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LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS. INTERESTING EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT- COMMUNION.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20, 1866.

EDITOR OF THE BANNER—DEAR SIR: In the early part of last summer, at one of our spiritual Sunday meetings, the speaker gave an account of the reception in the spirit-world of General Scott, who had then recently died.

Some of our newspapers, in their usual style of treating this subject, ridiculed the matter; and as the address referred to had been eminently correct, I at once gave notice that I would deliver a discourse on the same topic at the same place, and I did so accordingly.

That discourse—as all mine on this subject are—was extemporaneous. The house was as usual very crowded, and there were many present who were not Spiritualists; and for several days afterwards, I was spoken to by those people and others, so much, that I determined to write it out and publish it.

But my summer vacation was at hand, and I was just about retreating—as is my custom—out into the woods to my country place (Cheondoroga) on Lake George, and I was so pressed with my other avocations that I omitted to do so.

I have just now returned to town, and the subject of my discourse is again called to my attention, and I regret that I had not written it. But it is too late, for I cannot now, after the lapse of three months, remember its details with sufficient distinctness to report it.

I was last evening conversing with Mr. Owen on the subject, and as he was not at the meeting I was giving him some of the details of which I had made some minutes, and it occurred to me that some of these details might be interesting to our friends. I have therefore caused those minutes to be copied, and now send them to you.

The fact of spiritual intercourse having been proved by such a great mass of testimony, and being so generally received in this country, the attention of our people is now mostly given to the purpose for which that intercourse has been vouchsafed; namely, the revelation of what is the life beyond the grave.

My discourse was directed to the condition of things, immediately or soon after the entrance of the spirit into that life; and I gave quite a number of instances out of very many cognate revelations which had been made to me. Among them were the three which I send you.

You will perceive that I have added some notes, which are calculated to make the papers more intelligible to those who are strangers to our localities and persons.

You will also perceive that I have taken pains to give names, so that no one can suppose them to be mere fancy sketches, but have all the authority which real names can give them. With that view, you may, if you please, publish this note in connection with them.

There is a vast deal which has been revealed to us on that subject. Nothing can be more interesting, and I only regret that I am not so situated as to be able to gather it together and give the whole of it to the world. It will be done in time, undoubtedly, but I am afraid not in my time here.

I am, as ever, truly yours,
J. W. EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1863.

On the 7th of February last, my brother Frank died, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, at his residence in Bronxville, about twenty miles from this city.

He had been somewhat ailing for about a week, but not very sick—not enough to be confined to his bed. At his usual bedtime he retired, telling his wife that he felt better; and as the doctor had also said he was so, he urged her to sleep, and not worry about him. About four o'clock in the morning she woke and found him sitting up in his chair, quite dead, and his extremities cold, so that he must have been dead some time.

Once or twice since then, I have been aware of his being near me, but that he was not ready to commune with me. Night before last, through Mrs. Tower, he conveyed to me a wish that I would go to some medium, so that he might talk to me.

To-night, accordingly, I went by appointment to Mrs. Hayden.

Very soon the raps came on the table, rapid, distinct and cheerful.

Mrs. H. asked the spirit to give his name. It was spelled out, "Francis Edmonds."

I said there was a middle letter.

It tapped out "W."

I asked who was with him?

He rapped out, "Sarah," (my wife), "Samuel," (my father), "John," (my brother), "Lydia," (my mother).

I asked him, if, when dying, he was conscious he was going?

"Yes."

Did you think when you got out of bed that you were going to die?

"Yes."

When I saw your corpse, I read in its face a feeling that "I'm dying, I know, but I fear it not; I can face the music." Did I read aright?

"Yes."

Then the medium's hand was influenced, and she wrote as follows:

"My Dear Brother John—I am much happier than I can express, that I have power to return to earth, a conscious, living identity, and have power to convey to you my wishes and experience. As you are aware, I was always opposing you in this theory,* and now in all due honor to you, I feel it no more than duty to return and tell

you that I was terribly mistaken, brother, while you were and are correct; and I crave your forgiveness, if I might unwittingly or through ignorance oppose you, so as to have made myself disagreeable to you or yours, and which I sincerely acknowledge to be willful stubbornness on my part, fighting against well authenticated facts. But brother, there is nothing so positive as tangible evidence, and such as I have had. I, however, feel sorry that I was unwilling to see the truth, until this most positive personal experience was forced upon me, which I could not, dare not refute. And just as soon as I felt that I could communicate with you, I desired to make the acknowledgment and receive your blessing.

I am happy here—much more so than I dared to hope. Have met father, mother, brothers and your dear Sarah. She is so cheering, I wish you could see her; full of the milk of human kindness and love to all; is near you most of her time, shedding rays of love over your pathway.

Speak to me, brother.

Your affectionate brother,
FRANK."

I then spoke a few words, expressing my joy at this communion with him, and he wrote:

"My spirit with all its influence is with you forever."

I then spoke of the happy condition in which he had left his family; that he need have no concern for them, but feel himself at liberty to roam through his new world and learn.

He wrote:

"I fully realize that, and feel to thank you sincerely for your timely and most wise aid,* that has troubled me less than my opposition to you. I knew in that I was wrong, and I could not progress until I had acknowledged it. Now I ask for no more. My cup of joy flows over."

I said something about his wife, and he wrote:

"But I should like so much to speak with her. Now that I have tasted of the bread of life, I desire her to eat thereof, that she may never hunger again. Would she listen, think, to the call of nature? or is she so much like me, that all persuasion only sinks her deeper into skepticism? I will try to influence her to see, hear, believe, that she may be as happy as I am. Would it not be gratifying, brother?"

I then said to him that in two respects he could be of great service. One was, he knew the weakness of my character, and could impart strength to me where I needed.

