enkindle therein those nobler ideas of right and justice which shall compel the nations to put on their most beautiful garments of righteousness, and shine like the sun in the cloudless zenith, so that the foundations of that noble state may be laid which is to express the kingdom of heaven on earth, where brotherly love shall rule, and the laws of harmony prevail.

What a grand and all-comprehending subject this, of mediumship, is. We feel how utterly impossible it is, in a few brief articles written in moments snatched from professional duties, to do the subject any justice, or throw much light upon

it. It comprehends all the relations of man to man, and of man to God.

We who believe that a man's work never dies, that his spirit, which made his body an instrument of good or ill, lives and is active still after death holds the material form, must have more hope than most men, and greater incentives to true and worthy effort; for do we not see how a man's life, consecrated to the noble and good, must continue, and that consecration cannot be set aside as naught, even by death? Hence, when death comes to us, even though it comes with a cry of pain, even though in its external aspect it may be mournfully suggestive of all sad things, we look not alone upon this presentation of it; we look also upon that other lesson that always comes with the severance of the spirit from the body—the power and influence that the spirit may have in the future.

There comes to us the memory of the sublime and beautiful promises of Jesus to his beloved: "If I go not away the Comforter will not come; but if I go away I will send him to you. If ye love me I will come again unto you." With what wonderful clearness he recognized the conditions of mediumship, and fulfilled them in himself. And these promises were not for one man or for one time. They were for all men in all times.

Let us all seek to understand more clearly the laws of that mediation that comes from on high, that descent of the spirit which men call by various names, but which is the same power acting through the same laws. Then shall we, through the active exercise of our powers, become mediums, mediators to fulfill the will of heaven. And, as we feel the calming influences of the high and pure descending upon us, our hearts will be stirred with the highest sentiments of loyalty and reverence for the good and true. Then we shall need no special mediums set apart for a special office, but we shall all see the spiritual glory that surrounds us; we shall all hear the voices of love that are calling to us; we shall all feel the influences of grace that descend upon us; we shall all be mediums, mediators of love, wisdom and spirit-power, and the beneficent purposes of high heaven shall be accomplished through us. Then shall peace rule in the State and righteousness in the pulpit, until at last all law, all literature and all life shall become pure and reverent and humble, and the kingdom of heaven be established upon the earth.

This is the grand object of Spiritualism, this the glorious purpose to be achieved through the mediatorial power of the human soul.

Correction.

In my letter which was published in the Banner of Light in regard to the spiritual manifestations in Putnam, Conn., I did not mean to be understood that I believed the people in whose family they occurred were guilty of being the cause of the young lady's committing suicide, and if any such inference has been drawn, I beg to correct it at once.

My only purpose in writing it was to bring before the people the remarkable spiritual phenomena, as a matter of great public interest, and in no way to cast reflection on the characters of the parties concerned. Mr. Lind's people are respectable citizens, and entirely above every suspicion of this kind.

The vindictive feelings of the spirit did not grow out of her belief in any one being the cause of her death—for that was her own voluntary act, for which she alone was responsible—but as an expression of the bitterness which possessed her at the time she committed the crime. She lingers around the scene of her death, improving every opportunity to make her presence known, and when she can manifest herself it is but natural that she should present the same characteristics which were peculiar to her while in the body. But time will change her, and, ere long, purified by grief and suffering, she shall become a guardian angel of peace and good-will, showering blessings upon the heads of those friends that she has blindly sought to injure. Yours for justice, A. E. CARPENTER.

Portland Delegates.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—The Spiritualists of this city yesterday chose the Hon. Abner Shaw to accompany the Hon. J. C. Woodman to the National Convention of Spiritualists, to be held at Rochester, N. Y., on the 25th of August.

JAMES FURNISH, Pres't of Association. Portland, Me., July 27, 1868.

P. S.—Mr. Woodman is the author of the famous reply to Dr. Dwight's attack on Spiritualism, several years ago. Mr. Shaw is a gentlemanly and scholarly man, earnestly seeking for all new light that throws its beams in the direction of a future life. J. F.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August opens with an article on the "Physical Phenomena," and, with other readable papers, contains the following: Ideal Property, Out on the Reef, Will the Coming Man Drink Wine? De Pisclum Lora, Notre Dame and the Advent of Gothic Architecture, Lost and Found, and Reviews and Literary Notices. The August number is solid and sterling. The "Phenomena" article alone accepted.

OUR YOUTH FOLKS for August has attractive articles from Helen G. Weeks, Wm. Allen Butler, Harriet Beecher Stowe, E. Stuart Phelps, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, J. T. Trowbridge, author of "The Butterfly Hunters," Dr. I. H. Hayes, and others. The table is a fat one for the young folks to sit around, and will give them many a long summer day's happiness.

THE NARRATIVE comes for August, under the tact and care of its skillful editor, Miss Zanny P. Scavens, filling a volume which needed just such a publication to fill it. This is number twenty, and the contents are varied and interesting enough. The frontispiece is an illustration of Goethe's Charlotte, whom he saw "cutting bread and butter." This little monthly does a good work, and is welcomed with rapture by the very young children regularly.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES of Gen. U. S. Grant, and Biographical Sketch of Hon. Schuyler Colfax—is the title of still another volume on the life of one of the Presidential candidates, from the pen of Charles A. Phelps, and published very neatly by Lee & Shepard. It is prefaced with a steel portrait of Grant and Colfax, and contains four illustrations from designs by Billings. The author claims to have written this life from the manuscript of Grant, and to have furnished it for the people. He takes up the career of the General of our armies from his boyhood, and carries it forward to the culmination of his great triumphs. It will be likely to sell widely.

