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VOL. XIX.

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The Spirit-World.

For the Banner of Light.

Interesting Tete-a-Tete with the Spirits.

UNIQUE DOINGS AND WISE SAYINGS.

One of the rarest and richest genuine treats which, in my spiritual experience, I ever enjoyed, was given me and others on Sunday afternoon, April 15th, at the house of Mr. Henry Beck, in this city. The persons in materia who were participants, were Thomas Gales Forster, the celebrated trance medium and speaker; Miss Lizzie Kelzer, about whose remarkable mediumship I have frequently written and spoken; Mr. and Mrs. Beck and son; Mr. Fee, and Mrs. Boggs, and myself—a very submissive, subjective and harmonious coterie indeed, as the sequel will prove.

Thomas Gales Forster arrived here on the morning of Sunday, April 15th, direct from Washington City, and came to our meeting to hear Bro. Whiting, at the Academy of Music. He came from Washington City, on a transient visit to his sister, who resides some twenty miles from this city. After our religious services were over, I introduced Mr. Forster to Mr. and Mrs. Beck, who at once invited him and me to their house for dinner. We went; and after dinner we proposed having a sitting, or *seance*, with Miss Lizzie Kelzer, the gifted medium, who lives with our host and hostess. I was anxious that Mr. Forster should see the remarkable manifestations and tests given through Miss Kelzer. The persons being present whom I have designated, and all duly seated and prepared, Lizzie was soon under influence, and most remarkable manifestations began. Soon Mr. Forster was also under the influence of his guardian spirit, Dr. Edgar C. Dayton, and then, for three or four hours, from Lizzie and from Mr. Forster, we had most singularly beautiful manifestations, consisting of material and spiritual clairvoyant seeing, and personifications of various spirits, and conversations with them on the part of Lizzie—and on the part of Mr. Forster, conversations with Dr. Edgar C. Dayton—sometimes explaining the phenomena presented, and sometimes giving us words of wisdom and light, which could have emanated from no other source than the sage spirit of Dr. Dayton.

I cannot pretend to give you all these manifestations; they would fill many columns of the Banner; and let me say that I had not designed to write any of them down for print, but Bro. Peebles was in my office the other day, and I told him about the gracious blessings we had enjoyed, and related to him some of the matters and things which had occurred, when he insisted that I should write them down for the "Banner." "Do," says he, "Judge, write some of these beautiful things out for the Banner; they are just what will interest the people." So I will now attempt, in a manner, to comply with good Bro. Peebles's request.

To understand the first manifestation—given through Lizzie—I must narrate that on the morning of Sunday, April 15th, this frightful incident occurred, involving members of our Society congregation:

Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Carey, with Mr. William Taylor, son of Mrs. Taylor, were coming in a buggy attached to a very spirited horse to our meeting at the Academy of Music—they reside over the river in Covington, Ky.—when nearing the descent of the river bank to the ferry-boat on the other side, the horse ran away, and coming down the hill at a tremendous speed, all three of the occupants of the buggy were thrown out on to the apron of the wharf-boat, and the buggy was smashed all to pieces. Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Carey were severely injured, and Mr. Taylor was slightly injured. The husbands of the three ladies were, at the time, in attendance on the Children's Progressive Lyceum in our hall, and the news was quickly conveyed to them, and all of us who were there. The news came that Mrs. Carey was so severely hurt that she would die. The husbands of the ladies quickly left the hall, of course, and we who were friends, were left in doubtful fear.

When Lizzie got under influence in our circle, there was an earnest desire to hear from the spirits about Mrs. Carey, as it was reported she could not survive her injuries. Mrs. Carey is a cousin of mine. Mrs. Beck was the first in the circle to express the wish that the spirit or spirits controlling Lizzie would visit Mrs. Carey at once, and also Mrs. Taylor, and tell us about them. Lizzie went off in a trance, and presently she was under the control of a spirit, who, by the way, in life had been a particular admirer of Lizzie, and whom I shall call by the familiar name of "Dan"; and "Dan" told us, in answer to our question, after a while, that he would not go to see Mrs. Carey himself, but there was an old gentleman who was gone, and he would report from him. In the meantime, "Dan" made some of his individual manifestations through Lizzie, and then says he, "The old gentleman has come back; he is now standing beside the Judge; he is a tall, venerable gentleman, with blue eyes and grey hair; he is a relative of the Judge, and a relative of Mrs. Carey, and that is the reason that he went over to look after Mrs. Carey. He gives his initials as E. C. He says that Mrs. Carey, although to external appearances much injured, is not so severely hurt; she is now over the first effects, and she will not die, but she will get over it."

"How is Mrs. Carey injured?" inquired Mrs. Beck. The injuries on the head, and the breast, and the arm were then described, which we afterwards ascertained was about the fact. Also, Mrs. Taylor's condition was told us, and it was said that she would get over her injuries, but she would suffer much.

This spirit with the initials "E. C." was my father, Ephraim Carter, without a doubt. Mr. Carey is his niece; and she and Mrs. Taylor are now fast recovering, and ere this will be pub-

lished, perhaps, will be well, and quite over their injuries. Being now rendered satisfied about the condition of our friends who had met with the accident, we left that subject, and waited other developments, and had them in abundance; to tell about all of which would take me too long; I shall therefore call some of especial interest only.

A spirit of a young lad, who, in the month of January last, near this city, was accidentally shot by a gun in his own hands, as he was clambering through some brushwood, took possession of Lizzie, and commenced crying most lustily, and amidst his sobs and tears, was very anxious to see his "mamma," from whom he had been so suddenly snatched. This was the first appearance of the boy again on earth since his decease. The boy and the accident were known to Lizzie and to Mr. and Mrs. Beck. Mrs. Beck soothed the youngster with her kindest words, and at last got him in such mood that he was enabled to tell us all the particulars of the accident, and told us about his mother, his brother, and his playmates. But ever and anon he would again take to crying about his dear mamma, and he thought it so curious that he could not see her, as he saw us. The matter was explained to him, so that, as he said, he first began to recognize the fact that he was in another world, or sphere, and was talking through a medium. Mr. Fee of our company also was well acquainted with his mother, and he promised the lad—which gave him great comfort and consolation—that he would forthwith convey his messages to his mother. While this boy was possessing Lizzie, she had a handkerchief in her hand, with which, as the boy cried, she would wipe her eyes. I asked the boy whose handkerchief that was. He replied that it was his. I asked him where he got it. He said, "I found it in my hand when I came here." There was a gold ring on Lizzie's finger; I asked the boy about that. He said it was his; but, from his conduct, he did not seem exactly to understand how it got on his finger; he could not understand his situation until it was much explained to him, and then did not fully appreciate it, of course.

The singular thing about this manifestation, which I never saw in any case before, was, that while the boy was thus possessing Lizzie, he was introduced to several spirits for the first time, whom he had known upon earth, and who had gone before or after him to the spiritual world. And it was very wonderful to hear, the little fellow talk through Lizzie, as these spirits would present themselves to him. "Why, I declare," the little boy would say, "there's little Lizzie Hunt! Why, Lizzie, how do you do? I am so glad to see you! Why, how did you get here? I thought you were dead! Where did you come from?" And then, through Lizzie, the medium, he kissed the spirit of Lizzie Hunt, who, when she lived here upon earth, was his darling friend and little playmate. (To us poor mortals it appeared as if Lizzie, the medium, kissed the open air.) He conversed with many of his spirit-friends, but was most pleased with his little girl playmate, Lizzie Hunt. This was indeed an extraordinary manifestation. Here was a spirit in our presence, and in the presence of Lizzie, plain to all our senses, conversing through a medium upon the earth, with spirit-friends and acquaintances in the spirit-world. In this fact there is a world of philosophy—scientific, natural and spiritual, which ought to be looked to.

But I must leave the medium Lizzie, and her manifestations, and notice those of the medium Thomas Gales Forster, which proved altogether the most interesting to us. Dr. Edgar C. Dayton took possession and control of him, ever and anon, just as easily as you can wink. It seemed perfectly natural for Dr. Dayton to do so. Through Mr. Forster we had a regular *globe a la tite* with Dr. Dayton; and every one of us felt his presence as one of our "goodbye company." Mr. Forster would shut his eyes, assume a somewhat dignified air and bearing, and then the conversations were perfectly free and open, and thus were some of the interesting dialogues:

DR. DAYTON (Per Mr. Forster, and addressing Mr. Fee in a familiar manner).—"My friend over the way"—(looking at Mr. Fee, sitting on the opposite side of the parlor-room)—"you promised that little child who was just here, crying for his 'mamma,' that you would go and see her, and tell her what has occurred in reference to him here, just now."

MR. FEE.—"Yes, sir; and I mean to do it."

DR. DAYTON.—"That is right. You must do so. It will do his mother much good, and it will also be of lasting benefit to the child in spirit-land. For I must tell you that ever since that child left the earth, he has been troubled about leaving his mamma. Indeed, the poor little fellow has thought of nothing else; and this very fact has much obscured his spirit position and surroundings. That child was very much attached to his mother while he was on earth, and his mother was just as much attached to him. And now the yearnings of each for the other, have much tendency to obstruct that child's proper progress in the summer-land. His attraction to his mother, and his grief at his separation from her, keeps him to the earth; and he does not, as a matter of course, care to know and understand his present surroundings. This keeps him back. It was the purpose of accomplishment of other spirits who brought him here to-day, to appear through the medium. They did so, by persuading him that he thus might reach his mother; and his coming here has done him great good. You see how, even before this presence, he was introduced to and became acquainted with other spirits in spirit-world, and then for the first time he recognized the presence of little spirits whom he had known upon this earth, but who are now in the spirit-land. I tell you that this already has done him much good; and the conversations which the little fellow has had with the ladies and gentlemen of this company, have much reconciled him. They have had a very beneficial influence indeed upon his fine

little spirit; and if it were possible that he could talk with his mother, and she with him, there is no telling the good which might result. I want, therefore, Mr. Fee, to hold you strictly to your promise. See the child's mother."

MR. FEE.—"But perhaps his mother, whom I know to be set in her religious opinions, will not hear me."

DR. DAYTON.—"Oh, yes, she will. She will in reality be glad to hear you, although she will be somewhat offish at first."

MR. FEE.—"I will certainly see her, and tell her."

DR. DAYTON.—"Do so. Oh mothers, did you but know your little darlings when in the spirit-land, how much better off they are, and how you keep them from full enjoyment of this sphere by your grieving and worrying on account of their departure from you, you would cease your moaning and mourning, and with gladness and cheerfulness of heart and mind, help and aid the little fellows to get along in proper progress, when they leave you for a better land."

Now, dear reader, what a world of wisdom is there in these sayings of the sage Dr. Dayton. You mothers who think you lose your children, ponder well how you act about your deceased darlings.

Another conversation:

LIZZIE KEIZER (in a normal state).—"Dr. Dayton, I want you to give me a test. Everybody else gets tests except me. Now, it is very hard that I, who they say can give so many tests to other persons, never can get any myself. Can you not give me one?"

DR. DAYTON (immediately shutting the eyes of Mr. Forster, and assuming an *ecstasy*).—"Why, my dear girl, the very fact of your being a medium, is the very reason that you get no tests. Not that you cannot get them; you might have plenty of them, if the spirits desired you to have them. Now, my medium is in the same position with you; he seldom or never gets tests when he wants them, and he, like you, finds a great deal of fault. It is perhaps right that you both should do so. But the reason that you mediums do not get tests is, that the spirits desire you to convince others of spirit truth and facts. If you mediums were gratified, when seeking for tests, always, you would be eternally seeking them for yourselves, and being thus fully employed and isolated, and within yourselves, you would have no disposition to satisfy or gratify others. You would become selfish, and you would close the doors of your extraordinary power against even the visitations of others. Thus, my dear girl, we spirits want you for others, and not for yourselves, to do good around and about you."

LIZZIE KEIZER.—"Well, I am not satisfied; I want some tests."

DR. DAYTON.—"Spirits will give them when they think it necessary and proper, you may depend upon that; but not always when you want them."

Now, mediums, you have the reason plainly defined, that you do not get tests for yourselves. You are servants, and not masters; you are Christs, and not Cessars.

Another conversation, interesting to all Spiritualists, just now especially, as there has been some discussion about the matter in our papers and elsewhere.

LIZZIE KEIZER (in her normal condition).—"Dr. Dayton, there is a question which seems to trouble some of the Spiritualists a great deal. It is this: can spirits go through matter?"

DR. DAYTON (through Mr. Forster, speaking determinedly).—"This is a question which certainly should not give Spiritualists any trouble.—(Here Dr. Dayton seemed to be troubled himself about his medium, who was then chewing a quid of tobacco, and was obliged to stop to spit, and turning to the whole company, he [Dayton] said.)

DR. DAYTON.—"I wish you would advise my medium, and strictly enjoin upon him from me, that when hereafter he is in company, and expects to be influenced by me, that he will take particular care not to take a chew of tobacco."

Mrs. Beck (speaking up smartly).—"We will do so, Doctor. We think it very bad for him to chew tobacco, and not."

DR. DAYTON.—"Not that I think it at all bad or at all wrong, for my medium to use tobacco in his normal condition. He can do as he thinks best, but I do not want him to chew tobacco when I am speaking through him. It spoils my influence, to some extent, and interrupts me in my speaking through his mouth. Now I never used the weed, and it interrupts me when I am talking through my medium, to have him use it. He should not chew it, then."

Mrs. Beck (thinking she had a point now to alate upon).—"Well, Doctor, your medium ought not to chew tobacco at all. It is a bad habit, and injures him in health. Now, there is the Judge, too, (alluding to me,) he chews tobacco. Such a man as he ought not to do it, ought he?"

DR. DAYTON.—"I find no fault with my medium using tobacco in his normal condition, nor the Judge either. It is proper and right for them in their own conditions to use tobacco, if they desire to. Tobacco is by no means a useless weed."

JUDGE CARTER (putting in a word).—"I believe you, Dr. Dayton. Indeed, I know, that in intellectual labors of any kind, my chewing of tobacco is a great aid and comfort to me. I could not get along well without it. I do not desire to cease it, and will not."

DR. DAYTON (looking at me).—"You are quite right, Judge. Chew it, if you want to. You hurt not yourself, or anybody else. You need it. It is quite right for you to chew."

Mrs. Beck (very inquiringly).—"Well, but Doctor, you do not think it is right for all persons to use tobacco, do you?"

DR. DAYTON.—"Not all, dear lady; it is right for those who want to. Now in the consideration of any question in reference to individuals, we must never forget to look at and well consider

CONDITIONS. This is the mistake that would be judges of others make: they do not regard conditions, and therefore they inevitably will, and invariably do, make the grossest mistakes and errors in their condemning judgment of others. Now, your conditions are not the conditions at all of my medium or the Judge. What is good for them in their condition, may not be good for you or others, in your or their conditions; but nevertheless it is good for them, and they know it, and feel it. So the Judge and my medium are right: it is good, it is necessary for them to use tobacco. For my part, my conditions when in this life did not require the use of tobacco, and therefore I did not use it; and, of course, I do not now like my medium to use it when I am talking through him. In his normal condition he may properly use it, if he wishes to."

JUDGE CARTER.—"Those are the true ideas to which you have just given utterance, in reference not only to the use of tobacco, but to a thousand other things—which would-be-reformers, in their conceited wisdom, would lop off in the external nature of man—wrongly considering to reform men by beginning from the outer and not from the inner."

DR. DAYTON.—"You are right again, Judge. These external habits do not amount to much in themselves. It is the abuse, the excess, which injures. And now let me give you all a bit of advice. Excess in the use of anything is injurious. All things created by the Divine hand are of use—they are made to be used. It is the excessive use, the abuse of things, which harms. Now take this matter of drinking wine, for instance. Wine is useful; it is good for man to drink wine—but not too much. It then becomes an excess, and harms. But it is a mistaken idea of men and women, that excess in eating or any other thing does not injure, as much as excess in the use of wine. A glutton is as much debased as a drunkard. The spirit of the first is as much injured as that of the other; although you do not see it here always in that light. You take no notice of the excess of the glutton; but you cast the drunkard away from you. This should not be. You should endeavor, in wise ways, to reform both; they both equally need it. Now excess is the evil which we must get clear of, in regard to everything. This might be widely illustrated, but I think you will perceive what I wish to enforce."

JUDGE CARTER.—"We do, Doctor; and only wish that all would see these things in the light in which you present them."

LIZZIE KEIZER.—"But, Doctor, you have got far away from the question which I put."

DR. DAYTON.—"My dear lady, so we have. But let me disgorge this confounded Virginia weed from the mouth of my medium first. (At this, he—the Doctor—made his medium thrust the forefinger of his right hand into his mouth, and stooping over, to throw the quid of tobacco from his mouth into the fire, at which we all laughed very heartily.) Now, then, I will be enabled to talk better. I said, I believe, that it was very curious that this question should trouble Spiritualists—whether spirit can pass through matter. A moment's consideration would evolve the answer. Why look you; how is that I, the spirit of Edgar C. Dayton, am in the body of this medium? How did I get into his body? How did this spirit penetrate and enfold this material body before you? Your room is all closed; the doors and windows are shut; how did I, a spirit, gain entrance into this room? I do assure you, I did not enter by the doors, or the windows. I should not have thought of doing so, even if they had been open. No; all this matter, so opaque and impenetrable to your bodies, is just as nothing to me, a spirit. In spirit, I take no external notice of it. Through this medium, I see that it is material. I cannot make my medium, with his material body, go through it; although, let me tell you, scientific spirits can readily—by applying their knowledge of whys and wherefores—make matter to all appearances go through matter. It has been done—it can be frequently done—but what I wish you to understand is, that matter, in no shape or form, makes an obstruction to spirit. Why, have not you, the medium, and Miss Lizzie there, been giving manifestations of this truth, all through this afternoon? How do spirits impregnate your body and use it, to your exclusion? And how does your spirit in the meantime leave your body, and go abroad out of this room, and out of this house, and away, away over, in and through matter, and then return again, and take possession of your body, and tell us of its delightful experiences? Why, the thing is absolutely self-evident; it admits of no question. This question has arisen among Spiritualists, from a remark made in a recent lecture of a great medium, in reference to how the spirit of a dying man left him, in the description of which he alluded to the fact that he saw the spirit of the dying man leave the room through the open door. Now this was but a figure of speech; if there had been no doorway, he would have seen the spirit ascend or go up through the ceiling, or more likely he would have seen the ceiling at all, nor would he have seen anything else material which would have obstructed the spirit in its passage, in its egress or ascent to its own domain. Spirit is not matter; matter is no obstruction to spirit, nor spirit to matter; they are discrete in their respective characters. You may call spirit sublimated or exqu岸ely refined matter, if you will. It certainly has to grow up in matter, and it pervades all matter, but that does not alter the solution of the question. You all will fully appreciate all this, when you have laid off your material; you will then, by experience and self-knowledge, understand what spirit is. In the meantime such a discussion as this is not useful. Better be discussing questions of how to fit our spirits for the blessed sphere to which they are about to go; better discuss truly religious and spiritual questions, and not trouble your heads about these little niceties. Have I made things plain?"

