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The Lecture Room.

The Material and Spiritual Worlds.

A Discourse delivered by Hon. J. B. Hall,
in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday
Evening, Oct. 11, 1863.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

SUBJECT.—The intimate relations existing between the material and spiritual worlds, and the necessity of further revelations from the eternal world.

"Man is fearfully and wonderfully made," and ever since the morning stars sang for joy over the creation of a new world—in all ages and at all times—in the past and in the present, has he found himself reaching forward to the Invisible. There is something in his nature that teaches him, unconsciously to himself, that his life does not, cannot end in the grave. And yet he has placed—or rather Theology has placed for him—the other world so far off in infinite space, that, after all, he has failed to perceive the intimate connection between the two states of existence, and stumbles along the rough pathway of this life with but little else than the crude speculations of past ages with which to satisfy the yearnings of his immortal, undying nature.

The subject I have chosen as the foundation of my remarks this evening—The connection between the two worlds that man inhabits—the material world and the world of spirits—the Here and the Hereafter, and the necessity for new developments or revelations from the Eternal World—opens to our view an illimitable field for thought and research. I feel that I am utterly incapable of presenting my thoughts so clearly as I could wish, and I cannot hope to do more than to make some suggestions, which, if followed out in your own minds, may lead to pleasant results in giving you clearer views of man's nature, and his intimate relations to that "bright morning land" whither all our footsteps tend.

The subject naturally leads us to self-examination, and I see that the soul of man seems to be the grand central point—the pivot, so to speak—upon which both worlds revolve. To me this is an interesting subject, the more so, perhaps, because, as a general rule, man does not allow himself to think much upon what seems to be the unfathomable mysteries of his own nature. It is true there are many theories touching this subject, which are accepted as truths without thought, simply from the force of early education, but which might possibly be stripped of their sanctity, and divested of all claim upon our belief, if they should be thoroughly investigated. While man is perfectly free to investigate all other subjects, and boldly question the theories of scientific men of all ages—while he may exhaust his mental powers upon the science of human government, and every department of human knowledge may be invaded and crowded with doubt—in this direction we must not think. Our feet may not stray into the unfrequented paths that lead into the hidden recesses of the human soul, and as a recent writer has well expressed it, "Those who do wander in this direction only follow the old, beaten track worn by the feet of the thinkers of Olden Time, whose names, even, have long since passed into oblivion." There seems to be a vague fear of outraging some of those deeply-seated prejudices with which humanity is thoroughly imbued by early education, whose principal, and I may say only claim to our consideration, lies in the fact that they originated far back in the dim and misty Past, and come to us invested with all the sanctity of antiquity. It is a melancholy fact that today man is controlled almost entirely by the opinions of men who lived and breathed centuries ago. We do our own thinking upon every other subject but this; and this, above all others, is one which ought to receive our most earnest thought. Here is an illimitable field, grand and beautiful beyond description, yet unexplored even by those whom the world calls our religious teachers, whose duty it is to know more of the mysteries of the soul than they have yet had any conception.

It may not look very inviting to the casual observer, but to him who shall venture to enter, immortal beauties shall bloom on every side, and the lovely flowers of Eternal Truth shall border his pathway, gladdening his soul with their lustre and exquisite fragrance. The man who thinks most upon this and kindred subjects, is, to use the words of another, "not only the happiest, but the purest man. He has the highest and noblest conceptions of life and its duties. He is the most ready to respond to the appeals of sorrow and suffering—most ready to sacrifice self for the good of his fellow-men, and to labor unflinchingly for the benefit of his fellowman in the sphere in which God has placed him."

So far as facilities for improvement are concerned, I think it may be safely assumed that the human soul is created perfect, and not even its passage from this, its temporary, to its eternal home, can change its elementary nature. Created thus perfect, however, it is constantly surrounded by circumstances over which it has no control; and I hold that while man must inevitably be responsible for his own motives of action according to his own development, for that is the only standard by which he can be judged, yet he cannot be made responsible for his development. Born into the world without his own consent, and without the power of choosing the conditions necessary for his full development, thus constantly surrounded by circumstances over which he has absolutely no control, his character is molded for him, and he cannot be responsible for that character thus made for him without his consent; and when I look out into the wilderness of humanity that surrounds me, and see so many crooked, stunted, cross-grained specimens growing just as surrounding conditions have compelled them to grow, without any volition of their own, I am constrained to wish that the race could be better educated in the fundamental principles that govern and control it. If you will go out into a forest, now, perchance you may see a tree bent far out from the position Nature designed it to occupy, growing gnarled and crooked, and marred by its deformity the beauty of the scene. The neighboring trees are all tall, straight and handsome, and to the casual observer there appears no reason for all this ugliness. The soil is the same, the roots are

watered by the same little murmuring brook, and the pure air of heaven surrounds it the same as the others. What can be the reason? Is there any reason? There must be; for there never yet was an effect without a cause, and there it is. Lying near its base is a little flat stone, scarcely larger than your hand. There is the insignificant cause that has resulted in all this deformity. Thrown by the hand of a careless, thoughtless school boy, when that rugged tree was a little shoot just breaking through the ground, it lay partly upon it, and the little blade could not grow straight, although grow it must, even though compelled by circumstances to grow out of its natural direction. As years rolled around, the little sapling increased in size, and by its growth threw off the burden that bent its young life, but it still obeys the direction given it by that little stone. From such an apparently insignificant cause has resulted this great effect, and the gnarled, deformed tree can never stand erect like its fellows. You will find the counterpart of that tree in the great wilderness of humanity all about you, but you cannot tell what little stone laid its heavy weight upon that spirit when it was first ushered into being. You know not what circumstances, over which it had no control, have compelled it to be what you see. Shall man, then, be punished for that which he cannot help, and had no voice in making? I cannot think so. But I am wandering from my subject, and must return, although I should like to follow this idea a little way further. If I have said enough to furnish to your own minds a clue, you can explore it at your leisure, and perhaps you may be astounded at the discoveries you may make.

We are continually hearing about the existence of two worlds—one inhabited by man as we see him before the Angel of Death opens to him the door of immortality, and the other, or the unseen world, where he lives on forever, unseen by mortal eyes. People talk learnedly of this world and the next. We all use these terms, and to a certain extent, they are correct, but a new revelation is needed to show us plainly how nearly and how inseparably the two worlds are allied to each other—nay, more, how perfectly and how harmoniously both blend in one. As it is true that man lives in both worlds even while he yet dwells in the flesh. It may seem to some of you a novel and somewhat startling proposition, and perhaps many who honestly believe in the sublime truths of Spiritualism, may find it difficult to believe that this is a truth. But, dear friends, is there any limit to this field we are all exploring together? Go as far as we may, and shall we not still see our pathway leading onward and upward, and will not new developments of Truth meet us at every step? Verily the two worlds are but one, and we are in eternity as much to day as we shall be when we are born again—when the spirit is separated from its mortal surroundings, and we step forth into real life. What are we but spirits, clothed for awhile in mortality, and compelled to live in this rudimentary sphere for a season, that we may attain to the knowledge necessary for a proper entrance into the next, but living in the spirit-world now as really and as truly as then—living as near the throne of the Great Eternal here as there, and seeing God here as there in his works. We are told when man dies his spirit returns to God who gave it, and the teachers tell us that he flies to a far-off place called Heaven. Now, with all due respect to established opinion, may he not remain here and be with God? Where is the spot where God is not? Ask your own consciousness if you are not as much in the presence of Jehovah to-day as you will be when those material forms you inhabit, and which are now so dear to you, shall have crumbled into dust and entered into other forms of life? And may not your spirits remain near the scenes you now love so well, invisible to mortal eyes, still cognizant of all the thoughts and actions of the loved ones left behind, and yet be in the presence of God? Perhaps I shall make myself more clearly understood if I draw from material nature a simple, for everything in the material finds its counterpart in the spiritual.

The caterpillar crawls upon the face of the earth—it sees not beyond its limited sphere of existence—it hears not the singing of birds, the murmuring of the running brooks, the sweet music of the winds in the green trees—it heeds not the beautiful forms that sit joyously just above its head, but it wends its way slowly and wearily along in its own sphere, until at last it coils itself up in a delicate shroud of its own weaving, and apparently dies. In due time, however, it bursts its confinings, and emerges from its temporary death a beautiful creature, with wings gorgeously tinted by the pencil of the Great Master, and it flits joyously from flower to flower, and soars far above the spot where it left the cast-off remains of its former life. Yet the caterpillar and the butterfly both live in the same world—the same bright sun shines on both—the same warm zephyr bears up the one that rudely shakes the blade of grass upon which the other clings. The only difference is in the state or condition of existence, and not in the place, and the crawling worm has hidden beneath its loathsome exterior the germ of that beautiful creature so soon to fly above it. This simile, although perhaps not a very good one, will serve to illustrate my idea of the beautiful and ennobling truth, that man lives in both worlds at the same time. He is not conscious, generally, that all around and above him are the spirits of those who lived on earth before him. Like the poor worm, he plods on wearily through this life, blind to the forms of beauty and loveliness that hover just above his head, and because he cannot see, he will not believe. Like the worm, too, he carries within the unwieldy mass of flesh he is doomed to inhabit, that bright spirit body which is soon to float like those around them. Like the worm, too, he wraps himself in his shroud and dies, and his spirit, like the butterfly, rises from the wreck of matter, and rejoices in its immortality. And like both the worm and the butterfly, he lives in the same world before as after he has burst the fleshly bonds that bind him to earth.

And, after all, there is nothing so unreasonable in this proposition as would seem at first sight. Every one believes that man has within him an immortal principle, familiarly termed his spirit, which lives after death, and becomes an inhabitant of the eternal world. Now if this principle, or spirit, lives after death, why does it not live before that event?—and what is there unreasonable or improbable in the proposition that that immortal principle, or spirit, which lives in

the spirit-world after its liberation from its prison-house of mortality, lives also in the same world before its prison doors are unlocked?—perhaps not with the same joyous freedom, but still living and breathing the same celestial aroma that sustains all spiritual natures, and even mingling with the spirits of the loved ones who have gone a little before us?

We have now just entered the gate, and let us pursue this quiet path a little way further, until we come to a shady nook where one of the innumerable springs of truth comes welling up from the eternal fountain—beautiful and fragrant flowers blooming in immortal loveliness around its clear, white margin. Here, on this mossy bank, sprinkled with violets, and beneath the cooling, grateful shade of this broad-leaved oak, which, striking its roots deep into the bowels of the earth, lifts its giant arms to heaven, let us sit and take counsel together concerning this new development of God's truth. And as we sit, behold in the clear waters of this little spring before us we see pictured a chestnut burr. Look again, and lo! the outer husk has burst, and discloses the smooth shell of the nut within; and as we look, this bursts in turn, and shows us the kernel yet still within the other. And as we sit here marveling, behold the little kernel is swelling. Some little thread-like filaments are seen gradually descending toward the earth beneath, while a single blade, tinged with bright green, is finding its way up to the clear sunlight above. Gradually the beautiful little thing grows, striking its roots deeper, and lifting its branches higher, until we see a giant tree mirrored there, in whose branches the birds of heaven find a dwelling-place. As we sit wondering what all this means, suddenly a voice speaks to us from above in tones as musical as the liquid notes of an Aeolian Harp, saying: "Mortals, in this beautiful allegory you see typified human nature. Man is dual in his nature, having, as Paul truthfully says, 'a natural body and a spiritual body.' The outer burr or husk of the chestnut, symbolizes man's mortal or natural body, which encloses within it his spiritual body, represented by the nut, the kernel of which may represent the spirit or soul. The growth of that magnificent tree from the little kernel is a fitting type of the eternal progression of man, and indicates that his spirit is never confined entirely to either a material or spiritual body, but may soar into infinity, and that there is no end to its growth." The voice ceased, and the lesson we have learned is this: That body with which we shall come forth when we each taste Death and pass the Resurrection, is enclosed within this one we call the natural. Both exist together, and the final separation, which we have called death and dreaded as some sudden and awful visitation of God's providence, is simply the Second Birth. We are born into the natural world with a natural body; we are born into the spirit-world with a spiritual body. The latter, dreaded by us, ought rather to be welcomed as being the entrance into a higher and better life. The spirit of man is the man himself, and is not confined to the body he inhabits, even in this life, but is in almost constant communion with the unseen intelligences around him. Of this dual, or twofold life, we are, in most cases, unconscious, although nearly every human being is conscious of some experiences which point unerringly in that direction. Honesty question yourselves, and see if this be not so. Who among you who has not at some time seen a face, or a place, that haunts you like the memory of a half vanished dream? You have a dim, vague, shadowy consciousness of having seen that face before; it seems as if you must remember when and where, and yet you know that in this life you never before saw the individual. You have, perchance, visited a place where you never stepped before, and yet all the streets and houses are strangely familiar, and you can almost find your way without assistance. You know you never was there, and yet it seems as if you must have been. You can almost grasp it, and yet it eludes you. In these experiences, shadowy and intangible though they may be, you can read some evidences of your dual existence—some proofs that the spirit of man is not confined entirely to its body during the earth-life; for at some periods, perhaps while your mortal form lay wrapped in slumber, you have seen that shade. You have been in that place, and it is the dim, shadowy remembrance of it which has entered your outer life that haunts you like a dream.

A few years ago, a little boy fell from a loft in a stable, in the town of Lincoln, in our goodly State of Maine, and was taken up for dead. His father and mother were at Houlton, seventy miles distant, and a messenger was at once dispatched for them. When that messenger reached Houlton, and had hardly begun to tell the little boy's parents, the mother interrupted him, exclaiming, "I know all about it. You needn't tell me; I saw him when he fell." How did she see him? Certainly not with the natural eye; and I ask what more rational solution to such a phenomenon than that the spirit of that mother was at Lincoln at the moment the boy fell, and the impression was so strong that it made itself known to the outer, or material life? Possibly I may here be met with the objection, that it was only clairvoyance. But what is clairvoyance but spirit seeing? I have had some experience in the investigation of this subject, and I have come to the conclusion that clairvoyance is simply the experience of the clairvoyant, or clear seer, which the favorable conditions and peculiar organization of the seer enable the spirit to transmit to the outer life. I could cite numerous instances similar to the one I have mentioned, but one is sufficient for my present purpose; and I confess that, to me, that class of phenomena are unexplainable, except upon the hypothesis of the dual existence of man.

If we shall undertake to explore the hidden mysteries of man's nature by a different path, in which a different class of phenomena shall meet our view and challenge our observation, we shall arrive at the same conclusions. The grand truth that man is a spirit as much before death as after, living a life in connection with the world of spirits, of which he is unconscious in the outer life, except under favorable conditions, when the inner and the outer seem to merge together, meets us at every step. I must confess that when this subject was first brought to my attention, it was so entirely different from all my preconceived ideas, that it struck me as being a magnificent absurdity; but making it a subject of careful study and investigation, I have become thoroughly convinced of its truth.

I first became interested in it from hearing the Rev. Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, Mass., relate some of his experiences in that direction, a few years since. Said he, "When this subject of man's spiritual nature and the possibility of receiving through mediums communications from spirits who yet dwell in the flesh, first attracted my attention, I made an arrangement with two of my intimate friends to visit a medium who had before been in the habit of receiving such communications, on a certain evening, while I should remain at home to watch myself. They did so; and I lay on the sofa all the evening, my mind intensely occupied in analyzing my mental condition; but I was entirely unconscious of any unusual experience. When my friends returned, they reported that the spirit of Allen Putnam had identified himself to them, so that they knew it was he, and had given them characteristic communications." This was astounding.

"I thought," said he, "that if this be so—if an intelligence, purporting to be myself, can thus manifest itself without my knowledge now, it may be so hereafter; and after all, I may, after death, sleep a dreamless sleep for all eternity. For a time I felt that everything substantial was disappearing from beneath my feet. All I had considered as sublime and beautiful in Spiritualism was vanishing into thin air, when, one evening, in the course of my anxious investigations, I received a communication purporting to be from a friend whom I knew to be in New Hampshire, and who was herself an independent clairvoyant. In due time a letter was received from that person, stating that at such a time, while in the superior state, or, in other words, while the outer was in communication with the inner, she came to Boston, and gave a communication through a medium."

The whole difficulty was solved, and Spiritualism, instead of being shaken to its lowest foundation, stood higher and more firmly than ever. While Mr. Putnam's inner self, unconsciously to himself, manifested his own intelligence to his friends several squares distant, the other, gifted with a peculiar organization, was conscious of and remembered the action of her spirit, exerted at a much greater distance. If this grand truth be proved in the experience of a single individual, it must belong to the race; for it could not occur in a single instance but for the existence of a law permitting or requiring it, and such a law must be universal.

Induced by the interesting statements of Mr. Putnam, I began to investigate in this direction myself, and soon found, that without consciousness of the fact on my part, what purported to be my own spirit, could control the hand of a medium in another part of the city to write my own handwriting, giving my thoughts in general terms. More than this, I have given convincing and indisputable proofs of my identity when I have been in the body, hundreds of miles away. I have also witnessed similar manifestations from others, and once had the pleasure of hearing a clairvoyant describe the mode by which she influenced another one, many miles distant. It is my sincere belief, therefore, that every human being lives two lives at the same time. Every human being lives a life in spirit which may be said to be entirely distinct from the outer, or material life, and yet is intimately connected with it. In a large majority of cases we are unconscious of this spirit-life; but the fact that every now and then instances occur in which the two blend, is sufficient proof that the law is universal, and that there are and can be no exceptions.

The operation of certain laws of man's inner nature, discovered by a celebrated French physician, which, as applied to a certain class of mental and spiritual phenomena, is termed Mesmerism, in honor of the discoverer, has unfolded to us much of man's inner nature that hitherto has been either mysterious or unknown. It is the golden key which unlocks the doors of chambers in the inner temple of his being, the very existence of which had been unknown, and thus opens to our view a better and clearer insight into that inner life than had before been vouchsafed to us. It shows us how intimately connected are the two worlds, or states of existence of which I have been speaking, and forms the foundation of, or rather the stepping stone to the phenomena you call by the general name of Spiritualism. The discovery of Mesmerism was but the dawn of Spiritualism, and the race will yet recognize in it the first faint indications of the coming of a new dispensation to man.

