

and hate those that do right, and seek to bring them down to their level. And is it inconsistent with the character of a benevolent God that the world should be full of wicked men? And if God will permit embodied spirits to do evil, how can you say that it is against the benevolence of God to permit disembodied spirits to do it? It is a thing which is beyond all controversy, that God does permit evil spirits to act in this world, with plenary power, so far as their own sphere of willing is concerned. Wicked men do have power, according to their education and experience, as well as good men; and they have the same opportunity for exercising their power that good men have. God makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good alike, and sends his rain on the just and on the unjust alike. Wicked men in this world have a fair field and full away. And why should you suppose that wicked spirits have not? I think modern manliness in this matter borders on the absurd. Men seem to be drifting away from their common sense on this subject.

It is argued that the notion of evil spirits is a superstition of the past; and various forms of it are attributed to the hell up as grounds for laughter. Any development of form of any notion may be superstitious, while the essential core of it is true. For example, if you look at the original notions of different races about God—the notion of Jehovah, or of Jupiter, among the Greeks; the notion of the Great Spirit, among the Indians; or the notion of Brahma, among the Hindus—you will find that the mode of conception is the fruit of superstition. The attribution to the Supreme Being of the lowest class of qualities, is superstition. But is the idea that inspires it—the idea of a Supreme Ruler—a superstition? And because conceptions of that kind respecting the inhabitants of the higher world have never been accompanied by superstitious notions of witches, and spirits, and hobgoblins, does it follow that which lies behind, and which gave rise to them—the belief in the existence of spirits—is a superstition also? I trow not.

Consider some points in this regard. An evil spirit may be consummately refined, may be learned. Our first thought in contemplating this subject is that an evil spirit must be a vulgar thing. Doubtless there are vulgar spirits; but it does not follow that all spirits that are the most potent, and most to be feared, are vulgar. On the contrary, where spirits are embodied, it is supposed that those that are the most cultured are the most powerful for evil. The most exquisite artists, the most deft and subtle statesmen, the men that have the most conciliating and plausible ways, they who have such qualifications as corrupt lobby-plotters possess, are regarded as capable of doing the most mischief. And I can conceive that a spirit of evil, so far from being a grotesque Caliban, vulgar, debased, and representing the lowest passion, should be made up of intellect, and of some degree of moral sentiment, with pride intense, volubility and craft. And I do not feel repelled from this doctrine by the presumption of the vulgarity of spirits. There may be endless vulgarities about them; but I can conceive of ranks and files of spirits that excel in nobility, and that are crowned. And that is the presumption here. The apostle did not, as many do, suppose an evil spirit to be some foul, squat creature of men for the purpose of temptation. He says, "You fight, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spirits of wickedness in heavenly places."

There is no presumption, either, against the supposition that there are certain spirits whose office it is to assail particular faculties. I may say by way of analogy, but of illustration, that there is no leaf that grows that has not its parasite. There is no fruit that grows which has not a special worm or enemy. There is no animal that has not some antagonist, either among insects or other animals. And we may well conceive that spirits of evil should address themselves to particular faculties. As, of physicians, some attend exclusively to the ear, some to the eye, some to the throat, and some to the chest or heart; so we may believe that of the evil spirits that are disintegrating human society, and deteriorating men, one may deal with the intellect, another with pride, another with probovateness, some with the affections, some with the appetites and passions, and some with the moral sentiments themselves—for I suppose that by "spirits of wickedness in heavenly places" is meant those spirits that take hold of the religious elements.

There is no reason why we should not imagine spirits that employ indirect and separate faculties of the mind, and that are in some sense educators. We know that there is an unconscious education going on all the time upon every one of us. We are what we are, not merely by our transmitted nature; we are what we are by the soil that we live on; by the mountains and plains that are near us; by the laws and customs that act upon us; by the employments of the town and village where we dwell; by the controversies of our day; by the political institutions that surround us. All these things are, positively or negatively, forming us. By action, or direct or indirect suggestion, the mind has taken possession of the great facts, and events, and constituted agencies of this world. There is reason to believe that they direct social influences. Why? Because we see that men, when they attempt to do good or evil, at once perceive that there is a mode by which a man can inject his influence upon the customs of the community, and make them work for the benefit or for the injury of that community. They perceive that those customs can be corrupted to the degradation of society, or ennobled to the purification of society. The analogy is perfect. Spirits, if they do anything, do it by suggestion.

The organic forms of society—its laws and institutions—we have reason to believe that they are acted upon by a force besides that which men exert. We perceive that, when men legislate for justice, they come far short of that at which they aim. We perceive, when laws and institutions are established to destroy that which is evil, and to defend that which is good, that they fail; and we say, "How little they accomplish of that for which they were ordained!" And I can conceive of no reason why we may not suppose that these dynasties, these powers, these principalities, these spirits of evil, are able to control the great organic forms of society so as to make them pestilent and dangerous, and that may do it.

And the great industries and wealth-forms of life, with all their tendencies toward civilization, and refinement, and morality—which is the alphabetic form of piety—it is quite possible that these may be possessed so that they shall come under the control of pride, and vanity, and selfishness, and be made to serve the lower rather than the higher instincts of men.

And religious organizations—these may be perverted. And have they not been? Have not the customs of society worked downward, in spite of the Gospel, institutional influences, and personal preaching and labor, that had been brought to bear to prevent it? And if it had not been for the winning influence of God's spirit on earth, would not justice in human affairs have rotted into corruption? And is it not true that the organic forms of society have tended to oppress men, and hinder their advance toward purity? Is it not true that the way of men has been blocked up, that the integrity of the law has been destroyed, and that the institutions of the community have been perverted, so that these things have risen up about them like prison-walls, and deprived them of their ordinary liberties and safeguards? As a more matter of fact, are not the great producing agencies and exchanging agencies—manufacture, merchandising, commerce, business of all kinds—under the supreme dominion of the God of this world? Are not the men that administer these things selfish and wicked men? And is not this the case among Christians, even to such an extent that men say, for instance, of a man going to be a lawyer, "He cannot be so, a man doing to be a lawyer, but do not men say so? Do not they say of a man who is going into merchandising, "He cannot carry his better conscience with him?" It is not so; but is not that what men say? And if such is the impression, that prevails—and it is not a fair indication of what the tendencies are?

Now, when I say that Satan, by his spirits of evil, takes possession of customs, civil laws, the organic forms of society, and the business of communities, and inspires them, and controls them, and employs them, many say, "That is correct reasoning; for do not men act as though the devil was in them?" Is it not the perpetual testimony of men that these things work degradation, and that there is something or other the matter with them? We know it is. And when God says that they are under the dominion of bad spirits that are seeking the destruction of men, where is the reasonableness of saying that it cannot be?

You will see, too, that these things take place, not by the ignorance and wickedness of men alone. Your natural answer to what I have been saying will be that these things are corrupted by contact with man; that it is on account of his wickedness that they work mischief. I admit that to a great extent man does corrupt what he touches, but that is not a sufficient explanation. For we know that this degradation exists in spite of knowledge, and in spite of the most earnest strife to the contrary, as if there were some mightier power than man's conflict in these institutions and laws, and tendencies. Good things that men long for—things that society suffers for the want of—these, when they are procured, tend to run down. For instance, for the sake of getting at the simple principle of justice in law, nations have submitted to revolution, fathers have given their sons to the block, scores, and hundreds, and thousands of men have laid down their lives on the field of battle. This has been the history of the world from the beginning. And when justice is once infixed in law, it is the interest of every man to keep it there. But it seems as though, the moment it began to have a place there, there was something ready to pull it down. And justice, as well as law, and perfect, and more corrupted by selfishness, and entangled by evil. And as, when the insect is caught on the web, the spider issues from its hiding-place, and with its long legs, rolls the helpless victim over and over, and secures it against the possibility of escape; so, when justice becomes perverted and is caught in the snares that men have set to catch it, it is rolled over and over, and bound hand and foot, by these great human spiders that come out of their holes to prey upon the divinest qualities of individuals and society.

You cannot say that it is because men are ignorant about justice. You cannot say that it is because they are so imperfect as not to be able to behold it. There is a force that seems to degenerate it and bear it down. And I know of no explanation more natural and philosophical than that principalities, powers, rulers of the darkness of this world, spirits of wickedness, even in heavenly places, are striving for the possession of the great essential ideas and instruments of the present life. I believe it thoroughly.

Men may say that all things pass through a kind of period, and that this corruption is the result of that. It seems to me that such reasoning ought to be in a loose use of analogy. If it were, the fruit does run through certain periods. First, there is the blossoming; then there is the fruiting; then there is the ripening; and then there is decay. Decay is a natural state beyond ripening. And we say of fluids, that they run through a saccharine state, and then through a vinous or acetic fermentation. But no man is so blind as to suppose that moral qualities undergo fermentation, as though they were grape-juice, or apple-juice, or any other fluid. It is a misuse of physical analogies to suppose that these qualities have periods through which they pass, of blossoming, fruiting, ripening, and decay. There is nothing of the sort except in physical things. The slow growth of the human race; the endless succession of failures of nations; the thwarting of men's best intentions; the bankruptcy of the best tendencies of society, and the powerful augmentation of the worst; the subordination of the higher faculties of the mind, and the supremacy of the lower; the weakness of that which in the economy of God was meant to be the strongest—reason and moral sense—and the almost omnipotence of that which was meant to be the weakest—the passions and the appetites; the incompetency of the best laws to restrain the evils of society; the perversion of men's lives; the suborning of all things to selfishness; the want of truth and equity; the corruption of religion—these things are inexplicable on any other supposition than that there are mighty powers at work above the agencies of nature, and beyond the will of men; that there are spirits of wickedness that are abroad in the world, and that render life unsafe.

And you can look and belt and bar your door against the burglar or the thief, but you cannot look or bolt or bar that shall keep out malaria and atmospheric diseases, that make their way through every crack and cranny and crevice of our dwellings. If men only had to contend against their fellow-men, they might find relief; but since it is the mighty agencies of time and space, subtle, wonderful and inexplicable, against which they have to contend, who can forge weapons with which to oppose these? It is not safe to live. Human life is in danger under the best conditions. There are no circumstances, except where a man sits under the shadow of the wings of an Almighty, in which there is any safety. Without God's protection there is danger—multiplied danger—danger which no man can estimate. We may exaggerate in this or that particular representation of this subject; but the fact of the peril of human life cannot be exaggerated. It is not in the power of language to exaggerate it. It is more multifarious, more intense, more fatal, and not less, than the most extravagant statement can make it appear to be.

On the other hand, I believe that there are angels of light, spirits of the blessed, ministers of God. I believe, not only that they are our natural guardians, and friends, and teachers, and influencers, but also that they are natural antagonists of evil spirits. In other words, I believe that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, as here the mother not only is the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that had associates and evil influences threaten them, and draws them back and shields them from the impending danger; so these ministers of God not only minister to us the divinest tendencies, the purest tastes, the noblest thoughts and feelings, but, perceiving our adversities, caution us against them, and assail them, and drive them away from us.

The economy, in detail, of this matter, no man understands. All we can say is, in general, that such antagonism exists; that there are spirits that seek our good, and other spirits that seek our harm; that there are spirits that seek to take us to glory, and honor, and immortality, and other spirits that seek to take us to degradation and destruction and damnation; and that God superintends the mighty trial. Human life comprises a narrow sphere that ordinarily enters into our narrow minds to conceive of. God looks on to see the results of the experiment which is being wrought out.

In view of these remarks, I would say, first, that evil spirits are neither mean, nor little, nor despicable. Though they are wicked, they are grand, their ambition is grand, their powers are wonderful, their sphere is sublime. And no man is living sensibly who lives securely and trivially. No man is a sensible man who says that the doctrine of evil spirits is a mere superstitious notion, and treats it as such. It is a reality—an august reality; and every man who values his soul, and who has a sense of manhood and immortality, should take care how he indulges in light, casual, trifling thoughts on this subject, and give heed to such solemn words as those which were uttered by that honest, truth-speaking man, Paul, when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spirits of wickedness in heavenly places."

"Pa," said a little seven-year-old fellow, "I guess our man Ralph is a good Christian. 'How so, my boy?' queried the parent. 'Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half his days—and Ralph says he has lived out over since he was a boy!'"

The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone in East Tennessee: "She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera-morbus, caused by eating green fruit, at the early age of twenty-two years three months and twenty-one days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

Written for the Banner of Light.
WILD VIOLETS.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Oh, beautiful wild violets,
Fresh from the woodland mosses,
Your heads are bowed as if, like mine,
Your lives have known some crosses,
Which of the winds have scolded you?
What proud tree called you humble?
Don't mind it, sweets! you shall be loved
Until this heart shall crumble.

Dear angels of my earlier days!
How many bright May mornings
Your melting blooms and emerald leaves,
Have been my sole adornings.
You seemed to me at eve to pray,
Heaven's dewy baptism glooming
Into a brilliant on your head,
To grace your azure robing.

Sweet rustics, in your frocks of blue,
What heart has never blessed you?
What hand, which saw you near enough,
Has not in fondness prest you?
What poet, since the world began,
But breathed you in his rhyming,
And bore you up the rugged mount
His weary feet were climbing?

You tell us such exquisite tales
About the season's blooming;
How all the air is full of joy,
And heavy with perfuming.
You lose the pinions of our dreams
Until they fly like starlings,
And every mouth rags on the chime,
"Our sweetest country darlings!"

I press you to my lips to-night,
And shut my eyes in dreaming;
I see an angel face lean out,
Illumed with Heaven's beaming!
Two Springs ago, and her light feet
Ran early out to greet you;
To-day you bloom four feet from her,
But she wakes not to meet you!

I say untruths. I know too well:
That Heaven holds her in keeping
To tell you such unwholesome things,
And pain her soul by weeping.
'Tis an old thought which haunts us yet,
But dates from darker ages;
The world is learning better things,
From new and glowing pages!

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"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."
(LUCIA HOWE.)

Patience Pettigrew's Best Parlor;
AND
HOW IT GOT AN AIRING.

"But, Mr. Relves, the carpet will fade, and the files will soil the curtains, and Will will run in with his old boots on! I can't think of it!" This Patience Pettigrew said with much earnestness in reply to Solomon, who had been urging the necessity of moving her into the parlor. "Well, Miss Pettigrew, I agree that all that is very likely to happen; but we must balance good and ill in such cases, and see which is the greatest. There is comfort, coolness, quiet, rest, sleep, the beautiful trees, the glimpse of the hills, the fine old picture of the Madonna, with her heavenly face—all these are to be balanced against the carpet and curtains. And to tell you the truth, Miss Pettigrew, we think it very doubtful if you get well at all, if you don't have rest. You haven't slept for many nights, and I've a notion that you won't sleep till you sleep in that peaceful parlor of yours. I remember it in olden time, and if I do not forget, there is something near to heaven in that room."

Patience lay a few moments and considered. She did not really want to try to walk the golden streets of Jerusalem yet, though she had sung about them and the golden harp for so long a time. Even with her aching arm, and her fevered head, life had still a charm for her greater than the prospect of the golden glory. And so she concluded to try if Solomon's remedy was better than the doctor's. So a bed was prepared, and Solomon placed it where she could lie and look at the hills through the window, and at the sweet faces in the pictures about the room. And when she was moved in Solomon's strong arms, and lay there gazing into the far-off sky, she felt gently asleep, and Solomon sat in the great arm-chair and smiled, while Will crept in softly, and sat on a stool at his feet.