JUDGE CARTER.—"You have, Doctor, and we are much indebted to you."

DR. DAYTON.—"I will then relieve my medium."

Immediately Mr. Forster—the medium—was restored to his normal condition, and the very first thing he did, was to put his finger into his mouth for his tobacco, with the exclamation of surprise—to our infinite merriment—"where in the world is my tobacco?"

Mrs. Beck.—"Dr. Dayton, Mr. Forster, made you throw your tobacco into the fire."

MR. FORSTER.—"Oh he did, did he? I wish he would not so trouble himself." (pulling out his tobacco box, and replenishing his mouth with another quid.)

All of us at this were nearly convulsed with laughter. Forster laughed heartily too, and we had it over with him, about what Dr. Dayton said in reference to tobacco; Forster and Lizzie and I taking sides with Dr. Dayton, and Mrs. Beck and the rest joining the issue.

In our intensely interesting conversations or dialogues with Dr. Dayton, he very frequently improvised and interpolated, and sometimes terminated what he had to say, with most beautiful verses, which of course I cannot remember, although I would like to set them down here.

Again, Dr. Dayton, with exceeding ease, took control of his medium—Mr. Forster—and the following ensued:

JUDGE CARTER.—"Doctor, if I am not impudent or impertinent, for my own satisfaction I would like to ask you a question of a somewhat delicate nature. It is in reference to yourself."

DR. DAYTON.—"Proceed, Judge. I have no objection to answer any question in reference to myself, at all."

JUDGE CARTER.—"Well then, Doctor, I have heard you speak and lecture very frequently through your medium, Mr. Forster, and from some certain peculiar characteristics of your speeches, lectures and conversation, a certain sort of one-sided intellectual *one-sidedness* about them, I have been induced to think—I may say I am impressed to believe—that you were never married upon earth, that you were a bachelor; and that you are a bachelor still in spirit-land. Am I right, Doctor, in my diagnosis?"

DR. DAYTON.—"From whatever source, Judge, you obtain the information, you are right again. I was a bachelor while in earth-life, and I am a bachelor still. While upon earth, I never saw the woman whom I would or could account my conjugal mate; and I have not been able since to find her, either in the spirit-land or upon the earth. This is certainly a curious predicament to be in, but it is nevertheless a verity. My mate may be upon the earth, though I have not yet seen her there. She may be in the spirit-world, though I must confess to, I have not seen her here. She may not yet be born; she may not yet be an individualized existence. But you may depend upon it, I am bound to have her!"

JUDGE CARTER.—"Good for you, Doctor. But you do not mean to say that you have not had, and do not now have, female association?"

DR. DAYTON.—"Oh no, indeed, my friend Judge, not at all. On the contrary, I have any quantity and quality of female association; just what seems to be necessary for me; for without female association, I could not get along at all. I have females to whom I am attracted both upon earth and here in spirit-land; and they supply the necessary elements to my individual 'make up,' so to speak, as I am now."

JUDGE CARTER.—"But these do not make you complete—whole—do they? For I am confidently of opinion, that every man, human or spiritual, to make him whole and complete, to make him, in a word, individualized, requires (to express my meaning well by the use of a curious term) the dovetailing of a single, woman mate."

DR. DAYTON.—"You are right again, Judge; and your word is very expressive—the best word you could use to define the proper union of man and woman; for 'dovetailing,' in its meaning among artisans, is the strongest of all the fastening or joinings. 'Dovetailing' is good. A man or a woman cannot be complete, cannot be wholly individualized, unless they are 'dovetailed,' unless all the parts of the one—spiritual, intellectual, moral, mental and physical—fit into the other in the manner of this sort of jointure or fastening. Congeniality in man and wife does not mean similarity; this is all a mistake—but it really means the close fitting together of opposites; in short, your word, 'dovetailing.' That is it. Now I have not been as yet 'dovetailed' to any woman, though I am perfectly sure it will not always be so. I will find my true mate yet."

JUDGE CARTER.—"In the meantime I suppose you seek female companionship, both here and in spirit-land?"

DR. DAYTON.—"I do not seek it; it comes to me. I attract it, and it attracts me. Now, Judge, you would not have me, through my medium, to be seeking affinities and do wooing, and all that sort of thing, upon the earth, would you? That would be entirely unconventional."

JUDGE CARTER.—"Hah! hah! hah! (the rest of the company joined heartily in laughing,) you speak plainly, doctor."

DR. DAYTON.—"Of course I do. To be gratifying myself here upon earth, through my medium, in this way, would be wholly unconventional. Don't you think so?"

JUDGE CARTER.—"Hah! hah! hah! Indeed I do."

DR. DAYTON.—"I shall not then seek to place my medium in any such awkward predicaments. But I must again relieve my medium."

And he did so; and then we had a fine time discussing—all of us—in our normal and in a merry condition, what Dr. Dayton had said. Mr. Forster taking part and enjoying it largely. The above conversation about matrimony, and Dr. Dayton's peculiar position, I would commend to the particular attention of a certain lady I have heard of, who is yet on earth, and who labors under the singular hallucination, much warned and cherish-

ed by her, that the spirit of Dr. Edgar C. Dayton is her immortal mate. But to another conversation with the Doctor, who again occupied Mr. Forster. JUDGE CARTER (to the company).—"I once heard Dr. Dayton, through Mr. Forster, deliver one of the greatest and most scientific lectures in reference to the progress of materiality, and the natural evolution of man and woman in that progress upon earth, which I ever had the pleasure of listening to. It was some long time ago, in the National Hall, on Vine street, in this city. The Doctor showed, in that lecture, the natural progress of things, from a state of fusion, of fire, to the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms of Nature, up to the natural evolution of man and woman; and proved beyond all peradventure, most scientifically and clearly, that man was necessarily, and had to be evolved in the last belt of creation, as it were. He compared creation to a continually increasing belt, winding on itself, and in the last plane of belt, man and woman were evolved. It was a great lecture indeed!"

DR. DAYTON.—"It pleases me much, Judge, to know that you appreciate that effort of mine so well. You are right in your comprehension of the lecture, and that lecture was true. I must say to you, my friends, that I would like to deliver another lecture, beginning just where I left off in that lecture—to show you another lapping belt, in which spirit commences and goes on. It would be a grand subject. But of course I cannot deliver it here now; I will have to reserve it for some future time on the rostrum. But I will assure you, at this time, that the figure of a winding and lapping belt upon itself, of creation, is a good figure. You human beings are now in the last belt, or last part, of the continuous, material belt; the next belt-layer is spirit, and there am I, and those with me. This belt, material and spiritual, is perfectly natural. It is the work of God through his natural laws. There is nothing supernatural about it."

Mrs. BECK.—"Doctor, I would give the world to hear from you a lecture upon that subject of the spiritual belt. Can you not give us such a lecture to-night?"

DR. DAYTON.—"No, indeed; I would not have time. I have been invited by your President, the Judge, to make some remarks to-night, in the Academy of Music, before you, after the regular speaker, through Mr. Whiting, concludes, and there is not time enough for me. By the way, what shall I talk about to-night? For I have accepted the Judge's invitation, through my medium, and I am somewhat puzzled, in the short time allotted me, as to what I shall say."

Mrs. BECK.—"Give us a poem, Doctor. That will be good."

JUDGE CARTER.—"No, Doctor, you know that at the conclusion of the regular lecture, there will be two or three poems improvised through Mr. Whiting, and I should think, by that time, the audience will have quite enough of poems. No; we want a specimen of your eloquence on any subject you may choose. I venture to suggest that before you conclude to adopt any subject to speak upon, that you first hear Mr. Whiting."

DR. DAYTON.—"That's the best. I will go and listen, through my medium, to what the spirit says through Mr. Whiting, and I have no doubt a proper subject will suggest itself to me."

And Dr. Dayton did as he said he would. After the lecture through Mr. Whiting, at the Academy of Music, that Sunday night, he spoke beautifully for some time through Mr. Forster, on subjects suggested by the lecture, to the great satisfaction of a numerous audience, and concluded with some very appropriate improvised poetry. But to continue and conclude our conversation:

JUDGE CARTER.—"As it is getting late, and we will soon have to go to the lecture, I will only trouble you, Doctor, with one more question."

DR. DAYTON.—"Proceed. I will answer if I can."

JUDGE CARTER.—"Does not this repeated and continuous control of your medium, as exhibited this afternoon, tire you, and much fatigue the medium?"

DR. DAYTON.—"No? not a whit! nor does it my medium in the surroundings in which he fortunately now finds himself. You have, indeed, a very harmonious circle here. You are all at ease, and in good rapport with each other and with my medium and with me. Therefore I control my medium very easily and naturally, as you may have observed. Now, when harmony of this kind prevails in a circle, my medium is benefited, and I, too. I certainly have enjoyed myself, and my medium has, too, himself, as much as any of you, this afternoon, in this delightful conference; and all of us, without doubt, have derived much benefit from it. Miss Lizzie there, when kept under too much control, multifarious and multitudinous as it is, becomes fatigued, and she would be injured by keeping her under too much control. All sorts and, if I may so express it, all sizes of spirits act, speak and manifest through her, and, beautifully negative as she is, she is subject to them all. But where there is harmony among the recipients of the manifestations through her, as prevails here this afternoon, even she, with all these many and various influences, is not much worried. Now my medium, unlike Lizzie, is controlled by me alone, and, on this account, is not subject to such wear and waste as Lizzie. Oh, if people who seek spiritual manifestations could only understand and appreciate the condition of themselves, as well as the conditions of the mediums and the conditions of the spirits, it would be a happy time for them. But your time is upon you. Good-evening, friends. I shall ever remember this pleasant and agreeable meeting."

ALL OF US.—"Good-by, Doctor. We shall never forget you."

So the edifying conference was broken up. We all could have remained for a much longer time together with Dr. Dayton, but we had to go to the evening lecture, and we expected, too, to hear again from Dr. Dayton at the place of the lecture; and we did, too, and again we were much edified by him.

I do think we of that little coterie were especially favored that Sunday afternoon, and we all earnestly said that we never had such a delightful time in spirit intercourse. We learned a great deal more, theoretically and practically, than we could from any lecture or book, be it never so good; and I am prone to think that those who read the above interesting dialogues and conversations, imperfectly reported from memory as they are, will agree with me that there has not been so much true wisdom displayed through the mouth of man 'tis *daïmoni* (sane daemon), since the famous dialogues of Socrates with his Greek disciples.

IF THERE ARE NOT MANY PUREST CRYSTAL DROPS OF GENUINE WISDOM IN THE ABOVE REFRIGERATING RAIN, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM. A. G. W. CARTER.

Cincinnati, April 27, 1866.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

(Original.)

SOLOMON'S STAR-ANGEL.

Will was to spend a night in Solomon's cottage, and they had walked together, just as the sun was setting, down the pleasant road leading thither. The air was mild and full of the fragrance of the beautiful May blooming, and everything was as peaceful as if the world, like a tired child, had quivered itself for a sweet slumber.

Solomon's cottage seemed very lonely to Will, for his wife had deserted it long since, and there was no voice to greet them as they entered. In the old-fashioned kitchen Will noticed a pair of little, half-worn shoes hanging on a nail, and in one corner was a child's chair, over which was hung a branch of lilac in full bloom that must have been fresh in the morning. Everything was in good order, though Will noticed that some things that his aunt would have considered quite necessary to comfort were not to be seen, and some things that she would have thought quite improper in the kitchen were permitted to be in sight.

"Now," said Solomon gaily, "you must feel quite at home, and soon I will introduce you to my companions, and then you will not ask, as I more than half guess you have been inclined to do, if I am not lonesome."

Will looked all about him, expecting to see traces of some persons whom Solomon called his companions. But there was only an old faded shawl and the little shoes. Solomon busied himself for a while, and when the twilight had risen from the valleys and touched every hill with its sombre covering, and then crept from the eastern sky down to the ridge of light that lay in the western horizon, until the evening star shone out like a herald in haste to tell of the hosts coming—then Solomon seated himself beside Will and smoothed his hair gently, and together they looked from the open window, seeking the little light that still gleamed in the west.

"Did you ever notice," said Solomon, "how one's eye always seeks the light? If you were shut up in a dungeon, and there was one little spot of light, not larger than a pin's point, your eye would fix itself on that and keep itself there until it fairly ached. Just so, Will, men, by nature, seek after that which they call good; the only trouble is that some think that is good which gives them sorrow and trouble in the end. For instance, you seek to leave Miss Pettigrew, calling it good, when it is sure to bring you trouble. But I am not going to vex you by preaching on this first visit of yours; but I choose, rather, to make you acquainted with my friends; and let me tell you, that star is one of my best loved companions and comforters. Shall I tell you why?"

"Oh, do, Uncle Solomon, for I am sure I never thought of getting comfort from a star."

"Once I had a star that shone on my life here with a radiance that I shall never find on an earthly form again. My Annettie made every shadow of my life radiant. However deep the night, yet there was glory where she was. We lived together, as two stars revolve, without any jars, but only a sweet shining for each other. One summer's night my little star went out of my sky, and left me nothing but darkness."

"You mean Annettie died, do you?" said Will softly.

"I mean that the light went out of the dear, beautiful garment she wore, that we called her body, and I thought I should never see her more. Then I lost all faith in the light; I did not believe any more in the good God who is the light of all our hearts; and I put a great shadow over my heart, that it could feel nothing but the darkness; and in this way I went groping about like a poor blind man."

"Do you mean that anything was the matter with your eyes?"

"Oh, no, Will; but if we do not see anything good and beautiful in what our eyes look upon, we are as bad as blind, for our spirits are blind. The dear Father in heaven is the light of our spirits, and if we will not find his love anywhere, we may call ourselves spiritually blind. Now his love is everywhere, even in your Aunt Patience's cold heart; it looks out in every little blooming flower, in every spreading leaf, in every little spear of grass; but if we do not see it—I mean if we do not feel that love, and only see with our eyes, we are as bad as blind."

Well, I saw no goodness or beauty anywhere after my Annettie went away, and I shut up my heart like the little buds that will not open these warm days. Annettie was a good child, and I never had to speak cross to her or chide her, but she grew just like a little white crocus in the spring, full of beauty and love, and then her little blossom closed, and where she was I did not know. One night I sat here, looking at the stars as we do now, and my heart had been very bitter. But all at once I began to wonder why the star kept shining so brightly, night after night. I thought of the great distance that its light had to travel before it reached me—hundreds and hundreds of miles. It takes the light of some stars years to reach this earth, although light travels faster than any steam engine man has ever thought of making."

"Is that so?" asked Will. "Do you mean that light travels?"

"Yes, it comes swiftly and silently, but yet it takes time; but it keeps coming, and nothing ever interrupts its coming. Even the clouds do not prevent its coming, they only shadow it from our sight. And, as I was wondering about it, all at once, first like a star and then growing larger, I saw a beautiful light close by me. I thought it was a meteor, but it stood perfectly still and I knew it was not. It grew larger and larger, until it seemed to open, and then directly before me I saw my angel, my Annettie."

"Then she was not dead, after all," said Will, "how glad you must have been."

"No, she was not dead; that is, her light, her spirit was just the same, and it was only her body that died. And while I looked at her, longing to put my arms about her, some one else, another angel beside her, spoke and said:

"You have been thinking how the light of the star kept coming to you, and can you not think how Annettie's light keeps coming, always the same, always bright, only you put great clouds to shut it out?"

"What did the angel mean by that?" asked Will. "I don't see how you could make clouds."

"Well, the angel told me that love was just like a light, and a loving angel was like a beautiful star, forever sending its light to the earth; and that as long as we keep our hearts full of love and kindness, and gentleness and goodness, then the

sky is cloudless, and nothing keeps the pure light of heaven from reaching us."

"But," said Will, "I think that is dreadful, to think that we can put out the starlight!"

"Oh we don't put it out, we only shut it out. It keeps shining all the time, for love must shine. We only put clouds about us. The worst cloud of all is hate. It is a black, thick shadow. And then there is unkindness, and deceit, and selfishness. All these are thick shadows. And then there is impatience, which is like a mist, and pride and vanity."

"Oh dear, dear," said Will, "I think we must all have a cloudy sky."

"The truth is, that we do manage to keep our spiritual sky rather murky. But there are times when all—and I hope with the worst of men—when their natures are calm like this beautiful atmosphere; and then there is always the blessed love-light up there ready to touch them."

"Tell me more about Annettie," said Will.

"Well, I saw her beautiful image then close beside me, and felt the warm light come about my heart, and when I understood how I could make a bright atmosphere between her and me, I said, 'Dear child, I do promise you that I will never forget this, and I will try and keep my sky clear for your dear sake.' Then she smiled sweetly, and her beautiful hand came up from the white garment that had covered it, and she raised it to the heavens, as if imploring something more."

"What will my angel have?" I said. And the one who stood beside her answered, "She remembers all the blessedness of her home, and wishes you to see that too."

"But I can't," I said; "heaven is afar off."

"Do you not know," answered the spirit, "that in the light that shines about you, you can see the reflection of all your Annettie enjoys? When the lake is calm, it takes in as if it were a picture all the beauty above and around it. So does your spirit take in all the light and beauty above and around you. But I see you are sleepy, Will, and I have only introduced you to one of my companions. I am never lonely when I am good enough to keep my sky clear. But let us have lights, and I will show you my other companions."

Solomon proceeded to show Will a spider that had spun his web in the corner of the room by the tall old clock, and gave him a history of the big fellow. That Will thought was not a very agreeable companion.