I am aware that with many it is a favorite objection to Spiritualism, that it is nothing but Mesmerism. I for one accept the objection as true. Spiritualism is but a new development of the laws that govern and control man's spiritual nature, represented by the term Mesmerism, and those who think they have annihilated Spiritualism by denouncing it as only Mesmerism, show lamentable ignorance of either. Mesmerism is now generally recognized by the world as a science, and Spiritualism in due time will be so recognized, for it is simply a broader development or unfolding of the same laws.

I have said that Mesmerism affords the key to many of the mysterious workings of the human soul. It is true. As man is said to be the noblest work of God, so the science which shall teach us of the hidden laws that govern his interior, or spiritual nature, is the most sublime and important study for man. From this standpoint, Mesmerism assumes a grandeur and importance not hitherto accorded to it; for not only does it teach us of the mysteries of our nature, but it also unlocks for us the veiled beauties of the unseen world, and shows us how intimately that world is connected with this. Now I hold, that evidence addressed directly to our own senses is far more satisfactory to the human mind than the written accounts of similar classes of evidence addressed to the senses of man in this or any other age of the world. The testimony of an eye witness is better than hearsay evidence; but nothing is so satisfactory to man as personal experience. Every man ought to investigate and think for himself; for as long as the mind of man is so prone to doubt, it is not to be expected that the experience which compels one to believe certain facts because he sees, hears and feels it himself, will convince another by being repeated to him. It does not reach him with the same force. Therefore, in giving you some of my own experiences upon which my opinions are based, I do it only with the hope of interesting some of you sufficiently to place yourselves in such conditions that you

may have addressed to your own senses just such evidence as I have received.

A few years since, when I devoted considerable time and attention to the investigation of this subject in connection with the phenomena of Spiritualism, I had every opportunity afforded me that I could reasonably desire. I was a member of a little circle of earnest, sincere inquirers, which met several times a week. Our medium was one of the best I have ever seen, and combined with her rare powers, perfect truthfulness and reliability—qualities that all mediums should possess, but unfortunately do not. Satisfactory conclusions cannot be reached unless you can have, as I had in this instance, perfect confidence in the honesty and truthfulness of the medium. Without that any investigation amounts to nothing.

An instance occurs to me now that went far toward convincing me of the truth of the dual existence of man. While the spirit of a dear friend was controlling the medium one evening, this question of the intimate relations existing between the two states of existence occurred to me, and I asked the controlling intelligence if the medium was conscious of, or would remember our conversation. The reply was, "No; she is not conscious of ought that is transpiring here, neither will she remember our conversation, for she is not here. I am here, using this organism to commune with you, as I was wont to use my own body before you laid it in the grave. It is true, I cannot use it quite as well as I used to my own, but it answers my purpose very well."

But where is the spirit of the medium whose place you have for the time usurped?

"She has gone to the spirit-world with Laura, a spirit friend of hers."

Will she remember what she sees and hears there when she returns?

"She can be made to remember all."

How?

"I can make her remember, or you can."

How can I?

"By mesmerizing her after I have left; thus making her conscious of this inner experience."

I then asked that I might be permitted to try the experiment, and my request was granted. After conversing with us for nearly half an hour longer, the spirit bade us good-night, and the medium returned to her normal condition.

I then asked her if she had been asleep?

"Yes."

Do you remember of dreaming?

"No, I dreamed nothing."

Now, said I, I wish to mesmerize you a moment, if you have no objection, and immediately threw her into the clairvoyant state, and then asked:

Do you remember what you have been doing for the last hour?

"Oh, yes; I have been home with Laura, and oh! such a beautiful home! I did not want to come back."

And she went on to give a vivid and thrilling description of what she saw and heard in that beautiful world.

I then bade her remember it all when she awoke, and restored her to her natural state. I then asked:

Did you dream anything while asleep?

"Oh," said she, "I had such a beautiful dream of Laura!" And again repeated the description.

I was astonished and delighted beyond measure. I had had the grand and beautiful truth, that man lives in both worlds at the same time, demonstrated to me by incontrovertible evidence. I knew it must be so, and the distance between heaven and earth, instead of being immeasurable space, was reduced to a thin veil, on both sides of which man lives.

There are several points in this experience to which I desire to call your attention for a moment, and ask you to follow out the trains of thought they may suggest at your leisure.

First. The fact that man's spirit is not confined to the body in this life. In this instance, the spirit of the medium was not only absent from her body, but revealed in the gorgeous beauties of the other, or spirit world.

Second. The power of disembodied spirits to occupy and control human organisms during the absence, so to speak, of their natural owners. This will open to you a broad field for study and thought, and, to my mind, affords a satisfactory solution to very many cases of insanity that are constantly occurring around us.

Third. It is noticeable, in this instance, that the medium, in her normal state, was entirely unconscious of her spirit's experience. That was a "sealed book" to her until Mesmerism unlocked the clasps and brought that inner life to the cognizance and consciousness of the outer.

A single clear example of the operation of any natural law is sufficient to prove its universal existence, for all laws of Nature are universal in their application. In this individual I saw the operation of both states of existence in which we live. Circumstances and her peculiar physical organization enable me to bring to the consciousness of this life some of the rich experiences of the other. If she lives a life in spirit, of which she is unconscious, except when she may obtain faint glimpses of it by the aid of Mesmerism, or Clairvoyance, she is no exception. Every human being lives the same life, but there are comparatively few so organized as to be able to have any definite, distinct consciousness of it here. The large majority of the race will have but vague and shadowy consciousness of this double life until Death, the great mesmerizer, opens our eyes. Then we shall know and recognize it—then we shall realize that we always lived in the spirit world, and then we shall remember it all.

The mesmerizer operator talks about magnetizing his subjects, and sending them whithersoever he wills. My own experience, however, has led me to no such conclusion. That the spirit of the subject, made self-conscious by the mysterious power of the operator, goes, I admit; but the spirit of the operator, unconsciously to himself, goes also. But I have no time to dwell here, although I should like to follow still further, this interesting path, winding so mysteriously and so beautifully through the inmost recesses of the human soul.

Magnetism is, however, not the only mode by which these glimpses of his other life may come to man. His inner life often comes to his cognizance in dreams and

visions of the night. I would not be understood to say that all dreams are of this nature, for they are not, strictly speaking; but there is a class of dreams, I believe, that are clearly and unmistakably the outcroppings—so to speak—of the spirit-life into the material. We often see the realities of the unseen world, when our mortal bodies are wrapped in slumber. Our friends on the other side take us then, and we go into that bright world with them; and I apprehend that when death separates us entirely from this mortality, we shall go to no strange place where we have never been before. We shall then know that when on earth we lived in both worlds. I recollect one evening, in our little circle, we had been conversing with the controlling spirit upon this subject, and had been very impressively told that it was one of the grand mistakes of humanity, to imagine heaven or the spirit-world, such a great way off, when the spirit said:

"As a test to you, I will, as soon as conditions permit, take all of you"—and there were four in the circle, beside the medium—"to my home in the spirit-world; and I will try to make some of you conscious of the fact; but let the medium be kept in utter ignorance of this promise."

A few days elapsed, when one morning the medium said she had a remarkable dream, and so vivid that it seemed to her like reality. She said, "Mrs. H. came for me to visit her home. I thought all the members of our circle"—calling each by name—"were with her; and I thought we all went with her to her spirit home." And she proceeded to give a vivid and graphic description of the visit. We then told her of the promise previously made, of which she had no knowledge.

Here, to me, was another proof—another test of the immortal nature of man. That visit to the bright home of our spirit-guide was brought to the knowledge of the outer life—not by mesmerism, not by clairvoyance, but through a vision or dream of one of our number, as was promised us beforehand. I might spend hours in citing you instances and tests of this great truth; but one is as good as more, because the operation of natural laws are involved, and one proof that is satisfactory, substantiates their existence as fully as many. Not even one such an instance could occur save by the operation of an universal law which includes every member of the human race. Verily, my friends, it is a truth which is yet to be recognized by the world as such, that the Present and the Future—the Here and the Hereafter—are blended in one perfect whole. Neither is perfect without the other, and man lives in both worlds while yet he tarries here in the flesh. The spirit-life is the real, and earth-life the transitory and fleeting; hence the fact that, in most instances, the Transitory is unconscious of the existence of the Real, while the Real may be, and is, cognizant fully or in part, of the Transitory. Much of human action is, undoubtedly, the result of influences from the world of spirits. Men and women often have impressions of the most remarkable character. They say they do not know where they come from, or how they get them; or they say, perhaps, some spirit has impressed them, if they happen to have any belief in Spiritualism. Would you know how these impressions come? Would you know how the spirit impresses you? Simply by talking with you, face to face, and the thoughts and feelings of the spirit are more or less distinctly transmitted, or more properly infused into the outer or material life of every human being. These are "impressions." Still further: there is a large class of mental phenomena, which are not distinct enough to be called "impressions." The individual acts upon the impulse of the moment—upon what he thinks is his own thought, but which really has its origin outside of himself, in the way I have indicated. The medium who sees and converses with those who have laid aside their mortality, and fully and entirely entered the real life, does it only in accordance with this law. His or her organization, mental and physical, is such that the inner or the spirit-life blends tangibly with the material, and the spirit-senses are opened to a certain extent. Spirit converses with spirit, whether in or out of the mortal habiliments of rudimental life. Now I submit whether this is not reasonable, and therefore, liable to be true? The advanced Spiritualist believes that the other, or the spirit-world is a world of spheres, in which every individual inevitably sinks or rises to his own place or plane. Did it never occur to you who thus believe, that that grand law applies as truthfully to man here as there? If my theory be correct—if man possesses a dual existence, and hence inhabits both the seen and the unseen now, this must inevitably be true. If after death, like attracts like, must it not be so before that event? If man, after laying off mortality, finds himself occupying different planes or spheres, is it not fair to presume that the same immutable law applies to him here? The man whose aspirations are high, and pure, and noble, attracts to him a similar class of spirits, with which his own associates, precisely as he will after death, and in turn he must have permeating his outer life such exalted impressions as must come from such beings. On the contrary, that man whose instincts are evil—whose nature is perverted from its natural, upward tendency by its early surroundings, associates in spirit, with similar debased natures; and of course his outer life must naturally correspond and bear its legitimate fruits. And I have often thought the many instances of sudden reform among men that occur so unaccountably, and, so far as we can see, without adequate cause, may be traced directly to this inner life, and are, in many instances, undoubtedly the result of direct influences brought to bear in this way by spirits from a higher plane of spiritual existence. If good impulses come thus, so may evil ones, and the man who, carefully preserving the outward forms of honesty and decency, cherishes within a spirit dark and repulsive—the man who treats upon the very outer verge of law and order, or who wears the livery of heaven in order the more securely to carry out his own selfish purposes, however much he may deceive and wrong his fellow-mortals, stands forth in spirit shorn of all hypocrisy, in all of his real deformity, and is surrounded by those as hideous and repulsive as himself, who aid him, as they aid each other, in schemes of evil import, that would make honorable men shudder and recoil with disgust if they could but see the real nature of the vile hypocrite who boldly holds up his shameless head in mortal life that he cannot reach in spirit.

If this be true—if man is a spirit, and stands as much in the presence of his Creator here as he will when he lays aside his garments of mortality; if he is constantly in connection with, because living in the unseen world; if it be a truth that man carves his own destiny, and that, by his life here, he makes his station there—is it not of the gravest importance to him that he should have clearer conceptions of his own nature? and does it not become an urgent necessity that there should be new developments of truth from that inner world to meet his progressive nature and increasing needs in this? And this brings me to the second part of my subject: The perpetual necessity to man, of new revelations or unfoldments, and especially the need now of a new development or dispensation from the eternal world.

In a recent number of the North British Review a strongly written article occurs upon modern preaching, in which the writer discusses earnestly the alleged decline of the nineteenth century. It is said that the present generation of preachers are inferior to their predecessors—that the pulpit has passed the zenith of its fame, and fairly entered upon its period of decline. It is behind the age, and it is everywhere said that ministers of the gospel do not now preach with the fervor of olden time, and are generally a feeble, spiritless race. Now all this may be, for the race is constantly progressing, and words, eye, expect and de-

mands more of its religious teachers to day than ever before. But did it never occur to you that humanity had outgrown its revelations, and that the preaching now is dull and spiritless to you, because Theology is unprogressive and does not keep up with the race? The words of fire that burned on the lips of earnest and zealous advocates of the Christian faith, and which stirred the heart of humanity to its very depths two hundred years ago, would probably fall dead upon the heart of that humanity to day. It is not that preaching is poorer, but that mankind has progressed beyond it.

The religions world itself, although far in the rear of the advanced thought of the age, begins to feel its development too small for it. It is sluggish; but even it begins to feel the moving of the waters—it begins to feel the need of a new revelation, for the Church is already ready moving for a new version of the Bible. But the dear, good souls don't realize that a new version would not help them. They feel that something is needed, and they do not know what. They do not consciously realize that the Race needs a new Revelation or unfoldment to meet its needs, and a new version of an old one would not result in meeting that need. The practical effect of such a new version of the Bible would be, simply, to shake still more the faith of man in the Holy Scriptures, for one translation may be as nearly correct as another. If the present version is wrong, how are we to know that another version will not be equally far from the truth? No, no; it will not do; but in the movement I can read that even the Church feel the need of something more than they have got, and are groping blindly in search of it. I see in it the fact that some theologians, at least, have a sort of vague consciousness that the Book they have worshipped for so many centuries, does not quite meet the demands of humanity now.

But one of the most convincing proofs, as it seems to me, of the absolute and constantly recurring necessity of new unfoldments of Truth to fill the measure of man's constantly increasing necessities, is the fact that there are so many and so widely different interpretations of the written law—so many schisms and sects in what is denominated the Church of Christ. Just as soon after the commencement of the Christian Era as the race had progressed to the need of something more than had been given them, new and strange interpretations of the Scriptures began to abound, and various creeds began to be erected upon the simple doctrines of Christ, until now; the number of different Churches, each in antagonism with all the rest, each claiming to be the true Church, and to have the only true interpretation of the Bible, is almost endless. This alone is sufficient to establish the truth of my proposition, that there is need of a new revelation from Heaven. Man has groveled in the dry husks of the dead Past already too long. I tell you, fellow-mortals, man needs the lightning from heaven to light the fires on the cold altar of his heart! He needs a new revelation from the eternal world to awaken him from his lethargy. He needs to be taught what life is beyond the grave. He has heard so much about that unseen, unknown world, that it has ceased to interest him. For centuries it has been continually thundered in his ears, that he must prepare for Death and the Future; but nobody has told him what that Future is. He has been persistently taught the terribly false doctrine, that the only revelation of Truth God ever has, or ever will make to him, is contained in the Bible. He looks into that, and finds so many manifest contradictions, so many fabulous stories which his reason teaches him cannot be true, that he has at last become heedless. He fails to prepare for the future, about which nothing is known, except the crude speculations of Churchmen; and it is entirely natural that it should be so. If I should come to one of you and tell you to prepare to go a long journey, from which it was doubtful if you should ever return, would you not naturally ask, "What am I expected to do there, and how long must I be absent?" It would be absolutely necessary, you would think, that these questions should be answered intelligently, that you might know how to prepare for the journey. If, in answer to all these natural questions, I should only condescend to give you a dim description of the low, dark, gloomy, old-fashioned depot, from which I expected you to start, would you not laugh in my face, and tell me that you would know more than that, or you could not know how to get ready? And yet, this is all that is vouchsafed you when you ask so earnestly, what and where is this awful future, you are required to prepare for. You have vivid portrayals of the grave, through which you must pass to enter it, but never a word more. Will you declare that a new revelation is not needed to bring the sublime and beautiful realities of that future home to your souls? Let us suppose a case.

Suppose that you had from your earliest childhood been taught that away many days journey in the forest there existed a beautiful lake, marvelous in its loveliness, upon whose shores were thickly strewn the golden sand so dear to man, and upon whose sloping banks strange and beautiful flowers bloom in lavish profusion, filling the air with their exquisite fragrance and perfume? Tall trees, laden with delicious fruits of every description, bend lovingly over the sweet waters, and kiss the waves in gentle dalliance. Nay, more; an old book contains a vague idea that he who reaches this beautiful lake, and drinks of its crystal waters, shall never grow old, but shall live eternally. But the old geographers only give us a description of the rough gate that opens into the trackless wilderness through which we must go to reach it. We have seen many go through that gate, and enter the dark forest beyond, until they are lost to our sight; but they never return to tell us that they have, with their own eyes, seen this wonderful lake—that they have, with their own lips, quaffed its life-giving tide. True, in the old book we read that far back in the dim past persons did come back and testify to the truth of the record; but no such cases have occurred for many generations; and when we ask why, our teachers inform us that in those days men doubted, and it was necessary that some one should return to convince his fellows. But when we say "we doubt," and ask why it is not as necessary to convince us as it was to convince men then, they gravely shake their heads, and tell us it is not for us to know—that it is wicked to doubt, and we must believe what is written about it, for that is all we shall ever be permitted to know. Do you imagine that such a state of things could long exist, without having our faith in the existence of that lake grow dim and indistinct? We should be glad to believe it, and should like to visit it ourselves; but doubts arise in our minds, and we fear that all who have started have been lost in the gloomy forest, where their bones lie mouldering back to kindred earth; and we fear that no such lake exists. Should we not yearn intensely for some knowledge of the fate of those who have been thus lost to our sight? Should we not feel a strong desire to have the ancient accounts verified by the testimony of eye-witnesses? Should we not long for the return of some pilgrim, in all the freshness of immortal youth, to tell us that that wonderful lake did exist, and its life-giving properties were no fable? Aye! yes! and in just such a position humanity finds itself to-day in relation to the Future. The world is crowded full of doubt of the existence of such a state. We yearn anxiously for some tidings from those who are lost to our sight; we long for their return to tell us that they still live, and to tell us of that life beyond; and a new revelation is needed, nay, demanded, to save the race from being wrecked on the rocky and sterile shores of unbelief.

