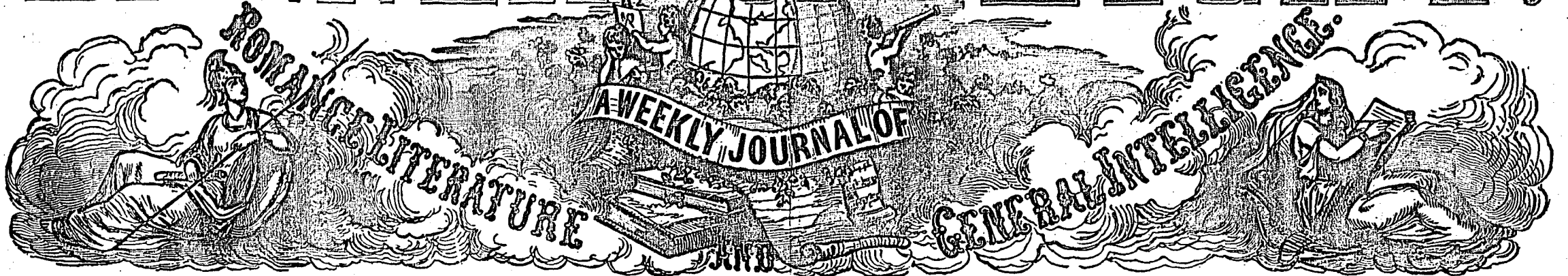


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NO. 24.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RESPONSE TO LOIS WAIS-BROOKER.

BY AN ADMIRER OF E. A. POE.

Dost thou "pray that life's poor token,
Canker-ateen, may be broken,
Setting free the chafing spirit beating 'gainst its
prison-door?"
But the prayer thus sadly spoken,
Of thy spirit, bruised and broken,
Reaches not the ear of mercy on the bright, eter-
nal shore.

Oh, my sister, what is ailing,
That thy prayer, thus unavailing,
Reaches not within the temple of the Lord whom
we adore?
Is it candid, is it earnest—
The prayer with which thy spirit burneth,
Thus too early to forsake and to quit this mun-
dane shore?

Sister, let us kneel together
On this sunset, valley heather,
And we'll pray for life not death; for life to bless
this sin-sick world.
Then our prayer will reach to heaven,
And its answer will be given,
Writ in burnished, golden letters on our banner
wide unfurled.

With that banner proudly streaming,
Forth we'll march, the world redeeming
From the errors into which wayward follow-mor-
tals fell,
Till with souls by wisdom rounded,
Life is o'er—our arms are grounded;
Then we'll seek that happy shore and meet the
welcome "All is well."
Eugene City, Oregon, June 12, 1864.

The Lecture Room.

LECTURE ON REALITIES.

Delivered at Sanson Street Hall, Philadelphia,
July 31st, 1864, by Henry T. Child, M. D.

[Phonographically Reported for the Banner of Light.]

One of the most striking characteristics of the present age is a universal demand for facts. The common people, raised in a degree from the lethargy which has so long marked their condition, are clamoring for facts, and the evidences of realities in all things around them.

The religious world, so long groping beneath the gloomy shadows of a dead and decaying faith, is awakening to a consciousness of a like demand, and from a cheerless faith thousands are to-day stepping out into cold and barren infidelity. The scientific world, planting itself upon the immutable basis of facts and realities, is everywhere scoffing at the idealists. There is a class of philosophers—of whom the late Bishop Berkeley, of England, is a type—who declare that because a man acquires a knowledge of realities by the perception of objects around him, therefore the perception, and not the object, is the reality. Thus I see this pitcher, and it is to me a reality; but if by any change in my condition I fail to perceive it, then it is not there, so far as I am concerned, although every other individual in this hall may perceive it just as I do at present. Carrying out this train of thought, they have reasoned themselves into a belief that this globe, with its multitudinous objects, the universe itself, is altogether ideal, the result of human perceptions, having no other existence than in the mind of man.

On the other hand we have the materialists—Bacon, and Kant, and a host of others, calling themselves positivists, who deny the existence of everything which they cannot weigh and measure, put into their crucibles and dissolve. These men are very loud in their boasts of the substantiality of the facts and realities they hold.

Man must necessarily be the standard by which to measure all objects around him, and his own condition will give to these particular values. Thus the little child has its realities, and when only a few hours old it perceives a lighted candle, this is to it a kind of reality. How soon does the child learn to know its mother from strangers; these are its realities. I remember many years ago seeing a little child only a few months old lying upon the floor, making considerable effort to pick up a grease spot which marked a particular place. I was much delighted to see him take first one hand and then the other, and endeavor to pick this up. I have thought many times since that there were older children than this trying to seize things no more real than this grease spot. The Apostle has said, "When I was a child I thought as a child, I felt as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." I presume we shall be doing this throughout all eternity, putting away the things that are realities to us to-day for something higher and more real.

It is not always the event that gives it its reality or value. Our fathers for ages have been in the habit, as children, of flying kites, as do our children to-day; but in the month of June, 1782, a philosopher, living not far from the spot on which we are now assembled, was impelled to fly a kite, and knowing that a man would be sneered at for being engaged in such childish amusements, he went away from the city limits, over the Schuylkill river, where now at almost all hours of the day you may hear the whistle of the locomotive, and there he sent up his kite to the clouds, and, Prometheus like, drew down fire from heaven. The flying of a kite by Franklin became a grand and beautiful reality to the world, revealing as it did facts of vast and incalculable importance to humanity.

Another instance will illustrate that it is not the fact, but the mind that perceives it, that gives it real value. Apples have fallen ever since the first tree bore them; but it remained for

the falling of an apple to awaken the mind of Newton by such striking evidence as to open the way for the discovery of the great law of gravitation.

I see before me a vision—a grand moving panorama of humanity. First, I see material, physical men, strong on their plane, planting themselves upon the firm granite rock and other tangible materials around them, and declaring in the most emphatic manner, that they are matter-of-fact men, and have the only realities that are to be found in the world. From their plane mental realities are all visionary and speculative, and they can only be happy in the substantiality of their relations. A little further on, and I see men mentally developed so as to perceive the realities of this sphere, and looking upon the granite rock as a substantiality, he sees that there was something which has brought the atoms of this together, and which now holds them; and he says to the former, "I see the rock as a reality; but I see a greater reality in attraction, that divine law which brought together these elements, and holds them as they now are—a reality which existed before the atoms, and which will exist when they shall have crumbled into dust and passed away from your sight."

He goes forth into the realms of Science, calculating the laws of astronomy, penetrating the depths of mathematical truths, revelling amid the highest flight of intellectual grandeur, and still he is willing to set down stakes and declare that all the realities belong to the physical and mental planes, just as well satisfied as the former.

A little further on in the picture, I see man unfolded on the spiritual plane. Having passed through the conditions already described, he finds a new field of reality, far more grand and sublime than any of those which he had discovered, on any of the other planes of life. The spiritual and divine principles which underlie all external and tangible material conditions are now spread out before his admiring gaze. Being lifted by growth and development out of the narrow prison-house of Materiality into the broad realm of the Spiritual, he perceives these divine and interior principles, and coming into near communion with the spirit-world, he receives lessons, deep and profound, from philosophers who have left the planes of tangible materiality, and the realities which he now enjoys are far more real than any which he had discovered in the earlier walks of his career. He feels that:

Worlds and atoms that to mortal gaze
Substantial seem, are but misty haze
When by the spirit they are seen;
Inward lies the real; outward the shewn;

As I gazed along this long moving panoramic line, and saw how the different grades and conditions of humanity grasped with firmness the realities which were appropriate to their conditions, and believed that to them alone belonged the true realities, I heard the material man say there can be no other fact so substantial and real as the granite rock, and to him this was a truth. Then I saw the intellectual and scientific man roaming abroad in the beautiful domain of Mind, and discovering new facts and realities that were to him more real than the earlier developments upon the lower and more material planes; yet it was not enough for him to have come up through these steps of progression. He was still in a narrow and sectarian condition, and ready to declare that those who desired to go forth into the realms of the more interior and spiritual would be compelled to roam in an indefinite and undefinable region, without a single substantial fact or reality as a basis on which to build. They use the term metaphysics with a sneer; a strange, weird and meaningless word, calculated only to hide learned ignorance, for anything beyond Nature—and that is the meaning of the term—is absurd. There are many more things beyond human ken than within it; but beyond Nature, nothing.

It is only on the higher and more spiritual planes of humanity where the entire nature of man is unfolded, that the spiritual realities, those which, in the language of A. J. Davis, are the only "real realities," are perceived and more or less clearly understood. Standing on the pinnacle of human development and gazing far away into the interior realms, man discovers a vast field of true and living realities, which are, and ever must remain unknown to those who have never risen to this point; and as he looks back to those earlier realities which, physically, he can compare to the flesh pots of Egypt, he can exclaim, Sufficient unto the day was the good thereof. I have put my hand to the plow, and will not turn back.

Looking upon these various conditions, I would say to each and all, hold on to your realities just as long as you can, whether it be the granite rock on which you may have planted your feet so firmly, or the principles that underlie the structure of that rock, and the broad, and beautiful, and eternal principles which belong to the intellectual domain. So long as these give you a solid and substantial basis, and satisfy your highest wants, do not give them up; but whenever the aspirations of your souls lead you to seek for higher things, see to it that you do not crush these aspirations and bury them beneath the weight of those material things which belong to childhood and infancy, and which as men and women, we should put away. We do not ask the children to put away their toys, nor would we have any who find realities in the creeds and formulas of the Churches, the sacred volumes, so-called, of the Christians, Jews, or any other people, lay them aside, until they have ceased to be unto them realities—to supply the soul with that which it needs.

It seems, as we now glance over this vast array of realities which is to-day supplying the needs of humanity, we may say in the beautiful language of the Poet of the Seasons:

"These, as they are exchanged, Almighty Father,
These are but the varied God,
The rolling year is full of Thee."

Whatever is a reality to any human soul, is a stepping-stone to something higher; and if rightly

understood and appreciated, we may walk upon them from earth to heaven—from the gross and tangible material up to the sublime and celestial; and as we thus make our footprints upon each of these realities that lay along our pathway, from the lower to the higher; if we are true to ourselves and to the God within us, we shall make them so that they will ever point toward that higher condition which, in the beautiful line of progression, lies before all humanity. Thus shall we not only help each other in our journey through life, but shall leave such an example as shall stimulate others to walk in the line of duty. Then shall our eyes see "The coming of the glory of the Lord."

Looking in this direction we see that God Himself—the great Central Power of the Universe—is the greatest and indeed the only Real Reality that is perfect and "without variableness or shadow of turning"; and next to Him comes the highest and most perfect of the angelic host, and through these down to man on earth, who must be considered as the greatest and most important reality in this sphere.

And man, as a reality, will occupy a position in accordance with the perfection of his development, the beauty, order, and harmony that is exhibited in his life. We all feel sadly when we behold a man who has fallen so low that we cannot repose any confidence in him. When by the abuse of his faculties he is an irresponsible being, and we know not whence he goeth or whither he cometh, and every word of his mouth becomes as the breath of an idle wind. We feel sadly at this, because of the contrast, knowing that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and that where true integrity of soul and mind and body exist, there we have the grandest and most beautiful and perfect of all the changing realities which belong to this earth-life.

Friends, will you not seek earnestly thus to become pillars in the temple of humanity, that shall go no more out, but standing erect and firmly planted upon eternal and immutable principles, shall not only be unto ourselves true and living realities, but unto all around us. The world needs such realities as these to redeem it and save it from error and suffering, from falsehood and degradation, and may every one who realizes this great need see to it that they do their part faithfully to supply it; and as God ever helps those who help themselves, we shall all be sustained with an unflinching trust, and each step upon the ground of principle and in the direction of that which is right and true, will lead us to a higher position, and the time shall come when, planting ourselves upon the rock of eternal and immutable principles, we shall look around calmly and serenely upon the lashing waves of Time's unstable ocean, and see that as they beat against the rock upon which we stand they move it not, but only wash away the weeds and rubbish which have gathered around our feet.

Original Essays.

ADULT SPIRITS.

THEIR MODE OF LIFE AND APPEARANCE.

BY E. L. FENTON.

Each individualized spirit passes through three natural births upon Earth. Why, and how?

The animal man, the first in the scale, is the great outbirth from the vegetable and brute creations, endowed with Reason. Like all things in the first stage of mechanism, he is imperfect in his physical construction. The brute characteristics predominate, and consequently his intellectual faculties are in abeyance to his passions. When he passes from earth, he progresses upon the plane on which he is born to its farthest degree of knowledge, and that knowledge is reached, when his soul has found a type of purity higher than himself, but which is unattainable to him with his physical organization. He then knows that to progress out of the sphere he is in, he must be born again of finer material from an earthly form, because Earth is the lowest physical sphere for its inhabitants, and contains all the elements of organic nature; and he must also have earthly experiences suited to that body in order to have the second degree of wisdom of eternal life. He then seeks upon the earth a pair who are in harmony with himself, and harmony of soul produces unity. The conception takes place; the oneness of the three gives the infusion of the spirit to the new formed body, and takes man a step higher in the scale of Creation, to the Virgin, male and female.