THE SABBATH OF LIFE, by Richard D. Addington, is the title of a rather stout volume, published by the American News Company of New York; containing a series of Homilies on Christian faith and practice. We find plenty of content and dogmatism running through its pages, and generally a queer melange of faith and opinions, put forth with an assurance that is more than refreshing.

In Congress, a few days since, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, opposed the petition of the First Congregational Church of this city, for the remission of duties on \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth of painted glass windows for their new church. He argued that if rich churches should be favored in their luxuries, poor ones should be in their necessities, which would logically require the admission of plain glass free of duty.

Whoever presses his bosom against the heart of any sect finds it cold as ice.—T. L. Harris.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENGL.

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Banner of Light.

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All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

An Eclipse at Hand.

On the 17th of this month there will occur a total eclipse of the sun, which may be seen on the opposite side of the globe. In calling attention to this astronomical phenomenon, once considered a "wonder," we observe with what an easy freedom many of the papers of the day comment on the welcome fact that such an occurrence does not excite the superstitious awe it once did among the people of the world, but that, with the dawning of the light of knowledge, all such clouds were chased away. And congratulations are therefore offered that the world has made such progress as to chase what was once a goblin fear into substantial knowledge, and to dissipate darkening superstitions by the advancing light of discovered truth. Well do they declare, too, that such a result is good cause for congratulations. The human mind cannot have too much freedom and room. It is no supreme desire of every growing soul that clouds should be swept out of the sky of our mental being. Superstition has been from the beginning the bane and bugbear of the race. But for that priests never could thus have kept men under subjection to their will, and fear never would have got and kept the upstart of reason. It is superstition that makes people dread equal to live and to die. Faith is quenched by it. Hope dies. There is none but the most stunted, feeble and unfruitful, left to the soil.

But with the advent of Science, that shades Superstition to an open combat, all these dragons vanish and slink away. That is the Master which steps forth to reclaim its own. And as soon as the everlasting laws which guide and control these things are fairly understood, the human mind throws off its heavy shackles of superstitions dread, realizes that it is emancipated, and rejoices in the fact it has newly discovered.

As it is with physical truths, so is it with spiritual. For ages the mind of man has been striving for its instincts and its reason against the cramping, clouding, imprisoning dogmas of ecclesiastical rule and tyranny. So much high happiness lost to the race, and so much positive misery suffered! It sometimes strikes one with astonishment, to reflect that so much has been borne in silent patience. It was necessary to keep the human family in ignorance, in order to rule them through their superstitious fears; and that is why their rulers have invariably opposed any and all movements calculated to break up the seat of the fears. The dread of dying has ever been made the most of, to play on men's belief and professions; and many an exhorter who never could have hoped to make the slightest impression without it, has succeeded almost miraculously with the skillful use of such an agency.

When Spiritualism dawned over the hills of the east, throwing down its bright light into the valleys where superstition had so long made an abode as to claim an ownership, we found this class who are wedded to its use most frantically opposed to the silent approaches of the new Truth; and they left no effort untried by which they hoped to prevent the advance of the new Power into the minds and hearts of men. But it has all been to no purpose. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." If "crushed to earth," it is sure to "rise again." And as rapidly as the human soul has been freed from the shackles of superstition, so fast has the power of the priest departed. No wonder he fights against the advent of the new Gospel. Yet it is to result as truly for his benefit as for that of all the rest. It is for the happiness and advantage of the whole human race that the old eclipse of faith should be removed; that the reason of its continuance should be understood; that clouds and darkness should be dissipated from the mental heavens; and that all men should know the plain and simple laws which rule their progress and shape their destiny.

The Louisiana Spiritualists.

Our friends, and of course the believers in and defenders of the Spiritual Philosophy in Louisiana, acting under an efficient organization known as "The Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana," are making renewed and vigorous exertions to carry the good tidings of the true religion of humanity into the uttermost parts of the State. The New Orleans Spiritualists publish a newspaper, partly in French and partly in English—Le Salut—whose vigorous treatment of the topics of the time, from a spiritual standpoint, gives satisfactory evidence that the blessed teachings of our faith and philosophy are making headway among the people, enlightening their minds and satisfying their hearts. The Constitution and By-Laws of the "Central Association" are of approved workmanship for the purpose, and the organization is an incorporated body under the State laws, having authority to hold, use, lease, lands, and money to the value of a hundred thousand dollars, for a term of twenty-five years. Its plans for healing in times of epidemic are after the highest principles of humanity. The President appeals to Spiritualists throughout the State to fall to work in serious earnest, heeding the signs of the times, and asserting and maintaining their position courageously. Speed on the good work in Louisiana!

No Longer Looking for a Messiah.

At the Convention of Hebrew Covenanters in New York on Thursday, an oration was delivered by Mr. Greenbaum, who declared that the purpose of the Order was to elevate the Hebrew race, make them good citizens, and so add their quota to a Godlike humanity. The return of the Jews and the advent of Messiah, he declared, are no longer the tests of Judaism. The faith and principles of the denomination are compressed in the words: "Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul, strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" and "Do unto others as you would have others do to you." This declaration was received with general approval.