Although it is man's privilege to receive new developments of truth, constantly from the Eternal World, yet it has been the experience of the race to receive more at certain periods or epochs than at others.

Two of these dispensations have already been recorded. The first of which any knowledge has been transmitted to us, is what is termed the Mosal Dispensation, and is contained—all that we know of it—in the Old Testament, which is filled from beginning to end with the crude and oftentimes erroneous views of Divinity cherished by men in that age of the world. The teachings of that book may be summed up in the single sentence, "There is a God"—and a foreshadowing of another dispensation to future ages. There were seers in those days, who seemed to have, ay, did have, clairvoyant power—who looked forward through a long vista of years to the time when man, having progressed and outgrown his condition then, should be yearning for something more—something higher. With prophetic ken they saw the end of the old and the beginning of a new and more full dispensation of Divine Truth to the race; and they clothed their beautiful visions in the figurative and poetical style of the Orientals, which, too literally interpreted by the Jews, were misunderstood by them. The prophetic vision of Christ coming as a king to future ages, was construed to mean that he was coming in all the pomp and splendor of a temporal prince; and when he did come, he came so humbly—so entirely different from all their ideas of him, that they failed to recognize the spiritual nature of his mission. Time flew. Generation after generation lived and died, until the birth of Christ ushered in the dawn of that New Dispensation, and the world now recognizes the fulfillment of the ancient prophecies. The record of that new, and to us, second dispensation, comes down to us in the New Testament, and it gives us clearer and higher views of God and man and their relations to each other. It teaches, in addition to the fact that there is a God, the sublime truth that man lives after death in a world unseen by mortal eyes. The teachings of modern theologians, that the age of revelation closed with the coming of Christ, is, however, expressly contradicted in this book. Christ told his disciples that he had many things to tell them, which they could not bear to receive then. The race had received all it was then capable of comprehending. As the Old Testament contains the prophetic announcement that there should be a second revelation of truth from Heaven to man, so in the New Testament, still another, or third unfoldment is expressly foretold. John the revelator, or seer, in the XXI chapter of the Book of Revelations, says:

"And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, 'Behold the tabernacle of God with men; and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God.' And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away."

Can there be anything plainer or more beautiful than this vision of the seer of Patmos? And the time for the fulfillment of this grand prophecy is, I believe, near at hand, and we who now live on earth are witnessing its dawn. As the Jews mistook the figurative language of the old prophets, and denied their Saviour because he did not come as they had been taught he would come, in all the pomp and splendor of an earthly king, so the world, in these days, mistake the simple meaning of John's beautiful vision, in which the third dispensation, which—for its distinctive feature is to teach us what that other state of existence is—rendering the veil between the material and spiritual—is expressed in the figurative language of a city coming down out of heaven, and deny that the dawn of that dispensation is upon us. Christ's kingdom was not of this world, neither is the "holy city, New Jerusalem," an altar city, in a material sense, as the Christian world have been taught to believe. As a few individuals in the humbler walks of life, recognized their king eighteen hundred years ago, even though he was born in a manger, so a few individuals now, despised and scorned by the Churches, recognize the shining gates of the New Jerusalem, as it is descending from heaven, and hear the great united voice of myriads of the bright beings "across the river," saying, "Behold the tabernacle of God with men." John was a clairvoyant; he was in communion with the spirit-world, and he had the power of remembering in the outer life what he saw and heard while in the superior state. In the world of spirits he saw that the time must come when man would arrive to that point where he could comprehend the grand truth of spirit existence, and then the heavens would be opened, and he would see the tabernacle of God resting with him, he should realize that he lives in both worlds at the same time, and the knowledge came to him in the vision of the New Jerusalem or New Dispensation.

Man is constantly progressing, and none will deny that he has progressed to a higher plane since the advent of Christ. He is constantly yearning for something more than satisfied him eighteen hundred years ago, and in answer to the yearnings of his soul, the new dispensation is dawning upon him, teaching him the sublime beauties of his inner life. It comes to him, rolling up the veil that has so long separated the two worlds, the material and the spiritual, blending both into one perfect whole. It comes, compelling man to recognize the fact that he is here only for a short time to prepare to enter upon his real life while that real life is opened to his full view, so that he may know just what he has to prepare for. Is such a revelation required? Is there any need that the New Jerusalem should "come down from God, out of heaven?" Does man need to be brought into more intimate relations with the eternal world to awaken him to his duties and his destiny? Look out upon humanity and judge for yourselves. The evangelical world is divided into innumerable churches and creeds. No two of these understand their Sacred Book alike, and wrangling and bitterness arise between them. Each one claims that a knowledge of the truths contained in the Bible is absolutely essential and necessary for the salvation of the race—each one has a different interpretation of those truths, while six hundred millions of earth's inhabitants never heard of the Bible, and never will. Preachers and laymen are lamenting over the world's increasing wickedness. Crime is multiplying on every hand, because the forms of Godliness exist without the power. Gambling halls and gin palaces spring up beside the school houses, and brothels flourish in rank luxuriance under the very shadow of the churches. And what else can we expect, when we see that the fires have gone out on the religious altars, and the worship of Almighty God degenerated into empty forms and hollow ceremonials? when we see men and women go to church on the Sabbath because it is fashionable to go and unpopular to remain at home, doze through the tedious and oftentimes meaningless services, and go home to forget, until the return of another Sabbath, that there are any churches, any religion, anything else worth living for except gold? What else can we expect when we see the ministers, who assume to stand between God and the people, to teach their fellow men the way to heaven, preaching for money, and having no deep, abiding faith in the doctrines they preach? when we see them pandering to popular sentiment, carefully glossing over the crying evils of the present, never speaking of the sins that stare them in the face every day, lest some rich parishioner should be offended and withdraw from the church, causing a reduction of their salaries, while they hurl fierce anathemas against the sins of the Jews, and boldly and fearlessly denounce the evils of past ages? There are, it is true, some noble exceptions to this sad degeneracy of the pulpit, but there is no gainsaying the truth of what I have said, even though I be condemned for giving it utterance.

Yet more. Almost every week brings to our ears the painful tidings of the fall of some "watchman on the walls of Zion"—the going out into outer darkness of some bright and shining light of the church; and the moral sense of the people is shocked and outraged when such men, to whom they have been accustomed to look as public teachers, as models of purity and goodness, drop their mantle of hypocrisy, and prove to be like whitened sepulchres—fair to look upon, but within filled with dead men's bones, noisome and repulsive.

But the truth is, too much was expected of them. They are not so much worse than other men as they seem. They wear the cloak of piety on their backs, but no fire burns upon the altars of their hearts. The fault is not so much in them, as it is in the system of religion they teach. It has been outstripped by the race, and no longer possesses living power. If there were anything more than empty form—if there were power and vitality in the gospel they pretended to teach, think you such hypocrites would have dared to assume the sacred office?—or, assuming it, could they have fallen? Would to God some bright-winged angel would descend from heaven, and kindle a flame in the cold heart of humanity, with the Promethean fire from the Eternal Throne, for our Father alone knows how much it is needed. You go to church, because your early education has taught you that it is right; but how many of you feel the power of the forms of gospel you hear? With how many of you does an abiding remembrance of what you hear, continue when the voice of the preacher ceases to vibrate in your ears? As with you, so with the world. The race has outgrown its old religious clothes. Something more is needed, when we ask our Father to "give us this day our daily bread," than the dry remains of a loaf two thousand years old. Some new development is needed; for, however painful the admission, it must be acknowledged that a large majority of the race have come to base their conduct upon the belief, that if they can successfully conceal their sins and short comings from their fellows, it is all that is necessary. The other world they place at such an infinite distance, that the necessity of preserving their spirits pure and good, never seems to occur to them. They would feel disgraced and degraded if they should be detected by their neighbor in some mean or sinful act, but they never seem to think that dear and valued friends may know all they do, and are infinitely nearer than their nearest neighbor. So they cloak their sins from each other, and seem to expect to cheat Heaven in the same way. But no such hypocritical cloaks can be worn over on the other side. They drop off with mortality.

So long has the form of godliness existed without the internal power, that, say what you will, men have lost faith in it, and it has miserably failed, because too much was expected of it. It was expected that it would answer the aspirations of man in all coming time; but if it be admitted that man is a progressive being, then I hold that no one revelation can fill the measure of his needs in all time. It was a living power for the people for whom it was intended, and to whom it was given, and served its purpose admirably; but it has done all it can do until it has a new unfoldment grafted upon it. And is it not needed, ay, demanded and yearned for by man? Truly it is, and it is coming. The doors of heaven are opened, and the tabernacle of God is with men. Old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. The two worlds are mingling into one, and verily there will be a new heaven and a new earth, when all the sons of earth shall realize that there is no death, and shall recognize the truth that they live in both worlds.

What greater incentives can a man have to live a pure, elevated life here, than to know for a certainty that he is never alone—to know that departed loved ones are watching his every step with anxious, loving solicitude—to know what that future is beyond the grave, and that he can be taught how to prepare for it by those who have entered it and know its realities—to know that every act of his life, whether good or bad, impresses itself indelibly upon his spiritual nature—to know that he is himself a spirit, living now in the spirit-world as really as he ever will—to know that, however well he may succeed in hiding his real nature here, there he must and does stand out just as he really is, and that he can only pass for what he is really worth.

To me there is something indescribably and transcendently beautiful in this new dispensation, and every one must acknowledge that there is pressing necessity for it. The time has come when man needs something more than the spiritual knowledge of past ages to satisfy the yearnings of his soul; and as sure as there is a God in heaven, so sure it will come—so sure it is coming.

We of this generation are witnessing its dawn. May we learn how to profit by it.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

From off the couch of Darkness,
Where Morning bade them rest,
Arose Night's frowning shadows
And hastened to the West
To quench the sunset glories
That lingered on their way,
As if they would assure us
Of a returning day.

I stood and watched their progress—
Stood 'neath the falling dew,
And saw Night draw her curtains—
Curtains of sable hue.

Before the scenes of Nature,
That were my heart's delight,
And thought it was an emblem
Of my own spirit's blight.

Then as the past came looming
Before my tear-dimmed eye,
Still darker grew the shadows
Across my mental sky—
Grew darker, till in anguish
I turned to seek relief,
By weaving into song
A record of my grief.

But as I wrote, a something
Seemed saying in my ear,
"Why should you thus be helping
To make life's pathway drear?
Hath not each heart of sorrow
Enough that is its own?
That you should add the burden
Of grief that you have known?"

And then I turned me sadly
Again upon the night,
To gaze as on an emblem
Of my own spirit's blight,
When lo! where I had fancied
A brow of ebony hue,
Ten thousand lights were gleaming
In yonder concave blue!

Were gleaming, softly gleaming,
And with their steady light
They pierced the thickest darkness
That veiled my spirit's sight;
And through the breaking shadows,
Remembered blessings shone,
For night was still an emblem,
Though no longer glorious one.

Oh, cease to ponder only
Upon each cloudy day,
And think how much of sunshine
Has lighed you thus of a way.
When God his love discloses,
In thousand varied forms,
Will you receive the roses
To scatter only thorns.

But what to me is sunshine,
My wayward heart repelled,
That into night has faded,
Or roses that have died?
What cares the weary traveler
That there has been a day,
When through the thickening shadows
He gropes to find his way?

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE MIND.
BY WALTER WILFORD.

As the rose, whose leaves expanding
In the balmy summer air,
Sheds a magic charm around it,
Hiding thorns with flowers fair—
So the mind of man, unfolding
In an atmosphere of love,
Throws a charm around the spirit,
Pointing it to realms above—

Hides whatever seems unlovely,
'Neath the magic folds of thought;
While each rough, unseemly feature,
Into beauty's form is wrought;
Till the mansion is forgotten
Wherein dwells its lord—the Mind!
And we learn to look for beauty
To the spirit thus refined.

York Centre, Ill.

Children's Department.
EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
ADDRESS 146 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

ENVY AND DISCONTENT;
OR,
"FINE FEATHERS CANNOT MAKE A FINE BIRD."
A STORY IN TWO PARTS.
PART I.
Discontented Robie.

There once lived in a flourishing orchard a fine robin. She had been reared with tender care, and her plumage was smooth and glossy; her voice was sweet and musical, and she found a plenty of plump worms to eat when the farmer turned his fresh furrows, and of cherries as they ripened on the beautiful trees in the garden; and then, later in the season, there were berries and insects, so that Robie wanted no good thing. One would have supposed her to have been the happiest bird in the world.

One day, as she went to drink in the spring at the foot of Elderberry hill, where the beautiful vines interlaced themselves into an arbor of green, she saw her own reflection in the clear water. Her feathers were a beautiful brown, with a reddish tint on her breast; whether she had ever noticed their color before, I cannot tell; but that morning she had chanced to see a beautiful oriole, with his golden feathers, and she now thought her own plumage very dull. "Why did I not have as fine a coat as any bird?" said she. "I am sure, I look very old-maidish with my dull dress, and I do not feel as if I cared to be seen."

Thoughts of discontent, when once cherished, take root and grow very rapidly. Robie flew to the tall oak not far from the spring, and instead of singing her happy song as usual, so that the little children in the cottage could hear, she began to mope and look very unhappy.

"Dear me!" she said, "what can I do? I am so tired of this faded dress! If I wash it, it does not grow bright; nobody will care for me unless I can manage to get a more showy one. I am quite ashamed to have the little girls see me: I am sure they will love the bluebird far better than me, or the woodpecker, that has such bright spots on his neck. If I could manage to get something red, or yellow, or blue to cover up at least a part of my faded brown, I believe I could take my place among other birds with pride. But there come the children from the cottage. I will fly away into the deep forest until I can make a better appearance."

Little old Robie thought that the children, missing her sweet song, had left the bluebird on the hill, and the woodpecker on the old maple, to find her for the sake of her sweet, cheerful voice. Not finding her by the spring, or by the great oak, they climbed the fence and wandered by the brook, and over a beautiful moss-grown log into the forest. They sat down on a pile of dried chestnut leaves, and talked about the fairies. Now Robie had become so absorbed in her selfish wish, that she had not heeded their approach, and it was only when she heard a merry laugh ring through the forest that she began to listen to them. They were telling stories of the wonderful things that fairies could do.

One said that if you went by moonlight down into the meadow, and turned around three times with eyes closed, and were facing the same thing as when you began to turn around, that a fairy would appear and give you a new silk dress.

"Well," said another, "it is very safe to say that; for it cannot be done. I've tried it over and over again in our parlor, and when I opened my eyes I was feeling just the opposite thing."

"There's another way," said a little girl, "to call the help of the fairies. If you have a sweet voice, you must go to some beautiful spring, and say, in the sweetest manner, 'Oh, take my voice, and give me what I want'; or, if you have a loving temper, you can get it changed for something else; or, if you have a sweet smile that others love, you can perhaps get a white skin for it."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the oldest, "we all know better than that; but let us go, for our pet robin is not here. I am sorry, for I had begun to love it dearly as it sung to us its sweet morning hymn."

"How much better," said Robie, "will you love me when you see the beautiful dress I will get by going to the fairies?"

The children all returned to the cottage on the hill, and Robie sat very still thinking what it was best to do. Seeing just then a crow, who by his contented look he knew had had a good breakfast, and so was likely to be quite good natured, she ventured near enough to him to speak:

"You are the wisest of birds," said the robin; "and I wish to ask your advice. I am tired to death of my dull brown dress, and I want another that is bright and beautiful. I presume you know that I can get one by going to the fairies, but I want your advice as to which is the best way for me to consult them."

"My advice," said the crow, in a rough voice, "is to be thankful for what you have. Everybody loves the robin for its cheerful voice, and nobody cares a fig for its plumage. Do what you can well, and let well enough alone. That's my advice. If people love you for the looks of you, you'll find their love isn't worth much. Just be yourself, and nobody else."

Upon this he cocked his head, gave a knowing wink, and flew away.

"How very foolish some wise people can be. It's just because the crow has no dress to be proud of himself, that he thinks it of no sort of consequence if others look as gloomy as he. I'll ask nobody's advice, but go my own way."

Upon consideration she thought she would not try whirling around in the meadow, because one of the girls said it could not be done, but would think of what she would rather give up that was really useful for the sake of a better dress. She thought her voice was the best offering she could make; so she tried her sweetest song once, and then flew to the beautiful

spring at the foot of Elderberry hill. She sang, in her sweetest tones:

"Oh, fairy, fairy come to me. I've something kind to ask of thee; Come, give me dress of red or blue, Or wings of soft, bright, purple hue; Or neck that's like the Tarnagan, Or tail that spreads like peacock's fan; And you shall from me take your choice, My kindly heart, or loving voice."

When she had ended, there appeared before her a beautiful, tiny bird, about as large as a humming-bird.

"I gladly come to answer such a call, for many ask a harder task; they wish me to give just what you have—a loving heart and gentle voice; so choose, my bird, what you will have. I cannot wholly change you, but your neck, or your wings, or your tail I can make most attractive."

"Well," said Robie, "I have concluded that a fine tail, one long and bright, and that I can spread, will most surprise my friends. For I can sit and spread it in the sunshine, before the gaze of others; whereas, if I had ever so beautiful wings, they would only show when I was flying, and I always felt a little ashamed of a broken feather in my tail."

"Very well," said the fairy-bird, "plunge three times in the spring, and you shall have your wish."

The fairy-bird disappeared, and the robin did as commanded. When she came out the third time, sure enough, she felt the long feathers touching the ground behind, and very brilliant they were; red, blue, golden green, all gleamed with a beautiful iridescence, and as the sunlight fell through the willow-boughs that hung over the spring, it seemed as if the rainbow had been transfixed upon the delicate feathers.

Robie managed to get a sight of herself in the spring, and felt entirely satisfied with her appearance. To be sure, her reddish-brown back and wings looked duller than ever, but she comforted herself by thinking that no one would notice anything but her fine tail. When she began to fly it proved to be very hard work; but what a little back-ache, she thought, if I only look finer than all other robins.

With difficulty and much pain she reached the neighboring forest, for she desired first of all to show herself to the wise crow. He was seated with a dozen companions on a tall cedar:

"Ha, ha, ha!" they all shouted. "What's her? What's her? Let's give her chase. Ha, ha, ha!"

