

speaking in a language foreign and unknown to the medium, etc., etc.) which Christ promised "should follow all those who believed," were uninterruptedly continued in the Church for nearly three centuries after the time of Christ, and would still be had not the whole body of Christians become practically infidels and disbelievers in the origin of their own religion.

In conclusion, we will admonish all, in the language of St. John, to "believe not every spirit," (whether in or out of the flesh, for there are consummate liars in both conditions,) but try the spirits whether they be of God."

The Spirit-World.

SKETCHES CONCERNING THE BORDER LAND.

BY A. C. GRAY.

The accumulating requirements of man through the infant ages of his race, as he merged from his twilight condition into the ever-increasing light of knowledge, caused him for a time to become oblivious of or indifferent to these tones floating so gently back to him from friends passed on; whence his absorption into the mere externals of his being in the ages preceding the present. But when his intellectual and spiritual nature became somewhat assimilated, there came gradually gleaming in some perception of the real hereafter, until those errors that had crept so persistently into the material mind were in a measure loosened from their hold. Since the greater influx of spirit-power within the last few years, innumerable are the persons who kindle that voice from those who have cast off their earthly garments call back for us to aid them in their onward progress, or that others further advanced can assist and encourage us while we are still toiling on. Those voices still no longer be unheeded, and the few who cannot yet distinctly catch their sound, or turn deaf ears, lest they hear against their choice, merely defer for a little season that which they will desire only too eagerly when they find how barren and unsatisfying all things else become.

Every day's experience brings us proof of the searching power of this spirit of truth. Clergymen of all sects, whose culture has been most liberal, and whose minds were more expansive by nature, are dealing out everywhere portions of really spiritual teachings. The hearers, good souls, are delighted with such food, when it comes in their own consecrated churches, and through the lips of men whom their own priestly rites have prepared properly to minister unto them. They have no suspicion of any wrong, or danger, until we who are so anathematized by them, claim such as our own doctrines and teachings. Then the pastor must be watched and cautioned, and if he does not possess the position and independence of a Beecher, or if the needs of life are not otherwise to be met than by the salary of his Church ministrations, for a few Sundays thereafter his sermons will abound with doctrinal points, and poetic or intellectual elegancies. It is nevertheless the same old story being repeated of Galileo and his inquisitors, for the suppressed conviction is ever retreating itself, "And yet it moves," will burst forth ever and anon from lips no earthly force can seal entirely.

One of the two following conjectures must be true as to the origin of these gleams of sunlight among the obscurities of the Church darkness. Either this class of preachers read largely of Swedenborg, or later dispensers of spiritual truths, having thereby their intellectual and reasoning powers convinced, or the sentiments are imbibed inspirationally through their own mediative brains.

In addition to such occasional discourses by our resident pastor, the writer was quite recently thrilled with delight and astonishment at the outspoken words of a visiting clergyman, the drift of whose discourse was in some of its most startling points the very embodiment of the spirit-teachings. This, too, in a church which claims the only true apostolic succession, so tenacious of innovations, and by a man called "eminence," being learned, and traveled, and talented. When such minds and such churches receive the truth, although somewhat dissenting, can we not read the signs in the heavens? and do we not know there is an outburst from the floodgates of higher worlds than ours, and that minds of all capacities, in every stratum of each city and hamlet, on the broad prairie, and in the depths of mountain recesses throughout our land, are being reached and fitted to receive of these teachings which shall make indeed new heavens and a new earth? The object of these sketches is, to gather up and give to the world a few of those incidents which have been varied and manifold during the investigations of the writer. They are doubtless of no more worth than many occurring that are unnoticed; and although the press abounds with similar relations, there is a great fact underlying all such experiences which cannot be too often impressed upon us, namely, the benefit of this interchange of communication between the mortal and immortal shores. As I write, waves of grief and pity surge through my being at the remembrance of sufferings evinced by some who returned to us to tell their sad conditions, imploring us to instruct them in those ways they would not or could not learn while on earth.

In view of the inattention and unbelief prevailing, a mighty need cries out to us to wield both voice and pen for the instruction of those who do not yet know that their every thought and act in earthly life returns to them again in kind, in the hereafter; and to such as will not heed us here, let us not withhold the favors they come back so earnestly seeking. A long and earnest investigation of the laws governing spirit and matter has led to the almost certain conclusion that every imbecile in earth-life necessitates the spirit's return to expiate the same, as near as maybe, to the scene of its commission, as well as to attain such knowledge as earth, under favorable circumstances, might have given.

Several years since, when the doctrines and phenomena of Spiritualism were comparatively little known, a friend and myself determined to investigate the matter to our own satisfaction, without the interference of any conflicting circumstances. We were fortunately enabled to do so, and during a series of two or three years we continued the pursuit with but very little interruption, or change of scene.

The third party introduced, and who became our medium, was a German, Professor of Music and Languages, and employed in our family as teacher. He was a singularly shy, sensitive, scholarly man, never apparently having mingled much in society outside of his collegiate and professional duties. Gentle as a woman in his nature, he nevertheless had imbibed the Deliaic ideas so common among German scholars, particularly the friend I mentioned was a lady, teacher, also, of mature years, excellent character and earnest in purpose as myself, and all being liberal in our ideas, there was no bigotry to overcome, or frivolity, or enviously merely to gratify. Intimately acquainted, and having perfect confidence in each other, we knew there could be no deception. Our séances were held in a pleasant room, used as

library, where no discord or unbecoming toll had ever been permitted, thus harmonizing our minds by the spirit of beauty and sphere of intellect surrounding us. After a very few sittings the Professor gave evidence of being mediumistic, and from that time he progressed gradually through various phases, into deep entrancement and lucid states of clairvoyance.

A narrative of the incidents of travel in spirit-land, symbolical imagery, lectures, &c., would make an interesting volume, but I shall select only a few portions, and relate them as briefly as possible. Almost the first object distinctly seen by him was a mountain in the distance, toward which now and then a solitary traveler seemed directing his steps; but over on nearer approach the numbers increased, until at last they thronged on every side. Upon inquiry he was told it was the mountain of Truth. All seemed impelled in the same direction, whether knowing or caring for the result. One old gentleman, however, seemed conscious of his purpose, for upon being interrogated, told him he was traveling from the land of ignorance in search of knowledge. After beginning to ascend the mountain many incidents were met with illustrative of life. One was, that of persons carrying in their hands a kind of cups, and as they ascended they perceived something like lava flowing down in streams; this they caught in the cups they carried; but some proved leaky. Others whose cups were whole, poured it out, while others still valued it as the greatest of treasures. Some jealous persons, angry at its overflow, covered the aperture to prevent its reaching the people; but it would soon burst all barriers and make for itself new openings.

The law of actual spirit presence, in scenes described by him, was unmistakably established. Precipices, or obstacles of a terrific nature, frequently met with in his early travels, would, until he saw a way of escape, produce a real suffering as if actually met in material life. On some occasions when he visited the Arctic regions, his teeth chattered and his whole body shivered with cold. When he at last reached the summit of the mountain, he was encircled and bathed in a flood of light, exceeding any description he could give by comparison with our earth lights. Once on approaching a temple, heard and repeated a lecture given there; at last discovered the speaker to be a friend and fellow-student of his, who passed into spirit-life many years since. Thereafter this friend became his guide, and led him many times to temples of learning, where instructions were given to assembled bodies of spirit-learners. He was likewise led to the halls, or homes of undeveloped spirits, that he, being nearer their earth-natures, might preach to the spirits in prison.

Sometimes dark spirits would approach our circle, when it needed all the encouragement myself and my friend could give, before he would allow them to communicate with us, being so sensitive they seemed to terrify him, and he would shrink from them as if there were actual bodily danger. Many were the spirits who came back to us at such repeated seasons, expressing the utmost gratitude, and giving evidence of having been assisted into higher planes of being. "I will give in my next a few particulars of one or two of the most obstinate cases."

Original Essays.

THE FALSE AND PERNICIOUS TEACHINGS OF THE CHURCH AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY FREDERICK ROBINSON.

In the first place they teach that about six thousand years ago God made the heavens and the earth, the whole material universe out of nothing; a falsehood which no sane mind could believe, if left to form his judgment in the vigor of maturity. They teach that God performed this wonderful job of work in six days; and then, of course, after such an awful amount of labor, he needed rest, and so rested on the seventh day, and that, for this reason, God requires everybody to rest on the seventh day.

Now I know it is well to set apart a portion of time for rest, amusement, recreation and mental improvement, but it ought to be done without resorting to the falsehood that God rested from all his works on the seventh day. We know that God never rests. All the processes of Nature, which are God's works, go on as much on the seventh as any other day. Jesus himself, who was a great reformer, and a mediator or medium between heaven and earth, observed this, and when he was accused of breaking the Sabbath day, he looked abroad upon the earth and saw that birds, beasts and insects were all at work, the sun shone, the rivers ran, and all the processes of Nature were in motion, and replied: "God works Sundays, and I work; my Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

The next falsehood is that God at last made man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and then cut open the man and took out one of his ribs, and out of this he made the woman. Now who could believe all this if it had not been forced into his mind in the nursery, the Sunday School and the teachings of the Church? This everything is represented as the result of mechanical labor rather than of growth.

It would be nearer the truth, instead of representing God as a great architect or mechanic, to regard him as a farmer depositing germs and watching and aiding their development. It is evident that man has not always existed upon the earth; and how he commenced his existence has never as yet been positively demonstrated, and yet we know that he maintains his existence by the law of development, and we reason, from analogy, that what is always continued and improved by the law of development, originated also by the same law. It is certainly more reasonable than the teachings of the Church on this subject. When the mistress of Topsy, in Mrs. Stowe's Log Cabin, said to her, "Who made you, my child?" Topsy is made to reply, "Nobody made me; I spec I growed." Now Topsy's answer, I think, came nearer the truth than the teachings of the Church and the Sunday School. Even Hugh Miller, who ran crazy and committed suicide in attempting to reconcile the facts of Nature with the teachings of the Church, admits "that God might as certainly have originated the species by a law of development, as maintain it by a law of development."

It is more in harmony with everything which we see, to regard the Deity as constantly producing and perfecting by the laws of Nature, that is, through the operation of his own laws. Yet the Church explains all things on the hypothesis of manufacture rather than of growth and development. When they could no longer maintain the old Church doctrine by persecution, fire and fagot, that the earth was the centre of the universe, that the sun, moon and stars moved around it every day, they then gradually and silently

shifted their ground, fell back to a new base of operations, and held that after God made the earth and the planets, he hurled them from his hand round the sun, with exactly the velocity necessary to balance the sun's attraction, and the force then and thus communicated must continue forever.

The formation of the earth, the separation of sea from land, the production of animals, the making of man, in a manner somewhat akin to that in which a molder makes a clay figure, were all mechanical works, from which God rested, as a laborer rests. But these false and pernicious teachings of the Church stop not here. After God had finished the work of making the heavens and the earth out of nothing, he placed the man and the woman in a beautiful garden, where all the fruits of the earth were made to grow, but he forbade them to touch or taste of the fruit of the best tree, placed very conspicuously in the middle of the garden, saying, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die"; yet it is said they did eat the fruit, and lived several hundred years after that. But the Church teaches that it was a spiritual death of which they died on that day, and that by the eating of the forbidden fruit the whole human race was corrupted and totally depraved, and all doomed to eternal torments in a hell of fire and brimstone, that there was no possible way by which any one could be saved by any merit of his own. Mankind therefore must have been in a horrible condition for many ages, and all on account of grandmother Eve eating an apple. But a way of salvation was at last found out. After waiting four or five thousand years, and consequently suffering generation after generation, during the greater portion of the earth's existence, to sink down into the endless torments of hell, God concluded that the only way he could save a few of us, whom he had predestinated to save before the foundation of the world, was to come down and begot himself, and after due time, he bore of a virgin and become his own son, and then he crucified for claiming to be his own father. Now this is the atonement. This is the great scheme of salvation for the whole world, and yet only those who believe it can be saved. And it is said the angels of heaven look upon it with more wonder than upon all the works of creation, and well they may, for it passes all understanding.

Marblehead, Mass.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY F. T. LANE.

It is claimed by all Spiritualists that the ordinary control of the psychologist over his subject, illustrates the *modus operandi* of spirits with media. But, according to mediumistic testimony, a spirit who is not aware of the fact that he has been divested of the physical body, may assist in controlling a medium? Is there any evidence that a psychologist, whose faculties are correspondingly dormant, can show any control over his subject? We think not. What must be the mental and external condition of a spirit who is unconscious of the fact that he has passed through the process called death? Manifestly, such a spirit must be in a complete stupor or sleep, and when a mortal or spirit is in such a state, we find nothing in the science of psychology or in the experience of its professors, to warrant the belief that such mortal or spirit could obtain any visible control whatever.

The issue is plain and direct: we must either relinquish the claim that the control of the psychologist and spirit are identical, or affirm that, in the very nature of the case, it is impossible for a spirit not in possession of the ordinary senses to control, or even assist in a visible control of a medium. We accept the latter alternative as being by far the most consistent and rational; therefore, when a spirit controls, and at the same time denies that he has lost his physical body, we look upon the mediumistic scene as a mere phantasm. In the writer's judgment, much valuable time is frittered away at circles, by persons who attempt to enlighten spirits concerning matters which must be self-evident to the spirits' senses. To proffer enlightenment to a spirit not in possession of his senses, is absurd, for how can he comprehend that which you wish to impart? But if the spirit has his senses, wherein is the necessity of informing him that he has lost his physical body?