What a wonderful place was that parlor to Will! He had a few times had a glimpse of its interior through the half-opened door, but it was dark with its closed blinds and draped curtains, and he only caught the sight of a half-revealed face that had eyes so beautiful that he thought of the stars and blue violets, as he saw them. But now he sat within its sacred enclosure, and the bright light came in between the half-opened blinds, and nothing obstructed his vision. First of all, he looked at the beautiful face—so full of love was it, and so gently it smiled on him, that Will held his breath, expecting to hear a voice call him by name. There was something in the face that awakened dear memories. He thought of warm, loving arms that once enfolded him, and sweet kisses shed upon him, as raindrops kiss the flowers. He thought, too, of a quaint old room, beautiful with sunlight, and with soft echoes through its walls, as of bird-like songs.

"Whose is it?" he whispered, softly, to Solomon.

"She will tell you when she wakes, if you ask her." Beside this picture was another—a sweet, loving face, too; but the eyes were not so tender or so gentle, and the mouth was not so full of sweet words, Will thought. But there was energy and will there, and something that seemed like tenderness. Who could it be? Had he ever seen that face before? Then there was the beautiful Madonna and child, that Solomon looked at as if it was Annetta.

Besides these pictures were rare shells arranged in perfect order. Their pink tints and their pearl centres and their gleaming surfaces made Will's feet ache with eagerness to view them; but Solomon's warning finger kept him still. Then there were curious Indian weapons, and shelves of handsomely-bound books, and folios of engravings, and curious boxes. Will's eyes ran over them again and again, and little signs of impatience came from his breast. At last his aunt moved, and opened her eyes. "What a blessed sleep I have had! I shall get well now. 'You were right, Solomon!'" and her

voice was gentle, almost loving, as she continued: "Oime, Will, I had a dream. I thought I was a girl again, just like that picture, for that is my picture. Yes, old Patience Pettigrew was pretty Patie once, long ago. Oh, that I should ever have grown to look like this!" and she looked at her worn, battered hands. "And I dreamed, too, that she was young—yes, that other picture, your mother's; it was just like her, and she never grew old."

Will listened as if he were hearing a beautiful story, and looked into the loving eyes of the picture with a glad, wishful smile on his face.

"And, Will, I was glad I dreamed all this, for now I shall love you better; for I saw how she loved you, and touched my hand with yours, that I might be like her to you; but I can't be that. But, Will, do not let the chickens into the yard again; I heard them."

Solomon smiled at the beautiful vision fed from Patience's mind, and her anxious fears returned.

"Never mind, Miss Pettigrew; I'll be responsible for chickens and hens, and cats and dogs," said he, "if you'll only sleep and dream again."

And she fell asleep with Will's hand in hers, and sweet dreams came again. And they sat there until the twilight came, and the evening star looked in at the western window. Then Patience roused herself, and begged Solomon to talk a little, just to keep her from thinking again.

"Well," said Solomon, "I've been thinking about best rooms, and I'll tell you about my house, if you like. Well, I had a house that had a good kitchen and dining-room, and a very fine parlor. Oh, such wonderful pictures as there were there, and stores of books, and wonderful things more than I can tell of, or really understand even now. But what was strange, I never used my parlor. I lived in the kitchen and dining-room, and never let light into my parlor. No weary traveler ever looked up the dusty road and said, 'There's our old Solomon's blinds open; how cheerful it is; I feel rested at the sight.' No wanderer on a dark night ever saw the light in my parlor window gleam to cheer them or guide them on their doubtful way. No; I kept my parlor locked and darkened. I might as well not have had one at all, for all the good it did me. My best room was useless. No warm, welcoming fire burned on its hearth and lighted its dim shadows. At length a stranger came to my house, and the dear little child would not stay in the kitchen, but brought fagots and kindled a fire in my best parlor. How they glowed and crackled, and how the pictures gleamed! Then I opened the blinds for her sake, and let in the warm sunlight; and what gladness we had there! I showed her the pictures, and opened the long-closed books, and there never was a happier heart than hers; and mine, too, glowed. I piled on more fagots, and never let the fire out, day or night, for her dear sake."

"Now, Mr. Relves," said Patience, "I have known you ever since Nettie was born, and you never lived in such a house at all—do not be fooling me!" "But I'll convince you before I get through that I have just such a best parlor, and that I live in it."

Will looked doubtful, and remembered Solomon's old kitchen. "I was delighted soon to find that many poor wanderers came along and took a look at the light in my window, and seemed full of courage and hope. One spring morning a little boy looked in, and seemed very well satisfied, and ever since he has found a welcoming light there. And the sick, and lame, and tired often want to see my best parlor; so I take down a picture and show to them, and I give away books, but they all return to me again."

Well, after a while my little angel that opened my parlor vent far away; but I have never shut it up, for I fancy that just as the starlight reaches us through the long spaces of air, so my light from my parlor may gleam up even to her home. I have determined, anyway, never to close the doors or shut up the windows, but to keep the fire burning, and the lights gleaming.

One night—oh, how dark it was!—there came a dreadful storm; the winds swept over my house, and the lightnings flashed, and the thunders rolled. It was fearful; and I said, 'Now I must close my window, and put out my light. Who could expect me to keep it shining in such a storm?' But just then, through a rent in the clouds, a star gleamed forth. How bright it glowed, in contrast to the darkness. 'No,' said I, 'I will not shut up my parlor, but let its light shine. The storm shall not terrify me, or the darkness make me afraid.' And so I kept my best parlor cheerful and full of light, and afterwards I learned that many had been watching my light. 'If Solomon's light goes out,' they said, 'then we may as well give up and perish in the storm.' How glad I was that I had let my light shine, as I heard their words!

One night there came to my door a poor beggar, weary and foot-sore he was, and hungry and thirsty. He came to my kitchen door, and I took him in and gave him his supper; and when he had finished, I said, 'Will you walk into my parlor?' and I gave him a comfortable seat by my warm fire, and I showed him my pictures, and gave him books. His tattered garments hung about my best furniture like an opened bundle of rags; but the light on his face grew brighter every moment, and when he rose to depart, his face fairly shone. All at once he disappeared, and I heard sweet music and singing: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least, ye did it unto me.' Oh, how glad I was that I had not closed my best parlor against him!"

"Excuse me, Uncle Solomon," said Will, "but I can't help asking what you do mean, for of course I know you don't mean a real parlor." "Why, of course," said Patience, "he is only telling a story to please you."

"By no means," said Solomon; "your best parlor, always shut up, 'minded me of that house we all inhabit. I mean our bodies. I call the love of eating and drinking, and enjoying what the senses give us, the kitchen. It is a very good and necessary part of the house, but it isn't the best room. But it is, nevertheless, the room many people choose to spend most of their days in. The best room in my house is my love of knowledge, goodness, purity, and all that makes me a thinking man, or a good man. Love is the light and the warmth of this room."

You see, Will, that all the knowledge I get and shed abroad by my love, is so much done for the world; it blesses everybody. Some people get tired of trying to be good or to gain knowledge. Those I call the weary travelers. If they see my light burning, that is, my mind all alive and active, and its light shed abroad, then they are encouraged, and strive for a better life themselves. There is Miss Pettigrew; she kept this beautiful room of hers shut up all these years, doing good to no one; and if I may be so bold as to say so, she has lived in the kitchen of that other house, her spiritual dwelling. As I opened those blinds to-day, and let in the blessed sunlight, I could not help saying, 'do let thy light shine into that other room, the best parlor' of the spirits, and warm it and cheer it, and make it

bless the world. And so for you too, Will, I prayed: 'let him not go to the kitchen of selfishness to live, oh beautiful light of the world, but begin to furnish his parlor, and hang up pictures there.'"

"But you didn't tell what the pictures were," said Will.

"They are beautiful memories. Everything that is holy and pure and gives us pure joy, becomes as a beautiful picture in our memories; and these memories we can make bless others as well as ourselves."

"And the beggar boy, Uncle Solomon?"

"The beggar boy meant those poor, wretched souls, who have had no chance to fix up or furnish their best parlor; those that have never been taught, and do not know hardly that they have any powers of mind or heart; only just the desire to be fed and clothed. In helping such, and trying to open their best rooms, and shed light into their minds, we bring the Christ very near to us, who said that a kindness done to the poor and despised, was just as sacred and holy as if done to him. Thus, Will, you see that you have a beautiful room all ready to be furnished and lighted up. Your mind is the ruler there, and puts in all the furniture; and your love and goodness are the light and warmth. There's no wise man who have fine apartments, but they are not lighted up by love, and so few are the wiser or better for them."

"Oh Solomon," said Patience, "do bring lights quick, and let my parlor windows be lighted up once more, that everybody may be blessed by the sight; for I imagine that those people that keep dark parlors, are the ones that keep their souls dark, too. Bring plenty of lights, and Will, you come in here every day, and look at all the pictures, and read the books as much as you like. They were your grandfather's, and he thought I would read them; but I went into the kitchen and put out the light in the best parlor."

So the lights gleamed forth from Miss Pettigrew's parlor as they had not done since old Jacob Pettigrew died—that good old man that loved the whole world, and sought to bless it by living in it. Far through the village gleamed the rays, and people ran to each other's houses saying, "see, there is a light in Patience's parlor; what does it mean? She isn't dying is she, and wants help?"

So they went to see; and one and another came and looked in, and saw Patience lying there, with a pleasant smile on her face and a cheery word for each one. Solomon suggested that it might make her nervous to see so many of her neighbors.

"Oh no, no, let them come. Let the light shine; and Will, just take those poor Shilvertons into the kitchen, and give them the bread and cheese, and I'm only sorry there are no doughnuts and cake. But, Will, shut the pantry door to keep the flies out. You see, Solomon, that I shall always have a look after the kitchen of my house, if I do live in the parlor."

And from the walls of the parlor looked down the loving eyes out of the pictures; and one almost fanned that the lips moved in thanksgiving, that the darkness and chill had departed from their life also. Yes, Patience Pettigrew's best parlor had taken an airing; would it ever be shut up again? Will wondered, and Solomon wondered; and Will thought of his own best room, and wondered how he could begin to furnish it. He concluded he had best build a fire first. So he went up to his aunt, and putting his hand gently on her head, said:

"Aunt Patience, I am so glad you let me see my mother's face, and I wish I could be half as good to you as she was."

"Well, Will, you're a good boy—that was the first time she had ever said so—only a little mischievous; but we will be the best of friends—only do not let the hens scratch up the garden. And, Will, I did not show you her picture, because folks say it isn't good for boys to be 'crying around, and thinking of dead folks.'"

"But she isn't dead, Uncle Solomon says so; she is just like a star, and her light is shining, and perhaps our lights will reach her, if we make them bright enough."

Aunt Patience brushed away a tear, and turned her head away as if she wished to sleep; but she wished to think if what Will had said could possibly be true. And so out of that dwelling, through the ministry of pain and suffering, shone a brighter light of love than had shone for many a day.

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

We have had beautiful summer-like days, full of sunshine and the songs of birds. The air was full of the fragrance of the apple blossoms and the tender leaves. And now we have a dark, gloomy storm. Thick mists shut down over the hills, and where the forests lie, only a deeper shade as of a heavier cloud is discerned. But who has any doubt about the goodness and use of this May storm. We all are very glad in it, because the springing grass and the growing leaves needed the clouds and the rain; and through the shadows the pretty columbine and the violets look up trustfully and thankfully. I have just seen a cluster wet with the heavy mists, and they seemed to be fairly laughing.

Now and then come to us all in this life, many dark and stormy days; days of trial and sorrow. If you have never found any, then you can only imagine what they are. Sometimes sickness is the trial; sometimes it is the loss of dear and beloved friends from our outward sight; sometimes it is feeling alone in the world, with no one to love or care for. Then there are the stormy days that an ill temper will bring, and fretfulness and hate. We are in this world very much like the growing tree. If we were all grown and perfect, it would not so much matter whether we had anything to improve us. But as we are only just beginning to put forth our leaves, and have hardly any of us reached the beautiful spiritual summer, we need all sorts of trials that are like stormy days to try us. If we can only have faith enough to hope that the sunshine and light will come to us again, then we shall thrive as well as the columbines and the violets.

There is a dear, friendly robin building his nest not far from my window. He was disappointed in his first efforts, and now he is trying again to find a home. He, too, seems quite reconciled to the storm. He has just as much faith in the coming of to-morrow's sunshine. Now if we could only be just as truthful as the birds and flowers, doing the very best we could at all times and in all places, what very happy lives we should lead. In sight of my window, too, is a freeman at work, gaily and cheerfully. He is far away from his home and friends; he probably has not a dollar in his pocket, and yet from his manner, I should say he believed that things were managed very well for him by the Father-in-heaven. His bondage and sufferings and wants, have not soured him, and he is full of the gladness of life. Is not, then, heaven and home and all friends and comforts, that make men thankful, to be had here, and doing the best we can do at all times and in all places, what very happy lives we should lead. In sight of my window, too, is a freeman at work, gaily and cheerfully. He is far away from his home and friends; he probably has not a dollar in his pocket, and yet from his manner, I should say he believed that things were managed very well for him by the Father-in-heaven. His bondage and sufferings and wants, have not soured him, and he is full of the gladness of life. Is not, then, heaven and home and all friends and comforts, that make men thankful, to be had here, and doing the best we can do at all times and in all places, what very happy lives we should lead. In sight of my window, too, is a freeman at work, gaily and cheerfully. He is far away from his home and friends; he probably has not a dollar in his pocket, and yet from his manner, I should say he believed that things were managed very well for him by the Father-in-heaven. His bondage and sufferings and wants, have not soured him, and he is full of the gladness of life. Is not, then, heaven and home and all friends and comforts, that make men thankful, to be had here, and doing the best we can do at all times and in all places, what very happy lives we should lead.

THE NATION'S GALLANT HEROES.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

At Duty's stern but sacred call,
From your Northern homes you went,

When Treason's power was at its height,
And pale-faced seemed both heart and hand,

With firm resolve and purpose great,
You sprang in season on the deck,

You saw your country's honored flag—
The emblem of the free and brave—

The vision made your very blood
To boil within your patriot veins,

Which traitors vile had sought to bring
Upon our star-bespangled flag;

When cannon shot and Minnie balls
In thick profusion round you fell,

You tore their pirate flag in shreds,
Consigned it to rebellion's grave,

How sweet to you must be the thought,
The consciousness that you have stood

Death, with its horrid visage, stared
You in the face from camp and field,

With cannon, sword and bayonet,
You marched to meet the treacherous foe,

All honor yours! Oh gallant sons!
Most nobly have you played your part;

High to the heavens you've helped to raise
The gorgeous ensign of the free;

But many of the patriot braves,
Who went with you with high hopes flushed,

Oh! nevermore to sound of drum,
Or call of roll, will they respond;

No more you'll meet them in this world,
Their war-worn banners they have furled,

A glory sanctifies each fame,
Bright laurels twine around each brow,

Their work was bravely, nobly done,
Their lives they gave for Freedom's good;

As long as time and memory last,
These heroes will be remembered;

There, in their ever sacred beds,
Oh! let them calmly, sweetly sleep;

Should foreign or domestic foe,
Seek e'er again our land to thrall,

A Few Leaves from Father Robinson's Scrap Book.

This is the title of a work lately issued by A. J. Davis's father-in-law, Chauncy Robinson,

"We have had placed upon our table a pleasant memorial book entitled, 'A FEW LEAVES FROM FATHER ROBINSON'S SCRAP BOOK.'"

"The volume contains an autobiographical introduction, and is made up chiefly of articles contributed by Mr. Robinson to different papers, and of letters addressed by him to public men on various national topics, during the last twenty-five years."

"Father Robinson is a man who thinks broadly and feels deeply on all subjects involving the rights and interests of Humanity, and the moral and social progress of Man, and it is not therefore strange that he should be found battling, even fiercely, against Slavery and Run, the two arch-enemies of the race, during his whole life."

"With kindly wishes for the brave old man whose portrait stands sentinel at the opening of this volume, and a deferential bow to the thoughtful and Mother, who looks out from the other page, we take leave of the book before us, trusting years yet of peaceful quiet to its author, and pleasant memories to ourselves as often as we shall take it from the shelves of our libraries."