At these words Robie, much frightened, tried to fly away, but not understanding just how to manage her long tail which she had begun to spread for the crows to behold, she failed to take wing, and lodged on a hard branch of the chestnut tree. Just then something attracted the attention of the crows, and they flew away, or there is no knowing what would have become of her; but she shouted out of hearing:

"Ha, ha, ha! robin with a peacock's tail! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who ever heard of such a disagreeable bird?" said poor Robie; but I'll fly to the oak and show myself to the robins."

After much planning and arranging, she managed to reach the large oak by the brook. But no sooner did the robins behold her than they all fled away, as if terribly frightened. She then tried to call to them as usual, but to her surprise her voice was so harsh, that it only frightened them the more, and the little robins in the nests began a most piteous cry at the unwelcome sound.

"What foolish robins are," said she; "they don't know me, or else do n't care for me. I believe they are jealous, the disagreeable things; but I will fly to the orchard, and the oriole and bluebird will no longer flaunt their bright feathers there, and the King dove in the hedge will sigh that it is not as beautiful as I."

By the time she had reached the orchard her wings were so weary that they drooped by her side, and she had not even strength to spread her brilliant tail. She was obliged to rest quite a time; at length she summoned all her energy, and with much fuss and flutter expanded its brilliant feathers. What was her surprise at beholding every bird in sight with a frightened air, fly away and hide itself in the dark shadow of some tree.

"Oh," said Robie, "if I could only speak to them and tell them who I am; but alas! my voice is so changed that if I attempt it I only make the matter worse. I made a great mistake in giving up my voice; but I'll go over to the cherry tree yonder, and see if I cannot, by keeping my borrowed finery out of sight, make them know who I am—only innocent Robin-red-breast, who will do no harm, but who has become very fine by possessing a few fine feathers. Somehow I keep thinking of what the crow said; perhaps he was n't such a foolish fellow as I thought. 'Be thankful for what you have' was his advice. I wish I had tried it; but never mind, I'll not be sorry yet for what I've done."

As she flew with a fluttering heart, for her long, pendant tail had to beat against the wind; but at length she reached the tall cherry tree which stood in the garden back of the cottage. But as she approached, every bird fled screaming away. Even the ripe red cherries could not tempt them to remain. The blue-jays screeched, the robins uttered a frightened cry, the cherry-birds raised their tufted crowns, the wrens found their nests in the shed, the swallows circled around the barn, and even the old rooster crowed with an unusually loud voice; the hens cackled, and all this confusion set the dogs barking; the bossy in the corner of the yard began to bleat, and the cow to low. Just then the flock of crows flew over the garden, screaming, "Ha! ha! ha!"

The children heard the sound, and ran to the door to ascertain the cause. By this time, Robie, in one desperate effort, hoping to win kindness from some one, was lifting her long tail and spreading its showy feathers.

"Oh see! oh see!" said the children all at once. "What a funny bird! What an ugly head it has, and how it looks with the peacock's tail! And it has frightened the other birds—all the robins and blue-birds. Let's stone it; let's drive it away. The wicked bird—frightening all the others! I suppose it means to eat all the cherries up itself—selfish thing!"

Just then their father came along.

"Sure enough," said he; "what a marvel! Wait! I'll get my gun. I must have that bird to stuff for my cabinet."

Robie heard these words with dismay.

"Not one to love me for my beautiful feathers; but I must hasten, or I am lost. Oh, how can I fly with this terrible backache, and my wings are so tired!"

"She barely escaped in time, for the farmer had his gun already cocked as she took refuge by the spring at the foot of Elderberry Hill.

"Oh, if I can only be a robin, simply a robin, with a sweet voice and a smooth, brown coat. I will give up all the fine feathers I so foolishly desired. It is not my unnatural dress that makes people love me; that I see, and I am sure it gives me only trouble and pain. I will call for the fairy-bird:

Fairy-bird, fairy-bird, come to me; I want my voice of melody. Oh, take these plumes forever hence—I'll be myself, and no one else."

The fairy-bird appeared, and said:

"Thou hast come in time, for no one has yet called for thy beautiful power of song. Thou dost well to call it back. Be ever content with what thou hast, if by it thou canst make others happier, and covet not what thou dost not wish thyself or others. Dive once into the spring, and come out a beautiful robin."

Robie waited not an instant, and as she came out

she saw the heads of the children peeping among the vines in search of the wonderful bird; and not far off was their father, with his gun ready sprung.

"It is n't here," said one, "but here's our beautiful robin that we missed. I always know it by its tall tail; that has one feather broken. Oh, how glad I am it is n't killed. I love it so, for it sings so sweetly every morning. Come, Robie, cherries are ripe; cherries are ripe!"

And away Robie flew, to the cherry tree in the garden; and she was met with a welcoming chirp by all the birds assembled there.

"Oh girls," said the father, "I believe we have all been seeing through witches' eyes, for no bird ever had such a tall on such a body. I'll look in Audubon; but I think we've all led a wild-goose chase."

You may depend that the robin learned a lesson for life. She was content to win the love she desired by her sweet gifts of song, and by her cheerful, loving heart; and as she picked up the crumbs which the children scattered by the doorway, she repeated the wise saying of the crow. "Be thankful for what you have," and the beautiful words of the fairy-bird, "Covet not what cannot bless itself or others."

FLOWERS IN HEAVEN.

I know there are flowers In the beautiful bowers Where angels dwell above; I wish that I knew How the flowers grew In that beautiful land of love. "The flowers grow there, Divinely fair, When you do a loving deed; When you feel a thought, With kindness fraught, You plant a golden seed."

Word Puzzles.

These letters, when arranged properly, will spell what we all shall be glad to see: W L A S O W L Who can tell what it is?

Correspondence.

The Davenport Boys in Philadelphia.

Our city has been thrown into considerable excitement by the appearance among us of the Davenport Boys, as they are called, though they are now young men. The press has been extremely exercised, as the friends say, and has labored zealously to defend the Church and the people from these terrible innovators and impostors.

You know the reporters for the press are not always Solomon, almost any young man who has coicent enough to make up a good story out of nothing, who holds a facile pen, and who is willing to do the drudgery of a reporter, may become an oracle and speak, and in proportion as they pander to public prejudices, will be their success, and almost always are such men found arrayed against any new truth or any new explanation of an old one, and unless those who present these offer a golden key to these, there is but little chance of a fair representation.

Great were the groans of these little men when the Davenport Boys made their appearance, earnest their efforts to be wise and witty and make sport of Spiritualism. Especially did they belabor the Boys, and lay it on to Lacey, their agent. Still the meetings continued, and night after night the audiences came to witness the wonderful phenomena, which occurred with great regularity, though somewhat interrupted at times, but never entirely prevented by the rowdy feeling which was manifested by some in the audience.

Perhaps your readers would like to have a description of these young men and the manifestations which accompany them. The two Davenport brothers are about twenty-three and twenty-five years of age, are gentlemanly in their appearance, of fine, nervous temperaments, very much alike, with dark hair and eyes, rather slender, and not very tall. They have passed public mediums for eight or ten years, and have passed through many phases. The manifestations which occur in their presence have been witnessed by thousands of persons. Most of the phenomena require the absence of light, and as it is not desirable to have the audience, as well as the mediums, in the dark, they have contrived a box, or cabinet, which, notwithstanding the declarations of the aforesaid reporters to the contrary, is made of American black walnut. This cabinet, which is very similar to a wardrobe, is made of seven eighth inch boards, is about seven feet high, six feet wide and three feet deep, and may be thrown entirely open in front by three doors. It is placed upon three trussels, at an elevation of two feet from the stage. It has a seat in each end, firmly secured, and having openings in each, so that the ropes may be passed through them in securing the mediums. Near the top of the centre door is a square opening about nine inches in size, behind which a black velvet curtain is placed, to exclude the light.

The usual course of proceeding is to call for a committee of two from the audience, and the desire is expressed that they may be honest skeptics. These committees, after examining the cabinet and the mediums, proceed to tie them up in the most secure manner they can. The doors are then closed, and the lights around the stage placed quite low. Noises are heard in the cabinet almost instantly. Sometimes the ropes are heard flying around, and usually in about half the time that the committee occupied in securing the mediums, the doors are opened, and they step forth entirely free.

At other times musical instruments are moved and played upon. They have a violin and bow, a guitar, a tambourine, a small bell and a horn. Sometimes the smaller instruments will be thrust through the hole in the middle door, which is about five feet from the mediums' heads, and either thrown out or drawn back. Several of these instruments are played upon; hands may be seen at the opening, which bear a most striking resemblance to human hands. These move very rapidly, and appear to be of different sizes. Sometimes a hand and arm is thrust out almost the entire length. While these manifestations are going on, almost instantly the doors are thrown open and the lights turned on, and the mediums are seen sitting securely bound as before.

Sometimes after being tied by the committees and untied, they go into the cabinet. The ropes are placed in it, and the doors closed. Instantly, almost, you may hear the ends of the ropes flying round. These ropes are about the size of an ordinary bed-cord, and from three feet to thirty in length. In a few minutes the doors are thrown open from the inside, and the mediums are sitting there very firmly secured.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition, is that of admitting a member of the committee into the cabinet with the mediums. The manifestations vary considerably. On one occasion a medical gentleman belonging to the United States Navy, in whose integrity I have the fullest confidence, entered with the mediums. Previous, however, to his going in, when the mediums were well secured and the middle door was open, several persons saw a hand touch him on the shoulder, and the doctor felt it. He entered the cabinet, having one arm tied to the left shoulder of one of the mediums, and the other to the thigh of the other. Almost immediately after the door was closed, a hand was seen protruding through the hole in the door. The doctor saw the curtain raised,

but could not distinguish the hand. He felt a hand or hands moving gently over his face. The instruments were moved, and he was struck upon the head and other parts of the body with them. He asserts positively that the mediums did not move at all while he was in the cabinet with them.

I might extend this account much further, and tell you how one committee used iron wire around the ropes, without interfering with the manifestations or the untying of the mediums. But I must leave this.

In company with these mediums is William Fay, of Chicago, who gives separate sittings, either alone or with one of the Davenport's, after the close of their public sittings. These sittings are in a dark room. The character of the manifestations are that the medium is tied to a chair, and musical instruments pass around the room, a distance of fifteen or twenty feet. I witnessed only one of these sittings, and in that case there were about seventy-five persons in a small room, sitting as closely as we could. The instruments were passed very rapidly from one end of the room to the other, over our heads, sometimes touching the head.

I have given a plain description of these manifestations. There are those who believe the whole thing is a trick. It must be admitted that public meetings of a promiscuous character are by no means the most favorable opportunities for the investigation of such phenomena. In my intercourse with these young men, I saw nothing like deception, and there is but little in these manifestations that is not readily explained when you admit a power of moving physical bodies independent of human contact and will, and there are few earnest investigators to-day who have not had opportunities of witnessing such phenomena as these in broad daylight, and under circumstances that precluded all doubt.

Yours for Truth, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Feb., 1864.

Illinois.

Since the great snow-storm which closed the old year and shut up for a time the ways and means, till we were all glad to see land again, although it was mud with "no bottom," I have been so busy that my friends, and even the BANNER have been neglected. The intense cold and deep snow shut us up over the first Sunday of January, at Clinton.

January 10th, I lectured at Decatur, where I had given quite a number before, and Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Whitling had each given a course, and since that a permanent and advanced condition has been secured, and Bro. Benjamin Todd hired to speak every Sunday for one year; and he has already begun his labors, which promise a harvest.

January 16th and 17th, I spoke in Clinton to better audiences than I ever had there, for Mrs. Stowe had been there and given a new impetus to our cause, and Dr. Von Vleck had also been there trying to expose what he called cheats and deceivers, and I think he increased our audiences some in each place where he tried to lecture. Clinton is nearly converted by the persevering efforts of Bro. P. B. Jones, and a few others.

January 21st, 23d, and 25th, I gave four lectures in Springfield, the capital of this great sinner State. Had very large audiences at the two lectures on the War, and the two on Spiritualism drew together the most intelligent audiences ever collected there by this subject, as I was informed—among them several prominent officials. By this date the snow was gone, and the mud, black and thick, stuck to and scattered over us.

January 28th, returned to Decatur, and gave one more lecture, making in all eleven lectures in that city by me this winter.

January 30th, reached Bloomington, where a severe rain-storm prevented our having meetings the last Sunday of the month, as the snow did the first; but Feb. 1st and 2d, we collected our forces and had two good meetings in Bloomington, notwithstanding the mud.

Snow was gone, cold was gone, and spring had come, and I fled from the muddy regions of rich soil, where the corn grows so high it is easiest gathered from a horseback position, to meet my engagements in Chicago, where I have ministered the last two Sundays, in the largest and best hall in the city (Bryan Hall), to the largest and best audiences I ever addressed in this city, or any other except two in the nation, on Spiritualism. Each audience has exceeded the one before it, and we hope the next two weeks will be better still. I have never seen our cause so popular here, nor mediums and speakers in as great demand. Bro. Tallmadge sells at his news room one hundred copies, weekly, of the Banner, and forty of the Herald, and our book literature is beginning to have a run in the market, accelerated, no doubt, by the sale of "Pecuniary." There are many workers in the city, and a few friends who took hold of this work for the present lecture, evidently understand their business, as no fee is taken at the door, and no collections taken from the audiences, and none will be during my stay, although I am amply paid, as well as the heavy expenses.

Healing the sick is a prominent feature of our cause here, and many are engaged in it. Among them, as most prominent and successful, is Mrs. C. A. Gould, whose house, in West Madison street, is usually filled with sorry-looking comers and convalescent goers. Mrs. Gould has been here several years, and succeeded well. Mrs. Green, also, who always scolds me for mentioning her, is, and has long been, very successful and very useful in her efforts at removing disease. Bro. Lewis Bascom has a fine location, and the best of accommodations and conditions for sick patients and treatment, and deserves a good patronage from the sick. Other healers and test mediums are here, and I would notice them, but my sheet is full already. With best wishes, WARREN CHASE, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 19, 1864.

A Voice from Cleveland, Ohio.

It is not only a duty, but a pleasure, to announce through the medium of your invaluable columns, that the Altar Fires, which have shone dimly for some time past, once more burn brightly in our city. The main difficulty which for more than two years past baffled our efforts, has at length been met and overcome, mainly through the energy and indomitable perseverance of Bro. James Lawrence, by securing a hall of moderate dimensions, and furnishing it neat and comfortably. We have now been holding regular meetings over two months, and everything moves on harmoniously.

We have not yet been favored with as large audiences as on former occasions. Some of our old pioneers, for whose presence we looked with much confidence, have not yet appeared in our councils; but what we lack in numbers, is abundantly made up in faith and firmness of the truth and sanctifying influences of our glorious philosophy. By it the world must sooner or later be redeemed. We are not seeking to proselyte or convert the world. That is a work which will first be cared for by our friends in the other sphere, who first projected, and have so far carried it out triumphantly, despite all opposition.

As our locality forms a connecting link between the two great fields of labor—the East and West—it is hoped that speakers will find it convenient to give us a call when passing, as they can usually do so without incurring additional expense, which circumstance, we trust, may prove available to lecturers, as well as to ourselves, now that we have a place of our own without being subjected to the exorbitant rates heretofore exacted for the use of a hall in which to hold meetings.

We have no organization beyond what is necessary for the transaction of business. For this purpose the following persons have been duly appointed, and gen-

erously entered upon the duties of their respective offices for the coming year: D. U. Pratt, D. A. Eddy, Geo. Rose, Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Mrs. E. A. Sherman, Trustees; Miss Sarah Griswold, Secretary; Mrs. Susan Norris, Treasurer.

Yours, for truth and humanity, D. A. EDDY. Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 28, 1864.

Our Contributors Appreciated.

Mrs. C. Fowler, of Rockville, Conn., in renewing her subscription, pays the following compliment to two of our contributors:

"Enclosed, please find the amount sufficient to renew our yearly subscription for the BANNER. It has long been a constant and welcome visitor to our home circle, till we have learned to regard it as an indispensable family necessity. It brings so much of light and truth to dissipate the dark clouds of ignorance, superstition and prejudice, with which the teachings of earlier years have enshrouded us. We love the beautiful inspirations that flow from the pen of our gifted sister, Cora Willbarn. They lift us above the discords and inharmonies of life, into a higher and purer atmosphere, where the petty trials, difficulties and perplexities of every-day experience dwindle into insignificance. They revive our flagging energies and inspiring hopes, they impart a firm courage, a moral strength, and fit us anew for life's labors and duties.

And those "Letters from Thatchwood Cottage," how we prize them, fraught as they are with many an instructive lesson, gleaned from close companionship with nature, and breathing such a spirit of love and genuine goodness in every line. And "Cousin Benja's" poems, too, I trust are not entirely unappreciated. They come like a gleam of sunshine, a gush of melody, to cheer and gladden the hearts of earth's lonely and desponding ones, and make us all happier and better for having read them. These with all the other good things which constitute the BANNER, make it not only a luxury, but one of the literal needs of life."

"The Queen's English."

It is high time something was done to improve upon the average English which is used now-a-days, and we halt any movement in that direction with satisfaction. Dean Alford has recently published an article, on the subject, in the London News, in the course of which he says that our language, as known and read by thousands of English men and English women, is undergoing a sad and rapid process of deterioration. Its fine, mainly Saxon is getting diluted into long Latin words not conveying half the meaning. He throws the chief blame of this on the newspapers which are written in a "vitiated and pretentious style," and says: "The writers in our journals seem to think that a fact must never be related in print in the same terms in which it would be told by word of mouth. The greatest offenders in this point are the country journals, and, as might be expected, just in proportion to their want of real ability. Next to them comes the London penny press; indeed, it is hardly a whit better; and highest in the scale, but still by no means free from this fault, the regular London Press—its articles being for the most part written by men of education and talent in the various political circles.

Written for the Banner of Light.

REST IN HEAVEN.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

In Heaven there's rest! oh, blessed thought To those who mourn in grief and tears! It glids a new Hope's fading light, And robs Despair of half its fears. In Heaven there's rest! oh, precious words! For Heaven is near—'en at the door. Our life below is gilding fast, And soon we'll reach that blissful shore. In Heaven there's rest! then, oh, faint not, Though with a weary load oppress; Though dark and thorny be thy path, It leads to realms of endless rest.