Spirits sometimes appear to mistake the physical organism of the medium for their own; to correct this mistake, the spirit is often asked if he identifies the medium's apparel as his own. To this query the spirit seldom, if ever, responds in the affirmative. Now the same senses that enable a spirit to discriminate in matters of apparel, should also enable the spirit to detect the variance between his own organism and that of the medium. The spirit's ignorance of the laws under which he controls, does not affect the issue, it being a question of simple, conscious perception, and therefore a matter of natural knowledge.

We conclude that if a spirit has sufficient sense to control, he must, from necessity, of his own knowledge, know that he has been divested of his physical organism.

Laurence, Mass.

SPRING.

BY A. DE VERE.

Once more, through God's high will and grace,
Of hours that each its task fulfill,
Heart-healing Spring resumes its place
The valley through, and gleams the hills.

Who knows not Spring? Who doubts when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear;
I know, in many a glen profound,
The earliest violets of the year
Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn, I know, once more is white;
And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that surging flow
From craggy shelf, through sylvan glades,
The pale narcissus, well I know,
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honeyed cowslip tufts once more
The golden slopes—with gradual ray
The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
The wood-path strews its milky way.

I see her not—I feel her near,
As charioted in mildest airs
She sails through yon ethereal sphere,
And in her arms and bosom bears

That urn of flowers, and lustral dew,
Whose sacred baln, on all things shed,
Revives the weak, the old renews,
And crowns with votive wreaths the dead.

BLUISHING.—Blushing in the male sex is too frequently and constantly regarded as proof of guiltiness; it is a proof of sensibility and fear of disrepute; by whatever incident called forth; but except in so far as fear of being thought guilty is proof, it affords no proof of the existence of the object by the idea of which the apprehension is excited.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
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"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Howes.)

OUR HOUSE.

Little Mintie might be said to live nowhere. For her father was one of those unfortunate men that imagine that they are going to do some wonderful thing by-and-by, but never set about it, and so do nothing. He fancied, too, that the wonderful thing that he should find to do would be in a city, and so he lived in the great, busy, bustling, heartless New York. And as he did no work, of course he had no money, and was very, very poor. Mintie's mother was a sad, disappointed woman, who thought that her husband was a very worthless man; and ought to take care of her because she did not feel very strong. So much did she think about her weakness and ill-felting, that at last she became quite helpless, and sat tipped back in her chair, or reclined on the bed most of the time.

People who rent little rooms, called homes in New York, do not ask whether there are any little boys and girls that need a snug little home, even if their fathers or mothers are very poor; the consequence to Mintie was that almost every month she found herself in a new apartment; for her father was turned into the street just as soon as he could not pay his rent, and this happened many times a year.

But if over a little girl had a mission, it was Mintie. She made every place home just as soon as she had put her little old wicker chair in a corner, and sung one little song to an old rag baby, whose face was the color of her old brown dress, and whose clothing consisted of a dress that little Mintie herself wore when a baby, but which had little by little lost a sleeve, a hem, a strip here and there, until it seemed only shreds of rags; but little Mintie, with her fingers, wound the rags and tatters into many fanciful shapes, and called them dresses, and cloaks, and shawls.

As we said, Mintie was at home as soon as she had rocked a little, and sung a little, and then she went out on her mission. Her face had so much good nature in it, and her voice so much sweetness, that wherever she went people felt happier and better; they did not know why, or ask the cause. Her heart seemed just like a sweet flower that sheds its perfume everywhere the same, in a dull cheerless place, or in the most lovely.

Mintie had a pleasant fancy, and that was that the room she occupied was a house, and belonged to her and her father and mother, so she always said of it, "Our house." If a little child cried in the block, Mintie always ran to it, saying, "Come to 'our house,' and see my pretty dolly." If one fell down and bruised his face, she said, "Come to 'our house,' and get some water and bathe it." If one was hungry, there was always a little piece of bread, if only a dried crust, at "our house."

And thus little Mintie, with no home at all, and hardly any clothes to wear, and the poorest food to eat, was like a little princess distributing her gifts to everybody. Crowds of children always followed her when she came in sight, and old men and women beckoned to her to have a few words of social chat.

It was quite a grief to Mintie every time she left a neighborhood, for it seemed to her as if she was indeed leaving home; but no sooner had she left one place, than she began immediately her beautiful mission of love in another, and took strange children for comfort and solace to "our house," and she was quite at home again.

What gave Mintie such wonderful faith and cheerfulness in every place, however gloomy and poor? It was the goodness of her dear little heart.

It came to pass, at last, that nobody was willing to let Mintie's father have even a poor room to live in. A whole city full of houses and rooms, and great palaces for only two or three, and yet no shelter for Mintie; but she did not lose faith. While her father made arrangements with an acquaintance to keep his two chairs, and Mintie's little wicker chair, and his rickety table, and bedstead with its straw bed, little Mintie was on the sidewalk, with the sunshine of love looking out of her eyes. Two little children chanced to fall in their play, and raised the echoes up and down the street with their cries. Mintie, with her cordial of love, was close by, and ran to their help.

"Come to our house," said she, "and get some nice cold water; but when she had them by the hand, she remembered that her little rocking chair had no corner that would make a home for her.

But Mintie had great faith and a ready wit, so she took the little ones by the hand, and led them to the shelter of an old cart, and set them down on the curbstone, and began telling them a story about a great big spider that spun its web over her dolly's face one summer's night, and made it look as if it had on a real veil.

"But I sought," said one, "that we go to your house!"

"Oh, yes, so you did," said Mintie, "and is n't this a very nice house? We will call this the parlor, and over there in the gutter the kitchen, and we'll call it that the sky is the great high ceiling, and that tree over there a picture. Oh, isn't it nice?"

"Yet," said the little one, "but 'tain't your house?"

"Oh, no," said Mintie; "it is n't your house, nor my house, but 'our house.' You see there's the sky, that's everybody's, and the street, that's everybody's, and this shadow, that's everybody's that wants, so we have a beautiful house all the time."

"But, then, 'tain't no chairs in it," said the little doubting one.

"Oh," said Mintie, "if I only had my little rocking-chair out here, and my dolly, then we should be all fixed up, and our house would be all furnished."

Just then her father came in sight, and Mintie ran to him, imploring to have her own little chair, and she soon found herself in possession of it.

After that "our house" was in the shadow of some cart, or beside some entrance, just where the little chair, now sadly battered and worn, chanced to stand. And there was always some one to guard or occupy the little seat when Mintie was away. At night she took her chair where some kindly disposed person offered her a place to sleep. And little Mintie had sweet dreams of "our house," and its broad, protecting sky, and its sweet pictures.

Mintie, by her cheerfulness and gentleness, became a great favorite all up and down the poor, dirty street. In at the little grocery, where they kept poor tea and very brown sugar, and two little jars of pink and white candy, Mintie always met a welcome, as she went to buy a little apple with the pennies some one gave her. At the baker's on the corner she often had a little cake

given her, and one kind milkman often gave her a drink of milk, as he stopped to deal out his blue-white liquid marked Pura Orange County. But cold weather was coming on, and Mintie began to find "our house" had rather open doors and windows, and her little hands grew cold, and her nose grew pinched. She had many a nice warning in at the grocery, and the baker's wife often told her to put her toes, now out of her shoes, on to the warm hearth of the stove. But for all these kindnesses little Mintie felt the chill air in all her bones, and she wondered what made cold shivers run down all her limbs.

The truth was, her garments were thin, and many little shreds had been left on troublesome nails, and around corners where the wind blew them against some obstacle. And Mintie began to lose a little of her cheerfulness, as she thought in the morning of the long, cold day coming. Very warm, cheerful hearts grew cold, and a little sad, if the feet and hands are tired, and there is no good food to put in the hungry body.

But after a little while Mintie grew very warm, for a fever was in her veins; but she thought it was the weather. Her cheeks were red, and her lips like damask roses, and a bright light glowed in her eyes. Her head ached and was weary, and she sat in her little chair and welcomed the cool wind that touched her brow.

But this could not last long, for Mintie was growing sick every hour. At last she was found lying senseless on the sidewalk, and was carried under the nearest cover, which proved to be a poor, low grocery. To this came, at all hours, low, wicked men and women, and drank poisonous whiskey and gin, and sang low songs, and often wrangled and quarreled until the place was full of noise and confusion.

And in all this dreadful tumult Mintie lay moaning and groaning with pain, quite unconscious of what was passing about her. But after a time she passed into a sweet sleep, and awoke very pale and weak, for her fever had left her. But every one knew she must die. Her little heart was, however, as strong and cheerful as ever, and she fulfilled her beautiful mission with the same sweetness. When she heard the rough men in the room in front of hers, she begged to have them called in; and as they looked on her pale, sweet face, they became very quiet.

"Have you not heard," said she, "about 'our house' up there? I want to tell you about it, for I have been to visit it and know all about it."

"What does she mean?" said the men.

"She is a little touched," said the women; "her fever has made her flighty."

"Oh, no," said Mintie; "it's all there. Our house is beautiful; it has great large windows, and oh, such lovely pictures! and there are trees, and flowers, and beautiful things; but nobody goes in but those that wear pure garments. I shall want you all to come and see me; and so I hope you will get ready, and have a beautiful garment all made."

"Oh!" sighed the men.

"Dear, dear!" said the women.

But Mintie kept talking about "our house" so much, that at last they began to look up to the sky at the door to see if they could behold its shining portals. And looking up, they saw the clear, beautiful blue sky, or the gleaming stars, and better wishes came into their hearts.

"Do you suppose it is all true?" said one.

"Mayhap," said another. "I wish I knew. If I thought I had the right and title in such a house, I think I'd be getting ready."

And little children from the cold, dirty streets, came in to see Mintie, and she told them beautiful stories about "our house" up in the skies, and that being good was just like a step-ladder leading up to it.

"All the little children that are good," said Mintie, "walk right into 'our house,' and see all the pretty things, and have the flowers—the beautiful roses and lilies, and they are just as sweet as can be. And 'our house' up there isn't a bit like this; and I wish you'd all come and see me when I go. Will you not come, Lottie, and Charlie, and Ned?"

"I don't know," said Lottie. "I reckon I don't look nice enough. My tire is all dirty, and my shoes are all tatters."

"Well," said Mintie, "that is just what I said. But some one spoke to me and said, 'If you were good to little children, and loved them, you could walk right in, and there would be a nice dress all ready for you.'"

"I do n't believe that," said Ned. "Whew! do you suppose I'd have a new jacket for all the goodness I could pick up 'tween this and Sunday? Whew! jockey, no!"

"Well," said Mintie, "if you'd just seen 'our house,' you'd know."

"What do you say 'our house,' for?" said Charlie.

"Why, it's just like the sky, and the trees, and the sun; it's all ours, and makes one beautiful house."

"Oh, Jericho!" said Ned, "if I believed that, I'd begin to fix up a bit."

"And though the boys and girls, and the men and women did not pretend to believe what Mintie said, yet they all kept thinking about it, and wondering if it was really true; and as they thought and wondered, holy wishes came into their hearts; and those wishes were the prayers that became like golden light, and brought some sweetness and beauty to their rough, hard life.

And little Mintie grew weaker and paler, but her faith grew none the less; and so sure was she that she should realize all she expected, that every day became beautiful to her with its hopes and anticipations.

At last she shut her eyes to open them no more on earth. A sweet smile rested on her face, for she had gone to "our house," the Father's beautiful home for the pure, weary souls. And little Mintie's mission seemed finished, but it was not so. All the good, true words that she had spoken were like so many lights about the dark, cheerless places that she had lived in. All the loving deeds that she had performed, were so many little cords binding her to earth, and back on these flowed always the love of her heart. So that little Mintie, in "our house" in heaven, became one of the bright messengers to earth, bringing always some more goodness, some more gentleness, some more hope and faith to those she had known when she lived in "our house" on earth.

And so each little child, however poor or friendless, can be a blessed teacher, and draw by gentle but strong chords, some hearts to a higher and better life.

THE CANKER WORM.—A gentleman in Hingham, who has great fame as a pomologist, has tried the following plan to hinder the operations of the canker worm on his fruit trees, and has found it to be thoroughly successful: He uses a rough box with its sides about a foot high, and about the same distance from the trunk of the tree. This box he fills within an inch of the top with spent tan-bark or sawdust. Just inside the box, and nearly flush with its upper edge, he nails a leaden gutter, which, being filled with cheap Kerosene oil, no canker worm can get through. On the contrary, it proves a death trap to many of the pests, none of whom can get to the tree from the soil near the root, through the sawdust or tan-bark.

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM IN 1716-17.

BY LAURA DE FORCE GORDON.

In Dr. Adam Clarke's "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," is to be found a full account of the wonderful spiritual manifestations which occurred in Samuel Wesley's family during the months of December and January, in the years 1716-17, from which record I make the following extract, believing it will be read with interest by the readers of the Banner, particularly those who were formerly followers of Wesley, and are now "persecuted for righteousness sake," by those who still hold to Methodism as the only true faith, and denounce Spiritualism as being the works of the devil:

"Disturbances supposed to be Preternatural at the Parsonage House in Epworth. From Samuel Wesley's Journal."