He wrote:

"I will, if I see wherein you lack in anything, with my whole soul, and call angels to my aid, too."

I said the other was, that as he had passed away in the full vigor of his intellect, and knew well what this world is, he could impart to me things that he learned in the spirit-world. He wrote in reply:

"I am perfectly astonished to find you so susceptible and intuitive.† I never gave you credit for that, but now I see a great truth, I am willing to acknowledge it. I will be most happy hereafter to come to you, now that the communication has been established between us, and give you my experience—my first impressions in spirit-life, as I see it here in the spheres. And again when I see you in conversation with others—skeptics—I will put words into your mouth that will confound them, and force belief. Nay, I will lose no moment in imparting to you all the good I can, as a small compensation for my willful opposition to you while I was here."

FRANK."

I then asked him what were his sensations or perceptions, after awaking to consciousness after his death. He answered:

"Surprise; perfectly amazed at what surrounded me. I saw my dear Dolly sleeping sweetly, and blessed her, knowing how much she had been at the mortal form of her dear husband inanimate and lifeless, and tried to make the blow as soft as possible. I suffered so much that I could not remain in bed, so got up to get breath, and soon passed away."

As I saw earthly objects fading, I saw our dear mother's spirit, which convinced me I had made a great change. Then soon saw father and brothers. I was satisfied I was gone from earth.

I had feared the pangs of death, and not suffering them, I thought at first it must be a delicious sleep, which, on waking, the stern realities of life would be made manifest. But to my joy and great happiness, that was not so.

I asked: What next did you see?

He answered:

"My darling boy, whom I had so deeply mourned—then vast beauties in art and nature—soft, gentle atmosphere, sweet with perfume; sweet, melodious music, and bright faces beaming love upon me, bidding me welcome to their abodes of bliss. Oh, I was overcome with joy, and wanted all my friends to die instantly, that they might realize what I was enjoying. But they told me that I must not carry my selfishness into spirit-life—that was to be left behind. They whom I desired had glorious missions to perform among men, and must live for the good they could do to mankind, while I must aid them with my influence and experience. I was too happy, and went with joy. Then came to you, and tried to speak to you through Laura. But I was fearful I might injure her, and desisted. Then I tried to have you see me, but could not convey my full idea, but now I will be able to."

Well, I asked, what have you been doing since?

He answered:

"Some time before his death, he had shown me a will he had executed. I advised against the disposition which he had then made of his property, and suggested another mode, which he adopted. It was that he now referred to."

Here he referred to the fact: On the discovery of his death, I was immediately sent for by express. On my arrival at his house, his wife told me she found him sitting in his chair, an unlighted candle in his stick on the floor by his side, his right hand hanging over the arm of his chair, from which had dropped a match-box scattering the matches on the floor. She supposed that the dropping of the box had awakened him, and that he had been dead at least two hours before she discovered it. He told me in these interviews that that answer of mine had been prompted by him.

Everything in my power that would impart, even in a small degree, good to others.

I asked if he had not gone forth to explore the world he was in?

He answered:

"Very little; only so far as I could see, or had progressed."

I asked: When you saw father, mother, &c., did you see them as you saw on earth, or was there a difference?

He answered:

"Not apparently, only upon scrutinizing them, I saw an ethereal appearance, a luminous brilliancy from within."

I asked if he had looked at his watch, when he got out of bed, so that he could tell the time?

He answered:

"Twenty minutes past one o'clock, and at twenty minutes to two I was gone from earth."

I inquired if he could tell me what had made his condition there so happy and joyous?

He said:

"The knowledge that I lived on in happy consciousness."

But I remarked: The vicious and depraved must have that same consciousness there?

He said:

"Well, I had tried to live an honest man; they tell me that assisted me to be happy. I do not, in looking back through the area of time, see that I have wronged any man."

I then said: We have taken as much of the medium's time as we ought to; and I wished to arrange with him a time when I should come again.

He wrote:

"I will come to you when you are alone in your study. Look for me at night, about nine. I do not know what night, but VERY SOON. God bless you, my good brother."

I then asked: Have you anything more to say?

And it was written:

"My own Dear Husband—No. But I have a word to say before we part from the medium. We never part."

I am more than happy that Brother Frank has been able to give you so full an account of his short sojourn here. He is overcome with joy at being able to come to you, and we are all happy for his sake."

I need not say anything in regard to my assistance, for that you fully realize, and very often feel it too. My sacred love to our darling Laura, and blessings long and lasting for yourself. From your ever watchful, affectionate
SARAH.

Love from ALL.

RAVENSWOOD, June 9th, 1865.

This afternoon while sitting on my piazza I had a communication that purported to be in the presence of Abraham Lincoln, and his slayer, J. Wilkes Booth, and with their participation—the spirit speaking being one that has communed with me a long time, and thoroughly understands the *modus operandi*. I made no minutes of the interview at the time, and now, in the evening, write it out from memory. The interview continued about an hour.

When Lincoln woke to consciousness in the spirit-world, he was surprised and somewhat confused; for he had no idea that he was dead. The shot that slew him, instantly suspended all sensation and consciousness, and he was not aware of what had happened to him. This condition of bewilderment did not, however, last long. He was familiar enough with Spiritualism to understand what death is; and he was not, as many are, astonished at the state of existence into which he found himself ushered.

He perceived himself surrounded by many whom he knew to have been long dead, and he was soon fully aware of his condition, and soon learned the events that had caused his death. The feelings that then overcame him were very great. He found himself surrounded and most cordially welcomed by very, very many, for whom he had ever entertained a high regard. He felt their warm sympathy and love for him, and he saw at a glance enough of the bright and beautiful world into which he had entered, to be able to appreciate how great and happy was the change for him. At the same time there arose in his heart a feeling of anguish for the suffering which he knew his family must be enduring; he was filled with anxiety for the effect which his assassination might have on his country and its cause, which he had so much at heart; and he felt the grief and sympathy of the whole people at his "sudden taking off." These feelings drew him strongly back to earth, and overpowered the more natural desire to pass away at once into the happiness that was apparent to and waiting for him.