"That old fellow, with so homely a coat and so savage an eye, is one of the best teachers I ever had. If you'll believe me, the best lesson of patience I ever learned, was from his trying over and over again to put his web across from the window to the clock. I've had a pretty fiery temper in my day, and many's the time I've thrown my work across the room in my impatience because it did not suit me. One day when I saw that spider working away so steadily, and not giving up at one or two or half a dozen failures, I said, 'Shame on you, Solomon Reives, if you haven't as much patience as that poor, despised insect; and I went to the glass and looked at myself, and saw how God had put a great brain on top of my whole body, that I might make my body do just as my brain said it should; then I resolved to make my body behave as well as a spider, and not be fretting with impatience at everything that went wrong; and I have let that spider spin his webs just where he chooses, so that I might remember his teaching."

"But aren't you afraid that he will bite you?" asked Will.

"This kind of spider is harmless, and if he were, I should not be afraid, since I allow him to catch all the insects that he likes to feel upon. If I brushed down all the webs I should be obliged to brush down all the spiders too."

"Well, Uncle Solomon, you are the queerest man I ever saw."

"Sometimes I think so myself, and then I think that other people are much stranger than I am. But here are the dear little shoes, that seem to have bright lights within them, so glad do they make me. You wonder why. Well, I am glad that the dear Father in Heaven is letting the little feet that were them tread in the heavenly pastures, instead of after my rough track."

"But oh dear," said Will, "if I thought my mother was all the way up in such a sort of heaven, with a pasture in it, I think I should be glad; but Aunt Patience says she is all the time singing hymns, and I've cried myself to sleep thinking how dreadful that must be."

"Well, my Annettie had flowers with her; and if there are flowers there must be gardens; and if there are gardens there must be trees and pastures and flowing waters. Oh the home of the angels is a lovely place, and happy shall we be, if we can make our earthly homes half as beautiful. But come, Will, it is late, and you must be up in season to see my other companions. So good-night, a sound sleeping and a blithe waking."

To dream of angels, and of heaven, and of stars that always shone, and a sky without clouds, was easy for Will, for he went to sleep thinking of his dear mother in heaven, and wishing that nothing might ever obscure his sky, or shut out the shining of his mother's love. But when Will went home to his aunt without Solomon, who had finished his work on the wood, and found her with her cap-strings flying, and her face with innumerable wrinkles, caused by her efforts to brush down the cobwebs that had been spun in her woodshed, all his disagreeable feelings returned, and when she immediately began, "Now, Will, I wish you to remember that you are to shut that door, and not let the flies in. I hate flies. Flies stain my windows, and spoil my curtains, and do all sorts of mischief. I'll poison them; I'll brush them down; I'll catch them, and burn them"—it was after this that Will forgot the stars and the sky, and Solomon's pleasant lessons, and his old love of plugging his aunt returned. She was just reaching up, while standing on a bench, and Will thought, "Wouldn't it be fun to see her cap-strings fly as she came tumbling down?" It would be no worse than she is doing by the spiders, and Will gave the bench a little twitch. Down came Patience, and fell across the bench in the worst position possible.

Will had run, but he stopped at the sound of her scream, for it was something more than a cry of fright. He listened, but heard no more. He did not dare to go away, and was afraid to go in to her again. The wrong door is always a coward. At last he recovered sufficient courage to open the door a little and look in. He saw his aunt lying pale and helpless on the floor. She did not move, and as he entered he thought she was dead.

"Oh! oh! oh! Aunt Patience, do look up. I am so sorry! Oh, do!"

But his aunt did not hear, and Will was in greater trouble than he was ever in before. The shame and confusion and anxiety he felt made him run hither and thither, crying and calling his aunt. How he wished that Solomon was near. At last he knew he must have help, and ran into the street. He was delighted to see Solomon coming rapidly down the street, as if he had known that something was wrong. In a moment he had

raised up Miss Pettigrew, and had sprinkled water in her face, and was trying every possible way to restore her.

When she came to consciousness, it was found that her arm was broken. Will could not endure the sight of her suffering, and ran off into the garden and laid his head upon a stone and wept tears of remorse and repentance. He seemed to himself so mean and despicable that he did not wish to think, and he was thankful when, after two hours, Solomon came and found him.

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER FIVE.

I have been to hear a lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and I suppose most people would think it was not worth the while to say anything about it to children; but I fancy that any truth can interest a child, if it is only told to them in a manner that is agreeable to them. Mr. Emerson, you know, is called one of the great men of America. He is not a great general, like Grant, or a great lawyer, like Choate, or a great inventor, or engineer, but he is a great thinker; that is, he thinks great thoughts, and can tell what he thinks in a manner unlike most people. He is called a great philosopher.

Perhaps some of you have never read a line that he has written; but by-and-bye you will be thankful that such a man has lived, because he speaks so many truths.

But what I wished most to tell you of him was this: He is a very plain man, and speaks in a very common manner, as if he were talking to you. He does not pretend to be great. When the crowd of listeners were looking at him, he seemed to think no more of himself, and of trying to seem great, than if he had been in a garden among daisies and jonquils, or in the field with dandelions, or in the meadow with anemones. He did not flourish his hands, or roll up his eyes, but seemed to be thinking of what he had to say, and not at all of himself. He seemed to say, 'The truth is the great thing, not the man that speaks it.'

Now within a few years I have seen a good many children that seemed to be all the time thinking of themselves, and how they looked, and what they had on, and of some smart thing that they thought they had said. I do not believe that one of those children will ever bless the world by doing anything great, or by saying anything that it will be worth one's while to remember. You know General Grant is one of the most modest of men, and all men are truly beloved for what they do, and not for their looks or dress.

Mr. Emerson said something like this: If we wish to be great we must not be thinking whether we are doing just as other people have done, or doing just as it is fashionable to do, but whether we are doing the best and noblest thing that can be done. The great painter will not paint his pictures just like other people's, but try to represent in the most perfect manner that which he finds in nature.

So the man, or boy, or girl that would be great in goodness, will not do an act that he or she feels to be wrong because other people do it, but will act as seems noble and true.

It is a pleasant day for me to remember when I listened to so great a man, and came out to the beautiful country to think of what I had heard. It seemed to me like one of those days that I had spent in the woods with dear, loving, happy children, and sat down while they brought flowers and covered me all up, so that I could look through them to their glad, happy faces. And I suppose the reason that those days seem alike to this pure thought is like beautiful blossoms, and a truly great or good man has a child's heart.

If my words seem dull to you, you must find one of Mr. Emerson's poems—perhaps the Humble-bee—and read it, and then you will be more interested in what I have written.

LOVE M. WILLIS.

To Correspondents.

ABNIE B., EAST PRINCETON.—When the snows had gone, I began to think of the beautiful, fragrant Arbutus, or May Flower. I knew it was blooming in the spots where I had gathered it, but none grew near where I was. At last I heard of some one who had a bunch, and I said, "Oh, why could they not have sent me just one flower?"

When I went to the city, and I met a lady with a beautiful cluster, I thought some of the flowers wanted to come to me, I loved them so; but I could not touch them. The sight of them took me back to the grand old hills and the fine forests, and I saw no more the brick buildings of the city. Soon after I saw some bunches in some shopgirl's hands, and I was about to say, "Will you sell me the flower, instead of the ribbon?" but I thought, "Would not that be too bad, to take so much beauty out of their monotonous lives?" and I bought the ribbon, and at last went home without the flowers, and said, "I shall not be able to touch one all this year—the first year in my life that I have not held one."

But at last a bunch came, full of rich fragrance, and then your box, with its sweetness all shut in, came. How good you were! I fancied I could see the spots where the beautiful pink-tinted flowers grew. Something besides the sweetness of the flowers, too, was in the box—the love that prompted the sending of them. That was not in the least withered or faded. Many thanks, and the hope to hear from you as you promised.

Your true friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

A DEPARTED HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

BY MYRON COLONEY.

Oh! Lou, my Lou,
We are waiting for you,
Where love dies not—where hearts are true,
O'er the amethyst hill, in the land of rest,
Where sorrow is not—where all are blest,
In a beautiful home in the inner sky,
We are waiting for you, Lou, Carrie and I.

Oh! Lou, my Lou,
We are waiting for you,
Where the thorn grows not, nor the cypress or yew,
Where roses of love are the flowers that bloom
In the beautiful gardens beyond the tomb;
Where affection beams forth from every eye,
We are waiting for you, Lou, Carrie and I.

Oh! Lou, my Lou,
We are waiting for you,
With a delicate robe of ethereal blue,
And a circlet of gems—the seal of the sphere
You will enter, dear Lou, when you come to us here,
In the beautiful City of Light, on high,
We are waiting for you, Lou, Carrie and I.

Oh! Lou, my Lou,
We are waiting for you,
We have come with a chariot of gold and blue;
We shall hover near till you yield your breath,
Then bear you away from the realm of death.
Then, oh! my Lou, fear not to die,
For we shall be with you, Carrie and I.

A phenomenon was lately observed at Tournay, France. A post-mortem examination of a young non-commissioned officer, who died in the military hospital, showed that all the internal organs were reversed—the heart was on the right side and the liver on the left, &c.

Original Essays.

THE PHENOMENA OF MATTER.

BY LEON HYEMAN.

NUMBER TWO.

The mind, in looking back to the time when the first impulse or motion was given to matter, necessarily inquires, What was the origin of matter? But no response comes to the query, when deep from the inner consciousness comes another, What is matter? Material forms have been growing constantly for innumerable ages—worlds and universes, and all of visible creation have grown from germs which have appropriated to themselves the elements in Nature. As man grows from an invisible germ and attains a physical structure billions and trillions of times the size and weight of the germ, so planets and worlds have also grown, increased from a germ corresponding, perhaps, in ratio to the germ which produced the human. The acorn, and all other seeds which form the vegetable world, contain the germ within; the outer coating is Nature's provision to protect the germ. The principle which causes man and worlds and trees to grow is invisible; the visible forms have attained their growth from surrounding elements. What is this invisible germ? and what are these elements? If man and worlds and trees have grown from an invisible substance, is it not reasonable to infer that all of physical nature was evolved from an invisible, germinal essence? Some philosophers have asserted that all of this mundane world, if resolved into its original elements, would be compressed into the space of a pea. Certain it is, that visible material forms are evanescent; they appear for a time, then decay and become invisible. They possess no substantiality; but the invisible element, which gives vitality to the germ—that is the substantial, and endows each form with the quality to appropriate to itself the essences congenial to its growth.

If all of physical nature, as above observed, originated from an invisible, germinal essence, may it not be possible, or even probable, that this essence was an emanation from the Divine Spirit, and that this emanation contained within the forces to produce all of Nature's phenomena, and that it is the life-giving principle of all of being and existence?

In the above view it may be truly said, that matter, or that which is termed matter, has existed eternally. But then, what is matter? We see the infant grow; and it may be said that it grows in consequence of the nourishment it takes. This may be partially true, but does it not in bulk and weight throw off as much as it receives? The tree derives its nourishment through absorbent vessels, yet the annual foliage and fruit it produces and casts off must be greatly in excess of its absorbent powers. It will be seen, then, that the forms which are visible possessing bulk and density, that this bulk and density is acquired through the instrumentality of the forces contained within the invisible germ, and that that which we call matter, is really not matter, as understood in the popular sense, but through the instrumentality of the Spirit of the Divine, emanating or flowing out of the conception of the thought, the elements were evolved from, and out of which all visible nature was unfolded.

There is a law in Nature which, when the conditions are favorable, produces organic vegetable forms, as well as animated existences, without any perceptible origin; and it would seem that the production of these lower forms was an inherent property of what is termed matter. A stagnant pool of water will, in a little time, be alive with animated beings, which it may be said, are the product of infinitesimal germs deposited there; but will that apply to water which has been heated to a high temperature, and kept for a period in a vessel? Whence come the myriads of insect life floating in the air, and from decayed vegetable matter in which animated life never had an existence? The earth is constantly bringing forth tiny animated existences, of which the highest microscopic powers can perceive no origin; yet life and sensation are possessed by these tiny insect forms. In the vegetable world are also springing up forms through the earth, the origin of which is but a philosophical speculation. They appear in varied forms, but how produced is an unsolved enigma.

As geologic periods pass away, the succeeding one manifests some properties which distinguished the preceding one, and in the order of these periods these properties descend to the lower production of Nature in a descending scale, in obedience to natural laws. In the earlier periods, the forms of vegetable and animated life from unknown origin were much more gross and numerous than succeeding ones, as the reproductive powers from parental germs were also greater and much more numerous. There are some species at the present time, a single individual of which produces myriads of germs, each single germ of which contains the form and all the qualities of the parent. The shrub, the vine, and tree of fruit bearing forms in the vegetable kingdom, annually produce manifold seeds, each one of which contains a form equal to the form which bore the fruit.

Reproductive forms were a later development in the order of Nature. As the mineral kingdom develops without a germ, and is a gradual growth of assimilated particles, so the vegetable kingdom in the beginning was developed, according to certain laws of matter, from infinitesimal elements, the reproductive property not being yet unfolded; and thus it was with the animal creation, its originals were produced without a germ. The originals of all forms, the human included, were produced without a germ. Forms were developed as conditions were favorable, according to the inherent progressive laws of matter. The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms succeeded each other in the unfolding of matter, progressively, the conditions adapting the elements to each and every form. The mineral kingdom is the basis of the vegetable, and as the vegetable unfolded in the ascending scale, the conditions were generated to produce forms which possessed inherently the property to perpetuate themselves by fecundating contact, or seed-bearing fruit. The questions how the vegetable and animal forms were produced originally without a germ, can only be known by analogy. The mineral is evidently formed through the attraction of particles of matter having affinity cohering together. The law which attracts particles to cohere together and form the mineral, is equally operative in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and when the conditions were favorable, another law came into action which produced the lower forms of vegetables in a manner precisely analogous to that which formed the mineral, without the contact of the pollen or a germ. In like manner the lowest species of animated beings were brought into existence without the germ, or impregnating process.

All laws are universal, and, according to the conditions and unfoldment, act undeviatingly and uniformly in the same direction. The law

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which produces the seed-bearing fruit which contains the germ, is analogous to the reproductive germ of the animal creation. The germ, as we have stated, contains the form with its outgrowth and all its properties and qualities. The form is unfolded by the appropriation of surrounding elements and essences, which assimilate with it in a manner similar to that of the mineral—and in a singular manner earths, worlds, planets, and suns are formed.

All Nature unfolds from the interior, and this we take to be the mode in which the Divine Being acts. As finite beings, we cannot compare the Infinite. No illustration of the finite can form a comparison with the Infinite. We can only reason faintly and dimly. The highest principle of active manifestation of the human is thought. Thought is expressed through the physical organs, and through them the idea, or conception, is communicated. The thought in the mind is not seen until it is expressed; if not expressed, it has no value, and cannot be known. But thoughts expressed have been the instrumentalities by virtue of which those stupendous monuments of man's energy, genius, science, and skill have been produced which have beautified the earth, and done so much to promote man's physical comfort—add to his happiness, and increase his store of knowledge.

Without adopting the Pantheistic doctrine that Nature is God, or the epicurean view that matter is possessed of certain inherent powers, and Nature of itself performs all its functions—or the theologic dogma that matter was created out of nothing, we conceive, if we cannot even understand the *modus operandi*, that the conception of the creation by the Infinite, and the will to decree it, evoked a certain force, or forces, in a manner similar to (as the best possible illustration) the change of expression of the human countenance, denoting joy, pleasure, grief, fear, etc., which outward manifestation is an expression of the inward divine principle. All outward manifestation is the visible external expression of the spirit within. The laws and principles of the Divine Being are only to be comprehended by comparison and correspondence.

The outward expression of the finite indicates thought, feeling, impulse, emotion, and these impress others, and excite in them more or less inward action, which is also visible upon the external. Thus man impresses his fellow-man by inward forces which are expressed upon the external, and excite action in him. The powers of the Infinite are beyond comparison, yet by our feeble illustration, the inward force, evoked by the thought of the creation, may have eliminated subtle forces, and these again others, less refined, until the electric and magnetic and other forces yet unknown to science, until gross, ponderable matter was formed, and in obedience to inherent laws and the divine conception, suns and planets, worlds and universes were brought into being in the lapse of ages of unfolding and progression, with all the material forms of visible external nature.

A germ, or the centre point of a thought, is evoked; this thought is elaborated in the mind—it may be the construction of an edifice, a principle of science, a plan for a model government, etc.; these require means, materials, coöperation such as the finite being can employ, and which the Infinite has placed at his command, and through these instrumentalities the form, plan, or principle, is unfolded. The Infinite, however, employs other forces, such forces as evoke the means to produce the end. The Divine does not use physical means—does not use physical materials; the interior, invisible, life-giving force unfolds the exterior of all outward physical nature in obedience to inherent laws and the principle of progression.

It is no more difficult to create a world than the most minute globe. All of visible nature was produced from an invisible force, which possessed inherently the power of expansion, as the soap bubbles formed by children, the finite production evanescent, that of the Infinite eternal—the former limited, and containing the principle of dissolution—the latter of infinite expansion, and into the varied forms which make up the entire world of Nature.

The finite mind can never know by the most searching scrutiny what God is, or his mode of being, existence and action; but he has unfolded to us in physical nature the phenomena of reproduction and perpetuation of forms; and from these the advancing mind through the past ages has arrived at a partial knowledge of the forces in Nature, and by means of analogical reasoning, we can arrive at a possible solution of what matter is, if we only keep in view that the Infinite uses means that are eternal in their nature, and inherently possess the attributes of unfolding and progression; that these means are the invisible elements which unfold the exterior; that all worlds, and the forms they contain, all gross matter, so termed, has developed from interior, invisible forces contained within the possibilities and powers of Divine Omnipotence.

SPIRITUALISM.

It is interesting to look back to the birth of intelligent spirit intercourse—now some seventeen years—and trace the progress through those years to the present time. The knowledge of the fact has wonderfully increased, and much good has been the result. Immortality, or a life after death, is a fixed fact, proofs sufficient, as we believe, having been produced to satisfy the most skeptical mind.

Spiritualism has done what the churches have failed to do. It has brought conclusive evidence of the continued life of human beings, and that there is no death. The intercourse we have had has shown the fallacy and the foolishness of the Orthodox dogmas concerning original sin, the fall of man, the atonement, or wonderful plan got up for the salvation of man. Hell is improving every year, and in a very short time will be a very comfortable place to live in. The fires are burned out and cannot be rekindled. Indeed, when it is found that man cannot be lost, a vast amount of machinery and labor is saved in the efforts for his salvation.

The time is nearly arrived for a second outpouring from the spirit-world. Many persons have been under severe discipline in reference to the second coming or outpouring, and we may expect a higher and a purer gospel. Mammon will cease to stand at the gate and collect toll of those who would look in upon the heavenly land.