"From the 1st of December my children and servants heard many strange noises, groans, knockings, &c., in every story, and most rooms of my house; but I hearing nothing of it, they would not tell me for some time, because, according to the vulgar opinion, if it boded any ill to me I could not hear it. When it increased, and the family could not conceal it, they told me of it."

My daughters Susanna and Ann were below stairs, in the dining-room, and heard first at the doors, then over their heads, and the night after a knocking under their feet, though nobody was in the chambers or below them. The maid-servant heard groans, as of a dying man. My daughter Emilia coming down stairs to draw up the clock and lock the doors, at ten o'clock at night, as usual, heard under the staircase a sound amongst some bottles there, as if they had all been dashed to pieces; but when she looked all was safe.

Something like the steps of a man was heard going up and down stairs at all hours of the night, and vast rumblings below stairs, and in the garrets. My man, who lay in the garret, heard some one come slithering through the garret to his chamber, rattling by his side, as if against his shoes, though he had none there; at other times walking up and down stairs when all in the house were abed, and babbling like a turkey-cock.

Noises were heard in the nursery, and all the other chambers, knocking first at the feet of the bed, then behind it, and a sound like that of dancing in a matted chamber, next to the nursery, when the door was locked and nobody in it. My wife would have persuaded them it was rats within doors, and some unlucky people knocking without, till at last we heard several loud knocks in our own chamber, on my side of the bed; but till, I think, the 21st, at night, I heard nothing of it. That night I was waked a little before one by nine distinct very loud knocks, which seemed to be in the next room to ours, with a sort of pause at every third stroke. I thought it might be somebody without the house, and having got a stout mallet, hoped he would soon rid me of it.

The next night I heard six knocks, but not so loud as the former. I know not whether it was in the morning after Sunday the 23d, when about seven my daughter Emily called her mother into the nursery, and told her she might now hear the noises there. She went in and heard it at the bedside, then under the bed, then at the head of it. She knocked, and it answered her. She looked under the bed, and thought something ran from thence, but could not well tell of what shape, but thought it most like a badger. The next night but one we were waked about one by the noises, which were so violent it was vain to think of sleep whilst they continued. I rose, and my wife would rise with me. We went into every chamber, and down stairs; and generally as we went into one room we would hear it in that behind us, though all the family had been in bed several hours. When we were going down stairs, and at the bottom of them, we heard, as Emilia had done before, a clashing among the bottles, as if they had been broke all to pieces, and another sound distinct from it, as if a peck of money had been thrown down before us. The same three of my daughters heard at another time.

We went through the hall into the kitchen, when our maffick came whining to us, as he did always after the first night of his coming; for then he barked violently at it, but was silent afterward, and seemed more afraid than any of the children. We still heard it trattle and thunder in every room above or behind us, locked as well as open, except my study, where as yet it never came. After two we went to bed, and were pretty quiet the rest of the night.

Wednesday night, Dec. 26, after a little before ten, my daughter Emilia heard the signal of its beginning to play, with which she was perfectly acquainted; it was like the strong winding up of a clock. She called us into the nursery, where it used to be most violent. The rest of the children were asleep. It began by knocking in the kitchen underneath, then seemed to be at the bed's feet, then under it, at last at the head of it. I went down stairs and knocked with my stick against the joints of the kitchen. It answered me as often and as loud as I knocked; and then I knocked as I usually do at my own door—1-2-3-4-5-7; but this puzzled it, and it did not answer, or not in the same method, though the children heard it do the same exactly twice or thrice after.

I went up stairs and found it still knocking hard, though with some respite, sometimes under the bed, sometimes at the bed's head. I observed my children, that they were frightened in their sleep, and trembled very much till it waked them. I stayed there alone, bid them to go to sleep, and sat at the bed's feet by them when the noise began again. I asked it what it was, and why it disturbed innocent children, and did not come to me in my study if it had anything to say to me; soon after it gave one knock on the outside of the house (all the rest were within), and knocked off for that night.

I went out of doors, sometimes alone, sometimes with company, and walked round the house, but could see or hear nothing. Several nights the latch of our lodging-chamber would be lifted up very often when all were in bed. One night when the noise was great in the kitchen, and on a deal partition, and the door in the yard the latch whereof was often lifted up, my daughter Emilia went and held it fast on the inside; but it was still lifted up and the door pushed instantly against her, though nothing was to be seen on the other side.

When we were at prayers and came to the prayers for King George and the Prince, it would make a great noise over our head constantly; whence some of the family called it a Jacobite.

I have three been pushed by an invisible power once against the corner of my desk in my study, the second time against the door of the matted chamber, a third against the right side of the frame of my study door as I was going in.

I followed the noise into almost every room in the house, both by day and night, with lights and without, and have sat alone for some time, and when I heard the noise spoke to it to tell me what

it was, but never heard any articulate voices, and only once or twice two or three feeble squeaks a little louder than the chirping of a bird, but not like the noise of rats that I have heard.

I had designed on Friday, Dec. 28, to make a visit to a friend, Mr. Downs, at Normandy, and stay some days with him; but the noises were so boisterous on Thursday night that I did not care to leave my family. So I went to Mr. Hoole, of Haxey, and desired his company on Friday night. He came, and it began a little after ten, later than ordinary.

The younger children were gone to bed; the rest of the family and Mr. Hoole were in the matted chamber. I sent the servants down to fetch in some fuel; went with them and stayed in the kitchen till they came in. When they were gone I heard loud noises against the doors and partition, and at length the usual signal, though somewhat after the time. I had never heard it before, but knew it from the description my daughter had given me. It was much like turning about a wind-mill when the wind changes. When the servants returned I went up to the company, who had heard the noises below, but not the signal.

We heard all the knockings, as usual, from one chamber to another, but at its going off like the rubbing of a beast against the wall. From that time till Jan. 24 we were quiet.

Having received a letter from Samuel the day before relating, I read what I had written of it to my family; and this day, at morning prayers, the family heard the usual knocks at the prayer for the king. At night they were more distinct in the prayers both for the prince and king, and one very loud knock at the amen was heard by my wife and most of the children, but I heard nothing myself.

On Friday, the 25th, having prayers at Church, I shortened, as usual, those in the family at morning, omitting the confession, absolution and prayers for the king and the prince. I observed when this is done there is no knocking. I, therefore, used them one morning for a trial; at the name of King George it began to knock, and did the same when I prayed for the prince. Two knocks I heard, but took no notice after prayers, till after all who were in the room, ten persons besides me, spoke of it and said they heard it. No noises at all the rest of the prayers.

Sunday, Jan. 27th. Two soft strokes at the morning prayers for King George, above stairs.

ADDITION.

Friday, Dec. 21st. Knockings I heard first, I think, this night, to which disturbances I hope God will, in his own good time, put an end.

Sunday, Dec. 23d. Not much disturbed by the noises that are now grown customary to me.

Wednesday, Dec. 26th. Sat up to hear noises; strange spoke to it; knocked off.

Friday, 28th. The noises very boisterous and disturbing this night.

Saturday, 29th. Not frightened with the continued disturbances of my family.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1717. My family have heard no disturbances since I went."

In the history of Methodism, page sixty-two, we find the following account of the "noises," and various comments upon them:

"Even the extraordinary 'noises' for which the Rectory became noted, and which still remain unexplained, are supposed to have had a providential influence upon his character."

These phenomena were strikingly similar to marvels which, in our times, have suddenly spread over most of the civilized world, perplexing the learned, deluding the ignorant, producing a 'spiritualistic' literature of hundreds of volumes and periodicals, and resulting in extensive Church organizations.

The learned Priestley obtained the family letters and journals relating to these curious facts, and gave them to the world as the best authenticated and best told story of the kind that was any where extant.

John Wesley himself has left us a summary of these mysterious events.

They began usually with a loud whistling of the wind around the house. Before it came into any room the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass was about the chamber rung and jarred exceedingly. When it was in any room, let the inmates make what noises they could, as they sometimes did on purpose, its deaf, hollow note would be clearly heard above them all. The sound very often seemed in the air, in the middle of a room; nor could they exactly imitate it by any contrivance.

"It was evidently," says Southey, "a Jacobite goblin, and seldom suffered Mr. Wesley to pray for the king, without disturbing the family." John says it gave 'thundering knocks' at the amen, and the loyal rector waxing angry at the insult, sometimes repeated the prayer with defiance. He was thrice 'pushed by it' with no little violence; it never disturbed him, however, till he had rudely denounced it as a deaf and dumb devil, and challenged it to meet him in his study if it had anything to say, and cease annoying his innocent children.

It replied with a 'knock,' as if it would shiver the boards in pieces, and resented the affront by accepting the challenge.

At one time the trenches danced upon the table without anybody's touching either. At another, when several of the daughters were amusing themselves at a game of cards upon one of the beds, the wall seemed to tremble with the noise; they leaped from the bed, and it was raised in the air, as described by Cotton Mather, in the witchcraft of New England.

Sometimes moans were heard, as from a dying person; at others, it swept through the halls and along the stairs, with the sound of a person trampling loose gown on the floor and the chamber walls meanwhile shook with vibrations. It would respond to Mrs. Wesley if she stamped on the floor and bade it answer; and it was more loud and fierce whenever it was attributed to rats or any natural cause.

These noises continued about two months. The family soon came to consider them amusing frolics, as they were never attended with any serious harm; they all, nevertheless, deemed this preternatural.

Adam Clarke assures us that though they subsided at Epworth, they continued to molest some members of the family for many years.

Clark believed them to be demonic; Southey is ambiguous respecting their real character; Priestley supposed them a trick of the servants or neighbors, without any other reason than that they seemed not to answer any adequate purpose of a 'miracle,' to which Southey justly replies:

"With regard to the good design which they may be supposed to answer, it would be end sufficient if sometimes one of those unhappy persons who, looking through the dim glass of infidelity, see nothing beyond this life, and the narrow sphere of mortal existence, should, from the well established truth of one such story, trifling and objectless as it might otherwise appear, be led to a conclusion that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in this philosophy."

Isaac Taylor considers them not 'celestial,' nor 'infernal,' but 'extra terrestrial,' intruding upon our sphere occasionally, as the Arabian legend has sometimes found in Hyde Park. Of the influence of these facts on Wesley's character, this author remarks that they took effect upon him in such a decisive manner as to lay open his faculty of belief, and create a right way for the supernatural through his mind, so that to the end of his life there was nothing so marvellous to him that could not freely pass where these mysteries had passed before it.

Correspondence.

Our Washington Correspondence.

One of the best evidences of the growth of Spiritualism in Washington has been recently shown in the advent of Miss Grant. He came here a few weeks ago, issued large bills claiming to expose Spiritualism, but he signally failed in his mission. This perambulating Reverend has for years been traveling over the country in search of business. His purpose does not seem to me to be so much to expose Spiritualism as to get up an excitement, and a consequent discussion with some Spiritualist. I attended one of his lectures, wherein, to the astonishment of his audience, he admitted our full claim to the manifestation of spirit-power, only claiming it to be of demons. He also admitted that we numbered some six million believers in this country and four millions in other parts of the world. And in speaking of the ability of the advocates, he said we numbered in our ranks persons in every grade in life, and were, as a body, as intelligent as any in the world; and further, that no religion ever grew so fast, and it was now increasing faster than ever before. This on the face appears very candid; but I believe instead of candor it is his craft. By making these admissions he disarms us of a great portion of our arguments in discussion. However, it made no difference with us, for understanding his game we did not take up his gauntlet, and he gave up his business. I hope this will be the way he will be met in future. His only chance is to drive us into a discussion, which now we do not need. He knows Spiritualism is true, and we do not aid our cause by listening to his abuse of it.

I cannot at this time help alluding to one point made by Miss Grant. He claims that all manifestations of spirit-power are given by low and malignant spirits, who are allowed by the wise, infinite and good Father of us all to come here and deceive and torment his children, but does not allow good angels to come and comfort us. Let every Spiritualist be thankful that he has no such conception of God.

But we have an offset to the misrepresentations of Mr. Grant in the able lectures of our old and well tried advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy, Major T. Gales Foster, of this city, who is lecturing for our society this month. Nothing that I can say can add to the brilliant reputation of Bro. Foster, who has for so long a time stood at the head of the noble army of advocates of Spiritualism. His lectures are always full of power and eloquence; whenever he speaks we can feel assured of being treated to a purely spiritual lecture.

A great fault of many of our speakers is their leaving Spiritualism and speaking on subjects of an entirely different nature. When a lecturer is advertised to speak on Spiritualism, the audience expect to hear something on that subject; but too often are called upon to listen to addresses on entirely foreign subjects. Mr. Foster, although an unassuming and simple speaker, has the natural ability to give addresses equal to any of our best normal speakers; and in this fact may be found the explanation of the deep and thorough exposition of every subject handled by the spirits through him, for without doubt the higher the capacity of the medium, the better will be the addresses given by Dr. Fitzgibbon, of New York, has been with us for a few weeks, giving his course of lectures on Human Electricity, and Central America, with good success. The Doctor is one of the most interesting lecturers I ever heard. At the close of his lectures, manifestations of spirit-power are given through the mediumship of Miss E. Vanwie, which are of the most astonishing nature, far exceeding any I have ever seen.

