

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

We lived near together, Ravalett and me,
We played the same games 'neath the same orchard tree,
As loving and happy as mortals could be—
My dear little cousin;
So gentle and kind that you could but adore,
And I loved him the best, though I had many more—
Nearly a dozen.

His face was so fair, with a sweet little nose,
And his cheeks—they were red like our grand-mother's rose,
While his hair was so wild, like the wind when it blows,
And his bright, laughing eyes
Were black like a cloud when the thunder is in it;
They would sparkle and twinkle all around in a minute,
Like the stars in the skies.

We linked hand in hand, and we ran down the glade,
To dance in the grass that grow under the shade,
All spotted with gold that the buttercups made
With their bright little heads;
And we looked in the hearts of the tender young flowers,
And thought them as happy and busy as ours,
Making their seeds.

Oh, well I remember—for it does not seem long
Since the great mellow sunshine laughed out in the morn,
When they sent us a letter, and said he was gone—
He died with the brave.
Though I loved him the best—I had nearly a dozen—
I shall see nothing more of my dear little cousin,
Not even a grave.
Thatchwood Cottage, 1864.

THE WHITEMORE MESSAGES.

EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

[Those who read the interesting "Experiences of Henry Whitmore in Spirit-Life," through the mediumship of his sister, Mrs. L. Smith, published in the BANNER during the past four or five months, will perceive with equal pleasure the following message from little Nettie, one of the family, and the accompanying message from Nettie's guardian spirit:]

April 7th, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I am here, and Uncle Henry says that I am to write to you, this being my birthday. Fifteen years ago gave me birth, and I am now here for the first time, according to earth-communication, to address my dear mother. It will give you but little satisfaction, I fear, for I do not know how to speak my thoughts in this slow and imperfect manner, always having been accustomed to understand by the expression of thought, rather than of language such as you use; but Uncle Henry is assisting me, and says I shall not fail, but may give you a good many new ideas.

I have grown much in stature, am no longer the little babe you put away so soon as received, and am growing still, and should, if on earth, look very much like you, my mother; have the same peculiarities of feature and some of mind, also like my father in many things, and as I grow older resemble him more than I once did. My mother here, says I am like both my father and mother, and that when you come here you will both love me very much, and I am hoping that the time may come very soon. It would be so pleasant for us all to be together, instead of you so far away, enjoying so little, as far as I can see. Sometimes you look very, very happy, but almost everybody is so cold and dark-looking that your home is dreary and forbidding to the loveliness of our beautiful, warm, sunny home. It seems different to you, and this morning when you were out among the flowers, Uncle Henry bid me look and see how much comfort you were taking, and the one little cheerful flower* seemed to send warm rays of light to your heart, and the fresh, swelling buds made you happy; but, my dear mother, I could not help laughing that you could find so much comfort from one little cheerful ray of light, when all about me, our whole world, is so full of bright, beautiful sources of happiness.

Come with me, dear mother, and I will show you blossoms of never-dying fragrance—the fruits of perpetual joy. They are not hot-house plants of forced growth, but the spontaneous extraction from the earth-life of just such little feeble plants as you this morning loved. Yes, dear mother, we do have flowers of such exquisite growth that your enjoyment would be heightened an hundred fold could you for one moment behold them. All your household treasures still exist here. I have them all about me—shells, beautiful shells. They exist here, too, as everything in Nature did, but to present themselves in far more beautiful forms; pretty little birds with you have become the unfolding of far greater beauty here, and you are to have them here, dear mother, when you come, because you love them now. Uncle Henry says I cannot please you better than to tell you these things; and Aunt Ann, who is also here, says, do not forget to mention that all those things which are hideous and ugly about you now, will also assume more beautiful forms, and to you, when you come, they will not appear as enemies, but friends, all appropriate to their own proper sphere. Insects, reptiles, and everything troublesome and disagreeable, venomous even now, will have outgrown their dark sphere, and be really useful. As the caterpillar, Aunt Ann says, which eats the beautiful vine, becomes in its second stage a more harmless creature, full

of beauty, so every other creature, which like that is at present repulsive, shall become inoffensive, useful and necessary.

And with me, dear mother; I came here the poor, feeble babe—had never breathed of the earth-life but to put off the body. I came here prematurely born, my mother says, for it would have been right for me to have lived with you many years, and then to have left earth in the usual manner; but she took me (my mother, I mean,) and nourished and fondled me as her own little babe, and brought me with her to earth to learn my first lessons there, or I should have been in ignorance of you and my father, she showed me what life meant, and now I can partly understand, but not very perfectly, I expect. I want to understand it, because if I ought to have lived there it is right for me to know more about it. I do not understand quite how it is that I can come to earth and see what you are, and how you feel, and you not have the same capacity to see us and read our thoughts; mine, I mean. Sometimes I have tried, and you have seemed to know that I was there with you, and oh, how happy it made me; but until Uncle Henry came here, I never thought much of trying. You were always surrounded before by persons I did not much know, who were interested in other things, and I never asked them to let me write; and they, I suppose, never thought about it. But now, my dear mother, I mean to come sometimes and let you know that your daughter Annette has an affectionate love growing up within her for both father and mother.

The following is from Uncle Henry, Aunt Ann, and Nettie Smith, to my dear father and mother:

April 17th, 1864.

Let us come again, on this birthday of your own little one, the darling babe now almost a maiden grown; the child of your love, the object of your thoughts, she whom you would have loved with all the devotedness of the true mother's heart, and whom you are still to claim as your own when you too can come here to live the life of an immortal, growing spirit, when the earth-life has need of you no longer, when we can gather around and open your eyes to the light of that blessed day which has dawned upon each one of us gathered here about you. But we have come to assist, and not to do the speaking for ourselves, so listen now while the gentle breathings come in accents soft and mild, from the warm, sweet affections of a child born to spirit-life without a stain of earthly sin, pure and undefiled, the source of purity within. Reared and educated beyond the temptations of earth, we seldom find one there so free from guile—a natural, healthy, truth-loving, independent being, such as this world loves to look upon. But removed from earth's sphere are its contaminating influences have molded its delicate organization, we frame and train it as pleases us best, and you would scarce know your child, she savors so little of earth; and yet the same, the very same plant which germinated within the soil of your heart, received the seeds of life from your own being; but its early removal ere its little tendencies expanded, has taught it higher aims, loftier desires, and beautified its whole being into a creature of such loveliness that it no longer bears any resemblance to its earthly parentage, save in its natural relations to you as its parents. An anomaly, say you. But not so. We will explain. The tender seedling you have in your garden soil, as you would cultivate it, bears a striking resemblance to the plant which bore it, presents some new features, but no marked peculiarities from former germs produced in the same way, its natural cultivation. But let the experienced gardener take that plant, from the moment of its appearance in its embryotic state, give it his best care within the precincts of his own garden, soil different, culture peculiarly his own, adaptation of the needed elements bestowed in the most useful manner, according to his knowledge and experience, and would you not soon see a marked difference in its growth, development, &c.? All of its finely turned points would begin to present themselves as you had never seen in the nature of that plant before, and a vigorous growth, a dazzling brilliancy of its beautiful green leaves, and a heaviness or compactness of foliage you had not supposed possible, has been given, and the flowering of that plant naturally would be a concentration of all its forces sublimated into the double-expanded bloom, more beautiful than you had supposed possible.

Your plant has had this care in the land which received its little birth before you had given the earthward bent, and now all its aspirations tend heavenward, and you would not know it as your own, your beautiful child; would never have known it in any stage of its being as it really was, and is; but think not that you cannot love it and claim it as your own in due time, just as well as though more tenderly and less beautifully reared in its native home.

The beautiful work of the gardener is not less lovely than your own natural seedlings, but you love his productions, and seek to make his knowledge your possession. So you will behold and love your child not the less because superior in its attractions.

She is present, and claims the privilege to say something, and to this end we have brought her.

MY DEAR MOTHER—It seems very strange to hear them say so much about your not knowing me. It seems very strange to me, for I am sure I see and know my mother and father. They say I am different from what I would have been had I lived with you. I suppose so, but that is not strange, because the place you live in is so very dark, and not beautiful at all; but where we live it is all light and love, and I do want you so much here, for I know you would be so much happier. But it is best that you should stay there as long as you can, Uncle Henry says. But it is a strange

thing to me to know why. It is right I know, or I should not be told so; but it seems as though we could make you much happier here right away. Uncle Henry is very happy I know, for he looks so pleasant always. He says you do not want to come yet, because father's there, and that you are a comfort to one another, and cannot both come yet; and that he hopes you will both live together there many years, for these separations are hard things; I can understand why you should be lonely without one another, but not why any one should dread to come here at any time. I have seen a great many people die, and I do not see anything about that that is very hard; but perhaps I do not know. Sick people suffer much; they must, for they appear to, and I can see that you and father do, by your countenances; but when the bodies die, the persons themselves do not appear to realize anything but quietness and repose, and when I am permitted to be present and see for myself, I always think it is very beautiful. Such beautiful colors; the spirit seems so brilliant, brighter than it ever did before, and all seems so wonderful. Uncle Henry says these colors are electricity, and that you have not a very distinct idea of it, and cannot perfectly understand it. Neither do I, only I know every person I ever saw come here presented the appearance, growing more beautiful every moment after they leave the dark, cold, sickening body. Some people have a fondness for the body; how can they, when the spirit within is so much more lovely?

Mother, I have thought of something, and I will tell you: You put the little seed into the damp, cold earth, and cover it up out of sight. But it does not stay there long, but bursts forth from its hiding-place a pretty, little, tender shrub. Is it not more beautiful than the unsightly earth you planted it in, or than the seed itself, which is in reality its little body? That is not of itself beautiful at all; but the little leaves which come peeping forth from that seed, the little spirit, that is beautiful, and you love it. So the body seems to me like one vast seed, and earth its dark home, and you have to stay there until the body decays and releases you from all your cares there. How very beautiful when you do come, all looks so lovely to you, who have not been used to these things, and you are so very, very happy, that it is beautiful to us to see you!

Oh, my dear mother, you will certainly come sometime, and we shall all be so glad to see you, and if we can come and make you very happy when we want you here, we will try to do so, and father, too. He shall be very glad and happy to come home at last, if we can interest him with our presence before he takes leave of the body. If we can, we shall certainly come to you both, a great many of us, and take away all fear and fill you with love, peace and happiness.

