



Literary Department

THE STEP-MOTHER

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

Written for the Banner of Light. CHAPTER I. The sun, just going down behind the hills...

"Not so," replied George; "my promise is sacred, and, by heaven, it shall ever be kept by me." "Very well," said the partner; "do just as you please..."

at the bedside has existed between the orphan and the guardian, his ward, strong and holy, and today the ceremony at the altar, and the blessing of the angels...

reverent pastor invoked a blessing upon the newly-wedded pair, many of the company were prophesying in regard to their future. "I tell you what it is," said an old lady to her young female companion...

and inwardly resolved to clothe up his business and remove with his daughter to a distant clime, and leave forever the being who had caused him so much unhappiness. One month later, and Annie is walking the street at her father's house...





Spiritualism in Toronto, C. W.

DEAR BANNER—Once more my pioneer feet have been planted on British ground in obedience to the commands of the invisible, and the cry of "come over and help us" from the faithful few of the above named Canadian city. I found "the cause" like the country in general, and progress in particular, discovered from the United States by a much wider line of demarcation than the broad waters of Ontario; indeed, it would scarcely seem possible to realize the extent of the mental ocean that rolls between these countries by any comparison of the physical barriers of separation. Whatever these differences may be, I leave the visitor of both sections to find out for himself.

Spiritualism in its usual mobile and wondrous adaptation to the peculiar idiosyncrasies of each people is in their midst, and though I left my heart on the western shore, I found ample gratification for my head on the other side, being received with warm welcome and generous appreciation, by as intellectual an audience as it has ever been my good fortune to address. My engagement was "to cross the lake (from Oswego), and give a lecture on Tuesday evening, August 26, in Toronto. This arrangement extended however to the two following days, and had not prior engagements compelled my return before the following Sunday, would not even then have terminated, for, willing as I am to impart of the glorious truth that has illumined my own pathway, I found many an anxious listener yet more ready to receive, and pressing my continuance amongst them with an earnestness that nothing but duty could have enabled me to resist.

My last lecture was chosen by a committee of the audience, consisting of three gentlemen remarkable, as I was informed, for their high standing in society, and their legal attainments, and if the warmest expressions of interest, astonishment, and satisfaction on the part of my audiences were evidence of appreciation, my brow would now be covered with spiritual laurels. There is, however, to my mind, a deeper significance in their kindness than personal appreciation, and it is not to my vanity, but to my reason that this spirit appeals.

I find in modern Spiritualism a key that unlocks the profoundest mysteries of science; a clue that guides us through the most intricate realms of analysis; a plummet line that sounds the depths of mind, and infringes upon the hitherto unfathomable realms of eternity. It is impossible to open up the stores of spiritual philosophy without displaying the riches of kindred sciences, and calling in the witness of tenderest emotions and sublimest aspirations, and as the blessed masters who commissioned their mediums to go forth and proclaim this mighty dispensation to the world, never fail to arm us with the credentials of inspiration and "the gift of tongues" to express their noble ideas withal, so it requires appreciative minds, cultivated intellects, and brains sharpened by logical exercises and polished by education, most fully to apprehend the scope, beauty and truth of Spiritualism.

Not only to my noble spirit masters, than of whom I am little more than the material mouthpiece, but also to my intellectual and educated audiences themselves, do I owe the success that for the second time has gladdened the spiritual missionary in Canada, and I cannot resist the conclusion that when heads and hearts are equally balanced in spiritual audiences, and both invite the hands to help the spirits work the telegraph, Spiritualism will indeed be "the Lyceum Church" of the world.

In Toronto, then, my graceful and highly gratifying welcome was mainly attributable to the polished surfaces on which the great light of the noble truth fell, and whilst I cannot forbear expressing my delight in addressing such audiences, and lamenting that I do not more frequently realize such a gratification, do not suppose, my American friends, that for all this intellectual appreciation, I am ready to forego the precious, warm hearts and outstretched hands that have ever nobly welcomed me on the American side. Next week, between the Sundays of my engagement in Buffalo, I revisit Canada, lecturing in London, C. W., a place I have never as yet visited.

There are many mediums, I find, in Canada, and vast interest ready to spring up into life and light beneath the missionary labors of competent and well developed mediums. The material is there, but neither the experience or knowledge to shape and use it. I deeply regret that engagements in distant localities compel me to abandon this field of effort; and I earnestly commend it to the attention of good lecturers, or test mediums laboring in this section of the country, especially such as are not developed beyond the test which "the Lyceum Church" requires of its employees, namely, that quality, "on which the voice of humanity sets the seal of virtue." To judge by the horror and disgust which some of the reformers of the day express of this class in the Boston gentlemen's "Declaration of Principles," virtue is not only an old fog, who should be peremptorily ordered off a modern reform platform, but even that very latitudinarian species of virtue, which is, in its widest sense, public opinion, or the broad, universal "voice of humanity;" even this, hitherto irresistible and noble defense against vice, outrage and license, is a bugbear, too narrow to be tolerated on a spiritual platform.

As I fear poor little Canada is still in her swaddling clothes on this, as on other points of locomotive progress, I offer these suggestions for the especial benefit of those who consider virtue a nuisance, and "their neighbors" wiles the common property of the race.

To such I would respectfully suggest, "assume a virtue if you have it not," or else, do not go to Toronto, or what is better yet, go to Salt Lake City, or join some "secret society," the more secret the better, where the impertinent voice of humanity will have no chance to pronounce upon you, and you will never be found out until—the day of transfiguration.

Spiritualism in Oswego is still occupying at least one seventh of the people's time, for whilst the deadly war fever is raging in every vein during the six days of the week, my friends have not failed in their kind greeting each Sabbath, in the immense Double Hall.

of the world's Saviour, and the spread of its precious and humanizing doctrines.

I must not forget to notice that the Banner of Light and the Herald of Progress have unfolded their eagle pinions in Toronto—thanks to the zealous efforts of a faithful brother. In the cause, there located; and though our locomotive American ideas pertaining these brave sheets are still in advance of the more cautious pedestrians of Canada, I have hopes that the number of readers will increase even under the pressure of the dropping shot I have been privileged to aim at conservatism in this locality.

With constant good wishes, and ever faithful service, I am, dear BANNER, yours for the truth,  
EMMA HARDINGE.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1862.

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Banner of Light.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

A New Story.

It is with pleasure we announce to our readers that we have made arrangements with Mrs. A. E. PORTER, the author of "BERTHA LEE" (which story was published in this paper several years since, and had a great run,) to furnish a New Story expressly for the BANNER, entitled

"My Husband's Secret."

It will be commenced in the first number of Volume Twelve, which will be issued for the week ending September 27th, and continued every week thereafter until completed.

Those, therefore, who would secure the numbers containing this magnificent story, should subscribe immediately.

Theodore Parker.

We who ought certainly to know all about such a man as was Theodore Parker while he lived among us, nevertheless find ourselves much instructed and entertained by a brief running memorial of him, which we find in the columns of the Revue des deux Mondes. It embodies many anecdotes and reminiscences that are well worthy of being presented to our thousands of eager readers in this place. Such a man can never die; his memory seems to grow greener with each advancing year. The foreign writer remarks in a strain of religious enthusiasm, on setting out: "For us, as well as the Americans, for us also, at the moment when all the traditions of the ages are crumbling around us, when we ask with anxiety whether they will not crush under their ruins alike those who defend and those who destroy them, for us, also, Parker is a prophet of hope and consolation."

The account is made up both of a criticism on Mr. Parker's writings and a touching memorial of his life and labors. It sets him down as a worker even more than he was; a reformer and philanthropist as much as a scholar and philosopher. There was a rare and wonderful unity in Parker's life and works. The great lessons he taught of the absolute religion, had beforehand penetrated his whole being. He seemed to live always in the light of love, and to be able to work for his fellows with the unwavering faith and tireless energy of one who actually beheld in vision the foregleams of the great world of light that lies beyond and behind all human destinies. "In America," says the writer and critic—"the land where, beyond others, the privacy of domestic life is invaded by public inquisition, this man lived out his allotted time—a mark for thousands of inimical eyes, yet beyond the arrows of calumny; and those who knew him best said that the words they heard over his grave seemed as if intended for him—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The lilies, which were his favorite flowers, and which loving hands laid on his coffin, were not misplaced thereon.