A cabinet like unto that used by the celebrated Davenport Brothers is used, and the medium is confined in a similar manner; but the room in which the cabinet is placed is in full light. From the office in front of the cabinet are shown, not only hands of different sizes and colors, but drapery, ribbons, feathers, bouquets, &c. The medium is always subjected to the closest search by a committee of ladies, and nothing is found upon her person to produce the above manifestations. At the close of his lectures on Central America, hands of different shapes and colors were shown, and also representations of monuments and hieroglyphics, apparently sculptured in marble, such as are found in the ruins of cities in Central America. The Doctor also used a larger cabinet some fourteen feet high, wherein the medium is securely nailed to the floor, after which musical instruments are performed upon; on the door being opened the instruments are found suspended on hooks at the top of the box, some eight feet above the head of the medium. A dark circle is also given, at which the reality of spirit-presence is more fully shown than the above described. Spirits talk quite audibly, and can be distinctly heard walking about. They lock and unlock doors, touch you, and give other demonstrations of the most startling nature.

Miss Vanwie has been developed but a few months. She is a modest and intelligent young lady, and was a member of one of the popular Churches until recently.

The fairness with which the exhibitions are given, wins the confidence of the committees, as well as the audience. Our friends in other places may anticipate a rare treat wherever they may visit.

A. HORTON.

Washington, D. C., March, 1866.

Letter from Louisville, Ky.

A few words with regard to the progress of the cause in this city and vicinity may be interesting to you and your numerous readers. Last September a few of the faithful came to the conclusion that they had been without meetings long enough, (nearly five years,) so they engaged Bro. E. V. Wilson to give them a series of lectures. This drew the friends of the cause together, and the result was the organization of a Spiritualist Society and the establishment of regular Sunday meetings for the season.

I have occupied the desk here (with the exception of December, recaptured by Bro. Wilson, and last Sabbath occupied by Judge Carter, of Cincinnati,) every Sunday since Nov. 1st. The audiences, in point of respectability, decorum and intelligence, compare favorably with any audiences in any part of the country. There has also been a steady increase in numbers from the very first. They receive and treat their speakers with true Southern hospitality, and pay them as well as any like society I know of in the country, north or south. Another point worthy of mark and credit: they have fully sustained themselves financially, and have also purchased a fine organ for their place of meeting. I close my engagement here with the last Sunday of March.

N. Frank White is to speak here the Sundays of April, during which month I lecture in Cincinnati. Dr. H. Slade, of Jackson, Mich., is now here, examining and prescribing for the sick and giving his wonderful physical manifestations of spirit-writing without human hands, and playing upon musical instruments in the light. Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, of Toledo, Ohio, have also been giving

dark circle manifestations to very general acceptance. There are a great many resident mediums of extraordinary power, though but few of them are as yet willing to come before the public as such. On the whole, everything is moving on as finely as the most ardent Spiritualist could expect.

During the two weeks past I made a flying visit to my home (Albion, Michigan). While I was there the Spiritualists of that place and vicinity got up a festival, which passed off very pleasantly. I enclose you a notice of the same, which I clipped from the Albion (Mich.) Mirror of last week:

"SPIRITUAL FESTIVAL.—The festival at Howard Hall, on Tuesday evening last, was a complete success in every particular. The hall was filled at an early hour. Mr. Whiting, after making a short address and speaking a poem, sang several pieces, the profound attention of the large audience, during these exercises, testifying the highest degree of their appreciation of Mr. W.'s efforts. The ladies had done their part admirably, furnishing their tables with every variety of eatables, from the most substantial to the most delicate luxury. The pleasantness which was visible upon all countenances, through the evening, no one could fail to notice. The exercises closed with some choice instrumental music from Corby, Thompson & Curtis's Band, a large number of the audience keeping step and causing 'the light fantastic toe' to run the ring and trace the 'mazy round' in the minut, the waltz and cotillon. A handsome sum has been realized to the society from the proceeds of the festival."

The illustrious (?) Prof. Grimes has been lecturing there against Spiritualism, and the tendency has been, like all such efforts, to assist the cause of the Spiritualist.

My address for March is 189 Madison street, Louisville; for April, box 2183, Cincinnati, Ohio; for May, Albion, Mich.

I remain very truly your friend and well-wisher.

A. B. WHITING.

Louisville, Ky., March 13, 1866.

Spiritualism in Houston, Me.

Very few of the readers of the Banner, I presume, are aware of the progress that Spiritualism has made in Houston, situated as we are, in the most remote corner of Northeastern Maine, so very far from steamboat navigation, and, until very recently, railroad facilities.

We never had the pleasure of hearing a spiritual speaker in this place until last August, when Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon was engaged to speak here for four Sabbaths. She spoke to large audiences and very attentive listeners. Her lectures were well received, although at that time there were but very few Spiritualists in Houston. I should not do justice to the people here, did I not say there were very many liberal minds who were honest seekers after truth.

At the expiration of the first four Sabbaths of her engagement, the people formed themselves into a society denominated the "Friends of Progress," and chose a business committee, who waited upon Mrs. Gordon, and engaged her for six months. I am sure that I speak the sentiments of all liberal minds when I say that we have truly had a refreshing season. Mrs. Gordon's lectures are logical and progressive; from her lips flow glowing truths, with an earnestness that declares to the teachers of old theology that they cannot dispute the truths she utters, and sustain their assertions.

Light is breaking all along the borders of Northeastern Maine, and the teachers of old theology are getting very much out of health, and have not one among them on whom the mantle of the great "healing medium," Jesus, has fallen. May the scales soon fall from their eyes.

Mrs. Gordon's engagement expired the last Sabbath in February. Just before leaving here she was visited at my house by a large delegation of ladies, who presented her with many beautiful gifts, as a token of their friendship and appreciation of her lectures. The presentation speech, by Miss Augusta Herrin, was an admirable expression of their gratitude and esteem. Mrs. Gordon replied with a few very appropriate remarks. It was a most pleasing and agreeable affair.

She left here the following morning to fill engagements in Boston and elsewhere, but not without the fervent prayers and good wishes of a large circle of friends, for her future usefulness and prosperity.

CHAS. E. GILMAN.

Houston, Me., March 6, 1866.

Letter from Dr. Williamson.

I am at home again, after paying a flying visit to Great Falls, N. H., at the solicitation of our friends there, to "come and heal the sick." I remained there much longer than I anticipated. The many who were healed almost instantly, and told to "Go in peace, and sin no more," will testify to the efficacy of the Apostolic method of healing the sick by "laying on of hands." I found the sick, both in and out of the churches, free to "come and be healed," and the good spirits were with us in healing and blessing humanity.

Here I found a company of warm-hearted and zealous Spiritualists, among whom the workers for humanity and the establishment of truth will always find a warm welcome. Last Sunday evening we accompanied these friends to their comfortable hall, and addressed them, under spirit-influence, on the subject of Life.

Wednesday evening, by invitation, we attended the "Ladies' Industrial Circle," connected with this Society. The object of this circle is to advance the cause of spiritual progress in this place. Here the spirit of Thomas Paine joined and delivered a short address; and after a hearty shake of the hand we separated from this noble circle, and on Thursday morning we were seated in the cars for Lancaster.

This visit will long be remembered by the friends and some of the sick in this pleasant village and vicinity, and by none with more heartfelt gratitude to these good friends than your humble servant. It is my purpose to visit this place, Dover and Portsmouth the last of May next, for the purpose of healing the sick.

And now, Mr. Editor, with my kindest wishes for yourself, the permanency and usefulness of the Banner of Light, and the redemption of humanity, I am, Ever truly yours,

M. WILLIAMSON.

South Lancaster, Mass., March 17, 1866.

Matters in Chicago.

The Spiritualists and liberalized minds of Chicago are feasted on the bread and wine of spiritual truth each Sunday. The inspired "boy-preacher," the pure and loftily eloquent Charles Hayden, for weeks held spell-bound in earnest and devoted attention the large audiences that filled the Music Hall. The evidences of a continued inspiration through the mediumship of this guileless boy, the bold and noble truths he uttered in defence of the New Dispensation that is the only practical Christianity responding in divine fullness to the needs of humanity, surely must have awakened thought and created an abiding interest.

N. Frank White is the lecturer for the present month. Most nobly is he fitted for a teacher of the Religion of Reason, the Gospel of Love. With

soundest arguments, not with vituperative denunciation, he demolishes the time-honored superstitions that yet enthral the world. I doubt not that many, with myself, were benefited and consoled as by a visible angelic ministry with the lecture of yesterday morning—"The Educators of the Soul"—which gave to a longing and aspiring humanity the great soul-teachers, observation and experience. Such discourses should find admittance in print to every liberal household in the land. Our brother's improvisations at the close of each lecture are steeped in the divine annals of grandeur, truth, conveyed to our mortal hearing on the musical pinions of poetry.

The singing of the choir adds to the devotional element pervading the lecture hall.

The Spiritualist Society is flourishing, and there is in Chicago much genuine hospitality, true benevolence, and a vein of cheerfulness pervading all, that brightens life with hope for the present and the future.

Yours for Truth,
COHA WILKINS.

Chicago, Ill., March 12, 1866.

Michigan.

The cause of Spiritualism in this part of the mundane sphere has been somewhat revived of late, by a visit amongst us of that most eloquent lecturer on Spiritualism, Mrs. Pennell, who delivered her first lecture at Otisco Corner, Saturday evening, Feb. 10th, and also gave us two lectures on Sunday, the 11th. She spoke at Graton—an adjoining town—on Monday evening, and at Otisco again on Tuesday evening. Thence she visited Laphamville, Cannonburg, and then back again to our place on the 18th, delivering her messages from the angel-world. Would that the whole West could have listened to her lectures. Old Orthodoxy trembles from centre to circumference. A religion that did not correspond with science, was shown to be false; or in other words, a religion that contradicted the science of Nature in the geological formation of the earth, was false from necessity, and must pass away with the rest of the rubbish, as the march of mind travels onward and upward.

A. W. W.

Smyrna, Mich., 1866.

Voluntary Testimony.

Since my cure by Dr. J. H. Newton, in Columbus, after nine years' inability to walk, was published in the Banner, Jan. 6th, we are receiving letters from all parts of the country, inquiring whether I can walk now. I am happy to say to all, far and near, that I can, and am hoping that very many blessings may descend on my God-sent deliverer. And, while I thank the Lord for what he has done for me, I hope he will do as much for thousands of others who are yet suffering, and whom drugs cannot cure. I hope we shall soon have a healer in our midst, and that the sick will have faith, which, to me, seems necessary. I had given up all hope of relief, yet wondered why it was that people could not be cured as in Christ's time, and there was any way that I might find it; and, thank the Lord, I found it, to the joy of all our friends. Yours truly,
ELIZA VESCENT.

Marietta, Ohio, March 13, 1866.

Reply to "Age of Virtue."

"That man is intellectually superior to woman, and woman morally superior to man, are common to men and women of every age and nation, and are common to all of their respective philosophical endowments."

The above is quoted from "The Age of Virtue," by George Stearns, in Banner of Feb. 23.

"In form the female head is higher and longer than that of the male, but less developed at the sides, or in the animal and earthy range."

This is quoted from O. S. Fowler by Mr. Stearns in the same paper.

Phrenology appears to have withdrawn, in a considerable degree, from the market. Few if any books upon this subject are now written, few if any lectures are now delivered, and some thinkers deny that it has any claims to be called a science; but admitting all that it claims, or ever has claimed, the above quotation proves nothing in regard to the female intellect, because Mr. Fowler does not say whether the difference of length is at the back of the head, or at the front, the intellectual region, or both—and otherwise the quotation is of no value to the male intellect, unless it be true, as Mr. Stearns afterwards asserts, that

"Woman is not exalted by her comparative deficiency of those attributes of manly mind which are common to men and women, but is rather inferior to man in respect of this endowment."

Alas for woman! In the eyes of men, even her gentleness and lack of brutality are a disgrace to her! Well, perhaps it should be so considered. "In the image of God created he him." It follows logically that God is more fully developed in the animal and selfish range than women are; and they are not wholly destitute of these organs.

There is one point of view in which I may really be considered that women are inferior, by reason of their deficiency of the brute attributes, viz: their want of adaptation to the world in which they now live; being born in an age when men are confessedly unloving and inhuman, and being compelled to live with—(pass lightly, lady writer, over this delicate ground, and let not the word brutes slip from the point of your pen, except it be reverently written in respect of its claims, and with a mental reservation in favor of the exceptions)—being compelled to live in such companionship—then, indeed, do they need, and are inferior without these animal and selfish attributes, together with the physical power which God has equally denied them, to enable them to cope with men who are thus endowed; but oh man! (in the plural) setting aside this earthly inferiority—may it not be that our angel nature is so much the more advanced, in comparison with yours? And if this be admitted, we cannot be called inferior, because in the course of your progress you must become like us—you must lay aside, outgrow your animal and selfish nature, and you will then no longer glory in your shame, if there be any shame, in being only what you have been created, and have not yet been able to outgrow.

God speed the time when you shall altogether cease to be brutes in any degree.