The organization is now more perfect, but a state of pure Truth, without the still absent Love principle, produces what is termed coldness. The earth-life and the spirit's experience upon the second plane are passed through with until the fact is implanted in his soul, that truth without God, is but half a formation, and that in order to be a complete being, such as he sees in his visions, his physical form must be born again of better materials, and then only after due instruction can he possess the creative power of things lower than himself, while he now only has the procreative. He is then born married, the last wish for material life, The Will corresponds to Life, and is Life, and is that which gives us a continued existence.

The withdrawal of the spirit from the body at what is termed Death, is accomplished in different ways, each according to the discreet degree in which it is ordered by God. In some I have seen the spirit come from all parts of the body, in others, from the brain, and in others the first emanation is from the heart. The predominating trait of character governs in all cases. The whole body indicates that the person has been well balanced in his reason and judgment, and his acts therefrom. The brain, corresponds to the intellect; the heart to the love principle, each part of the body

having its own signification. The physical appearance of the spirit is in accordance with the degree of education we have inculcated into our interior selves. But very few persons are conscious at the time of their translation. The entrance of a person into the next sphere is always attended by spirits of an advanced degree of knowledge, because man, at the time of coming into his own propylon of Love, is possessed of but little of the strength which appertains to the spiritual body, for the Good from the Truth, or the Understanding from the Will lies in abeyance. If we have collected knowledge for ourselves, the body appears clothed, but if we have neglected this, and adopted other's ideas for our own, then the body appears nude. As soon as the body is perfectly formed, there is an influx from God, flowing down to the then awakening person, through the higher spirits to those present, and from them into the individual. The influx is thus intermediate, not mediate, for if it was so, it would cause, as it were, suffocation, because we are not then fitted for the full cognizance of a higher sphere, but have to become learned in wisdom. Some persons are conscious of their change of residence upon coming fully awake, others are not so, but have to come into that knowledge.

If we have families or near relatives there, the first attraction is generally to them, and we are then admitted by degrees into the sphere which is to become ours. These family groups are brought together through the influence of a spirit above them all, and unseen by any of the parties interested; for we do not see what is above us there, any more than here. The presiding spirit unites them all upon one plane, for he has the unity in himself to control by. As we live on, the scene changes; we are attracted to our likes, and find our own level.

In the first individualized sphere above the earth, the atmosphere appears darkened to those accustomed to a brighter light, but still it is much clearer than aught upon earth. There is a visibility, so to speak, of objects which are here unseen by the naked eye. Some may ask, "do they have storms there, and night and day?" To such I answer, yes! Why? Do we not each one of us know in our souls, those trials when it seems as if our frail bark of Life would be rent in twain against the rocks of Despair, and do we not all feel that sunshine of the soul come again which brings Peace? We progress thus, and so long as these periods of storm reign in our interiors, so long everywhere must there be an external clash of the elements of nature. Night and day are the male and female principles, separated into two distinct forms.

The vegetation here appears in some places stunted, and the soil is barren and rocky; in others there is a tropical luxuriance, according to the nature of its inhabitants. There are large cities, with all their accompanying surroundings, and internal arrangements. I have witnessed plays at the theatre, but the moral of the pieces there represented are intended to illustrate some virtue or vice, for the instruction of the spectator. The buildings are all of some kind of stone or concrete, because the people are in the first rudiments of a life from the spirit or interiors. They are furnished, each according to the taste of its inhabitants, provided they have that within themselves which can buy mere sensual gratification.

The people themselves appear still in the human form, for their moral natures are not fitted to assume a higher type. They are upon the plane of the animal man, and are distinguishable there as well as here, by physical construction. It must not be thought, however, that they all possess an inferior order of intellect; far otherwise, for many live here who were upon the earth the greatest statesmen, jurists, doctors and divines. More relative learning does not make a man high, or true, or pure. We can never rise above the condition of the form, however much we may conform to outward laws and opinions. The various forms of lower life are all found in this sphere, in the same forms as when recognized here.

The atmosphere of the second plane, or Virgin state, is bright and silvery. There is motion visible in every place. Wherever you fix your eye, upon the ground beneath your feet, you see it gathering its particles together for something higher; the flowers, they breathe, their hearts bent, their colors deepen; the trees, their aspirations are felt; all around is glowing with respiration, beauty and purity.

The dwellings here are of wood and stone combined, because man and woman have passed through the coarse and sensual of soul life, and have an established opinion of their own, to build their individualized life upon; they have come to act from a central point of motion, although the judgment is still lacking to harmonize the outward with the inner life.

There is no communism of the sexes here, whatever there may have been on earth; but each instructs the other in knowledge which appertains to reason and neighborly love. The common law prevails over the civil law, and real property, domicile and admiralty cases are settled without bribes and quarrels.

The last spirit-sphere for earth, is the married. The human being is now complete in all its parts. The love from the wisdom, the judgment from the reason, is all in working order. Passion, pride, jealousy, want of charity of soul, and equality for our neighbor, has disappeared, and the weight is at zero at the centre of the span. We pass from earth without regrets or longings, and enter the sphere of continuity and golden light. Music breathes from each passing wind; the songs of the birds are spoken language. Man breathes the breath of wisdom into the dumb brutes, and they become speaking oracles of their past lives. Science and art combine with nature to endow man with the power of translation without change; and man passes from the attractions of this earth to appear in another form of life.

The secondary form of life, is composed of the male and female united in one form of physical

organization, each part perfect in itself, the one within the other. The Dual spoken of by ancient metaphysical writers, is here realized, and Creation from this complete oneness, now follows. It is from these beings flow the primal spirits of all human beings upon the face of the earth.

All things in this land, of whatsoever their nature, below the dualities, here assume and hold what is known as the human form, but in each one is seen what its particular individualized part of nature was. Another language now comes into play. Each movement of all around will tell all past conditions of the thing itself, and create all below itself. It is from this world that ideas flow down to man on earth; and here live the rulers of the destinies of nations and societies. They can now visit the planets at will, and gather wisdom to guide them in work. But perfect as this may seem to us here, they are but the lower types of still higher forms of life, and governed in their turn.

I might speak of things beyond this scene, but let this suffice to give you a thread in the web and woof of existence. We all start at the same point, and arrive at the same end sooner or later. The simple earth breasted first, then the sedan without a curtain, then the throwout bonnet, with its demi-lunes, at last the well built fortress, capable of resisting even an attack upon all sides.

East Boston, Mass., 1864.

THE FAULT OF LIFE.

BY C. S. WOODRUFF, M. D.

How to make life happy is the greatest study of mankind, for if happy 'tis good. While many persons pine for some imaginary good, some far-off thing that they have not, nor cannot have, it strikes me that the great fault of life is in not seeing properly within us; in overlooking the blessings of the present and sighing for the idly anticipated joys of the future—a state or condition we know almost nothing concerning, and of which we shall know just that which our spirit lives shall fit us to appreciate. To study closely into ourselves, to make those selves the most happy and useful in the over-living moments of the present, is the great problem of life to solve, solving which gives the fullest culture mortals are capable of attaining.

Man is happiest when being fullest or truest to his nature, which is simply its expansion into ripeness sufficient and possible unto the day in which he lives, as the seed is born into the plant, and to the fullest of its capacity draws life and expansion from the conditions of growth with which it is surrounded. Pining for the unknown and impossible is not true living. To know what awaits us in another state of existence is neither possible nor profitable. We will have to do with that next state of life when done with this, and that next will assuredly be right if this is rightly lived.

We gain general knowledge by studying universal law, for that teaches lessons both temporal and eternal—lessons which solve the life-problem for time and eternity. The blessings of the next life follow only upon the right use of this. Then study well and deeply into the affairs of to-day, O, man, and you gain the key that unlocks the treasures of the eternal to-morrow; but if you pine away the hours of to-day in idle imaginings and longings, expect not happiness from the morrow more than that of the to-day.

What matters it to us what is in the next life? To know there is intercourse between its denizens and the inhabitants of our earth-spheres is a beautiful fact, and to rightly employ that fact is eminently profitable, is a source of much knowledge and happiness. But, aside from this, all speculations concerning that unknown hereafter—what it has in store for us—is useless in advancing the growth of this; or, in other words, 'tis useless to be overlooking this into that. Use this well and wisely, and that comes beautifully to us as the natural sequence. 'Tis the training we give ourselves in this world that ensures us a high degree of development and happiness in spirit-life. The true spiritual mind is he or she who understands well the philosophies of this life, and practically lives them out. Be true to the deepest and fullest meaning of the day and hour in which you live and you have done the entire duty of life. None can do more. The philosophies of this life lead unerringly into the spiritual, as the mineral the vegetable, the animal, &c. Can we well the lessons of to-day and you are rising in the only possible way, into the spiritual of to-morrow.

Spiritualists, I am sorry to say, are too prone to neglect the study of this great and beautiful philosophy of life, overlooking it in the excitement of physical phenomena. They are too much found seeking outside of themselves for spiritual knowledge, forgetful that it is a thing within them, and that their inner selves must be cultivated in order to receive and digest this spiritual knowledge. This is too true of many; they are still rehearsing over the alphabet of spiritual science, and studying not into its deep metaphysical meaning. Growth is not in seeing and hearing simply, but in thinking. The physical senses take cognizance of the superficial concerns of life, but the mind alone grapples with and comprehends the spiritual. Man never ceases to grow, and consequently, never ceases to receive revelation; that revelation is an endosmotic process, an inflowing knowledge from Nature, if the mind be kept in a receptive condition. A sponge, if kept free from oil, will absorb water; so the brain, if kept free from bigotry and superstition, will rapidly absorb knowledge from the great fount of nature. As parts relate to whole, the whole is usefully studied in the parts, and as man is the highest development of the world in part, the most refined, concentrated and complicated, the study of him is most useful. To be trying to draw into us from exterior sources the vast knowledge of the world before we are cultivated by deep and earnest thought concerning ourselves, is neither wise nor

very profitable. As the stream makes its own channel so the stream of thought makes passage-way in the brain for great influx and efflux of knowledge.

"It is an error to suppose knowledge to exist most in written records. Nature is all knowledge, a written, living record from the finger of the Eternal, and what of her intelligence has flowed into and through the perceptions of any one, or all authors, is pigny indeed compared to what she contains. Knowledge is simply a comprehension of the great supreme power of life, flowing through the universe its "modus operandi" of action, &c., to the extent of our perceptive abilities.

Man most needs expansion, comprehension, growth, power to peer into and understand the natural. All intelligence, knowledge and love are embodied in nature, of which man is a part, and he who comprehends the most thereof, himself included, is most wise. To read authors is of no use any further than their thoughts lead us into nature. Thus every one needs to study self, and by culture becomes able to comprehend much of the beautiful laws and instructions of the Eternal in self and nature. Rocks live and talk. The woods, fields, valleys, and hill-sides all speak of life and science; the floral groves breathe instructive lessons in sweet perfumes, and the air is fragrant with health and thought. All nature is alive with meaning and knowledge, and its functions of life in harmony with the higher intelligence that actuates its being; so let man be as true to the still higher intelligence that breathes through him, and perform, also, his function in life as naturally and completely. Let him imbibed from all nature that which goes to make up the sum of his superior condition, and fathom and understand something of the beautiful harmonious workings of that spirit which blends the soul of all things into ours.

To do this he must look inwardly at the essence and reality of life—must study the spiritual. What the learned (1) scientist calls science, the thoughtful naturalist calls understanding the workings of spirit, its laws of action, &c. Both are the same. The difference between the two classes of mind is, one recognizes the spirit as motive power, while the other does not—sees not beyond the material. The difference between the material and real is the difference between matter and spirit. The scientist—in the common acceptance of the term—is a materialist, while the Spiritualist is the realist, seeing into the hidden life that causes phenomena. Every one is a Spiritualist in the broad sense of believing there to be a supreme, invisible Power, but in the minutest affairs of life not so. Yet this broad, universal Life-Essence pervades with as much reality the minute as the aggregate. Then look inward, O man, for in thyself are the lessons of the universe. Thy powers are vast when you comprehend their relations to the nature that lies around you. Place your reliance in self and the spiritual. Dig deep and you will find long buried treasures. Your life is a gem; watch it, guard and culture it unceasingly, but ever naturally. Give it the polish of thought and bring forth into usefulness its hidden powers. Use makes strong muscles; so vigorous mental exercise strengthens and enlarges the capacity of the brain.

Troy, N. Y., 1864.

AN ANSWER TO

"PROBLEMS FOR THEOLOGICALS," BY DR. GRAHAM, OF EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

BY SAM. B. SMITH.

The answer comes not from a theologian, but from a simple searcher after truth. I think it wrong, and certainly very impolitic to endeavor to make out the Bible a book of lies. It is also very disingenuous and unfair, in scrutinizing the Bible, to garble it, or place it in a wrong light before the people. No one will ever help the cause of Spiritualism by any unfairness, but contrariwise. If Mr. Graham had consulted the original, he would have found the answer to his first question at once, as the word he stumbled over signifies the Spirit of God, or, emphatically, THE SPIRIT—the Great First Cause of all things.

The second question—"If the Infinite God was embodied in the man Christ Jesus for the space of thirty-three years, by what power was the world of infinite space kept in motion, and the race of animate beings propagated and sustained?"

Answer—The Infinite God is in everything, consequently was in the man Christ Jesus. Nothing can live, nothing can be without God's sustaining power. God is absent from nothing but that which is evil; and even there he is present to rebuke it. God is not in anything in the sense of being confined in it. He is in everything by the very essence of his being, since "It is in him that we live, move and have our being."