Mediums will be purer, and will live on a higher plane; consequently, higher and truer manifestations will be the result. It is a fact that cannot be denied, that many of our present mediums are deceptive—that they practice deception in many ways. This is logical and natural. All progress begins at the lowest point and works upward. The many vagaries and incongruities now apparent will be removed, in the higher manifestations soon to come. Among these may be mentioned the idea that a spirit enters into the body of the medium, taking complete possession, using the brain, organs of speech, &c. Another idea, that we have all lived in bodies like our present

ones, and that we shall come back and inhabit other bodies, and go through our earth experience again and again, until we are perfected and made fit for heaven. This idea destroys immortality, or a continued conscious life. Spirit being the growth, the ultimate of natural human existence, must always live and be conscious of its existence, or annihilation follows as a natural sequence.

My spirit has been developed, created from (the germ being first implanted by my parents) the food, air, light, heat, circumstances, conditions and surroundings of my being. I must always be myself, and cannot ever inhabit any other human body. The idea that human spirits stand ready created and waiting to be poked into some child at birth, is absurd. I should protest vehemently against such disposition of myself.

There are a hundred vague and absurd ideas afloat among Spiritualists which must pass away. Time and space will not allow mention to be made of all. One or two more must suffice. It is asserted by many, that spirits do not have speech as we do, but perceive what each would say by their thoughts. If this be true, then certain organs we have in this life are of no use in the spirit-life. What faculty or organ are we willing to dispense with? If we exist at all, we must exist in a perfect state, without loss of any faculty or organ which we possess in earth-life.

Again, say some, animals exist in spirit-life in one conglomerate mass, and that you can call out your pet dog, or pet bird at will, and when you have done caressing it, it goes back into the general heap. Absurd is too weak a word to use here.

First the things that are natural, afterwards those that are spiritual. All natural forms are perpetuated spiritually. Everything in Nature is eternal, and has a spiritual and everlasting life. What a poor spiritual world it would be if we should see no flowers, no birds, nothing of the beauties we see here, and which so lift up our souls to God.

The idea of sitting on a high seat and singing praises to God throughout eternity, is too horrid to contemplate. We want to roam through the green fields, culling the flowers, and listening to the music voices of Nature; anything less would not be heaven. We want to help our brother or sister who is heavy laden, to unloose their burdens, and point them to the shining path trod by angels.

To those waiting and hoping, the words are: "The day dawns." "Yet a little while, and there is earnest and live work to do." G.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WATSON.

FARNHAM AND STEARNS.

George Stearns, in his sixteenth paper, and third section of *The Age of Virtue*, published in the Banner June 3d, 1865, says woman is to be man's true redeemer, and after showing that this must come through the proper understanding of the laws of generation, he declares that "Maternity is the executive part of parentage; the powers of procreation and reproduction being retained exclusively by the mother."

After giving his reasons in support of this doctrine, he proceeds to say, "Depravity, if ever and by any means to be rooted out of earth, can be only as the work of woman." And a little further on, "Whoever has read understandingly the whole series of my ratiocinations antecedent to the logical alternative here encountered, must, perforce, see in woman the future redeemer of mankind. Her claim to this title, I have argued hitherto from one of her functions only; but the same mission is to be predicated furthermore of her essential character." And again, "It is now manifest that maternity is hub, spoke and felly, the *tout ensemble* of this wheel of hereditary," and he calls it just before, "the wheel of Progress," of which maternity is the more axle.

And now, Brother Stearns, I must confess that after reading the above, I was very much astonished at seeing your criticism on Mrs. Farnham's "Woman and Her Era." What more does Mrs. Farnham claim for woman than you have here conceded her?—superiority in virtue of her work in the redemption of the race, both as to function and essential character.

The whole question conceded, as to substance, and then finding fault with another for arriving at the same conclusion in her own way! After quoting a deduction from Mrs. F's work, you ask, "Is the substance of this latter reference the true discrimination of masculine and feminine character? and if so, then is man always to remain thus degraded, never to be converted, but merely subjugated by woman?"

This single quotation, my brother, shows that you fail to understand the spirit and scope of that which you are criticizing. Mrs. F. says nothing of subjugating and degrading man, but only of elevating him through his submitting intelligently and gladly to the lead of those moral qualities which you yourself acknowledge to be more prominent in woman than in your own sex; and that which leads and directs, no matter how gladly we consent to such leading, is, in that sense, the sovereign over us.

Suppose the master workman in any department of mechanics should find among those in his employ one whose inventive faculties, if permitted free scope, would raise him from the position of a dependent to one far higher than that held by his employer, would the fact of such elevation degrade the one who had the generosity to aid him in obtaining his true position? Would not such employer stand just as high in reality, possess just as much ability, just as much mechanical skill as he did before; and would he not be in a better condition to improve, to rise even higher, than he would have been by suppressing the genius of the other, lest that other should rise above him? Instead of making man less, that woman may be more, Mrs. Farnham shows that woman is higher than man, as a moral and spiritual being, in order that man may rise into a purer atmosphere, a higher spiritual life than he now enjoys, through a just appreciation of woman's character. If this is degradation, subjugation, let it come, the more the better for man and woman also.

"The thought is preposterous," you continue, "And its insinuation hurts the modesty of womanhood, no less than the pride of manhood." What kind of modesty is that which will ignore its own powers and capacities to the hurt of another? If woman really possesses an over life, a capacity to bless mankind, that has not, as yet, been practically recognized, the large unselfish love-nature will demand its recognition from the very fact of desiring the largest and purest therein will only be the more humble; for true humility is more humble with every new acquisition of truth, no matter where found, in one's own particular domain, or in that of another; and as for the pride of manhood, let it be hurt to the end that it may be healed by the humility that truly exalteth—the humility that can recognize the powers of one's own being, without becoming puffed up with vanity in consequence thereof.

Next comes the criticism on the organic argument, "That life is exalted in proportion to its organic and functional complexity," you say is a novel thought to you; that you have always supposed that the basis of common sense was decidedly the other way; that the value of machinery was estimated directly as to its utility, and inversely as to its number of parts. Well, how does this militate against Mrs. Farnham's position? Additional organs must of course indicate additional use in order to exaltation, and her language, properly understood, declares this to be true. You seem to me, sir, to confound the terms organic and functional: The organic complexity that did not include functional complexity, would certainly be evidence of a less instead of a greater life, for it would give a greater number of organs for the same use, a needless complication; but when functional complexity is added thereto, we then have the added number of powers corresponding with the added number of organs, making the highest organic and functional complexity the sign of the most exalted life. Now, Bro. Stearns, when you have found a being upon the earth with a less number of organs than woman has, whose functions or offices equal hers, then you have found one who is not only equal but superior to her.

Coming to the next step in the opposing argument, I know not whether astonishment or amusement is the predominant feeling. You distinctly affirm that the physiological expression of sex is a non-essential part of human nature, "that human development is quite independent of sex is certified," etc., that it is reasonable to conclude that physiological distinction of sex pertains only to the mortal part of humanity. This in Jan. 27th, 1866, Banner, while in June 3d, 1865, you say that "Woman is the prime medium of all human developments." Human development independent of sex, and yet woman the prime medium of all human development? Please don't say anything more about logical inconsistency.

And in reference to sex being non-essential to human nature: Will you please imagine, if you can, a human being wholly destitute of physiological expression of sex, and then tell me if you would consider such an one really and truly human? It will not do for you to say that sexuality pertains only to the flesh, for in that case I shall make you bear witness against yourself: for in Feb. 3d Banner, you distinctly affirm that organic expression has its seat in the soul; speaking of the relative beauty of woman, you say that it is more than skin deep. "It belongs as much to her psychical as to her physical nature, and implies, not only that her organism is made of a finer material, but that her very soul is more ethereal and sprightly than his;" and you further say that the special body of everything in Nature inevitably corresponds to its abiding essence.

If this position be the true one—and I fully believe it is—then the added organs belonging to woman have also their root in her physical nature; and if her brain has no more organs than man's, then some of them must be the source or root of more powers—powers that need and have more organs in the physiological expression, thus giving, in the brain, that very simplicity which you claim as evidence of superiority. As to the world of "disembodied spirits," I will simply say that I know no such world and never expect to; and if there is neither male nor female in the life to come, how can there be "happy marriage?"

No wonder that the sexual is looked upon as of but little account, if it is believed to have its root only in the external; no wonder that it has been used as a servant to sensuality, the laws that govern it being deemed of but little account as compared with intellectual pursuits in the realm of objective science, for certainly that which is most enduring is of the most importance. Again, in reference to Mrs. Farnham's phrenological deduction, to wit, that the crown of woman's head is her autocrat, the base, man's, you say, "A heretical thought, a scandalizing thought, an unwitting libel," and go on to show that man is something more than an animal—he is intellectual—and say that the superiority of man in the masculine sphere is thus indubitably manifest.

Well, you are only confirming Mrs. F. here; who says the same: that woman is inferior in man's sphere, but superior in her own, and that here lies above man's, which you acknowledge in almost the next line, for you confess her moral superiority—and is not the moral above the intellectual? resting upon it, to be sure, as a basis, worthless without it, and still above it. You say that, according to Mrs. Farnham's definition, the more there is of a man the worse it is for him, and for woman, too, in all their intimate relations. You seem to forget that she recognizes masculine and feminine qualities as well as persons; the more there is of the pure masculine in man, unless there is enough of the feminine added thereto to control and direct, the worse it surely is for him, and woman, also, from the fact that he will act from the animal and intellectual, and God deliver me from the control of an intellectual animal. The more of the feminine there is added to the masculine, then the more of the masculine the better. It is only when the masculine, the animal and the intellectual rule, subordinating the moral, the spiritual, that it becomes the worse for both man and woman; while the more of the moral and spiritual there is in man, the more he appreciates woman—thus making man's development into the higher the very condition of woman's sovereignty, instead of being degraded and subjugated in order thereto.

Again, you say, in referring to Mrs. F's Ideal Woman, "I cannot help asking whether the advent thereof is to be expected in the character of an old maid, or as the wife of that same old boy that Mrs. Farnham spited." Indeed! And I cannot help saying to you: Shame, sir, for such an unbecoming taunt! And did sexuality pertain only to the human body, there might be some show for such an insinuation of an old maid's inferiority; but, pertaining to the spirit also, even an old maid can rise into the spiritual phase of the material, and thus shed abroad a divine influence upon humanity that it is possible for the mere masculine to do. And so far from spiting man, or in any way undervaluing him, Mrs. F., on the contrary, acknowledges the value, the indispensable value of his mission, and even defends him against himself, showing him to be really better than his own conclusions make him.

In reference to your assertion that the past has been no more masculine than feminine in its characteristics, it seems to me that all history is against you; what the future is to become remains to be demonstrated, but that the masculine has ruled in the past is too patent upon the very face of things to be successfully denied.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

As you say in the article last quoted from, "Unreasoning as women generally and proverbially are," permit me, Brother Stearns, to refer to your article on the effects of meat eating. In the process of the development of your "Age of Virtue," as an example of your own unreasoning. This article appeared sometime during the summer of 1864, if I mistake not. In striving to prove that eating animal food makes mankind more animal

—well, I cannot give your exact language, but the substance of your argument is this: No matter if the food of animals is vegetable, in entering into and becoming a part of their bodies, it becomes essentially animal; and the conclusion is that, in eating such food, we increase the power of the animal over the higher faculties in our own natures.

Logical ascumen this! Animals possessing the power to convert the vegetable into their own nature, while they yet live, and as into their own nature, after their death. Surely here is a rule that works both ways with a vengeance.

What! shall animals have the power to make their food serve their individual life, by converting it into the very elements of that life, and shall not the human possess the same power?

Most assuredly they do; and the man or woman who is organically sensual, will convert the finest and choicest of vegetable food into the elements of sensuality. To be sure, they may so reduce the body, by a course of diet, as to weaken the entire range of the life-forces, and they may mistake this weakened action for growth toward true purity; but it will be a false conclusion, drawn from equally false premises. On the other hand, let those whose spiritual forces predominate, eat the coarsest of animal food, and they will just as surely convert it into that which will quicken and energize the spiritual forces. Food is for the man, and not the man for food; man is positive to food, and not food to man, so far as its moral significance is concerned, at least.

I know that the savageness of the butcher's dog is quoted as evidence of the power of animal food in affecting the disposition, but would it not be well to ascertain whether it is the food itself or the manner of obtaining it that makes the difference? The organs of combativeness and destructiveness are called prominently into action in the above case. The dog loves flesh, and learns that he can obtain it by fighting and destroying; therefore he becomes exceedingly savage through the excited action of those organs of the brain that produce savageness, and that, not from the stimulus of the food itself, but from the manner of obtaining it. Therefore it is plain to me that the manner of our obtaining our food, the organs called into action thereby, may and does affect our character, and not the food itself. But enough for the present, lest I weary you and others.

WORDS.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

What name will shadow forth a frame To set to life these things of flame? Viewless, yet winged with burdened trust More potent than the arm of dust. They woke to life in mighty Greece Those slumbering in inglorious peace, And shook Rome's Forum with the might Of words, in eloquence's proud flight.

Words! lighter than the floating down That crests the purple thistle-crown. Words! deadlier in their scathing stroke— Than thunderbolt that rends the oak! Who has not wept in proud despair, O'er wrecks made by these things of air? Who has not listened to the song In words of athen hope, too long?

Words, spoken by the lip of scorn, Have pierced the breast by anguish torn; And angry words have sung apart The links that bound friends heart to heart; While pride in the bleeding sacrament came, To breathe the resentful words of flame, Till deeper grew the envenomed wound, To spread pain, hate, and discord round.

Oh, gentle words! we know your power When breathed in some tempestuous hour, As the "Son of Peace," on the raging sea, Spoke words that stilled dark Gallies. And words have thrilled our spirit's shrine With the spell of eloquence divine, And filled with tears the transfixed eye, And raised the pulse of glory high.

They sounded like a trumpet's call, To build for Right one mighty wall, Moving like fate against the host To Freedom's cause and honor lost; Vain words that coped with Douglas's zeal, Whose lips death gave prophetic seal; And from the Past our Heroes spoke Words that to life their sons invoke. Sycamore, Illinois.

Sensible Remarks.

Seeing almost constantly on your pages calls for lecturers to visit specified localities, usually with this injunction, "None but number-one speakers need apply, as none but the best can do anything here," now what I wish to know is, who are meant by "number-one speakers"? If only such as Miss Harding, Lizzie Doten, and a few others are so considered, then "number-one speakers" are scarce. We cannot all expect to be Hardings, or Dotens, or S. B. Brittons, and as pint cups are not expected to hold a quart, should those of us who have only one or two talents refuse to use them for the good of humanity, because, forthwith, we have not ten? Now as far as my experience goes, and I doubt not it is the experience of a host of others in this matter, I find that it is those lecturers that are not called "number-one speakers," who have to endure the harshest labor, face the strongest opposition, and surmount the greatest obstacles. I have never traveled extensively, have never lectured to crowded houses in our largest cities, and make no pretensions to being a "number-one speaker"; but I have very often lectured to large audiences of intelligent and appreciative people, audiences composed of that class of persons which Warren Chase is pleased to term the spinal column of society in cities, towns and large country villages.

I am frequently solicited to spend a few days at the home of some gentleman, in order that he and a few of his friends may enjoy an interview with the invisibles which surround them, and after expressing themselves perfectly satisfied with what they have received, they at parting bid me "God speed," and the echo of their voices, as I enter some lumbering stage-coach, reaches me, saying, "Angels guard you," (for which I thank them,) thinking, I suppose, and evidently expecting that I will adhere to that passage of Scripture which says, "Freely ye have received, freely give." And anon I visit some other locality, for the purpose of having a few sittings in some private family; and after having one or two sittings, a few come in and begin to get interested, and a schoolhouse is procured in which to have a lecture, more convenient; the interest increases, and by-and-by a very suitable hall is obtained, and the audience, which at first did not number over twenty-five or fifty persons, and which paid their speaker from two to five dollars for two lectures, increases to hundreds; and instead of its devolving upon three or four individuals to defray all the expenses, there are many willing and ready to take part, and as soon as they get able to pay a speaker any-

thing like a fair compensation, they grow suddenly large, and send for speakers "number one," which they have to pay ten, fifteen, to twenty-five dollars a lecture. Now this is my experience in numerous instances, and very many mediums I know who have had like experiences. Of these things I am not complaining, for it is always a treat for me to hear one of these speakers. But the question very naturally arises, Who are the laborers? who make the Spiritualists? and who reap the rewards? Certain it is that it is much easier to go before an audience after the majority have become enlightened, and believe, than while they are skeptical, and willfully ignorant. Hence, is there not a bare possibility that, under less opposing and more harmonious influences, our second-rate speakers might become "number-one?" and equally certain is it that if they fail to use their gifts, they will never improve or cultivate their talents. By use we wear out; by idleness we rust out. I never expect to gain notoriety, but live "for the tasks that God assigned me," content to be a humble doer of my part of the work that is to emancipate mankind from the chains of religious thralldom.

Yours for Truth and Right,
Sheffield, Mass. E. ANNIE HINMAN.

March and Marching.

During the stormy month of March I addressed the largest and most intelligent audiences each Sunday at Sanson-street Hall that ever met there to listen to my discourses, which, together with the highly prosperous condition of the two Lyceums, and the evening discussions, occasional articles in the city papers, and other signs of progress, furnish evidence that our philosophy is stronger, deeper, broader and more active in Philadelphia than ever before, and probably than in any other large city of the nation. At the close of my last lecture, the audience gave the largest voluntary contribution in a collection ever taken up in any audience in the city for the support of the cause, which also shows that the feeling extends to the pockets—a very essential part of progress in most places, and generally the most delicate of any.

The friends have called a State Convention for Pennsylvania, as we have for New Jersey; and I trust these two States will soon be organically in the ranks of the nation's marching armies of progress, in which, as State organizations, Vermont takes the lead.

From the city of brotherly and sisterly love I wheeled around, via Newark and New York, and landed at the great salt lick, the Syracuse of New York and the nation, for there is no other like it for salt or Orthodoxy. No doubts are expressed in the churches of the truth of the story of Lot's wife, or the big fish, of the ark, the quails, or the atonement, and this accounts for the feebleness of the organization of Spiritualists there; but a few true and earnest souls are firm in the faith and strong in the cause, and their perseverance will surely bring them a success at last, as the truth and right must come uppermost, and ignorance and superstition flee before knowledge and light sooner or later, and even salt and Orthodoxy can be dissolved.