We return to the question of intellect. If our phrenological teachings were correct, and are correctly remembered, we look for intellect in that part of the head which is above the eyes and forward of the ears; and if thirty years, passed in the profession of portrait and miniature painting, have not failed to qualify us for judging correctly of the relative forms and proportions of the male and female head, then ought we to know something of this matter, and we confidently and without qualification assert that in the intellectual region, male and female heads are alike—that is, there is the same diversity of forms and proportions in male and female heads, and yet if we were compelled to distinguish between them, we should then say that there are more broad, high and prominent foreheads among females than among males. Man's claims are not proved by a proper comparison of their respective phrenological endowments. There is certainly no lack of phrenological indications of strong intellect in female heads; no inferiority here. Any impartial observer with the same opportunity would acknowledge this, and any disinterested writer would be willing to chronicle this fact; but where can such a writer be found? Not, we fear, among the present incumbents of the soil. The present man is not "great" enough to resist his cherished fallacy. Even if he were now convinced that his claims to intellectual superiority were groundless, it would be too galling to his vanity to admit it. But "greater" men are coming. We wait.

M. S. L.

NEW YORK MATTERS.

Notes from W. B. B.

Unitarians of 1858, 1860, and Theodore Parker—Bellevue vs. Smith.

Every one at all familiar with the history of the Unitarian denomination during the past ten years, knows full well that the "Parker Controversy" was the most memorable, the most momentous in its scope and character of all other events which have transpired during the existence of this denomination.

I wish to call the attention of your readers to the aspect of things at the present time, as compared and contrasted with that of ten or fifteen years ago, in respect to the position Theodore Parker now occupies, (or which the controlling minds in this denomination wish him to occupy,) and the position he did occupy when fighting all forms of oppression and tyranny on the earth. Perhaps I may be able to show that our cause is progressing faster and more thoroughly than many among us, at least, are aware of; for whatever tends to weaken or loosen the shackles of intolerance and bigotry, whenever concessions are made, though tardy and half-hearted, when justice and charity are allowed to say a word for the wronged and outraged, we, in common with all who love truth and justice for their sake alone, can respond from our inmost hearts, "Father, we thank thee."

It will be quite unnecessary at this time to go into details to show how much "odium theologicum" was heaped upon Theodore Parker by ministers of the Unitarian denomination; that they not only refused to exchange with him, but refused to sit with him on the same seat in a public assembly; that he was denied the right to preach the "great and Thursday lecture," which was given by the different ministers in rotation; that he only and barely escaped expulsion from the "Ministers' Association" through the efforts of an earnest and sincere friend. All this is too well known to need any evidence for its confirmation. But all these things are of the past, either before or soon after the "year of our Lord," 1861.

Let us now come down to the beginning of the "year of the new era," 1866.

In the Christian Inquirer of March 8th, is an article from the pen of Dr. Osgood, of New York, the main part of which is as follows:

THEODORE PARKER IN GERMANY.—The appendix to Hertzog's "Encyclopedia of Theology" contains a long and by no means wholly unfair notice of Theodore Parker. The author, Fr. Lührs, regards Parker as proof positive that America Unitarianism is following the same course of development as German Rationalism, and parting company wholly with the Bible and with all historical Christianity. He thinks that Unitarians here and in England virtually own him as "home of their home and flesh of their flesh," even when they most severely criticize him, and predict that part of us will drift into Pantheism, and the remainder take shelter in Orthodoxy, which last expectation he favors from the fact "that of late years so many Unitarian preachers have been settled over Presbyterian churches in America." It is strange that we never heard of this latter fact, and do not know of a single one such seceder, but the drift has been quite the other way.

We agree with the critic that the Unitarians do accept Parker as one of themselves, and a brother not to be ashamed of, but as more to be honored than any of the bats of the reactionary superstition; but not as master, or even as leader.

"A brother not to be ashamed of." Thank you, reverend sir, and now we will give you about five years more, when you will be quite ready to have that last line read, "Though not as Master (for we call no man Master), but as our risen and glorified leader."

Truly the souls of the brave and good are "marching on," and intolerance and bigotry are melting away before the scorching rays of God's eternal truth.

But there is still more testimony of the same character, which I take pleasure in offering.

One of the courses of "Free Lectures" I have previously spoken of given by Unitarian ministers of New York and Brooklyn, is one by Dr. Bellows on "Jesus Christ."

In this lecture, Dr. Bellows finds it necessary to harmonize, as much as possible, the various and conflicting views held by the different wings of the Unitarian body, in regard to the character and mission of Jesus Christ.

The subject was treated with the well-known ability and consummate skill of this exceedingly clever man, and I would use the word clever in the English sense; for the effort was more clever and skillful than logical and profound. But first, let us see what was said of "Parkerism." For it was impossible to avoid some allusion to Parker. Said Dr. Bellows, "Parker was never cut off from our body," and again, "His name is a tower of strength to us." And when "summing up the case" and stating what Unitarianism had accomplished, what it had given to the world, what its record was, and the historic rôle of its illustrious names, whose names, reader, do think were given? "Buckminster, Channing and Parker."

But while it is clear that the conservative Unitarians are disposed to look upon and treat Parkerism more charitably than when it first appeared among them, it is also quite clear that this is owing to the growth and progress of Parkerism, and that their concessions find their incentive in the fact that to control and manage the Radical elements in their denomination, such a course is absolutely necessary. And they will succeed for a time, but only for a time.

They can manage and keep these Radicals under control by patronizing, coaxing and skillful manipulation, until the novelty of the thing wears off, and, like boys "coming of age," they become too restive and impatient to be longer hampered or "managed."

There is much complaint from among the Radicals that Dr. Bellows does not fairly state and set forth "Radical views" of the character and mission of Jesus Christ in the lecture above alluded to, as he promises to do at the outset. In short, this course of lectures, which was designed to increase the cohesive power among the Unitarian ministers, and for the spread of Unitarianism, has signally failed in the first part of its contemplated mission. How much the cause at large has been benefited, it is not easy to conjecture. But among the ministers, the Radicals are more restive than ever. But only so far as this is an indication of growth and progress, is it a matter of congratulation and encouragement to us, as lovers of truth, for the sake of truth. But we know it is the leaven of truth, working in the great heart of God's children. So let us wait and work patiently to the end.

Intended to speak of an article in the Inquirer, from Dr. Bellows, on a tract from the pen of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, entitled "The Theologies," but must defer it to another time. W. B. B. Brooklyn, March 20.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

I send a few items which may be of interest to some of your readers. In the first place, I would say that the Spiritualists holding meetings at Hope Chapel, have engaged "Dodsworth Hall," and will hold their meetings there after next Sunday. It will

give universal satisfaction, not only to the speakers, but the audiences.

Mr. Fish spoke at Ebbitt Hall, last Sunday, to an appreciative audience; and Mr. Willis, at Hope Chapel, to a full house. They are both too well known as able advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy, to need more said.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is to have an exhibition next week, on Tuesday evening, at Cooper Institute, and the prospect looks bright for them. The officers are doing all they can to have it a success. The hall, no doubt, will be well filled. Delegates from other Lyceums are expected.

The Quakers, who are holding meetings at 15th street, have had weekly conferences during the winter, which were quite interesting. The subjects were chiefly of a personal nature, relative to who was entitled to speak, &c. The new "lights" are becoming liberal too fast for some of the elders. Many have left the society, and go to hear the Spiritualists. No doubt one half of them are firm believers in modern Spiritualism; but few have yet dared to speak out in full what they do believe on the subject. B. C.

New York, March 27, 1886

(From Another Correspondent.)

Want of Liberty among Spiritualists.—The California Way—Tidings from the Pacific—Extract from a Private Letter—"Can't you Shout Glory?"—Death of Mrs. Taylor—Arrival of Mrs. Leavenworth.

DEAR BANNER.—I wrote you very briefly from San Francisco, last October, announcing the arrival and enthusiastic reception of Mrs. Laura Cappy on the shores of the Golden Land. Since my return to New York, I have been "around," watching the set of the currents, and taking note of the "condition" of spiritual progress in this seething cauldron of humanity.

While finding much to rejoice the souls of the true and earnest workers in this moral Sahara, I do not see that unselfish devotion to the glorious cause of progress which ought to animate those who profess to have found the "better way."

The attendance at Ebbitt Hall during this month has been rather thin, though one of our most eloquent speakers, Bro. J. G. Fish, has occupied the desk. But what has mortified me more than I have words to express, is the announcement, morning and evening, for several Sundays, of a resolution of the Board of Managers of the Society to charge an admission fee at the door, after the first of April, because—humiliating fact—it has been found impossible to obtain a subscription of a paltry two thousand dollars to keep open the portals of the Hall for the ensuing year, that all may come and "partake of the waters of life freely." And there are those professing our beautiful faith in the "ministry of angels" to whom such a scene is a mere bagatelle.

In California things are done differently. Often, in an audience of not more than two hundred—all their little hall in Fourth street would comfortably seat—the Sunday collections counted up from forty to seventy dollars in coin. There is no holding back among the noble spirits of the glorious city of San Francisco. The gospel is FREE!

I must violate the sanctity of a private letter in order to tell the readers of the Banner how the good work goes on in California—and especially in San Francisco. Here is what a dear lady writes to me under date of Feb. 19:

"The spiritual cause is indeed flourishing here. We have the Congress Hall, now, crowded to suffocation, and many hundreds leave that cannot get room to stand. Such a stir as Laura Cappy is making among all classes of society, is truly glorious. Spiritualism is talked of in the saloons, the churches, the gambling houses, the prayer-meetings, the student's all the stores, street corners, and upon the house-tops. Grand! Is it not? CAN'T YOU SHOUT GLORY?"

Pardon me, HARMONY, I could not keep such sparkling California wine bottled up.

We had a very sudden departure last week. Mrs. Sarah H. Taylor, a most worthy lady, and excellent medium, passed the vale on Friday last. She was in excellent health when I last heard from her a week ago. I have not heard the particulars at the moment of writing.

We welcome to our city, in Mrs. S. E. Leavenworth, an eloquent inspirational speaker, and a beautifully developed healing, clairvoyant and test medium. She has been but three weeks in the city, and has already found a host of warm friends. Her rooms are 134 West 28th street, where she gives séances to the seekers after truth; and many striking tests. She possesses a gentle, sympathizing soul, and is doing a good work among skeptics and believers—few of whom fail to come again and again, to listen to the messages of love from the Summer-Land.

Faithfully yours, J. W.

New York, March 20, 1886.

Notes from Delaware.

Your welcome face smiles in our new Vineland home each time you arrive by the kindness of Uncle Sam's ponies. Indeed, we have been so long acquainted with your countenance of Light, and so seldom do you frown, that we considered you one of our indispensable companions, as we wandered to and fro over the land, trying to dispense angel "love-notes" to the weary ones of earth; and now that we are trying to enjoy seasons of rest and recuperation, we find you as cheerful a companion as we ever did when we rambled by "hill and dale."

Although I leave "home" with much reluctance, yet I find it necessary to visit the sick of body and mind in other places than the beautiful Vineland—hence the date of this letter here. I design laboring in "the Lord's vineyard" here about two out of every eight weeks, to lecture and heal, so that my next visit here will be about the 1st of May. I think, by the aid of angel physicians through me, considerable good is being accomplished here. My lecturing in Wilmington is not so propitious—the audience being small, and the remuneration the same way. There is much interest here in the spiritual cause, and I think the want of success arises from the fact that many of those most active in the cause have long been associated with the Friends (Quakers), and by their religious culture they have become very fixed in their notions about using the modern means to collect money to pay necessary expenses, and to attract the notice of the public. I am satisfied that when these deficiencies are remedied, our cause will be as triumphant in this place as in others. True, Delaware is a slavery (pro-slavery) State, and as yet many of even those who think they are Spiritualists cannot bear to hear the language that necessarily flows from the angels' love of universal freedom. I was told that one of our reformers left the hall very suddenly yesterday, while the prayer, through me, was invoking the angel-spirits of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, &c., to surround our present President, and inspire him more fully with the true principles of human liberty than he now seems to indicate. When the friends of our blessed cause here become more imbued with the spirit of the times, and less affected with pre-conceived Gospel ideas, I have no fears for their success.

I feel to thank our long-tried and faithful friend of liberty, Thomas Garrett, for the hospitality of his excellent home during my stay here this time. L. K. COONLEY. Wilmington, Del., March 15, 1886.

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

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

J. B. LOOMIS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has long been connected with the former conductors of that office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

Banner of Light.
BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1886.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor 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 Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; it is a correlation of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy. (London Spiritual Magazine.)

A Foreign Estimate.

Frazer's Magazine—an English monthly of ability and popularity—has recently admitted a writer to its columns who made it his special duty to set forth what he considered the sum and substance of Spiritualism. He of course sought to produce a sharp and smart article, or it is questionable if it would have been accepted and paid for. The peculiarity about this attempted review and revival of Spiritualism by a writer who refuses to put faith in its laws and truths, is the fact that he shows symptoms of himself having made himself more or less familiar with many of its accompanying and demonstrative manifestations.

