

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

L. K. JOSLIN, of Providence, then welcomed the delegates to the city in the following words:

But not unto you alone do we look for counsel for inspiration, and the diviner harmonies. The congregation is greater than the seeming. There are others at the doors. Those of other ages, who were the morning lights to the world, fearless of truth, and martyred in the earth-life for their devotion to the truth—the cherished wise and good of the long ago, and the loved ones of the nearest past—they will manifest their interest in, and favor with this presence, the largest body of individuals on this continent who realize the truth, and actuated by presence and power. (Applause.) And unto them, as unto you, we give the greeting—

Our friend who has just welcomed you to this city, has welcomed you, among other things, as "infidels." I think it may not be inappropriate to say one word upon that formidable word "Infidel." What does it mean? Etymologically, it means an unfaithful one. In that sense, I do not recognize the epithet as belonging to myself. I do not believe that it belongs to you. In another sense, it means those who do not agree in certain particulars with the majority of the community around them. Almost all of the various Christian denominations are very much in the habit of branding those not of their peculiar denomination as infidels. The Catholic Church has, in my own hearing, spoken of all Protestants as infidels. Many of the Protestant sects speak of the more enlightened and the noble Christian of their fellow-believers as infidels, not because they are less faithful, but because, in fact, they are more faithful than themselves. Faithful to what? is the great question. If faithfulness to a party or

a sect is meant, I do not care how soon they have generally I am called an infidel; I welcome the epithet. But if faithfulness to truth or one's convictions of truth is meant, I hold that we are no infidels, but that, on the contrary, we are "faithful among the faithless." (Applause.) Let a man be faithful to the truth, or, what is equivalent, faithful to his convictions as to what is true, and you may trust that man anywhere. But, my friends, it requires some backbone in a man for a woman to be faithful to his or her convictions, when those convictions depart by a very sharp angle from the opinions of those around them. I know that if you mean by infidel, an unbeliever, I am infidel to a great many of the forms of popular religion because I do not believe in many of the points which are held by a majority of the Christians, nay, even of the Protestant Church. It is, so necessary for me to say in what I do not believe and in regard to which I am, therefore, an infidel, but let me say, how many times, for example, I have heard Wm. Lloyd Garrison denounce

soning faculties of man. Whence came I? I put my hand upon this desk. This object, I see, is at rest; it cannot move itself. I go to hear a lecture on natural philosophy. The professor stands by

table and says, "All matter is endowed with what we call *its inertia*—the quality of lying still. It cannot move itself. This ball that I hold in my hand would lie there until it decomposed, unless it was moved by some power other than itself. Now, what is true of this ball which I hold in my hand, and which I move in my hand, is just as true of this great ball, the earth on which we stand, and on which we move and have our being. "What moves that ball?" I ask. "Why, my hand." "Is not your hand matter?" "Yes." "What moves your hand, then?" "There is a mechanical arrangement here of levers and pulleys, and my arm moves my hand." "And what moves your arm?" "Well, the nervous system connected with it." "And what moves the nervous system?" "Well, the brain, which is the centre of the nervous system." "Well, but is not the brain matter?" "Yes." "What moves the brain?" "The spirit that is in man."

And when we come to the last analysis, it is *spirit* that moves all matter. The ultimate motive power of all the motion of the universe is *spirit*. Think it what I believe, my friends. I believe that *spirit*, inasmuch as matter cannot be said to move itself, as matter cannot move, *spirit* cannot rest; it is always active, always in motion; as incapable of rest as matter is incapable of motion. Then, I come to this: all the growth in the vegetable world, all the formations in the mineral world, indicate design. The formation of quartz crystal in the bosom of the limestone rock indicates that that is the work of spirit, and that spirit pervades that rock as perfectly as it pervades space—that it pervades every sphere in every system—that it is universal. Then I come to an omnipresent, an omnipotent, and an omniscient spirit; and that spirit I call God; and I read in the New Testament, "God is a spirit." So I make a distinction between the Maker and the things that are made, and realise that that spirit ministers to all that is produced; and manifests itself through all worlds and all time, and that he works not by days alone, but, even, his work was from eternity, and probably will continue through eternity. Now, work through certain principles, laws or actions. *Laws* are, often, spoken of, as if they were the cause of production; but according to my idea, *law* never do anything. A law is defined by the elementary writers on law as a rule of action

media, hold communication with me; when I see the expression of my wife, who has been more

Now, I ask can any one come to the conviction that there is a spirit in him, and not feel blessed and benefited by it? Who has not said, only relieve me from the dread uncertainty that hangs

"In heaven"! But where is heaven? That question labored in my mind for years, until I felt the fact of Spiritualism: Where is the spirit to go?—whither?—to what place? Shall it go to one star

of you, when you wake or when you sleep. At all events, that is my faith; and to that faith I do not mean to be infidel while I live; and do not think I shall. People may call me what they

well, even, as I could last year. I gratefully acknowledge your kindness to me, and trust that, as the faith in which we are held together as brothers and sisters is not a new faith, but a faith that has been held by some in all ages, it will be

The Convention was called to order at three o'clock, and after singing by the choir, the list of delegates prepared by the Convention on credentials was read, comprising two hundred and ninety-nine names, the Chairman stating that there were doubtless others who had not yet arrived.

MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston—John Wetherbee, H. F. Gardner, M. D.,
 Charles H. Gould, M. D., J. H. Bennett, A. D.

Springfield—E. W. Dickinson, William Hitchcock, Rufus Elmer.
Worcester—J. H. Dewey, Mrs. M. E. Stearns, J. L. Tarbox, Miss J. Tarbox, S. C. Moss, Mrs. S. W. Dewey, E. R. Fuller, L. Blackman, Mrs. N. P.

non, Olive E. Taber, Mrs. Leona Bunker, S. Searle, Thomas G. Howland, William Foster, Jr., John Gallington, William G. R. Mowry, L. Town, S. B. Chaffee, J. W. Lewis, Harris W. Aldrich, Miss Laura Bilven, Miss Phoebe C. Hull, Mrs. May Rose, Mrs. Lucy Gardner, Mrs. Abby Potter, L. K.

Dedworth Hall Society: Dr. Horace Dresser, Rev. William Benning, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lud- den, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; Mrs. Jennie Dickson, Mrs. O. P. Simmons, Mr. Bush, William R. Prince, Mr. Rite, Mr. Bill, Mr. Scriber.

St. John—Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Mrs. H. A. Jones.
State Convention—S. S. Jones, Warren Chase,
 Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Geo. Haskell, R. H. Win-
 slow, E. C. Dunn, James E. Morrison, Mrs. H. W.

Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, moved that the Convention proceed to nominate a Committee to select officers for the Convention.

accordance with the catholic spirit of our national movement. Your committee are happy to report the most encouraging prospects, both in the spread of a rational and philosophical Spiritualism, and in the progress of centralization in local and gen-

sylvania; Mrs. Mary E. B. Abernethy, Rhode Island; Miss Mary A. Taylor, Wisconsin; Mrs. Klugball, California; H. B. Storer, N. Y.; A. T. Foss, New Hampshire; Geo. Dutton, Vt.; Wm. Drake, -

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

[Concluded.]

able to *behold* the mountain top, where the sunlight is never intercepted by clouds, and another thing to *dwell* there. Go, friends, if your hearts are tossed like the troubled sea, and read, "Whatever is, is right;" and if the spirit of combativeness is so strong upon you that it rends the mantle of charity in twain, then read "Christ and the People."

• LOIS WAISBROOKER.

More Pebbles

such an article:
 "Among the friends of universal suffrage there are those ultraists who insist not only on paying no respect to color as a qualification of freemen, but who also would make the privilege universal, irrespective of sex. To woe't persons a serious consideration of such an innovation is deemed evidence of mental unsoundness; and a review of the

the ensuing year:

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

but who also ~~are~~ ^{may} be ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~sex~~ ^{sex} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~age~~ ^{age} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~race~~ ^{race} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~religion~~ ^{religion} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~nationality~~ ^{nationality} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~education~~ ^{education} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~occupation~~ ^{occupation} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~income~~ ^{income} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~social~~ ^{social} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~status~~ ^{status} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~family~~ ^{family} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~background~~ ^{background} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~environment~~ ^{environment} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~community~~ ^{community} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~country~~ ^{country} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~continent~~ ^{continent} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~planet~~ ^{planet} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~universe~~ ^{universe} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~galaxy~~ ^{galaxy} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~cluster~~ ^{cluster} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~group~~ ^{group} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~system~~ ^{system} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~region~~ ^{region} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~area~~ ^{area} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~continent~~ ^{continent} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~planet~~ ^{planet} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~universe~~ ^{universe} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~galaxy~~ ^{galaxy} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~cluster~~ ^{cluster} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~group~~ ^{group} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~system~~ ^{system} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~region~~ ^{region} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~area~~ ^{area} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~continent~~ ^{continent} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~planet~~ ^{planet} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~universe~~ ^{universe} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~galaxy~~ ^{galaxy} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~cluster~~ ^{cluster} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~group~~ ^{group} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~system~~ ^{system} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~region~~ ^{region} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~area~~ ^{area} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~continent~~ ^{continent} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~planet~~ ^{planet} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~universe~~ ^{universe} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~galaxy~~ ^{galaxy} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~cluster~~ ^{cluster} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~group~~ ^{group} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~system~~ ^{system} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~region~~ ^{region} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~area~~ ^{area} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~continent~~ ^{continent} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~planet~~ ^{planet} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~universe~~ ^{universe} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~galaxy~~ ^{galaxy} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~cluster~~ ^{cluster} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~group~~ ^{group} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~system~~ ^{system} ~~and~~

People,"

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

New Jersey: Charles Yankel, Ind.; E. Whipple, Michigan; F. J. Whitehead, Maine; G. W. Burnham, Connecticut; Dr. J. A. Rowland, District of Columbia; J. H. Dwyer, Massachusetts; Peter Blair, Missouri; Dr. Haskell, Illinois.

Committee on Nominations—Maine: T. J. Whitehead, I. P. Greenleaf, New Hampshire—Frank Chase, A. T. Foss, Vermont—Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, Milo O. Moss, Massachusetts—Geo. A. Bacon, Rufus Elmer, Rhode Island—L. K. Joslin, Dr. Stephen Webster, Connecticut—W. T. Gates, J. S. Loveland, New York—P. E. Farnsworth, John Brownell, New Jersey—L. K. Conoley, Geo. F. Leach, Pennsylvania—Louis Behr, M. B. Dyott, Illinois—J. E. Coe, S. H. Todd, Maryland—John Frost, Isaac Corbet, Wisconsin—Mrs. Mary A. Taylor, Dr. H. S. Brown, Michigan—N. Frank White, S. J. Flaxey, Missouri—Mrs. O. D. Ives, N. O. Archer, California—Mrs. Kimball, District of Columbia—Dr. J. A. Rowland.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following list of officers, which was unanimously adopted:

President—NEWMAN WEEKS, of Rutland, Vt.
Vice Presidents—M. A. Blanchard, Portland, Me.; Frank Chase, Sutton, N. H.; Mrs. S. A. Horton, Brandon, Vt.; Dr. H. F. Gardner, Boston, Mass.; L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.; G. W. Burnham, Norwich, Conn.; Leo Miller, New York; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Vineland, N. J.; Wash. A. Dankin, Baltimore, Md.; J. C. Smith, District of Columbia; A. E. Macomber, Toledo, O.; F. L. Wadsworth, Lafayette, Ind.; S. J. Finney, Ann Arbor, Mich.; J. H. Stillman, S. D. Whitewater, Wis.; Henry Stagg, St. Louis, Mo.; Isaac Behn, Philadelphia, Penn.; Warren Chase, South Pass, Ill.; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Victor B. Post, San Francisco, Cal.

Secretaries—District of Columbia—Dr. J. A. Rowland, Dayton, Conn.—Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Hamburg, Conn.—J. S. Loveland.
Treasurer—Brandon, Vt.—Milo O. Moss.

Adjourned to evening.

EVENING SESSION.
 The Convention met at 8 o'clock, the new President in the Chair. He said he assumed the duties of the position with distrust of his abilities to discharge them. He would have preferred that some one of more experience should have been selected, but trusting to the cordial cooperation of the members of the Convention, he assumed its duties. He had labored in his humble way and sphere fifteen years, and ever ready to go where duty dictated, or the partiality of his friends directed.