Physical Manifestations.

ASTONISHING TESTS OF SPIRIT POWER.

We have before alluded to the physical manifestations given through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Read, who has been holding seances in this city for several weeks past, and now refer to him again, in order to introduce a new feature in the manifestations, particulars of which are given in the following communication of J. C. Morse, Esq. Mr. Read visited our office with the rings, spoken of by Mr. Morse, around his neck, and we satisfied ourselves that they could not be taken off by mortal means without being cut or untwisted, as they could not be stretched sufficiently to be slipped over his head. He has been obliged to wear them on his neck since Thursday evening, July 23d.

On Monday evening, July 27th, we attended a private seance, given by Mr. Read, at 40 Beach street. There were present about a dozen ladies and gentlemen—skeptics, investigators and believers—but all harmoniously seeking for truth, and all found it, unalloyed with the slightest shade of deception. We have been present at many previous seances held by this medium, when the manifestations were satisfactory, yet at neither were they equal to what we witnessed on this occasion. The short time occupied for the different feats was perfectly astonishing. For instance, after the medium's hands, arms and feet were tied as securely as one could wish, a table was placed at his right side, on which were rings and several musical instruments; a chair was near him on his left. We sat within a few inches of the chair, where we could observe or hear every movement. The gas was turned down, and in three seconds one of the iron rings was around his right arm and the chair rung from his left. On close examination the medium was found to be securely tied, and the knots had not the slightest appearance of having been tampered with. Better still: when the light was ordered out, and before it was entirely extinguished, we noticed a slight quivering of the chair, and it fell from the medium's arm to the floor the instant the light was out! and in another second the light was produced, and the medium's hands were still tied with the same security as before. Surely no time was here allowed for the skeptic's usual explanatory dodge, "slipping the hands out of the ropes and replacing them." In an equally short space of time the medium's coat was taken off, notwithstanding the ropes were bound around his arms, shoulders and across his back. Two of us passed our own coats to the medium, and his arms were thrust into the sleeve of both, right and left, as quick as one could count six, and on extinguishing the light our coat was thrown across our shoulders quicker than the medium could have done had his arms been free. In fact, so little time was required that it seemed useless to put out the light at all. At no time was it total darkness, for no preparations were made to have it so; the curtains were down and the shutters closed, but streaks of light from the street lamp shone in at each window.

The constant development of this medium gives strong encouragement that these manifestations before a great while will be given in the light.

We ought to mention that the three-linked rings were taken off his neck, and then replaced—one around his neck, and the others around each shoulder—then removed again, and finally one was put around his neck, with the others hanging pendent from it, and in this condition the invisibles left him, much to his annoyance and disappointment.

One night, at Mr. Read's request, his wife attempted to cut the links, but the invisibles interfered and put a stop to such summary proceedings.

It is not time that the philosophical and scientific men of the age investigate these phenomena, and endeavor to ascertain the truth, instead of sneeringly pronouncing everything which they cannot explain away to be "humbug"? If prejudice and bigotry did not stand in the way, the world might receive much valuable information through such instrumentalities. Some of the best minds of the day have already investigated these phenomena, and scientifically substantiated the truth of the philosophy and facts proclaimed by millions of Spiritualists. The great mass of humanity are eager to learn more of so important a subject, and are demanding of the scholar that he do his duty. Will he?

But here is Mr. Morse's statement about the rings:

A PRIVATE SEANCE.

Thursday evening, July 23d, I was present at No. 61 Bunker Hill street, Charlestown, with a few friends, to witness the manifestations through the mediumship of Charles H. Read, physical medium, now residing at No. 46 Beach street, corner of Harrison avenue, Boston.

Previous to the commencement of the manifestations, I handed to the company the ropes, rings, and other apparatus, for examination, including three linked rings of three-inch Manila rope, made for the occasion by Gilbert Baker of the Navy Yard. These rings are laid up and spliced as "becket-ropes" are made, and vary from six and a half to seven inches in diameter, inside, while Mr. Read's head measures seven and a quarter inches in diameter.

In spite of the difference in size, the rings were placed, one around the medium's neck, and one encircled either arm, without the rings being separated, Mr. Read being securely bound, hands, arms, neck and feet, to the chair in which he sat, the knots remaining just as they were tied by the company.

The lights were extinguished, and Mr. Read's coat was taken off, all the ropes and the rings remaining *status quo*, except that the two rings on the arms were changed across, making a hitch in the one encircling the neck.

During the evening three or four musical instruments were played simultaneously and floated around the room, advancing and receding in sympathy with the cadence of the music, and at the termination of the seance the position of the rings was changed, two being lifted about the medium's neck and the third suspended from them over his head, where they now remain. (forming rather a bungling necklace for hot weather), to be removed again when the invisibles feel willing to do it—as may be seen by those who feel sufficient interest in the matter to visit him at No. 46 Beach street, Boston.

If any skeptical individual chooses to call on Mr. Read, and can show how the rings can be removed without cutting or unsplicing the ropes, the writer will be ready to receive instruction. JAMES O. MONSE.

