



Literary Department.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ESCHOKKE, BY CORA WILBURN, EXPRESSLY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(Continued.)

Mutual Explanations.

Waldrich ceased his narration, which had not caused so great an excitement as the first part. People become accustomed to the horrible as to other things. Still the story wrought its influence, as many discussed the possibility of such occurrences, and the reality of the spirit's return.

How great the interest that had been awakened by the revival of the old legend, may be judged from the fact, that on the succeeding day the story was repeated from mouth to mouth, of course with some embellishments and many additions.

Waldrich discovered later what an unthought-of effect his story had produced. For he was compelled to leave Herbesheim for a few weeks on business of the regiment. He would gladly have postponed the matter, not only on account of the wretched weather that set in, but for Frederika's and his own sake; now that he was threatened with the danger of losing her, he recognized the magnitude of his loss.

Frederika felt alarmed at his words. She took his hand, and said: "Are you troubled because of the Herr Von Hahn? Do you fear his coming while you are absent? Or do you fear for my courage and constancy? Do not dread anything, I entreat you! Have no doubts of me, but take care of yourself, of your health at this unhealthy time of year. I will confess to you I never felt so heavy-hearted at any of our partings. I know not why, but I tremble, fearing you will never return."

They continued conversing on this theme, and they bade each other a loving farewell, amid tears and kisses. When the servant girl entered with the lights, Waldrich hastened to leave the room and the house, in order to conceal his sorrow. Frederika retired to her chamber, pleading a headache, that she might remain undisturbed and alone for the evening in the solitude she coveted.

In the night the Captain left the city. Herr Bantes had prevailed on him to partake of a glass of steaming punch, but it failed to enliven and cheer him, as Frau Bantes, the tender and observing mother, noted.

Candor is always best, and prevents much evil, and even renders the wrong less faulty.

"But what shall I do?" said Frederika. "Do you not know? Turn in silent prayer to your God. Commune with Him who rules the sun-orbs above and the notes below, will elevate, calm and strengthen you. You will think and act more nobly and wisely, and you will never do wrong. And if you act the right, and speak for the right, nothing will go wrong with you."

Thus spoke the good mother, and then she returned to her husband to breakfast with him. "What ails the child?" he inquired. "What of confidence in us, because of her great illal love," replied Frau Bantes.

"Crooked stuff and the like! Mamma, you have something in the background. Yesterday she had the headache; to-day she has no confidence." "She fears to offend you; that has made her ill."

"Nonsense, fol-de-rol and so forth!" "She fears you will compel her to marry the Herr Von Hahn, whether she will or not."

"She has never seen him." "She would prefer not to see him. Her heart has decided. She and Waldrich love each other; you could have discovered that long ago."

"Hold there!" cried Herr Bantes, and he put down his cup of coffee, reflected a while, raised the cup again to his lips and said: "Go on. What further?" "What further? I advise you to be cautious; not to hurry the betrothal, if you would avoid trouble for which there is no necessity. It is possible that Frederika may find the Herr Von Hahn acceptable, if she does not find herself compelled to consent. It is possible that the Commandant may be sent into another city, that separation and time may effect a change in this first love; then—"

"All right!" interrupted the old gentleman; "that is my entire opinion of the matter, also. I shall write to his General. He must be sent away from here. What the cuckoo and the deluded Frederika does not wish to become Madam Captain, does she? I shall write by the next mail. These are the devil's own tricks, I say!"

Frau Bantes had opened the way; many lively discussions followed; the husband storming in his own peculiar fashion, and insisting on his own will being fulfilled; yet allowing that no compulsion should be used; that streams should not be dammed up in their course, nor love opposed by force. Waldrich was to be kindly sent out of Herbesheim; Frederika was to be openly resisted, and to time was to be left the fulfillment of the father's and the merchant's scheme.

long, lank figure, with the ashen-pale face, may not gain admittance."

"At that moment, Herr Bantes entered hastily, with a loud, somewhat strange laugh; for no one could tell whether it was voluntary or constrained merriment. "Foolish stuff and the like!" he exclaimed.

"Go into the kitchen, mamma, and bring the girls to order, or else they will throw the roast into the soup, and the soup into the vegetables, the vegetables into the cream."

"What is the matter?" asked Frau Bantes in astonishment. "Don't you know anything? The whole city says the Spectre or Ghost has arrived. Two of my factory laborers sprang toward me on the street, breathless and wet as puddle-dogs, and told me what has been told to them in ten different places. I would not listen to the foolish trash. I came to the kitchen door, and heard the girls crying and talking within. 'I put my head in to see what is going on, and the silly things scream out at the sight of my black wig, and begin to run, thinking I am the Ghost. 'Are you all stark mad?' I cried. 'Oh Lord!' cries Katy; 'I cannot deny it; I am scared to death, Herr Bantes—my knees tremble! And I need not be ashamed to own that I have engaged myself to chimney-sweeper, Max. But now I wish I had never seen Max.' So cried Katy, and as she wiped the tears from her eyes, she let the frying-pan, with all the beaten eggs in it, fall out of her hand. Susanna sits behind the stove and weeps. The old, innocent Lena, with her fifty years, looks as disturbed as the rest of them, and has cut her finger with a kitchen knife, in the attempt to wipe it."

"Did I not say so, mamma?" said Frederika, as she laughed most heartily. "Restore order in the kitchen, mamma," continued Herr Bantes. "Stop their howlings, or else the first piece of mischief done by the Spectre in Herbesheim, will be the loss of our dinner, and we shall be famished on the blessed Sabbath day!"

Frederika stepped laughingly out of the room, saying: "So bad it shall not be, in spite of the Ghost." "There you see the precious fruits of popular superstition," Herr Bantes went on. "These are the results of popular folly, shared alike by high and low, by premier and plebeian-boy! All the school-boys and priests, midwives and professors, councillors and office-seekers, cry out against enlightenment; say it causes insubordination, irreligion, revolution, and want to keep the people in the old stupidity. And the asses of modern verse-makers, they put in their wondrous rhymes and holy-songs; and the asses of book-manufacturers make themselves conspicuous with nursery tales, and try to convert heathens and Turks to Catholicism; to elevate the Pope to be the Saviour of Kings, the State to become the underling of the church. Miserable crew! Not a red cent do they give for the advancement of schools, but millions for the soldiers, and for luxuries. They muzzle the mouths of sensible men, if they don't strangle them; but whoever praises foolishness and slavish submission, that one is decorated with military orders, titles and frippery. That is what we have. Superstition above and below! First Advent Sunday, wind and bad weather, and behold, the fools creep into corners, and cross and bless themselves, believing that the Ghost makes the rain pour down, and the wind blow, and so forth."

Frau Bantes smiled, and said soothingly: "Papa, do not be annoyed; do not grow so indignant. The matter is not worthy your anger." "Is it not? Hey! you have worn-eaten faith, yourself, mamma! Do not take any superstition into your care; do not apply any nonsense, and try to screen it! When I die, I will leave a legacy of ten thousand gulden, for the sole purpose of employing a teacher who shall instruct the schools in common sense. Whoever can tolerate such crazy imaginations about ghosts, devils, apparitions of the dead, departed spirits returning, and such like, must tolerate also that the whole world becomes a great madhouse, and every country a slave-prison; where one half of the people are sick, and the other half keep the crouching ones in obedience at the point of the bayonet, and the mouth of the cannon!"

"But, papa, were there you wandering off to?" "Cursed be superstition! But I see, they will have it. Go on, that is just what the English want! The more stupid the people, the easier imposed upon. It will not be better, until sometime some Hans Bonaparte comes with an iron rod and keeps school with the fools!"

While Herr Bantes continued thus to storm and declaim, walking up and down the floor as he did so, the book-keeper entered softly. "It is indeed true, Herr Bantes," he began. "What is it?" "He has indeed arrived. He lodges at the Black Cross Hotel."

If it is not the spectre it is his twin brother. A pale face. From head to foot in raven-black. A figure, four, five ells long. A threefold gold chain to his watch. Brilliantly sparkling rings on his fingers. Splendid equipage. Extra-post."

Herr Bantes gazed long in the face of his book-keeper, with a look that betokened a mingling of skepticism and surprise. At length he laughed immoderately loud and long, and said: "Does the devil play a game with us, that such a one must arrive on this very day?"

"And come just as church was over," replied the book-keeper; "just as the people were running home, and the wind and rain was doing its very worst."

"What is the name of the stranger?" asked Herr Bantes. "Not known to me, sir. But that one can take any name he chooses. At one time he is a Herr Von Graves, then a Count of Alencross. It is strange, so to say, to me, to have him lodging at the Black Cross. The name seems to have drawn him there."

Herr Bantes kept silence for some moments, and appeared occupied in thought. Then he passed his hand quickly over his face and said: "It is nothing but chance; a strange freak and coincidence; that is all. Do not think of the 'spectre' guest, and such nonsensical foolery. Fool! But it is a curious occurrence, a funny trick! On the very Advent Sunday—in the worst of weather—long, black, pale—the finger-rings—the equipage—I won't believe a word of it! would not listen, if you were not a sensible man. But do not be offended. You heard the legend; you saw a stranger; he had black clothes on; at once your imagination plays you a trick, and adds all that is wanting. That is it, and so forth."