The first Sunday of April I had good but small audiences in the City Hall, and at the close made my arrangements for the next Sunday, at which a much larger number assembled; but owing to a break on the railroad, I was obliged to travel distant, and as the road from Syracuse to Oswego is pious, like the street-car in Philadelphia, of course I could not get back on Sunday; but Bro. Hobbs, who was ministering at Oswego, gave up his place to me, and in the evening we doubled his audience, and he returned like an old timer in Oswego, when it used to be one of the liveliest and most spiritual places in the State. Steps were taken to complete an organization at our evening meeting, and I trust before the August Convention they will be ready at Oswego to take their place in the organized ranks of Spiritualism, and bring in their talents and strength to the support of the national movement.

We need statistical facts from all parts of the country, which we can only obtain by proper organizations, and reports from them. At present we cannot tell within two or three miles of the number, even of Spiritualists in the nation, and variously estimate them from two to six millions. If we have even two millions, it is time we had fifty academies and three colleges, and we have not one of either. The foundations are being rapidly laid in Progressive Lyceums for academics, but organic and central action is absolutely necessary even to support the Lyceums, and I am glad to see a constantly increasing interest in the subject of organization.

On the third Sunday of April I addressed excellent audiences at Byron, N. Y., in the hall of Bro. Seaver, and rested at his house. Bro. Seaver is one of our workers, and one who works in the right way; has a hall for meetings, a home for speakers, a head that can do lecture, and a heart in the work. He was with us in the National Convention at Chicago, and also at Philadelphia, and I trust will be there next year. From Byron I switched off on the Attica road, over the high bridge at Portage, and out among the hemlock hills of Steuben County, to see Bro. and Sister Franklin, of Howard, who live where there are not enough Spiritualists to hold meetings, and where the sectarian leeches sometimes press them out into a life of poverty and distress, sometimes the flattering mediums and speakers make a run into the foggy region of old Steuben County, and sit in their cottage and feed a few days on the rich fare of the farm—the sugar bush, the bee hive, the berries, the dairy, the coop and nest, and the corn field; and then, when they are engaged at Johnson's Creek, Niagara Co., where I met, on the 22d, two of the most intelligent audiences, collected from a circuit of ten miles in one of the finest and richest farming and fruit growing sections of New York. It was a very pleasant visit to the place, but I trust not my last, for they are well posted, and far advanced in our philosophy, and taking steps to start a Lyceum—and in the right way. I had often heard and read of Spiritualism at that place, and did not wonder at it when I saw the fine country, and temperance, industry and intelligent population. Such is the soil for Spiritualism, and in such I find it flourishing best; therefore to spread Spiritualism, let us extend temperance, industry and intelligence; for ignorance and superstition are ever companions, as are pride and bigotry.

On the 24th I left the fine county and Lockport in a snowstorm, and ran into a sunshine and moonshine before I reached Chardon, O., and found my appointment moved to Painesville for the 29th, where I expect to finish out the month of April with an audience, no doubt, dependent on the weather. Painesville is one of the places where John Tiffany labored long and loud, and raised a regiment of Spiritualists, who have not kept their credit up since he left the circuit. Chardon is a more conservative county seat town, and being ten miles from a railroad, and some distance from anywhere, it does not keep pace with faster and more prosperous places; but, like old Salem, it has several righteous souls in it, and being on a hill, cannot be easily sunk or drowned. It has several rich men, also, and a number of cheese factories, with which it draws milk from the ground and grasses of the large dairy farms, where there is no indigestion or spiritual pest to disturb the business of week or Sunday. Mrs. L. H. Cowles, an excellent speaker and medium, still lives here and lectures, gives funeral discourses, and keeps the light burning about her; but as she can do but little here, I hope she will visit and address our friends at other and distant places before long. She is one of the workers that ought not to be confined to one locality, for who is needed in hundreds of places. My young friend, Belle W. Stoddard, the medium, for whom the spirits and the earthly friends have done so much, is also here, and is going upon his disease, and growing finely spiritual.

Chardon, O., April 26, 1866. WAHREN CHASE.

New York Matters.

We gather the following items from a letter written by Mr. White, of the Banner, who has been in New York for the last eight or ten days.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE AND DR. NEWTON.
Dr. J. R. Newton is located here at No. 6 St. Marks Place. He was invited to speak on Sunday forenoon, May 6th, before the First Society of Spiritualists, in Dicksworth Hall, 806 Broadway. Mr. Partridge, in introducing the Doctor to the audience, took the occasion to relate an incident, which may be of interest to the public, as well as to Mr. P. He said he called on Dr. Newton the Friday previous, for the purpose of transacting some business, and had broached the matter, when the Doctor suddenly interrupted him by saying, "Stop, I must cure you first."

Here let me state a fact well known to all Mr. P.'s friends, namely, that he has been obliged to use crutches for nearly a year, owing to a rupture of a muscle in the leg. His physicians had given him but little encouragement of ever being any better.

Dr. N. proceeded to manipulate Mr. P.'s leg, and in a few minutes he was so far relieved as to be able to walk without the aid of his crutches, and is now apparently as well as he ever was. This is an important fact; and had it been performed by an allopathic physician, would have been trumpeted far and wide, as a miracle. But the Doctor is doing such noble work for humanity every day.

HEALING THE PEOPLE.

After the Doctor had finished his address to the audience, he requested all those who were suffering from any disease to come forward and be healed; and to my great surprise, nearly half the audience rose and advanced toward him. This fact shows how large a percentage of the community are afflicted with different diseases. Many, after treatment, acknowledged on the spot that they were greatly helped, if not entirely cured. But what was particularly satisfactory to all, was the statement by five or six persons present, that they had been treated by Dr. Newton four years ago, when he was practicing here, and were cured, and have remained well ever since. Among the number was a little girl who had been paralyzed for twenty-two months, and could not move a muscle during that time, except of the eye. Now she is as fine looking and healthy a girl as you will rarely meet with.

EBBITT HALL MEETINGS.

I was not able to attend the meetings held in this hall—where they have a Children's Lyceum in a flourishing condition—but was informed that Bro. J. G. Fish spoke there last Sunday to very large audiences.

JERSEY CITY.

Mr. J. Dixon, of Jersey City, has fitted up a new hall, on the corner of York and Barrow streets, which he offers free for lectures. This is setting a good example for other wealthy gentlemen; and I hope many more will do likewise. Mr. Dixon is desirous to secure as many inspirational speakers as possible. Services are held at the usual hours every Sunday, to which the public are invited, free. There is an organ in the hall, which I understand is the invention of Mr. D., that plays forty tunes, and when fully wound up, will run one hour and a half. The music is very fair, and the volume of sound sufficient to fill a hall capable of holding a thousand persons.

Mr. Dixon invited Dr. Newton to visit Jersey City and occupy his hall Sunday afternoon. The Doctor accepted, and together we visited the place. He was cordially received by Mr. Dixon and his lady, and the audience. He spoke for some time on the art of healing, and then proceeded to put into practice what he had been preaching, by healing the sick without charge. Many who had been afflicted left the hall with smiling faces, indicating that their visit had been of benefit to them. Thus the Doctor is doing good to suffering humanity, notwithstanding the scoffs and jeers of the skeptical world.

[From An Occasional Correspondent.]

By the steamer from California to-day, I have a letter from Bro. V. B. Post, from which I make the following extract, dated April 17, 1866:

"Mrs. Cuppy is very sick at our house. We had her removed from her room to our house, because she could not receive the care, nursing, and attention that she needed to insure her recovery. She has been with us a week, and is now convalescent. She hopes to be able to lecture next Sunday."

It will gratify the friends of Mrs. Cuppy to know that she has been cared for with sisterly affection during her illness, and will soon again be at her post of duty, as the messenger of the angel-world.

Bro. J. G. Fish was welcomed back to Ebbitt Hall, last Sunday, with cordial greeting. Few have power to enchain the attention of an audience more absorbingly, or deliver more telling blows to Old Theology than Bro. Fish.

I had not the pleasure of meeting Bro. White when visiting our Great Babel on business, last week, for which I feel much regret.

One of these days, in "the fullness of time," if we do not shake some Orthodox sects out of their churches and inaugurate in them a purer worship, we shall build a fitting Spiritual Temple for the use of our rapidly increasing numbers. The thought already is germinating in many hearts, and the angels will provide the means. We, of New York, have no proper hall in which to assemble ourselves together.

One of the best of her sex, as well as a most excellent medium, Mrs. L. F. Hyde, has again taken up her residence in this city, after an absence of more than a year. As a Test and Business Medium, there are few more fully developed than she. Her rooms are at 453 Sixth Avenue, near 27th street.

Had I time to "drift about," I could pick you up many items of interest to the reader; but with "many irons in the fire," I have to stir around lively to keep them from burning. As an "occasional," you shall hear from me.

New York, May 9, 1866.

Physical Manifestations in Haverhill.

The séances given by Laura V. Ellis, the girl-medium, in the Town Hall, in this town, this week, have been an entire success in establishing beyond all question, to the minds of those who have witnessed the manifestations, the fact that they are produced by an intelligence and power wholly independent of the medium. Her audiences have been fair in numbers, and have included many of our most intelligent and discriminating citizens, who have given a quiet and candid consideration to the phenomena which have been presented; and while perhaps few are prepared as yet to refer the manifestations to the operation of a distinctive spirit-power, none have questioned the fairness, good faith, and sincerity with which the séances have been conducted, or attempted to attribute the manifestations to the agency of the medium. This, indeed, has been impossible; for while the girl has been fastened in the cabinet in a manner to make it absolutely

certain that she could in no way exert her own physical powers to produce such results, there is no room for suspicion, in the most skeptical mind, that they were the result of her own effort.

One evening the girl's wrists were crossed behind her, and a pair of patent English hand-cuffs applied closely and firmly by one skilled in their use, and the key retained by him. She was then fastened to the seat by a cord, which was knotted securely to the back of the cabinet by a strip of cloth passed around the neck, and the ends nailed. While the medium was thus secured the manifestations were given with a promptness and power greater than on any previous occasion. Strips of cotton cloth, wound around the neck and knotted in square, hard knots, were untied and removed in five seconds; the bell rung, drum beat, trombone played upon, rings, laid in the girl's lap, instantly placed upon any finger designated by the audience, in her ear and on her nose, and all done with a quickness and thoroughness truly startling, and producing a conviction in the minds of the audience to which the testimony of the sense of sight could not be had, could hardly have added strength. The committees who have served on the several occasions, have reported to the audiences that they were satisfied the phenomena were produced by some other agency than the natural powers of the medium, although not accepting the spiritual theory nor advancing any other.

This little girl is unquestionably one of the most powerful mediums which have yet been developed, second to no other which have appeared before the public in this vicinity. As compared with the Eddys, the manifestations given through Miss Ellis are lacking in the astounding and inexplicable character which marked some of the phenomena given through those remarkable mediums, such as the coat test and the showing of faces at the aperture of the cabinet.

But the voice which is produced in Miss Ellis's cabinet, talking with such distinctness, and playing upon the wind instrument, when the girl is apparently gagged, seem to approach the inexplicable as nearly as any manifestations given through the mediums referred to; and the effect generally upon the public mind seems to be quite as strong as that produced by the Eddys. Mr. Ellis and his daughter have made a very favorable impression here, and the candor and fairness with which he conducted his exhibitions have secured the confidence of all who have attended them.

God bless this little itinerant preacher in all her wanderings, as she dispenses a Gospel which cannot be denied or galled, which reaches beyond all evil the continued life of man. Wherever she goes she leaves a very favorable impression here, and the candor and fairness with which he conducted his exhibitions have secured the confidence of all who have attended them.

Haverhill, April 28, 1866.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, 1ST STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

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

Giving up the Ghost.

We have long insisted that Old Theology was making ready to expire. It gave numerous evidences of dissolution. The elements composing it showed signs of a sure separation. It had lost its authority, its prestige, its consequence. It was not feared as it once had been as a superstitious power. The reverence for its preachers and teachers was gone. Its imbecilities had evidently lost their weight and influence. Its strongholds were assailed with inquiries, where once they would have been approached in the attitude of supplication. Its creeds and practices were challenged, as if they must give the same reasons for holding the power they did which all other forces in society do.

In our views we find the modern pulpit is now coming around rapidly to the same ground. The churches have a good deal to say now about Liberal Christians. That only proves what we have always said, that the professed Christianity had come to be a hard, cruel, tyrannical, and bigoted concern; that there was nothing like liberality in it; that it only meant to rule, and never to release and expand; that it was blind with passion, covetous of riches, eager for power and position, and anything but an exemplar of love and humility. As humanity advanced, such a school of theology as that must of course succumb, or it will be left high and dry on the shore by the departure of the popular tides in another direction.

The throes of dissolution in which Old Theology to-day finds itself, are much too noticeable to be passed without remark by those who take pains to observe the milestones on their way. When the confession of the great fact of dissolution is made by those who are, or have been, in the organization itself, the statement carries with it a weight that none can readily resist. Rev. A. P. Putnam, formerly of Roxbury, Mass., but now of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been lecturing to his Church on this matter; and he says that there is a divergence between the liberals and the theologians which argues the sure and speedy discomfiture of the latter. The doctrine of the Resurrection and the Future State, for instance, he says, makes a difference between the churches called Orthodox and advancing believers, such as no amount of arguing can bridge over. The Rev. E. W. Reynolds, a Universalist, has spoken directly and unequivocally of the symptoms of decay which are to be observed everywhere in the body of Old Theology, with its inconsistencies of creeds and formulas. He says the world of to-day is seeking new paths and confiding in new guides, not merely for the sake of what is new, but because the old formulas are worn out—because they fail to express the spiritual needs of the present time.

And he adds what is especially true, and what, being true, have a wonderful influence in aiding the progress now going on; which is that the old terrors have ceased to alarm. That is the key to much of the mystery of this rapid revolution. The human mind has been so thoroughly governed and kept down by fears, and the most superstitious fears at that, as soon as their iron rule was broken the reaction would naturally be in favor of the largest liberality. The notion is now a pretty thoroughly exploded one, that insists that the more the mind is cramped the safer is its action. The world now goes to the other extreme of belief, and holds that for true and high development there must be allowed the largest latitude of thought. In fact, all these old elements of ancient creeds are fast dissolving in the powerful crucible of modern inquiry, and ere long Old Theology will be as much a myth as any of the systems of the middle ages, now so puerile to the sanguine contemplation.

The Pacific Coast.

We observe that there is a good deal of a stir, over on the Pacific coast, about the arrival of the new importations into the theological field. The Spiritualists, it seems, were early on the ground, and labored with the earnestness and faith of genuine believers. They were eager for the spread of truths for which all human souls hungered. And they labored with hearts in their hands, not seeking to do the work of Jesuitry and proselytism, but of true benevolence and philanthropy. As it was given to them, so did they seek to impart to others.

In order to check the growth of our consoling faith and truly productive philosophy, the creeds and sects on the Atlantic side put forth unmeasured efforts in the missionary line. They went about the business very much as the priests of Old Spain did, and, like them, had a vague notion that they were going to preach to Indians and a semi-civilized people. Finding how deeply Spiritualism had taken root in the soil, and how popular were its teachers and preachers, they saw that it would be necessary to send out to that distant region the very loudest "guns" they could withdraw from their home batteries. Among them we do not choose to rank Starr King—one of the most truly spiritual men who ever preached in any place. But we will mention Bellows, Stebbins, Scudder, and Stone. The latter is the very latest exportation. We choose to say no more of his intellectual capacity and power than to suggest that he has been most noisily overrated; as for overrating him, those whose business it legitimately is to gauge and weigh and measure, could never be guilty of making a mistake there. He is devoted to his creed, however, in a way that secures to him the greatest amount of enjoyment and comfort. When he advocates it, he uses all the words necessary for his purpose, as if he were covetous of somebody else having some left, to start in the business upon.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy is creating—not exactly a sensation, but—a profound impression in San Francisco, drawing large audiences and doing much good. The theologians assail her, of course; but they are chiefly bothered to know how to head her off in working on the popular thought. Hence Stebbins, Scudder, and Stone: three Sa, but not enough by three to shake the solid foundations on which her faith stands. And it is not so much because of any special power that resides in her, as in the powers that control and speak through her. These are invincible to all that man can do against them.

The Golden Era touches on these matters from week to week, and we read what it has to say with more or less of a relish; bearing in mind, however, that its writer in this particular department employs his pen rather than what he writes may be read, than that it shall carry weight or secure conviction. He makes such sport of Spiritualism and spiritual manifestations as he thinks entirely harmless, yet comes round at last into the view that liberality and progress are much better for the soul than a servile subscription to creeds and the men advocating them. The Era doesn't feel satisfied with the character of some of the more illiterate of the manifestations published in our Message Department; but we suppose it will allow that the churches have their share of ignorant and humble persons, who could make no better an extempore prayer than some of the lower order of spirits make communications. That is a matter of taste, in which we are glad to see the Era so far progressed and refined. But it does not touch the main question of the communications themselves. They stand impregnable in authenticity.

Religious Oppression in Ireland.

Wherever there is a great standing wrong, its effects will crop out so as to demand rectification of the public authorities. England has sought to impose her national Church Establishment on Ireland for years, at a cost of three and a half millions of dollars per year. But she makes no sort of progress in the hearts of the people. It is money thrown away; nay, worse, since it is spent in rooting and keeping alive a hostility that puts religion further from the popular thoughts than ever. The Irish population at present on the island are estimated 5,800,000—a trifle short of six millions. The whole Church of England population in the island numbers not quite 700,000; while the Roman Catholic counts 4,500,000. This is almost seven to one. The lands now in the possession of the Protestants originally belonged to the Roman Catholics, who were dispossessed of them by violence. The Protestant revenues are immense; they have the entire Government on their side, and everything is in their favor but one; and that is, they are unable to make any impression on the minds or hearts of the people. For thirty years past, the Church of England, considered on the island amounted to but 103 a year. It is too preposterous to be seriously named. There are parishes without a single Church of England communicant; yet the clergyman is maintained there, as a show of ecclesiastical authority. And in those same parishes where no single Churchman is to be found, there are reported to be not less than 19,000 Catholics. It is such a state of affairs as ought to bring the blush of shame to any nation calling itself civilized. To force a religion, no matter how excellent, down the throats of a whole people, is a tyranny altogether beyond the toleration which this age will long permit.