Mr. Graham's third question—"If, at the resurrection, there shall be a spiritual body prepared for the reunion of the soul, what kind of a spiritual body shall it be? Shall it be composed of physical or spiritual material, or of both? And do both occupy the same space at the same time?"

Answer—We shall have the same body we have now; but not both of the same bodies we possess now. One of our bodies now, the natural, is for our natural wants, and to propagate our species by; but, in the future life, as "We neither marry, nor are given in marriage," we shall not need the physical body; but we shall leave it as the butterfly leaves its cocoon, to fly at large and unnumbered in the infinitude of God's creation in our "spiritual body."

Fourth question—"When the earth, and the fullness thereof, are burnt up, where will the innumerable host of beings stand for judgment? Or, will they be consumed with the earth? How can the graves be opened, after all is burnt up?"

Answer—They will stand on the earth, before the conflagration, where they sinned. The soul is immortal, consequently never dies. We do not read that "the graves were opened after the earth was burnt up."

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die."—Ez. xviii: 4, is a figurative expression, and means no more than that it shall die to happiness and joy; and thus dead shall remain till it "hath paid the last farthing," which God's justice requires. Then, like gold purified by fire, when God sees his own image reflected from it, will he place it in his own crown, to shine as a diadem of mercy for ever and ever.

"Who was David?" asked a Government Inspector, examining a school not many miles from Canterbury. "The son of Jesse, and King of Israel," replied the boy. "Who was Jesse?" "The flower of Damblane."

A lady in an omnibus at Washington, espied the great unfinished dome of the capitol, and said innocently, "I suppose those are the gas works?" "Yes, madam, for the nation," was the reply of a fellow passenger.

How brightly do even little joys beam upon a soul darkened by sorrow, as stars come forth from the empty sky when we look to them from a deep well, or from cellars.

Written for the Banner of Light.

IN MEMORIAM

TO MY BELOVED AND REVERED STEP-MOTHER, WHO ASCENDED TO HER HOME IN HEAVEN, ON THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1864.

BY CORA WILBURN.

A memory of the Tropic shores—a gleam
Of a white homestead by the sounding sea;
Seen through the mist of tears, as in a dream,
A fair, sweet face, so mother-dear to me;
Mid the wave-music and the moonlit glow
Of golden splendor, heard the heart- refrain
And Rhineland melody of long ago,
Sung by the lips that echoed then the strain
Of home-sick longing—twenty years ago!

That echo now, sweet lips! the angels' song,
Fraught with fruitions ministry of peace;
The little, twinkling, busy feet, among
The graceful Sympathies that weave release,
For the soul-burdens of our nether woe,
Glide in harmonic dance of happiness,
Adown the bright tide that in its earthward flow
Brings the Pure, Highest, in its love-careless,
As in the dream-past—twenty years ago!

Full twenty years!—then the June-roses bloomed
Over a brow and heart devoid of care;
Then in the fairy distance proudly loomed
The joy of all things Great, and Good and Fair.
Then the love-whispers of the spirit, low
And musically plead with heart and youth;
Then the vast flood-gates of the spirit's woe
Had not o'erwhelmed the earnest search for
Truth,

Sought in Love's home-life—twenty years ago!
Since then how changed, mother beloved and true!
How checkered life with varied tints of ill!
How from the dominant, stern days, anew,
And bitter nights, the mandates of His Will,
Go forth in potency of Love and Woe!

To round the sharp angles of the warring soul,
What deep, incessant sorrow-murmurs flow
Athwart the dark trial-waters; how the goal
Differs from that of twenty years ago!

Exalted, humble, joy-berest, yet blest;
Midway toward the mountain's light I stand;
Hope, promise, expectation in my breast,
A pilgrim to the shrines of spirit-land.
An earth-plant nurtured by the copious flow
Of Sorrow's bitter waters; love-denied,
Tossed where the cruel blasts of exile blow
Yet to the angels and their God allied—
As in the dreams of twenty years ago!

"Where hast thou been, my weary, storm-tossed
child?"
Thy mother-accents once shall say to me.
And I, enraptured with the glory mild,
The angel splendors that encompass thee,
Shall tell of earth-life's ebb, and set, and glow,
The hallowed ministry of change and time,
The veiled soul-guidance of the seceded woe,
That rung its pathos through my simple rhyme,
Mellowed the songs of twenty years ago!

Beloved, beattified! my saint in heaven!
Clasp me in night-dreams, as in hours of yore!
Name me among the ransomed and forgiven,
From the white homestead of thy summer-shore;
Teach me in patience, calmness, faith to grow
Into the nearness of thy life divine;
Come, with the whispered love-names sweet and low,
Thine oracles of beauty from the shrine—
Thine unchanged love of twenty years ago!

Lasalle, Ill., 1864.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

LITTLE PET PERIWINKLE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

Little Pet Periwinkle had never been loved much, as little children are who have dear names who care for them tenderly. There came, sometimes, floating on the ocean, parts of vessels, or perhaps something that has been washed from the shore; these are called waifs, for no one knows where they come from. Little Pet was such a waif on the great ocean of life. No one knew where she came from, and perhaps she thought sometimes no one cared. She was not a beautiful child either, but had a homely mouth and a large nose, and a dark skin; and as no one loved her much, she had no one to teach her to smooth her hair, or make herself look neat and nice.

She had a home with Mrs. Jones, who lived in a lonesome place on a farm, and who had taken Pet from the poor-house of a large town. Every one said, "There is no chance for Pet there, if she is anybody, but she isn't; so it doesn't make much difference."

Now to be homely, and to know of no one that loves you, are two misfortunes; but they are not the worst, and Pet was not the most unfortunate of beings, and I will tell you why: she had in her heart the beauty of gentleness, and a wish for love. We are told that every child has a guardian angel that loves it and cares for it. Pet did not know this, or she would have been very happy; she only knew that sometimes when she was very good she felt sure that Mrs. Jones was not the only person in the farm-house, but that something as bright as the sunshine, as it touched the white clover blossoms, was there besides; at such times Pet would sing one of the sweet songs she had learned of the lark and the oriole.

She had grown to be quite a little miss before she knew that people could sing sweet songs with words; but she kept singing "songs without words," that she learned in the meadows, or under the big elm. One day when all her work was done, and she had gone out in the field for some berries for Mrs. Jones's supper, she felt particularly lonely and sorrowful, for she was tired of the many tasks that Mrs. Jones had made her do since early light. Having filled her basket while yet the sun was up, she said to herself, "I will venture to sit down a moment under this beautiful maple, for my feet ache, and if I should stumble on my way home, what would become of me? I wonder who put this beautiful maple here for me to sit under?—and who made this beautiful cool stream for me to bathe my head in? I wish I knew!" So saying, she looked down into the clear water, and saw her own face reflected thereon:

"No wonder Mrs. Jones calls me an ugly thing. I ain't half as beautiful as the blossoms, or as the sky, or as the birds. I should think I might have been. I wonder why I was n't? I guess they got tired making beautiful things before they came to

me. Well, well! the big, fat robin loves me when I scatter crumbs for him, and I don't think the lark mind my being so homely." So saying, she laid her head down on the green grass, and fell directly asleep. An sn slept she dreamed.

She seemed to see herself standing alone, but her hair was nicely combed, and her dress was clean and neat, so that she hardly knew herself. Soon there came to her a lady with mild, loving eyes, and dressed her, and said, "Come." So Pet followed, and she began to show her beautiful things; and as soon as Pet touched them they seemed to become a part of herself. "Oh!" thought she, "how nice I shall soon be as beautiful as the birds and the flowers." Then she began to hear sweet sounds, and as they came near to her, they seemed to become a part of her, so that when she spoke it was as if the most beautiful sounds proceeded from her.

"Now," said the fair lady, "you see yourself and what you can become."
"Oh dear!" said Pet, "I think it fine to see myself growing as fair as the blossoms, and to hear my voice as sweet as the meadow lark's; but I fear it will not last, and that I shall only be homely Pet Periwinkle by to-morrow; for Mrs. Jones told me I should grow homelier and homelier, till I frightened the hens and geese."

"Look again," said the gentle lady; and Pet saw herself working very busily, but all she did seemed to make her strong and healthy, and from all things about her some beauty seemed to flow which went directly into herself.

"Well done," said Pet; "if there isn't Mrs. Jones's wash-tubs, and me scrubbing away at the clothes; and it seems as if every drop of water was full of rainbows and sunshine that went directly into me; and if there isn't the cheese-press!—it looks like the full moon, so bright and beautiful, and it sends its light directly into my hair, and on my neck—and there's the broom, and the mop, and the duster! Why, they look as if they were all of shining gold, and when I touch them I seem to be like the breast of the oriole, so bright and beautiful; and then, too, see the old churn that I have grown so tired dashing up and down, it is like the beautiful maple when the sunset brightly touches it, and clouds of brightness seem floating up from it. Oh, dear, dear! if I could live in such a place, and have such churns and presses, and mops and brooms to work with, I shouldn't get so tired!"

And then she suddenly awoke, and found herself under the maple with the sunset brightness shining over her. She ran quickly home, not daring to stop to think about the fair lady and her sweet kiss.

"A pretty how-do-you-do is this," said Mrs. Jones. "Why didn't you come sooner? You look as if you had been to Noddies Island. I'll show you how to get berries the next time," so saying, she gave Pet a hard shake, and sent her with a push to get supper.

Now Pet was in the habit of crying whenever she was so treated, but somehow with the memory of the sweet vision in her mind, she could not cry, for there was the churn, and close by were the mop and the broom, and she could only think how bright and beautiful they looked in her dream. She hurried the supper, and as she did not wish to eat, she ran to the little attic room to brush her hair, to try and make herself look as she seemed in her dream. Her eyes shone with a brightness they had never known before, and she thought she would try her voice, and see if it was as sweet as the sounds she heard when the fair lady stood beside her. She sang the glad sweet songs she had heard in the woods, and her voice was full of gladness and melody.

"So ho, miss, I thought you'd gone off to cry just as you always do. Come down quick, and clear the table, and run for the cows, and get the pans ready."

Pet readily obeyed, for she was wondering if really the fair lady would be out in the pasture, and whether she really would kiss her again. When she laid down at night on her bed, she thought no more of her weary feet, or of the tasks she should have to do to-morrow, but only of the beauty that she should find in everything she touched.

At the first note of the lark, she was awake. She did not forget to brush her hair nicely, and to put on a clean apron. Her step was so light and nimble that Mrs. Jones thought it was the wind in the trees, and did not rouse herself till Pet had swept and dusted the rooms. She had been very anxious to try the broom, to see if there was really any beauty in it.

"I do believe," said she, "it never swept so easily before, and how smooth it feels to my hand! Oh, I love to sweep!" and her cheeks grew red, and her eyes grew bright, so that when Mrs. Jones saw her, she said:

"What's up now? Well, really, Pet, you are not crying and moping! Did you find a fairy down by the pasture last night? If you keep on this way, I should n't wonder if you made somebody after all; if you should, wouldn't it be a nice come-over those folks that have always said I was a fool for taking you any how? ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Jones seemed so delighted with this idea, that she did not scold for a full half hour.

Pet was glad it was churning day, because she wanted a chance to try the churn, and to see if there was anything good or beautiful about it. Never had the handle gone so glybly, never had the butter come so quickly, and never had Mrs. Jones been so well-satisfied as she took out the golden treasure.

Pet's face had lost its tired, sorrowful look, and really seemed quite beautiful, if you looked at her eyes, and at her cheeks, and watched the smiles come and go. All day long the work had seemed a pleasure; and when night came, and Mrs. Jones sat in her rocking-chair, she called her, and said: "Haint cried all day? well, I declare, I guess maybe you will be somebody after all; if you should what would the folks say that always called me a fool for taking such a homely, sniveling child? ha, ha!" and Mrs. Jones laughed again.

Little Pet Periwinkle was truly a changed child. She no longer cried and moped over her tasks, but constantly thought to herself, "I am quite sure that the fair lady loves me, and meant to show me that I could become beautiful," so every day when she swept, or dusted, or washed, or made butter or cheese, she felt sure that some beauty came to her, for as she looked at herself in the glass, she saw that her face was round and smiling, that her hair had grown glossy and smooth, and that her skin looked so clean that no one would mind whether it was fair.

The change in Mrs. Jones was greater than in Pet, for as she saw the child's cheerful, happy manner, she no longer fretted at her every moment; and the idea that perhaps, after all Pet might make something, amused her so much that at last she began to feel that it was certainly to be true. One day, she said:

"Pet, you see nobody knows but you may be somebody, after all, and I really believe I will send you to school. When I took you, they told me that they had called you Pet Periwinkle because there was a beautiful blossom of the blue

periwinkle on your little baby dress. Like enough your mother put it there, because you see, child, you had a mother, and like enough she is in heaven now, and a blessed angel. If she is, I guess she would like to have you go to school; so, Pet, get up early and drive the cows, and churn, and wash the dishes, and sweep and dust, and then you may go to school; and perhaps, after all, you'll make somebody. If you should what would the folks say?"

Pet could hardly sleep that night for thinking of what Mrs. Jones had told her. In the first place, the thought of a dear mother of her own, who had loved her and put a sweet blossom on her baby dress, was a joy that she had never known before. She was sure that the angel of her vision was her own beloved mother who had come to help her to become like the beautiful flower. And then to think of going to school, what a delight was that!