P. S.—I have permission to refer to the following parties, who were present at the seance for the truth of my statements: Mr. L. V. Cobb, Miss Harriet Dickey, Miss Marietta E. Cobb, 61 Bunker Hill street; Miss Jenkins and Mrs. Graham; and Mr. Alphonso H. Bradley, Haverhill, Mass. J. C. M.

To Boston Public Mediums.

If those public mediums who are located in Boston desire their places of residence known they should advertise in this paper. Not one in ten advertises at all. The result is, people are flocking to our counting-room daily, inquiring for such-and-such persons. We would gladly direct all who come, and do, when we know the residence of any medium named. But mediums often change their places of residence without notifying us, and the result is inconvenience to us, disappointment to the inquirer, and pecuniary loss to the medium.

Abington Picnic.

Agreeably with public announcement, the second grand gathering of the spiritualistic fraternity, under the management of Dr. Gardner, convened at that ever popular resort, "Island Grove," last Tuesday, July 28, in numbers sufficient to gratify almost everybody. The face of old Sol was just enough clouded to render the day unusually pleasant and agreeable, and this with other things contributed to make the large company a happy one.

The exercises in the forenoon were confined to the children, there being two Progressive Lyceums present, one from Stoughton, the other from Cambridgeport. Their exhibition, together with the silver-chain recitation, was a very creditable affair.

After the usual time allotted for dinner, the friends gathered around the speakers' stand, when Dr. Gardner, who acted as Chairman, made some earnest remarks, partaking somewhat of a personal character, in the way of a reply to criticisms which he heard had been made respecting his general management, dealings with mediums, &c., whom he defended from the unjust aspersions and attack of pretended friends. In concluding, he introduced the old Anti-Slavery veteran, A. T. Foss, followed by Mrs. Mathers, who again related the sufferings of the Freedmen, Mr. J. H. Powell, of England, Dr. H. P. Fairfeld, the embraced lecturer, Lizzie D. H., who gave a brief but popular scientific lecture, Mr. A. E. Carpenter, the State Agent, who presented the claims of the Banner of Light, to good effect, Mrs. Abby M. Burnham, the inspirational speaker, John Wetherbee, Esq., who is always full of good things, C. Fannie Allyn, who gave an excellent moral lecture in pleasant verse, and Miss Mattie Thwing, a new, young and prepossessing speaker. Dr. Gardner then read the notice of a picnic to take place at Walden Pond, August 10th, to accommodate the friends of Charlestown, Waltham and Fitchburg. The intellectual course having been duly served, about an hour was devoted to general recreation, when, at the appointed time, the cars made their appearance, were quickly filled, and at quarter-past seven the large and favored party safely arrived at the Old Colony Depot, where they soon dispersed to their respective homes.

The Way they Do It.

Not long ago, the Congregationalist, a sectarian weekly published in Boston, laid the lash over the backs of the members of its own denomination for not more generally sustaining the secular interests of the church, if such a truly "religious" body may be supposed to have any. It cited the practice of the Methodists, Baptists and others, in giving their patronage and support in trade to those who are of their own communion, and demanded that Congregationalists should no longer be backward in doing the same thing, in order to strengthen and build up their organization. In short, the plan is to turn business into religion, and religion into business, in the vain expectation that both will thrive the better for it. Now "butter is butter, and lard is lard"; and religion ought to be one thing, and traffic another. We remember how it is told of Christ that he cleared the Temple of the money-changers and traders, and here is a sect that openly denounces those who do not come promptly up to the mark and harness their faith into the demands of trade, to make the latter draw better. Out upon such hypocrisy! Cannot any one see that this ecclesiastical rule is the same tyranny it ever was, and that it seeks to wield a despotism over men's pockets as well as their consciences?

The Cause in Vermont.

Spiritualism is making steady headway up in Vermont, as our advices testify from time to time. In Rockingham the faithful have recently erected a very neat and substantial hall, which they dedicated—not to "Almighty God, but—to "Humanity and Freedom"; believing that the Great Creator of the universe needs no architectural piles to attest our reverential worship of him, but that we cannot too frequently dedicate our wealth and our efforts to the cause of Humanity. This is the first regular Spiritualist hall dedicated within the limits of the State, and we hope to see the example of the Rockingham Spiritualists followed everywhere. Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, of Rockingham, pronounced the opening address, and was followed by Ansten E. Simmons, of Woodstock, in a regular and deeply interesting lecture. There was likewise excellent speaking by other persons. We observe that the wisecrack and night-owl of the Rutland "Independent," appends to the report of the dedication some of the snare-drum slang which he supposes to stand for sense, if not for thought; but we assure him that he beats his little drumsticks in vain if he expects to call out a very large company to oppose the steady, onward march of Spiritualism. Better join the army, man, and learn to look with pity on your present ignorance.

Our Free Circles.

Will be resumed on the first Monday in September next. People seem more anxious than ever to attend these circles. Visitors to the city from all sections of the country manifest great disappointment at not being able to witness the manifestations of spirit-power through Mrs. Conant. Delegates from all denominations of Christians have visited our circles the past year, and have gone away wondering at the new truths they have received direct from the supra-mundane world.