Of his feelings for his family, nothing more was said; but a good deal was said of the country and its cause. He had two sources of consolation. One was in the good sense and patriotism of his countrymen, to which he had never appealed in vain; and the other was, his own confidence in his successor.

He had loved the whole people with a warm and ardent attachment, which had been continually growing stronger; as he had in the progress of events seen how true and loyal and self-sacrificing they were; and he was deeply touched at the manifestations of their regard for him, which met him everywhere, and at every moment; and he felt an abiding confidence that they would come out right, even in this emergency.

He had formed a tolerably high estimate of Vice-President Johnson's character, and felt assured that he would be all that the occasion required.

He had looked upon the incidents which had occurred at Johnson's inauguration as accidental,

and not as indicating a habit; and he was quite sure that the effect of those incidents upon Johnson would be salutary, as calculated to restrain a disposition ardent in itself and somewhat untutored, and which would be the better for the lesson of the necessity of self-control which had been taught.

There were thoughts of his earth-life—they accompanied him into his spirit-life, and were greatly strengthened by what he was now able to see and to learn of Johnson's intentions.

These inquiries and anxieties of his, and the universal love and regard for him, that were shown everywhere, strongly attracted him to earth; and they, together with a faint idea that he had still a mission to perform in connection with the not yet fully suppressed rebellion, kept him near the earth until the author of his death was also ushered into the other world, and then they met.

Made aware that Booth was mortally wounded and must soon die, Lincoln approached him, and was high upon him at his death. By this time Lincoln had obtained full consciousness in his spirit-life, and was in complete possession and control of himself. It was therefore with calmness and without any excitement, that he awaited Booth's awaking to consciousness. When Booth's consciousness came to him, he was not surprised, as Lincoln had been, for he had expected to die, and his own sensation had not been entirely suspended during the time he had lingered after he was shot.

The first living thing that Booth encountered in the spirit-world was Lincoln; and he met him with a bold and defiant air, as if glorying in the act he had performed, and ready to fight in defence of it. The feeling that he encountered in Lincoln was not, however, at all calculated to feed this defiant mood. On the other hand, Lincoln was kind and gentle to him, and manifested sorrow and compassion only for Booth—not a tinge of harshness or animosity being found in him.

This state of things Booth could not bear, and he turned away from Lincoln to leave him, torn and distracted by a variety of emotions. The act he had committed had had its origin in a variety of motives. A defective intellect had enabled him to persuade himself that the work was a meritorious one, and his unregulated love of approbation had persuaded him that he would be lauded for the act, and be regarded as a martyr.

The selfishness there was in this motive he could no longer conceal from himself, and he saw that it was irresistibly manifest to all whom he encountered. He tried then to flee the society where such was his fate. He succeeded partially in doing so, but in his search for those who could sympathize with and applaud him, he found universal condemnation; and he found that even on the earth those who had shared his sentiments united in condemning his act. He could find sympathy only with those whose darkened and miserable condition awakened his unmitigated abhorrence.

Amid this distraction he felt himself drawn back into the presence of Lincoln by a power which he could not resist. That presence was most repugnant to him; yet he found himself unable to avoid it. Again and again he tried it, and sometimes with success; but go where he would, to his associates, whenever they might be, he ever feels, in spite of every effort, a power drawing him back to the presence of Lincoln, and with those with whom Lincoln associates; and there he ever encounters the same oppressive feelings of sorrow and compassion toward him, and is ever attended with the consciousness that his own darker motives cannot be concealed.

He meets this state of things sometimes with the same defiant temper with which he entered the spirit-world; but this does not endure for any length of time, for he encounters nothing to keep it alive, and he cannot find the equality which could alone render his defiance of any moment, and its impotence is manifest to him, and he sees that it is equally manifest to others.

Seeing no end to this, his defiance, when the evil mood is predominant in him, gives way to despair, and he would welcome annihilation as a refuge. At other times, when his better nature prevails, he is filled with sorrow and remorse, which yet his pride prevents his yielding to. Still he feels how vain is his pride, for there is ever with him that terrible consciousness that every feeling of his—be it shame, pride, remorse, defiance, or despair—is known at once to all with whom he is thus obliged to associate.

Such is his present condition: compelled ever to be in the presence of his victim, and to receive only manifestations of pity and sorrow; ever aware that his inmost soul is known to all who behold him; aware that the cause for which he made so great a sacrifice is utterly ruined, and that his great object of self-elevation is defeated, and his sacrifice was in vain, he has entered upon his spirit-life with painful recollections of the past, with agonizing realities in the present, and no hope for the future.

In the meantime, Lincoln is enjoying happiness far beyond anything he ever anticipated. It fills his heart so full, that he is overpowered and silent. He has already met, and is almost constantly attended by many of those who have died during the Rebellion, and whose patriotism was as pure and as ardent as his, and whose full-flowing sympathy is ever before him; and by very many of those who were engaged in our Revolutionary War, and who welcome him as the man who has finished the work which they began. He meets, also, many a slave emancipated through his instrumentality; and many a one of this and other countries whose hostility to slavery awakened in them love and admiration for him; and he feels in the whole atmosphere around him a quiet and a repose most grateful to him after the turmoil of the last few years of his life. It is thus realizing daily the true condition of his present existence. His attraction to the earth is fast

wearing out, and it will not be long before he will pass away to his far-distant home, and feel only an occasional impulse to return to earth.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1863.