And so it remained. Herr Bantes would give heed to no other explanation. The "spectre" formed the staple of conversation at the dinner-table, and all were eager for further information regarding the strange arrival. There was to be a winter-evening assemblage at the house of the Burgomaster, and there further tidings were looked forward to; if not official ones, yet, at least, certain and circumstantial details from the lips of the Frau Burgomaster, who kept a daily and hourly chronicle of the events occurring in Herbesheim. Many ladies hastened to her house immediately after the afternoon service, and Herr Bantes promised wife and daughter he would follow them soon after dusk, it being his custom to finish the week's business on the Sunday afternoon. He was dismissing the last of his operatives, and was preparing to wend his steps toward the winter assemblage, when he heard a piercing scream. Herr Bantes and the factory laborer both started in alarm. An ominous silence ensued.

"Do go and see, Paul, what has happened," said the employer. The man obeyed, but returned in a few moments with an altered countenance, and said, in a faltering voice: "Some one wants to see you."

"Let him come in," replied Herr Bantes, angrily. Paul opened the door, and a stranger slowly entered. It was a tall, thin figure, clad in black, with a pleasing, refined cast of features, but very pale. A thick black silk kerchief around his throat made this pallor more striking. The elegance of his clothing, the snowy fine linen, the sparkling rings upon his hand, the ease of his movements, all betokened a person of the higher stations.

Herr Bantes stared at the unknown. He saw before him the veritable "Spectre Bridegroom." He recovered himself as best he could, and said, as he bowed with an affrighted sort of politeness to the stranger: "Good-day, sir. Paul, you remain here; I have yet something to tell you."

dread, that this was the son of his old and familiar friend, this tall, frail, ghostlike figure, the very counterpart of the face and form described in the old legend as belonging to the Spectre of the Advent time! It was no play of the imagination, nor was it a coincidence; there he sat in the semblance of life!

Herr Bantes sprang up from his chair, begged to be excused to go in search of his spectacles, as his eyes were getting dim, and so he left the room only to gain time for reflection and composure. As Herr Bantes left the threshold, Paul also made for the door. The spectre turned slowly toward him; the man rushed out with a bound, trembling in every limb, and did not approach the room again until he heard Herr Bantes's returning footsteps.

That gentleman had pondered the matter deeply, and in haste had formed his resolve. Uncertain with whom he had to deal, he was not willing to deliver his Frederika into the hands of the fiend, if such there was. He stepped up to his visitor with a beating heart, and said, in a tone of regret, and with a shrug of the shoulders: "My worthy and esteemed Herr Von Hahn, I cherish for your person and family every sentiment of respect, and so forth. But matters have occurred here—unforeseen and disagreeable matters—I had no control over. If you had only done us the honor to have come sooner! In the meantime there has been brought about some kind of a love affair between my daughter and the Commandant of the city—betrotal, and such like. I was informed of it only a few days ago. The Captain is my adopted son; I was once his guardian. What could I do? Willing or not, I had to say yes. I had resolved to write to my old friend, your father, to-morrow, and communicate the change, and ask him not to trouble you with an unnecessary journey. I am much grieved. What will my old friend think of me?"

Herr Bantes could not continue, for he lost his voice from sheer fright. The stranger had, against all his expectations, not only listened calmly and unmoved, but his face actually brightened when the "love affair" of Frederika was mentioned, as if he was delighted in the search for a bride whose hand and heart were promised to another. Herr Bantes observed, too, that the pale face, as if conscious of having betrayed itself, sought to resume its expression of earnest and grave calm.

"Do not be troubled on my account, neither on my father's," he replied. "Herr Bantes thought, 'I understand that one!' And he was more determined than ever to keep the fearfully fascinating suitor from Frederika's sight. "I ought to ask you to accept the hospitality of my home; but this interruption of our plans through my daughter and the Commandant, and the like—you comprehend how it would be—to receive one in the absence of the other, and so on. And you know the people in such a little city always talk more than they should. And my daughter—"

"I entreat you, make no apologies," said the banker's son. "I am quite comfortable at the hotel. I understand you perfectly. Only permit me to offer my respects to Fraulein Bantes." "But—but—you—"

"To have been in Herbesheim, and not to have seen the bride once destined for me—I could not forgive myself for such an omission." "Of course, you—"

"I could envy the Commandant. All that I have heard of the surpassing beauty and amiability of the young lady—"

"You are too kind." "I should have considered it the greatest honor to have been admitted into your family; to have become the son of a man of whom my father ever spoke in terms of the highest admiration." "Your most obedient, sir."

(To be continued in our next.)

Children's Department

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"Oh, mine is too fine for a runabout." And away they went, the face under the brown sunbonnet looking quite glad and happy.

SELFISHNESS: AND THE TROUBLE IT BRINGS.

"I wish I had a horse, and could go and ride, or I wish I had a boat, that I might sail on the river. I'm tired of death of sitting here. It is the stupidest place I was ever in!"

This speech, uttered in a most unhappy tone, came from Gertrude Stevens, who had come to live with her aunt and two cousins, Lucy and Arthur.

Her aunt, Mrs. Jane Clipp, lived a very simple, plain life, having a cottage not far from the flourishing town of Ingolville. By great care she was able to keep a comfortable home, and supply all the necessities of her children; but the addition of another member to her family would give her extra labor and expense.

"For," said she, "you will be obliged to make some sacrifices. You must give up your comfortable chamber, and take the little one, for perhaps Gertrude will choose to be by herself, and then you must take just so much off of the little you spend for dress. It will not be easy to go without the little that you need; but then, you know, there will be some gain as well as loss. Gertrude will be a companion to you; you will not need to be alone when I am occupied, and as she has been living a very different life from ours, you will learn many of the ways of the world from her. Shall she come, Lucy? and will you take all the trouble with the pleasure in a spirit of cheerfulness?"

Lucy said yes in a calm, earnest way, but there was something in her speech that showed she had looked the whole matter over in her mind, which gave its decisions so quietly yet so decidedly.

And so Gertrude came, and as she sat there that summer's morning, with the softened light that flickered through the maples that shaded the eastern window, Lucy had been thinking how fair she was, with her brown curls, her smooth brow, and the fresh tint upon her cheeks.

Arthur looked doubtful. "Why, of course it's honest. Don't you see it is? Perhaps we will more than make it up to her, and then I do so want some oranges and some lemonade; and we will buy you a real nice pencil to draw with, and Lottie the little blue ribbon she wanted. We will do lots of good."

Arthur was persuaded, but the next trouble was to convince Lucy. She knew that her mother, so kind and generous with all she possessed, yet expected to realize from her but a little of the extra money that was necessary since Gertrude came, and she felt that it would be wrong to deceive her.

"But you see," said Gertrude, pleading as she knew well how to do, "that we don't mean to take the butter from Aunt Jane, we only borrow it from ourselves. I suppose you are not willing to go without, as Arthur and I intend to. Well, you can eat yours, and we will stay at home and mope."

This was too much for Lucy, who always thought of what her mother told her: "Remember she is a poor fatherless and motherless girl." So at last she gave consent that the butter should go, and she put it in the pail with fresh leaves all about it to keep it cool.

"Oh, yes; you can have it. I will go directly and get it; but don't stop, Arthur, to play with the boys, for you know you have all those suns to do before night."

As Lucy took the bright silver quarter from her box, a little feeling of regret came over her as she thought of the new ribbon that was to be bought with it, and wondered whether she should indeed be able to replace it. She had toiled many hours in the field gathering berries, that had been sold for this small sum, and she wondered for a moment whether Gertrude would enjoy enough to pay for the sacrifice.

"Oh dear! dear! this is the stupidest place I was ever in. Why don't you have a nice swing in your tree, and a summer-house in the garden?"

"I could make a swing," said Arthur, "if I only had a rope."

"Go and buy one," said Gertrude; "you have a silver quarter, too, for I heard you say so."

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And before Lucy could remonstrate against his going to town again so soon, he was away with his quarter in his pocket.

that seemed pressing about her. One moment she determined to tell her mother all, and the next she determined to spare her pain. She concluded every thought with a reproach of herself, and sorrow for Gertrude.

Mrs. Clipp did not miss her butter, and she and Lucy ate none, but Gertrude and Arthur did not deny themselves in the least. Gertrude gave a sly wink at Arthur every time the butter was passed, and helped herself bountifully.

So Gertrude came to having the best of everything. If there was only one piece of cake for lunch Gertrude had that, and the largest dish of berries was set by her plate, the freshest butter, and the richest cream could always be furnished to her.

Aunt Jane earned the money that supported these three children at the hard trade of tailoring. She often went from home to get and carry work, and left these three children to care for themselves. She could always trust Lucy. Under her sweet face there was a spirit of energy, and underneath the calm manner was a power of long endurance that was sure to bring the affairs of the household out all right.

"Come, Arthur," said Gertrude, one day when Mrs. Clipp was gone, "we have not had any fun for many a day; let us go to town and buy something nice, and come back before Aunt Lucy returns."

Arthur looked all willingness, but wondered how buying could be done without money. Gertrude was quick to perceive his doubts.

"I have a plan—never you fear for me. Aunt Lucy has some nice butter all made up in cunning little pats; we will take them and sell them, and get what we want. You know we can make it all up by going without butter for a whole week, and then Aunt Jane won't know the difference."

Arthur looked doubtful. "Why, of course it's honest. Don't you see it is? Perhaps we will more than make it up to her, and then I do so want some oranges and some lemonade; and we will buy you a real nice pencil to draw with, and Lottie the little blue ribbon she wanted. We will do lots of good."

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was your path, with a striking hat, that truth will be found "clothed in his right mind."