A reviewer of the critic, in a number of the London Inquirer, thinks that there were several points of interest in this great reformer's and philanthropist's character, which the critic himself has failed to notice. For example, he avers that Mr. Parker's noble intellect was even surpassed by the warmth of his affections; the great head was second to the great heart. He loved his friends with a devotion of which men rarely give an example; and his tenderness to his wife and all around him broke out in a thousand little cares and thoughtfulness continually. And, again, pure joyous wit and humor overflowed in him. The writer says he has seen letters from him to his intimate friends, as full of fun and playfulness as any which Sydney Smith could have penned. For example: there was one letter, in which he answered his correspondent's account of a journey from Rome to Naples by an account of his own remarkable (!) discoveries and antiquarian speculations on a trip down the railway, only two stations away from Boston. In another case—and this was remarkably so—he set to work and parodied some scollish, over-illustrated biography, by extracting all the little wood-outs of advertised houses, steamers, and so forth, from the newspapers, and solemnly introducing them into his letter as "the house he was born in," as "his Berceauette," as "his Perambulator," and, finally, as "his mother"—the latter being the well-known lady of the advertisements, with half her hair dyed and the rest of it grey! Was there ever more exquisite rally on one of the modern follies of literature?

The reviewer thinks the French writer has hardly measured, or conceived, the true ideas of Mr. Parker's "system." The key-note, he asserts, was struck in that memorable discourse in which he demonstrates—that God must be present and active, not only in all matter but in all spirit; that he is forever working in the souls of his creatures, his moral action being what we call Grace, and his intellectual action Inspiration. From this great doctrine there followed many necessary deductions: let the universality and normality of Divine Inspiration, in all times, and nations; subject to the natural limitations of the recipients and their faithfulness to the light afforded. 2d, The Truth of any idea, which is common to the whole human race, when under normal conditions of development; such as love for the

stance, as that of the soul's immortality. 3d, The fallibility which must go even with the highest instances of Inspiration given to fallible beings; a fallibility which corresponds in Inspiration to the probability which still remains in the highest instances of Grace. These cardinal truths result directly and distinctly from the originally stated doctrine—that God is forever working in the souls of his creatures. Of the only three bases of religion that are logically possible—a church, a book, or individual consciousness, corroborated by the consciousness of all the wise and good, Mr. Parker took his stand on the latter; leaving the Church of Rome on the first, Calvinism on the second, and all the intermediate churches shifting between the three.

He did not wish to die when he did. As he had said in his "Sermon of the Immortal Life"—"It is selfish to sigh for death, when there is so much need of us here." A little while before death came, he wrote—"I would fain remain a little longer—the world is so interesting, and friends so dear." The writer in the Inquirer says—"It was to the present writer, in a private conversation, he made the remark, 'You know I am not afraid to die,' and here a smile, the most beautiful we ever saw, broke over his face—'You know I am not afraid to die; but I would fain have lived a little longer, to finish my work. God gave me great powers, and I have but half used them.' Half used them! And he said this on his death-bed, whither he had been brought down in the prime of manhood by over use of them—by the utter sacrifice of his health and strength in the cause of truth and right!"

Mrs. Stowe reached Florence too late to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory—a respect that could not be kept back by any mere limitations of creed. The writer says that he gave that gifted woman all the details of his last hours, and proceeded to repeat the expression of his already quoted above; adding, with profound sadness—"To think that life is over—that work is stopped!" "And do you think," said Mrs. Stowe, raising her eyes with a flash of rebuke, "do you think—did he think, that Theodore Parker has no work to do for God now?" Few men made so much of time or talents. With him, nothing was lost. He was an incessant worker, and happy in his work. He consecrated his life to heaven in his early boyhood, and his life was a consistent development of that simple act of consecration. Such profundity, yet simplicity; such greatness, yet such innocence; such muscular strength of character, yet such feminine tenderness; such robust, practical sense, yet such perfect transparency—in few men of any one age, or of many ages, is such a combination to be found.

A Sensible Speech.

We observe that our good friend and worthy brother, Hon. Frederick Robinson, of Marblehead, has openly offered himself a candidate for Congress to the people of the Fifth Congressional District of this State. We have a copy of the very earnest, able, and stirring Address which he has sent to the voters of his District, and do not see how it will fail to take hold of their hearts and consciences. The time has gone by to object to this mode of running for Congress; we should all have been a thousand times better off as it is, if our people had been obliged to select from self-proposed candidates for public office, instead of suffering their work to be done for them by corrupt knots of professional politicians, who very soon got into the way of running the machinery on their own hook entirely.

We have given friend Robinson's pamphlet a perusal, and find ourselves refreshed by it; that need not imply, by any means, that we agree with him at all points. No matter about that; it is the spirit and character of the man himself we would commend. To give our readers a better idea of his claims to a seat in the next Congress, we furnish herewith a taste of his quality:

"I said a peaceable secession might have been effected by a Constitutional Convention. But it is now too late; we must either conquer or be conquered. We cannot afford to let the traitors go. They have brought upon us the calamities of war without cause. They have therefore murdered our young men and imposed upon the nation a great burden of debt, and we must maintain that which they have done. The means of payment shall be drawn from the South, that the energies of the North may not be forever paralyzed with a national debt.

Now let us see how this can be done to the great benefit of both the North and the South. If the South succeed in this rebellion, the whole principal and interest must be paid by us; or if they come back again, with slavery, imposed as the system of slave labor upon the South, the aggregate of these aggregate products will be very small for many years, and it will not be disgraceful for white men to work at the South. It is a false pretense that the climate of the South is too hot for white men to labor. A large portion of the cotton lands of the South has a climate more comfortable, equable, and healthy, than that of the North. It is not the climate, but the degradation and poverty involved in competing with slaves for subsistence, which repel the white men of the South from personal labor, and consequently make them the poor, ignorant, dependent tools of the slaveholders.

Do away with slavery and render labor honorable, instead of disgraceful, and white men enough would be glad to work in the cotton fields, the most profitable branch of agriculture in the world. Statistics show that not one-twentieth part of the cotton lands has yet been put under cultivation, and yet with the miserable, thriftless labor of slaves, the cotton crop of a single year has amounted to more than two hundred millions of dollars, averaging in some cases a thousand dollars a head for the slaves employed. But the hard-working farmers among us cannot earn upon an average so much as three hundred dollars per year. Now if slavery were out of the way, and it were honorable to work at the South, many of these hardy agriculturists would move there, and make these now so profitable cotton lands still more profitable, by a more efficient and more ingenious mode of cultivation, and by means of the hired labor of the enfranchised negro race, populous, intelligent, and rich communities would soon spring up, and contribute largely to the payment of our national debt.

contagion of hatred to the North, swelling the numbers of the blood-thirsty and plug-ugly among them; all ways ready to mob the men and women of the North that may come among them; while the good and liberty-loving portion of the army would come back to us to find their places in the labor market filled, and poverty and want the reward of their patriotism. But if slavery were out of the way, many would remain upon the fertile soil of the South, with arms in their hands, keeping peace and good order, with no need of a standing army, and constituting a nucleus around which the poor white trash would gather, and be educated in the honorable labor system of the North; and thus, and thus only, become loyal and good citizens. The mass of the white people of the South are ignorant and deluded. They have been led by slaveholders, and are now reaping the reward of a gross slavery. But inasmuch as the element of honorable and glorious labor from the liberty-loving and industrious portion of our army; and from idle loafers they will become a labor-loving people, and our resources will be so increased as to render our increased taxes no burden, and the Union will be restored in fact, and not simply in name. But leave slavery in existence, and we decrease our resources, throw the great burden of taxation upon the North, reinforce the secession element with the slavery-loving part of our armies, and bequeath to our children the shadow of a Union, a mockery and a delusion to all honest men."