To-day I called on Mrs. Hayden, and through her I had the following interview with my brother. He wrote:

"My Dear Brother—I am very happy to come and respond to you again. I have been to you both directly and indirectly several times since last I conversed with you through this medium, and on each occasion have endeavored to show you that I was making rapid progress as a spirit, and began to see the great laws of our being as operating in harmony with matter, and now I hope I shall be able to respond more distinctly to you than I was able to hitherto."

I scarcely need say I am very happy, for I believe you already fully realize that, and feel happy with me in my great joy. Oh, how beautiful it is, John, to change from death into life! I see the great world of causes. We can better harmonize our natures with the effects, and manifest charity to those in ignorance who cannot see the light as we do. Then you will say that I was unwilling to see truth as it was made manifest prior to passing from earth. True, I was. But now I see what I could not when with you, and I am made doubly happy by the glorious change. Speak to me, brother, and I will write more."

FRANK.

I asked him what it was that kept him near the earth.

Dear friends that I have left that do not see as I now do. I am anxious about them. Then there is an experience I gain from you and others that seems necessary to my spiritual progress.

Have you, since I last conversed with you, learned any more definitely why you are happy?

Yes. That I had found all things here vastly beautiful and different from what I had expected; I was so happily disappointed. As has been expressed, I wronged no man, and have a keen appreciation of truth. And then an influence that I got from you, brother, helps me to see and understand more readily and rapidly than I could or could have done if left to myself. It is like placing a powerful glass over a half-blind man's eyes—I mean your influence to me."

I referred to the law of progress in love, purity and knowledge as at the foundation of his happiness.

It elevates the mind, he answered, and makes it advance in the great love and truth of intelligence, and brings man nearer to the Divine Mind—Love being positive—and he who possesses much has less of the lesser good in him, and is, in consequence, pure here and nobler in his nature.

I have hardly expressed this as I desire it. I find some difficulty in the use of language to convey my full idea; yet your comprehensive mind may understand my meaning.

I asked him to illustrate by some case then near him, and suggested to him to take the case of our father and mother, or his wife and mine, and as he would observe a difference in them, tell me what was the cause of this difference.

Well, it is impossible for those educated in strict Church rules to progress beyond that plane, and where there is a sectarianism there cannot be Spiritualism. The two are incompatible, as much so as mixing oil and water. My wife is strict in those forms. Your angel Sarah is far advanced in spirit, and has had your assistance to help her to see the great truths in Nature and Nature's God. Hence, therefore, the difference is very clear, and soon comprehended. This is the great check to so many, and must be unlearned before the Angel of Truth can enter the soul.

I began a question by saying that I supposed, to elevate man, we must appeal to his affections and his reason, and—

But he interrupted by writing:

Decidedly, and that alone. For you bring before him an angel wife or loving child he may have argued with his youth; then show him by argument a positive evidence that your ground is tenable, and you can bring down the most positive will in man. They are, brother, the keys to unlock truth to man.

I then resumed my question by repeating the part above written, and adding: Now you say you are happy, and are so because you were an honest man and wronged no one. What I want to know is, why this is so?

He answered:

"I must go back to the angel mother who gave me birth, for the principles inculcated in me in youth. Also the other side of the picture: the degradation and misery that disobedience and falsehood brought upon man. With those principles I grew into manhood, and could see the virtue within myself. Then the love to do right was paramount with me."

But during the period that I was developing into a mortal life, that fine-tuned mind was aspiring to God for strength and power to bring forth a loving, noble child, and the attending angels upon the fetus from its first conception, all lent an influence that produced the harmony in my morals, and the man you know in me."

I told him I received similar teachings as to my own origin, and wished him to ascertain from mother how that was as to me.

He answered:

"My Brother—I must get the information from our dear mother in order to give it to you as it was. Now I cannot give her mind, it being absorbed in one of her holy missions of love to mankind. Oh that you could see her! Your soul would be satisfied, and you would add, 'Let me go to her, that I may be near enough to her influence to be like unto her.'"

I am so happy in her pure presence! Then surely all to whom she gave birth must have a goodly share of Divinity, for she was emblematic of His holy mind and benevolence. There you, must share with His love, and are surest endowed through his angels with rare powers, and are one.

in ten thousand in power, intellect and depth of sight; and this, or very much of it, is the holy influence of our mother.

NEW YORK, Thursday, June 4, 1863.

This afternoon I had another interview with my brother, Mrs. Hayden being the medium, and Laura present.

We sat at the table for some little time without any manifestation, and during the time I yielded to a strong desire to write the names of my father, sister Lydia and brother Sam. Soon the raps came. I asked who were present. It was written:

The whole family. We have all come to greet you. Well, brother and dear Laura, I am most happy to meet you here, and hope I shall be able to edify you as well as give you instruction. Any word for us?

A different influence then came to the medium, and in a different handwriting it was written:

My dear daughter—I am very happy to come to you through this hand I have influenced for you before, and give you words of assurance and love. I am ever near and around you, soothing moments of disappointment and fatiguing care; and blessing you on waking into consciousness, and give you strength to support you during the hours of duty through the day. And when the soft mantle covers the earth, obscuring the light, I fold my arms around you and bless God that you have passed over the day of care with strength and fortitude; then bless you and imprint love's kiss upon your head, hushing you to rest and guarding you during sleep. Sometimes I take you with me, in spirit, to my beautiful spirit-home, and try to impress the vision upon your soul, that a holy influence may surround you, my own darling baby; that naught but love and purity can approach you. So you see, though lost to sight, yet ever near and most dear to the memory.

I have been assisting your uncle Francis to progress where he could see beauty in spirit; and have hoped that he could come to you, knowing your influence would assist him also. He is now greatly happy with his own family; and has been made doubly happy in coming to your dear father. He has given up his time for me to speak to you; then I will assist him to write to you both.