It is indeed astonishing to witness the deep, fervent feeling that pervades all classes of society at this time in regard to direct spirit-communication. Surely the spirit-world is exercising a mightier psychological power at present upon the peoples of earth than ever before. People who have not intimately known for years, who have pronounced Spiritualism a delusion, and who have manifested surprise that we should be "carried away" with it, now embrace it as truth, and admit that they themselves were foolish to shut their eyes so long to the only true religion vouchsafed to mortality—a religion that opens wide the gates of knowledge and bids superstition and bigotry depart.

The Planchette.

The idea has become prevalent that no one except Spiritualists use the planchette. This is a mistake. Hundreds buy the instrument who are not Spiritualists, and never have been. The planchette is sold by dealers who are church members, and they recommend it, without probably being aware of its spiritual significance. It was first brought out in France some twelve years ago. The price that has been asked for it was exorbitant, but has been reduced of late.

Bangor, Me.

Friends in Bangor and vicinity should remember that the talented and popular lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, speaks next Sunday, August 9th, in Pioneer Chapel. Don't fail to improve this rare opportunity of listening to the inspirations of this eloquent speaker.

Western Department.

Individuals subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail, enclosing money, should send their letters containing remittances direct to the Boston office, 136 Washington street.

Troubles among Christians.

The good Nazarene rising above the narrowness of Judaism, said, "My yoke is easy and my burden light," but Christians are constantly complaining of their burdensome crosses, coldness in their Zion, and heretics in their folds.

Rome has threatening schisms. The English Church has its Colenso; American Episcopalians its Tyngs; Universalists have their Barretts and Cravens, that, though wanting to be rid, dare not disaffiliating them; Unitarians have their radicals, too numerous and influential to be put out; and now the Reformed Presbyterian General Synod has arraigned the Rev. George H. Stuart, a man noted for kindness of nature and broad philanthropy, before its tribunal.

Listen: the Rev. Mr. Stuart dared exercise manhood enough to select "hymns" to be sung in his religious meetings, when his church permits only a paraphrase of David's Psalms to be used. Christians have various versions of these Psalms. Here follow several specimens; the first still extant in one of the old versions:

Ye monsters of the building deep, Your Maker's praises shout: From the sands ye coilings creep, And wag your tails about!

Here is another: The race is not forever got by him who fastest runs; Nor the battle by those people Who shoot the longest guns.

Reader, secure "Rouse's Psalm"; read their inspired psalmody, and cease wondering that Mr. Stuart made use of more decent rhymes, more more finished rhythm in his devotions. The United Presbyterian, putting him down as a "disturber of the church," says he had no right to "violate the order," and accordingly they "administered the law," by suspending him from membership and eldership. He will accept our congratulations in consideration of his expulsion. So mote it be. Selah.

Columbus, Pa.—The Late Rev. N. Stacy.

Sunday morning last, occupying the pulpit of the Universalist church in Columbus, we saw prominent among a congregation of attentive hearers, Mrs. Stacy, the widow of Rev. N. Stacy, an aged and eminent Universalist clergyman, who recently passed to the sunlit shores of the better land.

A large majority of the members one constituting this Universalist Society either now sympathize with or are avowed Spiritualists. During a pleasant personal interview with Mrs. Stacy, who retains her health and mental faculties in a remarkable degree, she informed us that Father Stacy "preached Bible Spiritualism for more than forty years." When the modern spiritual manifestations were announced, he became deeply interested in them, attending circles, and receiving excellent tests. Putting the question directly, Mrs. Stacy further said: "He believed that our spirit friends were around us and about us, and under proper conditions communicated with us." This was no news to us. But Universalist periodicals, in noticing the life, preaching, doctrinal peculiarities and departure of this venerable clergyman, strangely forgot to mention his interest in Spiritualism. How convenient to thus forget, when the interests of a sect are in anyway concerned.

Spiritualism has seen but twenty summers. Give it twenty more, and with what cool contempt will thinkers and liberals look back upon such purposed omissions. Justice is sure to overtake and rise above injustice in the end. Pleasant was our stopping-place at Mr. Cady's in Columbus—the congregation was large, and the singing excellent. The church edifice should be repaired and regular meetings sustained.

Hunting Buffaloes, Bears and Indians.

PERSONAL.—Dr. G. W. Hazeltine, W. H. Griffith, H. V. Perry, William Newton and Alonzo Kent, Jr., all of this place, purpose starting next week on a grand hunting excursion to the plains beyond the Pacific Railroad. Hunting for small game in this section of country is "played out," and our irrepresible friends are not satisfied with anything less than buffaloes, bears, Indians, &c. We trust that their trip will prove a pleasant and successful one.—Jamestown Journal, N. Y.

Hunting buffaloes, bears and Indians! A common Christian sport in this Christian nation! When men, not content with "small game," leave the more Eastern States and go West for the deliberate purpose of shooting down wild beasts and Indians, there are individuals in our midst just stupid enough to inquire why the Indians are so dissatisfied, and what the cause of continual wars with them?

These Indians, that white men "hunt," are God's children. They have inalienable rights and immortal souls. They are our brothers, and the subjects of eternal progression beyond the grave. And yet citizens of the Empire State, professing civilization and, probably, Christianity, go off on a Western trip for the express purpose of murdering them, while a Jamestown editor trusts their "trip" will prove a "successful one." Cannot some of the Sioux or Kiowas that have not succumbed to the prevailing vices and taints of civilized life, be induced to visit Catawauque County in the capacity of missionaries?

The Condition of China.