It costs more to Avigile wrong than to bear them.

Paranzin, the Sister of Montezuma.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Nature reveals her beautiful laws in all ages and countries, and as we bridge over the three hundred and sixty-two years since Montezuma the Second clothed himself in the royal robes of the flourishing country of Mexico, we find ourselves among a people outworking through art and civilization a destiny not unlike our own.

When a child was born in Mexico, it was bathed and the attendant said, "Receive the water. May this bath cleanse thee from the spots which thou bearest from thy mother, purify thy heart, and give thee a good and perfect life. Lovely child, the gods have created thee in the highest place in heaven, in order to send thee into the world; but know that the life on which thou art entering is sad, painful, full of uneasiness and miseries. May God assist thee in the many adversities which await thee."

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Mr. Finney's Rejoinder to Dr. Stone's and Mr. Ritchie's Letters.

BRO. COLBY.—In your issue under date of May 12th, I find two letters in reply to my note concerning the published report of one of my Troy lectures. And as these letters do me great injustice, I ask a space for a rejoinder.

I was annoyed at the imperfections of that report. And my friends who did not hear the lecture, but knew something of my published lectures heretofore, complained to me, by letter, of the evident incorrectness of that report, and have gone so far as to ask that I write out a corrected report thereof.

And beside, I did feel and do now feel, that I myself, am the most competent judge of the correctness or incorrectness of any report of my inspirations and peculiar views. I am never so inspired as not to know what I am saying. The more inspiration I have, the more intensely conscious am I of the truth I utter.

Now as to the correctness of the report. And 1st: Mr. John Ritchie did not report one half the "title" of my lecture. He says, "If I heard Mr. F. right, etc., the title of his lecture was 'The Correlation of Forces.'" I say that was not the title of my lecture—not half of it. And if he will look into the Troy papers, he will find he is wrong here. Bro. Starbuck took my subject from my hand, and published it in the Troy papers, and in this particular instance made a little mistake. It stood in the paper thus: "THE CORRELATIVE AND EQUIVALENCE OF PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL FORCES." And this mistake I corrected at the time of the lecture. But the reporter took no notice of the fact; and if he was so inattentive as to omit one half or more of the "title" of my lecture, what can be expected when he comes to deal with the body and substance of the lecture itself? Such mistakes may be common and excusable—but they are mistakes. And in this instance, it was a mistake on a very important point, as any one at all familiar with science would see. My subject was "The Correlation and Equivalence of Physical and Spiritual Forces." And all the attentive portion of my Troy congregation know it was.

I did not indicate in my note a title of the mistakes in that report. To make an exhaustive criticism, would occupy far too much space and time. I indicated the one in the sentence "either this force called mind arises out of that force called cognition," etc., as a glaring one. And so it is. "Cognition" here is used where another word or phrase should be used. Can mind arise out of knowledge, when knowledge itself presupposes mind? Certainly not. What I did say was this: "Either this force called mind arises out of light, heat, etc., or light, heat, etc., arises out of mind." The thought was this: either light, heat and other forms of force are primordial, or spirit is primordial. To represent me as saying that mind arises out of an act of mind, is ridiculous. No wonder that my friends ask me to correct this report. The error in reference to Descartes the reporter admits. There are many other worse errors than these. Take the following as an instance: The report represents me as saying at the beginning of the fourteenth paragraph, "The animal world exists in the vegetable world, but there is an advance in the animal over the vegetable world." I never uttered such a sentence. What I said was, that the primordial forces which unfolded the vegetable world, also unfolded the animal world. The thought was, that the original power, which became only life in vegetation, became sensation in animals. It is absurd to represent me as saying that "the animal world exists in the vegetable world." It is stupidity itself, which could make such a statement for fact. Every school-boy knows better than this.

But there are many other mistakes. Some whole paragraphs are so changed as to be scarcely recognizable to me. Here is another mistake: "This earth and all its creatures, this universe composed of its millions of revolving worlds, is only a vast symbol of the contents of the brain—reason." I did not utter this sentence as it stands here. In place of the word "brain," read Infinite Spirit, and then Eternal Reason in place of "reason," and you will have what I did say. The idea, as any one can see, is, that the external universe is but the image and form of the contents of Divine Intelligence. But to make me say "brain" instead of "spirit," is to mistake the whole idea.

But I will not further indicate the mistakes of the report. I have, while in New York some years ago, looked over the reports of my lectures, and prepared them for publication. And the reporters have all told me that I talked so fast they could not report my lectures in full. And often have I been urged by them to talk more slowly. And I found in these reports, with only two exceptions, (and in these cases I succeeded in "going slowly") many half-formed sentences, the last parts of which were left out, because the reporter could not keep up with me. I know it is a defect to speak so rapidly; but it is a sufficient cause for imperfect reports of my lectures. One of the best reporters in New York told me he could not take a verbatim report of my lectures when I spoke so rapidly. And for Mr. Stone and Mr. Ritchie to pretend that they gave a verbatim report of my lecture, is absurd to me. I know John Ritchie did not give a verbatim report of that lecture. And I do not blame him for not doing it. I did not regard his mistakes as either intentional or criminal. But in justice to myself I could not consent to leave the report as accurate, when it actually misrepresented my views, ideas and facts.

And now one word as to the unworthy inspirations of Andrew Stone. I never told Mr. Stone that all of each discourse was inspirational, and not a part of my own will, though he implies this. I did tell him, as I have often told others in reply to their questions, that I was inspirational; but I also told him that I studied Science and Philosophy, etc. And, in one of my discourses in Troy, I mentioned authors whom I had consulted on certain questions, and Mr. Stone himself asked me after my lecture to name again those authors, and even went so far as to write me a note asking me to send him a list of those authors, which I did. Will he deny this? Let me see him do it. Why did he ask me to send him the names of authors I referred to? Because he did not remember them from my naming of them in my discourse. And, as he wished, doubtless, to read them, he could have their names on paper to refer to. And yet in full view of this fact, he—Andrew Stone—who could not remember even to the close of one lecture the names of the authors I quoted, pretends to bequeathed to pronounce John Ritchie's report a "verbatim" one. This is amusing.

And as to the wholly gratuitous and false charge that "said lectures have been committed to memory, and now that he finds these lectures published he is simply robbed, as it were, of his own thunder" which he claims to have received from Mount Sinai, I simply say, the whole charge, or rather opinion, is utterly and totally groundless. But suppose it to be true. Is it wrong for me to require that when a man who has neither the justice or courtesy to consult me as to the public use of my property, which he may make, that he shall correctly represent me in such public use of that property? If, as he says, these lectures are thus peculiarly rendered mine, why does he not make a fit apology for such unwarranted use of what is mine—and that, too, without even saying, "By your leave, sir?" Nor did I ever claim that my lectures came from "Mount Sinai." For years the only claim I have made, is, that the central ideas in my discourses are inspirations, and that I am more or less inspired or assisted by my Spiritual Guardians. I do not claim that spirits control my organs of speech and say what they please, whether I will or not: I have been particularly careful to deny this on all fit occasions. I have not carried such an idea to Mr. Stone or to any one else for ten years. That kind of "control" ceased long ago. On the contrary, the fact that Mr. Stone himself asked me for the names of the authors I read, in writing, is proof that he knew I made no such claim as he insinuates in his letter. The fact is this: My inspirations and my scientific knowledge are blended together in my lectures, and this is all the claim I make to any one. Not one of my lectures is written. Not one is committed to memory. Will Mr. Stone stand corrected?

In conclusion let me add: I should like to have all my lectures correctly reported and published in our spiritual papers; but I am too poor to do it; nor have I the time to correct such imperfect reports as the one under consideration. And here I leave the whole matter.

I am truly, for justice, yours, SELDEN J. FINNEY. Byron Centre, Genesee Co., N. Y., May 15, 1866.

Written for the Banner of Light.

YOU ASK ME WHAT I'M THINKING OF.

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

You ask me what I'm thinking of, And willingly I'll tell;

For 'tis of bygone scenes, on which Fond memory loves to dwell.

I'm thinking of a cottage fair, That stood among the hills,

Where I sported in my childhood, Amid the sparkling rills.

I'm thinking of a grassy plot Before that cottage door,

Where carelessly I laid me down, One night in times of yore.

Yes, carelessly I laid me down, Unmindful of the dew

That fell like sympathizing tears From yonder arch of blue;

I looked upon my milky path, Which seemeth to me now

A wreath of snowy roses Upon Creation's brow,

And thought it was a fleecy cloud That stretched across the way,

And cast its shadow on the path Of the departing day.

I looked upon night's radiant gems, And, with a childish eye,

I tried to trace my alphabet Upon that page so high.

I counted clusters, one by one, The great ones and the small,

Until at length I thought that I Would try and count them all.

Ah, little did I think That the angels watching o'er me

Were greater in their number Than the stars that shone above me.

Ah, little did I think That those orbs so wondrous fair

Were to me but a symbol— My angel-name, a Star.

Card. Mrs. Cotton, magnetic physician, (late of No. 111 East 29th street) has removed to No. 23 East 78th street, near 8d Avenue, where, with increased facilities (a larger house and better accommodations), she hopes to be as successful in the treatment of disease as she has been during the last year. The cures this lady has made (some of them having baffled the best physicians) are truly astonishing. In the treatment of female ailments she has no rival. A list of names might be given in confirmation of the truth of this, were they not protected from feelings of delicacy. The following names of gentlemen upon whom she has performed almost miraculous cures, and who have allowed her to publish their names and address as references, may suffice to show that her power to heal is of no common order:—J. B. Hastings, Astor House, Office No. 12 Barclay street; J. E. Smith, No. 115 Henry street, New York; A. M. Kinstry, No. 85 Marjett street, New York; Francis Dawson, Charleston, S. C.; Lyman B. Larbins, A. M., M. D., 241 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Isaiah Nutt, Danbury, Ct. New York, May, 1866.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NUMBER FOUR. BY J. MADISON ALLYN.

Leaving the Capital and the dear friends there only at the "last moment," I hastened to Massachusetts, to fill engagements in Taunton and N. Cambridge. Lack of time prevented me from stopping in New Jersey, as had been previously contemplated.

Found in Taunton a quiet and pleasant home and a hearty welcome with Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Lane. At that time the Spiritual cause in that place, seemed to be in a "transition state." I learn with pleasure that the new condition toward which the transition was leading, is now reached, and doubtless the society will henceforth prosper as it has never done before.

In Cambridge found a few earnest souls, who seemed to be in the "pursuit of (Spiritual) knowledge under difficulties"—the greatest of which difficulties was the lack of a suitable place in which to hold meetings. They were hoping to obtain ere long one of the churches; but I fear their "righteous expectations" will never be "granted." Brothers Fuller and Durgin, who have been touched by the fires of Spirituality, have my most earnest prayers for their happy development. My sympathies were especially drawn out toward Brother Fuller, whose earnest, almost and heart, seemed to be yearning so ardently for a higher life, a more perfect development, a purer spirituality. If this should meet his eye, he may know that he is not and will not be forgotten.

Spent several months in Searsport and other towns in Maine, resting with the loved ones at home, and lecturing. Our little Lovemest came very near passing to the soul-land, but through the help of angel guardians—operating through the organism of his mother—his life was saved. Blessed spirit influence! How many precious lives have been saved, how many sad and lonely hearts been cheered, doubts dispelled, and fears annihilated, by this hallowed boon of the New Dispensation! Do Spiritualists sufficiently appreciate the light which has dawned upon them? Do they realize the full scope and mission of the new Gospel? Do they see the necessity which environ them, of a more determined zeal and a more dauntless martyr spirit?

Gave a course of lectures in Rockland. Also lectured in South Thomaston and Stockton. Revisited Bradley. Made a second call upon the Penobscot Indians at Oldtown, drawing from their language some items for future Panophonic use; also bearing away a memento, in the shape of a finely-wrought work-basket. It is truly sad to contemplate the gradual wasting away, before the march of civilization (?), of those misunderstood and much-abused children of nature, the "red men of the forest." It is gratifying, on the other hand, to notice the fearless and noble stand taken by the Spiritual Journals in their behalf; and I trust the kind words which Spiritualism offers for all the oppressed, of every clime and color, will not be lost, but tell upon the conditions of the future with an ever-increasing potency; until all the nations of the earth shall be freed from the incubus of selfishness and tyranny, and every soul be privileged to expand according to its inherent tendencies and capacities. I have yet to learn of the first instance of an Indian spirit manifesting aught but the most friendly sentiments toward the white race. They come to our bedside when sickness lays us low, and with their healing magnetism, restore weary nature to her wonted vivacity. They take the tenderest care of their "mediums," and never weary them by their control—which cannot be said of all "pale" spirits. At the social "circle" they chase away all gloom and restraint—bringing smiles to the face and joy to the heart, by their genial influence. No sadness can continue where they are. Their magnanimity is unequalled, (except perhaps by that other race, so long oppressed and so fearfully avenged.) Forgetful of all the wrongs endured at our hands, they come to us with a noble and unselfish love, and working unweariedly in our behalf, put us to the blush, with all our boasted "civilization." They have fully redeemed their character from the stigma which we, their enemies, have placed upon it, and have demonstrated, through the revelations of Spiritualism, that the soul of the red man is as worthy as that of his proud conqueror—not conqueror, but exterminator.

Organization at Laona. PREFACE. Believing that some sort of religious organization is necessary in every civilized community, as an efficient means of satisfying certain natural desires of the human mind:

Therefore, we whose names are hereunto appended do mutually unite under the name and title of the Laona Free Association, and in pursuance of this agreement do enact and establish the following

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. ART. I. The object of this Society shall be to promote the highest and best intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of its members, and of every person who may ever in any manner come within the sphere of its influence.

ART. II. An express desire to enjoy the benefits and promote the objects of this Society shall be the only prescribed qualification for membership, to the end that a godly faith in the integrity of human nature may be fostered and built up, and each member put on his or her own sense of moral honesty for the righteousness of his or her motives in becoming or remaining a member.

ART. III. This Society shall be forever sovereign within its own membership for all that pertains to its existence or welfare as an organization, to the end that the abuses of ecclesiasticism may be forever done away.

ART. IV. No creed, or articles of belief, or prescribed formula of doctrine whatever, shall ever be established for authority in this Society, to the end that free thought, free speech, and a broad, generous, reasoning and healthy individualism may be promoted among its members.

ART. V. No ordinance or ceremony shall ever be prescribed as a required observance in this Society.

ART. VI. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Secretary and Treasurer. Their term of office shall be for one month, or until their successors are elected.

ART. VII. The President's duty shall be to call the meeting to order at the time appointed, and to maintain order throughout its deliberations.

ART. VIII. The duty of the Secretary shall be to keep a record of the proceedings of each regular meeting, and read the minutes of the last meeting at the opening of each meeting, also all communications belonging to the Society.

ART. IX. The duty of the Treasurer shall be to receive and hold all moneys belonging to the Society, and pay them out as a majority of the members may direct, at any regular meeting.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to a 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 agencies 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 the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritualist.

Special Notice.

The time has fully arrived when the Spiritualists of the United States should exert themselves to extend the circulation of the BANNER OF LIGHT everywhere. We print a first-class journal, employing, at considerable expense, some of the best talent in the country, which has established the character of our paper abroad as well as at home. Articles from the BANNER are frequently copied into English journals, and translated verbatim for the French and German periodicals.

Bear in mind, friends, Spiritualists, that our PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES, wherein thousands of spirits find an avenue open for them to reach their friends in earth-life, draw largely upon our exchequer, which needs replenishing from time to time by donations from large-hearted souls, who not only thereby aid the undeveloped spirits, but lay up treasures in heaven for themselves. More than this: our free circles are teaching the people of earth that "the dead live!" and can and do mingle with their loved ones, although the visual senses of the former do not perceive them.