"But what shall I do?" said she to herself; "I do not know anything about school; but I will beg my dear mother to help me, and to tell me what to do. Oh, how glad I am I have a mother!"

In the morning Pet was up before the sun, and had finished her task in due season. She smoothed her hair nicely, and put on her clean dress, and trudged off the long two miles that she had to go, as if she had been resting all the morning; for a noble desire was in her heart, and it made her forget all weariness. She wished to learn and to become better and more like her angel mother. It was not many weeks before Pet was at the head of her class, and Mrs. Jones said, as she heard of it:

"Well, I really believe she will be somebody."

And then Pet was the sweetest singer in all the school, and soon they begged her to join a singing school, where her teacher loved her so much and admired her sweet voice so well, that he persuaded Mrs. Jones to let her come every week, and allow him to teach her to cultivate her voice. All this time Pet worked cheerfully for Mrs. Jones, for she found really that the broom, and the churn, and the mop, and the tub had some wonderful power in them; they made her cheeks rosy with the exercise of using them, and they brought sweet visions of her dear mother who had first taught her the beauty that is hidden in everything.

When the spring came and the beautiful periwinkle, with its shining green leaves, peeped out from under the snow, Pet thought herself the happiest of children, for she felt sure that her dear mother had loved that plant and intended she should be like it; and she now saw that a beautiful path had opened for her to become a noble, loving, happy girl.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Jones, "who would have thought that my girl would ever have been so smart and looked so handsome. Really, Pet, I'm glad I took you and gave you a chance. I do believe you are like sunshine to my old heart, though I did shut it up against you for a long, long time. And now, child, while I think of it, I must tell you, that I should n't wonder if you was somebody after all. But what was I going to say? Oh, bring me that box under the head of my bed. There, this little trinket came with you, mayhap it belonged to your mother. I always meant to give it to you, but did n't think you'd care. But you see if I had died without doing so, I should n't have been easy for knowing I had n't done it."

Pet took the trinket and went to her room. It was a little locket, cheap and common, but it had a little painted flower on one side, and on the other was scratched, in a rough manner, the letters P. P. Did they mean to represent Pet Periwinkle, or did they represent her dear mother's name? How could she tell? Pet had not long to think, for she heard a noise down-stairs, and running down, found old Mrs. Jones lying helpless on the floor. Pet cared for her as best she could, and went for help; but there was no use in help, for the old lady died in a few hours, and Pet lost the one whom she had so long served so faithfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Enigma.

BY X. E. W. X.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 9, 7, 4, 5, 8, 7, 1 is the name of a game,
My 2, 10, 6 is a kitchen utensil,
My 11, 3, 8, 9 is the principle feature of the State of New Jersey.
My whole is the name of a great Theban General of ancient times.

Conundrum.

Why are fishes like ladies' hair?

Word-Puzzle.

S P U T R E B R E G

These letters when arranged will spell the name of a city toward which thousands of hearts hourly turn.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY F. S.—"We go for principles, not men."

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUMS BY S. F. R.—Compare (come pear).
They can't keep their secret.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY JENNIE VALERIA.

Longer, darker grow the shadows,
As the glorious sun descends;
And with brightly gleaming dewdrops
Every leaf and flower bends.
Now the moon, in silvery splendor,
Wends her way through starry skies,
While the welcome spirit slumber
Comes and shuts my weary eyes,

Bids my mind forget the present,
Takes me to my home again,
Where encircled with love's sunshine
I forget all care and pain;

Tells me of a gentle mother
Lowly wrapped in earth's embrace,
Whose pure, heavenly spirit praises
Him who saved her by his grace.

Then my darling infant brother
Floats before my mental gaze,
And the happy hours departed
With the smiles of other days;
Then I think of him in heaven,
Robed in raiment pure and white,
Yet not purer than the spirit
Born of heavenly love and light.

Thus when grief and cares surround me,
Spirits bright seem hovering near,
Ever watchful of the wanderer
Who hath naught on earth to cheer.

And when life's short day is ended,
And death's twilight shadows come,
Then will angels pure and glorious,
Gently bear my spirit home.

In the affairs of love, the longest experience is the greatest disqualification.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestation in Ye Olden Time.

The following narrative, gathered from the statements of a lady not a believer in spirit manifestations, may be relied upon as being strictly true in every important particular.

The object of the writer in collecting these facts, is not merely to startle the ear by a narration of strange occurrences, or gratify the mind in a profitless love for the marvelous; but to furnish to such as may be interested in prosecuting inquiries in this direction, some additional testimony, showing that physical manifestations through the agency of disembodied spirits, are not of such recent origin as many suppose.

Miss Thankful McIntosh, the subject of this sketch, was born in the town of Dedham, Mass., about the year 1744, as nearly as can be ascertained. Nothing is definitely known respecting her childhood, except that she was considered intelligent, and of a lively turn of mind.

When she was about eighteen or twenty years of age (to use the narrator's words), "she began to appear strange," which peculiarity was observed to increase until her death, which occurred at, or nearly the age of thirty.

It appears that this "strangeness," as it was termed, increased to such a degree, that it disqualified her from earning a livelihood. Being destitute of relatives, and friends who were willing and able to support her, she was thrown upon the town for maintenance, and carried to the residence of Mr. Ebenezer Holmes, grandfather to the lady from whom these facts are received.

The first notable event, known by the narrator to have taken place after she became a member of Mr. H.'s family, was a sudden and unaccountable fit of anger—as it appeared to them—while spinning, which occupation, up to this time, had appeared to afford her much pleasure. From this time the same results ensued whenever she attempted to spin—so violent and uncontrollable did they finally become, that she was prevented from making any further attempts, Mrs. H. fearing that the consequences resulting from these paroxysms might prove disastrous to herself, or some one of the family.

Sometime after these exhibitions, one summer day, while Thankful was lying upon the ground near the open door (which she was now accustomed to do quite frequently), uttering a moaning kind of sound, Mrs. H. being seated near by, a cheese-hoop and follower, resting upon a shelf in an open dresser, commenced whirling rapidly, no person being in the room, or nearer the dresser than Mrs. H., who sat in the entry in a position which enabled her to observe all that transpired within. The hoop and follower continued their revolutions for some time with undiminished vigor, Mrs. H. sitting the while, a wonder-struck spectator of the scene. At last, the unseen operator becoming exhausted by such unusual exertions, or suspecting that this show was not exactly suited to the taste of the audience, or from some other unexplained cause, closed the performance by tumbling them to the floor, where they quietly remained until Mrs. H. recovered a sufficient amount of courage to enable her to restore them to their accustomed places.

About this time, stones were thrown down the chimney at intervals, when it was known positively that no one was in the house, or near the premises, except the members of the family. One night, Mrs. H. being alone with her grandson and Thankful, who was startled by a loud rapping on the outer door, upon opening which, no one was to be seen. She had barely reentered the room, when the rapping was repeated much louder than before. Hastening back, she was the second time in the act of opening the door, when the knocking was renewed with redoubled violence. As before, no one was to be seen far or near. Thankful, during this time, was lying in one corner of the fire-place, moaning. Mrs. H. now becoming thoroughly alarmed, started for the house of a neighbor, taking her grandson, and leaving Thankful alone in the house. While passing through an aperture leading into an adjacent lot, across which she had to pass, a stone, or some other missile, was thrown by unseen hands against a large rock lying directly at her feet, with such force as to cause the omission of a shower of sparks.

From this time until her death, Thankful's health steadily declined, although it could not be ascertained that any physical disease had fastened itself upon her, but she continued daily to grow more and more "strange."

One evening, while the family were seated as usual about the room, a nut, descending apparently from the ceiling, struck upon the floor with great violence, and rebounding, struck Mr. H. near the knee, producing much pain for some time. Great quantities of stones were occasionally thrown upon the roof of the house, no one being able to detect the place from which they came. Soon they began to be thrown about in the various apartments of the house, differing in size from coarse gravel to those weighing half a pound. While this was being done, no doors or windows were open, and no possible way could be conjectured by which they found an entrance. Sometimes as many as a quart of these were collected from the floor of a room at one time.

These, and other circumstances of a similar character which might be mentioned, were of almost daily occurrence; but enough has been said indicative of their true nature and origin. Nothing of a mysterious character had taken place at the house of Mr. H. previous to Thankful's residence there, and nothing of the kind happened after her decease; so she was believed to have been a witch, through whose agency his Satanio Majesty was enabled to gratify his devilish proclivity for mischief to the great disgust of the good people around.

Sharon, Mass., 1864.

Premontion.

Last fall I had three sons in the army, and at the time here referred to all well, so far as we at home had any knowledge. On a certain night, while resting comfortably in bed, I saw one of my sons near me, a corpse. I saw him so plainly, that on my waking up, I awoke my wife (not his mother—a second wife), and related the circumstance to her, but charging her at the same time to say nothing about it, for such a dream, if his wife, Jany, heard of it, would render her very unhappy. Perhaps I related it to a few others of my family, with the same charge. I made no record of the date, of course, as it was only a dream. It was perhaps two weeks after that we heard of his death, and from the best calculation we could make, the death and the dream were at or about the same time.

The following is an extract of a written communication from my son through a medium near here:

"When the breath left my body, the first objects I saw were my mother and a dozen others. And before I went to the spirit-land, I went with

mother and saw you all, except Manlove" (this was his oldest brother, living about six miles off). "Father saw me, I laid my hand on his head, and woke him up; he opened his eyes and saw me standing at his head. Then father got up and opened the door; then I went to the spirit-land with mother."

I have no medium powers about me that I know of, neither am I in the habit of seeing ghosts, nor dreaming significant dreams. I cannot remember of getting up and opening the door the night alluded to, but there is no doubt I did so sometime during the night, for it is a common thing with me to do so.

H. H. WAY.

Greenwall, Ill., 1864.

CHIMES AND CHATS.

BY MISS MATTHESON.

While I am writing, this sultry August day, I suppose the great National Convention is convened at Chicago. We are fifty miles west of that great inland mart, which may be considered the heart of the Northwest, and the immense number of railroads that pour in there from all directions, the veins that surge through its vast and boundless body.

This Convention is to be the Convention of the age. People who think the common grove meetings beneath their notice, flock to the city to attend this one, for it has a large sounding name. Why? It is to be held in the vast city, and is to occupy the great Bryan Hall, and the great Metropolitan Hall.

I know a woman (and a very good sort of one, too), who, ten months ago, when S. P. Leland lectured here, and her husband was chosen on the committee for trying him, arose, and said she wished it "distinctly understood that her husband was not a Spiritualist," who is now going to the Convention, independent of that husband. So much for so much. I wish Leland would turn out again with his bag of gas.

But this great Convention was appointed in just the wrong season for farmers to attend. People of the farming districts are head over ears in harvesting and haying, so that it is impossible for them to leave. Thus a great body of our Spiritualists are debarred from attending. Somehow there are a greater number of Spiritualists amongst the farmers than any other one class of people, or else they are favored with more independence and less fear of the world's "say-so" than others, and thus boldly and fearlessly proclaim their faith. Pshaw! There are men and women amongst us who are just as firm in the spiritual faith as you or I, who keep still and shy about it, for fear Mrs. Grundy (you know Mrs. Grundy, the village gossip—yes, everybody knows her the world over, for fear she will get hold of it and blurt it all over town, with her own scandalous remarks. Then Miss Prim would turn the cold shoulder, for she is an out-and-out Methodist, and no knowing what the rest of the Methodists would do. Then there are Sally Snee and Polly Scoff, and so many others to stand in fear of. Bless you! this sort of religion is getting to be popular enough, so that the weakest of you need not fear to come out boldly and say, "I am a Spiritualist, thank God." A few years from now, and with the strides it has been taking, it will outrank all the other denominations put together, although the sacred promulgators of the humane doctrine which teaches that two-thirds of the human race are to be eternally damned, should keep their hell-fire seething and crackling about our ears continually.

But I was going to speak about the crops. Farmers this season need strong faith, added to the patience of Job, to bear up under the sad destruction of their crops, destroyed by the ravages of the terrible chinch bug, which has passed from one sort of grain to another, until even the corn is not likely to be half a crop. Whole sorghum fields are completely dried and withered down under their ruthless ravages. Even tame hay is sorely damaged by them. Husband has a small Hungarian grass field, with not a living spear left upon it. A neighbor has a cellar that is partially open. As soon as he cut his grain, a whole army of these pests poured down cellar, and utterly filled everything. Whole settlements of milk were obliged to be thrown away—as if they could not leave him even that small chance of turning a penny. While I am writing this, and striving to have a social chat with the BANNER readers, these pests are crawling in at the open door and window.

Huntley, Ill., 1864.

Spiritual Grove Meeting

AT THREE RIVER POINT—TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED TO THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE IN COUNCIL.