Frank L. Wadsworth was the first speaker. He spoke of the false philosophy and outgrowth of the idea of supernaturalism. Popularly, the universe is presented to us as having a natural and supernatural side. Theology is a superstition based on the idea that the divine is outside of that which is natural, and that there must be a supernatural process to induce the divine in the human. Spiritualism recognizes naturalism, which comprehends the entire scope of existence and all the relations of life. We therefore have greater opportunities for thought and philosophy—for practical labor and the presentation of truth than has been, or is possessed by any other body. The diversity in Nature and in human nature, is universal and absolute. Nothing is outside of God, and God is not outside of anything. The spiritual movement in all its parts is educational. It has no supernaturalism in it. It does not propose to convert the whole world in a moment. It therefore becomes us to do more than ever to announce our purpose. We must proclaim that our purpose is to move onward, continually working to upraise human nature and human institutions. Institutions will stand in our way. Every one based on supernaturalism must be annihilated. But while we destroy, at the same time we must build. Our advancement must be by work. Emerson says that truly he who will not work shall not eat. Here, then, we have our destiny; unless we work, basing ourselves on philosophy, Spiritualism must pass away, as all else which have been found incompetent to answer the whole demands of human nature.

The Business Committee announced that there would be three sessions daily, commencing at nine A. M., three and eight P. M., with an hour preceding each for conference or consultation; that there would be three addresses each day—one in the afternoon, of an hour, and two in the evening, each forty-five minutes.

Miss Susie M. Johnson next spoke of the importance of education, and the necessity of laying for the coming generation a broad, firm and philosophical foundation upon which it may stand, and upon which it may rear better and freer institutions than we have had in the past.

A. T. Foss followed, speaking of the tendency of the age, which was progress. Theology is not what it once was. Its rough edges and sharp corners have been smoothed down, and more yet is to be accomplished. The tide of investigation and inquiry. The old is being arranged, and where found defective is set aside. The signs of the times are hopeful, and though there are lowering clouds on our political horizon, the bright sun behind shall shine forth in glory and strength.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION.

The Convention met at 9 o'clock, resolutions were presented by Warren Chase, Henry C. Wright, E. W. Burnham, J. B. Butte, and others, which were referred to the committee on resolutions, selected by the several State delegations as follows: Wisconsin, Miss Mary A. Taylor; Massachusetts, Rufus Elmer; Illinois, Warren Chase; Vermont, J. M. Allen; Connecticut, J. S. Loveland; Missouri, N. O. Archer; New York, P. E. Farnsworth; Maryland, Washington, A. Dankin; California, Mrs. A. Kimball; Rhode Island, Wm. Foster; New Hampshire, N. L. Fowler; Maine, Samuel Woodman; New Jersey, L. K. Conoley; Michigan, Selden J. Finney; Pennsylvania, Lewis Belzoni; Indiana, F. L. Wadsworth; New York, H. Storer; District of Columbia, Dr. J. A. Rowland.

The business committee presented the following topic for consideration—Spiritualism, and the best method of disseminating a knowledge of its facts and philosophy to be considered; the delegates limited to ten minutes each.

Dr. Gardner moved that a committee of one, from each State be appointed to revise the resolutions constituting the constitution of the convention, which created much discussion. The motion prevailed, and the State delegations were directed to report to the committee at the opening of the afternoon session. Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, read an essay on Force and the Compulsion, deprecating their use on education and morals, the standpoint of which was love, which must be the standpoint of reformers of to-day. The Church has left it, and we must go back to it. There the world will progress and mankind arise toward and into the divine.

Adjourned to 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

A Voice from Philadelphia.

Having just finished reading the last issue of your progressive BANNER, I feel like complaining a little about your leaving Philadelphia out in the cold. In this city we have an interesting and inquiring people, and hundreds are anxious to investigate Spiritualism, yet not a single public medium can be found in the whole place. We may have many mediums, but they do not advertise, and hence cannot be found, by either citizen or stranger. Our meetings there are any—should advertise in the BANNER OF LIGHT. Each week I look over the advertising columns, with the hope of seeing one from Philadelphia in the list, but I look in vain.

The spiritual organizations meeting in this place I think are at fault, by not inviting physical test mediums among them. They are a little bit too fond of hearing themselves talk. Talk is cheap, and the world has been nearly talked to death. Give us physical proofs; give us test facts—there are many doubting Thomases among us who cannot grasp your fine-spun theories. It was the miracles of Jesus that gave that person notoriety, and by virtue of physical manifestations, Satanism must rise or fall. With the hope that we may soon have mediums among us whom we can see, and take others with us, I will wish you God-speed in your noble work.

Yours truly, ROBERT BUCK.

Phil., Penn., Aug. 17, 1886.

The rag business in New York amounts to \$30,000,000 per annum.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1886.

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WM. WHITE, C. H. CARROLL, J. D. RICE.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

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

Decline of the Old Theology.

Ocasionaly we hear from our so-called "evangelical" brethren words of bitter lamentation and grief over the obvious tendencies of the age to more liberal views on the subject of religion and the grade of life next to the present. Within the last ten years a volume entitled "Primitive Pity Revived," from the pen of the Rev. Henry C. Fish, of Newark, N. J., was published and widely circulated among persons of the Presbyterian denomination, to which the writer belongs. The work was a premium essay, and spoke the views of the Church. Mr. Fish assumes that there is an alarming decline in the number of "evangelical" Christians; that the old theology is dying out in the hearts of men; that there is an inadequate supply of Christian (evangelical) ministers; that there is, in short, a deplorable lack of "Scriptural piety." The following passages will show the line of argument and fact carried out by Mr. Fish:

"Let us examine the statistics of several of the principal evangelical denominations in the city of New York. In 1843 there were of communicants in the G. S. Presbyterian denomination 723; in 1853, 4,319; gain in the ten years, 567. Of N. S. Presbyterians in 1843, 7,077; in 1853, 6,770; loss 907. Of Baptists in 1843, 7,597; in 1853, 8,693; gain 696. Of Methodist Episcopal in 1843, 9,780; in 1853, 9,319; loss 461.

Total loss of these denominations in ten years, 103. And yet the population of New York City has doubled itself in those same ten years! Are not such facts appalling? The population of a mighty city, in the heart of the commonwealth, increasing in so rapid a ratio, and yet evangelical Christians, in point of numbers, not only not increasing, but scarcely holding their own!"

All this decline in "evangelical" Christianity leads Mr. Fish to the conclusion (which we must accept as his explanation of the whole matter), that "the prevailing piety of the present day is seriously defective." Unquestionably it is; and since "evangelical" Christianity, with its articles and creeds, its "scheme of salvation," its vicarious atonement, and its justification by faith, fails so lamentably in applying a remedy, is it not time that intelligent men should turn their faces to the east—"orient" themselves, (if we may borrow an expression from the French and German,) and seriously consider some of the causes which render the old theology so repugnant to the advanced intelligence of our time.

We shall not undertake, in the compass of a newspaper article, to review these causes. They have been treated in a most frank, able and exhaustive manner by Mr. Lecky in his "History of Rationalism." We commend this book to those who entertain any doubt as to the facts stated by so reluctant a witness as the Rev. Mr. Fish. Here is the moral, the pith of Mr. Lecky's historical teachings, and we commend it earnestly to the meditation of all such sincere, bewildered gropers among the husks of the old theology as the Rev. Mr. Fish: "The man who with realizing earnestness believes the doctrine of exclusive salvation, will habitually place the dogmatic above the moral element of religion; he will judge men mainly according to their opinions, and not according to their acts."

Here lies the whole difference between modern liberalism—so wonderfully accelerated and strengthened by the great spiritual developments of the last seventeen years—and that old, presumptuous, sulphurous theology, which teaches that every man must be eternally damned who does not believe in the Geneva catechism and the ravings of that wretched, mean old murderer of the noble Servetus, John Calvin.

What Mr. Fish and his fellow Presbyterians mean by "Scriptural piety" is—not that practical piety which bids us to visit the widow and the fatherless, to lead a good life, to form a good character—but to hold to certain notions in regard to the Trinity, to human sinfulness, and vicarious atonement; notions not even drawn, directly, unequivocally and consistently, from the Bible, but elaborated into a system by doctors of theology; by heartless dogmatizers, like Calvin, who could brutally and treacherously roast a man at the stake for holding a doctrine a few shades different from his own on the subject of the nature of Christ.

Now it is a cheering fact that all this putrid rubbish of the so-called "evangelical" system is fast going to dissolution, even according to the showings of its own advocates. Better would it have been for humanity if it had gone long ago. It has tainted the social and moral atmosphere long enough. It has been an incubus and a drag upon the development of the race. Once persuaded men that salvation is to be found in what they understand by a belief, and not in life, and you have taken a most effectual step for the demoralization—we will not say of all classes of minds, but of a very large proportion. No doubt there are some happily constituted persons to whom even the old theology is an incitement to good living and good doing. So there are good religious men among the Parsees, the Buddhists, and the Mahometans. One of the best men we ever heard of was a Chinese, and a follower of Confucius.

But the effect of the "evangelical" system is often to generate an intense and devilish selfishness. When a man can once train himself to regard with complacency the consignment to everlasting torments of nine-tenths of the human race, including his own friends, neighbors and relatives, while he himself is to be saved, and have a good time of it through the eternities, the heart of such a man must be as perverted and corrupt as his head. Men outside of a lunatic asylum—men high in the veneration of the "Orthodox"—(I church—have even argued that, by the grace of God, the spectacle of the torments of the damned would hereafter be one of the chief delights and refreshments of the "saints." Such are the delirious notions to which men have been driven by Presbyterian theology.

Qualities, which in an earthly tyrant would be deemed execrable and infernal, are, by the "evangelical" system, transferred to the attributes of the glorious Father of all; and this under the specious plea that we must not measure the divine, Justice

by our poor human notions of what justice is: a plea, which, if admitted, might be extended to saying, that murder, theft and adultery may, after all, be quite right, because the divine may differ from the human estimate. "But," says the evangelical apologist, "we have a guide in the Bible." Yes, and if you followed that guide as faithfully as men did once, you would to this day drag out and burn every old woman suspected of witchcraft. Authority for many questionable practices may be found in the Bible. Mormonism professes to find abundant sanctions in the Old Testament.

Like the pure, life-giving breezes of a morning in June, elastic with oxygen, and warm with sunshine, flowing suddenly in upon the damp interior of a charnelhouse, the walls of which are falling away, so comes the breath of Spiritualism into the crannies and crevices of that old, crumbling, dilapidated edifice, the theology falsely called evangelical. An "evangel" is "Glad tidings." Indeed! The tidings that everlasting damnation is to be the portion of every human soul that cannot accept a certain speculative, intellectual dogma! Suppose that we were told that we should be damned unless we comprehended the system of logarithms, or some proposition of Euclid, should we call that an "evangel"? And yet such a dispensation would be quite as reasonable and just, as that which is blasphemously attributed by the so-called orthodox church, to the Infinite Compassion. The "evangel" of damnation! What a contradiction in terms! The "glad tidings" of being told that our neighbor is to be damned! Ah! the God, who keeps a hell prison-house is not the God for those whose eyes have been unsealed by the healing touch of Spiritual truth! It was not the evangel of him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart!" "Do not ply him—he is guilty," says the old theology! "Harsh and revolting words! He is guilty, and it is this that draws out my tenderest compassion."

So writes that inspired Russian medium, Madame Swetchine. And here is another grand truth which she enunciates: "By acting as we ought to think, we end by thinking as we ought to act." "He is guilty, and it is this that draws out my tenderest compassion." And if the compassion of a poor finite, ignorant child of mortality, why not the compassion of the Infinite God? Can our love be something nobler and purer than His? Is not a monstrous chimeric offspring of a diseased imagination—the system which represents the Creator as setting a trap for his creatures by means of what our Presbyterian friends call a scheme of salvation? If a poor stray child of humanity happens to hear of that "scheme," and his mind is so constituted that he can accept it, well and good! If not, the bribe-stone is ready that shall feed the gnawing flames for ever and ever! The bottomless pit is yawning for him. Oh, men and women of intelligence, how can you dishonor your Maker by a creed so hideous, so mischievous, so fitted to bring religion into contempt!