With these considerations in view, we earnestly call upon all liberal-minded people to aid in extending the circulation of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Unitarian Calumny.

The last number of the Unitarian Monthly Journal, in addition to an article by the Rev. Mr. Weiss, adverse to Spiritualism, and noticed in the BANNER of last week, contains a paper on Missionary Work in the West, from the pen of Rev. A. D. Mayo, in which the writer indulges in some contemptuous flings at "trance-mediums," "spiritual lecturers," &c. After telling us that "every Western city sustains a floating mob of violent, irreligious, unamiable people," he proceeds to say: "They cluster in lager-beer saloons; edit radicalist journals; organize in secret societies; agitate against respectability in general; follow the more taking trance-medium; tip tables and glasses and had liquor—in short, do everything except pay cash, or work in any of the common ways of doing good." "We can leave the task of disorganization to the revolutionists, spiritual lecturers, and red-republican politicians."

What is the matter with our Unitarian brethren that they are thus rousing themselves all at once to an attack upon Spiritualists? Has some unfortunate clergyman found that a poor unlettered little woman in the trance state, may succeed in attracting twenty hearers where he can get but one? We are told that in the times of the Apostles, there were certain craftsmen who derived "no small gain" from making silver shrines for Diana. One Demetrius called them together and addressed them thus: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands." And so, their craft being in danger of being "set at naught," these workmen were filled with wrath and raised the cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

We do not say that Mr. Mayo is actuated by the motives of Demetrius, for we believe him to be a good and sincere man; but, by his intemperate and unjustifiable language toward Spiritualism, he lays himself open, either to the imputation of gross ignorance and recklessness, or of deliberate slander from selfish and personal considerations. The indifference or hostility of professional men to the operations of spiritual mediums, is indeed something quite inexplicable, except on the theory of short-sighted motives of self-interest. The regularly educated physician looks with extreme dislike on the healing "medium." His neighbors tell him of wonderful cures she has effected. Invalids who get no relief from the best "regular practitioners," have gone to her and been wonderfully benefited. Still he shakes his head and turns up his nose contemptuously. The idea that an ignorant woman who never studied anatomy or Latin can make a more accurate diagnosis than he, a graduate of the Medical College, is to him too preposterous.

The number of professional musicians who can appreciate the wonderful powers exhibited by "Blind Tom," is limited. It is hard for human pride to admit that the poor, grotesque idiot boy can touch the piano with a pathos and expression which men who have devoted years of study and practice to music cannot equal; and so some small, disparaging, technical criticism is made with the purpose of impairing our wonder and delight.

The clergyman is apt to betray a similar weakness. He finds it very hard to see any merit or truth in the clearly stated theses of Emma Harlins, or the beautiful, argumentative discourses of Miss Doten. Even though he be of the liberal school, and though the labors of these inspirational lecturers, in clearing away from the human mind the obstructions left by the old superstitious theology, are harmonious with his own, he cannot overcome his repugnance to their ministry. Like Mr. Mayo, he regards it as something "against respectability in general." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a paltry pride mingles with his motives of opposition. Far different was the spirit that could take up little children and say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

We know several Unitarian clergymen—second to none in reputation and influence—who have witnessed phenomena, both physical and psychical, exhibited by such mediums as Miss Lord, Miss Ellis, the Davenport, Foster, &c., and which the said clergymen frankly admitted were genuine and inexplicable; but having admitted this much, they have allowed them to lie in their minds, like seed sown on the sea-beach, unquickened and valueless; and when some person of their denomination utters his poor little scoff at those more adventurous and earnest minds who are impressed by these marvels, and who reverently try to find out their meaning, these timid brethren do not have the generosity to interpose. They ought to cry, "Hold! There is something in these phenomena. It will not do to dismiss them as delusions. We must meet them man-

fully, even at the risk of shaking some of our own preconceived notions in the collision. While we are venting our arrogant reproaches and impatient sneers, thousands of intelligent men and women throughout the civilized world, are seeing and hearing things which they can explain only on the supposition of preterhuman power or of spiritual agency. If we have any better explanation to give, let us give it. But do not let us rest content with mere angry assertion or irrational contempt." Why is there not some prominent Unitarian, magnanimous enough to give expression in words like these to the simple truth on this subject?

Spiritualism is nothing new; and the idea that Spiritualists are trying to introduce a new religion is mere moonshine. Indeed, as Mr. Brevlor well states, "There can be no such thing as a new religion any more than there can be a new geometry. There may be new forms of religion, as there may be new modes of constructing a mathematical demonstration; but the nature of God and goodness, with which it is the object of religion to bring our human nature into perfect harmony, is no more subject to mutation than the properties of lines and circles. Religion is something to be experienced and lived; it is not now to be discovered or invented."

All that Spiritualism, as a scientific fact, is responsible for, is the declaration that all that is essential, fundamental and good in religion, let its form be what it may, is positively true. The only "heresies" which Spiritualism, pure and simple, teaches, are these: The immortality of the soul; the existence of a spirit-world; the manifestations and ministry of spirits, and communion with them; the assurance that Divine mercy and spiritual progression are not limited to the natural world and the present life; that the future retribution is not arbitrary, penal, and vindictive, but the inevitable consequence of the acts here done and the character here formed.

Such are the doctrines which the best of our speaking mediums labor to spread; and for none other is Spiritualism, pure and simple, responsible. What is there in them to call forth the angry taunts and blind denunciations (rather than the active sympathy) of the Unitarian clergy? There may be persons calling themselves Spiritualists who preach downright Atheism. We have heard of such. Others preach free love, re-incarnation, Fourierism, red republicanism, and what not; and they have, it may be, plenty of spirits to back them, and tell them they are all right. But we might with as much justice try to make Christianity responsible for the vagaries of the Anabaptists, the Shakers, the Mormons, &c., as try to make Spiritualism responsible for all that spirits, out of the flesh or in the flesh, may say or do.

Infinite Wisdom has not left man without a compass and guide in his own soul. The first lesson that an intelligent Spiritualist learns, is to try the spirits, whether they be of God. He does not surrender his reason or his conscience to any spiritual teachings or claim, real or supposed. He knows that there are thousands of knaves, vagabonds, and hypocrites leaving this world for the next, every minute of the day, and he does not believe that every one of these people is at once going to be transformed into an angel of goodness and light. That would be such a loss of identity as would be tantamount to annihilation.

Under the Message Department of the Banner of Light we always publish an appropriate caution. Let those who hastily and ignorantly charge upon Spiritualism (that great fundamental truth underlying all religion) doctrines absurd or disorganizing, read and ponder these admonitory words:

"WE ASK THE READER TO RECEIVE NO DOCTRINE PUT FORTH BY SPIRITS IN THESE COLUMNS THAT DOES NOT COMPORT WITH HIS OWN REASON. ALL EXPRESS AS MUCH OF TRUTH AS THEY PERCEIVE—NO MORE."

When Mr. Mayo represents Spiritualists as "tipping tables and glasses and had liquor," and not paying their debts, he enters the region of slander, and thither we cannot follow him without inhaling an atmosphere noisome and pernicious to the moral health. In his better and calmer moments, we are confident he will be heartily ashamed of his wholly unfounded and gratuitous aspersions. The great body of Spiritualists, who now outnumber by millions the sect of Unitarians, will bear comparison with the best men and women of all the Churches, not only in intelligence, philanthropy, and public spirit, but in Christian morality and purity.

And why not? For they accept, with all their hearts and souls, all that is vital and fundamental in all forms of religion. They believe with Christ that the true salvation is in purity of heart, inasmuch as the pure in heart shall see God; see him not only in the next life, but in this—thus recognizing and embracing goodness. They believe, too—ay, more than believe—with Christ, in the immortal life, and that the life that now is, shapes the life that is to be. And these great, central convictions have, with them, the force of certainties derived from immediate personal experience and knowledge! Why, then, should they not be, in the highest sense, the most Christian of Christians?

Settling Speakers.

We observe, by the paragraph copied into the last number of the R. P. Journal, from the New Covenant, (the organ of the Universalists in the West,) that we go for settling speakers over organized societies; which statement is the reverse of the truth. When a correspondent first mooted the subject in our columns, we came out with a leader, entitled "ITINERANCY," repudiating the scheme, and giving our reasons therefor in full. We said that "the mere accumulation of social power and influence is not the chief end of the noble gospel of Spiritualism. That power and that influence we have faith to believe it will duly secure; but it will be after other methods than those which are popular with the sectaries."

We have since published several articles, pro and con, upon the subject, and have quite a number on hand at this writing from esteemed correspondents, which we must decline to print, for the potent reason that no good to the cause can come from further discussion of the matter.

We fully agree with the Journal, that the modern spiritual movement is the pioneer of a New Dispensation; that it announces as fundamental a method of action just the reverse of the old; consequently the intermediate results of action, starting from a similar point, will be very different. We are under obligations to the Journal for so promptly calling our attention to a matter in which the great majority of our lecturers are so deeply interested. While we do not object to Spiritualists owning the temples wherein they may teach the Spiritual Philosophy to the people of earth, we do most emphatically repudiate the idea that we should have "pastors and regular discipline, like the rest," as asserted by the New Covenant. "Our Church" is all creation, and it embraces within its ample folds all beliefs and all unbeliefs, of whatever name or nature. Truth is our regis, and with it we shall do battle in behalf of humanity to the best, of our ability, come what may.

Unitarian Liberty.

After the illiberal, unjust and truly bigoted conduct of the managers of the National Unitarian Conference last year, we are glad to see them properly exposed and commented on in a fair and open pamphlet by E. C. Towne, of that denomination, the pastor of the Unitarian Church in Medford. He brings a bill of indictment against Rev. Dr. Bellows, in that the latter, who is the chief editor of the only Unitarian Review—the "Christian Examiner"—after announcing a convention of all societies and organizations on the broadest principle of fraternity, succeeded in dictating most autocratically to the assembly, by means of committee machinery and the personal suppression of free discussion, and "stamped his ecclesiastical policy upon much of the action and utterance of Unitarianism." Against this policy Rev. Mr. Towne declares his desire to protest. He says he wishes to demand for Unitarians "the continuance of liberty." He thinks that "ecclesiasticalism and dogmatism" are intruders upon a fellowship which is meant to be as broad as the providential opportunity of the time, and as free as the most enlightened consciences require."

After quoting from Dr. Bellows's call for such a Convention, to assemble on such a basis—and we should think the extracts would make the Doctor blush as they confronted him—Mr. Towne proceeds to detail precisely what did pass in the Convention, and to show that old Theology itself, hide-bound, bigoted, puffed-up, and Puritanic, did not demand a more abject subservience to its assumptions and behests. His language is severely plain as well as plainly severe. He says he had reason to hope that this Convention was to meet to proclaim "an unqualified Christian Brotherhood, without dogmatic or sectarian character." "To those of us," he adds, "who felt that churches of Evangelical faith, on the one side, might perceive the Christian character of fellowship without dogmatic tests of any kind, and accept union on the ground of Christian life and character, under the sole bond of brotherly love; and that, on the other side, truly Christian Societies, of Universalist antecedents, or of independent position, or organized outside of recognized lines of communion, in the name of 'Spiritualism,' or of 'reform,' would welcome the order of a free communion, and eagerly avail themselves of a cultivated fellowship—there sprang up a sublime hope that we were to have in Unitarianism a communion wholly Christian, in which the transcendent verities of our blessed faith would be no more postponed to the beggary elements of dogmatic conceit and sectarian prejudice. Yet the very opposite of this was accomplished, and largely by your (Dr. B.'s) interference and dictation." And he passes the proceedings of the Convention in review, to substantiate his charge.

The divergence between Dr. Bellows and the Liberals, in the Convention, began with the introduction of the report of a committee, in which occurred the phrases, "God and the Kingdom of his Son," and "the Lord Jesus Christ." Against the dogma implied in these phrases, of the Lordship of Jesus, many of the members vigorously protested. Dr. Bellows was of the committee that brought in the report, and, of course, defended the expressions against the attacks on them. He grew so warm that he became the sport of his temper, and felt called upon afterwards to apologize "for what he feared might have been unkind remarks on his part." But he styled the objections made to the phrases before named, a bringing of the name and attributes of Jesus into "comparative contempt." And Mr. Towne correctly argues that this avowal, made after the discussion in the official report, "amounted to a confession that those phrases were introduced for the purpose of coercing a part of the body, and at the risk of driving it away." Dr. Hedge, in committee, was reported to have proposed to omit the term "Lord," but was overruled by the rest, who threatened to "break fraternal ties if the Convention should proceed to do the will of God without first saying, 'Lord, Lord' to Jesus."

The debate was interesting. Rev. Mr. Wasson declared he could not accept a Lord who was not God. And he would not use the term "Son of God," in such a way as to imply that Jesus had himself an exclusive Sonship. Mr. C. C. Burleigh followed with his protest, and Mr. Towne says he "made a remark which stirred the indignation of the Convention." His statement was simply this: that Paul used the Greek word *Kyrios* as a term of address merely, as we use the common title Mr. Mr. Towne does not for himself admit that Mr. Burleigh was altogether right, and seeks to set him right; a process we have not the space to follow. But the point lies in what followed.

Dr. Lothrop excitedly called the speaker to order, asserting that he "represented no church." A "radical Unitarian layman"—so styled in Mr. Towne's pamphlet—rose and declared with indignation that "he was opposed to uniting with rag, tag and bobtail"—a very sincere remark which, Mr. Towne truly says, was an expression of "the moral limitation of the faith which represented the appearance, on its platform, of a representative of that vast outside communion, the Holy Church of Humanity."

We cannot go any deeper into this significant pamphlet. It blazes the mean bigotry and case-hardened dogmatism of a sect that protests vigorously against the illiberality and dogmatic tyranny of Old Theology, and the publication should make all bigots, especially those who profess and pride themselves on their liberality, hang their heads for shame. Mr. Towne has certainly uttered a more vigorous protest against Unitarian illiberality and bigotry than he could have done on the floor of the Convention. As for such men as the one or two or three who manipulated the Convention being afraid to join with "the rag, tag and bobtail," who are such merely because they represent no "church" with a steeple and a creed, that is of no consequence; they will be more humble and far more religious, when they see how very little their organization can do for them. We should offer them a sincere welcome to our ranks, but must respectfully decline passing over to them. When they have broken the crust of dogmatism, or, as Dr. Bellows himself cantingly styles it, "the crust of ecclesiastical and theological usage," we shall receive them into our larger liberty of thought and belief with open arms.

Biography of Satan.

To those persons who have sent us money for this book, and have written to know why they have not received it, we can only say that the fault lies with the publisher, in not promptly forwarding the work to us. If this paragraph meets his eye, we hope he will respond at once, otherwise we shall be obliged to discontinue the advertisement. If we do not receive the books soon, we shall return the money sent us for them.

Photographs.

We have received from the eminent photographic artist, Gurney, of New York, some excellent photographic likenesses of Judge J. W. Edmonds and Fred. L. H. Willis, both well known in the ranks of Spiritualism. We will send by mail a copy of either on receipt of twenty-five cents.

MY IDOLS.

(An inspirational poem by Miss Lizzie Doten, given at the close of her lecture in the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday evening, May 20th, 1866.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

Man say it is a fearful thing— An unknown depth of woe— To live without a faith in God, In this sad world below! But when, in man's imperfect state, Faith must have time to grow.

I had an eager, earnest soul, That would not let me rest; A nameless yearning in my heart, That could not be expressed; And so I sought for truth and light— The highest and the best.

At first, I thought like other men, And worshipped God on high, But when my reason scaled the height, I cast that idol by; I did not fear Almighty wrath, And would not live a lie.