On the morning of July 31st, one hundred or more of us on the boat Sperry, Capt. Swan, steamed out of Syracuse on the Oswego Canal, past long rows of dirty-looking salt blocks, flitter looking groceries, with their living signboards of bad whiskey squirting tobacco juice on the outside, fit emblem of the spirit within. How long, oh "spirits of just men made perfect," before the new gospel shall awaken your lives to more noble things. We soon passed into the winding Seneca, cheered on our way by vocal and instrumental music from B. F. Lawrence and his new-found wife. Our delegation arrived too late for the text, as Mrs. F. O. Hyzer was already nearly through with her morning discourse, but we heard enough to sharpen our spiritual eye for more light. After a quiet dinner under the wide-spreading branches of a noble oak by the side of the sleeping river, and words of cheer from our numerous friends to fill up the interval and render the intolerable heat bearable, we were called to order by the President—Esquire Curtis, of Geddes—who presided with such a genial good humor as to place every one at ease with himself and his neighbor. Mrs. Hyzer called for a subject; Inspiration was named. She then improvised and sung in a way that touched the tender chords in every heart, carrying conviction that she, at least, is inspired as easily and naturally as the leaves that hang over our heads were moved to new life by the passing breeze. No one who heard her afternoon discourse can ever forget the beautiful truths that were taught by reason and analogy, calling into deeps that no Orthodox plummet had ever sounded. She was followed by Susie A. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, our speaker for the last eight weeks, who drove the spiritual wedges into the seams of our unbelief so thick and fast that we could not help being filled with that flood which will make us better and happier as life wears away.

After a notice from Bro. Barnes (whose zeal and genial humor make every one better for having seen him) to meet one year from date, we hurried to the boat, and were soon off for Syracuse, our Captain keeping the very best of order, and attending strictly to the comforts of all the passengers. The hills of old Onondaga lay with deep shadows gathered on their bosoms as we landed on the wharf at Syracuse, somewhat tired and worn in body, but better prepared to go forward on our journey to that sunny land whither we are all tending.

Now, dear BANNER, your colors must not trail in the dust. Let each and every one put forth their strongest battle-cry for getting subscribers and helping you forward in the good work.

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1864.

LOOK UP, THE DAY IS BREAKING.

BY MARY A. TWITCHELL.

Look up, the day is breaking;
The night-clouds roll away;
Ever the darkest hour
Is just before the day.
Look up, the day is breaking,
And from the bending sky
Come words of hopeful greeting,
For victory is nigh.

Look up, be not desponding,
Behold the welcome light,
And let each heart, rejoicing,
Grow stronger in its might.
For "over the right shall triumph,
And ever is justice done,"
As years roll on, and ages
Grow old beneath the sun.

Soon may loud-thrilling music
Float over dale and lea—
The deep, glad voice of millions
In songs of jubilee;
When slavery is dying,
And rebellion 's no more,
And the dear old flag is waving
In peace from shore to shore.

Correspondence.

The Convention.—Spiritual Science.—A Plea for the Indians.

After a pleasant visit to the friends of spiritual progress in the beautiful and thriving town of Princeton, I returned to my cottage home freighted with grateful memories of kindest hospitality and good will. My spirit-friends and those of earth combined to send me to the National Convention in Chicago, from whence I send this greeting. I was gratified, strengthened in hope for the future, by the proceedings of that great gathering; for, although no visible organization was formed, yet did we become hand and heart linked in everlasting bonds of fraternal unity, in the work of emancipation for humanity. And the future will give us an organization founded upon the eternal principles of love and wisdom, wherein woman will hold her divinely legitimate place as the central power, ordained by Nature, coequal with her brother man, as the intuitive Head and loving Heart, that shall in prayerful humility of effort preside over the interests of the race. A year hence we shall be better educated, more fitted for the execution of so great a task.

Despite of some degree of combative feeling, it was encouraging to breathe in the atmosphere of fraternal love that enveloped us at the Convention. The heat was tropical; the debates were warm; but the interest in the proceedings was unabated. I was heartily glad that the truly loyal sentiments of the greatest portion of the spiritualistic body were made so evidently manifest, that so much enthusiasm was displayed, that we stand pledged to the cause of Universal Freedom in the sight of the world.

I met with many true brothers and sisters; with those laboring by public advocacy for the millennial time of earth; with others who, in the blessed retirement of home, strive for the foregleanings of the heaven-life awarded to those who love and live the truth.

I had the satisfaction of attending one of Mr. Church's circles. The truly wonderful manifestations given through the mediumship of this unassuming, honest man have been recorded before; but I will briefly state what was given under rather unfavorable conditions, as the medium was not well and the intense heat of the preceding days prevented some of the most striking manifestations from taking place. The persons in the circle all joined hands, and kept so until light was called for at the close. Mr. Church was seated in a chair. I, on the left of the medium with a stove between, was also securely fastened. An accordion was placed on the floor in the middle of the circle. The light was extinguished and some sweet singing performed. Soon Ninewakee, the gigantic Indian, spoke to us in audible whispers, clearly distinct, and his large, warm, tangible hand touched us, and left the sensation of having had our heads well shaken. Then a Swiss peasant discoursed sweet music on the accordion; a lady touched us with gentle, soothing fingers, on brow and hair, and spoke to us distinctly. She said to me: "Dear sister, kind and good and holy angels guard you!" Ninewakee was full of fun, good will and repartee. It was the first dark circle I ever attended, and I declare myself fully satisfied and convinced of the truth of the manifestations there felt and heard. Under favorable conditions the spirits illuminate the room, and make themselves visible to the natural eye. I hope yet to witness this. Surely, we shall yet walk with spirits hand in hand.

Mr. Church is—or soon will be—equal to Home of European celebrity. He is truthful and humble, and out of such spiritual material the good and wise immortals can give blessed evidences of eternal life and progress to the world. One dear lady friend, whose hospitable home I am resting in, was touched by a little tender spirit-hand; she asked who it was. "Charlie," called out the good Indian; the name of her little departed son. "He is a fine child," remarked the mother. "Superfine," replied Ninewakee. The sitting was held at the house of Ada Hoyt, the test medium, whose voice delighted and thrilled the hearts of the Convention, in stirring, patriotic and touching song.

As our co-laborer and esteemed friend, Father Beeson, was not present at our national gathering to plead the cause of the Indian, and as the Convention was overwhelmed with business, will the BANNER readers accept the following resolution, informally presented, moved, and seconded by your sister Cora?

There is one subject upon which the National Convention (having had neither time nor opportunity) has not touched, one that bears upon our interests as a nation, and claims an expression of public sentiment in the name of Justice and Humanity. A few words, therefore, in behalf of the oppressed and neglected Indian.

We, as Spiritualists, pledged against all forms of slavery, benefited as we are by the ministrations of Indian spirits, who, returning good for the evil received at our hands, come from the blessed soul-lands with missions of healing and beneficence, with messages of encouragement and consolation, owe them in their present need the returns of gratitude and just dealing. We have been guilty of acquiescence to the insatiable demands of slavery at the South; we have in indolent forgetfulness of the rights of human brotherhood permitted the exile of the red man from his native lands, his extermination upon our boasted soil of freedom. Cruel, false and arrogant is that assumption that declares the design of an advanced civilization to be the annihilation of less developed races, the destruction of the de-

fenceless in our midst. Or, do not let us vaunt too loudly this possession of advanced culture, for our deeds bear witness against our words. True power is over-magnanimous, and most severely just. Of the despised Indians we can learn grandest lessons, not only of a pure religion that accepts the one great Father Spirit, but of a moral code, based upon Nature's divine laws, far exceeding the enactments of our times. Honor, justice, truth, are inherent and accepted principles in the Indian's soul; chastity, love, and woman's beautiful devotion are revered by the red man, as by the sentiment of the civilized world. True to Nature, as we are false to her mother-teachings, they are blessed by her inspirational responses to the invocations of the soul. Her treasure-stores of beauty and healing are confided to their keeping; and we, who deliver them over to the tender mercies of hardened speculators, lawless aggressors, and all manner of oppression, yet are willing to receive the energizing and soothing magnetisms that flow earthward from the spirit-realms, owe life and health and strength to the ever-awarded ministry of Christ-like Indian spirits. And we are called upon, as believers in the Father and Motherhood of the Supreme, in the brotherhood of man, to aid by all the means within our power, this portion of God's long neglected, cruelly outraged children; to make amends for past oblivion of their sacred rights; to provide them with that to which every human being has an inalienable right—home, freedom, the means of expansion for the divine nature indwelling in the souls of all.

It was because of their imitation of the vices of civilization that they committed the horrible deeds now constantly called up in accusation against the entire race. Infuriated by the *whitey given by the white man*, maddened with hunger, made reckless by injustice, they perpetrated the unheard-of cruelties in Minnesota two years ago. Such cruelties come not within the law of Indian warfare. For the accused love of gold their anxiety was withheld by the scheming Indian agent, the *white brother* appointed by the Government to watch over their interests; for a paltry premium on his gold he outraged every sense of right, and at the bar of Eternal Justice will be held accountable for the slaughter of the innocent. Because some of our soldiers are reckless of life and property, will you condemn the noble brave army that is defending our holiest liberties? For the wrongs committed by a few will you consign to extermination a race whose elements of physical prowess, whose innate nobleness and spirituality we need in this age of conflict and progress?

In the name of humanity, for the Christlove that approximates us to the Divine, for the cause of Liberty and the speedy coming of the millennial day of universal peace, let us join hands and hearts for the salvation of our Indian brethren from the fate that threatens them. Let us, who have plead for, and thus far won, the cause of the down-trodden negro, remember in this, its sorest time of need, that scattered remnant of a nation, once sovereign of the soil. The councils of the spirit-world await your decision, oh, Spiritualists of America! You have pledged yourselves for the promotion of universal freedom; let none be cast out from its holy privileges. Let your souls be stirred with the righteous indignation of aroused justice, by the benign compassion of fraternal sympathy. And may the voice of the united body of Spiritualists go forth to the world in earnest protest against further infringement of the Indians' rights, in solemn vindication of those rights, side by side with our own.

Yours for Truth,
CORA WILBURN.
Chicago, Ill., Aug. 10, 1864.

The Convention—"Rising Tide"—Reformers, etc.

To-day finds me in this growing metropolis of the West, in commanding view of the placid waters of Lake Michigan. My thoughts turn homeward, to the kind and loving friends of Philadelphia, between whom time and distance alone will intervene, to separate physically, but not in heart and memory; whose sympathies and interests have been linked with my welfare, bidding me onward go, and work for the cause of truth and freedom.

The past week has been one of stirring interest and variety, owing to the session of the National Convention, that attracted many from different sections of the country. Discussions of a political character, also on the propriety, or necessity of organization, were delivered, pro and con, with ability and animation, showing the embryotic condition of an effort to organize, calling for a localized system of some kind, ere they meet again next year in the same capacity.

I see here, among the many strangers, Cora Wilburn, Esther C. Wileman, M. D., and Mrs. E. Daniels, of the Rising Tide. I hope the friends of reform will not forget the Tide, and aid our sister in her efforts, at Independence, Iowa.

There is a ready demand here for true and practical workers in our philosophy, while Western homes and welcome hearts will greet all such who practice, as well as preach, individual worth and morality. Those who are adapted for the mission of reform who may feel desponding, or question how they can work to the best advantage, turn hither and dispense the bread of life to grateful, aspiring natures.

I lecture here next Sunday, and shall give a political discourse next week, before the "Union League." I expect to go to Iowa, Wisconsin and other Western States, to fulfill engagements. The greetings of the friends of progress of Vineland, West Jersey, were extended to the Chicago Convention, agreeably to promise, and elicited several inquiries after the absent loved ones.

My address for several weeks will be in care of H. H. Marsh, No. 141 Wells street, Chicago, Ill.

Truly yours,

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D.
Chicago, Ill., Aug., 1864.

Magnetic and Spiritual Telegraphing.

Aug. 2d.—Evening.—All nature is tranquil. The lamps of heaven illumine the azure dome. Three hundred miles up the Platte, far from home and those we love, we sit alone in pensive thought, thinking of the past, the present, and the future—of time and eternity.

We have just been to a telegraph office to learn the current news of the day. While there a dispatch was being transmitted from New York to San Francisco. It appears strange that intelligible ideas can be communicated with the velocity of thought on the wings of lightning from ocean to ocean, thus virtually annihilating time and space, enabling the extremes of a great continent to stand and converse, as it were, face to face. Strange as it is, it is no less strange than true. The magnetic telegraph is a fact scientifically demonstrated. To have even prophesied of it a century since would have doomed the prophet to ignominy and contempt as a fool; yet the scientific principle in nature would have been a fact notwithstanding. We now venture the prediction that another century will not pass till electric holds converse with the spirit-world, as much as it is

now a fact that nation holds converse with nation by means of electro-magnetism. The human mind is of itself a galvanic battery, having its positive and negative poles.

It is as natural for likes to attract likes, as it is for steel to cleave to lodestone. Spirit is the same in or out of the form. It is a conceded fact, that mind influences mind. Congenial spirits, in sympathy with each other, having their minds concentrated and intensely charged, imperceptibly flow out. Faith flies her kite and extends her wires, until loving spirits responsive meet, and soul communes with soul. Thus friends, though sundered far, can meet in spirit and have sweet communings of love and friendship. Thus our friends departed can be often with us in spirit, and as ministering angels influence for good. Spiritually, "we see as through a glass darkly," but the day-star of spiritual illumination has arisen; the sun of righteousness will soon dispel the dark, dismal night of ignorance and slavery. The glorious era of Freedom dawns upon the world, when man shall no longer be a slave because of color, and when woman shall no longer be a slave because of sex.

JOHN WILCOX.

The Clergymen vs. Spiritualism, at Toledo, Ohio.

EDITOR BANNER.—Dear Sir: I notice responses from almost every town and State but Toledo. If it was not for the number of BANNERS sent here to diffuse light, you would no doubt think we were isolated from the spiritual world. But such is not the case. We have been blessed with mediums of rare gifts, among them is Mrs. Sarah Thompson, clairvoyant, test and speaking medium, now a resident of Cleveland, Ohio. Too much cannot be said of her mediumship.