I paused to see what you were writing, darling, thinking it might be for me; and I reply, yes; that will pass away like a fleeting cloud, without leaving even the appearance of a shadow. Fear not; look to the right and all will end well. It is the wish of the angels who surround and minister unto you.

Ever near in love is the spirit of your devoted mother.

Then she added, "Well, dear father, you speak to brother Frank now."

I then reminded Frank of the inquiry I wanted him to make of mother, and asked him if he had done so. He wrote:

She said your peculiar character was a most positive and sure evidence of her prayers having been answered in respect to you. And I think as she does. You have more than your share in me, and oh, so much of it is owing to our blessed angel-mother. Everything was most propitious during her gestation with you.

I referred to the fact that my inquiries had pointed to the moral causes of his happiness, and he had answered as to the physical causes, in respect to which I had not learned enough even to know how to inquire.

He wrote:

Seeing distinctly your old theory, and feeling keenly the truth of what you were speaking, I gave the true idea and that which accorded with my own limited knowledge of the origin of all that was really good in life. That is why I have launched off into another field instead of replying to you.

I was then silent for a moment or two. He wrote: "Come! what question? Do not spend your time idly."

Laura remarked: "That was so like him."

He wrote:

"Well, I like things done up well and with dispatch."

I said my pause had arisen from the difficulty I had in slaying my questions.

He wrote:

"Ask them in any way. I shall comprehend your meaning and give my own answers."

I then said something about the combination of physical and moral causes of happiness.

He wrote:

"Moral and well-balanced physical. The physical gives strength and power of balance to the moral. Hence, it is necessary to have a good equalized physical; then the structure will be fine in proportions, keen in perception, with all the attributes well and perfectly harmonized. It is the whole combination. One would not be perfect without the other. I could not have enjoyed what I have, had I been differently mentally and physically organized."

I then asked if that happiness flowed of itself, as a necessary consequence of that combination; or was there, to his present condition of existence, an unseen world, capable of sending down its happy influences upon them, when thus they were made accessible to it.

He answered:

"Why, there is the great centre to which we all look for aid—we being the circumference, and gradually and finally attuning to the centre from which emanates all that is beautiful and good."

But, I asked, is not the intermediate space between your circumference and that centre occupied by intelligences invisible to but capable of influencing you as you influence us?

He answered:

"Peopled more thickly than earth; each aiming toward the great centre; some more perfect than others and able to enjoy more keenly."

I asked how he knew of that existence—from his own knowledge or from information?

He answered:

"I see and know and have tasted myself."

I asked him if he would not talk with Laura.

Anything she desires to ask of me."

She asked him what he was doing.

He answered:

"I am studying the laws of God and of man; endeavoring to get what I left unlearned on earth, to wit: my spiritual nature, which was undeveloped, unlearned for."

She asked if he saw art in his world.

He wrote:

"Oh, beautiful! charming! beyond anything that the mind could conceive in the world."

She asked which had most power—art or music.

He answered:

"Music has the most power. It will cheer the soul and give it new life to appreciate art. I speak what I say from personal experience."

The music was in my soul, and has made me a new man. And I am more happy than I can express."

I said to him:

"His occupation had been that of a banker; but he had been, also, an artist, and had painted many pictures which had acquired quite a reputation in that direction."

"By the way, Frank, I must congratulate you on having become a grandfather."

"Thank you. I have been aware of that for some time, having been a witness at the birth of the beautiful being."

Laura asked him if he would not come to her.

"I can after a little time. I have avoided it, fearing I should be too bothersome. I will, with your permission, soon come to you."

I asked him if I had been correct in supposing Mr. Van Buren had been near me.

"Yes. He had something to say to you, at the time we were at your house, upon the affairs of State; but it is of no consequence now, having passed the period of interest. He would be happy to speak to you."

Laura then spoke of visions, lately presented to her, of the contrasts between Great Britain and this country; and it was written:

"You will see those contrasts brought out soon between the two countries."

V. B.

Then Frank added:

"Well, my dear brother, (and niece,) I am most gratified to have had this interview. I hope it may happen soon again. God bless and be with you constantly is, the entire prayer of ALL."

FRANK.

CHEONDERAGA, ON LAKE GEORGE, July 27th, 1862.

A few days since, Martin Van Buren, former President of the United States, died. Some fifty years ago I was a clerk in his law office and an inmate of his family. An intimacy then grew up between us which has never been interrupted. His funeral is to take place to-morrow.

Last night, after I had gone to bed and the family had all retired, I saw him and my father near me. My father died thirty-six years ago, and he and Mr. Van Buren had been friends in life.

When, last evening, I saw them, my father was standing in the middle of the room, on my left. He had an alert, cheerful look and was easy and unconstrained in his attitude. Mr. Van Buren stood against the wall on my right, near me, and six or eight paces from my father. He had a puzzled look, as if he did not comprehend his condition. He recognized me and my father. He knew that my father was dead, and that I was not, and that he, too, was dead.

I did not observe what first took place between them. My attention was first particularly attracted by Mr. Van Buren's saying: "I don't understand this. I know I am dead, but I am the same I ever was. I am on the earth yet. There are my family, my home, my country; and the matters that interested me in life just as near me as ever, yet removed from me! Can this be the death I have thought of so long, and this to be my life after death forever?"

This thought seemed to goad him into action. He had felt a strong but undefined attraction toward his right hand, and he turned in that direction and, bending over, began with great activity, as it were, to pull up weeds that grew in his path, and thus worked his way slowly away from me.

When he paused a moment in the earnestness of his toil, my father said to him, "And can you suppose that there is for you an unchanging forever? Look out upon the whole universe of God, and see if you can find anything that stands still. Motion, activity, is stamped upon everything He has created, and can it be that the immortal soul, which we are taught is the master-work of His hand, is alone exempt from the universal law?"