Departed.

Went home to the radiant bowers of the Summer Land, on the 15th instant, Dr. John E. F. Clarke, of New York City, after an illness of one week only. His disease was pneumonia; it came like a whirlwind, and bore the final summons at a time when he had fair to spend many happy years upon the earth. How true it is that the midst of life we are in death. The writer of this was attacked with a complaint of the lungs, and was forced thereby to suspend his lectures. On the very day that his illness confined him, Dr. Clarke was the first to offer his kindly ministrations—for he was a Spiritualist, in heart as well as belief—and passed his life in doing good. One week after his friendly visit, the sick man was recovering, and the beautiful winter sickness was a fatal illness. Dr. Clarke was one of those whom the world delighted to acknowledge as a MAN in a prouder title than that of king or emperor. He did not die in the faith of Spiritualism, merely—but in possession of absolute knowledge—for he saw the living proof of immortality looking to his bedside; and an aged mother, in the flesh, who was a stranger to his phenomena, and the most ardent student of the presence of the disembodied friends of her early days. The Doctor leaves a widow to mourn his loss, round whom we feel the angels will throw their protecting arms. P. B. RANDOLPH, M. D.

Passed to the summer land, from Malden, Jan. 26th, 1864, Laura D., daughter of Justus D., and Ellen C. French, aged six years and seven months.

Although but a child, her spiritual faculties were predominant. In her school she was a favorite both with her teacher and schoolmates. In her last hours, she seemed to have a clear view of what was before her. She said, "Papa, do n't cry—do n't mourn for me, for I shall come to you—I shall be with you." She also said, "Aunt Sarah has come for me,"—and thus she exchanged conditions. The parents may rejoice that they have so beautiful an angel to bid them welcome when they shall exchange conditions. And the brother and sister who remain to bless their parents, may yet realize how glorious it is to commune with their darling angel sister. Thus, day by day we are being linked more closely to the summer land, and life rendered really more beautiful. N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Feb. 19th, 1864.

Departed to the spirit land, on the 6th day of May, 1863, the spirit of Carrie A. Hambleton, only daughter of N. B., and C. L. Hambleton, of Freehold, Warren Co., Pa.; aged 1 year, 6 months 5 days.

Little bud of fairest promise, Broken from the parent stem, Leaving here the beautiful gem; Which contained the priceless gem;

With her dimpled hands so tender, Lying on her pillow's breast, In her life's young, happy morning, "Little Carrie" went to rest.

Though her merry voice is silenced— Though you seek her here no more, You will think of her as waiting For you on the other shore. E. P. W.

To his home among the angels, from his earthly home in Hambleton, Geauga Co., Ohio, Sept. 18th, 1863, John P. Bosley, in the 71st year of his age. His disease, dropsy and consumption, which he had to endure for many months, was very distressing indeed; and he often wished to depart and be released from his sufferings; yet the hope of our glorious religion shed a bright halo of light along his pathway, voices from the other shore cheered him, and the soft hands of angels beckoned him to the Summer-Land which was soon to be his inheritance. For him no dark and gloomy vale awaited; to him Death was no monster, but a kind angel to unlock the bright portals leading to the higher life. He leaves a wife, son and daughter, not to mourn as those without hope, for they, too, have the assurance that he is not dead, neither is he sleeping, but living and unfolding to higher perfection in spirit-life. And that he has the power to return and commune with those he has, since his departure from the form, given satisfactory evidence. His remains were taken to Windsor, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, for interment, and in accordance with his special request, the writer of this attended his funeral, and under spirit-influence gave to the large and atten-

tive audience assembled at the Presbyterian church of that place, the truths and consolations of our Harmonical Religion. This being the first public spiritual lecture ever delivered in the place may were astonished and rejoiced by Spiritualism? If so, it is too good enough for me." Good seed, we trust, was sown; the fruits of which the harvest alone can tell. LUCIA H. COWLES.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will speak in Boston March 6 and 13; in Charleston during May; in Chicago during June.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in East Boston March 6; in Chelsea March 20. Address No. 27 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MOSES HULL will speak in Charleston March 6; in Lynn March 13; in Providence March 20 and 27; in Worcester May 8 and 10; in Portland, Me., May 8. Address Banner of Light Office till May 1st; after that time, Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. LIZZIE DORR will speak in Chelsea March 6 and 13; in Portland April 8 and 10; in Foxboro' April 17 and 24; in Quincy May 1 and 8; in Milford May 29; in Philadelphia during October. Address, Pavilion, 37 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. L. K. COONEY will speak in Charleston April 17 and 24. Address, Newburyport, Mass., or Banner of Light Office.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy March 6 and 13; in Boston March 20 and 27.

Mrs. BOWEN L. CHAPPEL of New York, speaks in Providence March 6 and 13; in Portland March 20 and 27. Is disengaged after March. Address at the Banner of Light Office.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON speaks in Lowell during March; in Plymouth April 8 and 10; in Rockford, Ill., the first 17 and 24. Address Brandon, Vt.

J. M. PARKER will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Mrs. EMMA HUSTON will lecture in Bangor, Me., July 31. Address as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Stamford, Conn., during April. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. MARY L. BUCKWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Boston, Mass., during March; in Chicago during April; in Springfield May 1 and 8; in Lowell during June. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith, Reference, H. B. Storor, Boston.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Philadelphia during March. Those wishing her services during a lecture should address her till March 1st at Cleveland, O.; after that, care of H. T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Plymouth March 6 and 13; in Quincy March 27; in Chelsea April 8 and 10. Is disengaged Feb. 25, March 1st and 8th. Will answer calls to lecture in New York, May or June, or Vermont. For those wishing her services are requested to apply soon. Address St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. ELIZA C. CLARK will speak in Old Town, Me., March 6 and 13. Address till March 15th, care of H. B. Emery, Bradley, Me.

Mrs. LAURA CUFFY will lecture in "Harmonical Hall," Dayton, Ohio, every Sunday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Conference at the above hall every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. E. SIMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. A. B. WATSON will make a tour through the Eastern States next spring and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I., the Sundays of April. Those desiring his services should address him at once at Albion, N. Y.

Mrs. HEATH, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisco, the second do.; in Laphamville, third do.; in Alpina, fourth do.

Mrs. SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Portland, Me., March 6 and 13; in Quincy, Mass., April 10 and 17, and desires to make arrangements for the spring and summer. Address, Chicago, Mass.

H. B. STOROR will speak in Foxboro', Mass., March 6 and 13 and April 8.

WARREN CHASE's address will be Chicago, Ill., till further notice. His business engagements in the West will prevent his return to New England until late in the summer or fall. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Stockport, N. Y., and vicinity, during April; in Willimantic May 15, 22 and 29; in Little River Village, Me., June 5 and July 10. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. LAURA M. HENSLER will speak in Stockton, Mo., the first Sunday of each month.

Mrs. ANTONIA A. CURRIER speaks in Baltimore, Md., during March. Will receive proposals to speak in the East during the summer months. Address as above, or box 616, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BERRY, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Troy, N. Y., during March; in Charleston, S. C., March 13 and 20; in Chelsea April 17 and 24 and May 15; in Plymouth May 1 and 8; in Quincy May 22 and 29.

J. Q. FISH speaks one half the Sundays at Battle Creek, one-fourth at Kansas; one-fourth at Plainfield, Allegan Co., Address Battle Creek, Mich. Will lecture the three summer months in New York and New England.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Bradford, Me., March 6; in Bucksport March 13 and 20; in Exeter March 27; in Bucksport April 10 and 17; in Exeter April 24; in Dover May 1, 8 and 22

FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. A NARRATIVE OF SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE OF ARTHUR BUCKMINSTER FULLER, Late Chaplain of the 16th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAPTER IV. THE TRUE CHURCH.

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people: saying, with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water."

"Ye are come unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the General Assembly and Church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

From my earliest recollection I have had profound aspirations to be a member of the True Church, and during all my experience have I looked earnestly, hopefully and prayerfully for this Church. I have long felt that there was, in all the different churches; much that was good and true, and noble and elevating, but mingled more or less with error and human frailty; and I have felt that in all these, as the human soul sought sincerely for power to select the wheat from the chaff, God was ever near them aiding them in all their aspirations and efforts after a higher and better condition.

And I have ever sought in my intercourse with the various churches to see that which is good and true, and to throw the mantle of charity as far as I could over the errors and falsities which exist to a greater or less extent in all. And now, standing in the position of the one whom John saw "fly in the midst of the heavens," although I am filled with fear and trembling, yet the command seems to be, "Go forth" and "preach unto them that dwell on the earth," and I dare not shrink back. I shall speak to you plainly, and to all who will hear me, the words that are given me by the spirit; for behold I stand but as an instrument and mouthpiece for those, and for the truth that burns within my soul.

Of that I dwell on that profound declaration of the Master, "Ye are the temples of the living God;" but it was not until I had been lifted above the clouds of Materiality, that I could appreciate as I now do the sublime meaning involved in that declaration. But as the light pours into my soul brighter and clearer, the more inadequate becomes the power of language to express the thoughts that shimmer and burn like living coals upon its altar. There was a time when I thought religion and science had but little relation to each other; now I perceive that they are one. True religion is science, and true science is religion. Nor is religion confined to any single department of science, any narrow and petty domain into which man would thrust it. God, the Author of all religion, is the Architect of the universe, and science is but an interpretation of the relation which the different parts bear to each other—and all is religion when properly understood and appreciated.

Architecture is the grandest of all sciences—the sum total of science. Man, the type and image of the Infinite Architect himself, linking the finite and infinite in one, is ever building. All the sciences, even those which seem to be destructive rather than constructive, ultimately tend to this grand end—architecture, preparing the way for more perfect buildings. Everything on the physical plane is building, from the tiniest flower that opens its petals to catch the golden rays of the morning sun, and drink in the dew of heaven, to the most huge monsters that roam the earth or swim in the deep. Physical life is everywhere building and rebuilding, constantly presenting new forms of architectural beauty. So, also, is the mind ever constructing, ranging the fields of immensity, seeking in every way to combine and arrange structure after structure, and the soul is building, ever building, not mere castles in the air, that shall fade away and be lost, but grand and glorious temples that shall endure forever.

Art and science are religion, religion is building, and the true Church is composed of living temples, each one constructed on the principles of divine harmony and beauty, principles of eternal perfection, which shall continue to unfold more magnificent and beautiful temples as the soul enters and explores the realms of diviner and more exalted power.

In the true Church God and man work harmoniously in order to build temples in which they may thus dwell together. Every faculty of man has a science adapted to its peculiar needs and capacities, which are ever expanding and progressing, and hence the proper action of each of these is essential to true religion.

Man, though divine and immortal, begins as a consciousness being on the physical plane, here he builds his first temple, and as each faculty labors appropriately, they bring forth the most perfect physical structure which exists on the plane of external matter, the constructive element that thus works in man, organizes all the elements and principles that exist in the universe into a conscious being, who perceives their existence both within and around him. As Bro. Finney has said, "The eye is light gone up into organization and consciousness." So of every other organ in the human body.

The beginning of true religion is, and ever must be, in building harmonious and beautiful physical structures. You may train the moral nature in the most strict and careful manner, expand and unfold the intellect till it grasps and comprehends the grandest and most sublime questions upon the mental plane with ease, but if you have failed to build a harmonious physical organism, your religion will be defective and imperfect—it will lack that purity and true dignity that shall command the respect both of its possessor and the world around him.

The popular religion has lost sight of this important fact, or almost entirely ignored it, both by precept and example. Next in importance to the development of the physical is the unfolding of the mental nature in such a harmonious and uniform manner, that it shall grasp and comprehend the laws and principles that belong to its sphere and condition, and that without any laborious and painful effort; for both here and on the physical plane such efforts result alone from the imperfection of the organ. Next in importance to the development of the physical, is the unfolding of the mental nature in such a manner that it shall grasp and comprehend the laws and principles which belong to its domain, shall build up a temple of knowledge and wisdom calculated to support and protect man in his career through time and eternity.

In the sphere of the soul the same constructive element is at work building, building, ever building temples and altars, in and before which humanity in its grandest unfoldings shall worship the divine and eternal in all the beauty of holiness.

Let us examine this constructive element a little further. Man's physical body is the house in which he lives; it may be, and mostly is, exceedingly imperfect, scarcely sufficient to afford him shelter and

protect him from the winds and storms of Materiality which surround him, it may require all his energies to keep soul and body together, and leave little or no room for the enjoyment of life. The physical may be so weak as to require constant aid and support from those around it; a hopeless, helpless life of poverty is this, and yet it is far too common. Man presents many degrees of power, ranging from this state up to the most perfect rectitude and harmony of the physical organism, in which he stands forth in the noble dignity of his manhood, the most beautiful and perfect structure on the physical globe—a structure which furnishes ample protection and comfort to him amid all the vicissitudes of earth-life; and every human being aspires after this, so that they may realize a noble independence and true religion, such as will give power to live on the physical plane with a freedom to act out all that the spontaneous and true impulses of his nature prompt him to.

As an intellectual being, man builds for himself temples of varied beauty and grandeur. Knowledge is power "everywhere and at all times; and the man who, through the unfolding of his intellectual nature has accumulated vast powers on this plane, stands forth shielded and protected by a temple which no earthly power can shatter or destroy—a temple in which many of the elements and principles around him are brought into subjection and control by his will—a temple which is not like the external physical, so imperfect that it must belong to time alone; but as the divine ideas which constitute this temple are wrought into man's immortal nature, they go with him into the inner life, and serve as the basis of the temple which he is to build there adapted to the transcendent beauty and glory of the celestial spheres.

Spiritual things can only be described by figures and symbols, because language is material and outward, while they are interior and real; hence the language of earth fails to describe the temple which the soul builds when it is permitted by the physical and intellectual natures to play its part in the great drama of life, in the attempt to describe these, parable and metaphor alone can be used, the significance of these will be comprehended just in proportion as the faculties of the soul are left free to act.

When I look back to earth now from the serene heights of my dwelling place in the inner life, I see among mankind very many who are living in miserable houses, unfit to be tenanted by divine and immortal beings. God means that every man shall be the proprietor of his own house, and not live in old, weather-beaten, dilapidated tenements that are almost ready to fall upon them; not in rented houses that others may have built, but that each one should build his own house. Alas, how general is the practice of mankind to seek to have other men to build houses for them, mentally and spiritually, and, as far as possible, physically. Many men there are who have no houses of their own; they are satisfied to stand under the eaves of other men's houses.

Popular theology has failed here most signally; instead of teaching men how to build houses for themselves, it has directed them to old structures, which, though good and useful within themselves when they were built, are no longer fit habitations for men. Instead of inspiring them with living desires to build beautiful temples for themselves adapted to their present needs, they have been calling them to the old crumbling fabrics—the tents, and tabernacles which the ancient Israelites borrowed from the Syrians and Egyptians, who lived long before them—asking men to be satisfied in finding shelter amid the crumbling ruins and relics of by-gone ages.

These buildings, when man occupies them, are seen by their fellow men, and each one may know what is a man's condition by the house which he occupies. As upon the outward, so in the inward and spiritual; this is the measure and indication of man's condition and position.

True religion passing over these ancient ruins will gather up here and there a stone of living truth, and laying a broad foundation in the culture and development of man's physical, intellectual and moral nature, will enable him to build for himself divine and immortal temples, in which the pure air of Truth, the divine light of Wisdom, and the genial warmth of Love shall ever be found—grand and beautiful temples, which, like stars, shall shine on brighter and brighter forever.

Would any one have this true religion, let them lay the foundation of it in true physical development, expand their mental energies in preparing the beams and timbers for its construction, and send forth the aspirations of the soul for power to build and occupy that temple, which shall spring spontaneously and beautifully out of its divine and immortal nature.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Danish and German War.

The Austrian and Prussian armies marched on Schleswig on the 2d of February, and encountered the Danish army, when an engagement took place which lasted five hours, the Danes maintaining their position. After the first serious engagement, however, the Danes evacuated their great line of defence, the Danneberg, on the 6th, leaving behind sixty heavy pieces of artillery. The allies took possession of Schleswig on the 6th, and immediately pushed on after the Danes. A collision occurred at Oversoo, about twenty miles north of Schleswig, in which, according to the Austrian account, two hundred prisoners and six cannon of heavy calibre, with a portion of the ammunition and baggage trains, were taken by the Austrians. A subsequent account carries the number of prisoners up to six hundred and fourteen, embracing the stragglers taken in the next three days.

On the 6th the Germans were also victorious near Idstaedt, but their losses were severe. The Danes continued to retreat to Flensburg, thirty-nine miles from Schleswig, the Germans following close, attacking the works on the 7th. The Austrians are reported to have lost eleven hundred men and the Prussians five hundred, but the course of the fights seems to have been in their favor, as the last dispatches report the "Danes retreating; losses great, booty and many prisoners; fighting in the streets north of Flensburg, and a desperate struggle going on near Ban and Coppermill."

The latest accounts in the States that the Danes have evacuated the works at Duppel, and embarked there with war material to Alsen Island.

The London Post states that England has made a proposition for an armistice on the basis of evacuation of Schleswig by the Danes, except the Island of Alsen.

The English papers generally sympathize with the Danes, but give no indication of the course the government will pursue. The prospect now appears to be that both Austria and Prussia will repudiate the treaty of London, this determination on the part of the former power, indeed, being quite distinctly announced. Before the announcement was made, Lord Palmerston declared to Parliament, with reference to intimations of such a course in the German press: "That is a doctrine which I am sure no government that has any respect for itself, or any regard for the principles of good faith, would seriously uphold. It would be utterly disgraceful for any civilized country to stand on such a position." It remains to be seen whether England will stick to this declaration, or whether she will add another to her unenviable retrograde steps on the Danish question.

No inference can be drawn from the French press, which is divided in its tone and speculations, as to the course the French government will take on this subject.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell going West.

We are informed that this excellent inspirational speaker has decided to visit the State of Michigan in May, where she will remain for several months. She will answer calls to lecture in various places in Michigan, but prefers calls on the route of the Michigan Central Railroad. Those desiring her labors, will address BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass., until further notice.