We have also with us one of the best physical mediums, and several trance mediums, all of whom help to fill up our spiritual cup, and build up the everlasting and only universal gospel of peace; men of unflinching courage and energy, ready at all times to meet theology, even though it be clothed with the garb of self-righteousness. Our strongest opposition is the clergy. One of them gave notice of his intention to annihilate Spiritualism, and actually attempted to do so; after which onslaught a letter was sent him, which he has not answered, and probably will not.

As the learned gentleman put much stress upon dark circles, and brought them up as strong proof against the truthfulness of Spiritualism, saying that the manifestations cannot occur because they do not in the light, the following responses were presented to him in that letter for solution, and we are waiting patiently for him to solve them: "As you seem to ridicule our dark circles, please tell me why the most of the physical tests of the Bible were occurrences of the night, when the especial object was to christianize the world? For instance, Abraham's great test occurred in the lot to Lot was at night. The passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites occurred in the night. And Jacob wrestled with the angel by night. The tremendous manifestation given to Moses on the Mount, when the trumpet sounded long and exceeding loud, occurred in darkness. The slaughtering of Sennacherib's army by the angels, at the siege of Samaria, was in the night, being a destruction of 183,000 lives in one night. The destruction of the Midjanites, 20,000, in one night, brought to pass through the interpositions of angels. The putting to flight of Ben Haddad's army by the angels, at the siege of Samaria, in the night. The salutation to the shepherds was at night. The stilling of the trumpet; walking on the water; the transfiguration—were all occurrences of the night. It was at night when Christ, after his resurrection, appeared in tangible form, the first and second time unto the eleven in the upper room. It was night when the stone was rolled away by the angels from the door of the sepulchre; the apostles let out of prison (Acts, v.), when the door was locked again by the angels. It was night when Peter was delivered from prison. Paul and Silas were delivered from prison at night."

M. K.

Consolation to the Bereaved.

In reading your highly prized paper from time to time, I see that you sometimes publish communications in relation to matters which may give light to your fellow beings. I have one which you received from our spirit-friends, and which we cherish as a holy memento. It was in relation to a little babe of dear friends, who passed on to the Summer-Land but a short time ago, and answers a very important question. Should it meet your approbation, we should be happy to have you publish it, for it may cheer some sad and drooping heart, and awaken them to this great truth.

South Grafton, Mass., Aug. 18, 1864.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" This is a question which has been often asked. We say he does not die; he lays aside the worn-out body on a couch of grief, that he may expand into fullness and into a more perfect state. Except the grain be buried in the earth, it cannot produce fruit. So of the spirit; unless the husk be buried, the higher nature cannot burst forth. Mourn not for the child; it is well with him. Watched over by angel eyes, his little feet guided by angel hands, lifted above earth and its temptations and sorrows, he is basking in eternal sunshine. Pain cannot reach, sin cannot sullify the purity of his little soul; fit companion of the saints in light, he has come to us a gathered sunbeam straying from earth and garnered up with care in heaven, there to be one of those who dwell in the presence of Him, our elder brother, who blessed them even when on earth, and claims them as his lambs in the green fields of Paradise."

Relative Decay of the Sexes.

Decay of the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In the three years ending June 30, 1860, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales, was 518,000, while the deaths among females were only 499,038, giving an excess of male deaths, in three years, of 18,962. After this statement it cannot appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. In the present time, in London, there are 980,000 males to 878,000 males, or an excess of 102,000 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July, 1839 and 30th June, 1840, 5247 females, aged 85 and upwards; whereas, of the same age there died only 3364 gentlemen, leaving living is called in the city a "balance." In favor of the old ladies of 1203. Among the females who died, 71 had passed the age of 100, but only 40 males. There are only three diseases common to sexes, which carry off more females than males; they are consumption, cancer and dropsy. The deaths by child-birth form but a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The proportion is only 8 per 1000 of the total mortality; and as half a million children are annually born in England and Wales, and scarcely 3000 deaths take place in child-birth, so there is only one death to 170 conceptions.

The researches of the registrar general have brought to light some singular results with reference to the proportion in which acute diseases affect the two sexes. In the zymotic tribe the uniformity is quite extraordinary. Thus, out of 8194 persons dying of measles in 1840 throughout England and Wales, 4443 were males, and 4351 fe-

males; a difference of only 92. Again, out of 17,842 persons dying of scarlet fever in the same year, 8427 were males, 9315 were females; a difference of only 7.

On the other hand, it appears that out of 14,804 dying of pneumonia, 8177 were males, and only 6627 females. Out of 22,707 deaths of convulsions, 12,880 were males, and only 10,027 females. The superior value of female life, which this and all statistical considerations tend to prove, and which our insurance officers, by their variation of rates, acknowledge, is not attributable to any differences in the original construction of the body (for man is built of stronger materials than woman), but first, to the smaller demand made upon her vital power during the middle period of life; secondly, to the healthier condition and temperature of the female mind; and, thirdly, to the lesser amount of toil and anxiety which, in a highly civilized country, falls to the share of woman.—Dr. G. Gregory.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

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

J. JUDD PARDEE will lecture in Chelsea, Sept. 4 and 11; in Worcester, Sept. 18 and 25. Will respond for the fall. Address Boston, at the Boston Hotel.

MISS MARTHA L. BUCKWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Stamford, Conn., Sept. 4 and 11; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Quincy, Oct. 2 and 9; in Springfield, Oct. 18 and 25; in Philadelphia, during November, in Worcester, during January; in Lowell, during April. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Sept. 4 and 11; in Foxboro, Sept. 18 and 25; in Portland, Me., Oct. 2 and 9. Will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address Quincy, Mass.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for one year, commencing the first Sabbath of March. Address, Locke's Mills, Me.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak the first Sunday of each month in Leicester, Vt., for the coming year; and the second Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Rockland, Me., Sept. 4; in Gloucester, Sept. 11, Oct. 2, Nov. 8 and Dec. 4; in Stockton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Exeter, Oct. 9, Nov. 15 and Dec. 11; in Haverhill, Oct. 18, 25 and 31; Nov. 20 and Dec. 18 and 25.

JAMES M. ALLEN speaks in Stockton, Me., Sept. 4. Address, Stockton, Me. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, also attend funerals.

N. FRANK WING will speak in Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 4 and 11; in Chelsea, Sept. 18 and 25; in Taunton, Nov. 6 and 13; in Quincy, Dec. 4 and 11; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Springfield, during March; in Worcester, during June and July; in Lowell, during September.

MISS LIZZIE DORRIS will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Tavillon, 61 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, during October; in Foxboro, during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell, during January and May; in Chelsea, during February.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNESEND speaks in Quincy, Sept. 21 and 28; in Concord, Oct. 18 and 25; in Lowell, Nov. 8 and 15, during December. Address as above.

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

MISS SUSIE M. JONAS will lecture in Dover, Me., during September; in Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 6 and 13; in Taunton, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emory.

WILLIAM CHASE will attend the Convention at Belvidere, Ill., Sept. 2, 9 and 16; from Sept. 23 to Oct. 1, he will lecture in Rockford, Ill., and from Oct. 18 to Nov. 1, he will lecture in Chicago, Ill., which will be his residence after that date; he will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 18, 25 and 31; in November and December he will be on the route to Washington, for which engagements can be made soon; will lecture in Washington, D. C., during January, and from there make a tour through the States of Virginia and New York, from which route applications can be made by those who want lectures. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 4; in Groveland, Sept. 11; in Randolph, Sept. 18; in Milford, N. H., Sept. 25; in Haverhill, Mass., during October; in Philadelphia, during December; in Worcester, during January; in Lowell, during February. Address, box 15, Lowell, Mass.

WALTER HYDE lectures every week in the "Electric Therapeutic and Medical Institute," 100 Broadway, New York, during the winter months. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, also attend funerals. See advertisement. Address as above.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Lowell during September; in Chelsea, during October; in Troy, N. Y., during November.

Mrs. M. DECK will speak in Burns, LaCrosse Co., Wis., Sept. 4 and 11, and Oct. 16.

Mrs. EMMA WILSON, M. D., Inspirational speaker, will lecture in Belvidere, Ill., and Elkhart, Ind., during September. Will answer calls to lecture for the political campaign, in October, before the Union League, in Chicago, Ill., and in New York, in application, in care of H. L. Marsh, 141 Wells st., Chicago, Ill.

J. L. FORTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice.

GEORGE A. PRINCE, trance medium, will speak in North Turner, Me., Sept. 4. Address, box 37, Auburn, Me., or as above.

MISS SARAH A. HORTON speaks in Portland, Sept. 4 and 11. Miss JENNIE S. HUNT, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Oct. 18 and 25; in Haverhill, Mass., during October; in Philadelphia, during December; in Worcester, during January; in Lowell, during February. Address, box 15, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. The opposite Sundays not yet engaged. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

J. G. FISH will speak in Cleveland, O., during September. Will answer calls to attend lectures, picnic, give meetings, and to lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity of his Sunday appointments. Address as above.

LEO MILLER will speak in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Cleveland, during October. Address as above, or Detroit, Mich.

W. H. TRIPLE will speak in Stockport, N. Y., during September and October; in Somers, Conn., during December; in Stamford, Jan. 1 and 8; in Plymouth, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or the Snow's Fall, N. Y.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Quincy, Mass., Sept. 4; in Portland, Me., Nov. 20 and 27.

MISS EMMA HUSTON will lecture in Somers, Conn., Sept. 18 and 25; in Worcester, Oct. 18 and 25; in Chelsea, Oct. 25 and 31; in Taunton, March 5 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the first Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

DR. AND MISS L. K. CONLEY will lecture and heal in Central and Northern Illinois this summer, and fall, or until further notice. Address, Chicago, Ill. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

FRANK E. F. MANN will lecture, by spirit-illumination, at the Indian Spring Grove, West Townsend, Mass., every Sunday, at 3 o'clock P. M., when the weather is pleasant.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak in Greenbury, Henry Co., Ala., during the month of July. He will also give a course of lectures at the Quarterly Meeting, Sept. 9, 10 and 11. Subscriptions taken for the Banner of Light, and books for sale.

ST. J. JAMISON, trance speaker, Albion, Mich., will speak in St. John one-half the Sundays of each month.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much

Correspondence in Brief.

A Few Thoughts from Age and Experience.

We make the following extracts from a letter received from a venerable old gentleman residing in Maine.

I feel much anxiety to learn the result of the Chicago Convention of Spiritualists, as the present state of our national interest and condition is such as requires the best energies and reflections of the wisest minds; and, I fear, until the present mode of speculation and money-making is checked, and the balance of power now exercised over the industries and producing mass of people restrained, liberty and freedom are but mere pretences—names without substance or practicable utility.

So long as corporations and moneyed powers are allowed to oppress down the poor and laboring class of society, make themselves rich out of their earnings, and cast oil upon the laborer, just so long distinctions and grades in society will increase, and the war spirit and the mighty dollar constitute the ruling principle of men. I consider our form of Government has got to undergo a thorough revision, and notwithstanding it is the best Government in existence, it can be materially bettered by restricting the powers of moneyed institutions, and regulating trade so that every individual's rights are protected. I trust that every true Spiritualist feels desirous to carry out the true principles taught by Christ, and now held forth by the angels to enlighten and instruct the world. Judging from what has been given us the last fifteen years, what may we not expect in due time if we are prepared to receive it?

My anxiety for the young and rising generation and the good of the great whole of society, is the only apology I can give for thus freely expressing my views on the subject, hoping at least it will do no harm. I have almost lived out my fourscore years, and been a firm believer in a future life for the last fifty years, having so long ago as that, lost a dear bosom friend who after she had passed away, appeared to me and gave some of the most convincing proofs of her existence and happiness, by producing the most beautiful music in concert, conversing with me on subjects which, to us, while she was living on earth, were uncertainties, but of which she then gave the most convincing proofs of being certainties. The music was heard by one other present, which gave evidence to the society in which I then lived, that it was no fiction or delusion. Never, since that occurrence, could I mingle with any group of people, without contracting views of those who were bound with forms and creeds, but have ever been open to study cause and effect.

Never was a man happier than I when I found means to communicate with those who had long since passed away. In my advanced age I cannot much longer expect to remain in the body, and my only wish is that I may be able to make myself useful to others during my stay here. I would add, however, that my health is as good as it ever was. My hearing, seeing, and every faculty remain good. What is termed Death has no terrors for me; I look upon it as but a casting off of the old clothing of mortality and entering upon a new condition in life, in which I shall be better prepared to realize the great fount of all existence, and rejoice in the perfection and beauty of spiritual life.

Bangor, Maine, July, 1864.

ISAAC JACOBS.

In memory of Mr. Zephyr Parent, who departed this life at Northampton, Mass., July 9th, 1864, aged forty years. He was a well known Spiritualist, and with his business partner and a few other friends, aided essentially in making the great fact of spiritual relations a vital thing in the midst of an exceedingly great prejudice. In connection with his partner, an excellent and amiable friend, J. D. Holton—he was joint proprietor of a hall at which Spiritualist and other reformatory meetings were frequently held. His nature was eminently genial and fraternal, and the verses which follow—adapted from some stanzas of mine, written recently in behalf of an exceedingly worthy lady—are an expression of the esteem and affection and the estimate in which he is held by all his friends. His loss is sorely felt in the little circle to which he belonged.