Future Punishment.

It is a favorite argument with partialist preachers and exhorters, and believers, that it is absolutely necessary to set up the doctrine of future punishments in another life, if only to frighten men into their duty. So shallow, and unavailing an argument has answered its purpose, too, a great while longer than it ought, and to the complete astonishment of all reflecting minds. The truest way of testing its value, however, is too see for one's self how the dogma actually operates—what real value it has, and how much good it does. And to furnish us with just such an array of facts to this end as we needed, we have fallen in with a thin volume of lectures delivered by Robert Cooper in England, which have recently been re-published by Mr. J. P. Mendum, of the Investigator in this city.

Says Mr. Cooper, in one of his lectures on this very point, which serves to frighten off so many people from the exercise of their reason—"Surely, if the position of the theologian is true, that without the philosophy of a future state no order could be maintained in society, we may fairly presume that in those nations where this doctrine is most admired, the greatest morality will prevail. Is such the case? No. On the contrary, it is notorious that some of the most religious nations in the world are the most immoral. Look at our own country (Great Britain) where there are more churches, chapels, Bibles and priests, than in any other nation upon the face of the globe. Though we boast of the splendor of our churches, and the plenitude of our Bibles, we are compelled to complain of the prevalence of crime and demoralization." "Society in England at the present time is a paradoxical admixture of Bibles and blunderbusses—prayers and revellies—pulpits and beer-shops—churches and poor-houses—altars and prisons—black-coated soul-ourers, red-coated body-destroyers." Seventy-four thousand bastardy cases in the Parliamentary returns in one year! One woman out of every ten in London a prostitute! In Lancashire and Yorkshire, one child out of every thirteen illegitimate! One hundred and sixty-seven cases of false weights in two small villages! Out of six hundred and seventy-five prisoners in a county jail, six hundred and sixty-five were of some religious creed, and ten only of none! And so on till one tires of the melancholy account.

Mr. Willis and Spiritualism.

The true soul is really inspired, and he is no poet whose soul is not touched by some angel's hand. The man of undoubted genius realizes the presence of a spirit that hovers above the silent and fathomless deeps, or descends, from day to day, to move the waters of the river of his life. This spirit is most manifest when there is least of sensuous feeling in our hearts, and our minds are most illuminated and exalted. In seasons of trial—beneath the shadow of some solemn event, or under the refining influence of a great sorrow, when the selfish passions are nailed to the cross—the soul ascends the mountain of its transfiguration.

Such thoughts are naturally suggested by the perusal of some lines from the pen of N. P. Willis, written on the occasion of the death of the wife of Hon. JOSEPH GRIZZELL, which event occurred recently at New Bedford, Mass. In a personal tribute to the memory of the departed the post Editor of the Home Journal gives eloquent and forcible expression to the spiritual ideas of death, the resurrection to immortality, and the intimate relations and positive intercourse of the visible and invisible worlds. We extract the following:

Born in the sect of the Quakers, Mrs. Grizzell had always preserved their exceeding simplicity and directness of character and manner—traits which were seen in much more advantageous contrast by the eminent positions she was called upon to occupy. Her travels in Europe, and her husband's successive terms in Congress, endeared her to many of the most distinguished on both sides of the water; and what she was in her own hospitable home, all know who have had the happiness of seeing her in that abode of comfort. With no children of her own, the family of her niece and adopted daughter, Mrs. N. P. Willis, became the nearest and dearest to her affectionate heart; and by them her untiring love and devotion will be tearfully and tenderly remembered. Her death is everywhere sadly felt; but, if it were not for the feeling which we have ventured to express in the following lines, the grief of those who had called her "mother" would overshadow their hearts like a cloud difficult to dispel:

"She is not lost to me! The weary heart,  
O'ercome beneath its burden, pressed for rest;  
And lo! Death's angel, with the shadowy hand,  
Unfastening the cords too closely drawn,  
That for her better sleep, she might lay off  
The robes it now enumbered her to wear,  
And so she slumbered—lulled from all her pains  
By the unerring ministry from heaven.  
But, say not she is lost to us, who slept,  
Thus from her sorrows, in a rest with God!  
For, with the morning, she arose again—  
No more apparel for life's week-day toils,  
But clad in Sabbath purity, to walk  
A spirit, all invisible to us;  
While yet we feel the presence of her smile,  
'Tis not by far removed from the earth.  
The blessed tread the spirit-path unseen!  
And she, whose features we behold no more,  
Will not forget the loved ones who are left  
To toil and suffer longer, but will be  
The angel of the home she knew so well,  
Her witness hand will minister to us  
Our best apporportioning of smiles and tears;  
She will be near us when our hearts grow dark,  
And near us when our children give us joy,  
Near when we toll, and nearer when we pray,  
And oh, when life is ended, and the water,  
On the bright threshold of the best, for us,  
How like the sweet accompaniment will be  
The far felt lustre of that look of love!  
And how like our remembered, welcome home  
Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven!

Our Paper.

The Eighth Volume of the BANNER closes with the present number. During the past six months we have passed through severe trials, but we feel that God, by His spirit, has sustained us in our arduous labors, and we have full faith that He will continue so to do, until the mission he has assigned us be fulfilled.

We hope those of our patrons whose subscriptions expire with this number will renew at once. We need their aid during these troublous times more than ever. We feel that we shall not appeal to them in vain.

Now is the time for those who have not taken the BANNER, to subscribe, as we shall endeavor to make it more interesting, if possible, than ever. The new Original Story, by Mrs. Porter, the publication of which will be commenced next week, is a production of great merit, and well worth a year's subscription to our journal.

While we appeal to our friends to strengthen us as much as possible in a material way, we wish it distinctly understood that the BANNER is established on a foundation sufficiently strong to enable it to wait for many years to come.

Our Spirit Messages.

We have from time to time received letters in corroboration of the truth of many of the spirit-messages which have appeared in the "Message Department" of this paper, from the friends of the parties who have communicated; but many of the best tests so received we are not allowed to make public, as the parties interested are not Spiritualists, and do not wish their names to appear in this connection, from fear, as they say, that they would be injured in their business in consequence. We are sorry to be obliged to make this statement—but so it is. The time will shortly come, however, when such a mighty influx of spirit-power will descend upon mortally, that the phantom Public Opinion will not interfere with the promulgation of the great truths we are endeavoring as humble instruments in the hands of Almighty God, to place before the world. In our next we shall publish several tests from parties who have no fear of public opinion.

To Our Subscribers.

We wish to call your particular attention to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e. the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the term of your subscription has expired, and be ready at once to renew, if you intend to continue the paper. For example: find at the head of the paper Vol. XI, No. 26, (which is the number of this issue.) If the figures on the wrapper or paper opposite your name, read 11-26, then your time is up, and you are to govern yourself accordingly. This method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore.

To Lecturers.

Some weeks since, we gave notice that we should "prune" our "List of Lecturers." It will be seen by reference to the list in this issue of the BANNER that we have accordingly stricken out all names that we could gain no information of. We expect hereafter that all lecturers who wish notice to be given of their whereabouts, will keep us correctly informed thereof. It is due to committees and the public, that this list be correct. We hold ourselves in readiness to insert gratuitously the names and appointments of all competent lecturers, expecting that they will willingly favor us as much. Let it be understood, hereafter, that our list of appointments, &c., is reliable, and let lecturers strive to keep it so. We shall from time to time erase from the list the names of those who do not give prompt information of their engagements and change of residences.

Relics from Virginia.

Mr. Wm. M. Robinson, a member of Capt. Cook's (8th Mass.) Battery of Light Artillery, has sent us several documents that fell into his hands after the late battles in Virginia, among which are: A very antique looking pamphlet of thirty-six pages, entitled, "Acts passed at a General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia: begun and held at the Capitol, in the city of Richmond, the third day of December, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight;" original letters, in regard to court matters, from "Edw. Randolph" to "Robert Randolph, Esq.," dated "Richmond, June 16, 1802;" and a letter from "J. M. Mason," (Member of Congress) dated Washington, Sept. 18, 1837, to "Dr. B. Thinston Magill, Philadelphia," in reference to the appointment of a surgeon in the army, &c. These relics of other days are very interesting.