Mrs. Chappell is announced to lecture before the Spiritualists of Portland on the two last Sundays of the present month.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending as date.

Banner of Light.

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The Issue.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to: "Wade through slaughter to a throne And shut the gates of mercy on mankind; out Thave a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze, it may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific; and I see one people and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The World in Motion.

War has broken out in Europe at last. It is all about a little matter—the occupation of two small tracts of land lying between Denmark and Germany, whose proprietorship has been in dispute for some time. Lord Palmerston, of England, spoke of this particular trouble, and of its likelihood of involving all Europe in war, as the little torch that threatened to set the house on fire, while the Polish bonfire has been blazing all this while to no effect. England is curiously mixed up with the whole difficulty, the royal family being closely allied by marriage to Denmark, to Germany, and to Prussia. She has, unquestionably, urged Denmark to resist the claims of Germany in reference to the Duchies, not thinking that Austria and Prussia were disposed to take any active part in the trouble; but since the latter powers have boldly thrust themselves in before the smaller States of Germany, and from sheer jealousy have taken the adjustment of the quarrel upon themselves, England is forced to proceed with more caution in offering support to Denmark, and she is even taunted with being too ready to turn her back upon her earlier professions. Napoleon seems to keep perfectly quiet, for a time—at least. He is as astute and profound a politician as there is on the Continent, and will conceive and combine with all possible skill and prudence.

If this newly opened war is not brought to a sudden close at its very beginning by some unexpected circumstance, there is hardly one chance in a hundred that the leading powers of Europe can avoid being drawn into its raging vortex. They are all so closely allied by interests of various kinds, it would be impossible to disentangle the relationship, in a state of war. What affects one affects all. The first Napoleon sowed the seeds of democratic, or self governing ideas, over the length and breadth of the Continent by the warlike operations of his career, and in this generation we are able to see the fruit maturing and ready to pluck. Europe has been, and is still passing through a long career of discipline, and the result can be no other than the eventual liberation and exaltation of the people. Russia has nobly begun the work of emancipating her millions of serfs, and qualifying them for enjoying their increased liberties, and a larger manhood. France is not contented, by any means, with what now is, but compels her ruler to study her growing wants and to punctually minister to them. This movement is one of the grandest of the age.

We are answering to it on this side of the Atlantic; but the act costs us the nameless agonies of War. While Russia peacefully frees her serfs, compelled to the measure by the pressure of no other power, we in America are emancipating our slaves only after the compulsion of strife, and at the cost of a host of precious human lives. Still it was a measure which has been ripening for just this day in the world's history. It was in strict obedience to the law that these stupendous events have thus been crowded upon us instead of upon our children, or some generations even further off. We have fallen upon just such times as we have, and we ought to be thankful for the great tasks which are allotted us, instead of seeking to shirk and avoid them. According to the thoroughness and high resolutions with which we play our parts, will be the greatness and nobleness of our character. Every one has something to do in this business of reform and regeneration, and it cannot be turned off upon the shoulders of somebody else.

We can all of us perceive, now that the whole world is in motion at the present time, ideas have been operating upon the minds of men, remote from one another and divided by oceans and seas, and been operating with such activity, that the day for putting them in practice has come. Thought ever seeks to project itself in action. People cannot have their thoughts engaged so intensely as for years past, upon some of the profoundest and grandest questions which pertain to the welfare of humanity, without at length organizing their efforts for the purpose of carrying out their convictions in action. After the fever of first action shall have passed, superior minds and superior natures will be summoned to reorganize and reconstruct; and then the most worthy, not the most noisy, will take their proper places in the work.

We should all of us rejoice at what we see going forward in the world, turn our eyes whither way we will, it is a movement from whose surging tides there is, and can be, no retreat. The East and the West are in apparent as well as real cooperation. Even where, as in our own land, the different sections are engaged in deadly conflict, even the collision of men is ordered so as to strike out sparks which are to light fires for human happiness. All is overruled for the highest good, and we are the instruments through which the upper intelligences work. There is the same conflict raging today among the "powers of the air" which is going on among ourselves; we have not the least doubt as to which side will come off victorious there, nor here either. But it should be remembered that they fight with us, and we with them. This belief, founded on the laws of the universe, at once exalts the character and expands the proportions of the work in which we are engaged, and inspires us with strength beyond any strength that has dwelt in us before, and with patience that refuses ever to be tired with effort. The struggles which the world is witnessing to-day, are but the struggles of the opposing principles of nature going on in all their intensity in the upper worlds, and projected upon the earth-sphere, for mortals to continue until the final victory of God is secured everywhere.

Loss of Steamship Bohemian.

The steamship Bohemian, from Liverpool for Portland, Maine, struck on Alden's Rock, at the mouth of Portland harbor, at half-past nine o'clock, Monday night, Feb. 22d, and sunk in about one hour and a half, two miles from Cape Elizabeth. She had 19 cabin and 190 steerage passengers, all but thirteen of whom were saved. Her cargo was valued at \$1,000,000.

Hon. J. B. Hall's Second Lecture.

This is one of the best, if not the best lecture we have ever published. It explains much that inquiring minds are eager to know. It will be found in this week's BANNER.

Redeemer and Redeemed.

A remarkable production, worthy of the careful attention of every sincere inquirer after truth. Mr. Beecher is not a medium, at least, not consciously, and yet there are certain remarkable characteristics about this book that make the critic of the Round Table say, "One is tempted to believe that the author has strayed off into some Gnostic fields, or has been inspired by some theosophical visionary, or at the very best, has had special communications with the spirit-world through some new medium."

This which the critic intended for a taunt, the Spiritualist, who reads the author's dedication to his sainted mother, will easily conceive may be the truth, however ungraciously uttered. The author himself says, "Almost the earliest feeling I can recollect, is a constant longing for something indefinite—a feeling mysterious and sad beyond description—the very temperament of the poet, the seer, the true medium." "In fact," says the critic already quoted, "he seems to know as much about the aboriginal condition of the race, as the Swedish seer did of its future localities and employments."

Spiritualists who have read the Report on Spiritualism, published by Mr. Beecher a few years ago, may perhaps feel a prejudice against him as having referred the movement to Satanic agency. Nevertheless, it is not to be forgotten that the reality of the manifestation was triumphantly established by that work, and some of the heaviest blows dealt against the popular incredulity which it has ever received—blows all the more valuable as coming from one not identified with the spiritualistic movement.

The present work does not indeed bear directly upon the question at issue between Spiritualists and their opponents. Indirectly, however, it has a powerful bearing from the reality with which it invests the spirit-world, and the dependence upon it of all earthly history. For example, the author avows his belief in the literal marriage of angels with the daughters of men, (Gen. vi. 2,) and the issue therefrom of the "giants" of Scripture and the "Titans" of classic mythology. A more stupendous development of spiritual intercourse, it is scarce possible to conceive. Indeed, next to Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," there is no work better calculated to make the spiritual world, its history, laws, and relations to the material, distinct and real to the mind than this. It is sometimes imagined that Spiritualism is but another name for wholesale infidelity. But one needs only to read such a work as Howitt's, to see that this is a mistake. That there is a dark side, as well as a bright side to Spiritualism, he distinctly teaches. The existence of the Devil and a kingdom of darkness is nowhere more solemnly recognized and confirmed by the history of the world. "This history," he says, "is from first to last a spiritualistic history. And when I speak of Spiritualism, I mean by it the manifestations and operations of spiritual natures, from the highest spirit, God, to the lowest spirit, angel, disembodied man, or devil. All these are, and clearly have been from the hour of man's creation, operating around, upon, and through him." This is precisely Mr. Beecher's doctrine. His book might be denominated a new department in the history of Spiritualism. It is nothing more nor less than an attempt to write a history of the moral universe, in its relations to this world.

Whatever be the merits of the work, in its results it is worthy of the study of every genuine believer in the existence of an unseen realm.

The Great Convention.

It will be indeed gratifying to the six millions of Spiritualists in this country to learn that the Three Days' Convention, held in this city last week, was a grand success. Spiritualists flocked here from all quarters—among them were many of the best speakers in the field. The Convention was held in Mercantile Hall, Summer street—three sessions a day—morning, afternoon and evening. The Hall was crowded to excess at each session. The utmost harmony prevailed, and

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

We noticed among the audience each day many of our prominent citizens, who are not believers in the Spiritual Phenomena, and they seemed as anxious to drink in the inspirations which flowed from the eloquent speakers upon the platform, as the Spiritualists themselves.

Reporters for the daily press were present, who gave fair and impartial reports of the proceedings in their respective journals. A year ago this would not have been the case. The secular press is coming to believe that "there's something in Spiritualism, after all." They will learn before another year passes, that there is much in Spiritualism—that it is a mighty truth, and that it will be fully recognized by the world at large, as such, ere many years elapse. God, in his wise providence, meets the needs of his children, always, just at the proper time. All past history testifies to the truth of this statement. The New Dispensation is awakening the dormant energies of the human race everywhere, and a bright future is already dawning upon the world.

For a full Report of the first day's proceedings, see our eighth page. We shall publish Thursday's doings in our next; and Friday's in the following number of the BANNER.

England in Europe.

It is pretty clearly established that England has acted an unworthy part in this Danish-Germano quarrel over the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. First, she did openly encourage Denmark to resist the claims of Germany to a right to govern and possess the Duchies. But for her encouragement, Denmark would probably not have taken so defiant an attitude as she did, even had her cause been better than it is. But the cowardice and treachery of the English Government is proverbial. She did what she could to break up our own Union, in the name of anti-slavery; then, when the issue of Slavery and Anti Slavery was fairly made with arms, she turned and sided with the Slavery side, hastening to acknowledge the rebels as "belligerents" within two or three weeks from the breaking out of the war; and finally, as the contest progresses and the authority of the Union promises to be fully restored, she confesses (see last arrival of foreign intelligence but one) that it will not be for the interest of Europe, and more especially of England, for this Union to be preserved, and that England, therefore, can consistently offer no aid or sympathy which is calculated to work in that direction.

Napoleon kept quiet, in the trouble which has for some time past been brewing in the North of Europe. He had proposed a Congress of the Powers for the adjustment of all possible matters at issue, but England poked at it; and now that England has gone and put her own foot in it, and would like nothing so well as a Congress, Napoleon keeps perfectly still, and watches to see how the cat is going to jump. In her late speech from the throne, the Queen of England had no word of encouragement to offer Denmark, and that power was deeply mortified and chagrined at it. England probably thought that only the smaller German States in combination would assail the Danish power, and therefore was not afraid; but as soon as Austria and Prussia set those States aside, and take up the quarrel themselves, England stands back and begins to wash her hands. It is a foul stain upon those hands, and she cannot so easily wash it out.

Mr. Hull's Closing Lectures.

At Lyceum Hall in this city, on Sunday, Feb. 21st, were fully attended, and highly appreciated. Our friends will be glad to learn that he is engaged to speak in the same hall again, the two first Sundays in April.

The Coming of Maximilian.

We hear that the Archduke of Austria has really made up his mind to come over and take the reins in Mexico. We wish him joy of his determination, though he may not get all that we wish for him. It has been officially announced in Paris that he is really coming. It appears that he wrote a letter, some time ago, to Gen. Almonte, in which he said that when the French arms had reached a point which would enable something like seven-tenths of the country to pronounce itself freely in his favor, he should most willingly accept the throne. The official announcement has appeared in a Paris journal that a deputation is now on its way from Mexico to the residence of the Prince in Europe, to bring him the proofs that these conditions have been fulfilled, and that he can now undertake the journey in all security. The Emperor Napoleon appears to be extremely well pleased about it, for now he will be able to withdraw his troops and renounce that singular project of erecting a barrier to the usurpations of the Yankee race.

Maury—Go to I

We can indeed say "Marry, go to!" to Mr. Maury, late "Lieut. M. F.," but now of the wretched rebel service. He once professed to know how the winds blew and the currents set, in the fields of ocean; but he could hardly have known how the winds would blow and the currents set for him. He is now out in the London papers, impudently telling the English people that the northern stories about the smallness and fowness of Southern papers are all base fabrications, those miserable apologies for newspapers being got up at the North for no other than malicious purposes, and especially to operate on foreign opinion; denies the real Secretary of the Navy, Mallory, ever wrote his late Report, in which he owned up to the intentions of the rebel authorities in reference to equipping pirates in English and French ports. Now Maury knows that that same report of Secretary Mallory was published in the Richmond papers, as a part of the proceedings of the rebel Congress. The northern papers took it from these sheets.

Gone to Mexico.

The rebel General Price, we observe, has received a "perpetual furlough" at the hands of Jeff Davis, and it is rumored that he has gone to Mexico. Our rascals used to go "to Texas," but Mexico will do well enough now. We take this symptom of disgust with rebel fortunes as one of the most promising characters. It is well known that rats always desert a sinking ship; we expect, therefore, to see a general scramble to get away from the foundering hulk of Secession. A man like General Price, with his boldness, bravery, and the experience he has already gained in a military point of view, by resisting the authority of his own Government, will not fail to be of the first service to the Mexicans, in their efforts to defend their own soil; and it may be that his sense of wrong, as well as the feeling that he had disgraced himself as a leading traitor to his native country, will nerve him to noble deeds in the neighboring country to which he has taken himself. He has plenty of room to distinguish himself.

Rebel Desertions.

If any single fact is a particularly significant one in connection with the war, and with the rebels, it is the fact that such large quantities of deserters are continually coming into our lines. We have no series of statements in exact figures before us to give, but it is notorious that thousands have deserted from Bragg and Johnston in large companies, in squads, and singly, and come over to the army of General Grant. We are also apprised of the fact that nearly two thousand deserters have come into General Kelley's lines, alone, in Virginia, since the 10th day of January. Before Meade, the very pickets of Lee have to be selected with unusual care, lest they assist others to desert to us, and take particular pains to do it themselves also. This one matter is the surest test of the character of the resistance made to our arms, and a symptom of the entire falling through on their part, which may surely be looked for, if we continue to press their armies with all our power. This present year should see the end of it.

A Stop to Junketings.

Mayor Gunther, of New York, refused to lend his presence and countenance to the Aldermanic feasting and junketing of the 22d of February, in professed honor of Washington. It is a good symptom. It is welcome to the hearts of all men who believe in something beside corruption of these political powers. If ever a city needed purifying from these corrupt influences, it is New York; and this refusal of the Mayor will be a good lesson for some of them. The money of the people is squandered at a wicked rate, merely to line the pockets and stomachs of a class of men who know nothing of the principles of municipal government, but manage to fob themselves into places where they may pluck and steal to their hearts' content. The present expense of administering what is called government in New York City, is about equal to what it was to carry on the Government of the United States in the time of John Quincy Adams.

Spiritualism and Adventism.

We understand that arrangements have been made for a public discussion between MOSES HULL, a recent convert from Adventism to Spiritualism, and ELDER JOSEPH T. CURRY, of Boston, who is considered an able advocate of the Advent doctrine. The above discussion will take place in this city, on the 9th, 10th and 11th of March, in hall 104 Hanover street, (East Building). The question to be discussed is, "Has man in his nature an immortal principle; which, after the death of the body, is capable of returning and communicating with the inhabitants of earth?" We also learn that ELDER MILLS GRANT, the most prominent Advent preacher in New England, has challenged Mr. HULL to a public discussion, which he has accepted. It will take place in Lynn, but no time has yet been set when it is to come off.

H. P. Fairfield.

This able and zealous co-worker paid a flying visit to our sanctorium last week, and we were pleased to take him by the hand and look upon his bright, fresh countenance once more. He has just returned from the West, where he has been successfully laboring for the good of humanity the past two years. It will be gratifying to the numerous Spiritual Societies in the Middle and Eastern States to learn that he intends to remain in this section for awhile, and will answer calls to lecture any time except during May, that month being already engaged. Mr. Fairfield is one of the first trance speakers from this State; and, we may add, one of the very best. His address for the present is Greenwich Village, Mass. We trust our friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to hear so able an exponent of our Philosophy. He speaks in Milford next Sunday.

Dedication in Quincy.

Our friends in Quincy, Mass., have procured a new hall, situate on the corner of Sea and Canal streets, in which to hold their regular Sunday meetings, and are to dedicate it on Thursday forenoon next, March 3d. Prominent speakers have been engaged to participate in the exercises, among whom are Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Miss Lizzie Doten, and Mr. N. S. Greenleaf. There will also be speaking in the same hall during the evening. The exercises on the occasion will, without doubt, be very interesting.

A New Novellette.

It gives us pleasure to announce to our numerous readers that we have had written expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT a story of thrilling interest, entitled,

DESERTED;

OR,

THE HEIRESS OF MOSS-SIDE.

It is from the gifted pen of MISS SARAH A. BOUTWORTH, whose writings our readers are already familiar with. It will be commenced in the first number of our forthcoming volume (15th), which will be issued for the week ending on the 26th of the present month.

Those of our patrons whose subscriptions expire with the close of the present volume, are earnestly requested to renew immediately, as by so doing it will obviate the necessity of the withdrawal of their names from our mailing machine, thus saving us much time and trouble.

Now is just the time for those who are not subscribers, to become so, as it is universally conceded that the BANNER OF LIGHT is the very best Family Paper in the world!

New Publications.

CUNO'S CAVE, By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The popularity of the author's previous tales—Father Brightopes, Neighbor Jackwood, and the Drummer Boy—combined with the announced locality of the present story, swept off a large edition (so the publishers say) at once. The present is a story of suffering, fortitude, bravery, and self-denial. Its location is East Tennessee, and of course it works up many well authenticated facts in connection with rebellion in that quarter. There are stirring incidents, humorous passages, picturesque situations, and striking characterizations in the story; and these, certainly, ought to win a way for any book that is really fresh and unobscured.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN, OR, Etiquette and Eloquence. By a Gentleman. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

There is no patent method of learning how to be a gentleman in twelve easy lessons. The present volume offers hints and instruction on the subject, some of which are sensible and stand in reason, and some of which are very foolish, raw, and worthless. Still, the sense is so far predominant over the nonsense, that, on the whole, it will hurt nobody of good sense to read it.