He left us on a journey bright,
His upward track a path of light,
His fleeing footstep, Death—
His form beloved was bowed to earth,
His spirit sought its better birth,
As fled his latest breath.
We loved him for his truthful mind,
His virtuous will and soul subdued—
His large and constant heart,
We're glad he sought the brighter shore,
But yet we miss him more and more;
From such we would not part.

Not lonely was his upward flight!
His course was guided with love and light,
As skies are lit with stars,
Those who before had gone alone,
Met him with welcome and with song,
Where discord never mars.
Oh, happy soul! Enthroned in joy,
What blissful themes his thoughts employ!
What rapture wings his heart.
He waits us that bright shore,
And when our souls, like his, are o'er,
We'll meet no more to part!

D. J. MANDELL.

Atlet Depot, Mass., 1864.

The Banner Appreciated.

The following is one the many letters we have received showing the appreciation in which the BANNER is held by our subscribers. We deeply and sincerely thank all such for their good wishes and more substantial tokens of regard and support which they send us.

Mr. Editor—Please accept this small amount, one-half of which I have applied to the use of your Free Circles; the other to aid in defraying the increased expenses of the dear, blessed BANNER. I have been an earnest reader of its interesting columns from its earliest date, and certainly cannot now do without it.

My father in law, Woodward Hotchkiss, whom you will recognize as one of your subscribers, was converted to a belief in the future life of the soul, through its influence, and died a firm believer in Spiritualism at the advanced age of eighty-eight. Shall we, his children, cease to revere the BANNER OF LIGHT? Never, no, never! I have already dispensed with the use of both coffee and tea that I may have wherewith to aid in its support, and, if it is necessary, will sacrifice one meal each day rather than have it share the fate of the Herald.

MARY HEVENS.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, of New York, is now in the city of Cincinnati, engaged in lecturing with her spirit-power, before the "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," at Metropolitan Hall, on Sundays. She will remain here during August and September, where she can be addressed. She delivered two excellent lectures on yesterday, Sunday, Aug. 21st; and at her suggestion, Sunday mornings hereafter will be devoted to Conference Meetings of Spiritualists, where will be discussed religious and spiritual subjects which may be proposed.

On motion of Judge Carter, and unanimously carried, the subject for discussion for next Sunday morning in the Conference at Metropolitan Hall is the "False and Living Communications of Spirits." Mrs. Chappell, and all others who wish, will take part in the discussion, and we expect a "good time is coming." Yours truly,
Cincinnati, Aug. 22, 1864. A. G. W. C.

A Note from Miss Carley.

July 31 and 4th found me, per invitation, one of the workers at a grove meeting, near Laphamville, Kent Co., the Peninsula State—my own lovely home. Spoke in Laphamville, July 10th, 17th and 24th, and should have spoken on the 31st had not a glorious rain kept both speaker and hearers from the hall. Sunday, Aug. 7th, I was with the friends at Grand Rapids. At both Laphamville and Grand Rapids, the Spiritualists are organized on a financial basis; and of a certainty I can say the good angels are with them.

Ipsanti, Mich., Aug. 20th, 1864.

There are but few persons who can put common sense into poetry, and make it stay there. This accounts for there being so much poetry with so little sense in it.—Covenant.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; 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.

The Transition State.

There is a state for the nation as well as the individual, which may be named the transition state. During the passage through it, few actually comprehend what has been left behind, what is just before, or how the present is linked in with and related to either. The surrounding confusion unsettles the thoughts, disorients the ordinary processes of reason, puts feeling and fear in the place of calm contemplation, and throws one out upon the wide sea of doubt and speculation without compass or rudder to guide him.

These periods of transition, which are like gulfs which stretch between the headlands of solid reality, are just as necessary and as natural parts of life as those other periods of assurance and an unquestioning faith. We require mishap, or what we short-sightedly call such, to give us discipline. Our knowledge would never be our own, unless we gained it through experience; and experience is by no means the art of having our own will and way, but the fate of being disappointed in our petty hopes and aims, that we may at last attain to a larger good. What should we belf we did not doubt and fear? What agency would be powerful enough to move us, if we did not find ourselves frequently thrown from our course by obstacles and disappointments? How do we know, in fact, what would at any time be best for us? A great many questions like these a person can at any time ask, and do it to advantage.

After we shall have safely passed through the great perils with which we are at present environed as a nation, and gathered together the vast mass of experience which will subsequently take its due place in subordination to the generalizations of a true spiritual philosophy, we shall be better able to comprehend the use and meaning of the sore trials we are summoned to endure now, and feel the rising emotion of gratitude in our hearts because we were ordered to submit to this discipline. It will all take its place then in the course of our national and individual life, and we shall be able to know then what it meant, and why it was sent to us. It was for a wise purpose, of course; and that purpose is a part of a great and divine plan; we shall in the future clearly realize the meaning and significance both of the purpose and the plan.

It is, we say, with a nation as with an individual. The young man comes to a time in his life when everything seems to change with him. He cannot tell how it is, nor what it is; he only realizes that he is fast getting rid of what was crude, immature, foolish, conceited, and of no possible worth to him in after life. It is with him as with the butterfly which is ready to emerge from its prison-house. He must needs slough off the old, in order to be at all free, to know and comprehend himself, to feel his own powers, and to become at all assured of his capacity for growth and corresponding usefulness. The nation—as our own, for example—reaches the same limit in its young and inexperienced career. Were its experience to stop there, that would be the end of its national worth and virtue; it would have lived and had a record in vain, for the meaning of its life would as yet have been undiscovered. To get out of this greenness of its youth—to be able, even in obedience to the galling rowl of necessity, to throw off its nonsense, and folly, and presumption, all of which manifestly stand in the way of its real progress, that is the step which every young nation must take if it would live. And that is its transition state—the very state through which we are ourselves passing this day. God grant we may have reason indeed to be grateful for even the bitter experience which belongs to the trying period of our national life.

Almost any reflecting mind can forecast what is naturally to follow all this. We shall be simpler in our habits, purer in our thoughts, more accurate and self-contained in our expressions, whether of words or manners, and chastened into a thoughtful gentleness of character, compared with the uproarious boastfulness of what we have been in the past, that will best certify to the thoroughness and beneficence of the change. In other words, much sorrow will have spiritualized and exalted us; suffering will have purified us; disappointment will have subdued our reckless assurance; and sober reflection will have given enduring culture to a character which contained the noblest elements from the first, but needed the severe schooling they have received in order to harmonize for the purposes of progress and exaltation.

It is hard for one who has not faith in these eternal laws, and especially for one who is not happily strengthened in his faith every day by the divine assurances of surrounding intelligences that are unseen of the corporeal vision, to take home to his secret thoughts such considerations as we have just thrown out in relation to the character and value of this dread experience of ours; but no man can really be at home with himself in this world, who does not possess the power of speedily assimilating and making his own what is usually considered extraneous, troublesome, and full of disappointment and suffering. These lessons of life, both individual and national, are of value only as we are ready to appropriate them: unless they are classified and arranged as special and distinct portions of experience and growth, they are lost upon both individual and nation, and have to be repeated with increased circumstances of trial and sorrow and suffering. We may be certain that the trials attendant on the present transition state of the nation are but proofs of its real glory and exaltation in the future.

Miss Sprague's Poems.

This excellent book of poems appears to be well received in Vermont. One agent, Daniel P. Wilder, writes to us from Tyson Furnace, that he has sold forty-nine copies in that town, since the first of June. That speaks well for the taste of the people, and the popularity of the work in the Green Mountain State. The large first edition soon became exhausted, and a second edition is meeting with a good demand.

Good Humor among Soldiers.

A general feeling of good humor seems to prevail among our soldiers, and does much toward alleviating the tedium and inconveniences of life in the camp, on the march, and in the field. On the long march, the jokes and laughter of "the boys," lighten the knapsack and shorten the road. Even in battle, with shells flying in the air above them, bullets whistling, and Minnie slugging about their heads, their good nature does not forsake them, but every incident is made the subject of a pleasant remark. It must be a righteous cause that can allow such a condition of things. We are led to make these remarks by an incident of recent occurrence.

In the vicinity of Petersburg, the 18th Corps lost many of their tents by a severe rain storm. In the valley the water was ten feet deep, and many soldiers who were asleep were drowned. One man, noted as a wit, was rescued when nearly lost. At length, hearing a groan, he opened his eyes, and in imitation of a scene that transpired at the Alabama and Kearsarge conflict, gasped out, one word at a time, "I am—Captain—Semmes—where—is—the—Greyhound?"

Debt in Europe.

They are not much better off in Europe, so far as debt is concerned, than we are here. All accounts go to show that Spain is on the verge of bankruptcy, and if Peru only holds out long enough to compel her to maintain a strong armed fleet in South American waters, she will beat that ancient Power without even a struggle of battle. The Barings have given notice to the Spanish Minister of Finance that they will not renew their recent three months loan of ten millions of dollars, and the bond-holders have assailed the same minister in a most energetic statement of facts, which they have caused to be translated into every European language and sent to the ministers and statesmen of every country. Russia, too, is some thirty millions of dollars behind, and Napoleon is about to come into the market, asking for a loan of from forty to fifty millions. On the whole, between one thing and another, we do not see that the European nations are doing any better than we are.

The Health of the Army.

Notwithstanding the invitation which the rebel papers extended to Northern troops, when the war first broke out, to come down into their swamps and get the friendly greeting of malaria, swamp fever, and that awful scourge, yellow fever—the army of the Union has been remarkably free from epidemics of all sorts since they went forward into the heart of the rebel country, and are to-day as thoroughly acclimated there as the rebels themselves. They have been fortunate enough to escape these scourges of a Southern climate which have always been the dread of people of higher latitudes, and are tough and hardy in consequence of their discipline and constant exposure. We cannot feel too grateful for so signal an instance of favor from heaven. The same power which preserves from pestilence, has the cause of human freedom in its careful keeping.

British India.

The latest British India news shows that that country is in a highly prosperous condition. The revenues, from being short, are grown into a surplus. Our short supply of cotton in this country, it seems, has furnished India with a powerful stimulus for its production, and hence labor is in great demand there. All kinds of business feel the benefit of this revival of the cotton producing business. The export of cotton from India has risen from a little less than two millions of pounds in 1850, to a little less than four millions of pounds in 1862; and of course the value of the crop last year is much greater than it was three years ago. New railroads are being constructed in various directions. The people are giving their attention, too, to the cultivation of tea, and three millions of pounds of this commodity were exported in 1862 and 1863.

Thanks.

Our Chicago friends, and those in attendance upon the recent Convention of Spiritualists held in that city, will please accept our thanks for the many courtesies extended by them to our associate and representative, Mr. Chas. H. Crowell, at that occasion. Wherever he went he found the Western custom in vogue—the latch string out and good cheer within, accompanied with the open hands and warm hearts which never fail to seal a welcome with the stamp of friendship. He went to find strangers; he came away and left friends; and, ramble as he may over the hills and among the valleys of life, he will turn back his thoughts with pleasure to one bright spot upon the way he has walked, and that will be—Chicago, 1864.

We desire also to return our thanks for the numerous expressions of regard and good will which our Western friends made Mr. C. the bearer of to us.

A New Paper—"The Progressive Age."

We have received the first number of a new paper, entitled "The Progressive Age," to be published every Saturday, at Kalamazoo, Mich., by the recent convert from Adventism to Spiritualism—Rev. Moses Hull. The publication is to be devoted to the cause of Spiritualism and general Reform. Those who have listened to Mr. Hull's lectures and arguments will agree with us, that those who wield the theological pen will find in him a champion worthy of their steel. Being thoroughly posted up in Biblical matters, he is ably qualified to do good service in the defence of Spiritualism, against the attacks of those who attempt to silence Truth by a "thus saith the Lord." Mr. Hull seems to have taken hold of the work in right good earnest, and we extend to him our best wishes for his success in every good and laudable undertaking in which he may be engaged.

Another Holy Alliance.

Russia, Austria and Prussia have just formed a new alliance with the members of the Germanic Confederacy to protect themselves and their own interests against the world. Since Denmark has become a member of that Confederacy, it makes a strong affair. It is supposed that the alliance is directed principally against France, the Northern Powers fearing the growth of the French Emperor's power in Europe. Whether the result of this movement, therefore, as it will certainly draw France and Italy more closely together, will serve to cement the old friendship of France and England, is a question not now to be answered. We are assured, however, that the putting off of the war for Denmark will only make a surer and greater matter of it at last.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

The regular Sunday Meetings in Lyceum Hall, in this city, will be resumed on the first Sunday in October. We understand that Mrs. S. E. Warner of Wisconsin, a lecturer of marked ability, is engaged for the first two Sundays of that month.

Dr. J. H. Newton in London.

This world-renowned healing medium has arrived in London, on a holy mission of mercy to aid afflicted and suffering humanity. The editor of the Spiritual Times, after speaking of an interview he had with him says: "A curious incident caused Dr. Newton to start off hurriedly for Paris. He went to Smithfield, a place famous in his mind; being the direct descendant of one of the martyrs who were burnt there in the time of Queen Mary, he thought he would like to have a place in Smithfield where he might unmolested heal the sick. He was directed to the police-station, where to his disquietude he underwent a close cross-examination. When we saw the doctor, he told us with a great deal of simplicity that he had fears from that circumstance that the police authorities would prevent him carrying out his designs. He wishes to have permission to stand in some open space and to do his holy work publicly. He was impressed to go to Paris, and no persuasion could change his determination, but before he started he promised faithfully to return in three or four days. He has returned to London, and we trust he may feel himself protected in his mission, and that proofs of spirit-power may be given in the healing of the sick in thousands. We are gratified to state that the doctor at Birmingham inaugurated his work in England by healing a woman of blindness who had been without sight fifteen years."