Aunt Ann says almost every body is afraid to come here, because they don't understand it—can't know where they are going to, and what is to become of them—that it seems to them just as it does to us when we put the little seed into the ground, that we have buried it out of sight; and that they do not see the bright future lying before them as clearly as we do. I should suppose that as everything in Nature exists in some form, that the world would expect to live on, and hope to change for the better, as the little seed does. But, my dear mother, I am so glad that you understand some of these things, and that we can come to you and give you thoughts now, just as Aunt Ann gives us thoughts. It is but little that I can say, it seems such an imperfect way to express thought—this slow way of writing. We see things so different, but when you come to you, we have to adapt our ways to yours, and sometimes that is more difficult to some of us than for you to understand us. I could not come alone; you would not understand me, and yet I can see your thoughts, but not very plainly those of others. I do not know much about earth. It seems like a far away country which we do not often visit, and I cannot well come alone, so I do not often come. I came to see you this morning because you expected me, and I wanted to come very much. When I come again, which may not be for a great while, Aunt Ann says I must be able to tell you much more; how we live, perhaps, what we learn, and how we learn, &c.—little bodies like me.

Uncle Henry says I am small, not so large, perhaps, as I would have been had I have lived until this time upon earth. I did not know that that made any difference, but perhaps it does. My mother thinks a good deal of me, and would not like to transfer the care of me to any one, not to my own mother even, were you here; but we shall all love each other very much here, and that will not make any difference. She says I belong to her and you both. Aunt Ann says I am here, and Uncle Henry his; so you see I am well provided for. Grandmother Whitmore says she thinks I am quite too much of a favorite; but she doesn't mean it, because she loves me, too, very much.

We all love each other here, my dear mother, and never disagree and feel unkindly toward any one; and unpleasant feelings do not arise and give cause for dissatisfaction here, as they often do upon earth. All is unity and love, Aunt Ann says. She is very sweet and good, and we all love her very much. Caroline is here, and so many dear, dear friends. I cannot tell you of all, but you will be glad to see them, for Uncle Henry was when he came. He did not know me at first, but I did him. I saw him in the water when he was drowned, and grandmother cried, she was so glad he was coming. She felt bad for him, too, because he felt so anxious, while expecting, every moment, to be lost; but it was not as hard as he expected, only the dread. If he had only known what he knows now, it would not have been hard at all. So it is with every body when they know they are coming, they hold back just as long as they can, but if they could only give up at once, it would not be half as hard.

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Aunt Jane has lately come. She was very sick. I saw her, too, and she says "D—A—A— all over." That means you, mother; she thinks I am like you. She is a good woman, and I love her. She talks a great deal about Uncle C—, and cousin N—, and all the rest, but she is very happy, and loves her new home very much. She can hardly believe now that it was so hard for her to give up, and be willing to leave her loved ones and come to us. It does seem hard when I think of it, that you cannot all come together, because you are so very lonely, those of you who have to wait, but it won't be a great while; and if Aunt Jane has left so many behind, she has found many here who were so glad to see her. She will tell them all to love each other very much, and expect to meet her here, for they certainly will.

Emily is a great comfort to her now; and how long they were parted—just as you and I have been, mother—and he is so glad to see his mother, that I know I shall be quite as much so to see mine. Uncle Henry says I am writing a long letter, but I want to say a little more, mother. You do not know half I want to tell you; and I want you to know all. When we come to earth, sometimes we are there a great while before you know it, and some people do not know it at all, but when you begin to feel it, we all will try to keep your thoughts on us, and think about nothing else; and then we begin to think, and you think the same thoughts pretty much, and that is the way we talk. Sometimes you do not get all of our thoughts, but usually do some of them; that is the way we talk with you; but when we speak to each other, we think, and the one we speak to sees the thought, while you of earth hear, instead of seeing or thinking. This seems to me a very imperfect way of communicating ideas, and needs language, so when we come we have to use the same language or you could not understand us.

I came very early this morning, mother, but had to wait until Uncle Henry said you were in the right condition, which meant until you expected us; and he made you expect us by thinking hard, or willing you, as he says. It is all very curious, and would be no less so to you than to us, mother. We have to go all over this every time we come, but the oftener this happens, the easier both for you and us. So many persons come and look on when we are writing, that you would be astonished could you open your eyes and see them; and all feel interested; and would be glad if they could each one of them say something; but Uncle Henry tells them that you are not a public medium and he cannot permit it, for it would be wrong and injurious to you. Since he came here, he is almost always present when you write. And now, dear father and mother, Uncle Henry thinks we had better not say any more at this time, but bid you good-by, and come again sometime.

NETTIE.
April 12th, 1864.

We would come, my dear Mrs. S—, to add our voice to the many to aid in this new social reform, this regenerating of thoughts and public opinion; for amongst the mass of evidence which we bring, sooner or later, the mind of the people must change, and all your relations change in proportion. As the mind progresses, habits, thoughts, desires, improve; the mind becomes purified by association, and the world is benefited. This has ever been the case, and must continue to be so, else why are we, as a people, so remote from what man is reported to have been—a wild barbarian, with but few if any of the refinements of civilization about him? Gradual progress has wrought the change, and as we read of the past, so may we look forward to the future.

We come into life a feeble, dependent being, with no knowledge of any kind; a gradual unfolding of all our powers begins, until at termination of our earthly pilgrimage, we may be said to have received new powers enough to astonish a world; but in reality we have received no new powers at all; the germ of all these was given us in the beginning, and we have added nothing unto them. It was simply growth, the gradual unfolding of a germ, life-principle, bequeathed to us in the beginning. All have the same undying, heaven-born beginning, and its expansion only depends upon its culture, not creation, for it has received its creation, and must grow into life now by natural use. The internal machinery is in motion, regulated according to God's own best laws, and needs but your complicity with those laws to create healthy action, and all of its little wheels are in motion, and the process of development goes on systematically, and in accordance with God's will. The man becomes perfected, that is, matured, has performed his work upon earth, and then passes away naturally as he should do. No violated law accuses him of injustice done the system, and he passes on, the ripened fruit of mature experience. This would imply the spirit-birth proper, a full maturity of earth's natural powers consequent upon long life and natural change. The quality of accredited cases such as here depicted, are extremely rare, we seldom find them here; but we are speaking philosophically upon the subject and set forth the claims of design.

God in the beginning created man, and earth was his home—but not always. Here was to commence the formation of character; the entire limit to his wisdom not being given, but the prospect held out that he should be like unto his Father in heaven, whose child he was, with the mark of his Father stamped upon his brow. But obedience was the boundary line beyond which he was not to travel, and, as consequences, like everything else in nature, have no end, the result has been seen in his surroundings ever since.

The pursuit of knowledge was commendable; but not that rapid march which oversteps all landmarks and lands on this side of God's domains, without provision being made for the journey. This arriving at all wisdom prematurely, as set forth figuratively, in the eating of forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, sets

forth the life of man most beautifully, and could not have been more truthfully portrayed. It is a wild stretch of wisdom to classify all men's minds with the figure illustrated, but the great majority of the whole world belong to this class or condition of mind. It is the early impartation of a great truth among the minds of the earliest people of whom we have any knowledge, the first glimmerings of light and intelligence as to the true deserts of a life wrongly educated, and in their own dialect expressed. A great truth spoke forth through those ancient days, which has lost none of its genuineness; rightly understood, the story was beautifully told. The meagreness of ancient history has given rise to many absurdities in these days of more prolific imaginations.

The history of man thus far shows his great dereliction from duty, and the important avenues of knowledge closed to general instruction where by he might be benefited, and the important bearing all these things have upon his future well being. Shut out from that true knowledge which rightfully belongs to man, great errors have sprung up in every department of life, and instruction is needed for a long time—generations, perhaps—to put you once more upon the right track, that all the little wheels of life's machinery may play on once more freely and harmoniously.

The new era now dawning upon earth's children—the opening vision of man's spiritual nature, permitting the brother, sister, of spirit-life to come and unfold their thoughts to mankind, will do much for the world. We cannot all speak, write, or manifest ourselves to the home-circle, but we can all seek to improve and enlighten the spiritual perceptions of those we love; the offerings we bring, all have their work to do. The cooperation of earth, as fast as intelligence perceives our efforts, materially hastens on the good work, and we rejoice when we find one who loves to call us about them. The work of accomplishment begun has received a motor power of late, which all past ages have never seen the like of before; and the beginning can therefore with consistency, be dated in this nineteenth century, although the strivings of spirits have always effected something toward the well being of earth.

The Baron Swedenborg held communication through a long series of years; Christ and the apostles, in numberless instances, and your oldest references prove the same thing; but the communication between the spheres was not established until within the past few years. It is correct, therefore, to date back to the period of which you had your first normal evidence of it as a people. To have a method of communication between the two worlds established permanently is of the utmost importance, because to put up our telegraph wires from point to point, when necessity compelled the intercourse, was always a most difficult job; but now that the posts are set, the wires drawn, and all in readiness, we are all exceedingly desirous to come and improve the opportunity. The operator finds sometimes adverse influences to contend with, and the electrical processes do not work, and we have to wait in silence until favorable indications present themselves; but as the means for perfecting these arrangements lie between us now, you aiding us in our work, we hope, some day, to come with less disadvantage, and make our coming more profitable to you. This, of course, must be the work of time; and every time we make the trial, we sensibly improve in the operation. Do you not feel this to be the case? Do not discouraged, then, when adverse elements for the time frustrate our efforts, and render abortive our meaning. Difficulties there are which cannot be entirely removed, and patience must be the good angel which shall stand by your side and whisper caution.

Dear sister, you could not determine who stood by your side and prompted the indwelling thought that you might give it utterance. It was not needful; we are many who come, attracted by the desire to say something; and myself you have not known, may never know, until brought into relation with us by daily companionship. Then shall I introduce myself as the mother of your little daughter, whom I care for and love as my own dear child.

I will come again some day, with my darling charge, that you may see and know us both. Until then, adieu.
NETTIE'S GUARDIAN.

NETTIE.
April 12th, 1864.

We would come, my dear Mrs. S—, to add our voice to the many to aid in this new social reform, this regenerating of thoughts and public opinion; for amongst the mass of evidence which we bring, sooner or later, the mind of the people must change, and all your relations change in proportion. As the mind progresses, habits, thoughts, desires, improve; the mind becomes purified by association, and the world is benefited. This has ever been the case, and must continue to be so, else why are we, as a people, so remote from what man is reported to have been—a wild barbarian, with but few if any of the refinements of civilization about him? Gradual progress has wrought the change, and as we read of the past, so may we look forward to the future.