THE PARLOR MAGICIAN. Boston: For sale by C. Thacher, Court street. Price 25 cents.

A COMPLETE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ART OF DANCING. By Thomas Ellingrove. Illustrated. Boston: For sale by C. Thacher, Court street. Price 50 cents.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for March is out, full as rich as any of its predecessors. The illustrations of the Norwich Armories are very fine, and the Editor's Easy Chair and Drawer are full of spice and rich humor.

Gen. Fremont. This officer has finally made complaint of his wrongs at the hands of the President and the War Department, styling his treatment "an unmerited insult." This is strong language for a Major General to use toward the President, in a time of war. It smacks a good deal of insubordination. There is little doubt that the "Pathfinder" was shabbily used, and it is very natural to conclude that it was all done through political influence, to a greater or less degree. He complains that he was ordered to serve under his inferior, John Pope, in that campaign in Virginia which resulted so unfortunately for our arms; and it is this which he especially characterizes as "an unmerited insult." He likewise charges that only during the last session of Congress, an important command was expressly arranged for him by the Secretary of War, and approved by the President, was at last given to another officer. There is likely to be a political quarrel, as a result of this wedge which Gen. Fremont has driven into the Administration.

Dr. L. K. Coonley. We were pleased to receive a call from our good friend, Bro. Coonley, on Thursday last. He last falls from Washington, D. C., having recently lectured before the Spiritualists there. The Doctor informs us that the proposed discussion between himself and the Rev. Isaac K. Gates, (Adventist), at Harrisburg, Pa., (noticed in the BANNER of Jan. 30.) did not come off. The reverend gentleman backed down, is the reason given. Whether he thought Bro. Coonley too many guns for him or not, we are unable to say.

English Intervention. It is not to be supposed that England will be guilty of the folly of attempting to interfere in the affairs of this country at the present, or any rate. The London Herald—which speaks from an inside view of Government operations—repeats the rumor that Sir John Lawrence goes out to India with instructions to do all he can to avoid war, as it is probable there will be much trouble in supplying him with needed troops.

Moses Hull at Home. Though we are not in the way of publishing personal certificates or recommendations, yet Bro. Hull has been so severely handled by his sectarian opponents, we feel justified in presenting the subjoined letter, handed us, without the knowledge of Mr. Hull, by one of our lecturing brothers: FRIENDS OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS—We the undersigned, trustees of the First Free Church of Battle Creek, Mich., take great pleasure in introducing to you the bearer of this, Bro. Moses Hull. He has resided among us for years, while preaching the doctrine of Adventism. We regard him as a man of good habits, strict integrity, pure-minded, and more than ordinary ability.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Seances. Having attended one of the exhibitions of spirit-power given in the presence of Mrs. A. L. Chamberlain, I can testify to their genuineness and remarkable character. Certainly, if any person wishes to become cognizant of what are called "physical manifestations," they have there an opportunity of doing so. Twelve years' experience has shown me nothing in this particular phase of manifestations that has equalled what I there witnessed. It is needless to particularize where all was so astonishing, and I write this at the request of no one, but simply for the benefit of those who have not been able to witness anything of the kind and have a desire to do so.

Moses Hull. We would inform those desirous of securing the services of this lecturer, that he is already engaged for all the Sunday afternoons and evenings during his present visit East, and that the only time he has unengaged is week evenings, or Sunday forenoons. In the vicinity of places where he speaks in the afternoon, he returns home the first of May. He would like to make engagements to speak on the route on his way home. He may be addressed until that time at this office; afterwards, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Stockport, N. Y. Our cause is on the increase in that place. Wm. K. Ripley has been lecturing there for several weeks past, and his labors have been so well appreciated that he is to return and speak during April. Smith Brothers send us an account of Mr. Ripley's services in Lockport, in which they speak in the highest terms of his lectures on Spiritualism, the Philosophy of Temperaments, and of his psychometrical readings of character. The audiences were large and evidently interested.

A National Convention. A resolution was offered at and adopted by the Boston Convention, on Thursday last, to hold a Spiritualist National Convention some time during the coming summer at a central point in the West—the time and place to be determined hereafter.

Four Days' Meeting in Bangor. An account of the Spiritualist gathering at Bangor, which commenced on the 18th ult., and continued four days, was not received in season for this issue. It will appear in our next.

Lowell. Mrs. C. P. Works, of Proctorsville, Vermont, has been lecturing in that city for the last two weeks, to crowded houses. She spoke in the trance state, and her lectures were well received. We are gratified to learn of the complete success attending the spiritual meetings in Lowell. They are now held in the Lee Street Church.

Levee. The Spiritualists of Chelsea will hold another Levee, at City Hall, Chelsea, on Friday evening, March 4th. Dancing to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and lady, 50 cents; lady or child, 25 cents.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

About the first of September, 1863, we received a letter from a gentleman in Washington, containing a lock of hair and a photograph. His letter was answered, and returned. His name was so illegibly written that we were unable to decipher it, and we therefore cut it from his letter and pasted it upon the envelope containing the answer. Some time afterward we received another letter from him desiring an answer to his letter, but not receiving the one we sent. To this we also replied. Our first letter, containing the photograph, has been returned to us from the "dead letter" office, Washington. We are thus particular in giving details, as we are desirous that the gentleman should receive the answer to his first letter, and the photograph. If this paragraph pleases his eye, we hope he will forward us his address, plainly written, so that we may communicate with him.

As only two more numbers close our present volume, we hope the friends will see to it that the BANNER has at least a thousand new names placed on our subscription books forthwith. Recollect that we are to clothe our paper with an entire new dress, as we wish it to be typical of the New Dispensation, viz., as beautiful and perfect as possible. As we shall incur a large outlay in consequence, we desire Spiritualists everywhere to render us all the material aid in their power.

The Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is very full and uncommonly interesting this week. The interesting essay, "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," by our learned correspondent, "C. B. P.," which we intended for this issue of the BANNER, was crowded out in consequence of the great length of Mr. Hall's excellent lecture, which may be found on our first and second pages. The essay will appear in our next.

By his card in another column, it will be seen that Dr. P. B. Randolph has opened an office at No. 11 West 41st street, New York City, and will practice as a Medical Clairvoyant. He was very successful, as a clairvoyant, while in this city several years ago, in locating disease and prescribing the proper treatment.

The statement that the Alabama was blockaded in a Chinese port by several United States war steamers, is probably correct. If she is locked up in dock, Uncle Sam will of course keep her there.

A medical writer of experience says that persons subject to headaches should never sleep on pillows made of feathers. Hair pillows are the most conducive to health.

FISHING CRAFT.—The Gloucester Telegraph says "considerable anxiety was felt last week for the safety of our George's fleet." They have since nearly all arrived in safety, bringing good fare.

Labor, or at least vigorous exercise, is as indispensable to moral purity as breath is to life.

"Being buried every night in feathers," says Mr. Lock, "melts and dissolves the body, and is often the cause of weakness, and the forerunner of an early grave." We have read "Locks on the Understanding," and appreciate it; but "Lock on Feathers" we can't understand, exactly. What does he mean by saying that sleeping in feathers "melts and dissolves the body"? Diggly is in a "peck of trouble" to find out.

The weak have more need of pure air than others; it is, therefore, a remedy that should not be neglected. On the dome through which Earth's swinging, spun of palpitating air.

Angel artists fresco vapors into pictures passing fair; On and in the lucid background float the ever-changeful forms. Sometimes glowing into glory, sometimes glooming into storms.—[Mrs. M. W. Cook.

A recent petition asks that Congress shall establish, after the close of the present war, a regular army of 200,000 men, composed entirely of negroes, to be officered by white men entirely.

Guerrillas do n't make much headway against our daring draves; with Spencer rifles in the hands of the latter, one man is good for half a dozen of these freebooters.

Charming city New York—a gentleman walking Broadway was recently robbed of \$900 and his watch, and thrown into a cellar.

Mrs. TOM THUMB is a mother—so say the papers.

MISS BRADDOCK, the popular authoress, has married her publisher.

WELL ANSWERED.—A Spiritualist was asked the other day what relation free-loveism has to Spiritualism. "Just the same relation which the conduct of David with Uriah's wife has to Christ's sermon on the mount," was the quaint reply.—Daily News, Liverpool, Iowa.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Two partridges—a splendid brace—A pair received a Bishop's grace—Came lately to a poet's board, And made him happy as a lord! Thanks to the donor! May his aim Be ever true to all his game! (Whatever that may chance to mean In feathers, fur, or—or—insolence!) And when—as he may often do—He bags another score or two Of birds as fat and fine as those That smoked beneath apostol's nose, Oh, may he never fail to send As plump a brace to some good friend—As sound as he in heart and liver. To prize the gift, and bless the giver!

A very fat and good printer died in New York recently—Austin B. Williams—who weighed 420 pounds, and required seventeen yards of broadcloth for an outfit. Digby thinks he must always have set "leaded matter."

The Cape Cod Republican is very severe on slanderers. They are indeed a pest to society.

It is pretty well understood at Washington that all spirituous liquors in the hands of dealers, are to be taxed twenty per cent. A good idea. It will probably lessen the number of inebriates which now swarm our large cities, as the retailers will be obliged to advance their prices.

A serious riot occurred at Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 25th. Rum was the cause.

Announcements. Moses Hull speaks in Charlestown next Sunday. Miss Lizzie Doten in Chelsea, and Mrs. Townsend in Quincy.

Mrs. A. P. Brown speaks in Randolph March 30th. She is disengaged for the two last Sabbaths in April.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will lecture in Troy during March.

Mrs. Frances Lord Bond (sister of Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, N. Y.) is engaged to speak in Springfield, Mass., the first Sunday in March, and the second, third and fourth Sundays of the same month in Chicopee, Mass. After March her time is not engaged. She may be addressed at Chicopee during this month.

Mrs. Currier is announced to speak before the Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., week evenings during the month of March.

Fred. L. H. Willis is expected to lecture in Washington, D. C., the Sundays in April.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS! PROTECT YOUR HEALTH!—No soldier man will leave the city without a supply of HOLLAND'S "BROTHER'S" MEDICINE. It is the best in the world. Every English and French Soldier uses them. Price, 50 cents, 70 cents, and \$1.10 per box or pot. Mar. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

MUSICAL CIRCLES. ANNEE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will hold Musical Circles for a few weeks, at the residence of T. D. Lane, No. 11 West 41st street, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26th. Cards of admission, addressed to a gentleman and lady, one dollar each. For sale at the Banner of Light office. Circles to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Cards leave Scollay's building on Tremont street at 6 1/2 and 8 3/4 o'clock. March 5.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, MEDIUM, No. 80 WARREN STREET, BOSTON, MASS. March 5.

C. O. YORK, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, Charlestown, Mass. March 5.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A SURE CURE. For these distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HEMIPARASITIC DYSPEPSIA," published by DR. G. THOMAS BROWN. The description, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, has cured every body who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp to pre-pay postage. This little work also treats on CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their positive and permanent cure. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. Feb. 27.

A REMARKABLE BOOK, ENTITLED, "BONES BEYOND THE GRAVE," giving a graphic description of the departed from this life, as depicted by Marzetta Davis, after coming out of a trance, in which she laid nine days. She says that each person, as he enters the physical form, is attracted to and mingled with kindred spirits, kindred associates, beings to whose character they assimilate. She then describes them, from the unshelved and wretched, to the bright and sanctified angels. It occurred at a protracted meeting, in the town of Berlin, Kenton Co., N. Y. Just the book for the age. It contains two hundred and twenty-eight pages, well bound. Published by STEPHEN DEVEL, Dayton, Ohio. Retail price, 50 cents. Postage free. A liberal discount made to the Trade. Feb. 27.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE! ELIZA WOODSON; OR THE EARLY DAYS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS. THIS is a volume of four hundred and twenty-four pages, portraying an interesting and singular life history, with a faithfulness and skill befitting more of such than fiction in the narration—and which cannot but be heartily welcomed by the public mind. Price \$1.25, postage free. For sale at this office. Feb. 27.

MUSIC. THE beautiful song, "LENA DE L'ORME" with Piano Accompaniment, Words and Music, composed by E. Whiting, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Usual discount to the Trade. All orders should be addressed to Feb. 27.

DE. P. B. RANDOLPH, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, No. 11 West 41st street, near 6th Avenue, New York. Consultation Circulars, (for prescription) 25 cents. Monday and Thursday evenings. Letters to insure attention and reply must contain four red stamps. Feb. 27.

PANTOLOGIC MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE. No. 331 Canal Street—Two Blocks West of Broadway. ENTRANCE NO. 2 GREEN STREET. NEW YORK. CONDUCTED BY M. H. ANDREWS, M. D.

Formerly Professor of Mental Philosophy, Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, Public Hygiene, etc., in Penn Medical University, Philadelphia; and recent Professor of Electro-Psychology and Electro-Therapeutics, General Medicine and Surgery, in the Hygienic and Healing Institute, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Founder of the Pantologic System of Medication; Author of "The Curability of Consumption," "The Science of All Things," "The Curability of Rheumatism," "The Laws of Female Health and Beauty," etc.

DE. ANDREWS has spent more than a quarter of a century in the investigation of the Laws of Organic and Inorganic life. Words and Music, composed by E. Whiting, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Usual discount to the Trade. All orders should be addressed to Feb. 27.

All diseases detected without asking any questions, and treated on Astro-Phreno-Psicho-Physico Principles, or agreeably to Natural Laws, either by herbs gathered under Elementary Influences, or by remedies gathered or spiritually potentiated.

Special attention is given to all diseases of the Head, Throat, Lungs, and Chest—such as Consumption, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Heart Affections, etc. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Epilepsy or Fits, Palsies, etc., speedily relieved by Electricity, Memory, and other new-curling remedies.

Cancers, Tumors, Fistulas, Strictures, Piles, etc., cured without the use of the knife. All diseases of female, as Prolapsus, Leucorrhoea, Menstrual Disorders, Sterility, etc., successfully treated by a Female Physician and Clairvoyant, who is a regular graduate of the Medical School of Philadelphia.

Medicines specifically prepared for any disease, at from \$1 to \$5 per package. Patients in the country must in all cases remit one dollar, and send a description of the color of the hair and eyes, age, nature of affliction and length of time disease. Office consultation fee, \$1. Address, DR. H. ANDREWS, M. D., No. 331 CANAL STREET, ONE'S GREEN STREET, New York.

Send a TWO-CENT STAMP, and receive a valuable Treatise of the highest importance to all—married or single, of either sex. Feb. 20.

REDEEMER AND REDEEMED. BY REV. CHARLES BEECHER. THIS highly interesting volume may be had at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE. Price, \$1.50; postage, free. Feb. 18.

UNION SOCIABLES! THE third course of the UNION SOCIABLES at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, 1863, and will be a rich treat to all thinking minds. Music by Holloway and Edmond's Quadrille Band. 50c Oct. 10.

A B O F LIFE. BY A. B. OCHILD, M. D. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six print of 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. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office. Feb. 27.

"I STILL LIVE." A POEM FOR THE TIMES BY MISS A. W. SRAUGUE. THIS above is the title of a beautiful POEM, by Miss SRAUGUE, and is the last written by her which has been published in pamphlet form. It makes a volume of 22 pages, and was published by the author, just before her departure for the better land. The Poem is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty. For sale at this office. Price, 10 cents; postage free. July 21.

Western Depot for Spiritual Books! (FIRST DOOR NORTH OF THE POST OFFICE.) AGENCY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, and all other Spiritual Publications.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, STATIONERY, &c., supplied to Western News Dealers at the lowest prices. Address, TALLMADGE & CO., Box 32493, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

W. M. L. JOHNSON, DENTIST, NASSAUBUILDING, Washington street, entrance on Common street Boston, Mass. May 23.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Hancock House, Court Square, April 1 BOSTON.

A NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

Second Edition JUST PUBLISHED, BY WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., A SPLENDID VOLUME! ENTITLED, POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE! BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

Table of Contents: PART I. A WORD TO THE WORLD (PARAPHRASE); THE PRAYER OF THE BOWROWING; THE SONG OF TRUTH; THE EMBARKATION; KEPLER'S VISION; LOVE AND LATIN; THE SONG OF THE NORTH; THE BURG OF WEBSTER; THE PARTING OF SIGURD AND GERDA; THE MEETING OF SIGURD AND GERDA. PART II. THE SPIRIT-CHILD (BY "JENNIE"); THE REVELATION; HOPE FOR THE BOWROWING; COMPENSATION; THE EAGLE OF FREEDOM; MISTRESS GLENABE (BY MARIAN); LITTLE JOHNNY; "BIRDIE'S" SPIRIT SONG; MY SPIRIT-HOME (A. W. SRAUGUE); I STILL LIVE (A. W. SRAUGUE); LIFE (SHAKESPEARE); LOVE (SHAKESPEARE); FOR A THAT (BURNS); WORDS OF OBERON (BURNS); RESURREXIT (POPE); THE PROPHET OF VALA (POPE); THE KINGDOM (POPE); THE CRADLE OF COFFIN (POPE); THE STREETS OF BALTIMORE (POPE); THE MYSTERIES OF GODLINESS—A LECTURE; FAREWELL TO EARTH (POPE).

BOOKSELLERS throughout the Loyal States and the British North American Provinces are hereby notified that the Publishers are ready to receive orders at the usual discount to the trade. Retail price of the full gilt edition, (got up expressly for the Holidays,) \$1.75; postage free. Retail price of the edition in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents. Dec. 23.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING.

A POETIC WORK, BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, FROM THE PRESS OF WILLIAM WHITE & CO., (158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.) IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

Table of Contents: AMERICA: A NATION POEM. VISION OF DEATH. THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. A VISIT TO THE OCEAN. THE SNOW. PET. LAULOU. BIDDINGS. WEARY. THE SECOND WIFE. HEAVEN. NUTTING. I'VE BEEN THINKING. THE DESERTITE. SLEIGHING. WEEP. STRANGE. LOVE. HOW SHE CAME. EVERALLYN. JOAN D'ARC. COMMISSIONED. A HOPE. SPIRIT-VOICES. A DREAM. LIGHT. THE THREE PATRIOTS MEMORIES. WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME? LEONORE. AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ALLEGHANIES. THE OLD BACHELOR. BRIDAL MUSINGS. LELE. THE DYING ROBIN. DEATH OF THE YEAR. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS. MY HOME. ON THE SEA. AN INVOCATION. THE UNDECEASED. LIFE'S PASSION STORY. Price, in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 20 cents. For sale at this office. Jan. 22.