Wearied, and worn, and dazzled blind, I sought a lowly sphere, And said I will not learn of truth, Save as I find it here; Feeling, and sight, and sound alone, Shall make its meaning clear.

And so I clung to flesh and sense, Until my faith grew cold, I learned like others, to accept Traditions worn and old; I honored God in outward show, The while I worshipped gold.

I worshipped gold, until my heart Grew hardened as a clod, Save when some wayside flower of faith, Sprung in the path I trod, That made my burdened spirit long For rest and peace in God.

And through my soul's divinest need, I gathered strength at last; I burst the golden chain, that long Had bound my spirit fast, And from his gilded throne of power, The senseless idol cast.

The burnt-out fire-crypts of my life, Soon lost their golden gleam, And emptied of their baleful glare, I walked as in a dream, With one great purpose in my heart— To be and not to seem.

Life's holiest lesson then was mine, For when, at peace within, And I had cleansed my erring heart, From that long course of sin, A gentle maiden, pure and sweet, Like sunshine entered in.

Again I worshipped—oh my God! Have angel hearts above, Through the long line of endless life, Such mighty power of love, As that with which I folded close, My tender, trusting dove?

It was not long, for when the flowers Upon the green hillside Closed their bright eyes to wake no more, My own sweet darling died— The Angels opened the shining door, And called her from my side.

Oh when they laid her form to rest, Beneath the churchyard sod, I longed to follow in the way, Her angel feet had trod. For, crushed and bruised, my spirit yearned, To hide itself in God.

Love led me to the inner depth, Which sorrow had unsealed, And there I saw the latent power Within my soul concealed; In that dark, desolating hour, Its uses stood revealed.

I knew myself, and knowing this, The power to me was given To bridge across the dark abyss Between my soul and Heaven, And gather up the golden link, That seemed so harshly riven.

The Angel hand of her I loved, Was gently laid in mine, She led me by a path of peace, To truth's eternal shrine, Where my glad soul will never cease To worship Love Divine.

Talk not to human hearts of faith That reason must control; Reason is but a feeble part Of life's majestic whole; Love is the guiding star to love, And Soul must speak to Soul.

The Chilean War.

At latest accounts, the Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral Nuñez, having accomplished what it aimed at in the destructive bombardment of Valparaiso, made an attempt on Callao. But this port the Admiral found prepared to meet him. Batteries were planted along the shore and those points at which they would be of service for protection, and vessels of war were out maneuvering for the approach of the hostile squadron. The Spanish Admiral came on with his customary bluster and conceit, supposing he was about to eat up his enemy by merely opening his mouth at him. He attacked the Chilean fleet, only to repent his temerity. The vessels opened vigorously upon him, and the shore batteries chimed in. "His vessels were badly shattered, and compelled to draw off; and he was himself severely wounded in the engagement." So that Spanish war vessels are by no means impregnable, nor Spanish Admirals beyond the reach of hostile shot. Chili and Peru have shown pluck, and will never be conquered by such a power as Spain.

The European Situation.

The scene shifts on the European field almost as rapidly as the moves on a chessboard. Instead of the quarrel's being between Prussia and Austria over the Danube, it is between Italy and Austria over the mountains which the latter alleges it has received from the former. The fact is, Italy had the promise of Napoleon that, when troubles broke out between the two German Powers, he would back her in an attempt to seize upon Venetia; and Victor Emmanuel has simply gone ahead so fast as to betray the whole plot. Austria demands of him that he shall move his troops away from the frontier. Napoleon, too, sees what a mistake the Italian ruler has made from his over-egerness, and tries to haul off from the ground he occupied. Bismark remains as stiff as ever, unwilling to bend the King by making him think that the Italian ruler is the enemy of the people who hate him, but glory in the result of his policy. It is all a strange drama.

The Spirits about us.

A number of the Spectator, the production of Addison, and Steele, and other English writers of Queen Anne's time—holds such unequivocal sentiments on the presence of spirits, while discouraging of another matter, that a quotation or two out of the same is pertinent and interesting. And here we will add, that the writings of these men, particularly of Addison, are toned very largely with spiritual ideas, expressed precisely as Spiritualists love to hear and see them expressed. The following extracts from the imaginary letter of a dying wife to a devoted husband, absent in Spain, whom she does not expect to look on again in the flesh:

"Methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be a happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, in alleviating the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? why may I not hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, oh best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed—to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever—to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle—to go with thee, a GUARDIAN ANGEL incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee in a war, a fearful warman,—these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart."

This is genuine Spiritualism. It is a faith that is inherent in the human mind, and no exhortations or denunciations, persuasions or threats of the priests and their allies will wholly drive it out of the popular heart. The above was written one hundred and fifty-five years ago; but it is as true to-day as it was then. Such truths are, ingrained in the very soul of man. They cannot be eradicated without wholly destroying the texture. What a prop and stay it is, what an ineffable comfort, and solace, to realize that our dear departed friends walk with us still through all the dark and tortuous, as well as the cheerful and pleasant ways of life. How full it fills the heart to reflect that we are at no time left wholly alone, but that friends unseen are around us by night and day, sick and well, in danger and safety, when we invite them by our thought, and when we are too much absorbed by life's active demands to throw even a glancing thought to them!

This unseen, but not unfelt, neighborhood of spirits is one of the surest strength-giving arrangements in the divine plan. We draw from it, lean on it, go trustfully to it, far oftener than we ourselves know. It is a great and marvelous magazine of spiritual power to us. It holds us up, fills us full, gives us the strength we need, makes us a sure friendship, comforts us in losses, soothes us in woe, compensates us for all present sacrifices, stretches, invigorates, refreshes, and exalts our whole being. And unbelievers affect to flout epithets at a faith without which mankind would be but an aimless, wretched company!

Meetings in the Melodeon.

The hall was again crowded to hear Miss Lizzie Doten's third Sunday discourses. In the afternoon she reviewed Rev. J. Weiss's argument against Spiritualism, printed in the May number of the Unitarian Monthly. The audience were consequently treated to a very able elucidation of the Spiritual Philosophy. We wish Mr. Weiss had been present, for we think he could not have failed to perceive how futile and untenable are the arguments he has put forth against philosophical truths which are as clearly demonstrated as any other facts the truth of which he would be willing to admit. Unless the windows of his soul are hermetically sealed, some light would have found its way through the small crevices, sufficient, perhaps, to enlighten his already learned mind. Miss Doten's positions were well taken, and completely upset the Reverend gentleman's false reasonings.

In the evening, the discourse was in part a continuation of the previous Sunday evening's. "The Spiritual Temple" being the especial theme, and a more satisfactory unfolding of the future life has rarely if ever been given. She closed with a peculiarly touching poem, which will be found in another column.

The meetings close with the last Sunday in May until the end of the hot season, when they will be resumed, but not in the Melodeon, as that fine hall has been leased for a billiard room. During the vacation possibly a new hall may be built; we hope so, at least, as there is now a pressing necessity for one.

The Little Bouquet.

We received on Thursday last a single copy only of the first number of the Bouquet, a children's paper, published at Chicago, Ill., by the Religious-Publishing Association, consequently we cannot supply customers, as we announced we should in a previous number of the BANNER. It is a neat-looking quarto sheet. The leading article is by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., entitled "The Pearl Diver of Ceylon"; the next article, by A. J. Davis, Esq. (very brief) is headed "Children's Progressive Lyceum." Poetry by Mrs. Emma Tuttle and Mrs. Harvey Jones. There is a Natural History Department, appropriately illustrated. The salutatory is very prettily worded and very appropriate. In addressing the children, the editor says:—

"The only object we have in publishing the LITTLE BOUQUET is, that through it you may be made happier and wiser. You know how sunshine makes the flowers grow, and how sweet their fragrance makes the air we breathe; well, kindness expressed by one to another is to him who receives—and to him who gives, also—like sunshine to flowers. Our nature grows and becomes fragrant—sweet—when we live in kindly relations to all."

We cannot help responding amen to this sentiment. The Bouquet will be fragrant enough, if it adheres to such sentiments. If anything, the fifth and sixth pages are the most interesting, conveying as they do, by appropriate diagrams and explanations, a full and correct idea of the opening exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The eighth page is occupied with a fine piece of original music (with words) composed expressly for the Bouquet, by H. M. Higgins, Esq. of Chicago. The children of Spiritualists need just such a sheet, and its circulation should be run up at least twenty thousand copies forthwith. Price \$1.00 per year; single copies ten cents.

Testimonial to Mr. Garrison.

A movement has been inaugurated by the friends of William Lloyd Garrison for a national testimonial of fifty thousand dollars, to be presented to him for his eminent services in the anti-slavery cause. A circular in aid of the project has been sent out, which bears many distinguished names, including a large number of Congressmen, Chief Justice Chase, the Governors of several States, Whittier, Douglass, Lowell, Bryant, and other celebrities.

A Book against Spiritualism.

W. McDonald has written a book bearing the following title: "Spiritualism identical with Ancient Sorcery, New Testament Demonology and Modern Witchcraft, with testimony of God and man against it." We have not seen the work, and cannot therefore criticize it from personal inspection.

The comprehensive title of this book of 213 pages, gives a clear idea of what is aimed at by the author. It is to counteract what he deems to be the evil consequences of what is known as modern Spiritualism.

This is important for the believers in Spiritualism, for if they can obtain the testimony of opponents as well as friends, that the phenomena claimed out of and beyond the believers and the "mediums," the character of the intelligences will ultimately be settled by facts which must occur in the course of candid investigations.

He then goes on to state what occurrences he thinks have been clearly proved embracing a catalogue of marvels which must make Spiritualists quite content with the hard things he says of them after he has proved, to his satisfaction, that they are not impostors.

Our friends in New Bedford will have an opportunity the present week, by visiting the Parker House, of testing the medical skill of Dr. Babcock, of this city.

Dr. Babcock in New Bedford.

Our friends in New Bedford will have an opportunity the present week, by visiting the Parker House, of testing the medical skill of Dr. Babcock, of this city. He possesses great healing power by the laying on of hands—that is, by this process he cures the most violent headaches, as well as neuralgia and other diseases immediately appertaining to the nervous system.

Dr. Babcock intends to visit several of the towns in this Commonwealth the present summer for the purpose of healing the sick.

Superintendent of Eastern Railroad.

It is well to speak appreciatively of such men in public stations as serve with scrupulous conscientiousness and fidelity the great interests of the people that are entrusted to their hands.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have issued the following named new musical compositions: "Beautiful Stranger," a serenade, music arranged by P. B. Nichols; "The Murmuring Waves," a ballad, by Stephen Glover; "I love the little rippling stream," song and chorus, by L. V. H. Crosby; "Dedication," being No. 25 of Robert Chumman's songs; a duet, "Ahi si, si marita," from Orisipino ela Comare; "Wings," words translated from the German, by Dolores; "Be kind to darling sister Nell," song and chorus, words by W. C. Baker, music by H. P. Danke; "Protect the Freedman," song and chorus, words by Luke Collin, music by J. P. Webster; "I Argentin," a simplified mazurka, from Eugene Keltner's pianoforte works.

A Wonderful Physician.

For two or three mornings I have been an observer in the office of Dr. Fay in the Tremont Temple. Here I have daily seen a crowd of the maimed, the halt, the blind and the deaf, waiting to be operated on and benefited by the magnetic and health-giving hands of the doctor.

Spirit-Communication Confirmed.

In the Banner May 31st appeared a communication, through Mrs. Conant, purporting to come from Aggie. Unexpected, and yet expected, we think it our duty to write you that the spirit was recognized, and that a test is thereby furnished.

Soon after you announced her appearance, and sent us the written communication.

When we read the written communication, we supposed it to be the same that was to be printed; but on inquiry of her, she said that it was not, but that the printed one would contain nothing more definite.

"If attended the circle, and did as well as I could, truly. But I could not think of anything when the spirits were ready for me to communicate. It was like speaking before a thousand spirits, for more than that number of spirits were present. You know I could not make a very good speech on such an occasion."

"My Dear Hudson and Emma—From the glorious spirit state, into whose radiant beauty I was so lately ushered by the angel Death, I come to greet you, and to tell you how dear you still are and ever must be to me. I see how often you wonder if I was reconciled, when I knew I must go. Oh, Hudson, my father and brother; oh, Emma, my darling sister, I have no words with which to tell you my feelings. I don't know how badly you would feel, and how you would reproach yourself for consenting to let me go from you; and then came the terrible uncertainty of the future. You know I was not fixed in the beautiful faith of Spiritualism. But as I neared the spirit-home, the veil seemed lifted, and a holy peace brooded around me, as I told my dear friend Mrs. B., who was weeping at my bedside, after having exhausted all sources for relief.

"Our father is with us to-day, and wishes me to tell you, Hudson, that he shall never forget what you said to him the day you were over to the house, not long before he died. It has done much to show him the way in this new state of being. Dearest Emma, sing the songs that we loved to sing together. Let not my guitar be silent. Be happy, my dear sister, even in your thoughts of me. Then my spirit-home will be heaven, and I shall be happy."

We submit these facts without comment, for their logic is more conclusive than all the argumentation in the world. HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE. Walnut Grove Farm, May 13, 1886.

Picnic at Medford.

Our friends must not forget the Charlestown and Chelsea Children's Lyceum Picnic, which takes place at Green Mountain Grove, in Medford, on Thursday, May 31st, which we alluded to last week. Cars leave the Boston and Maine Depot at 9 o'clock and 12; returning at 2, 6 and 7. Good speakers are expected to be present.

Miss Laura V. Ellis's Seances.

Miss Ellis has been holding public seances during the past week in this city, at 128 Exchange street, with the same satisfaction and success as on former occasions.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A notice of Mr. Gaylor's lecture on Spiritualism, on Sunday week, for want of room is laid over for our next issue.

Mr. Towne's letter to Dr. Bellows, which we notice in another column, is printed in pamphlet form, and for sale by Walker, Fuller & Co., for twenty-five cents; postage free.

By a notice in another column it will be seen that Mr. Marble, who has been at work in Dungeon Rock for many years, announces a picnic on the grounds contiguous to the cave, to take place on the 5th of June next, weather permitting.

It is stated that George Peabody has settled the Church controversy, in Georgetown, Mass., by proposing to build a new meeting-house for the seceding Congregationalists, under the lead of the Rev. Mr. Beecher. The wheel turns.

Read the advertisement in another column of boarding accommodations in Quincy.

A mackerel fleet of a hundred vessels, with a thousand men, rendezvoused in the harbor of Newport, R. I., last Friday. The codfish aristocracy do not usually assemble at this famous watering place so early in the season.

MASSACHUSETTS OF FRIENDLY INDIANS.—The Governor of Idaho has informed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, of the massacre of sixteen friendly Indians, on the 11th of March, fifteen miles above Idaho City, near the mouth of Moore's Creek, on the Boise river, by a party of citizens of Idaho county. He concludes by saying: "There were but two grown males; the rest were women and children." The immediate settlers, miners, protested against the murder, and their statements I shall send you in a few days, showing that the Indians were defenceless and peaceable. If anything will serve to bring on a general Indian war, it is such acts as these.

Here is official confirmation of another of the thousands of instances where the Indians have been outrageously treated by the civilized whites. If they ever resist such cruelties, then they are hunted down and shot as enemies to the country.

The New York Academy of Music, the Medical University, together with several other buildings, were destroyed by fire on the night of the 22d of May.

Corsets are now being made of leather. This is doubtless in obedience to the poet's request: "I had, oh! had those hills of snow!"

The little tax of one cent upon every box of matches "netted the Government \$1,000,000 last year." According to that estimate, 150,000,000 boxes of boxes of matches must have been used in this country during the year, or five hundred boxes to every man, woman and child.