We come into life a feeble, dependent being, with no knowledge of any kind; a gradual unfolding of all our powers begins, until at termination of our earthly pilgrimage, we may be said to have received new powers enough to astonish a world; but in reality we have received no new powers at all; the germ of all these was given us in the beginning, and we have added nothing unto them. It was simply growth, the gradual unfolding of a germ, life-principle, bequeathed to us in the beginning. All have the same undying, heaven-born beginning, and its expansion only depends upon its culture, not creation, for it has received its creation, and must grow into life now by natural use. The internal machinery is in motion, regulated according to God's own best laws, and needs but your complicity with those laws to create healthy action, and all of its little wheels are in motion, and the process of development goes on systematically, and in accordance with God's will. The man becomes perfected, that is, matured, has performed his work upon earth, and then passes away naturally as he should do. No violated law accuses him of injustice done the system, and he passes on, the ripened fruit of mature experience. This would imply the spirit-birth proper, a full maturity of earth's natural powers consequent upon long life and natural change. The quality of accredited cases such as here depicted, are extremely rare, we seldom find them here; but we are speaking philosophically upon the subject and set forth the claims of design.

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The pursuit of knowledge was commendable; but not that rapid march which oversteps all landmarks and lands on this side of God's domains, without provision being made for the journey. This arriving at all wisdom prematurely, as set forth figuratively, in the eating of forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, sets

forth the life of man most beautifully, and could not have been more truthfully portrayed. It is a wild stretch of wisdom to classify all men's minds with the figure illustrated, but the great majority of the whole world belong to this class or condition of mind. It is the early impartation of a great truth among the minds of the earliest people of whom we have any knowledge, the first glimmerings of light and intelligence as to the true deserts of a life wrongly educated, and in their own dialect expressed. A great truth spoke forth through those ancient days, which has lost none of its genuineness; rightly understood, the story was beautifully told. The meagreness of ancient history has given rise to many absurdities in these days of more prolific imaginations.

The history of man thus far shows his great dereliction from duty, and the important avenues of knowledge closed to general instruction where by he might be benefited, and the important bearing all these things have upon his future well being. Shut out from that true knowledge which rightfully belongs to man, great errors have sprung up in every department of life, and instruction is needed for a long time—generations, perhaps—to put you once more upon the right track, that all the little wheels of life's machinery may play on once more freely and harmoniously.

The new era now dawning upon earth's children—the opening vision of man's spiritual nature, permitting the brother, sister, of spirit-life to come and unfold their thoughts to mankind, will do much for the world. We cannot all speak, write, or manifest ourselves to the home-circle, but we can all seek to improve and enlighten the spiritual perceptions of those we love; the offerings we bring, all have their work to do. The cooperation of earth, as fast as intelligence perceives our efforts, materially hastens on the good work, and we rejoice when we find one who loves to call us about them. The work of accomplishment begun has received a motor power of late, which all past ages have never seen the like of before; and the beginning can therefore with consistency, be dated in this nineteenth century, although the strivings of spirits have always effected something toward the well being of earth.

The Baron Swedenborg held communication through a long series of years; Christ and the apostles, in numberless instances, and your oldest references prove the same thing; but the communication between the spheres was not established until within the past few years. It is correct, therefore, to date back to the period of which you had your first normal evidence of it as a people. To have a method of communication between the two worlds established permanently is of the utmost importance, because to put up our telegraph wires from point to point, when necessity compelled the intercourse, was always a most difficult job; but now that the posts are set, the wires drawn, and all in readiness, we are all exceedingly desirous to come and improve the opportunity. The operator finds sometimes adverse influences to contend with, and the electrical processes do not work, and we have to wait in silence until favorable indications present themselves; but as the means for perfecting these arrangements lie between us now, you aiding us in our work, we hope, some day, to come with less disadvantage, and make our coming more profitable to you. This, of course, must be the work of time; and every time we make the trial, we sensibly improve in the operation. Do you not feel this to be the case? Do not discouraged, then, when adverse elements for the time frustrate our efforts, and render abortive our meaning. Difficulties there are which cannot be entirely removed, and patience must be the good angel which shall stand by your side and whisper caution.

Dear sister, you could not determine who stood by your side and prompted the indwelling thought that you might give it utterance. It was not needful; we are many who come, attracted by the desire to say something; and myself you have not known, may never know, until brought into relation with us by daily companionship. Then shall I introduce myself as the mother of your little daughter, whom I care for and love as my own dear child.

I will come again some day, with my darling charge, that you may see and know us both. Until then, adieu.
NETTIE'S GUARDIAN.

NETTIE.
April 12th, 1864.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DUEL-GROUND.

BY N. B. KETCH.

There is a spot I know where the light and shadow blends, And the wonderful transition of twilight into night, Throws beauty on the hill-tops when cloud-land soft ascends, And on the pine-trees waving in mellow, chastened light.

The Lecture Room.

RECONSTRUCTION--RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

A Lecture Delivered through and by L. Judd Pardee, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening, July 17th, 1864.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

This Dispensation dawning, this Universal and Unitary Truth-Dispensation, inspired by Love, and guided by Wisdom, like an individual, has its characteristics.

But it has its tendencies and methods, as well. These are a double triplet. For instance: First, this Dispensation is disintegrative; next educative; and, last, it is to be, organization.

Manifestly the effect of this spiritual movement has been and still is to individualize, rationally individualize whomsoever has come to accept its goodly gospel.

True, the third tendency has not so much been evidenced. And why? Because the antecedent work must be, and the present effort rightly more largely is, to disintegrate and educate, to individualize and spiritualize, rather than to organize or socialize.

But how is it amongst us? To-day, perhaps, two-thirds of Spiritualists reject the teaching that this grand Movement is to be largely, comprehensively and precisely constructive.

Organization, in short, both general and special, is a fixed law and fact in the Universe of Mind and Matter, and in the mind of man.

But, as yet, how few accept the teaching of a special, practical, comprehensive and all-embracing organizing power connected with and wrapped up in the New Dispensation? Well, it is simply a question of time--of a few years to come.

First: Of the Natural Argument. 'Everywhere in Nature is this presented. From stars to stones, and from mineral beds to burning suns, is manifested this Universal Law.

Second, Because of the Historic Argument. I affirm that the history of the world of men is not altogether antagonistic, in the testimony of its record, to divine methods.

Let us permit the past to teach us what it truly can. If it teaches us that Institutions, that Organizations may easily be abused, let it teach us, as it does, that they may be rightly, and beneficently, and necessarily used.

And, third, I am for organization because of the Argument of Use. I know of no stronger expression of God than Use affords. Beauty, its feminine counterpart, gives the more beautiful; but the first intent of all things is utility.

But there is another objection--the only serious one--and it deals with those special methods which we have adopted in the religious, political, or societary sphere.

But it is said man will again abuse the liberty, the power and the fact of organization. 'Eis not, says the objector, sufficiently developed to do justly and unselfishly where institutional life is concerned.

However, it is said Organization amongst us of any kind will be spontaneous. Is there not some looseness of thought and statement here? The tendency to organization will unquestionably be, as it always has been, spontaneous.

Suppose, for instance, a man had \$100,000 to invest in a manufacturing establishment not yet organized; should collect fifty or a hundred men together, and say to them, "Here, boys, go to work; turn out what I want; never mind about any specific methods (or men); there's a spontaneous law of organization; that will give you a center, a system, the methods, and order, and economy, and success, and me, money--things will come out all right of themselves."

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Organization, in short, both general and special, is a fixed law and fact in the Universe of Mind and Matter, and in the mind of man.

Why? Because we are not simply in a political but a Spiritual Revolution. This is putting its hands upon the Church, the State, the Society--and it will thoroughly disintegrate before it organizes. This is the disintegrative and educative hour. That double work must go on. It will

grow; it will increase; and it will prepare the people for the new order of things. Yet a little while, that is, in from five to ten years, when the North is scourged with civil war, with financial ruin, with State and general disintegration--and we shall come to clearly see not only the necessity of, but the bases for, reconstruction.

Now, Principles are not only the bases, but the springs and stimuli of intelligent action. Of themselves, without the cooperation of Methods and Men, practically considered, they are abstractions; unaided with men, they become living, practical powers.

Now, we are to reverse or radically alter all that. Our watchword is to be, 'principles and men and women.' The latter must be cultivated with the former. The Method itself for them are immediately implied, and will be born of principles on the one hand, and the conditions to which those are to be applied, on the other.

But what are the central principles we need? Such, I say, first, as are central in man. These are the Love, the Love and Wisdom, corresponding to the duality of the Divine, or Religion and Science.

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after eighteen centuries of development and come to the Christship of the triune God, Love, Wisdom, Truth, in such center, this plan of the spiritual bond. He mediates between the higher Divine and man on this Earth; 2d. Spirits and angels are meditative to man; 3d. Man is meditative to man.

These points will, I think, stand the test of the subtlest searching. But, whether accepted or not, that New Church, so constantly fore-mentioned by illumined minds of every advanced phase of religious thought, must arise. Let no one be alarmed. It can only come as men are prepared somewhat to receive it.

Now the State, in a certain sense, is a child of the Church--that is, the principles which make governmental men and women must be educated in those principles. They must come forth from the Church, sanctified, developed, educated, consecrated, pivotal, persons; they will gravitate by force of thought and power of divine life, to their appropriate spheres of use, even while divinely led.

Both in a certain sense, as are true, but, as we know, both have been in the history of men woefully misused and abused. Nevertheless, false and abuses ever point to indestructible truths and uses lying back of them.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO EMMA HARKNESS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Crowned with diadem of roses, Clad in vestments emerald green, Vailed with spiritual glory, Of the heart-realm sceptred Queen;

On the face of home the sunshine Lingers there perennially; And the footsteps of the angels, Time the soul-breathed harmony.

Glimpses of the starry measures, World-creative melody! Heart and hand-linked spherical concert Of the hosts of Liberty.

All that perfume, light and color, To expression's soul can give, Bide within thy gift of beauty-- In thy Inspirations live.

Weary of the dust and turmoil, Of the long heart-sollitude, Of the strife with worldly phantoms, Of the day-toil, care-imbued;

I am lone and sad no longer, Blessed angels girl me round; And I dwell 'mid Eden splendors, On Love's consecrated ground.

Thou mayst know far in the future, Blessed ministrant of peace! To what prisoned aspirations Thou hast given heart-release.

Crowned with diadem of roses, 'Een amid the winter's gloom, Meet I on thy sunny threshold Ev'ermore the soulful bloom

THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM IN A FORM OF FAITH FOR PRACTICE.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

1st. I believe that the spirits of persons live after leaving this form of flesh, and can manifest themselves to the people and give them advice and information.

2d. I believe that these disembodied spirits teach us that there is no other way to save an individual from misery but by the practice of the purest virtues.

3d. I believe that these spirits teach, that the only way to save a nation from destruction, is by the people joining together to establish the laws and rules of justice in the land.

4th. I believe that these spirits have been in past ages, and are now, ready to teach persons how to live virtuously, whenever they manifest a desire to learn for the purpose of making a practical use of such teachings to benefit themselves and others.