Massachusetts' War Contribution.

When the last quota (which is now about full) is completed, this State will have furnished eighty thousand, four hundred and sixty soldiers for the war. To this number should be added the fifteen thousand sailors and marines who have gone into the naval service, and the aggregate will foot up nearly one hundred thousand. Massachusetts surely cannot be accused of want of patriotism in assisting the country in its hour of peril. The above does not include the quota of an additional four hundred thousand men which the President has just called for. Massachusetts will respond to all the demands made upon her patriotism.

The Lyceum Church.

This society of Spiritualists, worshipping in Lyceum Hall, are to be regaled with a feast of reason and a flow of soul through the inspirational organs of Mrs. M. S. Townsend, on Sunday next. Mrs. Townsend's friends are numerous in this city, although she has not had opportunity publicly to offer them the "bread of life" furnished by teachers from the "Land of the Hereafter." These meetings are free, and all are invited to "come without money, and without price."

Personal.

We learn from a correspondent that Hon. Stephen A. Douglas spoke eloquently on the war, through Mr. (or Dr.) W. H. Hatch, at Milwaukee recently, and to a crowded house. He was followed by Mr. (or Dr.) A. Harlow, M. D., in reference to the war, and to change the rest and quiet of domestic life for the bustle and stir of the camp. He is attached as a surgeon to one of the Ohio Volunteer Regiments. This gentleman has fallen of the late war in "Spiritualism," and goes to the war with the "Banner" of the South, of friendship and reward.

The little story on our first page, entitled "The Spirit of the Age," is a very interesting and original work, by "A. M.," showing how love prevailed over hate, was written under very singular circumstances. Several years ago we incidentally asked one of our spirit-friends why some spirit could not come and write a story for our paper, through our medium, Mrs. Conant. The reply was: "It can be done, provided she is willing to surrender her 'time' to us for that purpose." She acquiesced and was requested by the spirit to sit one hour each day, with paper and pencil before her, and the work should be accomplished. At the first sitting her hand was influenced, and some extraneous power controlled it to write. She was not conscious of a single syllable written by her. The whole transaction, from beginning to end, was entirely mechanical, so far as the medium was concerned, strange as it may seem to those not versed in the Spiritual Phenomena. She did not read a line of the manuscript until the story was completed, and was as much astonished as were we ourselves on its perusal. Two other stories were written through her hand in a similar manner, which we printed some time since, without comment. One was entitled "The Hermit of the Powow," the plot being laid in Amesbury in this State. It was copied into several papers at the time, showing that it was appreciated as a literary production. In this connection we deem it not improper to state that Mrs. Conant does not claim to possess any literary ability whatever, and considers herself incapable of writing what was, in this instance, given through her instrumentally.

Why we Don't Reply.

Some people wonder why we don't reply to articles published in different newspapers that misrepresent and slur Spiritualism. The reason we do not is simply because they are not smart enough to merit a reply. When we shall see a reasonable, fair, candid, honest article, written and published against the claims of modern Spiritualism, which we do not as yet see in our large list of exchanges, we shall reply to it with pleasure. It will require men of fresher and deeper thought than the men who go against Spiritualism, to offer an argument of any power against this mighty development that stands and goes alone to-day, abroad in the world.

Announcements.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Boston next Sunday, H. Melville Fay in Charlestown; H. B. Storor in Marblehead; Frank L. Wadsworth in Quincy; Miss Emma Houston in New Bedford; N. Frank White in Taunton; Miss Anna Ryder in Portland; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bangor, Me.; Charles A. Hayden in Kenosha, Wis.; S. K. Ripley in Greenbush, N. Y.; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Groton, N. H.; Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Warren Chase in Barnard, Vt.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles T. Irish's address for the next three weeks will be Leyard, Conn. He will receive calls to lecture in the neighboring towns.

Our Country as Seen by Spirit Eyes.

We wish everybody to read the eloquent address delivered before the Society of the Lyceum Church of Spiritualists, on Sunday evening, September 7th, by H. B. Storor, while in the semi-trance state, in which a retrospective, present, and progressive view is taken of our country. The several phases are treated upon in a clear and comprehensive manner, worthy the wisdom of the fathers who have gone before.

Red Tape.

We hear that a drill-sergeant in Charlestown was refused admission into a company there because he was not willing to go as a private. He has been in the English service three years, and has made himself proficient in the Hardee drill. These are the kind of men we need most, and it is a shame to set them aside to make room for some forty-second cousin of some captain who is in favor with somebody at the State House.

Liberty.

Horace Seaver, editor of the Boston Investigator, says: "We give all a free hearing who apply for it." Differences of opinion are unavoidable, and hence all men are equal in this respect—they are entitled to the same impartial treatment. Let it be remembered that we print a free paper and make some pretensions to free thought and speech.

Political.

At a Convention of the Republican party in this State, held at Worcester, September 10th, John A. Andrew was re-nominated as candidate for Governor; and the Hon. Joel Hayden, of Williamsburg, was selected as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Nesmith, the present incumbent, declining a re-nomination. The balance of the present State officers were also re-nominated.

Good this Great Truth.

In this hour of national peril and trial, we need positive men to guide our legions—we need them in our legislative councils—we need them at the helm of State, in the pulpits, and in the editorial sanctuaries. Would that there were more of this class among loyal men everywhere.

The Best Way to Obtain the Banner of Light.

Enclose two dollars in a letter, writing the name of the new subscriber and postoffice address distinctly, giving the name of the County and State, and direct to William White & Co., 168 Washington Street, Boston.

OUR GENERALS.—Gen. McClellan has again assumed the command of the Armies of the Potomac and Virginia. Gen. Pope has left the army in Virginia, and gone to St. Louis, to take command of a new Department. Gen. Banks is in command of the forces defending Washington. Gen. McDowell has been relieved of his command, and gone to West Point where his family are stopping. He demands a rigid investigation into the charges against him, among which is the following: Mr. Broadhead, the 2d Comptroller under ex-President Pierce, recently received a blood-stained piece of paper from his brother, Col. Broadhead, commanding a Michigan regiment, who was mortally wounded and since dead, in which he says: "I am about quitting the world, a victim to Gen. Pope's respect, and McDowell's treason." Another says there are thousands who are mere mind-masters. They hoard knowledge, they heap up treasures without use. Others, with wonderful gifts of security for usefulness, are deliberately kept in the shade, and though made to "shine" in the lead, they will, when rendering up to God, an account of life, be obliged to confess that no light has ever been shed by them along any upward path.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the essay on PATIENCE, which will be found in the present issue. It will impart strength to those who are becoming lukewarm in the cause of Spiritualism—if any such there be. At any rate, it will do every one good who reads it.

A letter remains at this office directed to Le Grand B. Cushman; also one for Mr. A. Webster.

A new weekly paper, "THE COMMONWEALTH," has just been issued in this city. We understand its platform is the abolishing of slavery, suppressing the rebellion, and saving the country. Success to it! M. D. Conway, editor; James M. Stone, 22 Bromfield Street, publisher. Price, \$2.00 per year.

Our friends who prefer a private residence to a public house, when they visit New York city, will find comfortable quarters at the residence of Dr. E. T. HALLOCK, (Ecclectic and Homeopathic Physician,) 70 Fifteenth Street.

Digby is anxious to know if a transport of joy ever gets a ticket of leave?

EMANCIPATION.—The Republican Central Committee of New York city have adopted a series of resolutions setting forth that the Border States having neglected to accede to the system of compensated emancipation, it is the imperative duty of the President, for the purpose of saving our Nationally, to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation and declare that all slaves of rebels in this Union are forever free.