Not many weeks since we had the spectacle of a man, brought to the gallows, who had murdered a family of some eight persons to get possession of a sum of money, amounting to about twenty dollars. There was no evidence of insanity about the monster. Probat. An absorbing selfishness, that made him merciless and remorseless, seems to have been his motive. And yet this man made a good end of it and died in the odor of sanctity. The priests persuaded him that if he would come into the "scheme," accept the vicarious atonement, wash himself in the blood of Jesus, &c., they could put him through; he would be all right. Instead of instructing him that his character and feelings must be radically changed; that he must entertain love, where, when he committed his crime, reigned a fiendish hate or a boastful indifference; that he must solicit all good influences, as well from the unseen world as the seen, for his reformation; that his "salvation" would be proportioned to the earnestness and genuineness of his desire and his efforts to change that nature, which permitted him to murder the innocent and unoffending—instead of all this, the priests taught him, that by a mere arbitrary and seemingly capricious process, consequent upon the man's acquiescence in a certain creed, he was to be placed at once upon an equality with the just made perfect in another life! In other words, he was to lose his identity! He was not to be the same man.

Without pausing to measure the effect upon the culprit himself of the adoption of such a notion, so at variance with all the analogies of nature, what must be the influence of the example upon others? If a man can be made to believe that he can steep himself in sin and meanness, and then by a sort of hocus pocus, called "vicarious atonement," can come out all right, and receive a free pass to everlasting felicity and the society of the saints, what will be the effect, in a moral point of view, of such a persuasion upon a numerous class of minds? We will leave every man of common sense to answer the question for himself.

Meanwhile let the advocates of the great truths of Spiritualism—of the great principle that the life which now is, shapes the life which is to be—take heart, and help to give others the benefit of the consoling light vouchsafed to themselves. If you know any "orthodox" neighbors or friends, made unhappy, narrow-minded, or illiberal by their peculiar belief, send them a copy of this paper, with our present article marked for their perusal. It may set them to thinking, and in the end prove to be a morsel of the bread of life cast upon the waters.

Rev. John Pierpont.

The remarks of this venerable and noble man on resigning the presidency of the Convention, will be found entire upon our first page. They are worthy of the head and heart of so fearless a champion of truth, breathing, as they do, sentiments of living inspiration, which will be handed down through the coming ages to bless humanity. He places on record his knowledge of the great, the paramount truths of SPIRIT COMMUNION—direct intercourse with the spirit-world—and is therefore doubly blessed: blessed in receiving, and blessed in giving utterance to that knowledge.

Dr. Newton, the Healer.

We were recently informed that Dr. J. R. Newton intended to leave New York on the 23d of September, and locate in Buffalo for a season, before proceeding further West—and so informed our readers in our last issue. We have since received a letter from the Doctor, in which he states that he has concluded to give up the idea of going to Buffalo, and shall continue to heal the sick in his present locality, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York City, until about the last of October next.

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Indian Spirits' Love.

A pleasant affair took place a few evenings since in Watertown, at the residence of Mr. Chas. H. Crowell.—(Kanaganah Lodge, so named by Indian spirit friends)—at present the home of Mrs. J. H. Conant. Shortly after Mrs. C. located there, her Indian spirit friends, who have enjoyed the privilege for years of communicating to mortals through her organism, expressed a desire to give some of their "pale-faces" friends a reception at the Lodge. Consent being given, the time assigned for the gathering was Friday, August 17th, and a select company of between fifty and sixty ladies and gentlemen responded to the invitation. Shortly after the friends had assembled in the drawing-room, Mrs. Conant was entranced by Winona, a young Indian girl—(subject of the poem given by Metoka through Mrs. C. at the Melodeon last March)—who greeted each one of the party in her peculiar manner, and then quietly retired to give

Starlight, another Indian girl, an opportunity to greet the "pale-faces" present. She was very modest and retiring in her manners, winning the hearts of all. She was known in earth-life as Naonta, and was educated at an English school in Canada. She is said to have been very beautiful. To this spirit was granted the privilege of welcoming the guests, which was gracefully done in the following characteristic Indian style:

"Pale-faces, Naonta, in behalf of her people, welcomes you to the lodge of the Indians. Their hearts are warm toward you, and their hands are full of blessings. May yours be so toward them. They meet you from the mountains and the valleys, from the lakes and the rivers, and they ask to learn of you; and, in turn, will teach you much of the great hunting-ground, where you must come when you sleep as they have. When Naonta has gone, Metoka will come, greeting you with her singing talk."

All hearts seemed touched with the simplicity and beauty of this brief address, and evidently wished to hear more from her; but she gave way to the brightly and eloquent

Springflower, who chatted in the liveliest manner with "the squaws and braves" for some time. Then bidding them "good moon," she retired, when the calm and dignified

Metoka, mother of Winona, assumed control, and gave utterance to the following beautiful

ORIGINAL POEM.

Like the music of the waters,
 Like the sighing of the trees,
 Like some soft and gentle whisper,
 Floating on the evening breeze,

Come the dead, the long departed,
 To the island of the blest,
 Breathing forth unnumbered blessings,
 Telling of a land of rest.

Not the rest that knows no action—
 Like the silence of the tomb—
 But the rest that comes from toiling,
 Toiling for the yet to come.

Come they when your fires are lighted,
 Lighted on your wigwam walls,
 And their dew of inspiration
 Over every spirit falls;

Falls like moonlight on the waters,
 With a soft and silvery light,
 Or like starlight through the shadows,
 Robbing of its gloom the night.

From the lakes and from the rivers,
 Over plains, and mountains tall,
 Many braves and many maidens
 Come in answer to your call.

Are they welcome to your wigwam?
 Will you kindly greeting fling,
 Like your winter's spotless blanket,
 Over black, and red, and all?

When the Lodge of Kanagawah
 Breathes its blessings far and wide—
 Over mountains, over valleys,
 Over Death's resistless tide—

Then the Great Manitou's blessing
 Enters at the open door!
 And your dead, the long departed,
 Fold you in their arms once more.

King Philip then followed, and, in his peculiarly bold and energetic manner, addressed the friends at considerable length, in a spirit breathing the kindest sentiments toward all. He counseled that we keep our departed friends and dear ones ever in mind, for, by so doing, it aided and strengthened them; and thus they, in turn, would be the better able to assist us. The speech was a noble one. After which,

Dahomee delivered a very appropriate closing address, which was listened to and appreciated by the company.

Thus closed one of the happiest spiritual reunions we ever witnessed, and all retired to their respective homes fully convinced of the great truth of spirit communion.

The Convention.

It gives us great pleasure to announce, up to the time of going to press, that the proceedings thus far of the Third National Spiritualist Convention at Providence, have been conducted with ability, harmony and decorum; that the delegates were impressed with the vast importance of the mission which brought them together to discuss the true principles of their faith; to exchange congratulations upon the rapid advance SPIRITUALISM has made since the First National Convention met in the City of Chicago three years ago; and we have no doubt they will, by their speeches and resolutions, send out an influence for good of so potent a nature that it will enter and permeate the souls of all humanity.

We trust that the harmony thus happily inaugurated, will continue to prevail throughout the entire sessions; and that the doings of the Convention will be a marked feature in the history of Spiritualism in this country, that we can look back to in coming years with feelings of just pride.

Not receiving from our reporter, in season for this issue of the BANNER, his report of the proceedings of Tuesday evening, we copy a synopsis of one from the Providence Press, with a brief account of the doings on Wednesday forenoon.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued the following new musical compositions: "Come sing with me," a song by A. Leed; "Maid of the Greenwood," a song, words by J. E. Carpenter, music by Steg. Glover, eleven pages; "The First Primrose," a song, composed by W. E. Chandler; "La Belle Helene," music by Offenbach, arranged by "Zephyr Waltz," for piano, by Laura Hastings Hatch—a charming composition, which will be eagerly sought for by the friends of the author, and the musical public generally.

We have received from James G. Clark, the talented composer, a copy of his popular Danish songs, words by Miles O'Eller; also his still more popular melody, entitled "Minnie Minnie," song and chorus; poetry and music by Mr. Clark. Both pieces are having a large sale.

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The Late Indian Massacres.

The following excellent article with the above caption, on the recent "Indian Massacres," we copy with satisfaction from the New York Journal of Commerce, promising that it is wholly unnecessary to ask the readers of the BANNER to give it their serious attention. We should be inclined to enter somewhat at length on the merits of the case, were it not that our space is limited. The article itself, however, covers nearly the whole ground in question on this subject:

"The fable related by Esop, of the forester and the lion, should ever be borne in mind when contemplating the character of that ill-used race of men—the aborigines of America—now melting away before the Anglo-Saxon like snow beneath the sunshine of spring. The Indians are no sculptors. No monuments of their own art preserve for future ages the events of the past. No Indian pen traces the history of their tribes and nations, nor records the deeds of their warriors—their prowess, or their wrongs. With a few exceptions, their destroyers, alone, have been their historians; and though a reluctant assent has been awarded to some of the nobler traits of their nature, yet, without yielding a due allowance for the peculiarities of their situation, the Indian character has been presented with singular uniformity as cold, cruel, morose and unrelenting, unrelieved by any of those varying traits and characteristics—those lights and shadows—which are admitted in respect to other races no less wild and uncivilized."

It is only upon this hypothesis that we can reconcile the Government's tacit sanction of the numerous atrocities recently committed upon the Indians of the West by the United States soldiers. The remembrance of the massacre of Col. Chivington's command has hardly faded from the public mind, when, a few days since, the "Report" of one of the chief actors in a late massacre is published—a report, the reading of which makes it difficult to decide which is most to be wondered at—the massacre itself, or the coolness with which the particulars are related. A white man, it appears, having lost a horse, without any apparent cause, for suspicion, accused an Indian of the theft. "Thereupon," "loquaciously" says the Colonel in command of the soldiers, "in less time than I am writing this, every male Indian but two, had gone to the spirit-land, and these two were wounded and on their way."

Nor does the Colonel seem conscious that there is any want of true civility in warring upon women and children, since he adds, "One squaw and a papoose, who happened to be in the Indian party, were also killed." The same mail, also, which conveys this report, brings the news that the Indians of Idaho are getting quite troublesome; and that in the great state of Idaho, the Indian uprisings. This is the white man's story; but to allude once more to the fable of the forester and the lion, how would the Indian version read if we could be allowed to see it? It is only a few days ago that the President of the Fort Laramie Indian Company felt obliged to write a letter to a contemporary newspaper in this city, denying in toto the reports and stories that a correspondent at Fort Leavenworth had written in relation to the present feelings of the Indian tribes of the West. The President writes:

"Fourth—In support of the general charge that there is no such faith or friendly feeling on the part of the Indians 'and squaws' who signed this treaty, your correspondent avers that 'the Indians have notified the Overland Stage Company to withdraw their stock and coaches from the new Montana or Powder River road within six days,' at the peril of a general slaughter of all the white men found in their country after the expiration of the time designated. This is a gross and malicious lie. The truth is, that the Overland Stage Company never had a coach, or a load of stock within three hundred miles of the Powder River road to Montana."

Other equally false statements the President corrects, and shows conclusively the malice that prompts them. Occasionally, as in the above instance, an individual has the independence to come forward and state the truth and the facts as they exist, regardless of personal consequences. But this rarely happens, and the result is that the most shameful outrages are continually perpetrated upon the savages, which are never known unless by the merest chance. Their wives and sisters are outraged; their property is stolen, and themselves butchered. Agents or "middlemen" ply between the Government paymaster and the Indians with the Government money, but pay only a small moiety to the Indians, the balance being pocketed into their own pockets. And if by chance the Indian draws the full amount of his claim from the Government paymaster in person, a flock of harpies hover around, ready to snatch the money from the Indian under the influence of liquor.

This picture is not too highly colored. It is but a fair sample of that which is going on daily and hourly, and it is high time that the United States Government should take direct cognizance of this state of affairs, and act accordingly."

Personal.

D. D. Home has made his debut at the New Theatre, London, as Henri du Neuville, in the play of "Plot and Passion." One of the newspaper critics says: "He is not destitute of dramatic instinct, though it would be to assert too much to claim him as an actor."

Andrew T. Foss, the able lecturer on Spiritualism, called at our office last week, on his way to the Convention at Providence. He has just returned from a lecturing tour in Maine. He is now ready for more work. His permanent address is Manchester, N. H. He handles Old Theology with annihilating logic, and portrays the beauties of Spiritualism with unimpeachable facts. Secure his services at once.

Miss Nancy Ingalls, who died a few days since, at Salem, lived ninety-three years in the same house in which she was born.

Emma, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, will visit Boston soon.

Mrs. Eliza P. Williams, the sister of A. J. Davis, as will be seen by an advertisement in this issue, has entered the field as a clairvoyant and healing medium. Her powers have slowly unfolded, but they have been tested thoroughly, and are pronounced reliable.

F. L. Wadsworth will remain in this vicinity for several weeks. He may be addressed until further notice, in care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

S. J. Finney is to be in Lowell for the next three months.

Mrs. Ada Ballou, of Mankato, Minn., is coming East, and will receive calls to lecture on the route between that place and Cleveland, Ohio. After the middle of September, she will answer calls to lecture in any of the Northwestern States.