5th. I believe that these spirits are always ready to give a society, or a nation of people, such information as they require to enable them to establish a harmonious condition, or a just and permanent government, whenever the people manifest a desire to adopt the laws and institutions required to establish them.

6th. I believe that the first step which our most exalted and intelligent spirit-friends require us to take, is to establish a free speech platform, upon which all persons and spirits have an equal right to appear and speak, or give and receive counsel and information.

7th. I believe that all persons who think that spirit-communication is calculated to benefit mankind when received into pure hearts and intelligent minds, should unite together and "pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors" that they will sanction every virtue by their practices, and every just law and institution by their voices and votes, when fully convinced of what is truly virtuous and just in practical life, after a full and free discussion and consideration of the subjects to be acted and decided upon.

8th. I believe that those persons who refuse to pledge themselves to do right, when they are fully convinced of what is right, because some persons have been led astray and have done wrong after adopting unjust creeds and forms of faith: If we would have justice and virtue respected, we must unite in their support and practice.

9th. I believe that those persons who wish to establish a financial organization, before we have agreed upon the kind of teachings that are expected to be paid for by the funds collected.

10th. I believe that those persons who wish to establish a Sunday School organization, until the kind

MAN'S HEART PROPHECIESE OF PEACE. A sad confession from the heart of man It is, that War, dark, hateful War, must be; That ever thus, e'en since the world began, Has been on earth the dire necessity!

THE CULPRIT.

FROM A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Mr. Editor:—I have just received a letter from a far-distant friend, in which she says, "The power of love and kindness for the government of others is often brought to my mind with great force, so that my soul is stirred to its deepest depths with prayerful longings for its adoption."

This faithful woman has a heart that bleeds for all human suffering, with such compassion as Christ, Mary and Martha had. She often entertains angels not unawares. The poor and down-trodden, the "anxious" old beggar woman, the outcast and the felon breathe the sympathies of her holy affections.

In silence yet she moves the multitude by her spontaneous sympathies of pure love—love that flows from the heart and drops from the fingers into every deed she does. Her pathway upon earth shall be watered with tears of gratitude by those who have been the recipients of her kindnesses, and these shall call into existence humble flowers of peace and love, whose fragrance shall be wafted to comfort many a traveler through the coming sorrows of the immediate future.

She sees, and feels, and knows the power of kindness upon human actions. Her affections and sympathies go deep enough to reach the yet latent germ, and arouse the tender emotions of even those the world abandons as hardened wretches, lost to all the appeals of love and mercy.

This letter relates an instance where the writer's own kind treatment had the effect to soften and turn the heart of a hardened criminal into the soft atmosphere of attraction—to change his condition from hatred to love—from hell to heaven—from force to forgiveness.

Her invitations of unfeigned kindness, and her pure love for what has commanded the world's hatred, has saved a soul from long and sorrowful years, it may be, of agony and remorse—agony and remorse that come at the hand of a government by commandments, and shall be lost in a government by forgiveness.

The following is a verbatim extract from the letter, excepting only the names of persons and places. It tells its own moral, and will crowd new thoughts upon the reader's mind; it will touch the finer feelings of the soul, and moisten many eyes:

"This spring, a young man, aged twenty-one years, was condemned to be hung in our town, for murder. He was poor, ignorant, rough, and had neither money or influence. The man he murdered was like himself, intoxicated. He murdered, and afterwards robbed him. Everyone called young D—, the murderer, a "hardened wretch," and that seemed the end of their interest for him. D— stayed through the dreary winter days in the damp, dark jail.

I was impressed to visit this young D—, though I was told he would insult me; so my husband went with me, and I had a long interview with him. I found him respectful, and left him quite touched, seemingly, by my visit.

Weeks passed away, and the day prior to that fixed for his execution my husband received two letters—one from the sheriff—and in the evening a note from D— himself, begging my husband to bring me to see him. His note ended, "Do this for a poor, dying boy!" I was quite ill, confined to my bed, and my husband was afraid of the effect upon me; but of course, I made an effort, and went. He said he had "looked for me so long," that he wanted to talk with me, and make me understand all about the murder. He said, "I do not want you to think me better than I am; but it does me good to be able to tell you that in view of my death to-morrow, I can lay my hand on my heart and look you in the face and say, that though I killed L—, I did it in a quarrel, and not intentionally. I had been a 'hard case' all my life. My mother died when I was nine years old—I had to look out for myself after that, and 'went wild.' I enlisted in the Army at last, but got sick of it, and deserted. I married a good girl, and I 'loved her dear,' and promised her not to drink. I came to this town on business, with this promise in my mind. I met a soldier who knew I was a deserter; he urged me to drink, but I would not, for 'I loved my wife dear. At last he got mad, and I was afraid he'd 'peach on me, so I drank to pacify him; and I got wild and forgot my promises, and I fell in with the man I murdered. He was drinking, too, and I killed him when we had some words, but not intentionally. I was badly frightened when he fell, and ran away; then I came back to see if he was really dead, and found him past help; and then my army habits came to my mind, and I thought, seeing he was dead, I would take his money. That is all, believe me, before God."

He had before doggedly refused confession, and was called a "hardened villain." He charged me with kind, tender words for his wife, and I talked to him of spirit-intercourse, and the world he was to enter, the tender sympathy he would meet, and all the justice earth had denied him. Then he said, "He knew he was passing through his worst hell now; that he owed no man a grudge." He shook hands with my husband—who had helped to prosecute him—and added, "Every one makes up their mind that I am a bad man, and they come to see me as if I was a show, just as they will come to-morrow," and added, "to such I am not over civil." He thanked me again in a quiet, earnest manner. He was very calm, though I wept, and the others wept. He never showed any emotion. He promised to return to me, and said, "If there is truth in Spiritualism, and I believe there is, you may depend I will come to you." My husband bade him good-by, and then I held his hand for a long time. It seemed so hard that one so full of life and youth should die so sadly, so alone, and that no pure woman's kiss should seal a farewell on his boyish lips, thus, prompted by an uncontrollable impulse, I said, "Good-by for this life; I will kiss you for your wife," and I kissed him. He uttered a cry like the wail of a broken heart, and exclaimed, "God bless you," and burst into such terrible sobs as I hope never to hear again.

Thus I left him. For a week after his execution I—I can call it nothing else than murder—I looked for his coming in vain. On the eleventh day, or evening, he came—the good spirits I had implored to surround him were with him, also his mother. He repeated over and over that he was "a happy boy"—"such a happy boy!" He said he did not want any spirit to tell me, and had waited till he could say it himself. Often I see him now. When I was ill he was with me a great deal. I thank God that a weary and a contrite heart has found mercy, justice and peace, and that a grateful, watchful spirit often blesses me."

An eminent New York physician says that from May to December, he habitually restricts his family and patients to two ounces of animal food per day, urging them to use vegetables freely during the summer. Having for twenty years kept a record of the matter, he estimates the mortality in the meat-eating families as about four times as great as in those households which have followed the advice.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

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For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and union. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

At the Front.

Everybody and everything, in these times, is wanted at the front. Not merely to wage a war with rebels in arms against a good and generous Government, but against every form and combination of evil, of wicked conduct, and of ignorance. The world is not a whit too good, as it is; but it lies in the power of every man to make it a great deal better by enlisting in the cause of goodness and of truth. We are able to see the power of evil, to-day, manifesting itself in every variety of shape; and from becoming familiar with the extent of its ability to harm mankind, we are enabled to make all needful preparations to thwart its purposes.

Now is the time to bring out all the power there is in Goodness. It possesses more by far than we are ordinarily aware of, until it is once tried. But if we are willing to put ourselves, with the whole power of our nature, into the work of overcoming evil with good, holding fast by the deep faith which is rooted in our very instincts and intuitions, it will surprise us in the end to find how effectively we have wrought with our seeming impotence, and what exceeding power may be, and generally is, manifested through the simplest instrumentalities. So vast a power is folded away in Faith, and so boundless are the resources which are secreted in our trusting souls.

But we shall do well to reflect, and to remember, that nothing can be gained by keeping ourselves and our powers in the background, out of sight and too often out of reach. There must needs be a general recruiting of them all, and a speedy enlistment of them into service. When we summon them to the front, and set before them a worthy object to secure, or a noble aim to accomplish, then we realize what it is possible to do by the help of concentration, and we become assured that by the system of concentration we husband our energies to some definite purpose. There is no doing any thing in this world, to tell the truth, without systematizing our efforts and scientifically combining our powers; and when we once get into the way of following this rule, we are surprised to find what we can effect, as well as what we can save.

All of us live for some purpose. We may remain a long time ignorant of it, or we may refuse to do anything toward accomplishing it after our ignorance is dispelled; but the purpose remains, for all that, and our natures are molded to it, and our powers shaped for its accomplishment. We can make no progress without active exertion; merely wishing a thing done, or an object reached, secures nothing at all. Hence the necessity of drumming up our recruits for ourselves; until we do, we may be very sure that the purpose of our existence will remain unfulfilled. We were not created by a chance; we live for a higher end than merely to dream and doze; there must be an element of positiveness in our existence, or it is a blank, and a drear one at that.

We should think that the activity of the nation in its defensive measures against rebellion and chaos would generate a similar activity in every nature to take effective measures against the evils and sins that beset us all, and fill the world with the confusion and misery of wickedness. We should think that the struggle through which the nation is passing to-day would suggest in the most careless heart some of the acutest thoughts about the necessity of action, and combination, and concentration, against the foes that beleaguer it at all times, and are in rebellion against its higher authority continually.

To the front, then, every one of us! We are needed there to-day. A world in darkness calls for our services. There are the legions under the lead of Ignorance to be met, grappled with, and overcome. Goodness is summoned to bring forth all its powers on the side of Right and Truth, and to stand fast in the battle until the powers of Evil are overthrown. No stragglers or skulkers should be allowed in the ranks. There must be no paying of commutation—not even a procurement of substitutes. It is a great struggle, and a hard one; but so is the victory great, and the results will be grand beyond calculation.

An Incredibility becoming Credible.

We must give our Advent brethren credit for honesty, at least; that is, when a truth is so palpably plain that it cannot be denied without subjecting oneself to a suspicion of lunacy, they are willing to say that they see it. In order that our friends may read the following paragraph understandingly, we will say that the Crisis, from which we take it, has fallen into the habit of denominating all those who have gone to the other world, "demons," and a belief in spiritual life, "demonology." We prefer to call the former angels or spirits, and the latter, Spiritualism, but every one to his choice:

"This is emphatically an age of demonology. The demons, we think, never had so much influence on our fellow beings as at the present time. Men and women whom we may think are firmly established in the Christian doctrine, are just on the point of yielding to the teachings of the 'evil angels.' It would have been thought a thing incredible, a few years since, had men been told that such sentiments would prevail as are now believed by millions."