The writer offers some thoughts on the subject, which are interesting from his external standpoint, and are certainly entitled to consideration for their candor. He asks if Spiritualism may not be "a popular reaction from the intensification of practical and materialistic progress, the absorption of man into steam-engines and spinning-jennies, which have characterized the civilization of Western Europe, and which went as far as it could in the material growth of the New World?" He has a theory, displaying a good degree of imagination, that all progressive movements are what he styles "peristaltic" in their nature, much like that of the bowels—now going heavenward, and now tending earthward and low; and that either extreme is naturally and inevitably succeeded by the other. He thinks the age has hitherto been excessively devoted to the useful, the practical, and the comfortable; and now the time is come for a swing of the pendulum over to the other extreme.

"May not"—he inquires—"the Transcendental movement of the cultivated Americans, and the Spiritism of the uneducated, be forerunners of another heavenward tide? At any rate, it seems to me that neither Transcendentalism nor Spiritism in America are on the decline." And he adds concerning the latter, that they "are organizing themselves into a large and important body, having all the appliances of expansion; and it seems even probable that some strong leader may yet start forward to divest it of what he calls—"its more manifest absurdities, and make out of its social and imaginative elements a great moral and religious revolution, to culminate in a declaration of Independence from, and a Monroe doctrine for, all the creeds and systems of the Old World."

The writer here betrays the grasp and comprehension which he has of the subject. Though uninterested in many of those detailed proofs and evidences of its reality and truth, he nevertheless sees the grand end toward which all are tending, and of which all hasten the demonstration and enjoyment. We are in the midst of "a great moral and religious revolution," which we must fight out to the end. There is no retreat in a cause of this character. We have enlisted for the war. Nobody doubts that the result is going to be. Nobody doubts that his and her individual effort, however humble and silent, helps on the grand consummation.

"Murder Most Foul."

It has come out, by the unblushing confession of a Capt. John T. Hill himself, that it is the custom with not a few of our military commanders on the Plains to kill young Indians belonging to captured Indian mothers, when they are likely to impede the march—a practice which will shock the sensibilities and the humanity of every person who reads it. We may, perhaps, except the brutal editor of a Kansas paper, who not long since worked off a large quantity of his ruffianly sarcasm on us for expressing sentiments of the most ordinary humanity concerning the red men and their fate. That man will probably chuckle at Capt. Hill's confession, and should naturally expect that his end was to be by a tomahawk. According to this admission of this military officer, he actually commanded his men to shoot the infant, because, as he said, it could in no event survive but a few hours. And in his defence he remarks that if he had been "a favorite" among the officers in command in Nevada, nothing more would have been heard of it. Ought we not, as a nation, to expect judgments of civil war to be visited upon us, when we have resorted to such means to defraud the native American of his home and hunting ground, and even now murder his helpless innocents as they are snatched from their mother's arms?

Alleged Swindling Oil Companies.

The Boston Daily Journal is informed by a victim to what he alleges as one of the swindling schemes of Western Virginia Oil Companies, that he has instituted a suit for damages against the publisher of a weekly newspaper in this city, an ex-Governor of a New England State, (not Massachusetts), and other parties, in consequence of his being taken in, to the amount of five thousand dollars, by false representations made by the parties alluded to, or their agents, as to the value of oil lands in West Virginia, which turned out, or, as alleged, were known to be utterly worthless by those who sold them.

Retrospect.

An occasional look over our career, as pioneers in this work of publishing, defending and advocating the beautiful and impressive truths of Spiritualism, is as good for us as it can be for our readers, who are all profoundly interested in the progress of spiritual truth. Just entering on another volume as we are, it is a good time to run over the past experiences, dating back to the very beginning. Believers were few and far between then, but they were faithful and fully impressed. They held by their faith as something to live by, neither laying themselves open to the charge of enthusiasm on the one hand, nor of superstition on the other. The Banner has gone forward in the work for which it was established, and to which it felt itself to be consecrated.

What the state of facts is to-day, any one can readily see for himself. The country is filled with Spiritualists. They crowd in the Churches as well as without. They are in every walk of our social life. Spiritualism is felt to be such a power that our popular literature now affects to offer it patronage, and "respectable" publishers take hold of it as the fittest subject out of which to procure materials for arresting public attention and reaching the popular heart. We have stood by this plant and watched its rapid growth and expansion until it has become a large tree, overspreading the whole land with its beautiful foliage. With such prospects we enter upon a new Volume of the Banner, grateful and contented.

Spiritualism in London.

On Monday evening, says the London Spiritual Times of March 31, Miss Emma Hardinge gave another of her inspired addresses, and chose the "Transmigration of Souls" as the subject. She traced in an able and lucid manner the origin of this doctrine to very remote times, showed how it had pervaded different systems of religion, and culminated in the debasing doctrine of the resurrection of the body; the absurdity of which was shown by most conclusive argument, and was controverted by the teachings of Jesus and St. Paul. The idea of the soul, after enjoying for a time the beatitude of heaven, returning to its material form, was in reality more debasing than the heathenish idea of its entering some animal. The doctrine had ever shown itself among Spiritualists, and had found much favor among them. The views of the Re-incarnationists were considered and their fallacy shown. The address was in every respect worthy the fair orator, and bore out her reputation for close analytical reasoning, lucidity of expression, and unmatched eloquence.

Miss H. lectured at Beaumont Institution on the previous Thursday.

The audiences secured by Mr. Home and Emma Hardinge evidence the growing interest which Spiritualism is exciting. May we not trust the good angels to help us all in the good work? The secular and religious press in this country have done and are doing their worst to smother the aspiring flame of Spiritualism, which, in spite of them, is destined to spread over the whole land.

The Davenport Brothers are now in Scotland, where they propose remaining a fortnight, and will then come to London. They exhibit in Edinburgh first, and then visit Glasgow.

St. Louis, Mo.

The correspondent of the Boston Herald, writing from St. Louis under date of March 12th, speaks of the Spiritualists in quite a liberal strain. The rapid spread of our Philosophy in the West is commanding the serious and more respectful attention of the secular press. It is beginning to rid itself of the delusion that Spiritualism is to be "short-lived," for it has stood the severest test and most searching scrutiny from the wisest heads in the world of any theory ever before received; and to-day its truth stands forth more radiant than ever. It is no uncertain myth, but knowledge, which all can obtain, if they seek for it in the right spirit. Here is the extract:

From six days of earthly delusion, we turn to what pretends to have a divine origin—the Spiritual Progressive Lyceum. The truth is, we are spiritually inclined. Early in the season they opened, and now they are in full blast. The Circle in St. Louis numbers some 6000 people, and have raised for their progressive movement upwards of \$20,000. Andrew J. Davis was here quite recently, and established the Lyceum, with Sunday School attached. The novelty of the exercises draws a crowd, for the children wear rosettes, sing songs, march to quickstep music, carry flags, and are taught gymnastic exercises. In the evening, after the audience are seated, four of the most beautiful young ladies are selected as "Dance-masters," to pass around the hat. The effect is as irresistible as it is profitable. Then a blind girl sings "Lily Dale," somebody reads a little spiritual poetry, and then a young man offers some books for sale, and the lecture commences. A Mrs. Currier has been orating for the past month, and Miss Lizzie Doten, a young woman, is drawing crowded houses. Here is one of the subjects, "Condition of the sexes in the other world." The growth of Spiritualism in the past year is very large. In nearly all of the Western cities they have large and prosperous circles, and some four hundred lecturers announce themselves ready to take the field.

Mrs. Gordon going to Colorado.

Mrs. Laura DeFoe Gordon informs us that she has decided to visit Colorado Territory. She will leave here the first week in April, and will answer calls to lecture the four last weeks of that month, on the route hence to Quincy, Ill., via Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago. Address here immediately, care of this office, or at Oneida, N. Y.

The many admirers of this able and convincing lecturer, east and west, will regret to lose her services, even for a season; but they will rejoice that so able an exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy is to visit a portion of the country where so little is known in regard to Spiritualism. It is a fine field for spiritual labor, and a rich harvest will be the result.

Mrs. Currier in St. Louis.

A Committee of fifty gentlemen invited Mrs. Currier to deliver an address in Mercantile Hall, on the evening of March 10th, for the benefit of the Lincoln Monument Association. The correspondence is published in the papers. Mrs. C. accepted. Her theme was "The Order of Fire; or, grand crisis in the destiny of America."

Spiritualism in California.

Mr. A. Dow, in a note to us from Grass Valley, California, says: "The cause is taking deep root in our midst with great rapidity. We shall organize soon, hire a hall, and dispense the true gospel to the thousands of hungering souls."

The daily press in different parts of the country have published Miss Doten's sharp poem, "Mr. De SPLEEN," which recently appeared in the Banner. Her poetry is becoming quite popular, notwithstanding she avows herself a Spiritualist. Two years ago literature snubbed her to-day they do her homage. Truly, the world moves.

Be sure to read the beautiful poem on our first page, by J. Bomber, Jr., entitled "Wreckers on Life's Ocean."

New Publications.

ECCESTRIC PERSONAGES. By W. Russell, L. L. D. New York: American News Company. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Whatever Russell touches with his pen he makes attractive. In the present volume he has taken up well known characters in history and treated them biographically and historically at the same time. The style of treatment is finished, in a literary point of view. We pick out the following from among his characters: the Earl of Peterborough, Daniel DeFoe, Jonathan Swift, Christina, of Sweden, John Abernethy, Beau Nash, Lady Hester Stanhope, Margaret Fuller, &c., &c. The volume is well printed and is externally very attractive.

ADAMS'S NEW MUSICAL DICTIONARY. By John S. Adams, author of "Five Thousand Musical Terms." New York: S. T. Gordon.

This very convenient book of reference contains fifteen thousand technical words and phrases, abbreviations, initials and signs, such as are employed in musical and rhetorical art and science—nearly fifty ancient and modern languages. It is an exceedingly useful work for all who have occasion to use any part of its contents.

We have from the press of J. P. Mendum, Investigator office, Boston, a Pamphlet of two hundred and fourteen pages, entitled "A Legacy to the Friends of Free Discussion; being a Review of the principal Historical Facts and Personages of the Books known as the Old and New Testament, with remarks on the Morality of Nature." By Benjamin Offen. It will make all its readers thoughtful.

Closed.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain's Musical Circles which have been held the past two seasons at 158 Washington street, Boston, with great success, closed permanently on Thursday evening last. Upon this occasion the spirit friends manifested with great power, and the select audience present were well pleased with the entertainment.

Mrs. Chamberlain is an excellent physical medium, and we cordially commend her to those friends who may desire her services in various parts of the country.

During her stay in Boston she has held private circles at the residences of several of our most distinguished citizens. As Spiritualism is not yet "popular," these gentry of course do not wish to be considered Spiritualists, hence the sances were "confidential affairs." By-and-bye these "first families" will be ashamed of their cowardice.

Special Notice.

We feel compelled to urge upon our subscribers the imperative necessity of writing the name of their State plainly. Many omit the State altogether, and not a day passes that we do not receive one or more letters with an omission of either the Town, County or State, and often the writer does not even sign his own name. We can sometimes ascertain the name of the State from the Postmaster's stamp on the envelope, but not often, as in many instances the impressions are so light as not to cancel the stamp at all. The delay of our subscribers' papers is mainly attributable to their own neglect in these particulars, and we earnestly hope, for their own as well as our convenience, they will read and heed and profit by this notice.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Mrs. Gordon closed her engagement last Sunday. She has been greeted each Sunday by large audiences, who evinced an appreciation of her fine discourses.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will occupy the platform next Sunday, afternoon and evening. Mrs. M. is an excellent speaker. She lectured here about four years since, and gave good satisfaction.

Death of the King of Siam.

Advices from Singapore announce the death of the Second King of Siam in January last. His remains were deposited in a golden urn, decorated with diamonds, and placed on a particular throne, and after the usual period of lying in state, according to the Siamese custom, were buried with great ceremony. The king ascended the throne in 1851, his brother becoming "First King." Both were remarkable men; noted prebently above all the monarchs of the East, for their attainments and their love of progress.

The Magazines for April.

We have received from Ticknor & Fields, the Atlantic, and Our Young Folks, for April. From A. Williams & Co., Harper's Monthly, Hours at Home, and the Lady's Friend. These monthlies are all public favorites.

Mr. Colchester's sances in Cincinnati are well attended, and the select audiences fully satisfied that he is no "juggler," as the stupidity of a legal tribunal in Buffalo assumed without the least foundation in fact. We have always regretted that the fine imposed was paid by the friends. It is our opinion that that decision can, even at this late date, be reversed, and those who volunteered to settle, have the amount refunded.

The same thing was attempted upon Mr. Fitzgibbon and his medium in Washington recently, which resulted in favor of the defendants. If justice can be had in the courts of Washington, why cannot the same be meted out elsewhere? Put the matter into court, friends, and test the whole thing. The days of the Jeffreys are past.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF SOUTHERN SUFFERING.—A number of the ladies of Maryland have formed an association for the purpose of alleviating, to the extent of their ability, the wretchedness and want which the late war has entailed upon large portions of the South. As the work which they propose to themselves is purely one of charity, and as its scope unhappily must needs be ample, to be of much avail, they feel justified in calling for liberal assistance upon all good people who sympathize with human creatures and brethren in suffering and sorrow. They, therefore, respectfully and earnestly invite contributions of all sorts to the end in view; and especially in furtherance of a Fair or Bazaar, which they are proposing to open in the city of Baltimore, April 2. Contributions can be sent to the care of G. H. Grueby, No. 19 Washington street, in this city.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE. by Dr. A. B. Child, will be ready for delivery next week, April 2d. Orders will be promptly answered. This book takes new and bold ground in religious and moral reforms. It should be in the hands of every thinker.