J. S. Loveland will make engagements to lecture in the West the coming fall and winter. Address, Hamburg, Conn.

Hampton Beach, N. H.

This is a charming watering-place, and the OCEAN HOUSE, of which Mr. Philip Yeaton is the proprietor, and who personally superintends the management of the establishment, is one of the best conducted hotels on the Atlantic seaboard. This house is spacious, in an excellent location contiguous to the fine beach, and its tables are boundlessly supplied with the luxuries of the season. Charges moderate.

Those Bostonians who may desire to visit this beach ere the present season expires, can do so readily by taking the cars at the Eastern Railroad Station, Causeway street.

Humanity can be kind to a fallen brother or sister without taking them to its bosom. One heart-spoken word of kindness, one look of charity and forgiveness may inspire a hope in the despairing, and save a soul from utter degradation. —Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Spiritualists would do well to ponder these words.

New Publications.

THE GALAXY for Sept. 1st has the following table of contents: "The Overlanders," by Anthony Trollope; "Reform and Revolution in England," by George M. Towle; "Hearts of Oak and Stone," by Henry Morford; "Pisa and its University," by R. G. On Christmas Eve, with Shakespeare's Sonnets, by Richard Henry Stoddard; "Verbal Anomalies," by George Wakeman; "Arrives Penises," by T. Our Patient; by Caroline Chesbro; "Ecclesiastics," by B. W. Ball; "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards; "Literary Frondeurs," by Eugene Benson; "Rachel and Rictori," by H. A. Delle; "Atlantic Telegraphy," by Fred. B. Perkins; "Nebula," by the Editor, containing Felix Holt, Genealogies and Arms, The Cholera—Is it Confectious? This is the first number of the new volume of a magazine fast growing into popularity. Williams & Co. have it.

EVERY SATURDAY has a noble list of authors and writers from which to draw its weekly store of fiction, fact, sentiment, and philosophy, and is about to enlarge its dimensions to forty pages. That will make it a fine affair. The last number is even more interesting and popular than its predecessors.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for September contains articles from Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Diaz, Mayne Reid, T. B. Aldrich, and others, and is an excellent number. This Magazine meets all the wants of the young people, and more too.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has a fine article on University Reform, by Dr. Hedge, more of Hawthorne's Note Book, a pretty poem on the Bobolinks, by Oranch, another instalment of Mrs. Stowe's sociable and philosophical Chimney-Corner, with tales and essays of a high character. "An Italian Rain-Storm" is a taking paper. There are other contributions of marked freshness and interest.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for September is for sale by Williams, and is a very taking number. There is an illustrated continuation of the "Personal Recollections of the War," No. 13, of "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," with readable tales and essays, some of them first-rate matter, and the editorial melange, in various forms, of a good character. Harper is as popular as ever.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for September is on Williams' counter, and has the usual contributions of a fictitious character, as well as patterns without number, and a general chat with lady correspondents and readers. It is a light and pleasant monthly, and exceedingly popular.

The Camp Meeting this Week.

All the arrangements for the Malden and Melrose Spiritual Camp Meeting have been completed, and the services will commence on Thursday, 10th A. M., and continue every morning, afternoon and evening, till Sunday night. Mr. Taylor, of Malden, aided by Mr. Smith, the celebrated orator of Boston, will have a cook-house and large tent on the ground, to supply board and provisions. The police of Melrose and Malden will have their tent in the grove, to insure order. Visitors from the North will stop at Melrose or Wyoming, and will find omnibuses from thence to the camp ground, about three-quarters of a mile; fare 10 cents. Visitors from Boston, during the week days, can take the Boston and Maine steam cars at Haymarket Square, to Malden, and find omnibuses from thence to the camp ground, about three-quarters of a mile. Fare from Boston to Malden, 15 cents, or eight tickets for \$1. Fare from Malden to camp ground, by omnibus, 10 cents. Or they can take horse-cars from Scollay's Building, Boston, to Malden, running extras, every fifteen minutes, or oftener, if passengers are in waiting; fare 15 cents, or eight tickets for \$1, and take omnibuses from Malden to camp ground, 10 cents. Through tickets by horse-cars and omnibus to camp ground, 25 cents. Extra horse-cars and omnibuses will run on Sunday, and will return visitors to Boston at the close of every evening service. See the Committee's Call in another column of the BANNER. The meeting promises great success, and will attract thousands.

The Apostles.

In commenting on Earnest Renan's last work, "The Apostles," the London Athenaeum says: "We confess at once that a more seductive, but also a more trying task than that of pronouncing upon this book has rarely fallen to our share. While we read it and read it again, it carries us away, swiftly, irresistibly. There is in it a power which affects the mind to its utmost depths. The power of its diction is wondrously sweet and strong. Picture follows picture, musical cadence follows cadence, epigrammatic causticity suddenly changes into broken accents of love, the vast glory of the antique fades before a daily group of sainted women. Jerusalem the Golden, rapidly nearing her supreme hour—Antioch and all her marble gods—the waving hills 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 'jusqu'à la folie'—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, rushes the loud protest, and lulls our doubts into repose. We yield to the spell, and 'shut out thinking.'"

Picnic from Charlestown.

The Charlestown Independent Society of Spiritualists will hold another picnic at Walden-Pond Grove, Concord, on Tuesday, Aug. 28th. A special train will leave the Fitchburg Depot, in this city, at quarter before nine o'clock, stopping at Charlestown, Prospect-street Station, Somerville, Porter's, and Waltham. Another train leaves at eleven, stopping at the usual places. Tickets can be procured from members of the committee, one of whom will be found at each station. If stormy, the Picnic will be postponed till further notice. Good speakers will be present. A band of music will also accompany the party. A nice fish chowder will be served up. As this is the Anniversary of the Society, no doubt a large party will attend. The proceeds go to pay the expenses of the free meetings in Charlestown.

Answering Sealed Letters.

Mr. L. L. Farnsworth, a medium for answering sealed letters, has returned to Boston, and taken up his permanent residence at No. 10 Kendall street. There is no question of his mediumship, and, under favorable conditions, very satisfactory responses to sealed letters are given through his instrumentality by spirits addressed.

MARRIED AND DIVORCED.—During the year ending June 30th last, 1,043 marriage licenses were issued by the County Clerk, 178 divorces were granted in the Courts of this city during the same period. —N. Y. Bulletin.

By the above it will be seen that the divorces of San Francisco equal about seventeen per cent. of all the marriages. Truly, a fearful picture of domestic inharmonious.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We shall print extra editions of our paper containing the report of the Convention, in order to supply the demand.

By the first of October, will be harvested, it is said, one of the largest corn crops ever produced in the United States.

PROMPT PAYMENT OF TAXES.—In the Fourth Internal Revenue District in this State, comprising Wards 1, 2, 3, 5, 6 and 8 in Boston, and Cambridge, Chelsea, North Chelsea and Winthrop, the total tax for the present year is \$1,332,132.37, the payment of which commenced on the first of the present month, and the 20th it was estimated that \$1,200,000 of this sum had already been received by the Collector.

Mustard is used in the Dublin Hospitals to cure delirium tremens—and with success. It is also used successfully, says the London Lancet, in cases of insanity, the patient being wrapped up in cloths steeped with mustard water.

The time will come when many of the reputed great men of to-day will be considered insignificantly small specimens of humanity.

Funny sounding drums—Conundrums. A good one is very hard to beat.

We call attention to the advertisement of S. W. Eells, headed Eells' Violet Ink. We have used this ink, and pronounce it first-rate—superior, in fact, to any copying ink in the market.

LOVE.

Love! I'll tell thee what it is to love! It is to build with human thoughts a shrine Where hope sits brooding like a beautiful dove! Where time seems young, and life a thing divine; All future, all pleasure, all desire combine To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.

Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine; Around the streams their flowery margins lie; And if there is heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

Bro. Grant, of the Crisis, is going to have a "great feast of tabernacles" at Wilbraham. He says these "tabernacles" are a fore-taste of the coming kingdom. Are they of the genus cogog? If so, they must be delicious, properly cooked.

Queen Emma talks little, but to the point. Said she the other day, in Greenwood Cemetery: "Your people live so fast that I am almost surprised they find time to bury their dead so superbly."

The Russell File Company paid \$500,000 for the secret of restoring old and worn-out files to new ones.

Lowell employs 408,708 spindles and 12,615 operatives in making 1,902,500 yards of cotton and woolen goods per week. The capital invested is \$13,000,000, and the weekly consumption of cotton is 604,000 pounds and of cleansed wool 100,000 pounds.

The Crisis editor says "this is a fast age," yet he has been trying to "go up" for twenty years, and hasn't even started yet.

FATE.—A writer in the San José (Cal.) Mercury says: "If man could only reconcile himself to the belief—and who knows but that it is so—that he is the creature of a destiny, fixed and unalterable, and be content with what fate sends him—neither hoping nor expecting more—how happy he would be. What hours of anguish he would save himself. Were Hope never relentlessly pursued by its remorseless enemy, Disappointment, or followed to its grave by Memory, it could then be regarded as a true blessing."

A "Second Advent" correspondent of the World's Crisis signs himself "Dammam." He should belong to the Orthodox Church.

The Board, of which Gen. Canby is President, convened by order of the Secretary of War to prepare regulations for carrying into effect the new bounty bill, have made their report, but the President has ordered its publication suspended, and no final action can be taken or payments made under the law until its promulgation.

The marble workers in this city are on a "strike."

Several bathers at Newport were recently robbed of \$100,000 in money and \$12,000 in jewels.

Prof. Stearns, the psychologist, has been drawing crowded houses in Venango city. So says the Register.

A horse at Chicago ran away the other day, and threw from the carriage the gentleman who was driving; after which, the young lady who was left in the vehicle, walked out on the shaft and grasped the reins near the horse's head, and stopped him. "A bold and dangerous thing to do, and well done."

Napoleon is bringing Caesar's History on to its end.

The Lutherans are building a church in Washington, D. C., which is to cost \$75,000. The Baptists have nearly completed one at a cost of \$100,000, the gift of a single individual, Amos Kendall. The Methodists are aiming to build one at a cost of \$200,000.

A writer in the Church Journal says of Ecco Homo: "The manuscript is said to have been placed in the publisher's hands through the agency of Dean Stanley; one of the leaders of the Broad Church party; and it is reported that Dean Stanley says the author is a curate."

Always speak the truth.

Be cautious in blowing out kerosene lamps. The following explanation of the causes that produce the explosion are worth considering and heeding: First—The oil in the lamp is generally low, leaving more room for gas. Second—The gas is very inflammable, and will always explode when ignited. Third—In blowing the flame down, it ignites the gas. Fourth—The less oil in the lamp, the greater danger. The inference is, a lamp should never be blown out from the top. The wick may not perfectly fill the tube, and the flame may go down when the gas comes up.

Counterfeit lives on the First National Bank of Newburyport are afloat.

A Mrs. Shelton, of New Haven, temporarily stopping at Norwalk, Ct., apparently swooned recently, and has been lying in a state of suspended animation "trance" ever since. The case is a singular one, and excites much interest in the community, as well as among the medical profession. —Ez.

The officers of the Miantonomah fleet have been received with all the honors at St. Petersburg, by the Court and the citizens.

A PRACTICAL EDUCATION.—A recent preacher at Saratoga took for his text "Health," and his hits at fashionable fripperies were pointed and practical, and some of them created loud laughter. He objected to so much mineralogy, physiology, chronology, and such other "ologies." In young girls' education, and considered that, for the purposes of a useful life, "mend-ology, sweep-ology and wash-ology" would be more desirable.

"President" Roberts has summoned a Fenian Congress at Troy, N. Y., for September 8th.

Windoor and Pequonock, Conn.

In this locality Spiritualism has had a steady and consistent growth from the first start to the present time. Several mediums were early developed. Among them Miss Morrill, who went to the spirit-world some years ago, and Miss Flavia Howe, now Mrs. Trail, who is still very successful in her examinations and prescriptions for disease, and often gives excellent tests to her patients. She has been from the first, with several others, an honest, earnest and faithful worker in this cause, and the fruits are already ripening around her. The Spiritualists have organized, secured a church half of the time, and employ speakers, and pay them, when they can get such as can interest and instruct them. Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson gave them good satisfaction in her lectures recently, and they send best wishes after her wherever she goes. N. F. White, F. L. Wadsworth, Mrs. Spence, and many others, have also left "words that tell" on the minds here, and their works are remembered as builders of the great temple of truth and religious freedom. It is now about thirteen years since I gave the first lecture on Spiritualism ever delivered in the place, and I have seen the growth such as fully satisfies my heart and head.