Yes, millions! and as many more are rapidly advancing to the dreadful doctrine that they can hold sweet communion with wives, husbands, parents, brothers, sisters, and friends who have left the mortal and entered upon an immortal life. When we consider how heavy were the chains with which sectarianism bound the people, how dense and dark the cloud of bigotry and superstition in which the church enshrouded them, we are as greatly astonished as our friend Crisis that so many are now rejoicing in so much light. That which "would have been thought a thing incredible, a few years since" we now hail as a glorious reality.

Read the lecture on Reconstruction on our second page. Whether the thoughts uttered by Mr. Pardee, or by his spirit-teachers through him, are acceptable or not, they certainly are novel and weighty, and deserve candid and careful consideration.

Advance in Price of Newspapers.

At a meeting of the representatives of the weekly press, held in Mercantile Hall, July 18th, Mr. O. M. Brewer, the Chairman, made some remarks, giving estimates of the comparative expenses of 1860 and 1864, showing that while all expenses, and especially those incurred in the publication of weekly newspapers, had advanced from twenty, to two hundred and fifty or three hundred per cent, the prices of these papers generally remaining at the old and now ruinous price rates. On an informal motion of Mr. Usher, that "it is expedient to raise the prices of weekly papers," the Rev. R. A. Ballou made a forcible speech in its favor, and was followed in the same vein by Messrs. J. R. Elliot, Secretary, and Guild of the Bulletin, and others, representing the religious, literary, agricultural, commercial and political presses. The following resolutions were then presented to the meeting, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the subscribers agree to advance the rates of subscription to our respective journals, from twenty to fifty per cent, by August 15th, 1864.

Resolved, That the subscribers will advance their rates of advertising from twenty to fifty per cent.

In compliance with the above resolves, and feeling it to be our imperative duty to save ourselves from bankruptcy, and per consequence the suspension of the BANNER, we shall on and after August 15th, current, charge \$3.00 per year for the paper, instead of \$2.50. As our current expenses are much heavier than most weeklies, in consequence of our free circles, we should, perhaps, charge \$3.50, instead of \$3.00; but relying, as we ever have, on our earth-friends and spirit-friends for aid, spiritually and materially, we shall for the present add only fifty cents to previous rates.

The price of the BANNER, at retail, on and after the date given above, will be eight cents.

Our advanced scale of prices for advertising will be published in our next issue.

Our readers already know that the New York HERALD OF PROGRESS has been suspended for lack of support. Can it be possible that the Spiritualists of America will permit their organs to die out in this summary manner for lack of material aid to support them? We grieve to think our able compeer in the glorious cause we all have at heart, should thus be compelled to announce a suspension of his journal. Mr. Davis says in his valedictory:

"Over and over again we have called attention and solicited cooperation to the increasing of our subscription list. Type-setting costs no more for 20,000 copies than for 5,000, and the larger the edition, the greater the advantage in press-work, printing, and other contingent expenses. The cost of the paper on which the Herald is published is more than double the price we paid for it a few months since; and yet, with an increased income from an enlarged subscription list, we thought we might continue to publish and supply our subscribers at the present price per year. But with a limited circulation, taken in connection with the rapidly-advancing cost of paper, and correspondingly increased price for every branch of labor connected with our establishment, we find our expenses per week greatly in excess of our income. In fact, we are now, as we long have been, mailing to our subscribers a paper, which, to be well-sustained, should command \$5.00 per copy, instead of \$2.50—which is the amount credited to yearly subscribers on our books. From the first issue, the Herald has been published at a considerable loss per year; and, under the war circumstances of the country, the sum of this loss is being rapidly increased. Of course, our friends do not want us to be embarrassed and crippled by persistency in an unprofitable enterprise.

Justice to ourselves and justice to our subscribers calls for the prompt suspension of our beloved journal. We hope and believe that our friends everywhere, under the existing circumstances, will feel kindly moved to share with us, not only in the deep regret and disappointment, but also in lifting from our already wearied shoulders the weight of indebtedness we have incurred in prosecuting a good and noble cause."

Every word of the above is a true statement, we have not the remotest doubt. We were at one time similarly situated, and are rapidly drifting into the same condition again. Shall we be sustained? Is the question. We have faith to believe we shall.

Again: with this state of facts before us, it is a duty which we owe to ourselves and to the best interests of the journal which we conduct, to announce at this time that it has become a necessity with us to make the contemplated advance, amounting not quite to one cent per week, on the subscription price.

By thus keeping pace with the cost of publishing a journal like the BANNER, we shall be enabled to retain many valuable features of the paper which time has so thoroughly tried, besides adding others which the progress of popular taste and experience may demand. Our object in this plan is not to make money, but to avoid running in debt, as has been the case in times past.

Banner of Light for our Soldiers—The Literature of Spiritualism for Camps and Hospitals—A Good Suggestion.

Those who do not possess their BANNERS, or have copies which they can spare for a mission of good, cannot do better than to improve the suggestion of a correspondent, and send them to our brave soldiers in hospital and camp. No one can over-estimate the amount of real, practical good to weary souls they would thus accomplish. We have heard of many instances where a stray copy of our paper has been passed from tent to tent, eagerly read by those who knew not but that within an hour they would join the great army that is marching on to the spirit-land. Soldiers, above all others, think quick and act quick; their discipline forces this habit upon them. They seek the practical; something they can grasp at once, that is tangible, and which is as real as a rifle. Hence they will give more for one such evidence as Spiritualism affords of a future life, than for all the fine-spun theories, and misty and vague "plans of salvation" wove at theological factories since Adam was first introduced to Eve.

Writes a soldier, "You do not know how much good the Message Department in the BANNER OF LIGHT you sent me has done the boys. They almost literally devour the paper. Bill found a message in it from his friend John, and it did seem as though the poor fellow would go crazy with delight."

A friend wrote us the other day, inquiring whether a fund could not be established, or something done, by which reading matter embodying and illustrating the principles of our beautiful Philosophy could be distributed among the soldiers. The idea is certainly a good one, and worthy of consideration—and more than this, worthy of being immediately acted upon.

Decrease of the Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

It is with feelings of sadness and regret—as much on the part of our spirit-friends as ourselves—that we have to record the departure to the better land, of the spirit of Mrs. O. J. York, the lady through whose mediumship the spirits have been enabled to answer sealed letters which have been sent to this office, for the past year and a half. After a severe illness of over two months her wearied spirit left its earthly tenement for a residence in the angel-world, where she will be welcomed and blessed by the many spirits, who, through her instrumentality, have been enabled to communicate with their friends in earth-life.

At present we have no medium who can attend to the answering of sealed letters, and therefore request that no more be sent to us for that purpose. When a suitable one is obtained, the public will be informed through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Our esteemed friend was a physical writing medium of more than ordinary reliability. Usually it is quite unsafe, as it is unsatisfactory, to place too much reliance upon the results of mere inspirational writing mediumship. But there was a separateness of individuality as to the spirit influencing the medium and the medium herself, very marked in her case. Not only the tone of thought and style of expression of the spirit communicating, but sometimes the peculiar hand-writing itself were convincingly made manifest. Without a thought of what she was to write, in a semi-trance state, unsolicited of the result, she would be mechanically controlled to rapidly write out full and satisfactory answers to sealed letters submitted to the spirits through her. Of course in some cases she failed—and it would be indeed strange did she not. But she did not fail to communicate facts half as often as the magnetic telegraph does. Many people know that messages can be transmitted to remote points by aid of the wires, yet they will not believe that the spirit-telegraph is as much a fixed fact as is the magnetic telegraph. But we know it is. It is to be regretted that this peculiar style of mediumship is not more abundant. What skeptics need, and indeed what all of us who delight to communicate with spirit friends want and must have to fully satisfy, is pure, unadorned and unfinanced communications.

We doubt not the spirit-world will develop ere long, some other medium, so that this particular phase of communication between the two worlds can be kept open.

We shall at once return all the sealed letters, and the money which came with them, which were not answered, to their respective owners.

A Prophet at Harvard College.

Edward Everett made an address before the Alumni of Harvard College on Commencement Day, July 20, upon the death of the venerable Josiah Quincy, the oldest Ex-President of that institution; closing with the following prophecy of coming ideas and recognition of spirit presence:

"These walls, the most substantial of them, will crumble; the arts and sciences we now fondly teach, save in the eternal truths which lie at their foundation, will yield to new discoveries, and larger inductions and keener analysis and grander generalizations; the languages we speak, like those of Greece and Rome, will die away from the lips of men, but those whom we justly revered and honored and loved on earth—the brave, the wise, the good, whose living spirit and gracious away gave all their vitality to these dead elements and conventional forms, shall not only enjoy an earthly immortality in the gratitude of after ages, but are even now, as we humbly trust, looking down benignly on the scene of their labors."

This is all very well, so far as it goes, but we fear it is merely a flourish of fine rhetoric, or poetic imagery, which any attempt to render into the good old Saxon prose of reality would at once destroy. It may seem very pleasing for Mr. Everett to talk thus. The D. D.s, M. D.s, M. A.s and B.A.s may listen very complacently to their learned orator when he tells them that the arts and sciences they now fondly teach will yield to new discoveries, larger inductions, keener analyses and grander generalizations—but when these come, what then? Do they remember when a student undertook to introduce the first glimmerings of a new light, a light which has since spread over all the world, and will, ere long, flood it with a glory it has never known—do they remember that a great hue and cry was raised, and that the young and truthful student was banished from their midst—for what? Because he undertook to make a matter of fact of what Mr. Everett makes a matter of talk.

We wish that such facts did not stare us so directly in the face every time we look toward Cambridge, but they do, and we are obliged to say so. And when we turned our face in that direction on the recent Commencement Day, and heard such prophecies, so truthful and so grand, that Mr. Everett uttered, we could not shut our eyes to the giant form of learned bigotry as it stalked before us and took its seat on the right hand of the eloquent speaker. Nothing but a firm faith in the divinity of Truth, in its strength and majesty, in a conviction of its final triumph over every form of error, reconciled us to the strange scene.

A Defense of Woman.