The "Fetters of Spiritualism" is yet to come, and this book is one of the herald notes of its approach. Those who have sufficiently suffered whose souls have become mellow and yearning by sorrow, and sympathy with the world, who have gone down to the depths of human agony, and drunk even the dregs of its grief, will ere long receive such a baptism of spiritual life, and power, and joy as has never yet been known. In it may the author of "Christ and the People" richly ally.

J. S. LOVELL, Editor of the Banner of Light.

TO MY BEAUTIFUL MIRANDOLA.

BY DR. E. CASE.

I sit by the open casement And gaze in the depths above, Thinking of distant ones and dead— Thinking of those I love. I think of my new-found treasure, And to her I take my flight, With a thousand wings to my swift soul, Through the chambers of the Night.

I come where thou art watching Those silent deeps alone, To rend from the strange mysteries The known from the unknown. I sit me down beside thee, I press thy soft, warm cheek, And I feel a silent blessing, That words can never speak.

Thou art to me as beautiful As beings of the mind, The soul hath wrought to worship, All glorious and refined; That live alone in poetry, That breathe in notes of song, Too radiant and too beautiful To e'er of earth belong.

Their eyes are filled with lorelight, Their tresses fall in showers, Rich as the raven's glossy wing, Or sunlight on the flowers; Deep, passionate and tender, All fire and flame subdued; Flashing like sunshine on the air, Or bowed in solitude.

These are the beings of the mind That are not made of clay; Time's finger cannot touch them, Death cannot take away. Their glorious natures conquer The wasting years of earth; Forever fair and beautiful, As in their hour of birth.

They haunt the olden memories Of our earlier, better years; They joy with us in sunshine, They weep with us in tears; They teach us melting tenderness, They fill our souls with love, Till our words are sweet with passion, As the coolings of a dove.

They are with us in our chambers, And in the halls of light, In our lonely twilight musings, And in the starry night, When we catch the strains of melody That float o'er moonlit seas, And the flowery breath of Summer Stirrs the dark old forest trees.

Desdemona and Ophelia, Coriella, Juliet, You and your kindred natures, Once known we never forget. Ye were not born, like us, to die, Or waste with years away— To crumble back to earthly dust, And mingle clay with clay.

We see you in your own bright world, With all the poet's thought, Hath thrown around your burning souls, And in your features wrought. Yours is the deathless heritage Of Time's unending years; Ours is at best as brief as that Of morning's dewy tears.

And thou, my own, my beautiful, With such as these I've placed, And in my fond imaginings, Their glories in thee traced. Like them thou art a thing apart— Immortal art to me! Enshrined within my inmost heart, Like starlight in the sea.

Lafayette, Ind., 1866.

Jonathan Whipple, Jr., as a Healing and Developing Medium.

Having an earnest desire to benefit suffering humanity, physically as well as spiritually, I wish to present to the friends of Spiritualism and the public generally, through the columns of your valuable paper, an honest, earnest and faithful laborer in the cause of Progress and Spiritual Truth.

In the person of Dr. Jonathan Whipple, Jr., of Mystic, Conn. Bro. Whipple came to this place, about three weeks ago, a perfect stranger to all, and in that time has given (to all who have become acquainted with him) positive evidence that his whole heart and soul are engaged in the work of reform and the good of suffering humanity.

He has treated several cases of disease here with success. He cures by manipulation entirely. His mission is not entirely to heal the sick. He urges the friends of the Spiritual Philosophy to hold circles, to develop mediums, and lends himself freely to the work. He labors earnestly to awaken a new and lively interest in the minds of all with whom he meets, to labor with greater zeal for the advancement of truth and knowledge, as revealed to us by the "Angel-World."

I would say to the friends of Spiritualism everywhere, give Bro. Whipple a chance to labor among you, and I venture to say you will find him faithful. Remunerate him as much as possible for his services; for you will all agree with me, that the pioneer in all reforms (and especially this) has to endure suffering enough without being scantily clothed and fed.

I hardly forgot to mention that we had developed one medium to speak (in private, as yet,) by holding private circles while Bro. Whipple has been with us, and two others partially, and will wholly, if they continue to sit in circles. We have material enough here for good speakers, if we will work and bring them out.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer spoke in this place the last two Sabbaths past; to good advantage, with marked success, as she always does! She speaks the last two Sabbaths in this month here, and also again in September. SHE SPEAKS BOSTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y., JULY 11, 1866.

As there are many persons who are desirous of ascertaining who are the best and most reliable mediums, and as the BANNER has a large and extensive circulation, I wish, through its columns, to bring more prominently to the notice of the public, Bro. Jonathan Whipple, Jr., of Mystic, Conn., a very powerful, healing and developing medium. He visited this place and remained here several weeks, and during that time attended circles for development and healing the diseased, giving great satisfaction, and being much good. He has very strong magnetic powers, and his influence is felt by all who come in contact with him.

Bro. Whipple is at present in Binghamton, N. Y., and would earnestly recommend him to the cordial sympathy and cooperation of all lovers of humanity and of Progress in a spiritual, earnest, and devoted laborer in the cause. J. M. PALMER. Haverhill, Mass., July 13, 1866.

ORIGINAL TRUTH.

By Mrs. Liza L. V. Daniels, delivered at the Clifton Hall, New York City. (Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The committee appointed as usual having failed to agree upon a subject for the discourse, and a number of questions, proposed by individuals having been negatived by the audience, it was moved, and carried unanimously that the spirit-lecturer be requested to choose his own theme, to which he consented.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, Spirit of all Life, Soul of all Souls, Mind of all Intelligence, we praise thee, whatever thou mayst be, wherever thy dwelling-place. We cannot comprehend thine existence; we only know that thy mind, power, and life pervade the universe; that something which as unseen forces and reigns over us; that our spirits are inspired by it, Nature is arranged by it, and life controlled by it in all its forms—and this power we call Thee. We cannot comprehend thee; we can only worship, adore and strive to know more of thee and of that influence which fills us with the consciousness of thy presence. Everywhere thy law, order and harmony prevail—everywhere cause and effect extend—the legitimate workings of thy mind; and every-where each and every object betrays the design of thy all-wise hand. The Temple of External Nature, from foundation to dome, as far as we can discover, is more perfect than our finite conception can understand; therefore, Spirit of Earth and Sky, God of Spirit and Life, Soul of Soul, and Spirit of all Beings, we praise thee—wherever and whosoever thou mayst be; we only know we must praise thee, because the sun arrays the earth in gladness, because the air and sky are beautiful with sounds, sights and forms of thy creation, because the earth is filled with thy bounty and redolent of thy perfection; because Nature is best in her conception and the work-manships of thy hand. 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Wolves in Wool.

The ministers of the several professedly Christian denominations are not all so much better than other folks, whatever they and their partisans assert about it with such strength of lung. Another case of clerical criminality has recently come to the light in the Territory of Oregon, which, if it could only be fathered upon Spiritualism in some manner, would supply a text and a phrase for Orthodox to slang from as long as ears remained open to catch the welcome melody. It appears that a (Reverend) Mr. Boykin, whose facilities by reason of his spiritual relation to the victims were all that a wicked heart could desire, has been found guilty of first drugging, and then outraging two young girls. The Rev. Mr. Fulton, of the Boston Tremont Temple, who thinks nothing 'lower, viler, or more thoroughly wicked than Spiritualism, and publicly thanks God when Spiritualists are disappointed of the use of a hall on a Sunday—Mr. Fulton, we say, may be interested to know that this Rev. Boykin of Oregon is a brother Baptist clergyman, and that his youthful victims were the daughters of another clerical brother, who of course has the sympathy of the whole community, as well as of all who read of this nameless crime. The wretch who was guilty of thus basely abusing the hospitality of a brother clergyman, saved himself from the aroused indignation of the people by fleeing on the steamer which sailed immediately after the discovery was made public. He is fully fifty years of age, and is described as having gray hair and beard.

Now in view of all these facts, and of the too numerous occurrences of this character which sully the columns of the public journals from time to time, is it not about time for those presses and preachers that have been in the habit of ascribing "free love" practices of the most lawless and beastly sort to the Spiritualists of the country, both male and female, to cease from revivings which may be so readily turned against themselves. It is a lame and shallow cause, having small security in truth, that is willing to have its merits judged finally by the exceptional conduct of unworthy or weak professors and advocates, and were the devotees of Sectarianism so much superior to Spiritualists as they openly claim, the latter might reasonably expect to find examples of purity, of charity, of forgiveness, of kindness, of long-suffering, and of love among them, which would prove the value and reality of those professions better than all else. As things go, however, the ranks of Theology furnish as bad examples as any that can be searched through. It should teach humility, and silence along with it.

Emma Hardinge's Return—Her Last Lecture.