On Sunday, Aug. 13, we collected nearly five hundred persons in a grove near the old churches of Windoor, and there I addressed, for over three hours, one of the most quiet and attentive audiences I ever saw assembled on a pleasant day in a grove. Some were there from the churches, and I hope will be soon seen returning to the religious break of Nature, and leaving the sectarian husks of Christianity forever. The bells rang at the sheep folds where the lamb of God is slain; but many strayed away to the cool, shady grove, where Nature teaches a religion that requires no sacrifice of God, or man, or beast, to appease an angry Deity. At the same time our grove meeting was so well attended, three Universalist clergymen were engaged with a large audience in the old Pequonock church, and laboring to extinguish the fires of hell and orthodoxy, and preparing their hearers for the still higher and better truths of our philosophy. We are under greater and more obligations to our Universalist friends for the work they are doing and have done, than we can ever repay by kindness; and I fear we are often too ungrateful when we find among them, occasionally, some who lean back toward the Egyptian fleshpots, and forget that we have among us many of the same kind of conservative or retrograde souls. Universalism is a John the Baptist forerunner of Spiritualism, and is still doing a good work, both here and everywhere. No matter what they say against Spiritualism, they preach more of it than any other or all other sects, except Unitarians, who are nearly equal to them.

On the nineteenth, we had an excellent and large meeting in the church, and the earnest and attentive audience induced me to return and speak one more Sunday before leaving for the West. If every place where the truths of Spiritualism have been scattered for a dozen years, could show as much fruit as West Windoor and Pequonock, we should soon be able to educate children without sectarian superstition and bigotry.

WARREN CHASE.

August 20, 1886.

A Lecturer Now Ready for the Work.

As I have been arranging my business with a view of entering permanently the field of vocal labor this fall, and shall probably be ready to embark in the work by the time this notice shall appear in the BANNER, I desire societies or individuals in different localities desiring lecturers to apprise me immediately of the fact, and the condition of things in their respective localities of interest to or bearing upon the cause. I ask for no stipulation about the pay, or remuneration for my services, until I am better known in this department of labor, or until they can have an opportunity of judging of the practical value of my services, and of my ability to advance the cause. Now please do not be backward, or delay a compliance with this request. My vocal labors, so far, have been highly commended where I have spoken, and I feel an ardent desire to be in the field again. I feel that "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel" of the New Spiritual Covenant.

N. B. I can furnish resolutions passed by societies I have addressed.

KERSEY GRAVES.

Harveysburg, Warren Co., Ohio.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Sept. 22, 1886, 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 O 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. McComb; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy 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' "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.)

S. M. WILKINSON, DEL.—We have prima facie evidence of the fact, for "Ez." is plainly written at the end of the article.

Donations to Benevolent Fund to send the Banner Free to the Poor.

Previous acknowledgments: A. \$100.00 C. B. F. Newport, K. L.

Business Matters.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM, ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3.00 and four-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 10 Kendall street, Boston, Mass.

Martin Luther once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. They had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exorcise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th 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.

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

Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders know to such things as fall in the cure of Chills and Fever, and all other Fevers. For the Prevention and Cure of Cholera this great Spiritual Remedy should be kept constantly on hand. Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are the Greatest Family Medicine of the age, ready for any emergency of sickness, and will insure their way into every house throughout the land. See Prof. Spence's advertisement in another column. Aug. 18.

Cure your Coughs and Colds. Cox's Cough Balm will be found a ready and efficient remedy for hard Coughs, Croup, Coughs, and all lung difficulties. It is sold by all druggists. The cheapest and best medicine in the world.

IMPORTANT TO INSURANCE COMPANIES! An acknowledgment that 25 per cent. of your losses are caused by that little *Artemisia Dracunculus*, the *Lo Coccus* Malaria. Then why not in your corporate capacity, insist that the *EXETERIA* MALARIA REMEDY, which is sold by all druggists, and which will MILK OF HOLLANDS' worth of property annually? "A cure for the Malaria" is not only the best, but the cheapest in use; only 2 cents per box; 30 cents per dozen.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 18.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BARNITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, OR READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soapmaker or ley in market. Put up in one of our new pails, each containing four 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 lye is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BARNITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71 and 72 Washington street, New York. Oct. 14—ly

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHThERIA VANQUISHER.

(Used with Litchfield's External Application.)

WARRANTED TO CURE DIPHThERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES.

Litchfield's External Application. Warranted to cure RHEUMATIC AND SCIATIC LAMENESS, and all LAMENESS, where there is no fracture of bones.

Price of each of the above, \$1.00 per Bottle.

G. A. LITCHFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Winterset, Mass.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., M. N. BURN & CO., Boston; JOHN F. HENRY & CO., Waterbury, Vt., General Agents.

Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6th—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.

EELS' VIOLET INK!

THE author proposes to deliver his Violet Ink, free of expense, in a concentrated state of 4 X Copying, which will be strong enough to copy through ten or more sheets of tissue paper, in any of the northern cities of the United States, to any person who will contract therefor, complying with conditions. To be shipped in cases holding forty or more gallons, and there to be allowed for use at prices agreed upon, or for half it will bring by mail, bottled, corked, and labeled in advance twenty dollars on a forty-gallon case, allowing only one person to purchase, and the balance to be paid in full, and the balance of the whole proceeds to the author, or him from whom he purchased, after the freight is subtracted. It will be expected that labels will be found on the person bottles on which, and where he purchases by the gallon, the cost of labels will be paid, as per agreement. The ink is of a quality of blue, and is similar to the imported French ink, and shall equal the best made in the world, being shipped in a state which will wear much duration, with instructions given at the time. The ink is a fluid. Color at first reddish violet, changing immediately to purple, thence to a most intense black. Copies equal to any ink, and as durable. Certificates of character and responsibility will be required of applicants.

Address, with stamp to prepay back postage, S. W. EELLS, Mansfield, Ohio.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that we consider the above-named S. W. EELLS responsible for any contract made on the above advertisement. WILLIAM LITCHFIELD, Editor First National Bank.

JNO. M. JOLLY, Cashier Richmond National Bank.

H. COLBY, Cashier Farmers' National Bank.

Mansfield, O., July 27, 1886.

DORMAN & WILLIAMS, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physicians.

No. 8 New street, Newark, N. J.

MRS. ELIZA P. WILLIAMS (sister of A. J. Davis) will examine and prescribe for diseases, and cure the sick by her healing powers, which have been fully tested. Sept. 1.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN!

I AM anxious to furnish women who are willing to persevere in an honorable occupation, with means of making a special income. One wanted in New York, and one in the United States. Address, with stamp for particulars, Sept. 1—4w J. G. ARTHUR, Hartford, Conn.

"

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit who came to bear, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. 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.

Our Public Free Circles.

These circles, in which the public have heretofore manifested so deep an interest, will be resumed on Monday afternoon, Sept. 31.

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

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

Invocation.

Oh Spirit of Mercy, of Justice and Love,
O'ershadow thy children with peace from above,
Let the phantoms of fear, of doubt and despair,
Be lost in the radiance of spiritual air;
Let the songs of the angels be heard in the skies,
Proclaiming the truth that the soul never dies;
That all things are carefully guarded by thee,
But the soul in its beauty at death is set free.
May 15.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have received questions from correspondents, or the audience, we now propose to consider them.

Ques.—By J. E. of Philadelphia: By what process was the first human being on this planet produced?

Ans.—It is absolutely impossible to determine conclusively where intellectual life had a beginning, or how it had a beginning. Indeed, it is almost an established fact, that it never did have a beginning; that life, through intelligence, has ever existed, never having had any form of creation. Therefore it is that we are forced to conclude that there never was any first stages of intelligence, either upon this planet or any other.

Q.—By the same: If spirits move from place to place through their will alone, what can be the use of their having feet?

A.—You should know by experience that your locomotion through human life depends upon the action of your will. And you should know, also, that inasmuch as you have feet, there is need of feet. Now, then, if you exist in form beyond death, that is proof that feet are needed beyond death, or the chemical change, as such you term it. Feet are used here by virtue of the will of the indwelling spirit. Feet are used there by the same power, and through the same mode of action. All things that are, are from necessity, not from chance. May 15.

Stephen Algers.

I lived thirty years on the earth, and have lived two years and about three months, properly speaking, beyond earth; and I think I have gained more wisdom, more knowledge in the two years that I have lived beyond earth, than I gained in all the thirty here.

I was educated in the old Calvinistic faith, and I always endeavored to believe in that faith; but there were times when it was very hard for me to, for I never could reconcile my ideas of religion—what religion ought to be—with the God given in Nature. But I did the best I could to reconcile what now seems to be, what I know to be irreconcilable differences, that exist all through the creed.

Nature everywhere tells us that our intelligence is the key that shall guide us through all Nature's departments; also through all the departments of spirituality, telling us what God is, where God is, and how we can best love and serve that God. But the religions that are afloat on the earth teach that we shall yield blind obedience to the priests and their doctrines. They also tell us that to enter into heaven we must go their way, and those who do not go their way are thieves and robbers. And again, they tell us that a certain select few are by-and-by to attain the joys of heaven, while all the rest are to be consigned to eternal damnation.

I am well aware that the friends I have left behind me are still wedded to these absurd, old, miserable notions. So far as I have power, I shall strike off their chains. I propose to show them a nearer way to heaven.

When I was lying sick and dying in a Southern prison, I became strongly impressed with the idea that I should abandon all my former religious belief, and trust to that pure Gospel of Christ that no one on the earth taught at the present day—that which can forgive all sin—that which makes a heaven for all of God's children, from which no one is excluded. And, moreover, I was fully impressed with the idea that I should return after death. I could not tell then from whence the idea came, but now I know, and I can truly say that while abandoning the platform upon which I had for so long a time stood—the religious platform—I felt a strange joyousness, a strange freedom, a strange lifting up of myself out of darkness into the light, and I said, I am being re-converted, re-born.

While these thoughts were floating in my mind, I heard a voice—clear and distinctly as I ever heard any voice—saying, "Yes, Stephen, you are being re-born. This is not death, but a newer and diviner life." And so I went on; and under the same joyous impression I return to-day, thanking God and his good angels, for I sincerely believe that power will be given me to overcome the darkness that shrouds my friends; to bring them out into light; to show them that pure religion that Jesus taught. It is not lost, but is deep in the heart of humanity, and needs calling forth, as Jesus was said to have called forth Lazarus from the tomb.

I make no demands upon my friends to meet me; I only ask, if there is a response in their souls to my coming, that they allow me to speak to them familiarly, freely, and as I would speak through my own body. I can tell them truths that will last them as lights through all eternity. And I come telling them that I am Stephen Algers, of Montpelier, Vt. There is no doubt of it to me, and I will give them evidence that cannot be disputed of my identity.

I live, and I always expect to. I bring with me to-day my brother Benjamin, who passed on twenty odd years ago. And to him perhaps more than to all others, I owe the glorious idea that came to me at death: that I was being born again. Farewell. May 15.

Josephine Jones.

"We'll sing you the song that the angels sing,
As they gather flowers in May;
And we'll sing you the song that the cherubs sing,
As over Heaven's fields they stray."

That's what the angels said to me when I was dying—that's what I heard and repeated, and I've brought it here, so the folks will know it's me. I listened so attentively, that I heard those lines, and the folks have got them written down, so they'll know. But they did not know it was a band of spirits I heard. They thought, because I had been so very sick, that I was out of my head, but I wasn't.

"We'll sing you the song that the angels sing,
As they gather flowers in May;
And we'll sing you the song that the cherubs sing,
As over Heaven's fields they stray."

Oh, I was so happy to go! You don't know how happy I was! All my pain left me, and I felt a great deal better. So I said I was. That's another reason why the folks thought I was out of my head. I felt so nice, and all my pain went, and oh! I was sure I should get well. I was going to get well, only I wasn't going to stay here on the earth; that's all the difference.

I'm Josephine Jones. You never saw me here. I lived nine years on earth—that means I was nine years old. [Did you live in Boston?] In Boston? Oh, bless you, no! I didn't live in Boston. Oh, no, indeed, I didn't, sir. I lived in Richmond. [We are just as happy to see you.] I knew that you would be before I came here.

You see, my father was a Colonel in the Rebel Army. Maybe you have heard of him. I know he didn't used to think much of you Yankees, but he will now, for I'll make him like you; I can.