The books which are written, the pamphlets which are scattered broadcast, and the essays which are sown like small seed every where among readers and thinkers, with a view to prove that woman possesses qualities which at least entitle her to an equal chance with man, in the triumphs as well as the trials of life, are doing a great deal of good in two ways: first, by showing that the old style of charges which have been brought against their capacity and efficiency really amount to nothing in fact, and second, by bringing out to the surface an array of illustrations in proof of her ability to cope with man, which else might have slumbered altogether. Miss Prescott, in the leading article in the August Atlantic, quotes a passage out of one of Charles Read's novels, in which he endorses and joins in with the general cry about woman's efficiency and power; in that quoted passage occurs the well-known phrase—"The entire sex has never produced an opera, nor one epic that mankind could tolerate a minute; and why?"—to which Miss Prescott, herself an admirer of Read, makes sharp and ready answer. She tells him of Frances Power Cobbe's work on Intuitive Morals; of Mary Somerville, of Maria Mitchell, and the Sister of the Herschels. And she tells Mr. Read, too, that in his own line he is himself eclipsed by Mrs. Lewis, Charlotte Brontë, and Madame Dudevant. "As for men," she adds, "they are themselves just emerging from barbarism; a race rises only with its women, as all history shows." That part of Miss Prescott's brilliant paper in the Atlantic is especially worth perusal.

The Davenport Boys going to Europe.

The London Spiritual Times says it has information from America that the Davenport Boys intend to leave early in September for England.

Presbyterianism Declines to Discuss.

A Presbyterian Missionary, Rev. F. R. Braco, preached a sermon at Hammon, N. J., a short time since, purporting to be an explanation of Spiritualism. We are informed that it abounded, as such efforts usually do, in mere assertions and misrepresentations. Previous to the discourse the preacher was asked whether, after preaching, he would allow questions to be asked, or comments made. The response was, "No." In a letter from the minister, subsequently written and inserted as an "advertisement" in the South Jersey Republican, he says that "any one who would make such a request must be grossly ignorant of the customs of religious meetings, or, knowing these customs, must have a great deal of presumption."

That is very true. The "customs" of religious meetings require one to take what is given, and ask no questions. What right has any one to ask questions? Is not the minister the authorized interpreter of the Word of God? and when he says such-and-such a passage means so-and-so, that is the finale of the whole matter—ask no questions. No matter how absurd, how paradoxical, how inconsistent his interpretation may be, you must, in the fervent language of an old divine of the last century, believe or be damned. From such "customs," good Lord, deliver us.

Through this very small crifice the great Presbyterian annihilator of God's truth made his exit, but to be met on the outside by a committee who challenged him to a public discussion, on a free platform, where "the customs of religious meetings" presented no barrier to the investigation of the subject under consideration.

This challenge he promptly refused to accept, giving as his reasons for doing so:

1st. That controversies, at least religious ones, do no good.

Perhaps not to your position, unless it is supported by arguments that cannot be controverted.

2d. There are so many erroneous doctrines believed, that if he accepted this he would be expected to discuss all false doctrines, and his time is too valuable to be thus squandered.

Astonishing conclusion for a minister of the Gospel to arrive at—an effort to save souls from everlasting punishment a squandering of his valuable time! We thought it was the peculiar duty of a man in his position to combat error. But Mr. Braco thinks differently. His time is too valuable to be squandered in that way. With these, and a few other equally valueless reasons as a body-guard, the man who announced himself able to convince any one of the falsity of Spiritualism, declined accepting an opportunity of doing so. The fact of it is, Mr. Braco, like a great many others who have preceded him, found himself like Saul of Tarsus, with a very difficult task in hand, but we are sorry to say, unlike the ancient opponent of Spiritualism, failed to see, or, if he did see, to admit the truth.

The War with Denmark.

England having backed down in the war between the German Powers and Denmark, nothing was left the latter power but to give up all or else make peace. The Danish King has accordingly come forward with his proposals to Prussia, in which it is reported that he offers to come in as a member of the confederate family of the German Powers, provided his kingdom can be preserved whole, and to make over his navy and all its perquisites, such as forts and harbors, to the use and enjoyment of the newly constructed Confederacy. He prefers to do this, with a guarantee that his kingdom will be secure in its integrity, to losing all he has, as he inevitably would have to do in case he obstinately held out against an overwhelming force any longer.

This proposal is likely, if accepted, as there is little question that it will be, to bring about an entirely new state of things, so far as continental and central Europe is concerned. It makes of Germany a first-class maritime power at once, with a navy capable of being augmented indefinitely. Of course Napoleon has no liking for this kind of an arrangement, since it introduces him to a new rival on the ocean, besides having the effect to check his ambition for extending his realm in the direction of the Rhine. While Denmark was being chewed and clawed up by war with the German Powers, Napoleon was perfectly willing to look on and say nothing; but the moment it enters, from absolute necessity, into an arrangement with Germany, whereby peace is secured and their common political power is enlarged, Napoleon is up in arms about it. He will have a chance now to think of something beside our war here.

The Herald of Progress Discontinued.

We were taken somewhat by surprise last week upon opening our copy of the Herald of Progress, to find an announcement of a suspension of its publication. We were aware of the many obstacles which all papers have now to contend with, consisting principally of large expenditures and small incomes; but we did not question the continuance of so able a paper as that which Bro. Davis and his coadjutors sent out each week to the public.

Our readers will unite with us in regretting that we are obliged to part with so faithful a companion-in-arms in the great warfare of progressive reform; yet it is some satisfaction to know, that, though from this special field of labor Mr. Davis has retired, he will not fail to find another in which his services will be equally valuable. He designs to devote himself to the establishment of "Children's Progressive Lyceums," "Moral Police Fraternities," the writing and publishing of books, and the delivery of lectures. In whatever sphere of action Mr. Davis and his estimable lady may be engaged, they will bear with them the warmest sympathies and best wishes of all true friends of a spiritual faith and a progressive life.

The National Convention.

The Convention is to be held in two of the largest halls in Chicago—Bryan Hall and Metropolitan Hall.

Some of the papers mention that an injunction has been asked for, to be put upon the Grand Trunk Railroad between Portland and Montreal, on account of the accidents which have recently occurred on that road, it being out of repair. If that is so, our friends who intended to take that route had better go by the Vermont Central, of which L. H. Miller, Esq., No. 5 State street, is agent; the rates of fare will be found in the official call on our eighth page. Arrangements have also been made with Mr. Mills to go all the way by land over his route, for \$35.

Arrangements have been made to go from Cleveland, O., to Chicago, for half price—\$10.

By a letter in another column from our friend Col. D. M. Fox, it will be seen that arrangements have been made with the agent of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad to go from Detroit to Chicago across Lake Michigan for half price.

From Cincinnati arrangements have been made for \$10 for the trip to Chicago and back.

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 Mrs. J. H. Conant,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

Vacation for our Free Circles.

Our friends and the public will bear in mind that our free circles are closed until the 1st of September, when they will again be reopened.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Monday, June 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Col. A. J. ... Tuesday, June 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; ... Wednesday, June 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; ... Thursday, June 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; ... Friday, June 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; ... Saturday, June 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; ... Sunday, June 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; ...

Invocation.

"And there shall be no night there." Almighty Spirit, in whom we live, and around whom we as individuals ever revolve, we thank thee that life is progressive. Although the soul may dwell to-day in the valley where night reigns, in the future it shall dwell upon the mountain where there is no night; where the sunlight of the wisdom ever shines; where all mystery is mystery no longer; where the foot-prints of time are made plain through light eternal. Oh Spirit, whom the soul must ever worship, we adore thee for all thy manifestations, for darkness as well as light; for night and for day; for sorrow as for joy; for every manifestation we know of thee, and without thee there is gloom; without thy Divine presence there can be no manifestation of life. So, our Father, we know that all forms of life have their origin in thee; therefore we thank thee for all. Oh, thou Spirit whose love is larger than the Universe, whose strength is sufficient for our weakness, we bear unto thy shrine all the petitions which come from the hearts of thy mortal children. Some there be who are filled with deep sadness; Oh Spirit of Joy and Peace, illumine their souls and dispel the shadows. Some there be who come with quiet and peace; oh, may such ever find favor with thee, our Father. Some there be who come with doubts and fears—they are gigantic in their proportions; oh God of the Ages, give them wisdom, we beseech thee, that shall drive away their doubts, and trample under foot their fears, and give to the winds all their sighs. Oh, do thou gather up all the aspirations that come from thy children, that in after years they may become bright gems studding the immortal crowns that shall deck their brows in the eternal world. June 14.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to consider any questions the friends may see fit to propose. You need not hesitate to propound your questions, we are ready to answer them. If the friends have no questions to propound, we propose to answer one we have received from a clergyman in Washington, District of Columbia. He tells us he is thoroughly opposed to this modern Spiritualism; but asks, "If it is possible for spirits to communicate to mortals, what shall I do to come into the possession of belief regarding the phenomena of Spiritualism?" Now his question implies a doubt in himself, as well as a doubt in modern Spiritualism. He is not sure that he is standing upon a foundation that is secure; and he feels within his own soul, that it may pass from under foot at any time, and he is plunged, he knows not where. Now why does he tell us at the outset that he is violently opposed to modern Spiritualism? We answer, it is because of his surroundings, of the circumstances attending him as an individual. He desires to be on the strongest side; and yet, in our opinion, he stands on the weakest. But in his own estimation, he stands where the most strength lies. He desires to please the ears of the most popular portion of the community, but at the same time his soul is crying out for something better than his lips teach. And so in his hunger he asks, "If it is true that spirits can return and communicate, what shall I do in order to believe in modern Spiritualism?" In the first place, come down from your self-opinionated condition. Be willing to leave that which can never minister to the wants of the soul. No longer sell your soul for Mammon. That is the first step to take. The second is like unto it. Be willing to ask of God in all humility of soul, to point out to you the right way, and by no means prescribe a way for him, as he always has ways and means of his own. In the third place, learn to call nothing common and unclean. This is a lesson which was taught you by one of olden times, whose wisdom you all acknowledge. Again we declare, learn to call nothing common or unclean. Be willing to receive every manifestation of life for good and use, and, above all, turn no deaf ear to any call that comes, though it be made in ignorance and darkness. Live in strict accordance with the laws of God, and ignore, if need be, the laws of society. When you have disposed of all these worldly

trappings; when you have given up these things, and laid them all at the foot of the cross of eternal Truth, then you will be ready to see, to hear—ready to understand the truths that are already to be revealed to your spiritual senses. You have many friends in spirit-life who are desirous of communicating to you, but one more anxious than all others, is a lad who passed on but three years since, whose affectional nature is drawn largely toward you and his maternal parent. He would speak in thunder tones could he do so. He would break down all the barriers of opposition if he was able; would transcend all human law to come within the sacred shrine of your soul, to give you light and wisdom. Oh, learn to worship God in spirit and truth; learn to ignore the follies of human life; learn to worship truth for its own sake, and not for the sake of popular opinion. June 14.

Gen. Felix Zollicoffer.

My friends, this is the third time I have transpired your patience. I assure you, I would not even now trouble you, did I not hope by some deeds of like kindness to some members of our Father's family, if not to yourselves, to repay you.