On Sunday evening, June 24th, an overflowing audience met Miss Emma Hardinge at Cleveland Hall, London, Eng., to hear her last Sunday evening discourse previous to her departure to this country. We find in the Spiritual Times the following allusion to her discourse and departure: The subject—"The People's Advent"—was treated with more than her usual eloquence. The lady commenced by referring to human as opposed to divine forces, showing how poverty and misery resulted from despotic governments. But God's will, as expressed in the laws of Nature, she confidently foresaw, as the second and triumphant force which would eventually reign. Miss Hardinge next touched upon Astronomy, Geology, and the Powers of Mind; showing the law of progress everywhere made manifest. "Science," she said, shows that the formation of a world is the history of the formation of a world. "Returning to the idea of human force," she said, "It is by the right of force that we have the origin of the divine institution of slaves and the degradation of woman. Make the slave as strong and as wise as his master, and he is a slave no longer." The three discourses—the mariner's compass, the printing-press, and labor-saving machinery, gave her hope for the people and faith in their advent. It is impossible to convey to our readers anything like an adequate idea of the majestic outpourings of real inspiration which marked this discourse. "The People's Advent" would soon be with us were their teachers all endowed with the liberal and divine sentiments which found eloquent expression from the lips of Miss Hardinge. A more pointed discourse we have never before heard; it was full of poetry, yet logical throughout. "Oh king! oh priest!" exclaimed the lady, "in vain ye wield your authority over a people who know ye, and are as wise as yourselves." The audience manifested their appreciation of many parts of the discourse, and felt the magic power of spiritual utterance, when the lady adverted to the mission of Spiritualism in the great work of the future. The discourse, which was a lengthy one, was received as it deserved to be, with admiration and delight. Some questions put by two gentlemen, relative to the subject of the lecture, were answered by Miss Hardinge, to the satisfaction of the majority of her audience. We trust sincerely that she may have a safe voyage to America, and can only express a wish that the good angels will ever attend her, and that the harvest of her labors may be plentiful.

S. J. Finney.

We copy from Hull's New Monthly Clarion for July, the following note from Mr. Finney: DEAR BROTHER HULL—I have just seen the fifth number of your Monthly Clarion, and I like it. It has the true ring. I like your sturdy devotion to justice. Our yearly meeting has just closed. It was a real, earnest, solid, and enthusiastic affair. Bro. Harrison and Bro. Feebles were with us, and were full of true and true enthusiasm. Their speeches were practical, earnest, loyal to all reforms, and full of genuine fraternity. It was the best yearly meeting I have ever attended. You will see from the resolutions passed (and they were passed with enthusiasm, too) that the Society of Sturgis is on the broad-gauge track of Universal Reform. We also adopted a Call for a State Convention, that shall take in all the great and true aims of religious, practical and speculative reforms. The Convention will meet, in all probability, in Battle Creek. But if not in Battle Creek, why then in Sturgis. It is to meet the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday of July, and as long thereafter as shall be decided. Bro. N. T. Waterman of Coldwater, Bro. Porter and myself were appointed an executive committee to settle the preliminaries for the Convention. We expect to be united in doing the real needful work of the hour contemplated by the spirit and genius of the Harmonical Philosophy of the Great Spiritual Movement. Excuse this liberty, and believe me most cordially, your brother, S. J. FINNEY, Sturgis, Mich., June 19, 1866.

Passage of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. The second Freedmen's Bureau Bill, which passed both houses of Congress, was also vetoed by President Johnson, and returned to Congress on the 10th of July, where the measure again passed both houses, by the requisite two-thirds vote over the veto, thus making it the law of the land.

State Peace Movement. The Friends of Peace in this State will meet Friday, the 27th inst., at three o'clock P. M., at No. 4 Waverly Place, leading from South Street, near the Bowditch school-house, Boston, to form a State Peace Society, as authorized by the Universal Peace Society. All interested in the cause of Peace are invited to attend.

The War in Europe.

Suddenly occurs an entirely new and strange state of things in Europe, which no one would have predicted. Austria has been badly beaten by Prussian arms in a general engagement, and felt compelled to call in Napoleon as a mediator, meanwhile ceding Venetia to France as a practical basis of operations. But both Prussia and Italy refuse to agree to an armistice, which makes the idea of mediation a nullity. Napoleon could of course stop their fighting if he chose; as it is, he has got Venetia as a gift, and a prize it will be to him, with which to make Italy his dependent and ally, by bestowing it upon her at the right time. Austria will still be assailed, therefore, by the joint armies of Italy and Prussia, and shorn of her fairest provinces. No doubt it was Napoleon's plan as much as Bismark's to humble the Kaiser, and crowd down his sovereignty into as low a consideration in Europe as possible. That is being done as fast as it can be. The loss of the great battle of Sudow is ascribed to the superiority of the Prussians in using a "needle" gun, which is nothing more than the common breech-loading rifle. With this weapon they could load and fire three times to the Austrians' once. The result so far greatly adds to Napoleon's power and importance, who will send a Commission to go and take possession of Venetia at once. Austria expresses her determination to carry on the fight with Prussia, however, and may yet retrieve her present ill fortune. We expect to hear of bloody battles in Europe yet.

The Davenport at Brussels.

The London Spiritual Times, of July 1st, contains a letter from Baron Holmfeld detailing his experiences with the Davenports in Hamburg. The Times adds that the Davenports are now in Brussels, which contains, as John King says, "the concentrated superstition of the ages;" here they have given a press séance and several public séances, and are succeeding better than they have yet done, since they have been on the continent. Later advices inform us that all the séances in Brussels go off with éclat. At one, the celebrated Victor Hugo occupied the seat of honor; and at the termination of the séance, expressed himself surprised and satisfied with the manifestations, adding that they exceeded anything that he could have deemed possible.

The Times thus speaks of Mr. Cooper: "We expect our friend, Mr. Cooper, who has accompanied them, to be at home in a few days. Few have been more self-sacrificing and devoted to the principles of Spiritualism than he has been. We can only again express an oft-repeated wish that he may never have cause to regret the part he has taken in our glorious movement."

Renan's New Work.

The Boston Transcript, in introducing the following extract, in regard to Ernest Renan's new work, "The Apostles," says "it is only necessary to announce this volume to insure it readers. Renan is the most fascinating of rationalists, and pleases when he fails to convince. The London Athenæum thus speaks of the seductive influence of his style: "The power of his diction is wondrous sweet and strong. His style flows like a river, and catches the fancy of the reader, and carries him away. His changes into broken accents of love—the vast glory of the antique fades before a dark group of sainted women. Jerusalem the Golden rapidly nearing her supreme hour—Antioch and all her marble gods—the waving lily fields of Galilee and the million-voiced life of the Urbs et Orbis—Paul, the proud, learned, passionate, refined convert, and the lowly band of peasant disciples, whose only wisdom was to love their Master 'Jesu' la folle—all these and a thousand other themes are touched upon in rapid succession with cunning hand; and through the whole there breathes a fervor, strange and strong as some heavy exotic perfume—an ardent adoration of something indefinite, dreamy, ideal, which takes our hearts and our senses captive, hushes the loud protest and lulls our doubts into repose. We yield to the spell, and 'shut out thinking.'"

Reduction of Fare to Delegates.

S. S. Jones, Esq., of Chicago, has made arrangements with several railroads in the West for a reduction of fare to Delegates who attend the National Convention of Spiritualists at Providence in August. The Religio-Philosophical Journal says: "The best arrangement, all things considered, that Mr. Jones has been able to effect for the excursion to Providence, is by steamboat from Chicago to Sarnia, from thence by the Grand Trunk Railroad to Boston by way of Portland, and from Boston to Providence, which will cost for the trip to Boston and return thirty-six dollars. Excursion tickets from Boston to Providence and return will probably cost about two dollars more, making in all about thirty-eight dollars from Chicago to the National Convention and return, by this route. One of the advantages of this route is, parties can go and return at any time before the first of September." Mr. Jones has also made arrangements for those coming further West, over the St. Louis and Chicago, and the Chicago and Rock Island roads.

Mrs. Gordon in Colorado.

Another correspondent speaking of Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon's lectures in Nevada City, says: "This fearless champion of truth gave a lecture here on the evening of July 2, before a large audience. The lecture abounded in terse sayings and words of wisdom. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. A deep interest is felt for the noble cause; the shackles of Orthodoxy are beginning to fall from off the captives. Many who went sneeringly to the hall, returned with serious countenances. A spirit of investigation is excited, and if Mrs. Gordon stays here long, she will number converts by scores. The beautiful truths of the harmonical philosophy are just what is wanted by the liberal minded, sturdy, honest thinkers of the West. It is seed sown upon good soil. May our talented lecturer live long to preach the gospel of Spiritualism, and when her earthly life is over she will receive a full reward in the glorious scenes of the summer-land."

Sunday Grove Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Maiden and Melrose hold meetings in Lynde's grove, near Lynde's residence, about half way between the two villages, every Sunday at 2 P. M. The first meeting, on the 8th, was opened by Dr. P. and U. Clark. Volunteer speakers from Boston and elsewhere are invited.

Our Public Circles.

These circles have been closed for the season. They will be reopened on Monday, Sept. 2d. Our friends and the public will govern themselves accordingly.

Trappers from a statement just published that during the past year the value of the imports of foreign dry goods at New York reached the enormous figure of \$137,000,000, which is \$30,000,000 in excess of the heaviest year in the history of the port, the receipts for 1865, the next largest year, having been \$107,000,000.

Personal.

L. Judd Pardee is in Chicago, where he will remain some time. The Religio-Philosophical Journal says he is in very poor health, but hopes may recuperate and be in the field again ere long. He can be addressed in the care of that office.

Mrs. Nellie L. Wiltsie is engaged to speak in Toledo, O., every Sunday during August, at 10 o'clock A. M., and 8 o'clock P. M. Mrs. W. is a brilliant speaker.

Mrs. S. D. Curtis, the well known and successful healing medium, for many years past located at Sacramento, Cal., has removed to Grass Valley, where she will continue to work in the cause of humanity.