"Woman and her Era."

The Atlantic for September pays Mrs. Farnham, the author of "Woman and her Era," and the work, a high compliment. It commences a long criticism thus: "In the three and a half centuries since Cornelius Agrippa, no one has attempted with so much ability as Mrs. Farnham to transfer the theory of woman's superiority from the domain of poetry to that of science." And further on the critic says: "As against the historical traditions of man's mastery, she does well to urge that creation is progressive, and that the megalosaurus was master even before man. It is, indeed, this last point which constitutes the crowning merit of the book, and which will be permanently associated with Mrs. Farnham's name. No one before her has so firmly grasped this key to woman's historic position, that the past was an age of coarse, preliminary labor, in which her time had not yet come. This theory, as elucidated by Mrs. Farnham, taken with the fine statement of Buckle as to the importance of the intuitive element in the feminine intellect, (which statement Mrs. Farnham also quotes), constitutes the most valuable ground logically conquered for woman within this century. These contributions are eclipsed in importance only by those actual achievements of women of genius—as of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rosa Bonheur, and Harriet Hosmer—which, so far as they go, render all argument superfluous."

Return of J. H. Randall.

We are happy to announce that this able pioneer-laborer in the spiritual cause has returned again to his labors in the lecturing field, after an absence of two years, during which time he has been doing a soldier's duty in the Union Army. Mr. Randall is an inspirational speaker of no ordinary ability, and with a soul filled with earnest desires to promote the interests of Spiritualism and spread its glorious truths he will yet do a noble work in the lecturing field, where his services are very much needed. It is his intention to visit Maine during the coming winter, and he would like to receive calls from any portion of that State or the eastern portion of Massachusetts. His address is Montague, Mass. Friends, see to it that this efficient laborer in our noble cause is at once "sent to the front," and you will no doubt hear a good account of him.

Annual Exhibition of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

This Society propose to hold their next Annual Exhibition on Hampden Park, in Springfield, Sept. 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. It is intended that this Fair shall be the grandest and most complete ever held in New England. Gov. Andrew is to deliver an address on the fourth day. The people of Maine and the eastern part of New Hampshire and Massachusetts will have an opportunity for a grand excursion, as the Eastern and Boston and Maine Railroads agree to return all visitors to the Fair free from Boston. Those that go by the way of these roads will procure free return tickets on application to the Secretary of the Society, Chas. D. Flint, Esq., at the office on the grounds. The roads from Boston will probably also carry passengers to and from the Fair at reduced prices.

Our Free Circles.

We would remind our friends and the public that the Free Circles which have for many years been held at the BANNER OF LIGHT office, will be resumed on the first of September, after a vacation of a few weeks, and that all are freely invited to attend. The circles are held every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The door will be opened at two, and promptly closed at three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted, or allowed to retire till the close of the circle, which continues usually about one hour and a half. This rule is necessary, in order to prevent any inharmonious occurring which would injure the medium.

Information Wanted.

Just before the National Convention of Spiritualists, we published a letter from George A. Shurfelt, Jr., of Chicago, in which he made the following statement:

"Our spirit friends here have for a long time had in preparation, and will develop about the time of this Convention, one of the grandest and most authentic demonstrations of spirit-power which has ever been made to man. It will come in a shape that no one can question, and will be for all time an evidence of the truth of this Philosophy which skepticism can neither cry down nor destroy. It will be a landmark in the history of our faith; and the members of this Convention will carry to their homes, and will distribute over all the world, the overwhelming evidence which this demonstration will furnish of the exalted power of the spirit-land."

Since the close of the Convention, we have been repeatedly asked what the writer of the paragraph quoted above alluded to. Will he please furnish us with the desired information?

The Spiritual Picnic.

On Wednesday, August 31st, according to Dr. Gardner's announcement in another column, his last Picnic party for this season, will leave this city for Island Grove, Abington, at quarter to nine in the morning by the Old Colony Railroad. To those who have attended any of these finely managed and really pleasant excursions, not a word need be said. Island Grove is selected again, for it is in the best condition, and has all the conveniences for speaking, dining, boating, dancing, bowling, swinging, etc., so that all will find sufficient to enable them to enjoy the day in a rational manner. Some of our best speakers will be present. It will be a suitable observance of the last day of summer.

New Publications.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS. Illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body; the Relations of the Faculties to the Organs, and to the Elements, Objects, and Phenomena of the External World. By Prof. S. B. Brittan, M. D. New York: W. A. Townsend. For sale at this office.

The author of "Man and His Relations" is well known to all our readers. He possesses a philosophic mind, which has been actively employed for a long course of years in the investigation of those great problems which relate to the existence and destiny of Man. For fifteen years he has been absorbingly engaged upon the production of this his masterpiece. It has resulted from that patient thought, careful investigation, quick perception, and rare power of generalization, which especially distinguish Professor Brittan, and have marked him as the fit person to prepare a work of just this scope and character.

Prof. Brittan wrote the greater portion of the Essays contained in this volume, for the columns of the BANNER, and our readers of course know of their general character. Many a noble volume might be produced in the same way—by collecting the better class of philosophic and religious Essays which have appeared from time to time in our columns. We rejoice to be able to present such a volume of thought as this is to the attention of Spiritualists and the reading world, feeling sure of the service it will perform for the cause of progress and humanity.

Readers need not fear that, because this noble volume treats on the profoundest of themes, it is therefore too abstruse for the general comprehension. In the hands of a writer who knows how to state his positions so clearly, and has the rare faculty of pursuing his reasonings without the least confusion, and to the comprehension of the common reader, even the profoundest questions become plain to those who patiently follow the subject along, and what was thought to be too deep to comprehend takes on the clearness of day. All depends, of course, upon whether the author is master of the subject he treats, or the subject has the mastery of him.

Although Prof. Brittan has pursued his studies perseveringly through the vast range of Vital and Mental Phenomena, as manifested in Man and the Animal World, he has selected for treatment in this volume the subject of MAN; that is, the constitution and immortal existence of the Soul, its present Relations to the Body, to the external forms and internal principles in Nature, and to the realm of Universal Intelligence. In the wide range of topics necessarily treated under this great theme, there is to be found a great deal of matter which will interest the student of Vital Chemistry, Physiology and Medicine—the Moralist and Divine—the Metaphysical Philosopher, and the Political Reformer. What Herbert Spencer, in England, is doing for general knowledge and philosophy, Prof. Brittan is doing for the knowledge of the Soul and its real and close relations to Man. It is a work replete with lasting instruction. Those who would have with them at all times a compend of the Spiritual Philosophy—may, the body of that Philosophy itself—will resolve to possess themselves of the treasures which this volume furnishes. The better to give the readers of the BANNER an idea of its indescribable wealth, we append a complete list of its contents, as follows:

The Tenant and the House; Electro-Physiological Discoveries; Circulation of the Animal Fluids; Conditions of Vital Harmony; Physical Causes of Vital Derangement; Voluntary and Involuntary Faculties; Influence of the Passions on the Senses; The Mind as a Destructive Agent; Renovating Powers of the Human Mind; Mental and Vital Powers of Resistance; Evils of Excessive Procreation; Mental Electrotyping on Vital Surfaces; Influence of Objects and Ideas upon the Mind and the Morals; Relations of Mind to Personal Beauty; Relations of Mind to the Character of Offspring; The Senses and their Functions; Psychometric Perception; Philosophy of Fascination; Animal and Human Magnetism; Magnetism as a Therapeutic Agent; Importance of Magnetism in Surgery; The Phantom Creation; Psychological Hallucinations; Mental Telegraphy; The Faculty of Abstraction; Philosophy of Sleep; Psychological Mysteries of Sleep; Inspirations of the Night; Somnambulism and Somnolism; The Clairvoyant Vision; The Law of Prosperity; Apparitions of the Living; States Resembling Death; Philosophy of Inspiration; Rationale of Worship; Natural Evidence of Immortality.

We have not space to add more, nor could we with justice attempt a careful analysis of a book whose contents are so varied, and calculated to challenge the closest thought. We cannot honestly say that we have read the entire volume through as yet, although we have made ourselves more or less familiar with it; we keep it as a storehouse to which we can go whenever we choose, and advise all of our readers who are able to purchase the volume, to have it by them for the same purpose. We can at least promise them that it will elevate their thoughts, expand their intellects, enrich them with the profoundest knowledge of matters chiefly worthy to know all about, and qualify them, with study and practice, to fulfill the duties of life with all the better understanding of them and greater satisfaction to themselves.

The volume is an octavo, elegantly printed on tinted paper, bound in extra vellum cloth, bevelled boards, and is prefaced with a fine steel engraving of the author. It is sold at this office for \$3.50.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September is rather more interesting than usual. Among its attractive contents is "Our Visit to Richmond," by J. R. Gilmore and Col. Jacques, giving a detailed account of their interview with Jeff Davis. The Atlantic has no superior in this country.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for September opens with a lively article on the question of domestic service in households. As most every one is interested in this subject, it will no doubt command considerable attention. There are many other well-written articles in this number. Read them, and judge for yourselves.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for September is as finely embellished as ever. Some of the best writers in magazine literature are contributors to its pages. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it for sale.

AN INTERESTING REPRINT.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. will publish, in a few days, "Broken Lights," by Frances Power Cobbe, well known as a personal friend of Theodore Parker, and as the writer of the Introduction to his Works published in England. A prominent and elegant writer thus speaks of it:

"This work is in the nature of a review of the whole late religious movement, of which the essays and reviews of Bishop Colenso's book, and Theodore Parker's writings, and Renan's Life of Jesus, are portions. It is very interesting, and very able. The author does not distinctly state her own position; but it is pretty clear that she goes as far as any of the writers she comments on."

A single speculator in Philadelphia has in store twenty-five thousand hogheads of sugar, which he is holding for a rise!

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

they got quieted, my spirit-funes said - after a
waters of sorrow had subsided, then the dove
peace would be born with me as with thee.
Good-by, Mister. [You'd better tell your father
and mother's name.] Do n't want to. Do
want only my name to be printed. Good-by.
July 7.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. MAIN'S
HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open at

heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of every class, under Dr. MANN's personal supervision. Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore; those desiring board at the Institute will please send notice two or three days in advance, that rooms may be prepared for them.

OFFICE HOURS from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age.

EXP. Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express. A liberal discount made by the trade.

W. C. MANN, Proprietor.

Aug. 20.

MRS. R. COLLINS,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston.

CONTINUES to heal the sick by laying on of hands, as *Spine Physicians* control her. The sick can be cured and suffering brought through her daily. She is continually bending suffering humanity. Examinations free. Call and see for yourselves. All medicines furnished by her wholly composed of roots and herbs from the garden of Nature.

P. 8.—Mrs. C. having so much business to attend to she will not be able to examine locks of hair by letter. tf—Aug. 20.

D. R. A. P. PIERCE, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Medical Electrician, also DEVELOPING and BUSINESS MEDIUM, will examine, prescribe and magnetize the sick, both in and out of the city, at all kinds of diseases, at a small office, 107 Haymarket Place, Boston, which enters by Avenue from Washington street, or at their homes, in or out of the city. Charges moderate. 6w*-Aug. 20.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS
CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of Medicines. Her ROSE OINTMENT, for Scrofula, Sores, Pimples, Faces, &c., &c., 25 cents a box.
17 COURT STREET, Room No. 1.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Don't Ring. 4th Aug. 27.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No.
13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Aug. 27.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WARREN STREET, Boston, Mass. 3mos* Aug. 13.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully
 recommend the above to all who are desirous of
 knowing the truth about themselves and their
 loved ones.

them in person, or send their autograph or local address, which they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.

They will give instructions for identification, by testing
 by mental powers, restrained, and what cultivated.
 "Skeptics" experience warrants them, saying that they
 can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are will-
 ing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate.
 Everything of a private character KEPT STRICTLY AS SUCH.
 For Written Delineation of Character, \$1.00.
 Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by
 either one or the other.

Address, **MIC. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,**
Aug. 20. **of Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.**

 **THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE!**
FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A NEW OPTICAL WONDER!
 —
Patented February 18th, 1862.
 —
 Simplified and Adapted to Popular as well
 as Scientific Use.

THIS is the only instrument of high power which requires no focal adjustment, and therefore can be readily used by every one—even by the children. Its low price places it within the reach of all, and should be on the table of every family. It is valuable for physicians, scientific men, students and schools, and for every one who is a lover of the beautiful things of Nature. It magnifies 100 diameters, or 10,000 times, and is capable of being made a never-ending source of instruction to

old and young. It renders the bird, robin and hawk, brook trout, and cancer cells, as well as the thousands of animals in a single drop of water, magnified many times. It displays the delicate structure of the hair, the claws on a fly's foot which enable him to walk on the ceiling, and the spongy bodies between the claws, which enable him to adhere to glass and other smooth surfaces, and opens up the minutiae of creation to the view of the astonished beholder, "where the unassisted sight no beauties sees." As a GIFT, or a PRESENT to a friend or child, it is un-

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 III.

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THE ARTIST

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