I learned through human sources, that my last letter has been received by my family, but, very naturally, they are inclined to doubt. In order to satisfy themselves, they ask that I visit this place again, referring to their request, and giving whatever little facts I may be able to, pertaining to earth-life, by which I may be identified. Very, very many incidents of my earth-life come floating upon my memory, by which I may possibly be identified; but I know not one which presents itself with unusual vividness to my mind, unless it is the thoughts contained in the last letter I wrote to my daughter. I think no eyes save her's, and perhaps some member of the family, are acquainted with its contents. I will repeat a portion of it, for it may serve as a proof of my presence here: "MY DEAR DAUGHTER—God's providences are mysterious. We cannot fathom our future, however much we may desire to; and yet there are times when certain portions of that future seems to flash in upon the present. They have been called by some, when given utterance to, prophecies, omens, etc. Just before setting down to write to you, I felt an irresistible desire to do so, feeling that I might not be able to find time to pen you another letter before going into action, and perhaps I may be killed in that action. I feel that something is about to befall me, and I hope for the sake of my family, to escape death; yet do not fear it. But in case I should be taken, shed no tears, heave no sighs. Be willing to give up that which God demands. Be kind to each other."

Then followed certain little bits of advice with regard to domestic affairs, that I care not to rehearse here. I cannot tell why I felt as I did regarding my death; but I suppose it was one of those mysterious premonitions that I shall one day understand. I think what I have given should at least be sufficient to identify me to my family. But if it is not sufficient, let them call again; for I, Felix Zollicoffer, will ever be ready to respond, I hope. Friends, I thank you for your kindness. May God grant that I shall be able to pay you in the better land, if not here. Farewell. June 14.

Timothy Phillips.

Ha! Death is a mighty leveler, General. After you pass through that degree, General and Private stand on the same ground. I tell you what it is, it works wonderful changes, for you not only get rid of the body that's always a source of trouble to you, but get one on the other side that's far better than steam to put you ahead. I tell you what it is, a Fulton's nowhere when you get to the spirit-world. You don't have to take steamboats to go ahead, or railroads, either, on the other side. Well, the old General comes back and asks favors, don't he? It's all right; of course you'll grant them. So come back and ask favors, too. [We shall serve you equally as well.] I've got a mother in Fisherville, Ohio. She's cold on these things, worse than marble, worse than ice; but I'm just going to see what I can do to fire her up a little on these things. I want her to know, in the first place, that I ain't dead; in the second place, that I can talk—only give me a trumpet to speak through—just as well as any one. I've been in the spirit-world since the battle of Malvern Hill. I do n't know how long a time that is. I never was good at calculations; but I can give you facts, a whole host of them, if you want them. I was twenty-two years, one month, one, two, three, four, between four and five days; been five days and I lived till night, but I was cut off before night came. Now, General, I've done fighting, in one sense; in another I ain't, for I see so many dark and dirty places here on the earth, that I feel as though I could take spade and broom, if you please, and set about cleaning them out. I've had pretty good rest, and I feel now just like going to work right smart. Now I should like to inform my mother, first, that her son, Timothy Phillips, has at last reached that Canaan that she talks so much about, and I'd like to tell her that her son who went away some ten years ago, that she heard was dead is no such thing, but out in Utah Territory; and if she's a mind to let me come and talk with her, I'll tell her how she can get a lot to him, etc. And the old gentleman, too, that sees fit to hang himself because he lost some of his property, is in the spirit-world, getting along pretty well—comfortably as you could expect him to be, under the circumstances. [Then you think it takes such people some time to feel right?] I do, sir; these are suicides, it takes 'em a long time to get over their sickness. They walk pretty slow at first, for they drop too fast. They get here before the station was open. So, you see, they have to wait awhile for it to open, and the engine to come and warm up. But they ain't in no kind of a hell, as most folks believe. Now what an idea for people to talk about hell as a lake of fire and brimstone. Now look here: you think that we spirits—that fire will hurt us when we come near it. Why, I've seen spirits since I've been in the spirit-world that could go through fire and not be scorched the least bit. The reason for this is, they're not subject to the laws that belong to this little planet of yours. Now water won't drown 'em, wind won't blow 'em away, and fire won't burn 'em. Now I tell you what it is: this idea of an old-fashioned hell do n't go down in the spirit-world, for we can't get burned up no way. Now there are men of ancient times, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, that the Bible says walked through the fire—my old mother used to get me to read it to her—they were spirits, not human bodies, so when they walked through the flames, fire could n't burn 'em, any more than it could burn me. If you could see me as I am when I get outside of this body—and we do fill space with our spirit-bodies—you would say that fire could not harm me.

I want the old lady to know that in the spirit-world, where I now live, it's the opinion of folks that this ere shing to all eternity don't amount to much, particularly to those who, like myself, don't care a great deal about music anyway. I'm from the Seventh Ohio, Company G, and I was a private; do n't know but what I might have got up higher in the world had I lived longer in it, but I didn't stay a great while, so didn't get promoted at all. Stranger, when I got a little further advanced in these things, I'll come round and philosophize. Till then I'll say good-day, or good-night, whichever it is. [Good-afternoon.] Good-afternoon is it? All right. June 14.

Mary Kelly.

I'm here, sir, to ask if the gentleman who calls himself Mr. Nowell, who came to see me in Cooper's Court, New York, will do something about taking care of my children I left. He talked to me much about the goodness of God and the guardianship of kind spirits, and I thought, maybe, since he had money, that if I came here and asked him he'd do something so that my children would not have to suffer. Their father lost his life for the country's sake. He was killed in one of the seven days' battles before Richmond, and myself and two children were left. I worked very hard. I had hard work to get along all the time. I sometimes saw days when I had nothing in the house but bread and water for myself and my children to live upon. I was sick, in all, about seven weeks, and the last week I was took down to my bed. And the day before I died this gentleman came to see me, and he said many good things to me, many good things. I was in this country ever since I was eighteen, in my nineteenth year. I think, sir, that the gentleman will get my letter, for he knows about these things, and I was told I must come here and say what I wanted to him. [Do you know how Mr. Nowell spells his name?] I do n't know, sir, how to spell here. He came the day before I died, which was in March, March, sir. I think it was March, in Cooper's Court. Sure he must remember. [Did he know your name?] He know my name? I can't say, sir. [You'd better give it.] Yes, sir; my name was Kelly. [Your given name?] Mary. [How old were your children?] One was four, the other going on six. [Do you know where they are now?] Yes, sir; I know pretty nigh, sir; in some charitable institution waiting for somebody to take 'em. [We think likely he'll take some interest in your children, now you've requested it.] Yes, sir; that's what I'm here for. I hope he will. Good-by, sir. God bless you! June 14.

Charlie Fisher.

Say, sir, that Charlie Fisher, son of William Alanson Fisher, of New York, died in Richmond to-day. I was eighteen years old, was wounded, got captured at Spotsylvania, and died to-day. I would say more, but I have n't the power to control. June 14.

Invocation.

Oh God, we would breathe a prayer of gladness through these frail human lips. We are glad in the consciousness of many blessings with which we are blessed, but most of all, we are glad for the blessing of communion with mortality. Oh, we are glad that the estrangement that has so long been in existence pertaining to the two worlds is passing away. We are glad that the bright sunlight of immortal truth is fast driving away the mists that have covered the earth. Oh, we are glad, our God, that the two worlds, mundane and transcendental, are shaking hands together; that brother and sister, one dwelling on the shore-land in mortality, surrounded by forms, not realities, the other dwelling in the world all real, are able to clasp hands together and enjoy sweet communion. Oh, God of the Past, Present and the endless Future, we are glad for all the blessings that thou art showering upon human life. And oh, in behalf of that portion whose ears have been opened, whose every sense is in a condition to hear and realize scenes in the spirit-land, we would implore a special blessing. Oh, may they appreciate that divine gift; may that portion of thy great family who have been singled out from the masses to dispense this spiritual light to others, learn to realize the sacredness of their position. Oh, may they worship thee in spirit and in truth. May they feel that their every act should be in accordance with the divine office they have been called to fill. Oh, we praise thee beyond all praising, we bless thee beyond all blessing, we rejoice in harmony with Nature's ten thousand voices that are even now sounding throughout the universe. Oh, it is glorious to stand upon the mountains of Wisdom, and behold there our God, our Father, our Mother, the vast Eternity of the Past lying behind us, the great expanse of the Present lying all around us, and the mighty Future stretching out in its grandeur and beauty before us. Oh, we bless thee beyond all blessing. We adore thee without idolatry. We will ever adore thee. June 16.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to briefly consider any questions which the audience may see fit to propound. Q.—Christ spoke about the spirit of Truth; what was meant by that? or when shall it come? A.—We believe it to be the highest and holiest portions of your divine nature. All that which ministers unto the necessities of the soul, must of necessity be the spirit of Truth; for as the soul is fed only on spiritual things, it can subsist on no other food. So, then, we know that that upon which the soul is fed is the spirit of Truth. That bright gem which underlies modern Spiritualism may be called the spirit of Truth, for it harmonizes with the teachings of Nature, it harmonizes also, with the intuitions of the soul. It is true, because it meets the demands of the soul. It is true, because it has not been extracted from mortality. It is true, because we believe it has flowed out from the Great Divine Heart. That spirit of Truth we believe to be that which over appeals under all circumstances, places and positions to the Divine, or to man's highest consciousness. Q.—Christ meant then, that the spirit of Truth had not come into the world when he said, "I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when the spirit of Truth is come, he will lead you in the way of all Truth?" A.—No, we cannot believe that Christ meant any such thing, for we know that the spirit of Truth must have ever had an existence in true life. Q.—Then Christ must have meant it to them individually? A.—Certainly. Q.—Was it any different from what he meant when he said the Comforter? A.—No we do not think it was. Q.—Was it the same thing? A.—The same thing.