"But," said Mr. Van Buren, "we have been taught that as the tree falls, so it lies—even Scripture says so."

"Are you sure of that?" answered my father. "And is not that saying one of the errors which are taught by the ignorant of our earthly guides? We have many such errors to unlearn in our spirit-life, and that we have first to unlearn. This is a sad mistake. The tree does not lie as it falls; it instantly begins to decay, and ere long, in obedience to this universal law of motion, it is soon utterly gone."

The thought evidently struck Mr. Van Buren with great force. He abandoned the toil in which he had been engaged, and returned again toward us, and on returning, remarked that he could not feel that he had merited such an eternity; for he had endeavored in life to perform his duty in all situations as well as circumstances would allow.

"Yes," said my father, "and therefore it is that I—who have been more than thirty years in the spirit-world, and whose religious belief in life was pretty much like yours—and many other friends of yours, are now permitted to come near and aid you. Had you availed yourself of the very many opportunities for mischief or evil which your earthly life afforded you, we, at least, could not have approached you. Now you have wife, children and many friends, and among them that strange brother-in-law of mine, Gorham Worth, ready to aid you as you will make yourself acceptable to them."

"I can perceive," said Mr. Van Buren, "their presence, but I cannot see them. You and the Judge I see, for there is a bright light around you both. I see none such around me. Why is this?"

"Look around," said my father, "and tell me by what light it is that you see anything. It is not by the light of the sun, or of lamps or fires. In the spirit-life each generates its own light."

"Am I, then," said Mr. Van Buren, "to be forever dependent on others for the light by which I am to see?"

"By no means," was the reply. "You, too, can generate your light when you shall have embraced the idea of that motion which is the instrument of its creation."

"Motion!" said Mr. Van Buren, musingly.

"What is motion for the soul? Surely not change of place—that is motion for the body rather."

"Cast your mind back," said my father, "on the life of four-score years you have spent on earth, and tell me if your soul has not moved in that time?"

"Moved? Yes, it has grown and progressed far beyond what it was in my childhood."

"Then behold," proclaimed my father, "your question is answered! Progress is the motion of the soul, and an Eternity of Progress is the Destiny of Man!"

For some time Mr. Van Buren seemed lost in thought. His clear and vigorous intellect seemed at once to embrace the two great truths of spirit-life—those of light and progress—and the self-control for which he was distinguished enabled him very easily to cast off old errors, and to receive new truth, however unexpected.

After a while he turned to my father; his puzzled look was gone, and instead his countenance wore its habitual expression of calm good temper, and he said:

"Come, then, General, show me this new world, and teach me to escape from a condition so unpleasant as that in which I find myself."

"Let us on, then," said my father; and they seemed to move away without any effort, but by the mere act of volition.

Mr. Van Buren did not appear to perceive the motion, but suddenly found himself amid a cluster of houses.

"What!" said he, "have you houses in this world?"

"And why not?" answered my father. "For eighty years your ideas of comfort and happiness have been associated with houses and a home. Is all that to be in vain? and are you suddenly so utterly changed that they would cease to be attractive to you?"

"No, indeed, I am not," was his answer, "for I am strongly drawn toward that humble cot where everything seems so calm and quiet, and where I feel as if I could find the repose I so ardently crave."

"What is it that attracts you to it? Is it curiously merely?"

"No, not entirely, though I long to see what it can contain to give it such an air of repose. I feel something more than that attracting me."

"Nor is it," added my father, "that long row of friends who crowd one side of the path by which you are approaching it. They are at present rather repulsive to you. You are not yet prepared to receive and welcome them. Let us enter, then, and see what is the cause of attraction."

They entered a sort of covered porch, and there paused a moment. Mr. Van Buren put his hand to his forehead, and again seemed buried in thought. After remaining so for a while, my father gently touched his arm, and said:

"Know you why it is that the memory of fifty years ago is so lively within you, and all associated with her whom you loved so truly in life, and who for that half a century has been your guardian-angel in life? It is because you are about entering her presence. The progress you made in knowledge during your earthly life has enabled you to comprehend at a glance great truths that are necessary to your understanding of the life into which you are ushered, and which many, very many, find it hard to understand. Your progress in purity has made you accessible to me and many other friends who have been enabled to lift you at once from your uncertainty, and start you on your unending progress, and your faithful and undying love is now about to receive its reward in that reunion, the mere approach of which already fills your heart so full. You are to learn what your wife long has known, that death joins the ties which death destroys."

That reunion we may not behold. It is sacred to you two, and to your God. Here our task ends. Here we bid you farewell, though only for a while, for we shall meet again. Now we leave you in her care, who is better fitted than we are to point to you the upward path, and to lead the way."

Then my father and the friends of Mr. Van Buren who had been present assisting him retired.

It seemed to me that when my father and Mr. Van Buren started to move away from the scene around me, my spirit moved with them and witnessed the scene, though taking no part in it. And I observed that when my father ended his last words, Mr. Van Buren was too full of emotion to reply. He gave my father a look which told how fully his mind comprehended the scene and all its incidents, and how thoroughly his heart was prepared for the result.

FROM THE ARABIC.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azau, sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends, it lies, I know,
Pale and cold and still as snow;
And you say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at its feet and head,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss!
Grieve your will, and let it be;
It is mine; it is not I.

Sweet friends, what the women love
For his last resting in the grave,
Was a heart which was unchanging;
Was a garment no more fitting;
Was a cage, wherefrom, at last,
Like a bird, my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The weaver, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bird—
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends, be wise, and dry
Straggle every weeping eye.
What you lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
"It is a simple sea-shell—one
From which the pearl is gone.
The shell was nothing—leave it there—
For the pearl, the soul, the all, is here!"
"It is an earthen pot, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him. Let it be!
Let the owner be earth once more,
Since the gold goes to his store."