Dr. Edwin V. Wright, who informs us that he was formerly associated with the late W. Byrd Powell of Cincinnati, is about to enter the lecturing field again, as teacher of his (Powell's) great discovery of physiological incompatibility and the human temperaments, in connection with other important phases of mental and physical science, embracing the modern and ancient phenomena of Spiritualism, Somnambulism, Visions, Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Mental Telegraphing, &c. The Doctor is said to be a good speaker, and will no doubt treat his subjects in a scientific manner.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Charlestown Independent Society of Spiritualists had a fine time at a picnic last Tuesday, in Maolis Garden, Nahant. About two hundred were present, and enjoyed themselves in a truly social manner. Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson was present and gave them a fine speech, fitting the occasion.

The above Society will hold another picnic, on Thursday, Aug. 2d, at Walden Pond Grove, in Concord—a most lovely place, fitted up for the accommodation of such parties. There is in the Grove a good refreshment saloon, a stand for speakers, a place for dancing, boats for sailing, and accommodations for bathing. Fare for the excursion \$1; children 75 cents.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Charlestown, held their second picnic of the season at Green Mountain Grove, Medford, on the 17th. A goodly company were present, who were richly repaid for the excursion. These social occasions are refreshing to body and soul. The company were feasted intellectually by speeches from Mrs. M. M. Wood, J. H. Bickford, A. C. Robinson, Mrs. N. J. Willis, and others.

The ice cream poisoning affair at a picnic at Island Grove, Abington, on the Fourth of July, we are requested to state, was not the result of eating creams sold by the proprietors of the grove. On that day, contrary to usual custom, they had admitted an outside party, who furnished ice creams to some of the visitors, which had a fatal effect in one instance, and injured several others. It has since been ascertained that the cream was poisoned from having been kept in a copper vessel over night, before it was frozen, thereby becoming impregnated with poison from the copper. Such a thing will not be likely to ever happen again in that grove, for the proprietors are careful caterers, and are desirous of serving the public in the best manner.

REMEDY FOR THE CHOLERA.—The recipe for cholera, which we published in last week's BANNER, which was used successfully by Capt. Peabody, on board the ship Isaac Wright, should have read: A table-spoonful of salt, and a tea-spoonful (not table-spoon) of red pepper mixed in half a pint of hot water.

The Packet Ship Monarch of the Sea, which left Liverpool, March 19th, with six hundred and seventy-four emigrant passengers on board, has not since been heard from. Fears are entertained that all have been lost.

The Postmaster General and the Attorney General, members of President Johnson's Cabinet, have resigned, on account of differences in political opinions.

The "hot season" has set in in earnest. The thermometer has run up as high 105 in the shade, with still an upward tendency. "What are your looking after, daughter?" said an old man at a Christmas party. "Looking after a son-in-law for you, father," was the reply. "Once a Week," for June 10, alludes to the period when Benjamin Franklin was President of the United States!

When General Gregory went to Texas, he visited a lawyer at his office and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a large and handsome bowie knife, and gave it to the General.

U. S. Senator Lane of Kansas is dead. A dandy inquired at a fruit stand, "Are these peaches fit for a hog to eat?" "Try 'm and see," said the apple woman.

In an old family Bible in Connecticut, the record of a birth is entered in this wise: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th of November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection!"

Live in a manner that you need not reproach yourself when you become aged. Disraeli believes, and brings up a mass of evidence to sustain him, that the art of printing was known to the Romans, but that they rejected it as unseemly to their civilization, and that the Emperors were bitterly opposed to it, as in it they recognized a powerful enemy to their tyranny.

Genius feeds on adversity, sicken on praise, starves on success. The burnt district in Portland has been accurately surveyed, and found to cover an area of three hundred and twenty-seven acres, and over eight miles of streets. So thoroughly burnt is it, that it is believed scarcely ten cords of charred wood could be gathered from the ruins.

A farmer in this vicinity sold this season strawberries raised on three-quarters of an acre, which brought the handsome sum of \$1,011.

One of the main branches which remained on the great elm on the Boston Common, was blown off recently. The trunk of the tree is hollow, and the rot has extended to the branches. The veteran old tree cannot stand severe tempests much longer.

The shore-end of the Atlantic Cable was successfully laid on the 6th inst. The old cable was tested, and found to be in perfect condition. "We look for woman to be tender, although, according to Scripture, she was made out of a bone."

"I never shot a bird in my life," said a friend to an Irishman, who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river, and was drowned." "Merry loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady."

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Sept. 22, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artesian Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For new subscribers, with \$6 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Cooley; "Poems," by A. P. McCombs; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Our Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature;" "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style. Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time.

Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. T. W. E. FORDHAM, N. Y.—We have not heard of any practical action yet in the matter you refer to.

Business Matters.

There is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SERRA-PAPILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. We muddy victims of bilious disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

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 WELLINGTON ROAD, CHANDLERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND, KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. HABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

H. T. HABBITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14, '65.

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 RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture. Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per bottle. G. C. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Winchendon, Mass. Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., M. S. Dean & Co., Boston; JOHN F. BERRY & Co., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents. Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m—June 2.

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.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

MRS. L. HASCALL, CLAIRVOYANT HEALING MEDIUM.

HAS become developed for the purpose of examining the sick at a distance, also in person. She has no superior in the art, and has cured many cases of disease, which have been pronounced incurable, but takes upon herself all the symptoms of the disease that is laboring under, thereby enabling her to give the most accurate and complete diagnosis of the disease, thus enabling her to locate disease very accurately. Also, gives written directions for treatment. Persons wishing to be cured, to send the name, enclosing one dollar, with home and post office address, directed to MRS. L. HASCALL, Waterloo, Wis., will receive attention. \*—July 28.

"TOBACCO USERS" LOSE THAT HABIT BY USING AROMASA.

Send with address red stamp for "Explanations," or 50 cents for a TUBE, to DR. MARKS, 110 Nassau Street, New York. Reference—BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, New York. July 28.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium.

Medium, No 1 Carroll Place, corner Bleeker and Laurens, 3d floor, New York. Hours from 12 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. FANNIE M. HANCOX, Medical and Business Medium, near 4th Avenue, Wednesday and Thursday at WALL HOUSE, WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y. 4m—July 28.

MADAME CLARKSON has a natural gift of telling the Past, Present and Future, at 28 Prince street, July 28—1w.

DR. URIAH CLARK'S INVALID RESTORATIVE HOME, 71-72 MALDEN, MASS.

ERNEST RENAN'S NEW BOOK, THE APOSTLES.

A NEW BOOK BY RENAN, author of "The Life of Jesus," being Part Second of "The Origins of Christianity." This work has just appeared in Paris, and a careful English Translation will be ready in a few days.

SCROFULA, SCROFULOUS SORE EYES, AND CONSUMPTION

CURED BY MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Scrofula and Consumption are justly considered as the most unmanageable of all diseases, yet they yield as readily to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, as simple cases of Rheumatism, Diarrhea, Fever, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Asthma, &c. As a remedy for Scrofula in its mildest types, as well as in the worst and most aggravated forms of Inherited Scrofula, the Positive and Negative Powders surpass all others. The evidence now in my possession, upon this point, is overwhelming. I therefore declare with confidence, that the day is near at hand when any one who persists in treating Scrofula, or Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Asthma, Rheumatism, Fever, or any other disease with the present system of drugging, or upon any other system than that of the only true and scientific system of Positive and Negative, will be justly looked upon either as hopelessly ignorant, or criminally obstinate. The day is near at hand when the world will know and appreciate the Positive and Negative Powders just as I do. I ask no more. I ask no exaggeration of their merit; and hence I make no exaggeration of their claims. I simply report FACTS—FACTS—FACTS—OVERWHELMING FACTS, like the following:

Salem, N. H., Feb. 19, 1866. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I wrote you some time last fall for a box of your Positive Powders, and, at the time, I mentioned the case of my daughter having the Scrofula in one of her eyes, that had troubled her very much ever since she was an infant. She is now fifteen years old, and before she took a box of the Positive Powders the inflammation had almost disappeared, and the pain in her eye and head had wholly left her. It had got to be so bad that she feared she would have to give up her studies and leave her school. She is now to all appearances cured, and we are satisfied that the Positive Powders have done it. Respectfully yours, HENRY T. KIMBALL.

Osséo, Hennipin Co., Minn., Nov. 20, 1865. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: My child with Scrofula Sore Eyes, about which I wrote in my last letter, is the daughter of Henry E. Lepper and Emma Lepper, who came to this place from Leavenworth, Kansas, some two years ago. The child was afflicted with the sore eyes when she came to this place, and from her parents' account, had been for months previous, and much so that she could not see, and she had to wear the light, but had to be shut up in a dark room. Ere they had given her two boxes of your Powders, her eyes, to all appearances, were cured, and have remained so to the present time. Yours truly, ROBERT THOMAS.

Cloverdale, Sonoma Co., Cal., May 27, 1866. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I have taken special pains to see all my patients who have been taking the Positive and Negative Powders for their different complaints, and they all, with one exception, join in sending you their names and their hearty thanks for their great deliverance from disease.

The first is a young lady, Jenny Boyce, 17 years old, daughter of Wm. Boyce. Hers was a case of Inherited Scrofula, pronounced incurable by every doctor who had been called to see her. It had so affected her eyes that for three years previous to taking the Powders, she was blind, so much so that she could not see, and she had to wear the light, but had to be shut up in a dark room. Ere they had given her two boxes of the Positive Powders, she was cured, and she has remained so to the present time. She can see as well and as far as anybody. She is now going to school and studying with ease. Her health in full has returned. Her father and mother feel so much rejoiced at the great work that the Powders have done, that they say they shall not cease in giving their continued thanks for such a great work.