"SWEDENBORGIANISM VS. SPIRITUALISM." We print upon our first page, Smith's able reply to Rev. Mr. Goddard's sermon, Swedenborgianism vs. Spiritualism, delivered recently in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who bore it, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock; after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Thursday, Jan. 18—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard Powers, of Galveston, Texas, to Henry Stanley; Merritt Parker, of New Haven, Ct., to his parents; Ben. Carlton, who served on Gen. Lincoln's staff, to his high school, Surgeon of his Division; Mary Teresa Hills, of Pittston, Penn., to friends.

Sunday, Jan. 22—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Nugent, of the 11th New York Co. K., to his cousin Philip; Dr. Charles Cheever, of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss Alice, daughter of Wm. H. Fales, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to her mother and father.

Invocation.

Our Father, humbly and reverently we have entered the sacred temple of human life, and there bowing before thine infinitude, we do worship thee in Spirit and in Truth. Looking out upon the wonders of thine external world, we are inspired with praise. The mountains and the valleys echo forth thy glory and kindness. The ocean and dry land speak to us of thee. All things are sounding forth thy praises, are proclaiming that thou art there, that thy dwelling-place is everywhere. Oh God, we worship thee to-day as we have in all the past. We turn to thee this hour, as we have ever turned to thee, trusting thee, having no fear of thee, and more than that, loving thee. Oh Eternal Spirit, thou whose face we perceive in the sunshine, the kind word and loving smile, oh Father, need we commend these children to thee? Need we ask thee to watch over them? Need we ask thee to bless them? Need we ask thee to furnish them all the necessities of spiritual life? No; for thou art ever ministering to their needs; for through the chastening rod comes the brightest blessing; through human sorrow comes human joy. Oh God, therefore it is for sorrow as for joy, for darkness as for light, for all things we praise thee. Amen. Jan. 15.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We propose now to answer such questions as you may have received from correspondents or the audience.

Q.—By J. C., of Boston: If man, in this life, has not animal life such as the brute creation has, which is independent of the soul-principle within him, how is it that the soul, as it is affirmed, is pure and holy? Where springs the evil which exists in life? Is there not something that is in close connection with the soul to contaminate it?

A.—The soul lives in and manifests through form and through matter. But because it does, you are not to suppose that matter can contaminate it. Because it exists through human conditions, you are not to suppose that those human conditions can contaminate it. The soul, as a soul, is ever pure and perfect, ever true to its divine origin. Therefore it cannot be dragged down to a level of human life. It is true you possess animal nature; you have animal instincts. These belong to your animal nature; are part and parcel of those natures, and have grown up out of the brute creation. To be sure, they are specialized in your cases, yet are none the less animal. The soul, in its journeyings through mortal life, manifests itself through your animal nature; but it is not affected by them. The soul is just as pure in the organism of the murderer, as in the organism of the saint. Remember this; for in after years you will doubtless have cause to look back to these times, and wonder that you were such children in these things.

Q.—In communications with friends from spirit-land we are often told of flowers, and other beautiful objects. Are the flowers real, and in substance and form like those with us? And if so, are they cultivated, and made more beautiful by cultivation?

A.—Your correspondent wishes to know if these perceptions of the spirit are real. To some they are; to some they are not. To those who cannot understand your Spiritualism as you do, your Spiritual Philosophy is all untrue, a mere delusion. But to you who do understand it, it is a reality. The soul, or spirit, after it has passed out of a physical organism, beholds by perception, perceives these external objects as ideas. You see the externalization, and we see the idea. You know there are many things floating in your atmosphere that you cannot perceive. So it is to the spirit. Ideas, such as flowers, landscapes and dwellings, it can see, but you do not. You are often confused by spirits telling you that they have such things in spirit-life; but you will not be, if you only consider that they are the ideas, or spirit, of the things you have in crude, material life. But you say they are facts to us. Yes; Spiritualism is a fact to you, but not so to those who cannot understand it. The rose is beautiful to one, while to another the lily is far more beautiful; and this is so because of the infinite variety that exists in the external world to which you are related. The same variety is carried into the spirit-world, and each spirit has whatever is adapted to its own need. One perceives one thing, another spirit another. One says, "I have my flowers; I cultivate them; they are beautiful;" while another tells you he has no flowers at all. Here seems to be plain contradiction. But because one spirit tells you he perceives no flowers, is no reason that flowers do not exist in spirit-life. Because one person sees no truth in Spiritualism, does not detract one iota from that glorious truth in your case.

Q.—You say they do cultivate flowers in the spirit-world?

A.—I say they do, as you cultivate ideas; as you eliminate glorious principles here, precisely after the same order.

Q.—Do animals exist, or have any representation of life in any department of the spirit-world?

A.—Animals do exist in the spirit-world; are distinctly and definitely represented, but not as animal life here. They are changed, and, to a great extent, their earthly identity is nearly extinct. It is often spirits return telling you they have their dog, their horse, and their pet animals. They tell you no untruth, for these are actualities to them. They live in that idea, therefore it is a truth to them. It becomes their heaven. Without it the

demands of their nature would be unsatisfied. Others return telling you they have no animals in spirit-life, and this is true also, because they have no need of them. Spiritualism has come, like the teachings of Jesus, to those who have need of its glorious truths. So it is with the spirit in spirit-life. What you do not need, you do not have. Remember, you behold by perception, not by the organ of the eye; that you perceive and see here with, in human life. Remember this: ideas are actualities, always. When you learn this, you will begin to perceive something of the condition of the spirit-land.

Q.—If a person should, by accident or disease, be unable to speak or converse for months previous to his entrance to the spirit-world, would he be able to return and converse with those still in the form?

A.—That would depend upon his own spiritual power somewhat, and upon the organism through which he was speaking or manifesting in any way. The spirit, when it returns, taking upon itself a physical organism again, finds itself immediately carried back in thought—for spirit is thought—finds itself carried back to the scenes of its last hours in earthly life; it lives again there. It repeats itself in that particular again.

Q.—When Mr. Lincoln was elected, was not Mr. Buchanan rendered impotent to save and defend the country by the failure of Congress to provide him with either men or money?

A.—James Buchanan was entirely unfitted for the work that stretched out before him through the circumstances of your American rebellion. He did not possess that stern integrity of character that was a necessity at that time. He well understood that he was weak. His weak points were by no means in the dark to him, although many supposed it was otherwise. It is true that he was rendered impotent by non-efficiency in those by whom he was surrounded, to a certain extent. But was not this deficiency carried into the administration of his successor? Did he not labor under the same disadvantages? Of a truth, he did: that you all know; but he was possessed of that stern integrity, backed up by an earnest desire to overthrow the rebellion, and do whatsoever he might be able to do for the good of the many. He possessed that which James Buchanan did not possess. Therefore it was that he was able to lift up this dark cloud, and push his way through darkness and death on every hand, determined that he would overthrow this rebellion. And he did it—how well, how gloriously, we need not tell you.

Q.—Was not the South encouraged to secede by the editor of the New York Tribune, and by General Scott himself?

A.—Yes, they received direct favor through the New York Tribune, and indirect favor through General Scott. This we admit. And were we here on earth, surrounded by earthly conditions, divested of all the spirituality we have gained during our sojourn in the higher spheres, we should say that the directors of the New York Tribune should be hanged higher than Haman, and General Scott should be sent back into childhood where he belongs.

Q.—Would not Mr. Buchanan have gladly relieved Major Anderson had there been troops in sufficient force at his command? In short, did he not do his utmost to avert the crisis, and to save the nation?

A.—He certainly did his utmost. He certainly would have sent troops to relieve Major Anderson had he had them to send. Jan. 15.

Mary Lynde.

We never know how much we are able to do until Nature pushes us to the furthest point.

I am sad, and yet I am joyous, at coming here to-day; sad, when I contemplate the condition of those I have left, and joyous, when I contemplate their future.

At first, I felt as though there were a great gulf between us. But it seems to grow less and less, I seem to be steadily nearing them, and they seem to be steadily nearing me.

Before this terrible war I never knew what hardship was, never supposed it would be possible for me to pass through what I did pass through.

My two brothers, early in the war, embraced the Southern side. We were then in Tennessee. After they left, dangers and troubles seemed to thicken on every hand, until it seemed as though the last star had paled and everything was midnight. One by one the servants—faithful friends they were—were obliged to depart, to take care of themselves, to sustain themselves, until at last I was left with only one. A faithful old negro, whose name was Bess—dearly loved by the family—remained with me.

When we found it impossible to remain longer at our home, we accepted an offer to go into Virginia, to aid those who were suffering for want of care in the hospitals. Oh, God! I hope the world may never again see the like of human suffering. Poor Bess died first, fell a victim to fever, caused by exposure, and died leaving me alone, as it were.

I had heard that one of my brothers was wounded, that another had died—that was a mistake, however—and I was striving to get across the lines, for I heard that my wounded brother was a prisoner, but in my almost-superhuman efforts I too, fell, I too, died, praying that I might know sometime wherefore it was that I was called to suffer so much.

My brothers live. They are on the earth, broken in health, broken in all the prospects of human life. But that is nothing compared with their spiritual darkness. I could rejoice at their physical condition, were their spiritual any better. But it is not; they do not hear the voices of the angels. They do not understand this glorious truth. I fear they never can. But I've made the attempt, I'll try to save them. I've tried to-day, as I tried to go to them when I heard they were suffering.

These poor thoughts are from Mary Lynde, to Thomas and Robert. Oh say to them I still live and watch over them. Tell them although I suffered here, I am amply repaid in this beautiful spirit-land.

Bess sends kind greetings to her boy, and all her Southern friends. [Do you wish us to direct your letter to any particular place?] No; I can guide it, and pray for it. My brothers are wanderers now. I could not tell you where to direct it. To-day they may be in one place, to-morrow in another. Jan. 15.

Major William Gaines.

Peace reigns, but at the expense of the silencing of many thousand hearts.

Availing myself of the kindness that has been extended to me at this place, I would not seem ungrateful. On the contrary, I would, at the outset, thank you from my soul for all you may do for me.

I lived on Southern soil, was brought up under a Southern sun, and was influenced by Southern institutions. Consequently, I was not only Southern in physique, but in spirit. I grew, as the mag-

nolia grows, under a Southern sun. Therefore, it were not strange that I should embrace the Southern cause, that feeling the South to be an oppressed people, I should do what I might be able to toward throwing off our yoke of oppression, and standing out independent of what I call Northern rule. I think I can look back and see that this war was visited upon us, not that the South, simply as a head, might be free, but that her lower limbs might gain their freedom. I now see this thing in what I believe to be its true light.

I ever felt, from my soul, that the institution of slavery was a burden to the South. But we knew not how to get rid of it. It was a gigantic evil, and because we had no power to thrust it forth, we were obliged to shoulder it. It was our all. Everything we had hinged upon it. Take that from us, and we were poor indeed.

You talk about giving the negro his freedom; that he will work well if paid for it. Oh, my dear man, you may try it. A few of them will work under pay, more will work under the lash. They will go hungry, ay, they will die before they will work, many of them, unless they are compelled to do so. Now they have their freedom, I hope you will take care of them as you ought to do. You failed, to years ago. Massachusetts, in literally freeing her slaves, virtually said to them, we have no longer need of you. Our climate is unsuited to you. You don't serve us well; go South! So they went South, and I contend that the master did the very best he was able to for them. They were incurable upon him, and he was obliged to do as he did in many instances.

Well, I am not here to preach for or against slavery. I am here to reach my kindred, if it be possible.

I have left a wife and two little sons at the South; and they mourn my loss, as many have mourned the loss of loved ones here at the North. They do not know I can come back, do not know, cannot understand that I am alive, and near them. They only know that I have gone; gone by the cruel hand of war. They can only discern the hard pressure of circumstances that have forced them into their present condition. They cannot see those who would attend them and minister to their necessities from their home in the spirit-world. No; they have been taught to believe there is a place fixed for them in some far-off world. They believe this, because they have been taught so to do.

I would tell them I have ever remained near them, that I take the same interest in them now that I ever did. My last thoughts on earth were for them, and more than that, I fancy I am in a condition to advise them in regard to their temporal condition, even now, if I only have the means offered me by which to do this.

I would like, if such a thing be possible, for my wife to seek out some person through whom I can return and speak, that I may come to her, that I may point out a way by which she may throw off something of the terrible load that is forced upon her.

This is from Major William Gaines. I would have it reach Marietta Gaines. In all probability she is now in New Orleans. Oh, that I had the power to go there, as you have. [We wish we could aid you.] You can; and in anticipation of that, I thank you from my soul. Jan. 15.

Nellie French.

I haven't any flowers to give you. I am Nellie French; I wanted to bring you some flowers, but haven't any. I could bring you what I have, but you wouldn't see them, wouldn't know they were here.

I'm come to show somebody else how to come, because I know how to. You don't remember me, do you? [You came once before.] Yes, I did; I thought you didn't remember me. I brought somebody; they're coming when I go. I come to show 'em the way, and I was thinking I'd like to have some flowers to give you. [Do you belong in New Jersey?] Now guess; now think hard. [Shall I think any quicker for that?] Yes; that's the way I used to do when I forgot my lesson. [New York?] 'Twasn't; you don't know, do you? You think about me, and guess where it was that I used to live. Then you won't forget about me when I come again. [I take a fancy to such little girls.] I take a fancy to you, too; that's why I wanted to bring you the flowers.