HOME'S NEW BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. An exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF D. D. HOME, THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM, ENTITLED, INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, With an Introduction by JUDGE EDMONDS, OF NEW YORK.

ONE ELEGANTLY PRINTED AND CLOTH-BOUND 12mo. PRICE, \$1.25.

CONTENTS: Introduction. Chapter 1.—Early Life: I become a Medium. Chapter 2.—Before the World. Chapter 3.—Further Manifestations in America. Chapter 4.—In England. Chapter 5.—At Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris. Chapter 6.—In America. The Progressing Chapter 7.—(1837-8)—France, Italy, and Russia—Marriage. Chapter 8.—Russia, Paris, and England. Chapter 9.—The "Cornhill" and other Narratives. Chapter 10.—Miraculous Preservation, France and England. Chapter 11.—A Diary and Letter. Chapter 12.—In Memoriam.

The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home, (or Home, as he is sometimes called), the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with personages distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe, to even a familiarity with crowned heads, has surrounded him with an interest of the most powerful character. As a spirit-medium his superiority is supreme, and the publication of these memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, In order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, has made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.25. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 15.

The Apocryphal New Testament, BEING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant, attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, his Apostles and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage, Price, 15 cents; postage, 16 cents. Address, Banner of Light, Boston, Mass., Oct. 24.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

These Messages are FREE to the PUBLIC. The BANNER Establishment is subjected to extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time by donations...

Special Notice. The Circles at which the following Messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 103 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3. (up stairs.) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Monday, Feb. 22.—Invocation by a Hindu Spirit; Questions and Answers: Charlotte Murphy, to her husband, Thomas Murphy, in Halifax, N. S.;...

Invocation. Our Father, through the darkness that has settled upon the face of the earth, the soul looks up to thee in confidence, in childlike love, and worships thee in spirit and in truth.

Defining a Scriptural Passage. SPIRIT.—We are informed that it is your custom to allow the audience to propound subjects or questions. We are ready to hear them.

Now many minds have been unable to reconcile these passages in Holy Writ that seem so contradictory. There seems to us to be but one way of reconciling these contradictory passages, and that is this: Jesus must have been like the individuals he spoke to, possessed of a dual individuality.

It would be very natural that Jesus, the Master, the Leader, the Comforter, the Support, the Staff upon which his disciples had so long leaned, should point them to the home he was fast hastening to, or that he should tell them it was expedient for him to go there, that his time had come, his fate was sealed, and that his mission on earth being fulfilled, it was expedient for him to go hence and prepare a place for them.

Questions and Answers. Q.—Is the controlling intelligence able to give any opinion concerning Benan's recent life of Jesus? Ans.—We have given this effusion of mind a brief...

glance. We do not feel hardly competent to pass an opinion upon this work, but so far as we have penetrated into it, we are willing to say, at least, that it shadows forth as much of truth as you could expect to receive from your author, under the circumstances governing him at the time of its compilation.

Q.—Will you give a description of my spirit, as you see it? A.—My dear sir, human senses are totally incapable of realizing the conditions of the soul. Were I to give you a description of yourself as a spirit, you would not comprehend me.

Q.—Will not my spirit be recognized, on its entrance to the spirit-world, by its form? A.—By the aggregate of your thoughts, which make up that spirit-form, you will be known by your spirit-friends. You will be recognized by the quality of those thoughts, not by the form.

Q.—Is it not important for us to be acquainted with the spirit forms of our lost ones, so as to know them in spirit-life? A.—The law of soul-affinity will bring you together. There can be no such thing as separating two souls upon whom the law of affinity is acting.

Q.—How is it that spirits disembodied are enabled to gather to themselves enough of the material, so as to present a hand so distinctly as to be seen, even by those who are not clairvoyant? Such a hand was lately seen by an individual, resting, as it were, upon the breast of a person who was dying.

Q.—Do spirits see spirits in the same manner that we see material things? A.—No; certainly not. You see these natural objects through senses that belong to the physical body. When you have done with that body, you will see through the senses that belong to the spirit.

Q.—How would that child's spirit be seen by her mother in the spirit-world? A.—It would be recognized; not seen, but felt, perceived; not seen with the physical sense of sight, as you see.

Q.—Why then is it not objective? A.—Because, that term belongs to human life particularly. It belongs to form, and the spirit, strictly speaking, is without form.

Q.—Are human passions of spiritual origin? A.—We cannot think they are. They go to prove that there is a certain kind of individuality that is born of human circumstances. For instance, one may have been conceived into physical life under very harmonious conditions.

circumstances. Now that human passion will unfold itself in the shape of crime, perhaps, as the child grows toward manhood or womanhood. If the father and the mother had brought forth that new life—that new individuality under more harmonious conditions—there would have been no marks of evil engraven upon the child's heart, but peace, love, and good will would have been written there.

Q.—Do they not pass into the spirit-world for a time? A.—Most certainly they do; for the spirit cannot immediately throw them off. You carry to the spirit-world with you all your deformed tendencies.

Q.—Does physical suffering cease here? A.—Yes; most of that you call the physical does, although you have the reflex of the physical, which exists in the mental, in the spirit-world.

Q.—That is a condition of suffering, is it not? A.—Yes, most certainly. Q.—Does that gradually pass away in the spirit-world? A.—It does, most assuredly; for the soul is ever striving to throw off its crosses, its deformities, that it took on in earth-life.

Q.—I am glad to be able to inform you that my letter to friends South, has reached its destination. I am glad also to be able to inform you, sir, that there is a reply to my letter on its way to you. I earnestly hope you will receive it.

Q.—I have a dear father and mother in Warner, New Hampshire. I told them when I was going home, that I saw Jesus. But I made a mistake, for I've learned since it was my guardian spirit. I have been very unhappy ever since I died, because I knew they thought I had seen Jesus, and that it would be a falsehood unless I tried to give them what is truth.

Q.—I have seen a great many of our friends who have been in the spirit-world a long time, and they say there are no churches, as there are on the earth. They tell me there are no Methodists, no Baptists, no Episcopalians, no Universalists—nothing of the kind in the spirit-world; but the soul worships God in purity, according to the dictates of each individual mind.

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the next thing I want them to know, is, that I'm alive, and if they'll come and talk with me, I will tell them how to get the pension that's due them. You see they don't know everything about this coming back business.

Q.—What is imagination? A.—It is but the faint shadowing forth of things altogether real and spiritual. Therefore you see it is not impossible for things to be seen with the imagination and with the spirit. One is a faint realization; the other, the perfect.

Q.—How can one know when he has attained it? A.—When you are satisfied with yourself, or when you feel a profound peace within your soul. Then you may know that you are right, or, in other words, when you are at peace with yourself. You cannot be at peace with yourself unless you are with the world and God.

Q.—If all that exists in imagination is real, how can you reconcile your theory with that of the falling house just alluded to? A.—Are you sure it is not a reality to the producing cause? Certainly you are not. Now every cause must have its effect; and if the cause is real, the effect is real.

Q.—Is the controlling intelligence acquainted with Swedenborg's idea of the grand man? A.—Somewhat. Q.—Is his opinion a true one? A.—Yes, when spiritually defined, it is true.

Q.—I have brothers, two older than myself, one sister, a mother who is in feeble health, and who mourns my death continually. I thought if there were any way by which I could reach her, I should be more than paid by all the inconveniences I might experience in coming here to-day.

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concerned, is a result of an aggregate of human passions, made up, or composed of individual evils, or wrongs. Each one of us are striving to assume positions that God, or the Divine, did not assign you, as individuals; and owing to the force of human surroundings, you are prompted to do that you would ignore in the Divine. Therefore, if one says, "Let me hold my slaves, for God gives me the right," another says, "You must not hold in bondage human souls, for it is contrary to God's law." Now which is right? Who shall decide? There may be an equal amount of right in the statements of both, but in harmony arises because of the difference of opinion. Now we believe that liberty, unlimited liberty, belongs to harmony. There can be no real freedom, or true liberty, so long as slavery of mind or body exists in your midst.

Q.—Do individuals throw off their human individuality when they enter the spirit world?
A.—No, not immediately, certainly not. Many live in the individuality that belongs to the human for a long time. Some throw off a great portion of their human individuality at death; others retain it, that they may identify themselves, or return as human individualists. Many in the spirit-world enter at once upon their divine individuality; and if you ask them what were your human tendencies when on the earth, they will probably tell you that they must enter that human life again; for they take upon themselves human individuality, for they now would come with only the divine.

Q.—When a communication is made through a human organism, is not that thought molded by the individuality of the medium, so as to be a reflection of the mind of the medium?
A.—No, certainly not. Although the thoughts flowing through the organisms of media must partake, to a certain extent, of the physical and mental condition of the subject employed, yet they are not molded to suit the caprices, or by the individuality of the medium, by no means. We should hold ourselves deeply at fault, did we not try to shut down the human individuality of the subject, to give that which is truth to us, to mortals. Did we not hope to do this, we certainly would not attempt to speak through a foreign organism.

Q.—In the medium, when in a trance state, consciousness of what she says?
A.—No; she is conscious in a spiritual existence. She hears, in a spiritual state, the questions that are propounded. But in the transition state, or the awakening to human consciousness, there is a washing out, really it is no remembrance. You, in your dreams, realize it as it is at the moment; but in your waking hours the picture vanishes. Try to realize yourself as in dream-land, and you will understand the exact condition of our subject when entranced. Sometimes your dreams are faintly, foreshadowed on the external plane of life; and when you awake you have a faint remembrance of them. But generally you dream, and they are effaced from your mind upon awakening from your sleep. So it is with our subject.

Q.—Why does one medium say that the doctrine of endless punishment is true, and another one that it is not true?
A.—We beg that you would not confound the intelligence of mediums with the intelligences communicating through them. Many spirits who have passed through the change of Death, still look forward to a hell of endless punishment, to a resurrection day, to all those conditions of inharmonious that make up hell. Now they must outlive that condition. That is one of the realizations of their physical, human individuality. It was theirs in earth-life, and was carried with them to the spirit-world; and they must live by and through it for a time. When stronger light is given them, they will no longer believe in endless punishment; or, in other words, when their day shall come, then their night will flee away. Do not expect to receive the same kind of experience from the various spirits who commune here. Remember you are not required to accept only what seems to be truth to you from each individual intelligence, and nothing more. Weigh in the balances of your own common sense and reason all that comes to you from the spirit-world, and if there is any truth in it, then by all means reject it. If there is any, receive it; for what there is of it will nourish your soul somewhat.

General Michael Corcoran.
Mr. Chairman—I am wholly unacquainted with your method of depicting ideas, or thoughts, from the invisible world to friends in the visible world. I must confess, sir, I feel very much like a little child in coming here today. I fear I shall make some mistakes, and fall very far short of the mark I aim at. [You have only to give certain facts of your life, that your friends may recognize you thereby.] I propose to identify myself personally; that is to say, when I can speak with my friends face to face through a medium like this. I have been requested by one of my friends—who, I believe, is rather favorably disposed toward Spiritualism—when I should find myself able, to return here and inform him what method should be used to obtain a communication from me, or how to open communion with me. I propose to meet my friends in New York, where conditions are more favorable to my speaking, or writing. I prefer speaking, I think, to writing. I think, if a suitable subject is given me, I can make myself known to them, and also give the requisite advice with regard to my particular domestic affairs. As I have been but a short time in the spirit-world, I have but very little to say concerning things there, only that it is not what I expected it would be, by no means. I find everything so entirely changed, that I know not what step to take in order to take the right path to return to earth again. So, like many civilians who follow the army, I followed the crowd coming here, and I now find myself among strangers, controlling a subject, knowing very little about it, and doing the best I can to answer the request of my friends. I am not acquainted with any of the names of your mediums in earth-life, but I feel that the magnetic influence of New York will be better adapted to my communicating with friends—that I can give what I wish to better there. Perhaps you understand me.

[How long after death was it before you awoke to consciousness in the spirit-world?] Before two hours had elapsed. At all events, I was told so. Oh, I knew nothing of this, nothing at all before my death. To be sure, I had read many newspaper paragraphs with regard to Spiritualism, but then I knew nothing about it. There were many reasons why I should not know. I was closely hemmed in by the Church on one side, by position, family and friends on the other side. Then I had no natural desire to seek for it, so of course I learned nothing of this mode of return. [Were you not assisted to come here by some other spirits?] Oh certainly. We all have aids. I followed the crowd of spirits coming here, and so had no difficulty in reaching this place.

Oh, it is a mystery, this Spiritual Philosophy; and yet I feel that I can do certain things, if my friends will provide me with a good subject in New York. At all events, I shall attempt to do it anywhere else but there; and I think I can come with profit to them and myself, for whatever is of benefit to my friends, must also be so to myself.

There is much anxiety felt among my friends and acquaintances with regard to the manner of my death. I will here say that my death was not a result of accident, as was supposed by many of my friends. Some go so far as to say that it was a result of strong drink. Certainly I shall deny that charge. If my friends have the curiosity to consult me, I can enlighten

on them as to the cause of my death. My name is all I seek to give here, sir.
MICHAEL CORCORAN,
Jan. 21.

Theodore Rogers.
What is the rule for one, I suppose, the rule for all who come here. [Yes] I heard you tell that gentleman that you required name, age, and certain facts, to be known to the friends here. Is that right? [Yes; and more, if you choose to give it.]

Well, to begin with, I am from Raleigh, North Carolina. My name was Theodore Rogers. I was an officer on board the Gunboat Teazer, that was captured by your forces on the 4th of July, 1862, in James River; was killed at the time. I see we stand on even ground here—Rebels and Unionists. [That's true life.] Yes, yes; it's a pity we had n't thought so before the war.

Well, my friend—oh, my age you wish for; thirty-one. Do your papers or pamphlets cross the lines? [We think they do; Stonewall Jackson said so. We can't say that they do, ourselves, but we presume they do, how ever.] It's a religious sheet, is n't it? [A spiritual paper.] I take it it's not given to general news, is it? [Oh, yes; it contains news of all kinds.] I should doubt its passing the lines then. [We think it will.] Well, I'll hope it will. I should be very glad to talk with my friends, as your Union general said, this way, not in New York, however, but little nearer home. Now if there are any of these kind of bodies South, I should be very glad to talk with my family; my father, for instance; he'd be very glad to hear from me if he thought he could. And I've got a sister; she'd be very glad to come and talk with me. It's possible that I may give some information that will enable them to live easier than they do now. It's rather a hard struggle for the people of the South. You seem to be riding in very pleasant boats, sailing on very smooth waters. Your places of amusement seem to be well filled; and all your trading houses seem to be in a flourishing condition. Oh, you're on good terms with Mother England, that accounts for your prosperity. Now we throwed our all into the scale, and you throwed your playmate. Very well; if the scale turns on your side, I shan't find fault.

How shall I identify myself?—by any marks on the physical person, or what? [That would be one good thing.] What shall they be, the times I was sick or hurt? [Yes.] Well, then, I had a scar on my left temple, which I got in some sort of a fracas—I do n't remember now, what it was. Let me see—nine years ago I was very sick, in the city of St. Louis; and while I was the sickest, my servant took it into his head to decamp, and I had a pretty hard time of it, until I could get word to my father, at home. That, I suppose, will identify me? [His name?] Joe. Of course he took our name, the family name.

Well, Mr. Chairman, am I to understand that you publish what you receive here?
Well, I really wish that my communication might be received by Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, of Raleigh, North Carolina. I think some of your Yankees must have been very kind to me, for I went across very easy, I shan't find any fault with them. Well, sir, what's your feet? I'm not able to pay you now, but there's no harm in asking, you know. [Simply that you do a good act to some one else.] I certainly will, even if it is to your Union General, that's just left here. [Aid him and he will aid you.] Yes, I suppose so. Well, you have my name, time of death, &c. I told you that I lost my life as an officer on board the gunboat Teazer, and that your forces captured it. I suppose they did; things were looking that way when I stepped out. Good-day.
Jan. 21.

Eliza Cooper.
My father is a prisoner, and my mother is sick in Jersey City. My father has been away, since—been away in all since June. [Last June?] Yes, sir. I have been away since September, the 18th of September. I took a cold and a sore throat and died. I was most ten years old. My father's name is Edmund Cooper; my name, Eliza, and my mother's name Eliza, too.

I've a brother in the army. He's in the Army of the Potomac, my brother is. He's a corporal. But I want, most of all, to send to my mother who is sick in Jersey City. I want to tell my mother that my father is in hopes he'll be sent home, and that he won't go to war any more, because he's disabled for service. So she may look for him at home. He is not so sick but what he can come as soon as he gets here.

I hope my mother will try some way to let me come and speak to her. I'll pay the folks—I'll pay the folks; I can. I know how to; and she must find out how to go, and let me come, and then by that time I shall be able to tell my mother certainly whether father is going to get exchanged, or not. They say he is now, but I can tell them whether he is coming, or not, if she'll go where I can come, and speak to her, as I do here.

My aunt Jane, that was crazy, is in the spirit-land. She is n't crazy now, though she used to be here, and she died crazy. She's in the spirit-land; and she will do much for my mother, if she will let her; if she can only know that she is with her, can only communicate with her.

[Do you remember where you resided in Jersey City?] Yes, sir; I lived, sir, on Walnut street. I did n't live—did n't live as rich folks do when I was here. I was n't Irish; I was n't colored; but my father and mother did n't have much money. I know my father'll come home; I'm sure he will. You tell my mother so. Good-by. My throat's so sore, else I'd stay longer.
Jan. 21.

George Sheldon.—(Colored.)
Humph! Massa, please tell Massa Sheldon George is dead! Please tell Massa Sheldon, George is dead! That's what I come for. T's dead, one gone dead. Massa, he—he's a believer, Massa. I was shot dead, at Hanover Court House, Massa, I was shot dere.
Jan. 21.

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