And I want my mother and Aunt Eliza, and my father, to sit down at a table, and let me see if I can't write her something. I reckon some of them are mediums, so I can come. [And write through the arm?] No, sir; make a confession, the way they do. [Rap on the table?] Oh, they don't rap on the table; that's a mistake. I'll tell you how they do it: don't you know they separate the gases of the atmosphere? It is composed of two gases. Well, they separate the gases, and they take one of the gases—I don't know which it is, but it's one—and they confine it separate, you know. And then they have a machine near by to receive the sounds that are made. Say that machine is over there [the opposite side of the table], and they're here, with the machine holding the gas; well, when they let it escape from that machine they have to confine it in, it goes right against whatever happens to be between it and the other machine, and it goes rap, rap—just like that. It's on the same principle of the electric telegraph; and if they don't understand it thoroughly, they'll make mistakes, because they let the gas escape irregularly. Oh, I've known spirits to make mistakes, and they say, "Oh, dear! folks think I said yes, when I meant I did not know!" You see they make two sounds when they should make but one. When we say yes, we make two or three sounds; when we want to say no, we make just one. If we don't let the gas escape regularly, then, you see, we'll make three or four; then you'll get what you don't want. But when spirits know how to use the machine, they can send messages just as straight as you can over the wires of the telegraph to friends here.

Violet brings me here to-day, who used to live in Richmond, and she and her father. My father knows what I mean. He knows who Violet is, and she's learnt me ever so much; but I've got to learn yet. Oh, I will come again. I'll learn more, and I'll tell you all about it.

I'm feeling how they are making—how they photograph themselves. Oh, but you've got the neatest set of Yankee humbugs in that business that ever was known. There ain't more than one in a thousand that's genuine. They're rascals; yes, they make 'em, and they say it is us, and it ain't. [Do you think they will get so they can photograph themselves soon?] They can now, only they say your camera is not just right yet. They can't drive the ideas into folks' heads how it ought to be, only slow, and it takes time to know how to use them.

I know how hard it was for me to hear folks talk by sounds at first. It was so hard for me to get it, so hard. And it's just as hard for folks here. You call it raps when it's sounds, it's talking by sounds; and we ask—that is, us dead folks—that you hear us. And I heard them say in the spirit-world, that there was just as much need of your being in a state to receive our messages, as it was for us to know how to give them. All these sounds are made by a telegraph machine, and they are made out of the positive and negative forces of the body of the medium. Now ain't I told you all about it? [Yes.] Oh, dear! I wish I could stay here, but I can't; I've burnt up all the oil, so I must go.

Well, I'll come again. You won't forget me if I give you my name, Josie, will you? [No, I think not.] Do you know what Violet says I am? [I don't.] I'm a student in the science of Spiritual Telegraphing, because I like to see how it's done. I like to know how things are done, so I can do them myself, you know. Yes; you are a Yankee, ain't you? [Yes.] Well, I am, too—now I'm here I be.

Do you know what my father said once, what he'd do if he was taken prisoner by your folks? I'll tell you. I said, "If you were taken prisoner, how would you ever get home again?" "Oh," said he, "I'd turn Yankee and get home. They can turn and do anything." [He paid us quite a compliment.] Yes, sir, my father believed that the Yankees were so shrewd and cunning, that if they got into a bad scrape they could always find a way to get out of it. So he meant he was going to turn Yankee, abandon his rebel views, in order to get home. [Did many do so?] Oh, yes; and the Yankees turned rebels, too? They did, I know about it; lots of them was true to the Southern Confederacy, that is, until they saw a good chance to run away.

Well, Mister, now I'll go; and oh, I'm just as happy as I can be, only I want my folks in Richmond to know I can come; that I can go there and talk, too. [Do you wish us to send your message to any particular person?] No, Violet's going to take it. She can do heaps of things that I can't. Her father was in the Black Horse Cavalry; you know about that? [Yes.] Well, she died first, so she's helping him do a great many things. Violet's father, he goes to his folks, you know; she's carried him, so he can talk there anytime. And he said just as soon as I got the chance to come here and speak, he'd take care of my message; and if my father wasn't a beetle-head he'd understand it, he said, because it's me all over. I'm myself, and nobody here knows anything about me.

Now good-by, Mister. Oh dear, I don't like to go at all. I like to stay, because I like to talk. I'm learning a heap of things here, because I didn't know how to use a body not my own. Now I know; so you see, when I go home—oh I can do a heap better when I go home for coming here. [Violet's waiting for me, so I've got to go.] Don't

forget to write down straight what I said, when I first come, will you? because that—Violet says that's the key that's going to let me in. Good-by. May 15.

Mrs. Alice Clark.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I was so forcibly reminded of the words of Jesus, that I seemed to live in the atmosphere that he lived in, and I felt that to dwell with little children was to dwell in heaven. And I thought, too, of a remark I once heard Theodore Parker make, when he was on the earth and I was on the earth. It was this: "Mourn not when your little babies die, for they are the flowers of Paradise; and Paradise would be a desolate, barren waste without them. When you part with them, know that another gem is added to the home of the angels, and that heaven is being beautified by all your losses here on the earth."

Oh I have realized so fully the truth of that remark, since I made the change! No one can realize it earth. You know only the sorrow that comes by being separated from these little gems, while the angels know the joy.

I was Mrs. Alice Clark here. I died very near the time that Theodore Parker died; he in Florence, I in Boston. I was a great admirer of his teachings. I felt that he was living hundreds of years in advance of the people; that perhaps fifty or a hundred years hence, his doctrine would be better understood. And I so told my friends, particularly those who could not understand it; I did. But I see now that the age has advanced so fast, that Parker is now a saint, even on the earth. Parker stands high in the estimation of the people. Parker is not now what he was—an infidel to all religions. He had that pure and undefiled religion that cometh down from God; and because the Church had it not, it could not understand him.

I say now what I said when here. I come back from the spirit-land, feeling that God was just and good, as I did when I died. I went home joyous with the thought that God was just and good; that he was everywhere; that he would never forsake me; that there was no need of my joining any Church, or entertaining any particular faith, and faith in all things was to have faith in him.

I earnestly hope that those dear ones I've left here—two sisters, a husband and brother—that they seek to inform themselves of the things pertaining to the unseen world, so that they may come knowing where they are coming to; so that they may die as happy as I did. They said they hoped they should die as happy as I did. They can die as I did, if they will only feel that God is everywhere, and full of love and mercy; that he never will exclude any one of his children from the joys of heaven. Blessings I bring, night and day, to all I've left. May 15.

Circle closed by Dr. Watts.

Invocation.

Holy and Ever-Present Spirit, whose mysterious life like a perpetual anthem rolls through creation, whose blessings fall upon our senses as the showers fall upon the thirsty earth, thou who art Father, and Mother, too, we would worship thee in Spirit and in Truth. Laying aside all that which would bind us to the lower orders of life, we would soar away to the highest mountain peaks of wisdom, and there learn of thee. We would gather into the chambers of our being all those treasures that make the soul rich indeed. And Oh, Spirit of Mercy, our feet would press still while the soil of mortality, that we may lead thy children from darkness to light; that we may fold them closer and still closer unto the bosom of Infinite Liberty, Justice and Love. And while we sojourn with them, we would teach them to honor thee, and to honor themselves. We would bid them dwell no longer in the darkened chambers of despair, but come out hence at the call of the angels, who are beckoning them onward, and upward, too. Oh our Father and our Mother, let thy children be conscious of thy love and thy presence. Let them hear the music of thy life that rolls through the spaces of their own being, making them one with thee. And unto thy holy name we will ascribe all honor, and glory, and power, to-day and forever. Amen. May 17.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By S. of Ohio: In the "Circular," the paper printed by the Oneida Community, New York, is found in their statement of religious belief, the expressed idea that Jesus Christ is the centre of the heavenly organization, and that his kingdom was founded and his second coming took place eighteen hundred years ago, and that all progress, civilization and reform since then is the result. Does the controlling intelligence possess evidence sufficient to warrant this assertion, that Jesus Christ is and was the centre and leader, the first, either in or out of the material form, that reached that condition of harmony necessary to express in real life what is understood by heaven, or the kingdom of heaven? In what sense the Circular's statement correct or incorrect?

Ans.—Jesus the Christ, or Jesus the Truth-teller, was simply an outward expression of that principle of truth that shall make all souls free. In this sense he is the centre of power, the centre of progress, of wisdom, the centre of all that makes your heaven. Without a knowledge of that truth you are in bondage; with a knowledge of it you are entirely free, not only in the external sense of the word, but in the internal; free in the absolute sense of the term. These persons who have grouped themselves together, and are living under certain peculiarly subscribed ideas, are no doubt true to themselves, and they have a vague idea of that truth that was manifested through Jesus; but they have given it a rude and uncertain manifestation. Therefore it is that none but themselves can understand their position. Yet in the main, down beyond the surface, we believe they are correct.

Q.—By B. F. Clark, of New York: I believe that heat is life, and cold is death. Therefore I do not believe that ice can be good for cholera; but, on the contrary, would be likely to be very injurious. Will you have the kindness to mention this subject at your public circle?

A.—Your correspondent has taken an extreme view of the case. He believes that heat is life, and cold is death; when the truth is, that life lies between the two. The proper mode of treatment to be adopted in cholera depends very much upon the condition of the patient. There are some cases of cholera that could be better treated by the application of ice, internally and externally, than any other way. And, again, there are many others who would die, as you call it, under such treatment. Therefore it is absolutely necessary that your medical men be scientific men. It is absolutely necessary they should know the cause of the cholera in each individual case; and, knowing the cause, have wisdom enough to apply the proper remedy. There are very few cases where

it would be wise to administer cold treatment; still there are some, and these, like the other cases, require to be treated successfully. We would urge upon your medical men that they seek, in all these difficult cases, to learn what the cause, or leading cause, of the disease is; and, having learned it, if they are versed in that particular science that belongs to human life, they will know well how to treat it.

Q.—Will the spirit please tell us the meaning of the text, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us. He was called Emmanuel, God with us?"

A.—"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." In the beginning was all spirit, the principle of all life; and that is God; being God, is with God; and wherever it is manifested through fleshly tabernacles, there the Spirit of God is manifested. This particular passage has reference to the word of truth or life, as given through Jesus. And the word was made flesh, or truth was manifested through flesh, and dwelt among us.

Q.—If Spiritualism is intended to elevate the human race, and snake men and women better, why is it that so large a portion of those engaged in this noble work are so inharmoonous in their family relations?

A.—They that are sick must be purged of the cause of their sickness ere they can be made well. Spiritualism is a physician, that goes abroad through the length and breadth of the land, applying his remedies everywhere; in your family circles, through the nations and to individuals this great physician goes, applying prop and giving his remedies. If his remedies are to prove effectual, he must first make his patients very sick. Sickness is inharmoonous disturbance, and all those disturbances that argue through this spiritual realm on the earth, are but indications that by-and-by you will have thrown off these inharmoonous that dwell among you. Then peace will settle upon you, such as is known among the angels. May 17.

Sarah Jane Gates.

I am Sarah Jane Gates. That is the name given me by my mother, but I was called Jennie Gates. I was nineteen years old, and died of congestion of the lungs, in New Bedford, Mass. My mother left me by death when I was four years old. The circumstances of my life, from that time up to the time of my changing worlds, I may say, were not very favorable to peace, at any rate.

My father, I am told, in about seven months from my mother's death married again, and his companion was to me harsh, cold and unloving. And so at thirteen years of age I left my father's house, and went forth into the world to care for myself. I have no wish to live over again, even in thought, my earthly life; but as I promised if there was any return, that I would come back. I am here; not, however, for the purpose of 'saying ain't' in malice against any one on earth. But I believe it to be the duty of every one to lead all souls out of error that may be in error, if they are able to do so.

I have no wish to wash my garments in the blood of any one save my own good deeds. My father once said to me, not long before my death, "When you have washed your robes in the blood of the Lamb, and are, to all intents and purposes, changed, I will gladly receive you to my heart and home again." Great God! what a decision to fall back upon when the honor and perhaps the heaven of a child is at stake! My father is at fault, as he will very soon learn when he passes beyond the vale of tears. We wash our own garments, if they are ever made white, in our own good deeds, not in the blood of any Saviour! No Jesus of Nazareth can cleanse us. We must cleanse ourselves.

The way that was forced upon me I did not choose. I took it because it was the only way, not because I preferred it. And the world has yet to learn that there are as many ways to heaven as there are souls who seek heaven. I earnestly hope that my father may learn this ere he comes where I am. I would be glad to talk with him; glad to enlighten him; glad to show him that there is a better way than the hard, thorny way that he has traveled in all his life.