Allah glorious, Allah good,
Never would I be understood!
Now the long, long wonder ends,
Yet you weep, my foolish friends,
While the man you say is dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you—lost, 'tis true,
But the shades he earth once more,
But, in the light you do not see,
Raised to full felicity;
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

And this blessed life I see
Is not dream or phantasy.
We have meant and we have drunk
Far more truly than you think;
For any light that shines within;
Drain from dazzling goblets wine;
Drain upon a food divine;
But food and wine together pour,
One mystery of many more,
From the same source, for both are pressed
Pure from wheat—loft from maiden breast.
If you hear me, can you take
My meaning's shadow? For the sake
I speak of two, or may be, one;
The rest will also learn anon.

Farewell, friends! yet not farewell!
Where you are now, I, too, shall dwell.
I am gone beyond your face
A moment's marvel, a single pace.
When you awake where I have slept,
You will wonder why you went;
You will see, by true life taught,
That here is all and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if you are faint,
Sunshine will soon follow rain;
But not at death, for deathly,
I now can see, is that long breath
Which our souls draw when they enter
Life that is of all life centre.

Do go certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's seat above.
Be ye stout of hope, and come
Bravely onward to your home.
From its happy gate, my ken
Sees you—struggling souls, not "men,"
All for nameless joys decreed,
Which your wills may stay or speed;
But not one—at last—to fall
Since, at last, Love must prevail.
"Lo Allah! Allah!" ye go,
Thou Love divine, thou Lord alway!

He who died at Azau, gave
This to those who made his grave.
"There is no God but God."

Jonathan presented himself and his intended to the minister, for the purpose of being married. Being asked if they had been published, he replied, "Oh, I guess so, for I told it to Uncle Ben, and he told his wife of it more'n a week ago."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and cure to meet in happy air."
[LUCAS HERR.]

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER FIVE.

They were seated on the sunny side of a stack of straw—Aunt Zera and her young friends—and as the northwest wind rustled in the dry stalks it made music as soft as one hears on a moonlight night of summer, when the corn leaves seem talking to each other in low, musical whispers.

"What does that murmur make you think of?" said Aunt Zera.

"I was just thinking," said Will, "that it sounded as if the wind was changing, and we were going to have a regular nor'easter."

"You always think of something to make one shiver and shake," said Kate. "I was thinking of the good times the fairies must have at midnight, just under the shadow of that oak."

"And I was thinking," said Eunie, "of the little wee birds that nightly find shelter here, just as we have."

"And I was thinking how much like some sweet lives was that simple music; and I wondered why we did not all write music in our thoughts and deeds, as does the wind," said Aunt Zera.

"Do tell us about some poet," said Grace, "and let us understand if they were just like us, thinking about common things, and doing just as we do. Sometimes I have imagined that they did not eat or drink as we do."

"What is poetry, I should like to know," said Will, "but just words put together to jingle a little—talking in rhyme?"

"Poetry is not rhyme or verse," said Aunt Zera, "it is the musical flow of words; it is thought spoken in melody; it satisfies the ear like one of the sonatas of the grand masters; and satisfies the heart like a sweet story told by one we love; and satisfies the mind like thoughts of heaven. I don't believe any poet ever wrote without feeling the fire from heaven burning from the point of his pen."

"Well, Aunt Zera," said Will, "I never saw you look so handsome before; but do tell us about one of these poets who wrote divinely."

"There's a poem called 'The Divina Comedia,'" began Aunt Zera.

"Oh," said Grace, "do let us hear something about Beatrice."

"No, Dante," said Will.

"Beatrice and Dante cannot be separated, so I shall please you both," said Aunt Zera. "Dante loved Beatrice, you all know. She was very beautiful, if we can trust any part of what the poet says of her. Her home was in the lovely city of Florence. She was born in the thirteenth century, and died when she was only twenty-four."

"Was Dante married to her?" asked Kate.

"No; and it is not known whether she ever loved him in this life; but we must believe she did. Dante saw her at a Mayday festival first, when she was only nine years old. He passed through many trials himself, which no doubt helped to ennoble his spirit, and after she died he could think of little else but her loveliness. He says he saw a vision, which made him desire to write more worthily. He then devoted himself entirely to study, and after a few years wrote the poem for which he has been so greatly celebrated; and it is about this wonderful poem that I wish to tell you. It is a vision of the spirit-world, and Dante describes it as clearly as if he had been there. He probably wrote of a vision that he saw. There are others that might tell of as wonderful things, no doubt, if they had the same power of musical utterance."

"I suppose you mean," said Kate, "that he could tell in music all he saw. Oh how I wish I could! You'd all believe in fairyland if I could."

"It is truly a blessed and beautiful gift to be able to utter what we feel; for I think we must all have poems in ourselves. But I was telling you of this great poem. Dante narrates how he met the spirit of Virgil, who was to accompany him through the regions of suffering, to the presence of the beautiful Beatrice. There are many fearful descriptions of the unhappiness of those who have lived selfish, unholily lives, whom Virgil and Dante beheld on their journey to heaven."

But at last he came to Paradise, and there, while soft melody breathes through the air, and grand hymns are being sung, there appears a chariot, before which angels strew lilies. In this, he beholds his beloved Beatrice, who is now to be his guide through the spheres of Paradise. Here they pass through all grades of happiness, until they come to the great glory of the celestial heavens.

Here are rivers of glowing waters, and flowers that are like gems, and angels whose faces beam with gladness, and over all is a light of indescribable beauty. The glory is so great, that even this poet of divine things cannot describe it, and he returns to earth and to his life of sadness, for he could not dwell forever with his beloved Beatrice."