State Conventions.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Our friends in Pennsylvania should not forget the Convention called for the 22d of this month, in Sansom-street Hall, Philadelphia. It is not a delegate Convention, but all Spiritualists are invited to attend; and it is earnestly hoped that a large representation from all sections of the State will be present. If a State organization is to be the result of this Convention, every Spiritualist in the State is, or should be, interested in the matter.

NEW JERSEY.—The Spiritualists of New Jersey have called a Convention to meet in Vineland on the 24th of May, for the purpose of effecting a state organization, to which all liberal-minded residents of the State, who are favorable to Spiritualism and its objects, are invited.

INDIANA.—The Spiritualists of this State meet in Convention at Greensboro', Henry Co., on the 27th of this month. A full attendance is requested.

Bismark and Germany.

A pamphlet, inspired by Napoleon, and published at Paris, styles the ambitious minister of Prussia the Richelieu of his nation. He evidently seeks to secure for Prussia the controlling position in Germany. Austria seems to be conspired against by Bismark and Napoleon together. Peace looked possible at last accounts, but the slightest occurrence may dash all such hopes. The smaller German States go for Austria's position, as a general thing, and demand a session of the Diet, to which the issue between Prussia and Austria shall be referred for settlement. Austria agrees to that, but Bismark will not.

Spiritual Meetings in the Melodeon.

As we anticipated, Miss Lizzie Doten was welcomed at the Melodeon on Sunday, May 6th, afternoon and evening, by audiences numbering over a thousand on each occasion. The close attention given to her lectures by the auditors, is sufficient evidence that they were highly appreciated; and well they might be, for they were of such an instructive character that all thinking minds could receive benefit from listening to the ideas as they were unfolded in a clear, though necessarily brief manner.

At the close of the evening discourse the following beautiful inspirational poem—perfectly harmonizing with the lecture—was spoken by Miss Doten. It was originally given by her at the close of a discourse in Ebbitt Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, April 8th. It is entitled,

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

I have come from the heart of all natural things,
Whose life from the Soul of the Beautiful springs;
You shall hear the sweet waving of corn in my voice,
And the musical whisper of leaves that rejoice,
For my lips have been touched by the spirit of prayer,
Which lingers unseen in the soft summer air,
And the smile of the sunshine that brightens the skies,
Hath left a glad ray of its light in my eyes.
On the sea-beaten shore—mid the dwellings of men—
In the field, or the forest, or wild mountain glen—
Wherever the grass or a daisy could spring,
Or the musical laughter of childhood could ring,
Wherever a swallow could build 'neath the eaves,
Or a squirrel could hide in his covert of leaves,
I have felt the dear presence, and heard the low call
Of the Spirit of Nature, which quickens us all.

Grown weary and worn by the conflict of creeds,
I sought a new faith for the soul with its needs,
When the love of the beautiful guided my feet
Through a leafy arcade to a secret retreat,
Where the oriole sang in the branches above,
And the wild roses burned with their blushes of love,
And the purple fringed aster and bright golden rod,
Spoke in eloquent whispers of Nature and God.
O how blessed to feel from the care-laden heart
The burdens that pressed it so sorely depart,
And to lay the tired head, with its aching, to rest,
On the heart of all others that loves it the best.
O thus it is ever, when, wearied, we yearn
To the bosom of Nature and Truth to return,
And we learn through our longings new beauty to see
In a child or a sparrow, a blossom or bee.

There's a holy attraction beyond our control,
That is tenderly winning the love of each soul;
We shall linger no longer in darkness and doubt,
When the beauty within meets the beauty without.
Sweet Spirit of Nature! wherever thou art,
O fold us like children, close, close to thy heart,
That our souls in the Infinite Love may increase,
And our souls may be filled with the fullness of peace.

As Miss Doten's engagements are such that her services cannot be secured, at this time, beyond this month, those who wish to hear her must avail themselves of this opportunity. She announced that at the close of her next evening discourse, a poem would be given under the inspiration of Robert Burns.

Reformation of Delinquent Children.

The American Social Science Association are to hold a Convention in this city, June 5th, the session to continue three days. The especial object is to consider the present condition of our orphan asylums, pauper schools, reformatories, &c., and what additional means are needed to prevent and check vice among the young. The general topics which it is proposed to discuss are: 1. The distinction between vagrancy and destitution on the one hand, and crime on the other; 2. The comparative value of the family and congregational systems in reformatory institutions; 3. The work to be done by public as contrasted with private institutions, and the true principle of distributing these institutions in the community; 4. The true principles of legislation in respect of vagrant and criminal children; 5. The best system of education in reformatory institutions, including manual, intellectual, moral and religious education; 6. The best system of discipline, and how to train officers to administer such a system; 7. The length of time during which children should remain in reformatory, and the best method of providing for them when discharged. It is contemplated to vary the discussions by visits to such reformatory as are accessible in this vicinity, particularly the Boston House of Reformation, the Farm School, the Nautical Reform School, the State Reform School, at Westboro', and the Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster, or so many of these as can conveniently be visited during the sessions. The Association could hardly devote its time to the consideration of more important questions than are here proposed, and we hope that there will be a large attendance of those who from their own experience can shed light upon the subject, and that some wise, practical measures for reaching and caring for the large number of neglected and vagrant children in our city, will be the result of the conference.

Spiritualism and Grimes in Detroit.

They have recently "got up" quite an excitement in Detroit, Mich., in regard to Spiritualism. The clergy of that place engaged the notorious J. Stanley Grimes to expose the Spiritual Philosophy! Falling in the task themselves, they tried to escape the mortification of defeat by throwing the burden upon poor Grimes, whose arguments against Spiritualism have no more force, nor hold together before a spiritual philosopher, any better than a snowball under the rays of a July sun. This fact was fully demonstrated on Sunday evening, 6th inst., when Leo Miller, Esq., took the Professor in hand, and demolished his arguments as completely as one could wish. This flustering among the credulists in Detroit, and elsewhere, will prove to be beneficial, for it will be the means of spreading the truth of Spiritualism among the people, who are only waiting for favorable opportunities to receive it.

Funding the Public Debt.

A plan has been proposed in Congress for funding the public debt of the nation as fast as it matures, which will begin to be early next year. The rate of interest is to be lower than now, but five per cent. To compensate for that, however, it is promised that both the investments in the new loan and the income from such investments shall be free from taxation, State and national. To this part of the plan considerable exception is taken, because this exemption relieves a certain class of taxes, which are of course laid on the shoulders of others. Taxes have to come out of labor at last, unless property is duly made to carry its share of the burden.

A Fine Test.

A capital test of the return of the spirit after death was given at our public free circle on Monday afternoon, April 30th. Mr. Crowell presided during the séance, (in the absence of Mr. White,) and, in conversation with us at the close of the circle, incidentally stated that at the close of the circle, from our native town, (Amesbury,) had spoken, giving his address as "Old Sam Pepper." We doubted if such a man or family by that name ever resided in Amesbury, and asked if the name given was not Pepper, instead of Pepper. The reply was in the negative.

Here the matter rested until the next evening, when we visited the residence of Mrs. Conant, and had no sooner seated ourselves in her parlor than a spirit seized and spoke through the medium in a peculiar masculine voice, saying, "Mr. Conby, I want you to be sure and send old Sam Pepper's message to his folks in Amesbury when you print it." We promised we would, of course, after such peremptory request. But, notwithstanding the indubitable evidence we had received that Pepper was the name given by the spirit, we were yet in doubt that such a family ever resided in Amesbury. However, as the speaker said his wife had lately come to him, (i. e., had just died,) we determined to thoroughly test this matter by writing to a reliable person in A., upon this point. We did so, with the following result. Our correspondent, Miss Sarah O. Bagley, (daughter of the late Lowell Bagley, Esq.,) says:

"You will find, by referring to the *Village of May 3d*, a record of the death of Mrs. Ann, widow of the late Samuel Pepper, who passed on, April 23d, aged sixty-eight years. The Pepper family have lived here for some years past. They are of Irish descent. The parents have left a number of children."

We referred to the *Village of May 3d*—which paper was not printed when the message was given—and there found the following: "In Amesbury, April 23d, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late Samuel Pepper, aged sixty-eight years." We also received evidence of the truthfulness of the spirit's statement from other parties whom we have conversed with since the above mentioned occurrence. Neither we, the medium, nor any one else connected with our office, knew that there ever lived such a person as Sam Pepper, or of any family by that surname. If what we received did not come from the spirit of the individual it purports to will, some scientific scholar give us the true explanation of the matter? Not that we entertain the slightest doubt of the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals, for, during our investigations, we have seen the fact demonstrated hundreds of times, and know it is true. Science is at fault here, or rather the bigoted scientist, for he stands appalled when witnessing the incontrovertible facts which he cannot gainsay otherwise than by the weak cry of "humbug!" Why not investigate this great and important truth in a rational and scientific manner?

Christ and the People.

The sale of this book has already reached the last half of the first edition. From private sources we hear heartfelt commendation and thanksgiving for a book so well adapted to the present needs of the people. The press has not yet had time to give it critical reviews. The book stands so wide apart from past standards of religion and morality that its position will be likely to be assailed. From some of the few notices already received we quote the following extracts:

Fresh from the pen of A. B. Child, M. D., the well known author of *Whatever is Right*, is a most laudable work, replete with ideas, rich in mental lore and suggestive of great spiritual cultivation. Every sentence is a text of itself, suggesting to the reader a field of thought. All lovers of true literature will be greatly interested in its perusal, and no one can read it thoughtfully without becoming inspired with renewed clarity for his brother and suggestive of great spiritual cultivation. Every sentence is a text of itself, suggesting to the reader a field of thought. All lovers of true literature will be greatly interested in its perusal, and no one can read it thoughtfully without becoming inspired with renewed clarity for his brother and suggestive of great spiritual cultivation.

The author handles his subjects in an able manner, and, judging by a hasty perusal, we deem it an interesting work.—*Cambridge News Dealer*.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE, by A. B. Child, M. D.

"If evil seems the most, yet good most is, as water may be deep and pure below."

Although the face be flimsy for a time, a beautiful title to a beautifully printed book of beautiful thoughts. Christ and the People! Stand from between! ye who for so many ages have clothed the earth in evil, and said, "No angel feet more shall tread this barren soil." We hope in our next to make a few extracts.—*Modern Age*.

This book is radical in the extreme. . . . It is replete with bold and independent expression. The style is exceedingly simple. . . . Its theology is what would be deemed heretical, but that is its object, for it claims that Christ was an exord in his day, and thus was crucified just the opposite of this. Whatever we may think of the opinions expressed by this bold writer, we must confess that honesty and conscientiousness run through its pages. . . . Cincinnati National Union.

Dr. Child never speaks without saying something worth hearing. In this book, CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE, he has thrown out his best thoughts.—*Holt's Monthly Clarion*.

This is the most radical theological work of the day, taking for its foundation Jesus Christ and the pure and peaceful doctrines taught by him, breathing throughout its pages the very essential spirit of that charity which "thinketh no evil," showing us its positive utterances that entire faith which holds that "whatever is right" and banishing the deepest mysteries of theology with a calm reliance on the light which it claims is man's birthright. Its chapters are so replete with sentences full of meaning and suggestions, that each is a sermon in itself.—*The Right Way*.

Children's Lyceum Established in Troy, N. Y.

A correspondent informs us that the Progressive Spiritualists of Troy, are earnestly engaged in the educational work. Last Sunday they assembled with the young folks and the children, in Harmony Hall, and under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, organized a successful Lyceum; all the twelve Grimes being represented at the first session, and all the officers and a full corps of Leaders duly elected, and assigned to their respective spheres of pleasurable duty. Everybody was delighted with the plan and proceedings of the Lyceum. Bro. Davis is lecturing in the same hall every Sunday morning and evening, and the attendance is very large.

The Little Bouquet.

We learn from the publishers, that the Little Bouquet (see advertisement in another column) will be issued on the 15th of the present month. Copies may be had at this Office, and at our Branch Bookstore in New York. Those who know, say "it will be a little beauty." The children hereabouts must have it. Lyceum directors should send their orders to S. S. Jones, President of the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association, Post-Office Drawer 6225, Chicago, Ill.

The Reform Bill has passed one branch of the British Parliament, by the small majority of five.

Message Department.

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

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. 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. 158 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. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Monday, Feb. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James H. Clinton, of Savannah, Ga., to a nurse in one of the hospitals in Washington, D. C.; Johnnie Joyce; Jas. Welch, to his wife (Catherine, in Brooklyn, N. Y.); John Augustus, to Mr. White.

Tuesday, Feb. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alexander Lodge, of Montgomery, Ala., to Mr. Gordon; a New Jersey man, to his daughter; Sarah Bowen; Della Green, who died Feb. 26, 1886, to her children.

Oh Perfect Life, oh Holy Spirit, whose wondrous power has hung this day like a gleaming jewel upon Creation's belt, thou soul of the sunshine and of the shade, thou glory of the night and of the morning, thou Life of our souls, thou Life of all atoms, here upon the sacred altar of human life we lay our offerings of prayer and praise. Our Father and Mother, thou who art all to us, thou who art wondrous and perfect and holy in all thy movements, oh, we praise thee for the gift of life—for that sacred, that most holy gift. Everywhere it meets us; whether we wander on the earth or in the heavenly spheres, life is everywhere. Even within the cypress shades of the tomb there is life, for death has no place, no, not any. So, oh Spirit of Life, we thank thee for thy presence, that meets us everywhere. We know we are cared for. If thou carest for the falling drops and the sparrows, if thou guardest tenderly the fruits, the flowers and the grains, surely thou wilt care for us. If this round, rushing world is part of thee and held sacred in thy sight, so our souls must be part of thee, must be sacred to thee, every one of them. No one, oh Spirit of Love and Mercy, wilt thou exclude from thy kind protection. Even when the rough winds of sorrow sweep over thy children, there thou art, as when the sun shines the brightest, as when the dew falls most plentifully. Oh Spirit of Eternity, thy wisdom comes to us like gentle showers, like a summer day—it comes to invigorate our souls, comes to remind us thou art ever with us, dealing in love and mercy. Oh God, thy blessing rests upon the people of America. Even though the shadow lies close around them, though the dark cloud of war hangs over them, thy mercy is there also; thy loving kindness and thine everlasting power will sustain, will care for, will bring them out of all sorrow, all war, all the wild sea of despair, unto perfect peace, unto a thorough knowledge of thy ways, also a thorough knowledge of themselves. Oh Spirit of this Hour, accept our praises for all thou hast bestowed upon us. And our prayers—oh, they go out like the perfume of flowers—continually are shed from thy great soul as the sunshine is shed upon the earth. Father, we know thou wilt hear, we know thou wilt receive, we know thou wilt answer our prayers. So unto thee we ascribe all honor, all glory, all holy thoughts and holy deeds, forever. Amen.

Feb. 20.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider your propositions if you have any to offer.

CHAIRMAN.—N. M. P., of Danvers, Me., sends the following questions to our Circle:

Ques.—The lecturer who spoke upon "The Resurrection and the Spirit-world," told his hearers recently "that a veil is cast between the terrestrial and celestial worlds, so that the inhabitants of either world cannot see those of the other." How is this? What are the facts?

Ans.—These names are but terms signifying different states of being. The veil represented by the speaker is but that uncertainty that ever hangs before the future. The inhabitants of the terrestrial spheres of mind—call them that, or call these spheres by any other name—the inhabitants of any one distinctive sphere cannot have a perfect knowledge or clear understanding concerning the inhabitants of any other sphere, except it be so that they have passed through it in their course upward. All that lies in the future to you is absolutely uncertain. This uncertainty is the veil.

Q.—Does the spirit permeate and fill the entire material organism?

A.—It does, most certainly; else that material organism were dismembered at once.

Q.—Suppose a limb be amputated and laid in a cold place or in an uneasy position, will the person experience pain by reason of the limb being cold or uneasy? If so, why so, and how long will such pain continue?

A.—Yes, they certainly will experience pain, from the fact that so long as the particles composing the amputated limb are held together, so long the particles composing the spirit limb will be attracted sensibly, forcibly, really to that limb, and that attraction is conveyed intelligibly through the brain. It is oftentimes said by those who have lost a limb, that they experience intense suffering in the limb that is gone. Here they make a false statement. They do not experience pain in the limb that was laid aside, but in the spiritual counterpart, by virtue of the attraction that still exists between the two. This is very plain, simple, and entirely natural.

Q.—By I. B. R., of Bennett Square, Pa.: Would it injure a medium giving physical manifestations in the dark by suddenly introducing light?

A.—Yes, because it would so suddenly change the magnetic forces as to produce an intense disturbance in the physical, in the nerve aura, we should say. So, in consequence of this, intense nervous excitement would prevail. In this sense the medium would be injured, but in no other.

Q.—Will the spirit explain the leading points in the book of Job?

A.—We have not time to take up all the leading points in the book of Job and explain them; therefore we shall decline to consider the question.

Feb. 20.

Lieut. William Goldsborough.

I would be obliged to you would you say that Lieut. William Goldsborough, on board the gun-

boat Palmetto, would be very glad to communicate with his friends, finding himself in a condition so to do. My sudden transit from this mortal world, rendered it impossible for me to carry out certain plans I had formed concerning the future. I am aware that my friends are endeavoring to carry out those plans, but as they are not in possession of some leading facts necessary to the perfection of the thing, I fear they will fail. I would be glad to put them on the right track, because I know those who are in need will be benefited, and because, also, I feel under obligations to certain members of my family and kindred, who were kind to me during my soldier's, or rather sailor's life.

I was not able to send them the papers they wished for. I received their letter the day before my death, and had intended to attend to those matters on the following day, but an accident, which resulted in death, prevented. They are supposing that I never received the letter, which was a mistake. I did.

To my friends in Atlanta. I would stay longer, but I have not sufficient strength. Feb. 20.

Sarah Bowen.

It is near thirty years since I resigned my hold upon earthly claims. I lived at that time in Henchman's Lane. [North End?] I came from from Charleston, where I had been driven from my house, because I had no means of paying for it.

I had two children, a son and daughter. My little girl was then six years old, my little boy was eight, little over eight. They are on earth now, and I am anxious to make some communication to them.

My name was Bowen—Sarah Bowen. My little girl's name was Sarah Ann, and my boy, Samuel. My husband was drowned. I died of consumption. My children are both in the West, and there are some circumstances rendering it well for me to come, particularly attending my son. He is in Missouri. I have made a most desperate effort. I have tried so many times, but have never been able to speak until now. My children cannot have forgotten their mother. I know they have passed through many changes since then, but I must be remembered. I am.