The next case is that of Mrs. Mary Ann Boyce, the mother of the young lady just mentioned. Hers, also, was Inherited Scrofula of forty years standing. For the last fifteen years she had a continual discharge out of her ears, and each side of her neck. Under her ears the skin was all eaten off. By special diet and brook out her personal care, and double her from attending to her family for weeks at a time. She had despaired of ever being cured, as all the doctors had told her she was incurable. She has now been taking the Positive Powders only about three months, and yet her improvement is so great that her friends say that a miracle has been worked.

The next is Edward Whitman, four years old, the son of James Whitman. He was afflicted with Inherited Scrofula, pronounced incurable by four different doctors. Ten boxes of the Positive Powders cured him entirely, and the father and mother send their greatest thanks to you for the wonderful discovery of such a medicine.

The next is a man forty-eight years old, having what he supposed was the Consumption for the last five years. He took ten boxes of the Positive Powders, and was entirely cured, and is now able to attend to his business.

I have also tested the Powders in Headaches, Female Derangements, and other diseases, with satisfactory results in all cases. Yours with respect, ERNEST CLAMPLAIN.

Diseases of all kinds rapidly yield to the magic influence of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

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 counties.
2d. A large and liberal profit.
3d. A light, pleasant and interesting occupation.
4th. The Positive and Negative Powders surpass all other medicines.
5th. As a Family Medicine, needed in every house, 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 sent free, postpaid.

PHYSICIANS, AND PRACTITIONERS OF MEDICINE, MALE AND FEMALE, of all schools, 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, Asthma, Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Menstruation, &c., &c.

Terms to Physicians mailed free, postpaid. 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. Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5317, New York City, July 14.

The Children's Progressive Lyeum. FIFTH EDITION—JUST ISSUED. A MANUAL, with directions for the ORGANIZATION AND CONDUCT OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, adapted to the Bible and Minds of the young. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Price, per copy, 50 cents, and 8 cents postage, if sent by mail. For sale by all the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 156 Broadway, New York. Also, at our BRANCH OFFICE, 64 Broadway, New York. Room 6. July 21.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. M. Conant.

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

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 159 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at three o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Tuesday, April 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Kiley, of Manchester, N. H., to friends; Joseph Calver, to his comrades; Abigail Estlin, of Virginia, to her two children; Edward Lawrence, of Cincinnati, to his father.

Thursday, April 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Woods, to friends; Colonel Thomas McCarter, to friends, in Galveston, Texas; John Conner, to his wife Julia, in Cambridgeport, Mass.; Ida Taylor, to her mother, in Hoboken, N. J.

Invocation.

Oh ye plying angels, whose robes have been whitened by the experiences of human life, draw near unto those who are weary and heavy laden; to those who seek for rest and find it not; to those who sigh for heaven, but sigh in vain; to those who see not the purposes of Infinite Wisdom. Oh, lead them not into temptation, but aid in delivering them from all kinds of darkness, that ye may behold their crown of thorns changing to buds of wisdom and gems of truth; for the Spirit of Eternal Truth has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of one of these, ye do it unto me." April 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—The questions you have received, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer.

CHAIRMAN.—We have none to-day.

SPIRIT.—We will then answer one that has been received. We believe it to have issued from a sorrowing heart, one who would fain look beyond the clouds, that they might view the sunshine; one who seems to behold a dark shadow shrouding the land, that should be driven far hence.

The question is this: Can the inhabitants of that land of light and love tell us how long it will be ere that system of barbarism shall be done away with, namely, capital punishment? How long shall the sword of Vindictiveness remain unsheathed?

Slowly and steadily the intelligence that exists upon the earth is marching out of the darkness into the light. One by one the errors of the past are laid aside, and one by one the germs of the present are substituted therefor. Nature makes no breaks anywhere. One steady, unswerving revolution marks all things, and this is by no means an exception. It is our belief, however, that this much hoped for and much prayed for time is near at hand. We believe you are even standing upon the threshold of that glorious morning that shall dawn, sweeping away the darkness that has hung like a gloomy pall around this relic of barbarism. It has been handed down from time immemorial. It is old, very old, and you must expect that as it has been with you for ages, it cannot be swept away in a day, a year, or a century. But know you that the Angels of Mercy and Justice have been for years striving to so draw humanity up upon a standard of benevolence, charity and love? for they saw it was wrong, that no good ever did come of capital punishment, nor ever can. Crime exists to-day, as it always has, and these so-called examples are but prompters leading to darkness, not to light. They but keep alive the spirit of murder. They but foster and cherish it tenderly and carefully. Instead of being what they were intended to be—destroyers of crime—they are indeed the very parents of crime. But be of good cheer. The day is dawning. The clouds are opening. The darkness is fleeing away, and the sunlight of Eternal Justice and Love will soon shine upon you. April 12.

Sarah Johnson.

Sarah Johnson, my name. I was twelve years old; lived in Bellows Falls, Vt.

I have tried very hard since I came to the spirit-land, three years ago, to come back to my mother. And I have come to her a good many times, but I've never been able to speak.

A few days ago I was here. I came with a great many that came, and they told me to-day I should come if I wished to. They told me, too, that I should feel perhaps as I did before I died. But I did not see how that could be; but I understood now.

I don't know what they said I died of, but I know I was very sick, and I felt the most of my sickness in my head and throat. I suffered very much, but I wasn't sick a great while.

I want my mother to know I have seen and got acquainted with a great many that died before I knew them—some of her relatives, and some of my father's. My uncle Stephen, that was an infidel—he didn't believe in ministers, or churches, or the Bible—he was the first that I saw that I knew after I died.

Now we had believed—my mother always said she didn't think God was just if it was so with uncle Stephen—as she'd been taught, that he was damned because he did not believe in any religion, or in the Bible, as he said. He used to say everything was a Bible to him, and that he could get just as much a lesson of Divine Wisdom by going out into the woods and studying Nature, as he could by going into a church. But he was so much better off than all the rest I met! He seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and so joyous! And his home was so beautiful a one! and he took me right to it at once, and I did not feel homesick at all. I felt as if I belonged there. And he says now, that all the ideas of God, except that which sees him in everything, are entirely false. He said if I should come I must tell my mother so.

I like very much, where I am, and I would not come back if I could, as I have all I want here. I should like that I could speak with my mother, for then I know she'd be happier. I should like to talk with all that I know, for I know I should not make 'em any worse. I'm a little infidel now, I am. I wasn't when I was here. I'm

just what my uncle Stephen is, because it's the most beautiful. It's not being infidel to God, the real God, but to error, he says, and he knows, for he has studied a great while; and he says the angels used to talk to him, and he'd give more for their teachings than for all the ministers' teachings he ever heard, or all the musty readings of the Bible, except such as related to those who had talked with the angels. That was beautiful to him.

I beg your pardon, sir, for talking so long. I did not mean to. I thank you, sir, I would stay longer, but I—I feel distressed, and think I'd better go. April 12.

Harrison Stebbins.

I was thinking whether I was what I used to be or not. I used to be Harrison Stebbins, but whether I ought to claim that name now or not is a question with me. [It's the one you will be recognized by on this side.] Yes, I see through it, I see through it.

I'm from Belfast, Me. I can't realize I'm here again, speaking through a body, with a body. It does seem so strange. I take it this is what the old resurrectionists refer to. Well, it was like this: I stood by, waiting for my chance, and I could not help thinking how it was what the resurrectionists meant instead of taking on the physical human body again. As for ever taking that body of mine that was so badly cut up down South, I do not think I ever shall. Now I do not mean to say my folks have got the wrong idea. I think there is an idea beyond it they have not got, and this is it: That's what I was trying to get at. They believe that the body dies, and on the resurrection morning, it was to be recreated, and we were to inhabit it again. I do not want mine again. I used to have to pay railroad fares and tailor's bills when I was in my body. But I'm a ghost now, and don't have anything of the sort to do. I get along without it bravely. I do not mean any harm, Mr. Chairman. I meant to put on the ministerial here, but, somehow or other, I run right into my old style before I knew it. I can't help it; can't be a saint no way, no way.

Some of the boys said something, just before going into battle, about praying, and no time to joke when we was on the eve of battle. I said I never could see the time that I could not enjoy a joke. For my part, I believe I should crack a joke if I knew I was going down below the next minute, if I felt like it. That's my way, you know; did not mean any harm; would do a fellow a good turn as well as any one; do not know that I ever refused to do a person a favor when it lay in my power. On the whole, I was not the worst fellow that ever lived. I could not be long-faced and ministerial, like some folks that you see, anyway. Well, I had no reverence; that's it. The phrenologist once told me, when making an examination of my head, that I had no reverence; that where that bump ought to be there was a hollow. I guess it's so with me. I sat here waiting my turn, and I said to myself, I must be so—must be ministerial. I must come a saint, else it's no go, anyway. But I see I was myself in spite of all my efforts to be somebody else. God did not give me any other sort of life to act through, and I've got to use my own; can't help it.