A novel idea is a boarding-house for monkeys. Such an establishment is, it is said, actually in operation in P. V. City, where the owners, who are men, charge one dollar and fifty cents a week per monkey.

SUSPENSION OF THE FISCATUA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Directors of this Company, of South Berwick, Maine, held on the 21st instant, it was voted to close up the affairs of the concern, owing to the heavy losses of the past six months. Claimants are requested to forward their demands to the President, David Fairbanks, Esq., No. 70 State street, or S. W. Ricker, Secretary.

Read in another column, the "overwhelming evidence in favor of the great Spiritual Remedy." In the same article will be found inducements offered to agents, male and female, and to practitioners of medicine, male and female, to become interested in the sale and use of the above-mentioned spiritual preparation.

Why are gentlemen's love letters liable to go astray? Because they are generally mis-directed.

The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette says that travelers on the Little River turnpike, a day or two ago, witnessed an agricultural procedure which, before the war, had been heard of, but never seen in that locality. Two negro women, hitched to a plow and driven by a negro man, were breaking ground at the point named.

In the event of an Austro-Prussian war, which now looks very probable, it is estimated that Austria can set in the field against her foe 433,700 men, Prussia about half a million, Italy 350,000.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, has been at Washington, administering the rite of confirmation in some of the Episcopal churches, without distinction of color, to the disgust of the old residents, who believe in the peculiar institution here and hereafter.

William Crafts, formerly well known in this country as a fugitive slave, is now a missionary in Africa, and he lately visited the king of Dahomey, who was so much pleased with him that he afterwards sent him six slaves as a present.

The body of Preston King, collector of New York, who committed suicide six months ago, was found floating in New York harbor on Monday, the cord having parted that held the weight ho had attached to his body before making the fatal plunge. The body was fully identified by his friends.

Rev. Theodore Clapp, a native of Massachusetts, and many years Unitarian preacher in New Orleans, died at Louisville, recently.

PENCILS BY THE WAY.—A gentleman who has recently traveled through all the Northern States, and has amused himself by collecting statistics of the consumption of articles of luxury, announces that among the appliances of the toilet Platon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" enjoys by all odds the greatest popularity. Sold everywhere.

Business Matters.

A FACT ACCOMPLISHED.—Sewing by machinery has become an old story; but whenever it has been suggested that button-holes would be made in the same manner, it has been pronounced impossible of accomplishment. But certain inventors and manufacturers have thought differently; and, if we are to credit our senses, the object so long and so laboriously sought has at last been accomplished. Certain it is that the "Union Button-Hole Machine," now offered to the public by the "Singer Sewing Machine Company," does give way to a precision and rapidity truly marvelous. The mechanism is wonderful, yet simple and durable, and is clearly within the comprehension of an ordinary operator. The work performed on this machine is superior to hand work, and is being scattered broadcast over the country, through some of our largest clothing establishments. That hand-made button-holes must give way to this machine is, just as certain as that hand-sewing is yielding the world over, to the far-famed Singer Sewing Machine.—N. Y. Home Journal.

The Button-Hole Machine referred to above is manufactured in this city, and bids fair to become one of the most valuable inventions of the age. Some idea of the magnitude of the business—which has been developed since the "Singer" Co. has taken the exclusive sale of this machine—may be gathered from the fact that one order was received from that concern, within the past week, for one thousand machines, amounting, at the regular prices, to \$140,000. The orders now in the hands of the manufacturers (the Union Button-Hole Machine Co.) will keep them employed for the next six months. This does not look much like a "stagnation in business."—Boston Post.

If people who suffer from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, know how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SASSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their system, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

L. L. FARNSWORTH'S ADDRESS.—Randolph, Mass.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WASHINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

DR. U. MARSH'S INVALIDS' RURAL HOME CURE, But a few minutes' ride by steam or horse-car, May 26-27 MALDEN, MASS.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER. (Used with Litchfield's External Application.) WARRANTED TO CURE. DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES. Litchfield's External Application, Warranted to cure RHEUMATIC AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture.

Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle. G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Winchester, Mass. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., R. B. BUD & CO., Boston; JOHN F. BERRY & CO., Waterbury, Vt.; General Agents.

Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m—June 2.

REMOVAL.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH BOOKSTORE Has been removed from 271 Canal street, to 544 Broadway, New York City. Room No. 6.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., SUCCESSORS TO A. J. DAVIS & CO., and C. M. PLUMB & CO., will continue the Book-selling Business at the above-named place, where all books advertised in our Catalogue and in the Banner can be procured, or any other works published in this country, which are not out of print.

ALL SPIRITUAL BOOKS For Sale by Us! INCLUDING ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S WORKS, JUDGE EDMONDS'S WORKS, S. B. BRITTON'S WORKS, HUDSON TUTTLE'S WORKS, A. B. CHILDS'S WORKS, &c., &c., &c.

Also, the Poetical Works of MISS LIZZIE DODEN, MISS A. W. SPRAGUE, MISS BELLE HUSH, MRS. EMMA TUTTLE, A. P. M'COMBS.

Also for sale, at the lowest cash prices, the following: THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS, RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S WORKS, H. D. THOREAU'S WORKS, &c., &c., &c.

We will also send to any address the Poetical Works of LONGFELLOW, TENNYSON, WHITTIER, BROWNING, ETC., ETC., ETC.

ALL POPULAR NOVELS, Including Hawthorne's, Capt. Mayne Reid's, Oliver Optic's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Sherwood's, and other similar works of favorite authors, are for sale at our Boston and New York Establishments.

NARRATIVES AND ADVENTURES, GILHAM'S PHONOGRAPHIC WORKS, ALL KINDS OF PAMPHLETS, kept constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current prices.

The BANNER can always be obtained at retail at the New York Branch Office, but it is mailed to subscribers from the Boston Office only, hence all subscriptions must be forwarded to the "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

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Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid growth of the grandest religion ever vouchsafed to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spiritualists of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

FRANK W. BALDWIN will superintend our New York Branch Office. All orders filled with promptness and accuracy. May 1.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agent type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

SPIRITUAL PICNIC. FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY, at DUNGEON ROCK. A Grand Celebration, on Tuesday, June 2, 1886. Refreshments furnished by the proprietors, and all others positively forbidden to sell on the grounds. Speakers engaged. Music furnished for dancing. The excavation will be brilliantly lighted. A special train from Eastern Railroad Station for 1000 Commuters, at 8 o'clock A. M., returning at 4 P. M. Fare, both ways, 40 cents. Tickets to be had at the Depot. Accommodations for those who wish to ride to and from the Rock to the cars.

Should the day designed be rainy, the Picnic will be postponed until the next fair day. HIRSH MARBLE, June 2.

NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER. DR. GEO. H. EMERSON, Healing Medium, developed to cure disease by drawing the disease upon himself, at any distance, can examine persons; tell how they feel, where and what their disease is, at the same time. One examination \$1; ten exercises to draw disease, \$5; thirty for \$10. Manipulations \$2 each. Treat patients at a distance by letter, by enclosing the sum, giving full name and address. Full address, DR. GEO. H. EMERSON, 24 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

From 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. THIS CERTIFICATE that Dr. Emerson has cured me of deafness, after being deaf for 12 years, is a great blessing. I was afflicted with, and cured of, deafness, liver and kidney complaints, by four operations. Mrs. MARY CHANDLER, Mrs. MARY CHANDLER, 14 Warren Place, Boston, May 11, 1886. 1w—June 2.

DR. J. E. NEWTON, 6 St. Marks Place, 8th St., New York. WILL HEAL THE SICK—in most cases instantaneously—without medicine. A cordial invitation is extended to all who are not well to call, "without money and without price." June 2.

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands. (No medicine given.) No. 233 E. 78th street, near 4th Avenue. 13w—June 2.

MRS. L. F. HYDE, Test and Business Medium, No. 433 Sixth Avenue, New York. 6w—June 2.

A FEW SUMMER BOARDERS can be accommodated with board, in a pleasant location, in Quincy, three minutes' walk from Depot. Reference: W. C. CARLTON, 281 Washington street. 2w—June 2.

GEDAR GAMPHOR

To protect Clothing, &c., against Moths, is Efficient, Cheap, is Best. Every Drugist sells it. Made by HARRIS & CHAMMAN, Boston. 1w—June 2.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED. THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR, PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

This truly valuable and exceedingly interesting work has taken a prominent and rapid sale. It is fast gaining in popular favor. Two large editions have already been sold, and the third is having a steady sale. Every Spiritualist and all seekers after hidden truths should read it. Price, \$1.00, postage 20 cents. For sale at this office, 128 Washington street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6. June 2.

THIRD EDITION—REVISED AND CORRECTED. THE COMPENDIUM OF TACHYGRAPHY; OR, LINDSLEY'S PHONETIC SHORTHAND, EXPLAINING AND ILLUSTRATING THE COMMON STYLE OF THE ART. BY D. P. LINDSLEY.

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Nov. 20, 1884. D. P. LINDSLEY, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have long hoped to master Tachygraphy practically; but I have long since come to the conclusion that that reform must first come into vogue before I can expect to do so. I have now, however, had the pleasure of reading your book, and I understand you have reached the very thing which I had in my mind when I wrote you my letter. Yours very truly, HORACE MANN.

Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office, 128 Washington street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6. June 2.

A NEW BOOK—JUST ISSUED. CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. PRICE, \$1.25. POSTAGE 16 CENTS.

CONTENTS: CHAPTER I.—"The Great Moral and Religious Changes of the Nineteenth Century." CHAPTER II.—"The Literature of the Day, and the Literature of the Future." CHAPTER III.—"The Laws of Men." CHAPTER IV.—"Justice and Charity." CHAPTER V.—"The Science of the Future." CHAPTER VI.—"The Necessity of Right and its Use." CHAPTER VII.—"A Lecture."

This book should find its way to every family. The views of the book are new and startling, but its position is fundamental, and it will doubtless be maintained as such, as it must be, by those who yet live in the sphere of selfishness and bigotry. It liberally reaches the very shores of infinity. It is born of Spiritualism, and reaches for the manhood of Christ. It is the only book of the kind of the present more and more religious systems of the land of any book yet written. It is free from fault-finding; but its truthful descriptions of self-centeredness everywhere, in morals and religion, are freeing from sacrifice and sin it shows the open gate of heaven for every human being.

For sale at this office, 128 Washington street, Boston, and at the Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6. April 16.

A LADY who has been cured of great Nervous Debility after many years of misery, desires to make known to all who follow suffering the same means of relief. For particulars, enclosing a stamp, Mrs. M. MERRIT, Box 768, Boston, and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. 10w—May 6.

OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE

IN FAVOR OF THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Stuffed, Ct., March 22, 1886. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: About seven weeks ago I was called to see Mrs. Rufus Weston, whom I found laboring under a fearful attack of puerperal convulsions, which followed the birth of a dead child. The convulsions were terrible. No one thought that she could live, as every convolution was more violent than the preceding one. Finally she had one so severe that we called her dead—no pulse could be felt, and everything indicated death. She rallied, however, but was much exhausted, and her friends did not think it possible for her to live through another. As soon as she could swallow I commenced giving her the Positive Powders (a powder and a half every hour at first), and from that time forth she had no more convulsions. She is now well, and able to attend to her household duties. She visited me this afternoon, and told me that she believes that the Positive Powders saved her life. Yours truly, DR. M. F. DWIGHT.

Chenoi, Ill., Dec. 23, 1885. Dr. P. SPENCE—Dear Sir: Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders fill a great vacuum in the wants of humanity. They differ from all other medicines in this, that they cause no violence to the system—no spasmodic efforts of Nature, to be followed by a corresponding depression; but their magnetic effects seem to be drunk in by the diseased system, as the thirsty traveler drinks in the waters of the cooling fountain. They are a most wonderful medicine—so silent, and yet so efficacious.

One of my boys, now eleven years old, has always been weakly, and has suffered from a relaxed state of the muscles of the urinary organs. He is now robust and well, after having used about one-half a box of the Powders.

My wife has been troubled for the last two years with Rheumatism in the shoulder. She is now entirely cured, after having used one box of the Powders.

A lady of my acquaintance, who has suffered for several years with Pelopagus Uteri (falling of the womb), was induced by me to try the Powders, and was attended of her speedy recovery. Very respectfully, S. W. RICHMOND.

The above letters, together with those referred to below, and the hundreds of similar ones in our possession, are more than sufficient to convince every Female, whether married or single, that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND in all diseases arising from her peculiarities of temperament, sex and habits of life.

The evidence above mentioned is, moreover, sufficient to convince every head of a family that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are

THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE, and that they cure all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic, in

MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD.

In the numbers BANNER OF LIGHT of the dates here given, will be found Certificates and well-authenticated reports of the cure by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, of the following diseases, most of which were diseases of long standing which had defied all other treatment:

Rheumatic Neuralgia, Dim Vision, Twitching of the Eyelids, Melancholy. (Banner, June 17th, 1885.) Sleeplessness, Dropsy, Stiff Ankles, Decay of the Lungs, Neuralgia. (Banner, Aug. 12th, 1885.)

Dyspepsia, Pain and Heaviness of Limbs, Sleeplessness, Bronchitis. (Banner, Nov. 11th, 1885.) A disease that three physicians could neither name nor cure. (Banner, Nov. 25th, 1885.)

Neuralgia, (two cases); Toothache, Female Disease. (Banner, Dec. 2d, 1885.) Dyspepsia of 33 years' standing, Inflammation of the Pancreas, Catarrh, Catarrh, Indurated and Enlarged of the Prostate Gland. (Banner, Dec. 9th, 1885.)

Chills and Fever, (two cases); Excessive Menstruation, Threatened Abortion, Congestive Chills. (Banner, Jan. 13th, 1886.)

Lame Ankle, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Prostration, Loss of Vitality. (Banner, Jan. 27th, 1886.)

General Debility, Nervous Prostration, Wind in the Stomach, Headache, Neuralgia. (Banner, Feb. 10th, 1886.) Nameless disease, given up by the Doctors; Chills and Fever, (four cases); Worms. (Banner, Feb. 17th, 1886.)

Catarrh, (two cases); Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, (two cases); Inflammation of the Bladder, Anasarca, Melancholy, Flatulence. (Banner, Feb. 24th, 1886.) Paralysis, Congestion of the Lungs, Black Jaundice, Pulmonary Disease. (Banner, March 24th, 1886.)

Rheumatism, Deafness, Croup, Erysipelas, Fever and Ague, Toothache. (Banner, April 7th and 14th, 1886.) The following superior inducements are offered by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders to

AGENTS, MALE AND FEMALE!

1st. The sole agency of entire countries. 2d. A large and liberal profit. 3d. A light, pleasant paying occupation. 4th. The Positive and Negative Powders surpass all other medicines. 5th. As a Family Medicine, needed in every household, their equal is nowhere to be found. 6th. They are put up in boxes which are at once neat, small, light, and easily carried, mailed or expressed to all parts of the United States. Terms to Agents set free, postpaid.

PHYSICIANS, MALE AND FEMALE, AND PRACTITIONERS OF MEDICINE, will do well to try the Positive and Negative Powders. Those who are engaged in, or who contemplate engaging in the treatment of any special disease, or class of diseases, will be amply rewarded by using the Positive and Negative Powders. Any active, energetic person, male or female, can, in a very short time, build up a wide-spread reputation, and amass a fortune by treating with the Positive and Negative Powders alone, any one or more of the diseases named in our Circular, such as Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Anasarca, Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Menstruation, &c., &c.