WHO QUOTE TO JOIN THE VOLUNTEERS?—Pawnbrokers and lovers, because they understand "popping" pickpockets, because they are used to "rifle" shopmen, because they are used to "counter-marching" and foundrymen, glass-blowers, smiths and stokers, because they can "stand fire."

Garibaldi and his whole command have been made prisoners.

Digby is of the opinion that the time will shortly come when the rebels won't be so short of salt as they are at present. They'll find plenty at the head of "Salt River," where they are bound to fetch up to a dead certainty.

WHAT A SEASON we have had, and what a harvest is crowning it! The orchards are almost crushed to the ground by the superabundance of fruit, and the fields are yellow with their bounty. No epidemic has touched the North or swept over the South. The whole country, except where the war has brought desolation, has been rejoicing in growth and marvellous fertility.

The great end of philosophy, both natural and moral, is to know ourselves.—Horace Seaver.

"THE GLORIOUS OLD SIXTH" is again in the field. It went to the seat of war on the 9th inst. The ranks are somewhat fuller than when in April, 1861, it pressed on to Washington to save the Capital of the nation. Baltimore is not, as it was at that time, in the hands of the rebels, and there is no fear of a repetition of the bloody tragedy of the 19th of April, '61. But a portion of Maryland has been seized by traitorous invaders, and it is not improbable that the "Old Sixth" will participate in driving them from the soil of that State, adding to the laurels which are already entwined around the banners of this celebrated command.

Since the war commenced, the American Tract Society at New York has expended nearly \$40,000 in furnishing religious reading for the army and navy. Bader has furnished them with Hardee's tactics. Had this been the case, Digby thinks a good many of them would not have made tracks to the spirit-world so suddenly—unclad as they are, and consequently very unhappy.

The rebels have more than 40,000 negroes at work on fortifications on the line of the Rappahannock, so that we shall not be able to advance in that direction again without sacrificing 20,000 lives. Do not touch slavery! Do not you see that the enemy would be without laborers if we were to upset that sacred institution, which is as old as Noah, and as wicked as Cain?—Traveller.

Empress Eugenie is expected to present another little olive branch to the Emperor and to France. The Empress means peace, whatever the Empire may mean.

The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.—Horace Seaver.

Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bedbugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather, to the places where they most do congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, etc., rubbed slightly over with coal oil, will not be disturbed by flies.

RESPONSIBILITY OF COUNCILLORS. Hear it, ye Senators; hear this truth sublime—He who allows oppression shares the crime.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"—We have at last found out the origin of this popular phrase. A friend of ours who has been absent all winter, returning a few days since, called upon an estimable lady friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After the first salutations were over, our friend remarked: "Why, Mrs. —, I am very sorry to find you ill; what is the matter?" Quickly reaching over to the "back of the bed," the invalid turned down the coverlid, disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapped in the embrace of the rosy god, and said triumphantly: "That's what's the matter!"—La Croix Democrat.

The average of human life is thirty-three years. One-quarter die before the age of seven, one-half before the age of seventeen. To every thousand persons one only reaches one hundred years, and not more than one in five hundred will reach eighty years.

There is on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 888,888,888 die every year, 81,824 every day, 7,789 every hour, and 60 every minute or one every second. These losses are balanced by an equal number of births.

"Humanity," said Burke, "cannot be degraded by humilitations." It is its very character to submit to such things. There is a consanguinity between benevolence and humility. They are virtues of the same stock.

When the application of coal gas to the lighting of the streets was first suggested, Sir Walter Scott said: "It can't be done; it is only the dream of a visionary;" and Sir Humphrey Davy, on being told that the time would come when all London would be lighted with gas, said: "You might as well talk of lighting London with a slice of the moon, as to light it with gas."

If any of our States or cities of counties raise more than their quota of volunteers for this war, the surplus will be credited to them by the Lord for the eternal war against the Devil," says the Louisville Journal.

"We have been told that on one occasion, Rev. Peter Mackenzie—now of Monmouth—once met a Roman Catholic priest in front of an independent chapel. 'Will you tell me what building this is?' asked the priest. 'An independent chapel,' replied Peter. 'Independent! who are they independent of?' 'The Pope and the Devil,' was the prompt reply.

Albert Pike resigns his command in Arkansas, on the ground that he is unpopular with the Indians, and fat. He must be afraid that his brother savages, if they should get hungry, might eat him.

When there are neither leaves, blossoms, nor fruit upon the tree, but they will show themselves in the spring, and so will the habits of faith break forth into acts when the Sun of righteousness shall shine forth and make it a pleasant spring to the soul.

FROM A "PHYSICIAN'S" SUBSCRIBER.  
"Dear Banner, you've served me  
Now almost a year,  
And if I don't pay you  
You'll leave me, I fear.  
Here's two dollars in cash,  
Will you pay more?  
Than have you sent me  
I'd rather give four.  
The place where I live,  
As you plainly will see,  
Is at Tyson Furnace,  
In the State of Vt.  
Success to our Union,  
And to all in the right;  
And a hearty success  
To the BANNER OF LIGHT."

Christianity is not a religion of churches and chapels; it is not a religion of tongues and dialects; it is a religion of the whole world, which, after all, is but one vast cathedral; it is a religion for all tongues, which, after all, are but dialects of the common mother tongue; it is a religion for the human heart, and wherever a human heart can beat, there a Saviour is there a praying tongue and a praying place.

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

Courage and composure come of knowledge and grow with it.—Gerritt Smith.

What is the difference between a drummer boy and a pound of meat? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

A few weeks since a farmer in Illinois cradled three acres of wheat, and that night, his wife, not to be outdone by him, cradled three babies.—Mount Carmel, Ill. Register.

What is the difference between a sack of coal and a cul-de-sac? Because you can weigh out the former, but can't make your way out of the latter.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Monsieur Edouard, the great Prestidigitateur! and Professor G. A. Below, the great American Hippozantropologist! says the San Jose (Cal.) Mercury, have arrived on our coast. They are distinguished for nothing that we know of, but for the unpronounceable and meaningless handles to a common name. The great and celebrated German Philosopher will soon arrive, who is called for short, Peterivanscraven Hoffensovenshafetyenspooper, whose profession is the Poggosthehypozenapriovisprestidigitandigitateura.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

G. Y. T., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—We never print anonymous communications. The spirit message is laid over in consequence. Shall we hear from you in a more definite manner?

S. Y. B., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Dear Brother, your communication is on file for publication. It will be read soon. Should be happy to hear from you often. Short articles take best.

A. S., CROWN POINT, IND.—You will find the communication to which you refer in our issue of Sept. 6th.

J. P. J., SOUTH NORWALK, Vt.—Regular subscribers to a newspaper are liable to pay, if we mistake not, fifteen cents postage per annum.

L. K., COVINGTON, La.—"That morning glory" came safely to hand. All right.

A. Card. The undersigned having been appointed surgeon to one of the Ohio Regiments, the pleasing and interesting correspondence with his numerous friends and patrons must, though reluctantly on his part, be for the present necessarily suspended. When the Angel of Peace shall once more greet his halcyon wings over our beloved country, he hopes to renew his former acquaintance with many. It is to be hoped our friendship and esteem will be both mutual and lasting.

A. HANLOW, M. D.  
Chagrin Falls, O., Sept. 8th, 1862.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TRINITY STREET, (opposite head of School Street).—Meetings are held every Sunday at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. The regular course of lectures recommenced on Sunday, Sept. 7th. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 21 and 28; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Houston, Oct. 19 and 26; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9; Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 23 and 30; J. B. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Pauline Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

MANASSAS.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. B. Storor, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 19 and 26; Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 2 and 9; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TAYLOR.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon, commencing the following morning, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—N. Frank White, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 12; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 19, 26, and 30; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

Foxboro'.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker engaged: Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, Oct. 19 and 26.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Sept. 21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, during October.

CHICOPEE, MASS.—Musio Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, during Oct.

New Bedford.—A meeting has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 28.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 5 cents per line for subsequent insertion.

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NOW READY.  
THE  
Sunday School Class-Book,  
NO. ONE.  
THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.  
The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.  
Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to.  
For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.  
WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.  
June 14.