I'd bring some to my mother, too, if I could. I am thinking I can, by-and-bye. You think about me, think where I used to live. Don't you go and read the paper to find out; you guess. [We'll try to think, first.] Yes, that's right; then you'll remember me when I come again. If I have any flowers to give you, I will. Jan. 15.

Ada Grey.

I'm Ada Grey. Nellie brought me, so I could speak to my mother.

My mother is in Poughkeepsie. [New York?] Yes, I was eight years old. I died of diphtheria last January. [A year ago?] Yes. My father was away then; I didn't see him. Now he's come home, I'm going to see him; my mother, too.

I've been away long enough to learn. I was n't happy until Nellie learnt me to be. Now I do n't want to come back; I only want to see my father and mother. Nellie said if I would come and tell who I was, where I come from, and what I died of, that would open the door; and pretty soon she said I should hear the dinner-bell. That's because I had been telling her about when I died. She was asking what the last thing I remembered was bearing the dinner-bell ring. I didn't remember anything after that.

Then she said, "You go there; you remember to tell who you are, and where you come from, and that will open the door for you, and pretty soon you'll hear the dinner-bell ring." Oh, I'd give anything if I could. [I think they'll hear you soon.] I'm most ready to cry, sometimes, I want to come back so—not to stay, though. [To speak to your father and mother?] Yes. [Did you have any brothers or sisters?] No, sir, I didn't. Good-by, mister. She says I must n't stay any longer. Jan. 15.

Invocation.

Oh Spirit of our life, and the life of the falling raindrops, with the deep consciousness of our own weakness and of thy strength, we stand once more upon Time's shores, asking thy blessing. Oh Life, thou hast cradled us upon thy bosom in all the vast eternity that lies behind us; thou art folding us closely in thy embrace in the holy present; shall we distrust thee in all that future that lies before us? Oh Life, who art our Mother, as thou art our Father, thy love is a great abiding love, more constant than the sun. Therefore we will trust thee, love thee; therefore we will go forth at thy command, fulfilling our duty, and obeying thy decrees. Oh Life, thy blessing falls sweetly upon all thy children everywhere. Even through the heavy hand of sorrow, the darkened casement of human woe, thy love shines in, and

they are basking in it. Therefore they are safe; therefore it is we do not pray thee to bless them. We only ask that they may be conscious of thy presence, that thou art blessing them. The world of mind is closely linked with the world of matter. They are surrounded by angels; God's agents watch over their destiny. They are ever, ever praying for their happiness. Our Father, may all our utterances be simple, knowing that the mouthed utterances of men are uncared for by thee; that the words sayings that mean little, are as sought to thee. Oh, let us utter truth. Though it be simple, it shall live forever and forever. Amen. Jan. 15.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By C. U.: Will Oscar L. Kingsley communicate to his friends through the columns of the Banner of Light?

A.—All such questions of a personal and private nature should be placed in an envelope, and laid upon the table. That is the only way they can be attended to.

Q.—Please explain this parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed."

A.—When first an individual is conscious that the kingdom of heaven is within, and not without, that kingdom seems very small, seems but a point in the universe of mind. But as one becomes familiar with it, it enlarges and grows. Jesus well understood this when he taught his followers that the kingdom of heaven was within. He knew that the idea would not be understood, that they could not appreciate it. Those persons said, If indeed this is true, then my heaven is very small, my hopes limited, my powers to seek what I wish to gain are cramped. Each one says this when they realize that heaven is not without them.

Q.—H. Melville Fay executes the cost and roping-exploits without, as he asserts, the aid of spirits, as well and more readily with light admitted into the top of the cabinet, as do the Eddys, who require total darkness as a condition. Will the controlling intelligence explain in what essentials, if any, the two manifestations differ, and why the one can perform in the light, whilst the other requires its exclusion?

A.—H. Melville Fay claims that which does not belong to him. He does, indeed, possess, to a certain extent, those mediumistic powers by which these manifestations are given, notwithstanding he distinctly declares to non-believers that this is not the case. He is not only false to himself, but he is false to those spirits who aid him. You ask to know why Mr. Fay can perform his manifestations in the light? Go there and investigate. It will do you good, him good, the world good, and the angel-world good, also. (Mr. Fay was in Boston when this message was given.)

Q.—It do n't, then, embrace a difference of conditions?

A.—You will very soon see why he does not require darkness, if you go there and investigate critically for yourselves. That is a point you must all decide for yourselves. It will not benefit you, if we tell you that Mr. Fay does this or that. You have all common sense, and must decide this matter for yourselves.

[Two gentlemen in the audience here took up the subject of discussion.]

SPIRIT.—Well, gentlemen, we will hear what you have to say upon this point.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Fay can perform his tricks in the light, because he has never been properly tied.

SPIRIT.—A very wise conclusion.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—I could not perceive

but that he was equally well tied, except in the coat scene, when one wrist was well tied, but there seemed to be an imperfection in the tying of the other wrist.

SPIRIT.—We have stated that H. Melville Fay possessed, to a certain degree, the same powers that the Davenport possessed. Therefore, it is very easy for Mr. Fay to receive outside aid. It is, also, with his own moral deficiencies, very easy to assist himself. Now place him in the cabinet used by the Davenports, properly tied, and demand of him the same manifestations, without any variation, and you will doubtless be somewhat disappointed; at all events, if you expect to realize the same manifestations as given through the Davenports. Much he can do by his mediumistic powers, but more by his own deception, by practicing upon the gullibility of the public. Learn to criticize for yourselves individually. Never believe what one tells you, if you do not know it to be true. Never receive anything that comes from the angel-world for truth that does not seem to be such to you.

In Southern France there resides a child, probably between seven and eight years of age, who possesses these medium powers to a large extent than any being known in this country. The child can be entirely disrobed before your eyes, under the light of a blazing sun, by spirit-power, and you may gaze at the child all the while this is being done. This is because of the peculiar organization of the child. Through that organization the inhabitants of the other world, as you term it, produce this manifestation. They are able to overcome the positive element, light; more than that, the magnetic element of the human eye. Over all these things a certain class of spirits have control, and are able to extract from the body of the child that subtle element they have need of to produce the manifestations that can flow out from this child in the light, as easily as manifestations are given through the Davenports while they are in the cabinet, and excluded from your eyes and the light.

Very soon, we have reason to believe, this wonderful child will visit this country; and should your land be blessed by its presence, we earnestly beseech of you to turn your attention to this other branch of this glorious spiritual science. Jan. 15.

From a Nameless Spirit.

I don't like to intrude upon people here any oftener than is necessary, but I like to come and clear up things once in awhile.

You see, it happens—happens to know Mr. Fay myself. I've heard him say many a time, when I've been round with the Davenports—for I sometimes go with them as well as the Eddys—you know me, I suppose? [Yes.]—well, I've heard him say more times than once, that he did n't believe spirits helped him to perform his tricks, he did n't know how 't was done, but he did n't believe spirits helped him; and the next five minutes to a believer what was standing by he'd say it was the angel-world what did all those tricks, not himself. Now how are you to believe such a man, anyway?

Mr. Fay's wife has got part of the same power he has. He's honest in saying he don't know what it is. To begin with, Mr. Fay has n't got brains enough to know what the power is, and he can't see the operations behind the curtain. So he can't see how these things are done.

He has these powers. He is a medium—no getting round that, he is. I know a good many folks to go round with them, they're as bad as he is. He'll gull your folks here, and they'll let him—yes, they will. You know there are just as 'bad folks on

our side as there are on yours. I say bad because that's the way you understand it.

Now he says he can do all these things, without the aid of spirits—can do them himself. The gentleman who's just left here says, "Place them under the same conditions the Davenports— and I'll add the Eddys, too—are put under, and you'll see what they can do. They can't perform the same tricks as the others do. I defy 'em to do it. He says he can untie himself, without the aid of anybody. I've heard him say he could do this, say you can't see it, you can't know it, but he'll untie himself. The spirits may do such things, but he's going to do it himself. When he says that, he states what is not true. Now I'm telling plain truth. He knows that if this is done at all while you're looking at him, it'll be done by some power outside of himself. Oh, he's very good! He's an advertising card for the rest of them. That's it; he'll do very well. He's frate rate for that. He can blow his trumpet just as loud as the best of them. And he'll get the biggest downfall. Oh, they're going to do something for him—those who goes round with him—I mean dead folks like I am. They'd just as live trip him up as anybody else. Yes, you'll see how they'll take the glory out of him when they get things just right. That man that's just gone meant something more, when he said for you to go and see Mr. Fay, and criticize for yourselves. He meant for you to go and see his downfall, too. Oh, he's one of the biggest scoundrels out. I know all about him. Oh, I'd just as live tell him so, as to tell you so. Good-by, sir. Jan. 15.

Lizzie Clough.

For many reasons I have been attracted here to-day. A few years since I was a medium here in Boston myself. During my mediumship I became acquainted with the gentleman who is known to you as M. V. Bly. Perhaps you are acquainted with him? [Yes.] Then you know that he, too, pretended he could expose these spiritual manifestations, or that he could produce the same things himself that were produced by others, or said to be produced through spirit-power.

One night, or one evening after one of his sittings, I went on to the stage, and going up to him, I said, "Mr. Bly, you say that you do all these things without the aid of spirits?" "Yes, I do say so." "Now," I says, "if you do, you are of course willing to tell us how you do them." "Oh, well, well, no, I don't care to," he says; "that of course is a secret." Said I, "I will pledge myself to be true to your interests, and never mention the fact, if you will show me how even one of these things are done." He turns to me—and I believe he spoke the truth then—I know he did—and says, "Lizzie, you're asking too much. I can't do it; and furthermore," he adds, "I'm determined to have a living; the world owes me that much. If I can't get it by defending Spiritualism, I'm going to get it by exposing it; now you may be sure of that." "But ain't you afraid the spirits will trip you up, sometime?" "Oh no; they don't dare to," he says; "they're as much to blame as the public are. I have worked for them so many years—stating how many—and half of the time I've been on the starvation plane, with not a decent cent to my back, not money enough to pay my bills. Now if there's anything to be gained by coming out in open opposition to Spiritualism and Spiritualists—for they have n't taken care of me—anything to be made, I'm going to make it—that's certain."

Now it occurs to me that H. Melville Fay stands where M. V. Bly did the night he was speaking to me. Spiritualism and Spiritualists and spiritual powers have failed to sustain him, as he wanted to be sustained. So he has turned to the other extreme. Once he defended Spiritualism; now he's going to annihilate it, if possible.

Perhaps you had better ask Mr. Fay to show you how these things are done. You'll be very safe in offering him any sum of money, provided you tie the knots properly, and seal them faithfully, as you would with the Davenports or the Eddys.

If Mr. Bly should chance to read these few thoughts of mine, I hope he will respond, and promptly, too, for I have a motive in asking him to respond—an honest one. I am Lizzie Clough. Good-day, sir. Jan. 15.

Lieut. William Collins.

I am glad to come, but sorry, too, because circumstances force me to come so far from my friends. I am Lieutenant William Collins, of the 3d Wisconsin, Company C. My friends have said they would be satisfied, happy, reconciled to my death, did they know how I died, and whether or no I was resigned, willing to go.

Early in the fight I was slightly wounded. About two hours later, I was slightly wounded. About two hours later, I was wounded again, very slight, however. A few hours later, I received a fatal wound, died on the field, and I suppose was buried there.

I was resigned. I was satisfied to go in that way. The only regret I had was that I had no means at hand of sending any word home to my friends. The fear of death certainly was not near me. I felt it would be well with me hereafter, and a strange, beautiful calm pervaded my soul. Notwithstanding the battle was raging fearfully, and death and destruction were around me on all sides, there was quiet within me, and I died peacefully, calmly and happily. If I had been at home, under the kind ministrations of my friends, I could not have died more quietly than I did upon the battle-field.

I am happy, I am satisfied. It is true I do sometimes regret my inability to go and speak to them as I hear others speaking to their friends, but at the same time I hope the time will come when my desire will be realized.

There in the other life we each stand upon our own merits. We lean upon no one. We are seen for what we are. We are prized for our true worth. 'Tis not so on the earth.

To those who looked upon me as upon one who was not within the boundaries of the saving grace of Christ, I would say, Christ's love is sufficient for all, and the Christ-principle is within all, and because it is, it is a Saviour for all. No one can claim its protection more than another. It is but the simple spirit of Truth. I had it, they have it, all the world has it, and it becomes a universal Saviour.

To my mother I send the blessing that I felt would have sent from the field of battle, when I passed away from earth. Happy, very happy! yes, I am happy, and all the wealth of the world would not tempt me to return. Jan. 15.

Katy Folsom.

I am Katy Folsom, from Detroit, and I'm dead, they say, but I have come here. I was ten years old; I've been dead since last September, and I should like that my father, James K. Folsom, would find some medium so I can come. I was not unconscious when they thought I was. I knew, but I could n't speak, and most of the time I could n't see.

Tell father that mother is in the spirit-land, too, and little Osh—he'll know who that is—and