Terms to Physicians mailed free, postpaid. Diseases of all kinds rapidly yield to the magnetic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See advertisement in another column. Circulars with fuller lists of diseases, and complete explanations and directions, sent free postpaid. Those who prefer special directions as to which kind of the Powders to use, and how to use them, will please send us a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powders. Liberal Terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail is at our risk. Office 371 St. Marks Place, New York City. Address, Prof. PATTON SPENCE, M. D., June 2, Box 5617, New York City.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who the name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P.M.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT. Tuesday, March 6—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Olive Anderson, of Cincinnati, O.; Hubert Collins, to his father; Henry Loring, of Richmond, Va.; Josephine Watson, to her mother, in New York City.

Monday, March 12—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alice Phillips, to her mother, in New York; S. L. Barrett, formerly a baker on Cambridge street, Boston, to his children; Captain John Smalley, of Barnstable, Mass.; John Howard Barrows, to his father, Nehemiah Barrows, in New York City.

Invocation. In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, which meaneth the past, the present and the future, we are here assembled.

Grant us, oh Infinite Life, the power to read thee aright. Grant us wisdom, that we may teach wisely and well. Grant us humility, that we may bear meekly the crosses of life.

Grant us all those virtues that belong to the inner life. Let thy peace, which passeth the soul's understanding, ever rest upon these mortal children.

Let a holy desire for truth as it means with thee, find a dwelling-place in their souls. Let all those Christian virtues that were practiced by Jesus, be found with them.

And unto thee, be all honor, and glory, and praise, now and forever. Amen. March 1.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, your inquiries we are ready to consider.

Q.—By F. Smith, of Durham, Mass.: The spirits communicating at this circle have many times declared that the human soul has had an eternal existence as a separate individuality.

Now if all souls have ever existed as separate parts of the Supreme Being, and each one constituting an indivisible unit in itself, how is this reconcilable with the theory that God is one indivisible being, if he is composed of these parts or units?

A.—That which is divided against itself cannot stand. That which is united in all its parts endureth forever. It is our belief that the soul—every soul—has a perfect, infinite and distinct individuality, has ever an existence. It is also our belief, that every soul is part of the great infinite soul, a member of the great eternal body.

There is no division in this wondrous soul-life. Though it is made up of many parts, yet every part is a necessity—every part is perfect in itself, and never can be by any possibility divided from the whole.

Q.—By the same: If these separate individual souls have existed from all eternity, as parts of the Deity, can God be anything else but the aggregation of these separate human souls?

A.—To us, God is the aggregation of all life, of all that has been, is, and ever will be; whether that life exists in souls, or in flowers, trees, mountains, valleys, suns and stars. Wherever life is, to us there is God.

Q.—On disintering a body for removal to another place—in a town a short distance from Boston—that had been buried twelve years, they found it had turned to stone, the form retaining its original size. Please explain the philosophy of this.

A.—The powers by which this phenomenon was produced, existed in the body, the casket of the soul, and in the atmosphere and the soil. These three powers combining themselves, gave the result alluded to above. It has been said—and with truth—that there is nothing absolutely solid in the Universe. For inasmuch as the great universal chemical law that exists everywhere, when brought to bear upon these aggregated atoms composing forms, is capable of disintegrating them every one, however solid they may seem to be, if they were absolutely solid, then this law could have no effect upon them.

And again, in the atmosphere there existeth all that is requisite for crystallizing forms, or producing that you term solid, in any and all forms. March 1.

Annie G. Thompson. Oh we do so want to go to those we've left; I mean my mother and myself. When it was settled that there was to be war, my father sent my mother and myself North, because he thought we would be better off here.

But when New Orleans was taken, then my mother and myself knew that my father was in that vicinity. He had been, just before the taking of New Orleans—had been stationed there. And when New Orleans was taken, we went there as soon as we possibly could; went there with the hope of meeting my father; but he had evacuated with the rest.

We thought father might remain there; thought perhaps he might be compelled to; had been taken prisoner. But we learned when we got there, he had gone South; and when we tried to go further South, we found we could get no pass for some time; we didn't know how long; and then we found we couldn't get back North again, not very easy; so we thought we would stay there, and wait to see what would come next.

By-and-by mother took the fever, and I was with her all the time; and she died, and I was left alone. And then in less than three weeks after, I came down myself, and I died. But before I died I learned, I was told—I didn't learn, because I didn't know, but was told—we could come back, and how we should come. And as soon as I met my mother, I told her; and we have both of us been trying to come ever since.

My father was not taken prisoner, was not wounded, and is now well; only he's disheartened, and don't know what to do; and we want to go to him. I know he fought against the United States, the Union; but that is nothing to me or my mother. My mother was born at the North, and would have had things different if she could; and I thought as she did. But waiving all distinctions of party, I would speak to my father, and tell him how we died, and why we didn't send him word. I suppose we did send, but no word from him ever reached us. It is our wish that he find some one that we can use as a medi-

um to speak to him. It matters very little whether he believes in Spiritualism or not; he can try and see. If it proves false, he can but say so; and if not, why then we shall all be happy in communicating with each other again. We know all he has suffered, and how uneasy and unhappy he is, and we want to benefit him, if he can.

Annie G. Thompson was my name. Father's name was Alexander S. Thompson, and my mother's name was Anne, also.

If you'll be kind enough to publish this, we shall be obliged to you. [Is your father in New Orleans?] No, he's not there; he's in Texas, trying to recover some property of his; but he never will. March 1.

Thomas Buck. I'm Thomas Buck, sir, from Little Rock, Arkansas. It's a curious record, stranger, I truck along here with me. Stranger, I concluded that you folks round these parts had no right to prevent certain States from seceding, if they wanted to.

I was a rebel, out and out, and so I did what I could to favor the rebellion. I thought, stranger, the Union was kind of used up. I never did believe there was any union between North and South, or any of the States that hold slavery and those that did not. I believed that from the time old Massachusetts put her slaves out of her petticoat into Southern arms, from that time there never was any harmony between those States that held niggers and them that did not, and so I thought it wan't any sort of use to maintain a ghost.

I took my two boys into the army to fight against you, and the oldest was killed, and the youngest is left. I went because I wanted to; and now that the nigger is out of bondage, and out in the cold on his own hook, I don't know but North and South may become united. It's very possible that you may make a cement strong enough to hold them again. I hope you will, I'm sure. Now that the institution of slavery is dead, killed by the conquering party, I suppose you can patch up the thing, and live along pretty comfortably. I hope you can.

My son that's left is feeling terribly rebellious. He don't want to own that he's conquered. But I come to tell him he might as well. It's better to own up to the truth, than deny it. And I come to tell him something more, too, and that's this: I want his mother to be smartly cared for; no taking all there is—there ain't much—for himself, for if he does, I'll come and take it from him. But if he shares with his mother, then it'll be all right; then there'll be no rupture between him and me, as there was between North and South.

I'm a straightforward, honest, ignorant man. I pretend to nothing that is above the common sort. But I can tell the truth; I can fight for it, and I can die for it; and I'd like to see the man that can do more.

My son what's left has been thinking of these things. Some one showed your paper to his hands, and that's what attracted me, kind of told me—[That gave you the information?] That's what gave me the information, stranger, I suppose. I'd like the same party that put it into his hands before, to do so again when my message comes round.

If I can pay, I will; and if I can't, you must be satisfied, that's all. [You think the paper will reach the same party again, do you?] Why shouldn't it? I think it will. I don't generally do things, stranger, by the halves. I generally look the length of my nose before I undertake to walk. I'm obliged to you, stranger, and will do you a favor when I can. March 1.

Jennie Mason. I have a very dear friend in Bangor, Maine, who has wished, if these things could be done, that I might come back and advise her what course to pursue in her present trouble. But she says, "Jennie, if you come in any public way, please don't make my name public." Now, there I am restricted, you see. But I will tell you so much: This dear friend's name is Maggie. She will understand the rest. Does it make any difference? [No, we think not.] Her people are in high standing there, but for certain reasons they have turned coldly against her, and now she is an outcast, frowned upon by her friends, by her own kindred, but not by the angels. She should remember this: that there are other friends than those who live in human bodies; that there are other judges than those who see with material eyes. She must remember that; and remember, also, that this life is very short, at the longest. All the years that are allotted to the soul to dwell in the human frame are but very few, when compared with those of eternity.

Maggie is to-day an inmate of the poor house. Reared she has been in luxury and pride, and her years scarce number twenty. But so it is. The wheel of fortune is ever revolving. Sometimes it brings us good gifts, and sometimes it brings us bad ones.

Maggie says, "I would give the world to know that I had some friend who cares for me, though that friend be invisible."

Maggie, you have many; not only one, but many; and I have been singled out from amongst them to come speaking words of cheer to you. Do not give up, but go hence from that place as soon as possible, and come where I can speak to you, and I'll tell you of a better way wherein to walk. You know, as I do, that that way is thorny and stormy, and brings you no peace.

I am Jennie Mason, formerly from Augusta, Maine. My friend Maggie will understand me. It matters not whether the world does or not. March 1.

Cora Jackson. I want to go to my mother. I am Cora Jackson. My father was killed in the war, and I died of lung fever, and my mother's left in New York. I was twelve years old. To prove to my mother that I can come, I'll tell her what I last said to her: "Mother, do not cry, for you'll be better off without me." I didn't think it was going to make her feel so bad, but it only made her feel worse. I meant that now father was gone, she wouldn't have me to look out for, and it wouldn't be so hard for her to get along. That's what I meant.

But now I can come back, and father can, too. We want her to get a medium that we can speak through. Father wants to tell her about getting her pension without paying so much every time as she'll have to if she does the way she thinks of doing. [Where's your mother residing now?] In New York, sir. [What street?] Well, East Broadway. She was there until she could know what to do. I think she's there now, but don't know. [Did you ever know the number?] I never did, because she went there after I died. I suppose she could not stay where I died, she was so unhappy.

When she finds somebody that we can come through, then my father will tell her all about what he'd like her to do. But he don't like to come here. [Is it too public?] Yes, sir. March 1.

Circle closed by Father Henry Fitz James.

Invocation.

Our Father, let the angels of Justice and Mercy and Truth be our guests this day. May their holy presence dispel all envy, all unrighteousness, all unholy thoughts. Make this place the very gate of heaven; ay, more than that, heaven itself. Our Father, we bless thee for the sunshine; we bless thee for the beauty of this day; for all those gifts that thou hast so lavishly bestowed upon thy children. We praise thee for life, with all its wondrous beauty, for all its crown of glory. We praise thee, our Father, for all the shadows of Time, for all the sunlight of Eternity. We lift our souls in thanksgiving to thee for every event of life, for all that has been, that is, and all that shall be. Our Father and our Mother too, if there are those present that mourn the loss of loved ones, oh fill their souls with a consciousness that there is no separation, that they still live, still love, and still, under proper circumstances, can all them with speech, and all those holy loves that go to make up the heaven of their inner life. Our Father, our praises go out to thee, as the praises of these beautiful flowers [referring to a bouquet on the table]. They praise thee in their silent beauty. They honor thee as their Father and their Mother. So do we honor thee in our silence, in our speech, in all our unuttered thoughts. Oh God of the Ages, we would sing songs of rejoicing in the name of who he was, is, and ever shall be. March 5.

Questions and Answers. QUES.—By T. Gibson, of Louisville: If it is possible, why do not the spirits give a detailed account of some notable event the day following, through mediums in France, England and India—for example, Lincoln's assassination—and thereby furnish facts of spirit-power that the skeptical world cannot refute?

A.—All these things have been done many, many times, and in many places; and yet there are skeptics, as there ever will be, ever must be, because you are all physically, as well as spiritually, differently aggregated. Abraham Lincoln was by no means unprepared for his assassination. Abraham Lincoln expected it, because he had been informed that it would take place by those same intelligences that your correspondent calls upon to know why they did not foreshadow such an event. It is not always that it is best so to do; but sometimes it may be best. Suppose we were to unveil, if we had power, the future to you. Would it take away your skepticism? No; not a whit. Would it make you any better? No. Would it change you one iota? No. Then wherefore the use? A wise husbandman puts the seed into the soil when it is ready for it, never before.

Q.—Will St. Paul tell us, through this spirit, whether what has been written about his being the means of Christ's persecutions and crucifixion for the sake of his own power and aggrandizement, is true or false?

A.—Read and judge for yourselves. St. Paul, doubtless, does not consider that it is his duty either to convict or acquit himself. In this case, the facts, if such they be, are before you; you have common sense, an aggregation of reasoning powers. If you do not use them, by-and-by they will become useless. Therefore, when these questions arise, instead of asking somebody else outside of yourselves to analyze them for you, go rather diligently to work and solve the problem yourself. The assertion, either in the affirmative or negative, would be of little use to you, unless you solve it yourselves. It is absolutely useless for us to return, enforcing our opinions upon you. You must all beget your own, and of yourselves. We are no priests, such as those you have in your pulpits, who declare a thing to be thus-and-so, and seek to make others believe it, also. No; this is not our method of teaching. We throw out our ideas, and leave them for you to criticize and analyze.

Q.—Is it possible for any man now living to do as the Bible says Jesus did?

A.—Our highest idea of Divinity, as manifested through the flesh, and indeed exhibited through Jesus the Nazarene, was simply the spirit of Truth clothed in a simple raiment, but, nevertheless, in garments of heaven. Your questioner asks if it is possible for others to do as he did. Why, certainly; he told you that; he says even greater things than I do ye may do. He did not claim he was not human, as well as divine. He only claimed that he gave forth the spirit of Truth; was an instrument in the hands of his Father, which Father was greater than he. Even so we believe.

Q.—Is it a duty for any man now living to do as Jesus is said to have done?

A.—Not in all things, certainly not. Jesus lived in accordance with the age in which he lived. He acted by virtue of the circumstances that surrounded him. But those circumstances are not yours. Now if you are not surrounded by the same circumstances Jesus was surrounded by, you are not called upon to do exactly as he did.

Q.—Is it a duty to try to do as Jesus did?

A.—In many things it is; but not in all. Q.—Whereas, the Bible says that Joshua, or Michael, or what Christians think the same with Jesus, once disputed with the devil about the body of Moses, and dare not bring a railing accusation against him, but merely said, "The Lord rebuke thee." Now have I not a right to say, with Joshua, or Michael, or Jesus, "The Lord rebuke thee," when I understand to mean the same as "damn you," when I am wronged, and insulted, and abused, and robbed by mine enemy?

A.—This passage in so-called holy writ, had its origin simply in an astrological mysticism; a mysticism, because they who professed to believe in it did not understand it. These several characters were names simply, given to heavenly bodies.

It is wrong to allow ourselves to be influenced by a feeling of revenge, which is hell. The wrong falls upon ourselves more than on others. When we curse any person, it does not injure him at all; but when it turns upon us, it will rend us without mercy. This is a fact that no one who knows human nature will deny. You all know that it is better to forgive, than to curse. You all know it is better to exhibit love than hate. You all know it is better to cultivate harmony than inharmony. When you say, "God damn" to your friend or enemy, it is not the word that holds the spirit; no; it is that that is behind it, the motive, spirit, the propelling force. Be assured that you injure yourself more than your enemy. Why, then, don't seek to cultivate under all circumstances an even mind, which is harmony and heaven? This is the better way. It is true, you cannot all see it at once, yet we have hope; for you will all see it sooner or later.

Q.—Now supposing I leave vengeance in the hands of God, and don't strike, kick, nor cuff my enemy, nor see him at the law, nor testify against him before the grand jury; but merely think within my own mind, "God damn you, you will catch it somewhere," do I not act exactly contrary to Jesus, when he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," while his enemies

were torturing him to death in the most cruel manner ever invented by man, angel or devil?

A.—Why, certainly, there is a very great difference between the two exhibitions of human affection. Jesus had so schooled himself, that he was able to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He had learned that these, his enemies, had wrought their vengeance upon him through ignorance, because they did not know the better way. Therefore it was he prayed that his Father might forgive them. Now seek to know wherefore your enemy injures you. Rest assured, you will find he does not only injure you, but injures himself more. He does not know this. If he did he would not do it. So, then, instead of cursing your enemies, do as Jesus did; pray that holy angels may turn them into the better way, and so baptize them with the spirit of Love, that they shall to do all men good, and no man evil. March 5.