Civilizations move in cycles. Eastern nations are arousing from their slumbers. After every winter comes budding, blooming spring, China, seeing commercial flags whitening her seas, feeling the electric shock of the cable, and hearing the shrill whistle of the engine, joins in the march of national progress. Reaching a lofty altitude the wave may return westward again, and this then conservative country (say in a thousand years) may be thrilled with radical, progressive life currents from Asia and Eastern Oceanic Isles. At the grand banquet recently given to Mr. Burlingame and his associates of the Chinese Embassy, in New York, the dailies reporting the speeches will give this Christian country some new ideas relative to China. Which are the heathen, American Christians, or the Confucian Chinese? Mr. Burlingame said: "That East which men have sought since the days of Alexander, now itself seeks the West.

China, emerging from the mists of time, but yesterday suddenly entered your western gates, and confronts you by its representatives to-day-night. What have you to say to her? She comes with no menace on her lips; she comes with the great doctrine of Confucius, uttered two thousand and three years ago. Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you. I say that the Chinese are a great and noble people. They have all the elements of a splendid nationality. They are the most numerous people on the face of the globe; the most homogeneous people in the world; their language spoken by more than a billion of men; it is a country where there is a greater unification of thought than any other in the world; it is a country where the maxima of the great ages, coming down memorized, have permeated the whole people until their knowledge is rather an instinct than an acquirement. They are a people loyal while living, and whose last prayer when dying is to sleep in the sacred soil of their fathers. It is a land of scholars and of schools; a land of books, from the smallest pamphlet up to encyclopedias of FIVE THOUSAND VOLUMES. It is a land where the privileges are common; it is a land without caste, for they destroyed their feudal system two thousand and one hundred years ago, and they built up their great structure of civilization on the great idea that the people are the source of power. That idea was uttered by Mencius two thousand and three hundred years ago, and it was old when he uttered it."

Corry, Erie Co., Pa.

Invited by the Spiritualists and friends of progress, we delivered two lectures on Sunday, July 10, in the Academy of Music, Corry, Pa. Though the weather was intensely warm, the audience, with representatives from nearly every sectarian church in the city, large in the morning, was very much larger in the evening, and, if possible, more appreciative. It is pleasant to speak when every true word meets with a glad response, and every thought, crystallizing, is treasured in some noble soul. I might glad were you to meet John and family, Fobes and family, with others. Precious the friends and friendships of Auld Lang Syne. Bro. Charles Holt has recently spoken to this people for several months, with excellent success.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

NUMBER ONE.

DEAR BANNER—Through the instrumentality of Bro. Peebles, my name has been introduced to the reader as a convert to the new philosophy. It is useless to deny the specifications in the article of impeachment, therefore I will do the next best thing—cultivate the acquaintance of my new relation. But what shall I say? So many able pens are engaged in regular contributions that it would be useless for a neophyte to attempt anything new or instructive. This thought perplexes me. And yet I can perceive no reason for withholding the few words I would utter. This conclusion encourages me, therefore I will speak and speak plainly.

I purpose speaking of a few errors before rehearsing the "good things" in store for us. "A clear track for great speed," shall be my motto. I will sweep away a few of the cobwebs from the face, and brambles from the feet, that our sight may be clear, and our path pleasant, for, unlike to the Christian, we "walk by sight" and not "by faith." Therefore it is natural to grumble at unseemly things. To be brief, I will be methodical.

I have been introduced as a "warrior." In those days I was a "Christian," and could howl war with the fiercest. But I have been converted. I loathe the detestable abomination of war as firmly as I advocated it before. All wars are wrong. We are not to do wrong. Therefore any government waging war is wrong and unworthy of support. I repeat, I have repented of the war spirit. I no longer crave the pound of flesh, or the required amount of blood. This is the work of professed Christians and Pagans. I choose to stand on the better platform of this common brotherhood of man—with the inalienable right of every person to himself.

But as for man, he can find better employment for the wonderful faculties of body and mind which Nature has so freely endowed him, than to exercise those precious gifts in destroying the property and the life of his fellow man. In conclusion, I have no patriotism to brag of. As to our government, it is a rotten affair and needs spiritualizing. The better government is where every one governs himself. The better creed is man's inherent sense of right, and right is our highest perception of duty. How beautiful that life—

"Bound to no sect, to no creed confined; The world our home, our brethren—all mankind. Love truth, do good, be just and fair with all, Exalt the right, though every tax fall."

I have set this "creed" down as a substitute for all religious and political faith. If I can live it, I shall be sure of an inheritance in the heavenly kingdom while so doing. This heavenly kingdom is in every soul that loves the truth and practices righteousness and peace. May we all feel its controlling influences now and forever.

My Sabbath-school teachers used to tell me all about God, as perfectly as they could have described one of their own household. But the question has lately taken possession of my mind "from whence their knowledge?" and "from tradition" or "superstition" must be the inevitable reply. And now, while in my majority, I boldly ask for knowledge. Who is God, what is he, and where is he?