Ah! [addressing Mrs. V., who sat near the medium, and extending her hand] and you do not remember me? [Mrs. V.—No.] You do not know my name; I forgot. You must be the one. Your face and your spirit are familiar to me. Did not you say you were connected with a charitable institution? Did not you keep a bread shop? [I did.] And you gave me bread? [Very likely.] Oh you're the same one. Great God! the same one, yes. Oh you're the one, you're the woman that I saw, that did give me bread for myself and family. Do you remember of giving me my apron full of bread? You gave me my apron full of bread, and told me to go home, and you'd either come yourself, or send somebody to see me the next day. And you did send somebody. They brought me quilts and clothing; brought me all I needed; enough to take care of me while I lived here. [I had forgotten the fact, as I was connected with a number of charitable institutions at that time.] Oh you're the very one; you're the very one. It must be you that drew me here, I think. You told me you were connected with a charitable institution at that time. I think I must have been sent by God to you. I did not know you. I went in and asked for some bread—it was the first time I'd ever begged. You gave me my apron full, and told me to go home—I was sick then—and you'd see that I had help.

I've come to you. I never thanked you till now. Oh this is a two-fold blessing, to thank you here, and come to my children. I knew I was right in coming here and speaking to-day.

Oh now I'll tell you, my son's in trouble. He's in Missouri. He's called on God to help him, and I've come! I've come! Oh I've come! and I want you to tell him this for me: "Remember what I told you, Sammy—what I told you to do when I died. That will save you—that will save you. It will, certainly."

I've come here, so near where I breathed my life away, to bless you, and I've met one of my old friends. I feel as if you were a friend. You was a friend to me then. I don't need your bread now, good woman—I don't need your bread now. But if you've got any of the bread of life to give to poor, suffering ones like me, give it. There's enough of that that need it.

[To the Chairman.]—I thank you sir, that's all I can give. Don't forget my name, will you?—don't forget my name. Feb. 20.

Mary Murphy.

This is my father that brings me here. I am Mary Murphy. I am the daughter of Patrick Murphy, from Dover, who came to you many times. I have been in the spirit-world little better than a year, and I told me mother when I was sick, if it was true that it was my father that came, I should let her know. And I thought I could come right back, perhaps the very same day after I died; but I've not been able to come till to-day.

What I have to say is, it was my father, and he's just the same now. He would have made the manifestations all along, only I was sick; I was not able. It was me that they made by, most of the time, me father says. But I was sick, and he was not willing to make noises and move the things at home, because I was sick, and he'd not like to weaken me. And I wasn't able to do it, and that's the reason he went. It's not because the prayers of the Church had anything to do with it at all.

I'm sixteen years old, sir. I have nothing else to give. I would like to find some way to come to me mother at home; and maybe I can come through herself. I know very well that she was thinking that it was the devil, and that the priest had "laid it," because I did not come as I said I would. But I have come now. Good-by, sir. God bless you! Feb. 20.

Edgar Wilkins.

I am Edgar Wilkins, from Franconia, Ohio. Oh, say I came, won't you? I stole the way. Feb. 20.

Jonas Haskins.

Eachred that time! [Yes, you were. He stole the way in, didn't he?] I am happy to be able to inform my friends in New Orleans, that I am very respectably situated on the other side. Jonas Haskins, my name, and a "sport" by profession. Now do not hold up your hands in holy horror, for there are some good ones among them. Probably if you, or any one else, had come to me and wanted a dime or a dollar, I should have been likely to have given it. There's room enough, you know, in this great world for all sorts of things. As some one has truthfully remarked, it's a great gambling shop all throughout; I think so. I don't know that one class ought to be censured more than another. You're all doing the same business, only you've got a different name for it; that's all. I beg pardon, sir, I meant no harm. I'm only here to keep an appointment. I must

say, I don't find these things just as I had anticipated here; but I find things very comfortable, and I'm very well satisfied.

Now if there's anything to be done to the boys, either by letter, or in propria persona, I'll do it. I'm ready, just as fit now as I was when here, and perhaps a little more so. I can't say that I am hugely happy; but I am very well off, and that will do.

I took rather a sudden start, went out by rupturing a blood vessel, didn't suffer much, didn't stop long to fight with death, went out pretty easy, got along pretty well. Say I am all right, will you? That'll do. Feb. 20.

Simon Jones.

I would like to tell my father, who is at present in Cincinnati, that he has been misinformed with regard to my being pressed into the Southern service. Tell him that his son, Simon Jones, went into service of his own free will. Tell him, moreover, that I died as a soldier should die, fighting for what I believed to be right. If he would know more concerning me, he has to seek out some good source through whom I can speak. I shall be very glad to furnish him with all the information he may desire. I want him to rest assured of this one fact: I was not pressed into service. I went willingly. Good-day. Feb. 20.

Circle closed by William Miller.

Invocation.

Our Father, thy perfectness beams in upon thy children through the glory of this handsome day, and all thy creations are ready to bow down and serve thee. Everywhere seems to go forth from Nature the song of praise. Sounds of rejoicing are on every hand, for thy love and thy mercy are everywhere. Oh Eternal Spirit, who formeth universes, who holdeth souls in their orbits, who giveth unto thy children all the needs of life, thou Divine and Perfect Soul, we lay upon the altar of our being our praises and our prayers. We ask thee, oh God, for blessings, yet they are with us. We praise thee because all Nature praises thee; because the sun, and moon, and the stars, and all atoms composing universes, all praise thee. Our Father, we can trust thee, because we love thee, and are loved by thee. We know, as thou art our Father, our Creator, our best Friend, though storms come, though night follows the glory of this day, though shadows follow joy, yet even in the shadow, even in the night, thou wilt be with us; we shall hear thy voice, we shall see the bright scintillations of thy love; therefore, oh God, we praise thee, and render thee all the homage of which our souls are capable, to-day and forever. Feb. 20.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By M. E. S.: Will the controlling intelligence please to inform us by what law the Jews became and continue to be a distinct people? and did our Heavenly Father select them for his chosen people above all others? and what has been the benefit?

Ans.—These remnants of a once mighty tribe exist as a distinct people, by and through the law of their own organic life, which law is perfectly natural—quite as much so as the law that governs you and me. Now it is because of their peculiar organization that they have ever held this distinct position. It is because of this, that this distinct and perfect line of demarcation exists between themselves and all other races. It is not because they are more favored of God than you; by no means. We do not believe that the Great Author of Life looks with special favor upon any of his creations. We believe that his love and protection is everywhere, no more over one class than over another. From the fact that these people existed in the past, as they do in the present, we are to suppose that there is absolute need of such an existence. Therefore, because there is need of it, good must come out of it. It cannot be otherwise. All these circumstances in life, that seem in themselves, so far as they will bear analysis, to be dark and disagreeable, are but stepping-stones to future brightness and happiness; for all these shades men call night, are but darker shades in the picture of life; all are needed. What would day be without night? Why, its glory would be lost. So it is with these darker pictures in life. All the bright ones would be robbed of their glory were it not for these.

Q.—Why do the spirits of Indians so much of tenor and apparently easier manifest themselves than the spirits of friends of those seeking communication?

A.—The Indians are by nature Spiritualists. They know, as they knew when here, that the spirit can return. All enlightened Indians believe in the return of their friends from the shining hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. This is their religion. They govern all their actions by it. Before taking any important step, some one of their people who is more favored with mediumistic powers than the rest, is selected to hear what their friends from the upper hunting-grounds will say with regard to the move they contemplate. Their spirit-friends always guide them, and with the absolute consciousness of those who remain on earth. Indians, in going to the spirit-world, go with the full sunlight of this great truth beaming upon them. There is no night with them. It is a well known fact that intelligent Indians never fear to die. Why is this? Because they have right ideas of death. They know, are absolutely certain, as far as they can be so, that in dying, it is but a step they have to take. Immediately after they have taken that step, they are with their spirit friends. With their knowledge of return, it is very easy to come back. It is the key that unlocks the door for them. It is the very atmosphere that they need to control these subjects with. They come naturally, influence naturally; and because they do no harm, because their influence is a pleasant one, your mediums never oppose their coming. They are called truly the children of Nature. They are such. They live naturally when here. They worship God here. They have natural, simple, perfect ideas of what is to come.

Q.—Do the spirits of Indians and colored persons occupy each a separate locality in the spirit-world?

A.—No. If the colored person, or the spirit of the colored person, is spiritually upon the same plane with the Indian, or with the white man, the colored person will dwell with them, naturally gravitate to that locality. Spiritualists from all nations mentally gravitate together. So it is with these different personalities. No, they are not divided off and caused to dwell in distinct localities, by no means.

Q.—Are not the sick sometimes injuriously affected by the quality of the magnetism imparted from so-called healing mediums?

A.—They certainly are.

Q.—Do spirits ever suffer from the effects of delirium tremens after death?

A.—They do.

Q.—Will the controlling intelligence please discourse somewhat upon the disease called asthma?

A.—This troublesome, and in some respects dan-

gerous disease, maybe attributed almost entirely to atmospheric influences. We never knew of a distinct case of asthma that could not be perfectly cured, if you placed the patient under right climatic conditions. Feb. 22.

Nettie Whittinger.

I want you to let me go where I can speak to my dear, blessed mother and father, in Nebraska. [Can't let you tap the medium so far as that.] Well, I want them to know how much I want to come, how hard I've tried to.

I am Nettie Whittinger. I am nine years old, and my mother could be so glad if I could come. I want her to know that I know what she was saying about me when they thought I was unconscious. I am happy; only I can't go home and talk as I want, and I don't like that so well.

Well, won't you say to my mother that I come? and how much I love her, and my father, too, and how I've seepervybody, most, in the spirit-land, and how glad I shall be when she comes, will you? [What did you hear them say, when they thought you were unconscious?] They said I was "going," and wondered where. They said they thought I was past pain, and I was n't.

If you'll let my mother go in the room where I used to sleep nights, when she feels like it, when it gets to be pretty dark, I'll try to come to her. I don't know as I can, but I'll try to. Grandfather think can; I think I can, too. [Show yourself to her.] No, not show myself, but write, and make some noises so she'll know it's me. If she'll get paper and pencil, I'll try to write. I think I can. Grandfather thinks so—I think so, too.

Are you going to send my letter? [If you desire it.] I thought you was going to print it in a paper, because my mother takes your paper. Well, I'm Nettie Whittinger. You can send it. Oh, you send it to Nebraska City. [Had you a middle name?] No, I didn't have any other; no, sir. Good-day. Feb. 22.

John.

I would like to send a few words of counsel to some people I'm somewhat interested in, in Columbus, Ky. I want to tell Mrs. Nourse, the mother of those gals, to just pay pretty strict attention to what's given through the gals; and if she does, they're coming out good, smart, tip-top mediums, and I expect to make some sort of show with them!

I'm not going to give my whole name here. Call me John—that's what I shall be known by there. Call me John.

They don't understand these things; don't know anything about them; don't understand what a rap means. It means, good folks, just this: that them gals happen to be mediums, and do you suppose we're going to let them lay idle? No, not while I hold the reins. And they need not be scared. Good Lord! I wouldn't hurt 'em. Just pay attention to what I tell you. Pay no attention to what outsiders say. Don't go talking to them; talk to us; talk to me in particular. I will tell you what to do. That's all they need to do.

I'm going to take care of the gals, if they'll let me. If they don't, they mustn't blame me if anything happens to them.

Your paper goes down to Columbus, does it? To the Frankfort House? I think I've seen it there. All right; then I'll take care of it. I think I've seen it there. Well, look and see if you don't send it there. But I think I've seen it there. Good-day, captain. Feb. 22.

A Frenchman.

Fearing that there might be some confusion with regard to what has just been given, I will say that the person who's just left here, confounded my sister, who lives, and is a medium, in Frankfort—that is, she's not public at all, but she is one who can get these things through. And fearing that she might think strange of it, I come to correct it, with the permission of the one who was to follow next.

These young ladies are in Columbus, Ky., that he spoke of, at the Frankfort House, Columbus, Ky. And my sister is one; and he goes there, too, and he's got the thing confounded, just as he always does. He goes and tells things, what he has done, and gets 'em all mixed up. He always needs some one to go round to clear up after him. He's very good, don't mean to tell anything that's not true; but somehow he gets mixed up, you see. I'm expecting something like that when I see him here. I was listening to what he said. I got permission to come of the one who was to follow him, because it was important.

Now you will understand it. It is to the young ladies in Columbus, Ky.—not in Frankfort, so you will strike out the Frankfort, Ky., and say Columbus.

I am a Frenchman myself; have lived in Columbus something like nine years. That is, I was there nine years; have been in the spirit-world about five years. [Does your sister understand that?] Oh, bless you! yes, sir. She knows all about it; yes, sir; and she knows about it in her own country. Ah, she would be all in a stir, and say, "What does he mean? What does John mean? He's not coming out plain." Perhaps he'd go to explain to her, and maybe he would get her into a worse fix place. I don't know all about it; yes, sir; and she knows about it in her own country. Ah, she would be all in a stir, and say, "What does he mean? What does John mean? He's not coming out plain." Perhaps he'd go to explain to her, and maybe he would get her into a worse fix place. I don't know all about it; yes, sir; and she knows about it in her own country. Ah, she would be all in a stir, and say, "What does he mean? What does John mean? He's not coming out plain." 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Mediums in Boston

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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.J. M. FEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.
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Plato and Aristotle.

Representative men are on earth immortal; their outliving talkers, and thinkers, sayers, while the works and words of each, producing their legitimate effects, live forever, making an impress upon both realms of existence. Added by recent readings and spirit impressions, we draw the following comparisons between Aristotle and the divine Plato.

The former was born at Stagira, three hundred and eighty-four years before Christ. His parents were members of the Greek Colony of Macedonia, belonging to the *Macedonian nobility*. At seventeen, he went to Athens, becoming the pupil of Plato. He made logic the fundamental science, knew little of intuition, and delighted in syllogisms. His philosophic method was termed the "principle of experience"; for he insisted that all correct thinking must be formed upon the observation of facts. Diogenes Laertius describes him in person, as having small eyes, heavy voice, quick motioned, fond of magnificent dress, and wearing costly rings. Having strong personal propensities, he was not as moral as Plato, or as might be expected of a philosophical character. Though his works seem austere, he had none of that austerity that characterized some of the old philosophers, being open, pleasing, and even charming in conversation, volatile in his pleasures, and pompously gay in appearance. To a taste for science and erudition, he joined that of fashionable dissipation. He was at times fierce, angular and sarcastic, and so fond of luxury, that while young he became bankrupt in property.

Plato was born in Athens, four hundred and twenty-nine years before Christ, his ancestry being traced on his mother's side to that sage of sages, *Solon*. He was tall, erect, and commanding in presence. His temperamental encephalic bilious, with high, broad, yet retreating forehead. In morals he was far more high-toned than Aristotle, being frugal, modest, spiritual and austere in manners, a true friend, visionary in politics, and thoroughly imbued with benevolence and philanthropy. Plato was a pupil of Socrates for nearly ten years; and Socrates was conversant with the disciples of Pythagoras, who had traveled in Syria, spent several years in Phoenicia, and twenty-two in Egypt; accordingly he was thoroughly baptized into that Socratic spirit that delighted in ethical problems, and deep, searching dialectics. This Grecian philosopher traveled in Cyrene, Egypt and Sicily, and some allege in Syria, Palestine, Persia and India.

Like Jesus, Plato never married. His method of philosophizing was strongly Pythagorean. His soul glowed with the principles of equality, justice and benevolence, he endeavored to inaugurate his ideal Republic under Dionysius the younger, but failed. Men then, as now, were too selfish and grasping. He believed in and taught pre-existence, and his reasonings thereon were as profound and masterly as his conclusions were truthful. He further contended for the eternity and Divinity of ideas, and that the things seen by the eternal senses, were but forms of spirit substance. He also understood polarity; the positive and negative formative principles, and the dualism of all things, affirming that things appearing, are only the soulless shadows, the imperfect images, the perishable forms of ideas, as they exist in the *Divine Mind*, seen by the inner sense, the spiritual eye, the reason only. Plato was deductive and subjective. Aristotle was inductive and objective, reasoning from the outermost, inward. Though Aristotle studied with Plato, the master and the disciple could not agree in their doctrines. Aristotle was ambitious, Plato aspirational. Aristotle was quick, keen, subtle, Plato intuitive, calm, profound. Aristotle was at the head of peripatetic thinkers in the Athenian Lyceum, and Plato chief of the Academic philosophy of Greece.

The genius of Plato was more deep, mystic and polished; that of Aristotle more vast and attractive. Plato had a brilliant and poetic imagination, abounding in ideas, expressions, figures and mysticism, with great delicacy of imagery; while his pupil played between the extremes of the dry, hard, logical and often obscure, to the fleshly and gaseous, sometimes fatiguing and at others provoking his listeners. Aristotle's style was generally close, nervous, natural. Plato was suggestive, elevating, beautiful, grand, though at times quite diffuse and metaphysical. It is to be regretted that these philosophers became *ridiculous*. The disciple first aped, then ridiculed the master, and the master treated the disciple with a calm, cool, dignified contempt. Xenocrates, an ardent admirer of Plato, attacked Aristotle, and overthrowing his logic, confounded him as a logician. Aristotle's pupils were attracted to him by his off-hand command of facts and magnetic exuberance of soul. Plato, conscious of his benevolence, magnanimity and deep intuitions, admired and loved, clinging to him as particle steel to a magnet. Women flocked about Aristotle not with the highest motives, and, be it panned with sorrow, he kept a mistress. True, intellectual women were drawn to Plato—drawn as were Martha and Mary to the pure, gentle Nazarene. Be sure, women did not "love" him in the fiddle-faddle sense of that term, but they admired him with a blended affection and wisdom; as, his majestic presence so inspired him with the grandeur of a true, divine manhood, that they frequently clothed themselves in men's attire, and, thus disguised, partook of his intellectual feasts in the groves and gardens of Athens.