John Hughes. The victims of the gibbet and the guillotine, we are told, find a welcome here. [Certainly.] I am not here to vindicate my own acts, whatever they may have been; nor am I here to rail against the Government, poor and shabby and mean as it is.

But I am here to make good a promise made shortly before I changed worlds. I made it in good faith. I made it to one who would like to believe that the spirit can return after it has left the body, and communicate with those who shall remain. And I am here, also, to distinctly declare that Spiritualism is not accountable for anything that I may have done, either good or bad. When here, we live in the great world of ever changing matter, as we live in the great world of ever changing mind. And I fully believe now, as I did before death, that we are moved upon by the world of matter, as we are moved upon by the world of mind. The cold affects you; so does the heat. This, then, tells us plainly that the elements affect us. We are not proof against them. It is safe, then, to say that we may not attribute this deed or that to some circumstance or circumstances surrounding us? The world is moving on, and I, for one, trust it is moving out of darkness into light.

It is well that civil law wreaked its vengeance upon me, as it has upon thousands of others. I do not complain of it, because I know that civil law is but the child of ignorance; a babe born of miserable superstition. It has no root in a higher, grander, holier law; but it has root in the old Mosaic Dispensation that you of to-day should be ashamed of. It is said that those who commit murder are executed as examples for others. The world has had many such examples; still there are murders committed every day. This proves that this mode of disposing of sin is not effectual. It is absolute proof demonstrated by God himself.

A few leagues short of here I was hung up, and what has been the result? Am I dead? No. Am I bereft of power to do that I shall decree? No. Then what has been gained? Nothing. I have simply lost my body; and my execution—will it deter one single soul from walking in the same path? No, not one.

This is not a broadcast affirmation, founded upon nothing, but is true in every individual case. Your young, middle-aged, your old, are constantly walking in crime. Why is it? It is because you have never struck at the root of evil. You have simply been dealing with the effects the body committed upon the body, called murder; and so you do double murder by that act. Instead of stopping to consider where this thing was born, how it happened this man had murder in his heart toward a fellow creature, he is sent to the gallows. Instead of returning good for evil, it is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood. Oh God, when I behold such things, I pity you who are obliged to live under such laws, and I am glad I'm free from them.

I was morally sick, and I needed a moral physician; but instead of giving me one, why, the gibbet loomed up before me, and I was obliged to take my stand upon it, and from thence I was sent out into the great world of mind, having all the experiences of that last miserable closing scene. As I said before, I pity you; but I want all my friends, if I have any—perhaps I have not—my enemies then—to understand that I live, and to understand more; that I have a desire to return, not in vengeance, but in pity and love, and so they need not fear to speak with me. I bless God for this privilege of coming to-day. It is a great and holy privilege. I esteem it. But while I stand upon this plane of love and forgiveness, thousands would not stand there, I'm well aware, but would return in the spirit of revenge, until this evil and that evil and the other evil would culminate in crime, and instead of reforming humanity, it would lead many upon the scaffold.

Oh, God, this is a truth that I would enforce upon all human life. I would have it written in letters of blood upon the threshold of every dwelling, that you may do away with your capital punishment, and inaugurate a system wherein the spiritual diseases of mankind shall be properly treated. Oh, you moral physicians, where are you? It is a wonder that the archangel don't call from the depths of space; don't sound his trumpet for you to come forth. Where are you? asleep? worse! but come forth from your tombs. The angel-world is calling upon you to come forth and cure these sick souls who are calling upon you to be cured. I am John Hughes. Farewell, sir. March 5.

Daniel Sweeney. [This spirit evidently took on the feeling left upon the medium by the previous spirit. In returning through a medium for the first time, a spirit will feel the last physical sensation experienced just before leaving the earth-form, and very often leaves that feeling on the medium, and the spirit that immediately follows partakes of it.] I am here to spake, and spake I'm going to, anyhow. It is strange the old feeling of the last you think of when you're going out of your body clings to one when he returns and occupies a medium. The thought is so impressed upon the organs that were affected by it then, that it is here to all intents and purposes.

Well, I am not Dr. Hughes or any other doctor, but I am Daniel Sweeney—just a poor Irishman, that wants to see the way himself and show the way, as far as he knows it, to others. There was—so my folks think—no official returns: received of my death; so they think I'm not dead. There was. It was David Sweeney in the official returns, and me name was Daniel. There's the difference. Somehow it was on the list David. I did not give it so; maybe I did, when I was a little sot up. I do not know how it is at all, but me folks have been thinking I would turn up somewhere, would come home yet, because they had no returns of the death. So I thought I would come, and bring the returns myself, that is, with me own return.

Now, sir, I don't know the best way to go, or how to go, but I don't know how to go. I will go to work and show my friends I am here, and I will do it. [Did you have your body buried?] No, sir; I lost me body in Salisbury. I lived in Pitts-

burg, sir, with the wife and two children, but I belonged in Ireland, sir. I am in a quandary to know how I will come at them, sir.

In the first place I was wounded. They knew very well I was taken prisoner, and they knew I was about to be exchanged, and they thought I was exchanged. I was not exchanged—that's the trouble—I was not in a condition to be moved when the exchange came. That is it; I was there. I got nothing to say about them chaps down there—only just this much: that I'd like them to have the chastisement that an Irishman only is capable of giving. You see I know very well me folks cannot get the money that's due them. I know nothing can be settled because there is no returns of me death. Now if they'll just see about the David Sweeney that's on the list, if they'll follow it up they will see that I'm the one; yes, sir, and I'm dead as a snail after it has been stepped upon, and there's no expecting me any way but as I'm here. I talk plainly, so me folks will understand me—and come through a woman in petticoats. That's it—I'm being born again—that's it. You know the Scriptures say, "Man shall be born of a woman." It's so with me.

Now Capt'n, is there any way you can help me reach me wife? [Give your age.] Thirty-four. [The names of your wife and children?] Me wife's name is Mary, and the littlest one of all, is Mary. The other is Daniel; yes, sir. There is plenty you know me.

Now I'll say, I'll ask that if Dennis M'Grath—I suppose he's gone back to Pittsburg—if he gets me letter, you'll send it to him. And Dennis, when you get the paper, I want you to take it to Mary, wherever she be, if on the top of the Holy Mount. And it's very easy to find out I am dead; because there are boys in the regiment who know me; know I was not David, but Daniel Sweeney, 32d Pennsylvania Regiment, Company I. Now I've not got any straps; nothing of the kind; I was high private.

Oh well, I'm happy in the spirit-land; and well off as I can expect. All I care about is to let them know I'm dead, so they'll get the money. I don't care a hapworth about getting the money, myself, sir.

Now it's not me that will go out with the hemp process. [You won't leave such a hard knot behind you.] But I was pretty sick; went out pretty hard. Good-by to you; maybe it's something that I'll get over. May the blessing of the Lord and all the angels rest upon you all the time. March 5.

William H. Bates. When it became a settled fact that there would be war between North and South, my father determined to send me to California, because I had expressed a desire to enlist.

I am from Jersey City; William H. Bates, nineteen years old. So I was sent to California, with a view to prevent me from joining the army. But I very soon found the way open there, and I enlisted under Colonel Baker, and went forth to do what service I could. But at the time of that unfortunate affair in which Colonel Baker was killed, I also was killed.

There was great regret because I was allowed to do as I did, upon the part of my friends. I am satisfied, and I see no reason why they should not be satisfied, also. I can come back, and in my home in the spirit-world I have ample means of progressing, of getting along finely.

I am most of the time in company with an elder brother and other friends of ours, and they know very well how to advise me to get along well. We have every facility for improving ourselves there, and for overcoming all the bad features that we took on while on the earth. My friends were much annoyed, because I, as they supposed, was going down hill by fast company; taking too much liquor. I don't know that I ever did more than three times, perhaps four, in my life. There's no reason for their worrying, lest I've gone to some bad place; on the contrary, I am very well off. I'm sorry that I was so constituted, when here, as to be led into evil ways. But there are plenty of straight and narrow paths there, on which all can walk, and can get along much easier, and much faster. And I think, considering it all around, my friends here on the earth have cause to be rather glad than sorry that I went as I did. I didn't suffer; I wasn't broken down by sickness; didn't undergo any imprisonment; I simply died, doing what I believed to be my duty to my country. So there's no need of sorrowing upon my account. I am happy, satisfied, able to return, and I can go on progressing.

That's all I have to say. I'll be obliged to you, sir, if you'll publish my letter as you do others. March 5.

Richard Barstow. I am from Southern soil, sir, but I suppose I'm welcome? [Yes.] I have friends that I should be very glad to communicate with, after the usual way; very glad. But before I proceed any further, I would like to have you clip that woman's tongue out in the entry. She annoys me. [Shall I speak to the lady?] Yes, go ahead; I'll wait.

[The inharmony produced by loud conversation of people in our entry, which sometimes occurs during our sessions, affects very perceptibly the spirit communicating at the time; so much so, often, that the speaker is obliged to leave the medium ere he or she communicates half they intended to say.] There are some women whose tongues are so long they need clipping. I know, for I had one once myself. By the way, she's on the earth now, and may take offence. It's all the same to me, for there's another one I'm interested in. The wife number one is now in Virginia, rusticated on a ruined plantation, and probably has just as much grit now as she ever had. I understand she made the remark when she heard I'd gone to war, she hoped I would be killed. Very well; she got her hope, that is, so far as the body is concerned.

But wife number two is, I presume, living with a brother in Savannah, and it is to her that I wish to communicate. I want her to know that I'm able to come back, and that my papers are in the hands of James K. Stross. She knows very well where he is. When these papers are forthcoming, then all my affairs can be settled, all can be made right. I don't know, sir, but what I have infringed upon your rules here, if I have, you can say, "you can leave," and I can do so. [Oh, no; we desire to benefit you.] So I supposed.

Well, sir, Richard Barstow went into the army and fought against you. But if there must needs have been a fight, I suppose it's very, very necessary to have two armies of opinions. If slavery was to be killed through this process, I suppose there was equal need of a Southern army, as well as of a Northern army. So you feel no pride of antagonism, do you? [Not the slightest.] Well, then, of course, you'll favor me, as you do all others. [You have the same ship to sail in; that others have. Do you wish a paper directed to any one in particular?] Well, suppose you direct to Mr. Stross. You'd better direct to Galveston, Texas.

I'm absolutely confounded with my new position. I don't know how to deport myself. I'm one of those jolly, off-handed fellows. I can't draw on a long race, anyhow. By the way, it is absolutely useless for any of my friends to seek to play upon the head of Mr. Stross. No use for no good of antagonism, do you? [Not the slightest.] Well, then, of course, you'll favor me, as you do all others. [You have the same ship to sail in; that others have. Do you wish a paper directed to any one in particular?] Well, suppose you direct to Mr. Stross. You'd better direct to Galveston, Texas.

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I

Banner of Light

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light.

Flowers on Speakers' Desks.

Good sister, gather flowers from your garden or some forest near, each Sunday morning, to decorate your lecturer's desk.

Flowers are the Scriptures by the wayside of life; and the rich cannot shut their fragrance away from the poor.

The speaker proceeded to show that from the lowest stage of animal life up to man, all exhibited the work of a great, eternal creative mind.

But the advent of Spiritualism (by no means new) has opened a far superior field to man than has ever been taught by the school of revealed and miraculous religion.

The Murderous Effects of War.

A Philadelphia daily, of the 7th ult., contains the confession of Probst, the murderer of the Deering family.

The great thinkers of the world, down to the period of the French Revolution, voted death an eternal sleep.

At the close of this lecture, Mr. Whiting sang a song, which he professes to have composed, together with the music, under spiritual guidance.

A. J. Davis and Evil Spirits.

Brother S. S. F., Chicago, Ill., accept our thanks for the kind words expressed, &c., &c., and permit us to say that you certainly misunderstand Bro. Davis's position in regard to "evil spirits."

Death is not a chemical purifier; nor a spasmodic bound into bliss. It does not transmigrate mortals to angels with wings—a sort of celestial poultry—nor pump perfect glory into unclean vessels.

A Card from Dr. Fitzgibbon.

Will you please permit me, through the medium of the Banner, to inform the numerous friends who have sent me invitations to visit their various localities to lecture and give physical manifestations through Miss Ella Vanwie, that since the unfortunate difficulty in Baltimore, on the night of the 2d of April at Saratoga Hall, my business relations with her in capacity of lecturer and manager ceased.

A Grand Gathering.

Please say to the readers of the Banner that the First Spiritual Society of this city, by unanimous vote on Sunday last, resolved to hold a three days' Grove Meeting in this city, commencing on Friday, the 29th of June, at which all persons in the Northwest, in sympathy with Spiritualists, are cordially invited to be present.

Reform and Universal Suffrage.

The recent proposition of Bismarck, the Prussian Premier, for a general Parliament upon the basis of universal suffrage, takes Europe as much by surprise as did the position of John Stuart Mill the aristocracy of England, when he advocated that the "elective franchise" be extended to the women of the British Empire.

M. Roman and Abd-el-Kader.

The author of the "Life of Jesus," now traveling in the East for knowledge to enrich future volumes, recently met, in Damascus, Abd-el-Kader, and speaking Arabic, began to converse with the Emir. "Let us speak of you," said Abd-el-Kader, "and of your 'Life of Jesus.'"

thinks of publishing it. At no very distant day, we may have in English the "Life of Jesus" by Renan, with copious notes and commentaries by an erudite Arab.

The Spirit of the Press.

We have before alluded to the generous liberality that the Cincinnati Press, with few exceptions, has manifested toward Spiritualists and their public meetings.

SPIRITUALISTS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Spiritualists had their usual Sunday meeting at the Academy of Music yesterday morning.

The exercises of the Children's Lyceum preceding the lecture, were of a highly instructive order, and well conducted throughout.

The speaker proceeded to show that from the lowest stage of animal life up to man, all exhibited the work of a great, eternal creative mind.

But the advent of Spiritualism (by no means new) has opened a far superior field to man than has ever been taught by the school of revealed and miraculous religion.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.]

ANNIVERSARY AT MIDDLE GRANVILLE, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Middle Granville and vicinity will hold their sixth anniversary in their Hall in Middle Granville, on the 16th, 16th, and 17th of June.

A MASS MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Onondago Co. will hold a County Mass Meeting at the City Hall, in the city of Syracuse, on Sunday, June 3d, at half-past ten o'clock A. M.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association will hold its next quarterly meeting at the city of Fond du Lac, on Saturday, Sunday, 9th and 10th of June next.

A LOST ART RE-DISCOVERED.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states that a Mr. Disman, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, has discovered a process of hardening copper, an art which has been lost since the days of King Solomon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 7 P. M., No. 2 Tremont Row, Hall 2d.

CHARLESTON.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M.

CHICAGO.—The Spiritualists of Chicago have engaged to meet every Sunday, at 7 P. M., in the City Hall, at 10 A. M., at 10 P. M., at 12 P. M., on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7 P. M.

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M. C. HART, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Middle Granville, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, and in Kingsbury the second and fourth, up to July. Address, Middle Granville, N. Y.

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture in Ludlow, Vt., June 2d; in Andover, June 10th; in Jamaica, June 17th; and in Londonderry, June 24th, 31st, July 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, August 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, and September 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, October 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th, November 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, December 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, January 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, February 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, March 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th, April 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, May 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, June 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, July 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, August 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, September 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, October 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, November 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th, December 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, January 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, February 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, March 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, April 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, May 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, June 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, July 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, August 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, September 1st, 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