I find in the Message Department of the Banner of Light invocations that would do credit to a more "Orthodox" source. By noticing the forms of address, the careful reader will find the idea of personality conveyed through every part of those "Invocations." What do those expressions mean? To say "our Father," conveys the idea of a person. I am curious to know what kind of form that "person" bears. Does he possess the form of a man, or a monkey? Again I say, what do those forms of address mean? Can we not have an answer in the Message Department of the Banner of Light, put forth in plain, outspoken English? I am looking for light. H. R. Nye, in a late number of the Star in the West, attempts an explanation of the mystery. He says, "Men are not emanations from gods." (What are they then?) "God is not mere law, or gravitation, or light, or heat; God is a spirit. God has will, and consciousness." How do you know? Please tell us. I suppose, after all, that we must yield to the logic that "God is a spirit, and a spirit is a spirit." This philosophy has satisfied the priest-ridden world for a long time, but it has become dry verbiage for inquiring minds. My god is the old Anglo-Saxon God. This god is the sum total of every particle of mind, matter, for whatever I am pleased to call primate) in the boundless universe. Not a thing was ever made combined or controlled by arbitrary power, or external forces. Matter governs itself, and so does soul, or spirit. All external governments are imperfect. The highest expression of "god" is the most perfect form of beauty, combined with the highest degree of known intelligence. It is just

as sensible to pray to the ocean, or the sun, as it is to the Jewish "Unknown" Jehovah, or the Christian's God. Nature justifies a "faith" in no such abortion. The whole system of modern theology is based on the speculative idea of a personal God. But my god is more real and tangible. "I can see it in the clouds, and hear it in the wind." I have more to say, but will reserve it till I hear from some one better acquainted with God than I am. Perhaps I should beg pardon for what I have already said. People of shallow brains are so apt to get mad when they hear a free thinker speak irreverently of the great, overgrown boss of the universe. Seriously, what a person believes in reference to the great I do is of no benefit to me. I am only interested in regard to what you know. Tell us, in plain English, what you know and how you know it, and keep your metaphysical nonsense for Egyptian mummies.

STARS.

Among the notices of public meetings in the Banner of Light, I find that of the St. Louis Society. They appear to be well organized, and must be doing a thriving business. The closing sentence of the notice interested me: "First-class speakers are requested to open correspondence with Henry Stagg, Esq., with a view of lecturing for the society." "First-class" I like that. It smacks of Puritanism, tickles the fractional drop of blood yet poisoning my arterial circulation. It makes me feel quite aristocratic. "First-class" it is, we are all first-class. We go ahead of the age—that is, first. We are reformers, and that is a class. We do our own thinking. We speak as "the spirit gives us utterance." We are only bound by our own humanity, and the capacity of our own souls. We are endeavoring to lead the twaddling masses up out of "the mire and the clay." Our star may be classed of the first magnitude. By "first-class" I hope no reference is had to a certain few whose brain is peculiarly located. Our Chaplains and Beechers are of this class. They float on the tide of popular opinion as easily as a dead load floats down stream. Fools might teach them a lesson of wisdom. Bro. Stagg, you may put me down as a "first-class speaker," with application already filed for a short cruise in the metropolis of the great rivers. I would come with batteries heavily charged with free and unobnoxious thoughts for the emancipation of all bound men, and the approbation of all above or around me. What say you? I might put the same question to Omaha, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Washington, Providence, Portland, Boston, New York, Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago, and all other places wanting a "first-class speaker."

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

What is the object of a National Convention of Spiritualists? Is it for the transaction of business, or is it for the purpose of making and listening to long speeches or prosy essays, however good they may be? Or is it for both business and long speech-making? Essays can usually reach more minds through the columns of a paper, and not nearly those who attend the Convention can read them, though they do not, also. No doubt one great object of a National Convention is to promote and disseminate the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism by organizations, Lyceums, lecturers, and the various manifestations which directly address the intellect of society in the widest and most untrammelled sense. Freedom, in its broadest and truest sense, is one of the basic pillars of a true Spiritualism. Without its full recognition we are trenching upon the confines of creed and limitation. This such a Convention may exert a much-to-be desired influence, there can be little doubt; but the feeling that "I am holler than thou," that one from one section have got the whole thing, and you must let us manage, present, conduct and control all—even if true—better not be manifested, if harmony and good feeling are to be preserved and extended.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.