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First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.  
THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE,  
OR  
DIVINE REVELATIONS,  
AND A VOICE TO MANKIND.  
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.  
THE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—issued in a style the work merits.

The edition of the REVELATIONS is issued on good paper, well printed, and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal octavo, 800 pages, will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.  
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AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," ETC.  
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This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. "The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds."  
For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 168 Washington Street, Boston.  
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THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Partnerships. It gives some account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kidder, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Houston, who is now residing at Kidder, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity.  
The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions.  
Sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 28.

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BY  
Moral and Religious Stories,  
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.  
BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.  
CONTENTS.—The Little Peacemaker, Child's Prayer, The Desire to be Good, Little Mary, Harry Marshall, Whims, The Golden Rule, Let Me Hear the Gentle Voices, Filled Duty, Unfading Flowers, The Dream, Evening Hymns.  
For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 168 Washington St. Price 10c. Postage 4c. March 8.

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LIST OF COLORS.  
Black, Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Light Blue, Dark Green, Light Green, Pink, Purple, Orange, Red, Yellow, Green, Blue, Purple, Violet.  
Salmon, Scarlet, Dark Drab, Light Drab, Yellow, Light Yellow, Orange, Magenta, Solferino, French Blue, Royal Purple, Violet.  
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Persons including sealed letter, \$1, and 3 three-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Office hours from 2 to 6 P. M. Aug. 23.

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RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED, in a series of lectures, by ROBERT COOPER. Just published at the INVESTIGATOR OFFICE, 108 COURT STREET, PAINE, 50 CENTS. Sept. 8.

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\$150 NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS in Rosewood case, iron frame, and overstrung bass for \$150 do., with moldings \$180 do., with carved legs and initial name-board, \$175 \$185, and \$200 do., with pearl keys, \$225 \$250, and \$300; new 11-1/2 octave, \$185. The above Pianos are of great tone, surpassing in the city. Second-hand Pianos at extremely low prices. Now and second-hand Pianos and Melodions to LET at \$25 and upward per month; rent same. Persons desiring more particulars, send for the allowed if purchased at \$100 at 5 cents per page. All kinds of Music merchandise at low prices. A pianist in attendance to try new music. HORACE WATERS, Agent, No. 481 Broadway, New York. Ladies. Aug. 16.

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OF  
S. H. BRITTON, JR.,  
A. U. G. H. B. Porter, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat Beagle, at the island of Fort Henry, Feb. 6, 1862, is now being engraved.  
Persons desiring a copy, send for it.  
It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and one three-cent postage stamp.  
The proceeds of the sale of this fine Engraving are to go to aid in repairing the U. S. Gunboat Beagle, which was destroyed here's remains in Rosendale Cemetery.  
J. G. L.

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DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD!  
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BY P. B. RANDOLPH.  
The above work may be had at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 168 Washington Street, by wholesale and retail. Single copies 75 cents. The usual discount will be made to the trade. Mailed to any part of the United States on receipt of the price named above. March 8.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR GHOSTS AND GHOST-STORIES. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 50 cents.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newell Croeland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00 Dec. 21.

THE UNVEILING; OR WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. P. B. Randolph. Price, 25c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT; BEING A Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "What Ever is, is Right." By Cynthia Tempie. Price 10c. The above named works have just been received and are for sale at the Banner of Light Office. March 8.

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What corrupt men have hitherto kept back in relation to pure political science, this book brings to the light. It exposes the bribery, corruption, tyranny, and coarse ignorance of our boasted modern system, and shows how we may all at length emerge from it, a purer, freer, and better people.  
The style is in no sense rhetorical; but the writer goes to the subject with a business directness that no prejudice can resist. He cares nothing for inflicting pain, if thereby the people seeking to know for themselves are fully informed. The style is in no sense rhetorical; but the writer goes to the subject with a business directness that no prejudice can resist. He cares nothing for inflicting pain, if thereby the people seeking to know for themselves are fully informed. The style is in no sense rhetorical; but the writer goes to the subject with a business directness that no prejudice can resist. He cares nothing for inflicting pain, if thereby the people seeking to know for themselves are fully informed.

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THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILLER, MEDIUM, TO JOSIAH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

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It is a large octavo volume, of 420 pages, printed in large, clear type, on stout paper, and substantially bound. It is perhaps, the most elaborate work Modern Spiritualism has called out.

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GENERAL DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE LYCEUM CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Embracing the following subjects: Objects of the Society—Articles of Belief—Commonly Accepted as Truths by Spiritualists—Sum of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the State of the Soul in the World of Spirits—Of the Supreme Being—Of Religion in General—Of the Sunday Spiritual Meetings—Of the Character of the Addresses—Of Speakers—Of Internal Management—Of Resources—Of Membership—Of Interests of the Society.

The above is the title, and heads of the contents, of a very neatly printed pamphlet, being the Report of the Committee on Organization, of the Society of Spiritualists of Boston. It is a document which will interest Spiritual

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the Banner was claimed by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. P. Corbett, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

Our Offices.—The offices at which these communications are given, are held at the BARRON & LORR OFFICE, No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Friday, Sept. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Philip of Massachusetts; Mary Adelaide Herold, to her parents in London, England; Rev. Benjamin Cole, of Chelmsford, N. C.; Alvin Clark, of Quincy, Minnesota.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, thou Spirit whom few can understand, we would approach thee through the dark clouds of the present hour. Our Father, through all nature, thou art telling us to come unto thee, and within the deep well-springs of our being there is a desire for prayer.

Address to the American People.

My friends, do you know that your nation is this moment either upon the verge of ruin or the resurrection morning. My friends, do you know that you live in a moment which requires each one of you to assist in the resurrecting of this American Republic?

Do you know that you, as a nation, have lived a lie all these years of your country's rise and prosperity? Can you feel that this is true, though the knowledge is painful to your self-respect, to your honor as a people, that you have lived false to yourselves, your country, and your God?

Oh, my friends, that something is the tide of public opinion, and the time has now come, when every one of you must act for himself, referring the righteousness of his conduct to no one but the God of his own internal being.

It is eight years since I bade farewell to my friends and people, and left my body. I lived and died at Bellows Falls, Vermont. I was eighty-four years of age at the time of my death.

Oh, she has too long dwelt where she has not the right to dwell, mid scenes of darkness and ignorance. Too long has she worn garments unbecoming to her as a nation, and too long have you called upon God to aid you in your nefarious schemes of slavery and injustice.

Oh, my friends, do you fully realize that you are fighting for at this very moment? We hear that you fight for the Union and the Constitution, and for liberty to all mankind.

may be long float over a people, not dwelling in bondage, but a nation that can look up to God and declare itself free!

James Williams.

Ladies and gentlemen, your very kind attendance here to-day assists me in what they call the control of a medium. I had heard something of this control before death, but never witnessed anything like it.

You may ask if I am a black man? I am not wholly so, while, on the other hand, I cannot claim to be entirely white. It is only about fourteen days since I parted with my body, or rather with my masters, for it belonged to him. Thank God, I have one now that is my own, or at least shall have when I leave here.

I was publicly shot at Richmond, because convicted of having assisted in liberating some of your men, and also of having done something for those who were shot among us. When I was arrested and charged with this offense, I freely told them I had done so, and that I would do the same thing again if I had a chance to.

Do you think Washington will be taken? I do, most certainly. God help you, master! Why do you call me master? The force of that under which I lived so long. I was a little excited, and so could not control my language.

Do you know anything in regard to the fate of this last battle? Yes, I do. [General Pope as competent a man as he is supposed to be by many at the North?] They say so upon this side. I would like to ask one question myself, which is, if it is true that you heard that General Williams was killed?

If it were possible for me to send a word to my old master, I'd like to do so; but he has no faith in this return. I heard about it from some of the field hands, who said they talked with spirits.

The little one I carried in my arms so many, many days is here. She has been dead—no dead, but has lived here in the spirit-world twelve years last June. She died of some humor that settled upon her brain. I believe, my master thought the world of her, and perhaps he might be glad to talk with her.