Plato's admirers, through all the intervening centuries, have been legions. Perhaps the most prominent was the learned Germanist Plato. This eminent scholar was distinguished for his genius, vast erudition and fervent passion for Platonism. The Roman Catholics persecuted him and burned his book. Thomas Taylor (not related to the author of the "*Dialogues*") classical and erudite, called by Emerson an "indefatigable worker and translator," has been termed the "modern Plato," because of his profound admiration for the Platonic philosophy. This scholar published several volumes, declaring himself a thorough Platonist, and assured the world, after the profoundest reading and research, that he could prove, beyond successful contradiction, that the "Christian religion was only a bastardized and barbarized PLATONISM." In this he failed to discriminate between the sects and their dogmas, and the Christ-principles of Jesus. The gifted Emerson once said, "Burn all books but Plato—that contains the whole!" Not particularly troubled with Plato on the brain, nevertheless we must confess that we are cognizant of no theory or

dogma in the realm of morals or metaphysics, but that may be found in Plato, either as inference, suggestion or direct construction. He has well been named the "Divine," and a high condition of mediocrity explains his otherwise unexplainable life-characteristics. All the great moral chiefs of humanity have been the subjects of inspiration, and held in holy charge by angels and gods. We are well assured that the three attending immortal guides of the ancient apostle, John, were the Prophet Daniel, Plato and Jesus. With this thought, how naturally we account not only for the visions, seals and symbols, but for the striking similarity between the prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse, as well as the angelic declaration, "I am thy fellow servant, and of the brethren the prophets." The first chapter of John's Gospel, in style, diction and doctrine, bears a remarkable resemblance to the Platonic philosophy, and it frequently crops out in his figures and idiomatic phrases; while his epistles, being genuine love-letters, written near the close of life, are in perfect keeping with the great spiritual love-nature and boundless sympathy of the martyred man of Palestine. It must be remembered that Zebedee, the father of the apostle, was a man of great note in his time, that John was an eminent Greek scholar and a proficient in nearly all the Oriental tongues. His scholarship, with his warm, trusting spirit, rendered him the confident and the "beloved disciple" of the Nazarene. Among the representative souls of the ages, worthy all admiration and much imitation, stand before us, in thought, Aristotle the observer, Plato the reasoner, Jesus the Spiritualist, and John the beautiful embodiment of love and affection.

The "New Covenant" and the Davenport.

The Chicago "New Covenant," a Universalist paper, edited by the Rev. D. P. Livermore, publishes in its issue of April 28th, the following: "The Davenport Brothers have abandoned the title of mediums, and now call themselves merely jugglers." That's a square falsehood! They have not abandoned the title of mediums; nor do they call themselves "jugglers." Late English papers say they have just made a tour through Ireland and Scotland, giving spiritual séances—are now sitting for spiritual manifestations in their "old rooms," Hanover Square, London; but intend visiting Russia soon. Furthermore, we have recently received a private letter from Mr. Davenport, confirming their success as Spiritualists before the literati and titled of France and England. When will religious papers learn the dialect of truth? Bro. S. J. Jones, keep a "Religio-Philosophical" eye upon Bro. Livermore. He needs watching. A too intense denominationalism tends to moral ineffectuality.

A Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists.

Bro. Cates, of Pawpaw, calls upon us, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, to assist in the formation of a "Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists." We had previously received private letters relative to the same subject. Undoubtedly the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy are as widely disseminated and more thoroughly systematized in Michigan than any Western State. Local organizations have already proved themselves eminently beneficial; and we heartily favor a State Convention. Let it be in Sturgis, Jackson, Coldwater or Battle Creek—we personally prefer the latter. Such a meeting we could and would attend the last of June, or during July.

Prof. Grimes and Spiritualism.

This self-styled "Professor" Grimes, abounding in usual in jokes, jests, and low "Billingsgate," has been exposing Spiritualism, in Battle Creek, Detroit, and other Western cities. Result—he exposed himself, and pocketed a good deal of money; the Churches shuddering (green-backed) blood freely in his behalf. His continuous talk about the "back-brain theory" is quite natural—men always talk best from that part of the soul-house they most live in! Some are disposed of "devils" only through "fasting and prayer." We recommend this Scriptural method to the professor.

Spiritualism in Monmouth, Ill.

We learn that the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy are taking a deep hold of the heads and hearts of the people in the above-named place. They have engaged the services of Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., for a term of three months. The audiences are continually increasing, under her able and eloquent ministrations. The "opposition of the Churches," has done much to stimulate the friends to more vigorous action in behalf of the truth. It is written, "The wrath of man shall praise the Lord."

J. V. Mausfield and Sealed Letters.

Through the superior mediumship of this brother, we have received a most able and excellent answer to a sealed letter, recently addressed to one in spirit-life. Oh how beautiful, to thus hold correspondence with the immortals of the heavenly spheres. That this is continually being done, is to us absolute knowledge. Glad are we to learn that Mr. M. does not resist the Pacific Coast. He is needed in the "States." Both he and Bro. Farnsworth are doing a noble spiritual work for both worlds.

N. Frank White in Louisville, Ky.

This truly worthy brother has just closed his month's labors in the above-named city, giving universal satisfaction. His lectures were profound and logical, with earnest practical tendencies. May his lecture life on earth be long, for his daily practical life is in accordance with the exalted principles he inspirationally disseminates. May and June he speaks in Battle Creek, Mich.—July and August in the Eastern States.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

This faithful laborer, one of many noble souls we understand, is in Buffalo, N. Y. Though delicate in organization, she is strong in purpose, and true to the divine principles she inculcates. We are sure there are many localities in these regions that would be glad of her presence and her inspirations, if they knew her willingness to come further westward.

New Albany, Indiana.

Seldom have we spent a more pleasant Sunday than last, in New Albany. The day was fine, the friends very cordial, and the audiences appreciative. We commenced in the "Spiritual Hall," and closed our course in the Universalist Church. An organization has just been perfected.

Mrs. M. M. Wood.

By letter we relearned that this unconquered trance speaker, of Worcester, Mass., purposes a Western lecturing tour. She will find cordial hands, genial homes, and warm hearts, all over these prairie lands. Come on, sister.

Chicago Matters.

Our gifted brother, Charlie Hayden, has just finished a most successful course of lectures in Chicago. He has spoken here for three months, and has attracted large and increasing congregations, frequently numbering a thousand or twelve hundred persons. He speaks fearlessly of Spiritualism, its perfections and its imperfections, what it is, and what it is not. He does not hesitate to denounce and condemn the immoralities, impurities and infidelities committed in its name, just as openly as he exalts its beauties, and paints in the divinest language of inspiration its holy mission among the sons of men. Charlie is eminently a popular orator, with a flow of language rarely excelled, by even the most distinguished men of the forum and the pulpit. He has all the perfection and grace of manner and gesture and elocution usually only acquired after years of study and experience. In this respect he is to skeptics and to those who do not understand the inspiration of to-day, a marvel and a wonder.

On the occasion of his last address, the following Resolutions were passed by the large congregation assembled in Crosby's Music Hall, without one dissenting voice. For the sake of his hosts of friends scattered widely over the Union, I ask their publication:

1. Resolved, That as a congregation we tender to Charles A. Hayden our thanks for the many earnest and able discourses delivered by him to us during the three months he has addressed us, and we hereby express our regret that necessity compels him to leave Chicago for other fields of labor.

2. Resolved, That Bro. Hayden carries with him our high regards for himself as a man and as a useful lecturer, and our best wishes for his future success.

3. Resolved, That we shall hail with delight his return to lecture among us at any time in the future, when his other engagements may admit of his so doing.

Our celebrated Artesian Wells are still flowing, and attracting attention from thousands of visitors, to every one of whom is exhibited the strongest and most convincing evidence of the truth of spirit communion.

I need scarcely say to you that the Banner of Light has got to be one of our household gods—we cannot do without it—and personally I am glad to hear (from private sources) that it is pecuniarily successful, and on a solid foundation. You have labored long and faithfully, and you deserve success. Faithfully yours,

GEORGE A. SHUFFELDT, JR.
Chicago, May 1, 1886.

Hull's Spiritual Clarion.

We take great pleasure in calling the special attention of Western Spiritualists, to Bro. Moses Hull's Monthly, published in Milwaukee, Wis. The issue of this month, May, opens with a spicy discussion upon the "Pleading Inspiration of the Bible," between the Rev. Geo. Clendenan and the editor. This debate is to be continued during the year. The articles from Rev. J. O. Barrett, Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and others, are truly interesting and profitable. It is an able paper, and the only monthly in the country devoted to Spiritualism.

State Conventions.

I premise by saying I am very favorable to State Conventions among our people, either for the purpose of gaining strength by union, exchanging ideas, or to provide one or more Speakers or Missionaries, to go into the highways and by-ways, and "preach the acceptable year of the Lord" to famishing souls that never would have known they were perishing with hunger but for this awakening! We personally need these meetings, and it will be a most excellent thing when all the States become organized in like manner, and will very much help the National Organization in their Conventions. However, the several Societies in each State should send a full delegation to such a State meeting, and have a much fuller representation than we have had yet in Massachusetts or Connecticut, before the spirit of the State manifests itself, and until that time it will be up hill work for those who have already taken hold of it. It is not too late, by any means, for each to "put his shoulder to the wheel," and make good effects to come rapidly forward.

It has been rather amusing to me, to watch the progress of events in the Convention world since the State Convention at Worcester. That Convention, I suppose, was legally called, and properly invited to Worcester, by a few, at least, of its friends. At any rate, the summons was sent forth long enough in advance for somebody to correct it, had they chosen; but no somebody did it, and so the invitation must be considered in good faith. But when the Convention met, then where, oh where, were the people? Where were the Spiritualists of Worcester? A few of the sturdy old Captains of both sexes were present, and toward the last, more found out (!) there was a Convention there, and came in, but there was not that outpouring that should have been from Worcester; and I found that others, as well as myself, considered the outside delegations to be very small, in proportion to what they ought. However, the Brothers and Sisters considered it best, and also right, to form a nucleus for future operations, and I presume they were correct. So they formed the association, and appointed the traveling speaker.

I hope I shall not say anything to provoke controversy; and if any one is so disposed, I wish to say now, you are probably right and I wrong; I only write as things look to me. I lived in Rhode Island long enough, and love her Spiritualists well enough now, to feel indignant when I saw a Convention called, which their leaders on the committee disclaimed calling. I took it as rather a slight to my name to be appended to the call, without my knowledge; but concluding it was placed there as complimentary by some of my old church in Providence, thought no more of it until I saw the letters from Providence people in the Banner. So there was no traveling Missionary appointed, that great Convention—for there was no Convention!

Then the Putnam people called their Convention of the two States. Now, it was all well enough to leave their own call, and invite any Rhode Island people to come and join, if they would. Although I have not exchanged a word with a Rhode Island person on the subject, yet I know enough of their innate knowledge of their own capabilities, to understand why we see but one Providence name in their report, as present with them. That State had never signified a wish to travel with the "Lark," and ready hand, and they did not intend to be forced into any such thing, against their desire, by any outside influence. When they get ready to have a State Convention, they know enough to issue their own call, elect their own Missionary, (and I hope it will, in their judgment, be as well to elect a woman for that office) they will dispense hospitalities freely during the stay of delegates, and pay the missionary bills promptly.

Now, with this one representative, (self-made) the Convention of the two States was held, and the State Missionary was appointed. And here we can draw a long breath, and seek to imagine where their authority to legislate or act for Rhode Island was obtained. I don't know but the Spiritualists in Providence are very much pleased at their new covenant (a covenant to which they were a silent party); but if they are to help furnish the means to reach the hearts of the generality of Connecticut people, I pity their pockets!

In my opinion, more than one Missionary is needed in each State; of course we must creep until we can walk; but how Brother Loveland is going to take the large territory of Connecticut, and the densely populated one of Rhode Island, under his gaurian wings, and do any justice

Correspondence in Brief.

WILLIAM F. PENNY, of Boston, Mass., says: If Mr. Stevens, of Wisconsin, who wrote to the Western Editor of the Banner of Light about two months since, will communicate his full name and address to the undersigned, the information he desires will be furnished him, and other information that perhaps may be to his advantage.

JOHN M. DUNHAM, PARKERSBURG, WOOD CO., W. VA., writes: I suggest that the United States be canvassed, to ascertain the number of Spiritualists in them; and that each one contribute a single dollar, for a fund to spread the new Gospel into all its dark corners. The latter we should heartily approve of, if it could be practically and judiciously done. But as to the former part of the suggestion, it is impracticable, for not one in ten who believe in Spiritualism, will own it. All the thinking portion of our people welcome it.

A STRANGER sends a dollar to the bread fund, and says that the rich often need play as well as the poor. Large possessions are as injurious to the possessor as to the poor, from whom they are usually gained. Great wealth is horrible, and should be avoided if possible. Spiritualism has long since taught me that even good arguments are thrown away upon nine-tenths of mankind—facts often change men's opinions, arguments rarely—controversy is but preaching, and I know you prefer practice.

GARDNER BARNES, CANTON, MAINE.—I thank you for the Spiritualism you opened my eyes, and given me to eat of the bread of life that satisfies my soul.

Here comes a letter from some town in Ohio, written so illegibly that we cannot make it out; even the writer's name. Our correspondents cannot be too careful in writing a plain, distinct hand.

A. C. STONE, STEELEVILLE, PA., writes of many very extraordinary spiritual manifestations that have spontaneously taken place in his family; four of his children being mediums. The manifestations came before the family had any knowledge of Spiritualism, or of the medium powers of the children.

MARY A. BOYER, BRIDGEPORT, CT.—By spiritual communications we were at the time informed of the sickness and death of my husband's brother, residing many hundred miles distant. Letters and telegrams, subsequently received, confirmed the truthfulness of the communications.

J. L. BLODGETT, NEW PARIS, OHIO.—The Banner comes to us weekly, laden with rich, choice treasures, imparted from the better land, while our other journals come loaded down with poor, common, gross, earthly freight. The Banner comes with rays of light and love, for our spiritual nature, in a meeting-house. Lyman C. Howe, an excellent speaker, addresses them. His lectures are very interesting; at the close of each, he improvises a beautiful poem. The clergy here do not act like men toward the new Gospel, but pursue it, revile it, and say all manner of evil things. It is the living principle of Christ in Spiritualism, that makes men pour obloquy upon it.

P. R. EWES, TURKEY CREEK, BOYDTON CO., KANSAS.—To persons seeking homes in the west, I think Kansas cannot be excelled by any other part of the great Southwest; it is now rapidly filling up, and we expect the coming season a large emigration to this part of Kansas. All that is needed to make it one of the most beautiful and fruitful sections of our country, is energetic men and women. Our schools are good for a new country, but teachers are scarce. There are not many Spiritualists here, although a great many are coming in and settling not far from here.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—MELROSE.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. Speaker engaged.—Miss Lizette Doten during May; Mrs. C. H. H. during June and July. The public are invited. State St., Boston.

CHICAGO.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. All communications concerning the public invited. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Speaker engaged.—Dr. Wm. K. Ripley during May; Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson during June and July.

CHICAGO.—The Christian Scholars' Missionary Union will meet every Saturday, at 2 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont row, Chicago. The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont row, Ill. 23. Evening meetings of the Christian Scholars' Missionary Union will meet every Sunday, at 7 1/2 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont row, Ill. 23. Evening meetings of the Christian Scholars' Missionary Union will meet every Sunday, at 7 1/2 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont row, Ill. 23.

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CHICAGO.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chicago have engaged Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The public are invited. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Speaker engaged.—Dr. Wm. K. Ripley during May; Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson during June and July.

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SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualist meetings every Sunday in the hall, Children's Progressive Lyceum, 100 N. 3rd St., from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Wm. H. Klanch, Conductor; Mrs. E. O. Planch, Guardian.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday in the hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum, 100 N. 3rd St., from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Wm. H. Klanch, Conductor; Mrs. E. O. Planch, Guardian.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall, 100 N. 3rd St., from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Wm. H. Klanch, Conductor; Mrs. E. O. Planch, Guardian.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured the Academy of Music, north side of Fourth street, where they hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Wm. H. Klanch, Conductor; Mrs. E. O. Planch, Guardian.

CLEVELAND, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum, 100 N. 3rd St., from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Wm. H. Klanch, Conductor; Mrs. E. O. Planch, Guardian.

HAM FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Curry lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of any appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for the benefit of our readers.)

Miss LIZETTE DOTEN will lecture in Boston during May; in Chelsea during June. She will not make any other appearances during the summer. Address, Fall River, 21 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. July 1, 10 o'clock. Yt.

F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., will lecture in Lowell, Mass., during May; in Worcester during June. Address as above, care Banner of Light, Boston.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Battle Creek, Mich., during May and June. Applications for week evenings must be made in advance, and will be promptly answered. Address as above.

A. T. POSE will speak in Portsmouth, N. H., during May; in Bangor, Me., during June. He would be glad to make further engagements in New England for the summer and fall. Address, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. M. J. WILCOXSON, speaker, will lecture in Salem during May; in Worcester, July 1, 8, 15 and 22. Address, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. ALBERTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during May. Will answer calls to speak in all parts of New England during the summer and fall. Address, box 816, Lowell, Mass.

ABRAHAM E. HINCHON will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first and fifth Sundays, and in Burlington on the third and seventh of every month during the coming year. In Ferrisburg and Addison, May 27.

Mrs. M. MACOMBER WOOD will speak in Chelsea, May 27, in Charlestown (Washington Hall) during June. Address, Dewey street, Worcester, Mass.

CHAS. E. HAYES will speak in St. Louis, Mo., during May; in Danvers, June 3 and 10; July 10 and August 10. Address in Providence, R. I., during September; in Cincinnati, O., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in Philadelphia, Pa., during May, 1887. Will make engagements to speak week evenings in the vicinity of every city where he can be conveniently reached.

WARREN CHASE will spend last half of May at South Pass, Ill.; will lecture in Decatur, Ill., during June. He will receive subscription for the Banner of Light in all parts of the State. Will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Hamburg, Conn.

DR. L. K. COOKLEY. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books. Address, Vincennes, Ind.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Lynn, May 28 and 29; in Salem, June 3 and 10. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON will speak in Plymouth, Vt., May 28; in Stowe, May 31; in Eden Mills and vicinity during June and the first Sunday in July. Address, 100 N. 3rd St., from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Wm. H. Klanch, Conductor; Mrs. E. O. Planch, Guardian.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in South Reading, Mass., during June. Address for the month of May, Kenosha, Wis. Is ready to accept calls to lecture anywhere the friends may desire. Address as above.

M. C. HUNT, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Middlebury, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, and in Kingston, N. Y., the second and fourth of July. Address, Middlebury of Smith's Basin N. Y.

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