To those friends who were with me during my sickness and at the time of my change, I need not say it is true. That is proved by my coming. I need not say that I would be glad to talk with them, for their own hearts know it. I am happy, satisfied with the life I have entered upon, and, whenever and wherever I can, I shall be found doing good. Farewell. May 17.

Rev. Arthur Fuller.

While listening to the intelligence who preceded me, I could but again and again ask myself this question: When will the Christian world learn that they only who are without sin should cast stones? And inasmuch as there are none without sin, none should cast stones. Jesus said, "There is none good, no, not one," meaning there are none without sin, none perfect in the moral law, none that stand so high in purity that they can go no higher, none that have fully learned that holy law, that are willing to do unto all others as they desire to be done by. When, oh when, Great God, will the Christian world learn this? Jesus failed to impress the idea upon his hearers, and his life, brilliant and glorious as it has come down to us through the ages, failed to impress this truth upon mankind. But still they go on stoning day after day, when no right is given them to do so, neither by the God of their own souls, or by the God of the universe.

I have for many months endeavored to return through this source, identifying myself, if possible, to one whose acquaintance I formed during the last few months of my sojourn here, who was, I believe, somewhat strongly wedded to this spiritual faith. I could not clearly understand it while I was imprisoned in the flesh. I believe I at one time said to this friend, "Friend Adams," that this was his name; "I should be glad to know that this thing were true; and if ever I do feel that conviction in my soul that amounts to knowledge, rest assured I will not fail to give it to the world. I should be very happy to believe that I could return after death, for in all probability—let me go when I will—I shall leave those I love behind. And so by the great and ever active law of attraction, I feel that I must be attracted to them. And if the great All-Father should, in His mercy, open the way whereby I can come, I surely shall avail myself of that way. And I would, to God that I could feel as you tell me, you feel about these things, but at present I cannot."

I have made the most of all opportunities that have been offered me, in returning from time to time, but I have never found the way clear to return to this friend until to-day. If there is aught that I can say to cheer his heart, to make him feel more sensibly the great truth that underlies the Philosophy of Spiritualism, I want to do it. And I want him to feel that I have not forgotten my promise; that through all ways and means I shall always seek to impress truth upon all impenetrable minds.

Though I may not speak as Reverend Arthur Fuller, I shall speak as a Principle. Though I may not speak here or there as an individual, yet wherever I can, I will unfold the glorious blessing of spiritual truth, that hearts that are sorrowing throughout all the land may rejoice.

I live to-day, thanks be to God! and because I do live, I know also that I live for good. I live to assist in working out the great problem of life. I am one that maketh up that vast problem, and it is entrusted to me, as to all others, to solve it. Farewell. May 17.

Naonta (an Indian Girl).

White man, Naonta would speak with her sire, who dwells across the water, where the squaw sits upon the throne, and wears the crown.

Naonta's sire was English. Naonta's mother was Indian; Naonta was born of the Conaungah tribe, nine miles from Montreal. Naonta was twelve years here. Her sire has said, "If the Great Spirit smiles, and spirits return, let Naonta come. Naonta, with the Indian, means 'Starlight'."

Naonta's sire, thirteen years, fourteen years ago, was passing from here through where Naonta's mother lived; and when the stars were smiling with their bright eyes on earth, then Naonta's sire first met Naonta's mother, and Naonta came, nearly two years after.

When Naonta's sire said farewell to Naonta's mother, and went over the water in his big canoe, then his heart was sad and his spirit was weak, for the voices of the pale faces had more power than the soft voice of Naonta's mother. But when he hears that Naonta's spirit has gone to the world of shadows and sunbeams, then he calls that Naonta may come back; that her shining canoe may glide over the water and come to him, that he may know that the way is open.

Naonta was educated in your schools. Naonta was half Indian, half English. To-day she comes as Naonta, and she will shine like 'Starlight' upon the way of her sire, for he has called for her. Fare you well. May 17.

Circle opened by Theodore Parker; closed by Arthur Fuller.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Daniel Jones, of the 211 John Chavory, to Chaplain Brown, of Vermont, also to friends in Leicester, Vt.; Mary Richardson, to her children: Willie Johnson, to his father, William Johnson, of Charleston, S. C.; John Andrews, to his parents, at Hattie, Wis.; Eliza Smith, to Eliza.

Tuesday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Robert C. Amador, of New York City, to his friends; George Baldwin, to his mother, in Boston; George, to his father, Geo. D. Prentice, of Louisville, Ky.; Fanny Chase, of Georgetown, D. C., to her parents.

Wednesday, May 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary Ellen Kearney, of Roxbury, Mass., to John Moran; Jennie Wainwright, of Augusta, Me.; Charles McQuade, who lived on High Street, Boston, to his brother James; Sally Flanders, of Virginia, to Alexander Flanders, James T. Sims, and Jacob Foy.

Thursday, May 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie Barclay, to her mother, Sarah Ann Barclay, living in Davis Court, New York City; John Calvin Holmes, to his aunt and friends; Henri Borghman, to his brother, Frederick Borghman, in Cleveland, O.

Friday, May 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Hannah Jane Westcott, of London, Eng., to her aunt, two sisters, and a brother; Oliver A. Price, to the Federal officer who made him prisoner at Petersburg, Va.; James Leary, to his mother; Geo. W. Cutter, to his parents, in St. Louis and New Orleans.

Saturday, June 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Harrows, to his mother, Sarah Harrows, in Springfield, Mass.; Susie Hyde, of Melrose, Mass., to her friends, and her minister, Rev. Hon. Davis; Philip Siedman, who died in New Orleans, La., to friends in Chicago, Cleveland and New Orleans.

Sunday, June 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Sophia A. Thompson, to her mother, Elizabeth Thompson, in New York City; Chas. May, to his wife, Eliza; John S. Foy, to his friends at the North.

Monday, June 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Clara Stiles, to Abner Stiles, in Baltimore, Md.; Jerry Harrington, to Tom and Mary; Hugh Thomas, to Dr. Sam'l Thomas, of Galveston; Sam'l to his wife, Eliza; John S. Foy, to his friends at the North.

Tuesday, June 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles R. Cole, to his wife, Eliza; John S. Foy, to his mother and sisters; Charlotte Blackburn, to Elizabeth Bell, James Wells, and Betsy Wells; Jerry Colgan to Michael.

Wednesday, June 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edwin Cole, to Mary Cole, in Princeton, Ind.; Arabella Burnett, to her father, Geo. Burnett, in New Orleans, La.; Patrick Reagan, to his brother, Jas. Reagan, in this city.

Thursday, June 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Horton, to friends in New York City; Mary S. King, to James Leary, of Norfolk, Va.; Oren Thompson, to his daughter.

Friday, June 7.—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 medium.

Saturday, June 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Deacon Fuller, of Hingham, Mass., to Aunt Jean, to David Gleason, Frank, and John; John S. Foy, to his mother, in Jersey City, N. J.

Sunday, June 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Harriet Hubbard, to Mrs. Amy Hubbard, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Ephraim Winslow, to Sarah Jane, his wife; Georgianna Goldsmith, to her mother, in New York City.

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SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY MARIE LOUISE HAYDEN.

How heavy the shadows on some hearts lie,
While others revel 'neath a sunny sky;
How dark for one the dreary day,
That for another shines bright away.
But such is life—no unto all
Can sunshine without shadow fall;
Each one of sadness, and of care,
Of pleasure's draught may have their share;
Into each heart some sorrow falls;
Some form must dwell in our spirit halls;
Within each heart must echo a name,
Ever to memory's call the same.
In every heart is a cherished grave,
With the name of one it would die to save;
But the day will come when an angel may
Take the soul from that grave away.
On every heart is chieled a name;
Not the one we bear—ah! seldom the same,
Not oft can our dream and our life be one;
True bliss comes not till life is done.
How true that each soul has its own

Banner of Light.

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Letter from a Former Universalist.

The following communication from Bro. J. H. Luther, though pointed in style and full of fervor, breathes, nevertheless, a kind, fraternal spirit. He is an old and highly esteemed resident of Lake Co., Ind., and was for years a pillar of strength to Universalism at home and in the adjoining regions.

When Paul was a child he "spoke" and "understood as a child." So did Bro. Luther; but when he became a "man" he put away traditions, biblical legends and "old wives' fables," trampled on creeds, and, progressive in nature, came to the conclusion that Americans were just as worthy of God's inspirations, revelations and spirit-communications as those old clannish and blood-thirsty Jews that considered themselves the special pets of Israel's God. "Signs" still follow believers, and Jesus, by his ministering angels, is with us, and will be till the "end of the world."

Bro. PEEBLES—You were once a Universalist clergyman, I a practical member of a Universalist Church. We have both changed in name and views of the great hereafter. Do you not sometimes wonder that so few come out of that old faith and embrace the new philosophical truth, no, not faith but knowledge of immortality, as demonstrated by spiritual manifestations? I have, and Universalists everywhere have my warmest sympathies and prayers because they were once the most charitable among denominations.

I would that they still extended that broad charity and were going on into "perfection" but—I say it in sorrow—they have become intolerant sectarians! Is it not because they have become creedal in their tendencies, bound to maintain certain doctrines and say to their members, "Thus far and no further!" while Nature and the soul's intuitions say, "Be free; gather truths from all sources, and the truth shall be made manifest to you and the world." The old system of Universalism taught that, in the resurrection state, all, without regard to earthly conditions, would be equal to the angels of God in heaven. I could never understand this when a Universalist—could not see how death could make an infant equal in knowledge to an adult, or how the wicked equal to the holiest in the "twinkling of an eye." When I questioned the clergy upon this point, the answer was, "All things are possible with God." This, though alluring, did not satisfy me. I am aware that the younger clergymen are now resurrectionists, preaching with the Spiritualists of America and the rationalists of Germany, future discipline and progression.

Our beautiful philosophy teaches that life is one continuous chain of being, from the cradle through all the endless ages, the soul ever grasping higher knowledge and drinking in divine truths. We enter the spirit-world, intellectually and morally, as we leave the earth-sphere; need in accordance with our attractions; shall know ourselves and our friends; else that life will be a new creation. I gradually grew out of Universalism, exchanging its faith, based on old and uncertain biblical revelations, for absolute knowledge. While belonging to the sect, I met, in personal form, but the infinite principle of life, love and wisdom; and that our spirits bore the same relation to Deity that drops bear to the inexhaustible fountain. Accordingly the spirit, returning to God, would not have far to go to reach the Divine presence. I also learned how perfectly natural it was for souls in spirit-life to return, in heavenly form, to the laws, to the love of earth. Mesmerism, clairvoyance in the present, with biblical facts and the historic record of all nations, pointed to the same truth: a present intercommunication between the two worlds. These conclusions cost me years of thought, with profound and prayerful investigations. I adopted the principle of Spiritualism and spirit-communication before the "Rocky Mountain" were heard of. My religion is now a rational one—a religion that I love—a religion that I know to be true, because not only daily demonstrated through the mediumistic around me, but through my own organism.

Some Universalists claim to be progressive, and many freely admit, when conversing with me that they believe in spirit-intercourse, and yet they cling to their sect, thereby giving the lie to their real soul belief. Hypocrisy is to be hated—all honest people will advocate and support that, and that only, which they believe. They will not conceal their "under a bushel." Universalists have complained that many in Orthodox churches, cherishing Universalist sentiments, remained in said churches, thus supporting what they did not believe. Are not Universalists doing the same thing? Is this course honest? Is it becoming the manliness that characterizes the nineteenth century? If those who have progressed ideas ride on a back car, do they not hinder instead of advancing the truths they profess? I beg of you Universalists who believe in the Spiritual Philosophy, to let your "light shine."

For God's sake, for the sake of dear ones gone before, and for the sake of humanity, come out from the sect. Paul came out from Judaism, Luther from Catholicism, John Murray from Methodism, and call yourselves Spiritualists, associate with them, and help them to build up their broad and beautiful principles. The establishment of the blessed truth, that a continuous chain of revelations and communications exists between the dead and the spirit-world, will do more to enlighten the ignorant; reform the erring; humanize the selfish; cheer the saddened; comfort the sick and console the dying than all the sectarian creeds and dogmas in the universe. Spiritualism has made me a better, a wiser, and a happier man, and I recommend its teaching and holy influences, to the careful consideration of my Universalist brethren. I beseech you to "grow in grace," to accept the revelations of to-day, so far as they correspond with reason, and then openly defend them. How would Paul have been regarded, if, after being converted, he had remained with his old associates half denying being a Christian and talking a little "pik wick water" Christianity? Why, he would have stood in the same relation to Christianity that you who believe in spirit-communication, yet remain with the sect, stand to Spiritualism—a dry limb on the tree of life, a dead weight on progression's ear. He would have died and been "dead as a doornail," an unprogressed Jew, and those Universalists who take a like course, will come forth into spirit-life unprogressed Universalists, and will be drawn by the laws of attraction under sectarian influences, there to remain in mental darkness until some of the "prison" spirit preachers preach them out.