One word more. Perhaps my wife may chance to see my letter. Some one may tell her of it. Since she cannot read herself I would tell her to care as little for her body as I did for mine, and she'll be happier in the end.

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does, I find it very hard to leave her, and very hard to be happy. If she was more cheerful, it would be better. I was not able to speak aloud for three months before I died, and it's very hard for me to do so here, I do not know why.

Thomas Russell.

Halloo! halloo! halloo! Will you say to the friends I've left behind, I'm as happy as I could expect to be in the spirit-world.

Come now, what are you going to do for me? [What do you wish me to do for you?] Get me a pass to carry me home. Tell me what I'll do to get into what the devil do you call it, with my friends? [Rapport.] Yes, that's it. Supposing they're a little chary of dead folks? [They probably won't be.] Well, suppose I'd like to talk with them alone?

How goes the battle? [Rather against us at present, I think.] Well, they told me that I'd be able to go there after coming here. [No doubt you will.] I'll gain something, then, by coming here. Well, good-by—[I'm off.] [I'm going to war myself.] You are? How are you going? As a soldier, or a civilian? [Soldier.] You are? You've got a hard road before you. [I'm not afraid of it.] When are you going? [Soon, I expect.] You've got a tough road before you. Well, success to you! [Perhaps we shall become better acquainted out there.] That's so.

Daniel Reagan.

Seem' as I got the privilege to come here to-day, I'd like to speak with some of me folks. [Where do they live?] In Marlboro', Massachusetts. My name was Daniel Reagan. I belonged to the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, Company G, and was killed at Hanover Court House. I was under Colonel Cass. [We have lost him, you know.] Faith! and that was a bad loss for you. A fine man he was; and very much attached to him me were.

I lost me life in fighting for the country. I'm not sorry for that, however, although I don't feel just right about me family. I suppose they're in Marlboro'. I've been talking to folks here in the spirit-land about it, and they say, have patience, for the scales are to be turned very soon, and they are to be turned by the heart's blood of the people, and I suppose my family might as well turn them as any one else; but I don't feel quite right about some officers on earth. Never mind; it's what I'd like to do, if I can, to talk with me folks; and I think I can point out a way for them to do right, but I don't care to tell it to everybody, so I'll ask for a privilege to talk with them one side, as the other one did.

Thomas Crosswell.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Fear not for my dear father. He is safe, and will soon report himself to you. He is not with the people of the North, but is now within the Southern lines. I send you this to strengthen your faith in what aunt Dolly told you. When father comes home, tell him not to go to France, as he thinks of doing, for if he should, he would not be happy. Your loving son, THOMAS CROSSWELL, of Cumberland, Tenn.

Joseph Aldrich.

DEAR MARY—Don't mourn any for me. I died like a hero, and would not return to live here longer if I could. I have met your brother here, and your mother also. JOSEPH ALDRICH, To Mary Ann, his wife, of New York City.

Christopher Trask.

DEAR SISTERS—I did not learn to write on earth, but they tell us how here. If you want to come to Boston, I will watch over you, and nobody shall lay a finger on you for harm. I was murdered, just as you thought, but don't cry about it. I want you to try to learn to write before you die, for it is hard to learn in this way. I haven't been here only a month, you know, and so haven't learnt much yet. This is from CHRISTOPHER TRASK, of Canton, Missouri, to Ellen, a sister.

Lydia Road.

MY MOTHER—The angels will watch over you. Fear not. Yes, father will go; do not try to detain him. LYDIA ROAD, of New York.

Well, what next? said Mrs. Partridge, as she interrupted him, who was reading the war news—the pickets were driven in five miles? Bless my poor soul, but that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had to be driven in deep, to keep the secessionists from digging out from under 'em."

MY COUSIN AND I.

I wish you could see it—how splendid! Magnificent in the extreme! My cousin's new home in the city. At the corner of Essex and Green.

Hot water pipes in the chambers. Fixtures for gas in the walls; Bells on the doors for strangers. Servants to answer their calls; Baskets and goblets of silver. Fruit-cakes, jellies and cream. Are served at the three o'clock dinner. At the corner of Essex and Green.

Wife in the nursery reclining. Ever complaining of ill; Fashion, pride, and consumption. Bottles of powders and pills. Soon one thing more will be wanting To match this magnificent scene— 'Tis a silver-trimmed casket of rosewood. At the corner of Essex and Green.

I have a home in the country. Out in the beautiful town. Coolly under the maples. One story high from the ground; Windows shaded with rose-vines. That Nature has braided for me; And here, with God and the angels, I am living both happy and free.

I fish in the brooks by the meadows. And gather the flowers in my path; I roll on the grass in the shadows. And open my mouth when I laugh; For fashion has never invaded. And pride has never been found In our little cot, coolly shaded. Out in the beautiful town.

There I hope to meet with you often— As I am not inviting the few— For we all have God for our Father. And I am a brother to you. Some have moved out from the cottage And gone o'er the river to dwell; But when I get tired and weary Why, I shall go over as well!

So I try to be cheerful and happy. Honest, loving and free— Remembering, as I do to others So will my Father to me; And thus I'll be bridging the river. By works that are lasting and sound. In a brown little cot in the country. One story high from the ground. Thatchwood Cottage, 1862.

Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations. Errors of the BARRON & LORR: Mediumistic experiences and spiritual manifestations have ever a powerful interest for me, and I read with a great deal of pleasure all published accounts of them which fall in my way.

The manifestations took place through the mediumship of W. K. Ripley, who is more generally known as a trance speaker. As he had been thoroughly tested previously, with the same results, and the circles were not to convince skeptics, trying was not resorted to; but the company were seated scientifically near to the medium to detect imposture, if any should be attempted.

At our first sitting, as soon as the lights were extinguished, the spirits manifested their presence by moving a drum and a couple of speaking trumpets, which were kept for their use. The drum, while being beaten, was carried over our heads, and at the same time the trumpets were carried in different directions, almost with the rapidity of thought, indicating their whereabouts by loud raps upon the walls, or gentler demonstrations upon our persons.

being over our heads. The room was rendered so dark by their radiance, that we could distinctly see every person in it. The medium, who was occupied and as much pleased as any one in the circle, came forward to the centre of the room, directly under the arch of stars, but was immediately, and not very gently, forced back to his seat by the invisible. During this time the trumpets were in motion, and the drum occasionally beaten as it was carried round the room.

But a new and almost equally wonderful development was preparing for us as the arching belt of golden lights disappeared. We saw many spirit-forms moving rapidly about as if busy preparing some urgent piece of labor. But a short time elapsed before they formed themselves into opposing armies, upon a miniature scale, and commenced their offensive and defensive action by throwing shells back and forth. As they fell and burst, they threw up numerous sparks of bright golden light. Each person in the room distinctly saw the spirit-forms moving swiftly about, as they worked their batteries.

This interesting representation of our great revolution, continued until the leaders of the band, speaking through the trumpet, ordered them to desert, as the medium was too much exhausted by the draughts upon his vital powers for further demonstration.

After making an appointment to meet us the next evening, the spirits bade us good night, and the entertainment for our first evening was closed. Upon the ensuing night we met and seated ourselves around the room, without reference to any special system of arrangement, but opposite to the medium. Immediately upon extinguishing the lights, the trumpets and bell commenced moving rapidly round the room and over our heads, occasionally whirling very near to us, but without hitting any one. But to vary the entertainment, the medium was entranced by what purported to be the spirit of a negro. And certainly, no one listening to the amusing and characteristic demonstrations—the unmistakable African laugh, could dispute his claim to the bright light he professed to represent.

The spirit-lights now began to flash into the darkness, and sail around the room. At one time there were five in a row upon the wall. Then they commenced forming into a semicircle about four inches from the floor in the centre of the room. The lights were close together, and extended three or four feet upon the floor. They were formed into constellations, amongst which the seven fair sisters were most beautifully represented. The carpet was suffused with a soft, golden radiance for several inches each way from the lights. They were stationary for nearly an hour, when they faded, and Mr. Ripley became again entranced, and gave a fine, instructive lecture of some length, after the conclusion of which the circle broke up.