By the way, I'd like to know where that little long-heeled chaplain is, that used to have so much to say to some of us boys. I think his name was Bowen. He used to lecture me a good deal on my want of propriety, so far as religious things were concerned. At one particular time, when one of the boys was dying, he was praying, said I—I went in—"Hulloa, Jim, you're going in, ain't you?" And what do you think this little chaplain did? He got off of his knees and marched me out, and went back to his prayers again. As soon as he turned his back, I stole into the room again and had my say out, for I didn't want to be bluffed in that way. He told me—I think he stepped down from his place—he said to me, "Stebbins, if I am fortunate enough to enter heaven and should meet you there, I shall think God has made a mistake." I'm going to send him my card. I'm in heaven, upon my word I am, and if he would like quarters with me in heaven—that is, if he don't distrust God's kindness—if he don't, and would like quarters with me, I'll save him a corner of my shanty, I will. He shall have good quarters, too.

To all the folks I've a good deal to say, but I had to take up my old way of talking in coming here, but to my I'll talk good sober sense. Since I've been in the spirit-world I've learned a good many things about them that I'll tell them if they'll only just give me a chance to speak to them alone; I do not care to speak of them here, because they might not look so well in print, you know. You see I've an eye to their welfare as well as my own. But they can avail themselves of the means that are open to them, and I'll meet them half way, yes, I'll go more than half way; but I can't go clear over, because there are laws that govern the spirit's return, and we have to obey orders, you know, in the spirit-world.

Do you suppose it's me that's sleeping in Gettysburg Cemetery? I suppose some folks think of me as sleeping there. I would respectfully announce my presence elsewhere. If they do not believe it, let them give me a chance to come to them.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I beg your pardon most humbly for encroachments made on your rules. I meant no harm. [You have committed no offense.] If I have I'm very sorry for it. I am, upon my word, very sorry, and I'll pay up in helping you along, well, just as fast as I'm helped along myself. A fellow can't do any better than that, can he? Oh, my age you want, don't you? Twenty-four. You want the color of my eyes, weight and so forth? Well, the eyes I used to have, I believe they called them grey; hair brown. When I was in good trim I believe I weighed somewhere between one hundred and forty-five and one hundred and fifty pounds; not very big, you see. Fare you well. April 12.

Captain Philemon Crowell.

Say that Captain Philemon Crowell, from Barnstable, Mass., has died. April 12.

Thomas Luce.

I am very glad to be able to inform my friends, those I have left here on earth, that I am satisfied with the condition into which I have been ushered; and it very much better than I had anticipated.

I had heard much of Spiritualism, and seen something of it, but cannot say I was a firm believer in the doctrine, though I had many dear friends; many of my own immediate family who were believers. My hold upon life and the things of earth was very strong. During the first part of my sickness I felt as though I could not go. But as the disease progressed, I became satisfied there was no help for me. It seemed as if some kind angel was slowly loosening my hold upon my earthly life, and attracting me to that beyond; and I said before this was entirely completed, "If I am ever reconciled to death, I shall feel that

God is all merciful, and I shall cease to murmur at his decrees. I shall feel it is best for me to go." I also in my own mind, prayed that I might know something concerning the place I was going to. But I was not so fortunate in that respect as I hear many are. Though just before I died there seemed to be a lifting up of the veil that hung between the two worlds, yet I had not such clear visions as many have.

I desire, more than all else, to come into perfect communion with my wife and my mother. I have visited the medium Mansfield, who I believe holds forth in New York, and I am very well satisfied that I can use him well; can identify myself clearly. I would like that they should send something to him, that I may go there to give an answer, after the usual method. If they do this, I think they will not be sorry. At any rate, I shall be very glad to try my powers in that direction. I am anxious to be busy, and feel that now I am in a condition to do some good to those I have left.

I am Thomas Luce, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. I will not trouble you to send a paper to my friends, for that I believe is often a guest with them. My disease, I suppose, was consumption, finally hemorrhage. Good-day. April 12.

Circle closed by William E. Channing.

Oh thou source of endless wisdom, Lord of earth and land Elysian, We would bathe our weary spirits In the fullness of thy love.

We would drink the healing waters Flowing from unnumbered altars; Altars where no blood-stained offerings Fill the earth with woe.

We would rise redeemed, redeeming, Losing all our earthly seeming, In the holy writs forgiveness Of all our worldly sin.

We would dwell with Saints and Sages, Whose great thoughts have thrilled past ages, Calling all men to adore thee, Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Hear our prayer, ye Guardian Angels! Be to us as bright Evangels, Bearing our poor sin-stained message To the throne of love. April 16.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By a correspondent, in Dayton, Ohio. You have twice affirmed that "spirit is thought." This, in my present state of enlightenment or unenlightenment, I cannot accept. Therefore for the sake of light, more light, I respectfully propound the following questions: Is not thought the product of cerebral activities? If not, what is thought; and what is the function of brain? If yes, is not brain and a supporting organism, necessary to man in every sphere of his existence?

ANS.—Thoughts had an existence long before brains had an existence. But thoughts are dependent upon action—so far as the things of this world are concerned—on the brain; the brain being the instrument upon which thought plays. Your correspondent does not seem to understand that everything which is the result of intelligence is the result of thought. This table is but an outgrowth of thought. Everything that is brought into an external existence has been brought there by thought. Thought is spirit. Thought is life. Thought is God. Thought is everything. Your correspondent is in the dark, because he puts the material at the foundation, and builds up spirit or thought from that material foundation, which is beginning wrong. Mind is superior to matter. Thought is the parent of matter. Without thought there could be no outwrought exhibition, such as is presented to you in all nature. We believe in an overruling intelligence, in thought combined and outwrought in its countless forms. God or thought exists in all things; in the blade of grass, in the grain of sand, in the grand achievements of art and science, in all the manifestations of nature; in everything there is thought, and you in the external and in the internal are but atoms aggregated by thought.

Q.—What relation does thought sustain to mind? Is a man's thought the product of his mind, or is his mind the aggregate of his thoughts?

A.—Mind is the mirror human, that reflects the individual's thoughts to the things in the external world. One who is not unfolded in the direction of mind can give you no exhibition of thought. The idiot may think, in his internal life, but the thought cannot be expressed in the external or mirror, because there is no mirror there.

Q.—Is mind an element, or as some periodically affirm, an immaterial substance?

A.—We do not believe in anything that is immaterial, absolutely considered. Everything that is capable of being condensed into form is material. The spirits that are your guests to-day are material. They are so far removed from that crude material that belongs to external life, to nature in the outer world, that you cannot perceive them, cannot understand them, only as you come in rapport with them. If they were not material, material forms could not answer to them.

Q.—If mind is an element, how is it individualized, and by what means does it attain to self-cognition?

A.—Mind takes on the characteristics of the human body and of those human surroundings of the individual. One exhibits the mirror of mind through Orthodoxy, another through Universalism, another through Spiritualism, and so on, proving conclusively that mind is shaped or formed by the physical make up of that individual.

Q.—If an organism is necessary to attain to self-cognition, will it not be as necessary to retain the same?

A.—Organic life is the order of life everywhere. Life possesses a countless variety of organisms, each particular organism giving forth different manifestations. Cognition depends upon intelligence; upon the unfolding of the intellectual faculties; and does not by any manner of means rest specially with the mind. The mind is but a mirror through which intellect portrays itself, and is not the intellect itself.

Q.—Please explain the passage "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel?"

A.—An injunction given to the friends of the Intelligence who gave it. It belongs to them, and not to you. It has a special meaning to them, but little or none to you. I may speak words that shall elevate the people of this day and generation; but a few generations in the future my words may be like dead letters, because they will have no living application then; they belong to this age. So it is with regard to the passage in question.

Q.—Is man responsible before God for being a sinner? He is born one, and cannot help it, if

he is not responsible for his sinful nature; he cannot be responsible before God for his actions, they being the result of his nature and the natural fruits thereof; as apples naturally grow on apple trees, the trees not being responsible. What is your opinion?

A.—We believe that man possesses a certain distinctive individuality, and with it comes, the responsibility. In so far as you are intellectually and morally unfolded, so far you are responsible to the law of your own being, but not to the intellectual or moral law of any other being. You are to be judged by the God that rests within the sphere of your own life; no other life. If you, as a physical individual, put your hand in the fire, you will experience physical pain. It matters not whether you knew it would cause you suffering or not, you suffer all the same. So it is when you infringe upon any moral law; it gently reminds you, by either physical or spiritual suffering, that you have transgressed. But it is also absolutely impossible for you to break any of God's laws. You may approximate to it; but break them you never can, because the law is greater than you are. It is more powerful; holds you in its grasp; you do not hold it.

Q.—Sunday is no Sabbath of God, according to God's law, he having never made a law that man shall abstain from labor on the first day of the week. There is no such law in the Bible, therefore man cannot break such a law, because no such law exists. Is this your opinion?

A.—It is; and yet the moral and intellectual natures of human beings demand that you should abstain at times from manual labor, giving the body a chance to recuperate, and the spirit a chance to baptize itself in the waters of intelligence and wisdom. In this sense it is a God-ordained day.

Q.—Neither one of the so-called Churches of professing Christians, nor all of them united, are the Churches, or the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, are they? Give us your opinion?

A.—Every man and every woman is a Church of themselves, and the Holy Spirit dwells within the inner-sanctuary of that Church. There is no need of your going into grand cathedrals, kneeling on velvet cushions, and lifting up your prayers from frescoed walls to the Great Author of Life. You can just as well go out into the fields and pray unto God and worship him there. One who never spoke aught but truth, once said, enter into your closet and there talk with your Father, meaning that you should enter into the sanctuary of your own being or soul, and there hold sacred communion with the God of your being. He will be ever ready to hear you. April 16.