Q.—Can you give us any information concerning the dark day of 1780? A.—We believe it to be merely a phenomena incident to the planetary world. History will give you as much information concerning the subject as it is necessary for you to have. If the audience have no more questions to offer, we propose to answer one we have received spiritually from one styling himself an Infidel, or Atheist: If this Spiritualism be true, he asks that some one spirit come to this place, telling him how many children he has in that mystic land, giving their names, time of death, age at the time of death, and whatever facts they may be able to give? A.—The friend should remember, or we should say, he has yet to learn, that the spirit-world is a very large place. It is peopled by many, many millions of souls—souls who have all had an existence on this or some other planet. It is no easy task for strangers to single out such incidents as he asks for in proof of modern Spiritualism. Some one of our questioners intimate friends might do this with ease, and yet such an one might not be able to do so through this one medium. And he asks that the evidence be given here, for then he shall feel sure that there is no mortal collusion. Notwithstanding the many obstacles that lay in the way of such investigations as we have been able to gain from his friends in spirit-life, we now propose to transmit our report to him. Our answer is, you have five children in this mystic world. Three lived to come very near mature age, two died in early infancy. Their names, John, Archibald, Alexander, Lucy, Abigail. You have also many other friends in the spirit-world, such as a father, a mother, two sisters, and one brother. They are all anxious to hold communion with you; all anxious to sweep away your infidelity, and to give you some knowledge of that mystic world in which they live. And they hereby inform you that you have only to make acquaintance with the Great Master of Chance—if you see fit to term your God so—that you may know how to live, how to avail yourself of the powers within your reach. Cast aside all that superstition and lamentable ignorance by which you are surrounded, and they, one and all, pledge themselves to overcome your skepticism and darkness with light from their mystic world. The gentleman requesting this test is known by the name of Abraham Simmons, and is engaged in mercantile business in New York City. June 16.

Mary Elizabeth Oliver.

With your permission, sir, I will give you a brief sketch of my earthly life, that I may be recognized by it. I was born in Denton, Ohio, in 1836. My father was a poor mechanic. He passed to the spirit-world seven years ago. The following year my mother died. Our family consisted of my father, mother, myself and three younger brothers. The youngest is between nine and ten years of age. At our father's death, we found there was nothing left for us to do but to go hard to work in order to live. As I before stated, my mother soon died. Then all the family was able to take care of themselves but my youngest brother, and the care of him fell upon me. Not being able to do as I wished to by him at home I thought I could obtain support for him and myself by dress-making, for I had learned the trade. I removed to Cleveland, and there I did very well until I became sick of lung fever. I thought I recovered from the fever, but found I was left in consumption. So last winter I died, leaving that little brother. His older brothers had enlisted in the army. He was left without scarce anyone to care for him, except a lady who was poorly able to do anything for him. I went to the spirit-world while he knelt at my bedside and prayed God to spare me. I felt then I should be able to return, and told him so. My last words were, "Georgie, be a good boy and I'll come back and talk to you. I'll be back and watch over you. Remember, I shall be with you." And I'm here to-day; my father and mother were unable to control. The poor lady who is doing all she can for my little brother is not quite a stranger to these things. Oh, I want to tell her first how much I thank her, how much I shall try to do for her! And I want to tell her to write to Edward Oliver of Memphis, Tennessee. He's my father's brother, and he's able to take some interest in his brother's child, and he will if he is called upon. He knows nothing of how my brother is left. Write to him—tell him the circumstances and ask assistance and I'm sure she will get it. Say that what you have received is from Mary Elizabeth Oliver, to her brother Georgie and Mrs. Hopkins of Cleveland, Ohio. June 16.

William L. Smith.

William L. Smith, sr., of Missouri, fireman on board the Cumberland. I'm not much acquainted with these things—this coming back and talking. But, stranger, I'm right anxious, for I've got folks here who would be glad to hear from me if they thought they could, for I've got something to do for them. I've got a wife and two children in Clarksville, Missouri. I left my place and went to see what I could do for the country. I lost my life by drowning. While the engagement was going on our officers asked us what we should do; surrender, give ourselves up, or fight it out. Every man said fight it out, and we fought until every gun was under water. I'm told that a good many were saved. I was wounded and badly scalded; could n't get off, so I went down. Now, stranger, I want my folks to know that I can come back to earth and talk as I do here. I want them to know that we can get bodies and are somebody yet; none of your phantoms, shadows; oh, no! I want 'em to know that we are realities just as much as we ever were. I want 'em not to be afraid to talk with me now, for I'm not half as much of a ghost as I was here. I want 'em to realize that I can come, and I'll give 'em plenty of advice if they'll let me talk to 'em—talk right to 'em as I do here. I got plenty of things to tell my folks if they'll only come half way to meet me; half way, that's fair, isn't it? June 16.

Mary Arabella Lee.

Are you Yankee? [Yes; you are not afraid of us are you?] I want to send a letter to Charleston. [We'll do what we can to aid you.] My father is there on exchange; want it told you while he's there: Captain Joseph C. Lee of the Charleston Invincibles. What do you want to know how old I was for? The gentleman here said you wanted to know how old I was. My father knows how old I was, ain't that enough? [You'd better tell us.] I was most ten—most ten years old, sir. My name was Mary Arabella Lee. I've only been dead since October. My uncle, and my brother that was killed at the storming of Fort

Donalson, are in the spirit-world, and he wishes my father to give him an audience, and wishes him to find out some way that he can come home and talk as I do here. [Which of them wants to come?] Both. My brother is most anxious, but both want to come. My mother, too—I should like to talk with her, but she's afraid of the spirits—she's afraid of the spirits, but my father is not. If you please, sir, I want to tell my father to get his exchange extended so he may save his life, for if he do n't, he's coming to the spirit-world. If he passes over a certain time at home in Charleston, he won't get killed. If he's with his command he'll get killed sure, sir. He'll get killed; I want him to know it. They say you Yankees never tell the truth. What makes you fight us? [That's a question we can hardly answer.] Do you hate us? [No, we do not.] I can't pay you. [We do n't ask any; only do a favor to some one you may see who needs it on this side or the other. That's all the pay we ask.] June 18.

Mary Snyder.

I'm the wife, sir, of Julius Snyder of Chatham street, New York. I comes back here to reprove him. I been dead seven months. I leaves two little children. He puts 'em away; says he has nothing to do with. He has plenty to takes care of 'em with. He's no just, he's no good, he's nothing what's honorable. I comes here to tell him he's nothing what's good, and I shall keep so near to him all the time what I shall speak all the time in his ear that he's bad, and he must do good, else I shall say that he is bad all the time. [Did you give the number?] No, I did not give it, I forgot. He says he have nothing himself. He loves money so much. He says he's nothing—he's nothing to do with, and so cannot take care of his children. But he is known—he is known, and he says many things that is not true, because he no likes to take care of his children. They are in some Institution. I have no peace, I have no rest, for I see me children suffer away from their father. I sees no rest, I has no peace. I comes here and asks the good gentleman to let me come back and plead for my children. He says, "My good woman; go as soon as you can." So I go to this place, because my children has no one but me to plead for them. I says Julius Snyder is bad. He does wrong, and if he not do better here, then when he comes to the spirit-world he have so many rocks upon his head that he can no look up and see the sunlight for very long years; if he know do better before he come. I make his days and nights so miserable that he commit suicide to get away from himself. I shall do this because I am commissioned to do it. I am commissioned by the Great Power to do this, that Great Power which is called God and sometimes so many other names. He tells you all in letters you no mistake, when you do wrong he punish you—if you not go so right he punish you. And he sets his messengers all along the way to see if you do wrong, and to punish you for it. I comes after seven months stay away. I comes here because I sees my children suffer so much. But I comes to plead for my children because they have none but a mother to plead for them. Oh, that man is so bad! his heart is so hard that it will turn to stone if he do no better. Then it will sink him down to hell. Mary Snyder, that is what I was. As much as I come—when I come here I take my own name. [What was your age?] Thirty-seven—and he is forty-two, sir. June 16.

Obituaries.

Passed into spirit-life, on Sunday, the 14th of June last, in the village of Onro, Wis., William Samuel Charlesworth, aged 43 years 3 months and 28 days. Mr. Charlesworth was born in Middlewick, Cheshire Co., England, April 15th, 1821. He came to this country in the year 1848. Was a member of the Congregational Church two years before he came to this country, and was a member of the Spiritualist some eight or nine years since, and from that time until his departure, gave practical evidence of his deep and abiding faith in our great Father. He was ever ready to help the cause with his good influence, and his money was not withheld when needed. Those who differed from him in sentiment were compelled to respect him. He was a man when he approached them, and the aged welcomed him as bright sunshine to their hearts and homes. He was a true husband and father; hence, in the home circle he was most truly loved and honored. The consolations of the truth he so warmly cherished, shone upon his family. They knew he lives in the love of God, and love and watches over them still. Never witnessed a more sublime death than was Mr. Charlesworth's. He was at attendance at a Spiritual Convention in Onro, and while listening to a discourse from Mrs. H. T. Stearns, his spirit passed away almost a stranger. A smile of peace rested on his face, and the countenance even in death, gave expression to that calm, holy trust he had uttered in words and deeds during the Convention. His funeral was attended on the following day by a large concourse of people. The Methodist Society kindly gave the use of their church, and their choir sang for the occasion. The funeral discourse was given by the writer. I could feel Mr. Charlesworth's influence, and see his spirit-form after I entered the desk. He gave me the subject for the course, and asked me if I would speak from it. This is a fact, as tangible to me as any fact of my life. Everything moved in perfect harmony and good order, and the close of the discourse the face of that large audience looked as though their weariness had, at least, that our philosophy of death might be true. ISAAC P. GREENLEAF. Berlin, Wis., July 14, 1864.

Passed on to the Summer-Land, from Tully, Onondaga Co., N. Y., June 12th, Miss Anna M. Fowler, in the 21st year of her age. Miss Fowler had been for several years engaged in teaching, and was more than ordinarily successful. She possessed an intellect of superior brilliancy, was passionately fond of reading, and occasionally attained the "golden lyre" to sweet poetic numbers. The seeds of consumption were early sown, and while she was yet quite young, the infectious disease exhibited itself in the hectic cough and the flushed cheek of the fair young girl. She suffered long yet patiently, until at length her spirit soared on angel-plumage to its radiant home, leaving behind her a mother to resume its onward progress, still upward through the brighter realms of her Creator. She was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and early cultivated the truth. She was a mother, and could hold sweet converse with the loved ones that had gone to the Summer-Land before her. She was a devoted friend to the cause of the "fallen ones." She was a kind and loving husband and an intelligent father. Many they could find their tears of sorrow and consolation in his presence as their guardian and protector. As in mortal life he faithfully filled his place to them, so may they now in their home meet and feel his daily presence to assuage their grief and dry every tear of sorrow, till reunited in their spirit-home, in the wish of ISAAC P. GREENLEAF.

Departed from the earthly form at Newburyport, Mass., July 8th, Mrs. Sally P. Worthen, aged 57 years. She was much beloved by all who knew her. She was a patient sufferer for the last two years with dropsy, but her faith in God and the angels, with whom she conversed daily, her house was ever open, and she would seek for them, and from the spirit-land, to meet and converse, and she herself a channel through whom they often held sweet communion together. She has left an aged and almost blind companion and one son, who was always ready to disambler to her wants. Homer, N. J., 1864.

God bless them in their lonely condition, and may that angel wife and mother watch over them to cheer them on a few years more, so that they will be able to give their dear ones a happy reception on the other shore when he leaves his earthly form.

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