There were fifteen persons present at the next sitting, and the large dining hall was darkened for the circle. A heavy table was placed near the centre of the room, the dinner-bell, with the trumpets and drum were placed upon it. The company seated themselves across one end of the hall, and the lights were extinguished.

A gentleman present played upon the violin, and the bell commenced ringing loudly, but in admirable time with the music, as it was whirled through the air. At one time it whirled so swiftly round, and in such close proximity to my head, that I shrank down into my chair, with an involuntary fear, lest in its rapid revolutions, it should strike against my head. But seemingly in answer to my thought, and to dissipate my unspoken fear, it dropped lightly down into my hands as they lay upon my lap. It remained there for a moment, then was drifted into the air, and in an instant it was ringing an accompaniment to the violin in another part of the hall. The bell-tongue fell out, and dropped upon the floor, and a moment after the bell was thrown violently down. Upon striking a light the tongue was discovered in one place, and the bell in another, quite distant, as if, in its swift whirling, it had gone some distance, after the tongue fell out, before the bell was thrown down.

The lights were blown out after the bell-tongue was fastened in, and the spirits resumed their manifestations. One large speaking trumpet whirled through the air, but dipped gently into my lap as I laid there by some quiet hand, but the next moment it was hurled against the opposite side of the hall so heavily that it left an indentation in the wall. As quickly as it passed from us, it returned, and balanced lightly across my hand, and the gentleman's arm sat next to me, and it passed to the other side of the room, and a gentleman exclaimed that it was touching his head. Several persons were successively touched by it as it swept along. Then we heard a loud scratching sound for some length of time, as if the trumpets were whirling in a circle against the plastering overhead; and upon the lamps being lighted, a large circle was discovered scratched upon the plastering directly over the centre of the room. The circle remains there to this time.

We had previously been ordered to join hands to better enable the spirits to pass amongst us. We sat in a row, and a person sitting near the centre said: "A spirit has shaken hands with me." The spirit had given his name as General Marston. Mr. Emery, who sat next to me, said: "General, shake hands with this lady." He passed his own hand to my wrist, holding it firmly, and the spirit clasped my extended hand. I pressed the fingers closely, perhaps somewhat indiscreetly, but my doubts were instantly dissipated, for the same hand was laid, carelessly three times upon the side of my face, and shook. "I distinctly felt the impress of every finger. I was the first one in the row; I sat in a low-backed arm-chair, and leaned my head back upon the wall; but this hand was laid upon the right side of my face, the fingers pointing out, as if the person touching me stood behind me. All our hands were close against the wall, and all our heads were clasped; several persons were touched upon the head and face, namely, if not quite all of them shaken hands with."

The spirits commenced talking through the trumpets. Sentences were addressed to different individuals. I said, mentally, "General, speak to me." The wish was hardly formed in my brain, before the trumpet was in my left ear, and a voice, before me loudly, "I will tell you something sometime." Every person who has made acquaintance with the General will remember his peculiar manner of speaking.

A soft halo of golden light came round the head and neck of a gentleman, and another circle of light in the same manner, who sat some distance from the gentleman. The medium was anticipated, and several spirits spoke upon different subjects. Occasional lights would sail in great rapidity around the room. In conclusion, there came a perfect din of rapping, table-turning, bell-ringing, and trumpet-sounding, the spirits being taken up in their whirling, and talking all the time, and carried round the room, over our heads. The chair cast down, and then Mr. Ripley was laid upon the seat, a few feet from me. He was several times taken up in this way during these circles.



Pearls.

And quail odds, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

The warm wide hills are muffled thick with grass,
And fluttering swallows fill the air with song.

Infancy! a blushing spring,
Violet-strewn and blossoming,
April's sunshine, April's rain,

Boydhood! sun-kiss'd summer hours,
Fragrant with a thousand flowers,
Smiling 'neath a tearless sky

Manhood! in autumnal suit,
Rich in russet golden fruit,
God-stamped, noble, tender, true,

Age! a silvery winter scene,
Blessing joy-dreams that have been,
White with hoar-frost, angel given,

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighter in reply;

But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;

How fondly looks ardent Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!

How glows the joyous parent to desire
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

He who casts out and insults a mother's love
Has reached the last degree of depravity.

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

THE MORAL VALUE OF THE WAR.

Lecture by H. B. Storer, before the Lyceum Church,
in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening,

The Spiritualists of this city, after a vacation
of eight weeks, recommenced their meetings,

Mr. Storer's lecture in the afternoon was founded
upon the words of Jesus to Pilate—"To this end was

In the evening Mr. Storer spoke as follows:
"The outward man perisheth, but the inward

What the body and its organic functions are to
the individual man, human institutions are to the

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whether in the material or spiritual worlds, these
principles of Government, embodied in institutions,

As the passage of man's spirit from his body is
usually characterized by a long continued struggle

Every human body that is placed beneath the sod
has buried with it the hopes and the faith of some

These remarks are preliminary to some considera-
tions which the conditions of your minds and the

If, indeed, the conflict is to be one of brute force,
then enter upon it without regard to the enlightened

But if patriotism be a virtue, then the love of
country which signifies must be a love of Justice,

If those who founded this government—the fathers
of the Republic—are worthy of your reverence, they

Not this alone—for the moral condition of the
people also determines the quality and amount of

The American Church has declared its faith in the
absolute Government of God, and as the history of

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absolute Government of God, and as the history of

than to drag out in inefficient idleness, the three
score years and ten.

It is impossible for us to estimate, as greatly im-
portant the tears and groans, the sorrow and an-

No soldier dies, no life is lost upon the battle-field.
The body, scarred and mangled, but all unconscious

Man, 'tis a small thing to die—you bide your
time, but when the call comes to you from the spiri-

And you who remain to guard the interests of
home, and perform the humbler duties of the house-

Friends of Progress Meeting in
Michigan.

Mr. Error—I am requested to send you a brief
report of a meeting which the Friends of Human

Although a good deal of rain descended upon the
just and the unjust, Friday night and Saturday

Saturday, a. m., a goodly number assembled, and
Rev. Mr. Mason of Grand Rapids, (Universally)

Mr. Mason, though belonging to a sect,
is not at all trammelled; sees good in every one's

Sunday was leaky, consequently the leafy carpet and
the pews were wet with the dew and rain of Satur-

I could give a synopsis of her lecture, but have not
time. The lecture, though argumentative, was in-

After this, a feast of reason and flow of soul, we
were marched to a long table filled with all sorts

Afternoon exercises commenced by reading of
poem by Mrs. Kutz.

Mrs. Martha Parry, of Grand Rapids, formerly
Mattie Hulet—one of the best speakers in the field,

Horace McMill, Esq., of Grand Rapids, followed
with a short, but very able lecture on the Practical

Mr. McMill is a philosopher and metaphysician.
Exercises closed with "The Song of Heaven," a

Obituary Notices.

On the morning of the 24th August, AMASA PER-
sons departed this life to enter his spirit home.

Passed to her spirit home, May 9th, widow MARY
LEONARD, of Warwick, Mass., aged 88 years.

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When his spiritual eyes were opened, and he saw
the spiritual world, he began to spring forth, and

First Quarterly Meeting of the "Association
of Spiritualists Teachers."

The "Association of Spiritualists Teachers" will
hold their first Quarterly Meeting at Marble Hall, 14

The members of this Association cordially invite all
persons, teachers or learners to meet and cooperate

Cor. City of Assoc. of S. T.

Spiritual and Reform Conventions.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold
their Yearly Meeting at Greensboro', Henry Co., Ind.,

Reform Convention.

The Spiritualists and Reformers of Coldwater,
Branch Co., Mich., will hold a Convention on

Original Novels from the best pens in the country.
Original Essays upon Philosophical, Religious and Sci-

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the World,

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And many other writers of note.

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