William F. Currier.

I look back upon the scenes of my earthly life with mingled pain and pleasure. I am pained when I consider how much I might have gained in spiritual things, if I had only known the way; and I am pleased when I remember that I always tried to serve God to the best of my knowledge.

Early in life I became zealous in the Christian faith. My religion was all to me. It carried me over the dark waters of Time, and when Eternity hove in view, when the things of this world were fading from me, I had a hope that amounted almost to knowledge; but it was not knowledge. I hoped that I should immediately be ushered into the presence of my Saviour, and all those holy ones that had passed on ages before. If my hope had been realized, I should have been miserable; but God in his wisdom, in his boundless love for all his children, knows better how to provide for his children, and so he has instituted a way and means of return. He has spanned the two worlds, and said to all his children, "You are free. Go wheresoever you will, but worship me everywhere, in Spirit and in Truth."

I had heard much of this so-called Spiritualism, but I believed nothing in it. I believed that these spirits that returned, were those muttering, deceiving demons spoken of in the Holy Scriptures, and I so told my friends; and more than that, I would pray earnestly with them, and wrestle with the God of their being against the influence of such evil ones.

But had I my life to live over again, I would do different in that respect from what I did then, for now I know that God is the author of all things, not of a part. To God we may ascribe everything; and now that is to me a glorious thought.

I once held a conversation with a minister upon this subject. He said to me, "Brother Currier, don't you believe that God is omnipotent?" "Oh yes," said I. "Then how is it that you believe in the existence of sin as a production of the devil?" I answered him this way: "I believe, that God suffers this so to be, for his own glory." He replied, "Then if God descends to such low, miserable means to achieve his own glory, I pray to be delivered from them."

Oh I thought the brother was uttering blasphemy. I went home and prayed all night for him. I experienced many sad hours in thinking of him, for he was a good man, and I did not like to think of him as a blasphemer.

Now I see he was right. Now I see that God rules everywhere, and that all things are moving on, by the will of God, toward their own perfection, toward their own glory. The tree in the forest grows in beauty through the power of God. The flower buds and blossoms by the will of God, for its own glory; and so on. But I did not understand this truth when here.

I have left a beloved wife and one child in the city of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I have been thinking very much of them of late. I have been thinking that it might be my duty, now that I can do so, to return here apprising them of my condition, telling them where I made a mistake here, and urging them to give no heed to what I may have told them when here. Think no more of what I said. Think no more of my request that you would have nothing to do with these things. I was a child then, ignorant in spiritual things. Now I've grown to manhood. Now I praise God that I see the light more fully and clearly than I did before. Turn to these things, carefully investigate them for yourselves, and thank God that you live in an age flooded with so much light.

William F. Currier, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, son of Caleb Currier. I believe my father has communicated through your valuable sheet. April 16.

William Hixon.

Well, I had no particular religion to carry me over. I sailed across ppyty well on an infidel plank. I did not so much as get my feet wet; must say, however, that I was somewhat surprised, on getting across, to find that I was still alive, and able to take notes for myself; for I thought when you got done with this body you were wound up. But in that I was a little mistaken. I'm always willing to own up to my mistakes that I make. But so far as the infidelity to all sorts of religion goes, I'm pretty sure I was right, for I have never seen a person to bow down to any religion I've ever heard of, get, and I've now

got on the side of life where things are seen in their true light; and I have a good many more good sound religion—that is, in the churches—than I had in me here. I make no pretensions to anything except honesty. I was honest in saying to my friends when here, "I believe your religion is a humbug, and I do not want anything to do with it; and I don't want any minister to pray over me when I'm dead, because I do not believe in them, and I do not want to put 'em to the trouble."

I am from Pennsylvania—Hannorton, Pennsylvania—and my name is William Hixon; "Old Bill Hixon," folks will say, "the infidel, the most miserable cuss in all parts round there." It matters not what names folks call me now. I sailed across on the plank of infidelity, and I got across safe; and that's more than most of 'em do. Oh, I've seen scores of 'em looking around for their God, and could not see him. I did not believe in any, so do not have to spend my time in any such business. I do not believe in any of your churches now, any more than I did before. The God is the power of life, and if I should want to see him, I'd look in the glass. Why not? If he's in me, as they affirm, then when I see myself I see God.

I'm just the same as I was, and I want my friends to know it; only I'll say that you do not end when you leave the body; that breath is not all there is of you, by any means. I know the life, the spirit, has gone, and I know my body is gone. I haven't got it. There's a separation, complete and entire, between the two, and as the spirit is alive, of course I know there's an existence beyond the grave.

I don't want you to think that I was the worst fellow that ever lived. If a poor man wanted a dollar of me, or a poor woman wanted money to pay her rent, they always got it when I had it; always got it. I would not cut the throat of my conscience by refusing to let them have the money.

Well, if there's any of the folks that would like to talk with me, then manifest it by rising up. That's what they say in the temperance meetings—manifest it by rising up, and come forward and sign the pledge—and I'll come forward to meet you. And if you ain't afraid of being flouted with infidelity, I'll come and talk with you. If you are, I'll stand off and look at you, same as I did when here.

(To the Chairman.)—I'm very much obliged to you. If I can do you a kind turn in any way, I'll cheerfully do it. I take it you won't forget me on the other side. [Not if you manifest as you do now.] I shall, if I live a thousand years from now. I'm not one of your weather-cocks, that change every other day; no, not I. Good-day. April 16.

Clara Jordan.

Clara Jordan—that is who I am. I had a lung fever; died when I was eleven years old, which was last year. We used to live in Boston. I was born here, and we used to live here until we moved to Chicago. I have one brother younger than me—Benjie; that's all there was of us. But I thought my mother would be so glad if I would come. Cella Jordan is her name. My father was in the Commissary Department during the war, and was away when I died, and I thought if I could come—I knew he would be so glad to have me. I want him to know, too, that I got the watch he sent me. It was a watch he bought of a negro; and I do not know, but I suppose the negro stole it from his master, or somebody. But he bought it of him, and sent it home to me; but my mother never got me the chain, as he wrote her. She thought she'd better wait till I was older. I don't want it now. It's just as well. I only thought I'd tell him, to let him know that I remembered it, and so he might know it was me.

I'm tired now. When my father and mother get to know that I can come, when they get this letter, then I'll write again. [We hope they'll give you an opportunity to speak to them.] I hope so. Good-by; I'm so tired, I must go now. April 16.

Séance opened by John Wilkes Booth; closed by William E. Channing.

MESSAGES GIVEN AT OUR CIRCLE.

Thursday, July 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Horton, to friends; Ben White, of Boston; Mary K. King, to James Lefaur, of Norfolk, Va.; Orion Thompson, to his daughter.

Monday, July 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frank Robinson, to his father; Annie Sawyer, to her brother John; Sam'l Taylor, to Ben Thatcher, a brother soldier and medic.

Tuesday, July 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Deacon Fuller, of Hingham, Mass.; "Aunt Jean," to David Dehriest, Franklin, N. H.; Hattie Watson, to her mother, in Jersey City, N. J.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY J. MADISON ALLYN.

Picnic at Woodstock, Vt.

As an item of "general intelligence," allow me to make mention of a happy occasion enjoyed by the friends of Spiritualism in this vicinity on Wednesday last, July 4. In a lovely grove near the Green Hills of Vermont, a goodly number of "heretics," were assembled, to Arise, in inspiration, social joy, vitality and freedom, from tramping trees, genial hearts and angel utterances. A picnic program had been made out of "good time"—evidenced by the well-laden baskets, good seats, and commodious speakers' stand, the latter tastefully adorned with bouquets, arched motto and pictures; and a beautiful floral pyramid. A likeness of the earthly form of our dearly-loved spirit sister Sprague rested near the top of the pyramid—emblematic alike of the purity, beauty and fragrance of the earthly life of that gifted one, and of the lofty position now hers in the Flower-strewn Summer-Land. In fraternal nearness, the Father and the Saviour of our country had also their appropriate places.

Our dear good brother and father, Thomas Middleton, the indefatigable worker in the cause of spiritual reform, who has done so much to place Spiritualism in this place and throughout Vermont upon its present firm and enduring basis—presided on the occasion. Addresses were given through Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Miss B. C. Pelton, Mrs. Allyn and myself. Also remarks by the President.

Ample justice was done, at noontime to the viands provided, and free use made of the tongue in social chat and merry jest. All in all, the day passed off delightfully. After the close of the sketches at the grove, and while on our homeward way, Nature was fit to "celebrate" a little in her way—displaying for fireworks the lightnings of heaven, discharging her artillery in roaring thunder, and in addition to the usual programme, presenting magnificent water-works—wetting some of us, just enough to "make us grow."

Had previous notices been given in the Banner (as should have been done), many more would have been present. As it was, several hundred will long remember the happy occasion. The cause of Spiritualism is a spreading rapidly in every direction, and is becoming quite thoroughly established in the minds of the people. The masses are becoming quite thoroughly acquainted with the beautiful and soul-elevating principles of our love-crowned Gospel. Even the clergy are beginning to acknowledge the potency of the spiritualistic element, and to regret that the Church has repudiated that which would have been so conspicuous of the phenomenal band upon which Christianity itself rests—repudiated that without which it cannot much longer maintain its prestige and power. Woodstock, Vt., July 10, 1866.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself. Answer.