I wish to testify of the superior mediumship of our good and true sister, Mary Jordan, of Muncie, Ind., whose powers are still unquestionable. The manifestations I witnessed were the rising of the table, the rapidity and accuracy of the dial movement, the ringing of bells, playing upon an accordion, and forming of a spirit hand, which grasped wine with a hearty shake—herself in the full light of a lamp, thus debarring all insinuation of imposture. I was most truly gladdened by the complete victory which this sister and her friends have maintained against cold and cruel misrepresentations. Mr. Matthew's family, in which Miss Jordan still resides, are, with her, deserving of the lasting gratitude and appreciation of all engaged in this angelic work, for the untold devotion with which they have labored to educate and assist the investigator; and in addition, almost countless prescriptions have been given to the sick and diseased, "without money and without price," while the hospitable board spread for the faithful worker is brightened with the cheery smile and hearty spirit of welcome so soothing to the storm-tossed teacher. In Muncie I spoke one Sunday on my way out, and found the Mongs, Lynns, Turners and others still loving the good cause; but am sorry to say the fire did not burn so deeply into the hearts of the people as I expected to find it, after an interval of eighteen months since my first labor there, and when our meetings were a power to be felt. It is not a mistake to procrastinate in the work of our evangelism as present advantage we may secure, or let go our hold of that which is secured? A good hall, a Lyceum, though small, harmonious conference, in which the freedom of speech may be exercised, and be a growing power—any or all of these, in weekly entertainments, would, as disciplinary and practical educators, keep the cause healthy in places where it now languishes as an active public power. It is not that Spiritualists are less in number, but that they lack in many places efficient, energetic and constant labor to reach the masses, which is the cause of indifference. Fine intellectual discourses, though rendered with all the brilliancy of oratory can never magnetize the great heart of the people like that which goes to the heart in its appeals. Has not very much of the success of the sects, even with their untenable creeds, resulted from an affectional emotional spirit, appealing to the angelic in man, which makes even the religious enthusiast "instant in season and out of season," "through evil and through good report?" Let me not be considered as applying these remarks to any particular Society, for they will apply to many places both East and West. In Anderson I spoke once to a packed house. The people here stand ready to receive all that the faithful missionary can give them of the bread of the new life. Dr. Westerville gives the use of his hall free, and entertains the faithful speaker—so the famishing are occasionally fed. Indiana, with her very broad acres, must respond to the work and lozen her nun-spirits, while, or she will stand behind in the great march which has now begun. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and true Spiritualism is a mutual benefit system, which will not sanction injustice of any kind. Speakers are now, some of them, engaged in publishing small and cheap tracts to supply a want long felt. This is done at their own individual risk, and almost incalculable in its benefits. All competent to assist in this work should be sustained peculiarly. Broad acres remain fenced, safer locked, but the stocks increasing; with the use of a more fraction of all this wealth, what a work might be done. The great West, with such immense resources, should awake to the new religion of science, the only religion that can harmonize with a true republicanism. I shall continue in the West till further notice, and will make arrangements for the fall and winter. Address care of J. Spalding, Chicago, Ill. Sincerely, M. J. WILCOXSON, Chicago, Ill., July 23, 1868.

(Original.) THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY A. C. CORRYBURY.

Oh, weary, weary earth! Where flowers 'mid sunshine open to waste their sweet perfume, And wither, fruitlessly, beside the lonely tomb, And wither, fruitlessly, beside the lonely tomb, Where spectres have their birth!

Thou dark and lonely spot, Where men doth struggle for a space, where is thy charm? Are we not swiftly stealing downward to the worm, There soon to be forgot?

Oh for the home of rest, When I shall lay my weary head beneath the sod— My spirit shall ascend to the presence of his God, And dwell among the blest.

Go ask the widowed one To reveal 'mid thy flowers, thy sunlight, smiling earth— she'll raise her tearful eyes and gaze upon thy mirth, But still keep weeping on.

Go ask the orphan boy To send his joyous shout across thy flowery dale— He breathes a pent-up sigh for'er thy sunlit vale— He hath no voice for joy.

Go ask the gray-haired sire To dance, as he was wont, amid the May-day laugh; He points toward the churchyard with his broken staff, And gazes on its spire.

Go ask the matron fond, Whose earth's cherished spots her fondest hopes illumine— Her meagre finger points toward the silent tomb; She answers with a moan.

Go ask, with trembling breath, The grave—the end of beauty, greatness, everything— It answers with a hoarse and hollow whispering, "The end of all is death!"

Oh earth, then let me die! If I be death for my freed spirit to ascend To realms of purer life, with kindred souls to blend Above the bright blue sky.

Yes, let me bid farewell To earth, her gems, her beauties, to her sunlit bowers, To her sparkling dewdrops—to her music, birds and flowers— In brighter lands to dwell. Constantine, Mich.

What is the object of a National Convention of Spiritualists? Is it for the transaction of business, or is it for the purpose of making and listening to long speeches or prosy essays, however good they may be? Or is it for both business and long speech-making? Essays can usually reach more minds through the columns of a paper, and not nearly those who attend the Convention can read them, though they do not, also. No doubt one great object of a National Convention is to promote and disseminate the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism by organizations, Lyceums, lecturers, and the various manifestations which directly address the intellect of society in the widest and most untrammelled sense. Freedom, in its broadest and truest sense, is one of the basic pillars of a true Spiritualism. Without its full recognition we are trenching upon the confines of creed and limitation. This such a Convention may exert a much-to-be desired influence, there can be little doubt; but the feeling that "I am holler than thou," that one from one section have got the whole thing, and you must let us manage, present, conduct and control all—even if true—better not be manifested, if harmony and good feeling are to be preserved and extended.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

- BOSTON.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings in the same hall, 23 Summer street, every Sunday afternoon and evening at 7 1/2 and 10 o'clock. Samuel E. Ford, President; Daniel N. Ford, Vice President and Treasurer. The following Lyceum meetings are held at 10 A. M. John T. McQuinn, President; Mrs. Mary Southworth, Secretary. All letters should be addressed to Miss Susan M. Fitz, Secretary, 68 Warren street. THE BOSTON LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. at Springfield Hall, 60 Springfield street. A. J. Chase, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stewart, Guardian. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 72 Springfield street. CINCINNATI.—Every Sunday evening at 424 Washington street, opposite Essex. Mrs. M. E. Beale, medium. EAST BOSTON.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 5, every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 and 10 o'clock. Wm. H. Robinson, President; Mrs. E. J. Beale, Secretary. CHICAGO.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. 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