I am advanced years—write sincerely and feelingly upon this subject, for to me Spiritualism, with its practical influences, is the "one thing needful." I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, (freedom than dwell in the tents of wickedness, (conservative theology), under the patronage of a popular creed that I had outgrown. To me, the worst phase of slavery is mental. Spiritualism makes me a free man, and gives me the highest demands of my nature, and with

shining fingers points to the evergreen shores of immortality, where are many of my heart's choicest treasures. Again, I recommend this faith "once delivered to the saints," and will be my Universalist brothers. May the grace of our heavenly Father be with them. J. H. LUTHER.
Crown Point, Ind., Aug. 8, 1886.

Spiritualist Picnic in Albion, Mich.

A bright, clear day, a rippling lake, a grassy carpet, graceful oaks, a band of music, loaded tables, and a crowd of joyous Spiritualists, with quite a sprinkling of sectarian explorers, were among the surroundings and associations connected with this pleasant occasion, besides boat-riding, exciting amusements and dancing. Following the social and more material feast, came the intellectual and musical. Bro. A. B. Whiting, long an esteemed resident of this place, gave us one of his sound and truly eloquent discourses, full of historic fact and rich in illustration, closing with a fine poetic improvisation. He further entertained the audience with several songs—the songs and music being his own compositions, reminding us of the Grecian Homer who, some three thousand years ago, repeated his poems and sang his songs in Troy; and hence the familiar couplet:

"Seven famous cities claimed the birth of Homer, dead,
Through whose streets the living Homer begged his bread."

We talked to the people a little time, upon the present and the future of Spiritualism. The Albion friends are agitating the subject of a legal organization and a Progressive Lyceum. They are both indispensable.

Among the earnest workers here is Dr. R. G. Rowe, and, by the way, one of the best healers in the country. His house is, much of the time, thronged with patients, and he, in an unconscious trance state, making the "lame to walk and the blind to see." The promised "signs" follow him. We shall long remember Bro. Whiting's hospitable home, with the kindness of his excellent mother and sister.

Kalamazoo and Dr. L. G. Smedley.

While the Isle of Nevada is the gem of the ocean, Kalamazoo is the handsomest city that dots Michigan, and within it is a large liberal element and some excellent Spiritualists, enough to support meetings regularly, if there was a general concert of action, and that genuine zeal that ought to characterize believers in the Spiritual Philosophy. Here, too, resides Dr. L. G. Smedley, a very gifted healing medium, and yet a modest, unassuming man, loathing show and sham notoriety. He relies for success upon personal merit, strict attention to business, and the medical skill of his Indian circle. Many are the lives that these Indian brothers have been instrumental in saving. Bro. Smedley probably will not thank us for this public mention of him; no matter—it is simply a volunteer act of justice. Our enjoyment in encountering the timid and inspiring the doubtful with confidence, is only equalled by our delight in puncturing such gaseous human balloons as carry too much sail. Bro. Smedley goes Mondays and Fridays to Jackson; the remainder of the time he is in Kalamazoo.

Cincinnati Affairs.

The Academy of Music, rented by the Spiritualists for the current year, was consumed awhile since by fire, with the Lyceum equipments. It was a sad loss to this young Lyceum, just struggling into a good degree of prosperity. But energetic souls never fail in holy purposes. The Committee have secured the Metropolitan Hall, (will they not see that the platform is transferred to the other end, and lowered full one half?) The new regalia for the Lyceum is daily expected, and soon the whole machinery will be in operation. The Spiritualists of this city are in earnest. Bro. A. B. Whiting occupies the rostrum during the month of September.

Spiritualist Picnic at Middleport.

The Spiritualists of Middleport, Johnson's Creek and vicinities, hold their annual picnic at Middleport on Saturday, Sept. 1st. J. M. Peebles, and probably other speakers, will be present. The Sunday following (Sept. 2d) he speaks during the day at Johnson's Creek.

Letter from Nellie M. Smith—Progressive Lyceums.

DEAR BANNER—Having been solicited by the friends of progress to aid in organizing a Lyceum in Breedsville, Mich., we commenced our pleasant task May 27th. No preliminary steps were needed—no "preparatory sermons" or appeals to the conscience or the fears—all hearts seemed beating in unison as one for the new source of pleasure and instruction. All were asking, "Will the effort be successful? What are we to do?" Fifty pairs of hands were uplifted, ready for the work—childhood, youth and mature years. Slowly, noiselessly the fair temple rose from its foundations, its graceful arches twined with fadeless flowers by angel-fingers, its fair front shining in the sun, towering upward toward the everlasting heights, where the spiral stair is hidden in deeper glories from our sight. Sometimes the builders faltered before the task assigned them; then bands of shining ones came down and made them strong. Among them were seen the white feet of two who had erewhile made melody at building the sister temple at Sturgis. Would not you be like them?

Mr. Smith remained some time, helping and giving most excellent and spiritual discourses. Mr. Robt. Baker, Principal of the Union School, was chosen Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian. The number of members at the end of a month was about seventy.

The "Free church," built a few years ago in this place, when at the point of completion, was burned down, hence the Lyceum holds its sessions at the school hall.

This novel institution, combining spiritual teachings with "physical religion" and a handsome regalia, could not proceed without some exciting incidents. It was refreshing to see with what brave, honest aims the young members would parry the attacks of those "foolish ones whose lamps had gone out"; plucky to see the discomfort of such persons; yet we were glad to find some of them among the visitors, watching and criticizing our method. A lady, belonging to some "persuasion," on witnessing the wing movements, with the flute and viol accompaniment, exclaimed: "This will never do to die by." One at her elbow replied: "No, but we think it a grand thing to live by." A "minister," (Universalist, I believe,) remarked, solemnly, "Too much like dancing—can't see the difference between dancing with the hands or with the feet."

But the work went on, and will go on, as God's work always does. The people are of that intelligent, high-minded class who never fall in what they undertake—and better still, live and labor in harmony. Here is the home of Mrs. Frank Reed, one of the best trance speakers, and who, in the absence of other trances, ministers most acceptably at the altar. We shall expect most excellent things of this little outpost of truth, away out in the peach country, near the noble old Lake Michigan. Its mission is like that of the tiny

rivulet gushing from some moss-grown rock in the mountain side, brightening and beautifying its pathway to the sea.

What present eye can fail to see that the Church Universal of the great future is now laying her deep foundation in those very Progressive Lyceums. The ages and anchorites of antiquity were moved by the force of a deathless aspiration—prophetic glimpses of a higher life drew their affections away from self, and gave themselves body and soul to one object, one idea—contemplation of Deity. Sages and seers are with us to-day; but mark how differently employed; free from the pride of self-sufficiency, their aim is to enlighten all souls, to institute a worldwide and divine brotherhood. The wisdom, the truths, by them transmitted from the commonest materials, are simplified to the most feeble capacity of these young minds, making a faithful garden, where the intellectual flowers had otherwise been wasted in weeds of vague and undisciplined thought. Each member is thus helped into the daylight of self-culture, the symmetry of immortal beauty. Oh, happy childhood! Oh, beautiful life! Oh, glad, bright world!

Sturgis, Mich., July 15, 1886.

Spirit and Matter.

As Spiritualists mature in thought, and advancing years carry them from the more physical planes of research, we find them reasoning upon the origin of spirit and matter, and the relative position the one holds to the other, and the laws that govern them.

Being prompted to answer some of the oft-repeated questions relating to these metaphysical problems, I pen the following informed thoughts, which are not mine but humanity's:

Matter and spirit being coequal and coeternal, the one with the other, and being interdependent by the indissoluble laws of use, the one is the recipient of all action, the other the embodiment of all force. Spirit is dependent upon matter for its manifestation, and matter is equally dependent upon spirit for its motive power. While lying back and behind these is the interpenetrating soul of all things, the God-principle, which is not matter but a necessitated law governing the more subtle forces, matter and spirit; I am aware that the God-principle by some is considered matter. If so, matter being subject to change and decay, the position would involve a liability of the destruction of the God-principle. But, being a principle, it is superior to all forms of matter, and the superior must ever govern the inferior. To my conception there is no more God in one man than another, and each conscious individuality is acted upon the more as it becomes more refined and susceptible to the action of this higher power, thus making man a trinity composed of body, soul and spirit. The body can never become sufficiently sublimated to make spirit, any more than spirit can become soul or God-principle. If it were possible for physical matter to become spirit, then it would make spirit-matter an absolute creation having a beginning, and, if so, necessarily an end; and, further, it not only proves the ultimate destruction but the final annihilation of matter itself. But the two atomic principles are eternal and infinite in quantity, and, being so, by a new formation, of spirit, through the transformation of grosser matter, would make the vast oceanic realm of spirit more than infinite in quantity, which would be simply an absurdity, as it is impossible to add to infinity.

The above is preliminary to a future article, in which I purpose to treat upon the much mooted question whether organized spirits can pass physical walls. In said article I shall give some of my own experience as a spirit out of the body, having often left the same for hours, and while in such condition, been pronounced physically dead.

Rockford, Ill., July 23, 1886. E. C. DUNN.

Des Moines, Iowa.

A correspondent, H. C. O'Brien, writing from the above place, Aug. 13th, says:

"Some two years since, when Leland was here, it was remarked by a great many that Spiritualism was dead; that he had killed it; but thanks be to the angel-world, it was not killed, but still lives. The flame was only smothered a little, and now it is rising and expanding wider and wider, and the light is beginning to be too intense for old theology."

We are in the Capitol Square, yesterday, (Sunday), and listened to two discourses from that able and highly interesting speaker, Joel P. Davis, of Adel, in this State, on the "Origin and Nature of Man, and his Capacities," proving that man was the growth of ages, and that his reason was greater than authority. He will be with us again in a month; then we shall organize a society."

Hingham, Mass.

DEAR BANNER—Last Sunday we had the delightful privilege of being a sojourner in the pleasant seashore town of Hingham; and learning that there was to be a Spiritual meeting in the place, we of course decided to attend, and in the afternoon, we arrived. Arriving there, we found a time previous to the hour of service, we busied ourselves for a short time in inquiring into the history of the Association which supports the meetings, and learned that it was formed last spring, and yet in this short space of time it has grown to be quite a large society, numbering in members, we should think, quite as many as some of the churches there, which have been in organization for years. We should judge that they were all earnest, hard working Spiritualists, (for we have seen them battling for the cause with a zeal worthy of Spiritualists).

The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Puffer, of Hingham, an inspiring and interesting woman, an excellent medium, and gave a very fine address, as was apparent by the close attention the audience gave to her while speaking. We took a few notes from her address, but it would be crowding your columns too much to publish them, therefore we shall feel obliged to pass them by, but allow us to say, before closing, that such an address as that cannot fail to do good.

We understand there is a circle connected with the Association, which meets Sunday evenings. From what we know of some of the writing mediums belonging to it, they must have excellent circles.

Rest assured, Mr. Editor, that Hingham is not in the background in the cause of Spiritualism. We wish them success in the good work.

Hingham, Mass., Aug. 20, 1886.

Union Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will hold their last picnic of the season at Excelsior Grove, Forge Village, on Wednesday, Sept. 8th. S. J. Finney, N. S. Greenleaf, and other speakers are expected to be present. There will be good music for dancing, and a pleasant time may be expected; to which all the friends are invited.

Tickets—adults, 75 cents; children, 35 cents. Cars will leave the Middlesex-street Depot at 8:15, and at 11:45 o'clock A. M. Refreshments for sale at the grove.

J. EULKE, Cor. Sec'y.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 7 P. M., in No. 2 Tremont Row, Hall 22. Evening meetings will commence at 7 P. M.

THE INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, Charleston, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Mechanics Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, at 7:30 P. M. and 9:30 P. M. respectively. Speakers engaged: Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 1st; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 8th; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 15th; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 22nd; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 29th.

CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 P. M. and 9 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum assemblies at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 1st; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 8th; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 15th; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 22nd; Dr. G. T. Rogers, Sept. 29th.

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THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in New York City, at 7 P. M. and 9 P. M.

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