"Here are rivers of glowing waters, and flowers that are like gems, and angels whose faces beam with gladness, and over all is a light of indescribable beauty. The glory is so great, that even this poet of divine things cannot describe it, and he returns to earth and to his life of sadness, for he could not dwell forever with his beloved Beatrice."

"Well," said Will, "I suppose he imagined pretty much all that, and then wrote it out."

"Dante concludes one of his earlier poems with these words: 'After this, I beheld a vision, in which I saw sights that caused me to resolve to cease writing of my beloved Beatrice until I can celebrate her more worthily; which, that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as she well knoweth, inasmuch that if it should be His pleasure, for whom all things live, that my life should be spared for a few years upon this earth, I hope to sing of her what never yet was said or sung of any woman.' I think this proves that Dante had something more than mere imagination to help him. I think he must have seen in vision, as did St. John, the wonders of which he wrote."

"Well," said Eunie, "we can't believe it all, as we can what we read in the Bible."

"Why not?" said Aunt Zera. "There are no men wise enough to interpret John's vision, and Dante's is quite as likely to be a revelation of the angels. There is one thing we can clearly understand, and that is, that the spirit-world is a place of loveliness to the good, and that the wicked cannot find rest even there; but must seek for a purer, truer life, before they can be truly blest."

"Do n't you remember that picture of Dante and Beatrice that hangs in Mr. Foster's parlor?" said Kate; "but I don't think she looks much like an angel. She is tall and large, and makes me think of my dear friend, Mrs. Wyman."

"If angels look like her," said Jennie, "I am ready to go to heaven any time."

"We are all apt to make up some imaginary form with wings and floating figure, and call it

an angel. For that reason, I am glad to see that Beatrice is very much like a noble woman of our own day."

"Without her cirlone," said Will; "if I remember, her dress was only a tunic with a girdle." "True beauty is always simple and natural," continued Aunt Zera. "We can imagine the simple beauty of Beatrice, as she guided Dante through the heavens and revealed to him its glories; but we could never imagine her as wearing false curls, or flashy jewelry. We would rather think of her without a single ornament save the circle of light that glowed above her head."

"But I want to know if Dante saw any that he knew in heaven," said Eunie.

"Yes, he described many distinguished characters. You remember I told you that Constance, the Empress, was one of those he described as in one of the spheres of Paradise, yet not altogether blessed, because she had done some things that she wished she had left undone. He also saw some of the distinguished men of his own day who had died, and it was because of this that he gave offence to men in office, who caused him to be banished from his native land. Perhaps it was the injustice that he received that gave to his face such a stern, melancholy appearance, for one would never imagine, while looking at it, that he had ever beheld a vision of angels."

"How happy Dante must have been when he first met Beatrice!" said Jennie.

"Yes; the description he has given of the joy he felt, and of the beauty of her presence, is one of the finest things that has ever been written by man. 'She was veiled in a cloud of flowers,' he said—'in that a beautiful thought?—and robed in hues of living flame.' One can almost see her glorious beauty. But lovely as she is, she is also wise. She does not spend her time in telling him of her enduring love and ceaseless longing for his presence; but she reproves him lovingly for his faults. She admonishes him tenderly, and urges him to a nobler life; and then she takes him on the wonderful journey through Paradise."

"Well, Aunt Zera," said Will, "I don't suppose you think Dante really went all that way?"

"I suppose that he had a vision of celestial things, and then, with his genius, wrote it out in verse. That is the reason that he gave to his poem so many of the ideas peculiar to his own time. His imagination shaped the ideas. Would you like to have me give you some of his ideas? and will you not cry out, 'Stupid! Kate?'"

"Oh, do!" said Eunie. "I like to know what people thought so many years ago!"

"There was one place, called Purgatory—that was the place where spirits were striving to become better. He imagined it to be on the other side of the earth from Italy, and that it was a high, conical mountain, on the sides of which deep terraces were cut, and here the spirits were atoning for their sins."

"This mountain," said Will, "would have been somewhere near the Rocky Mountains. Wasn't America discovered then?"

"No. Dante died one hundred and seventy years before

Original Essay.

THE PHENOMENA OF MATTER.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY LEON HYNNEMAN.

Whilst engaged in meditation, enjoying a calm, passive state of mind, we were intuitively impressed that a divine intelligence originated all of what we term external nature. The wisdom displayed, the perfect order, the regularity and continuous succession of material phenomena, were conclusive that only an infinite, omniscient intelligence had divined, elaborated, arranged and perfected so great and grand and beautiful a system. Whilst engaged in reflection on the wisdom and power of the divine originator, our interior perceptions were unfolded, and we were consciously impressed that the mysteries of the unfoldings of Nature were revealed to us, and we had a conscious perception of the instrumentalities through which all universes, suns, planets and worlds, and all of phenomenal nature, have been outwrought.

We beheld whilst in this condition, so far as human intelligence can make it comprehensible, a vast expanse, boundless, infinite in extent, a vacuum seemingly of the clearest imaginable transparency. Undisturbed quiet reigned throughout the vast expanse; all was still, as if no cause existed to produce motion or disturb the universal deathless repose. Our sense of vision was not limited, but we could see no boundary, no terminus; the interminable, infinite expanse was not comprehensible to the finite mind. It was given to us to understand that the expanse, which was seemingly a vacuum, was a divine, heavenly, indefinable aura flowing out of, from the divine presence.

We were consciously impressed that neither matter, nor the primal elements which form the constituent basis of matter, existed, and that there was neither time nor space; yet we had not the capacity to comprehend so great a mystery as it seemed to us to be, although we were made conscious that space and time had special reference to forms, that forms were ultimately for use, and that the primal elements were unfolded into materiality for the sole end and design of ultimating into forms, having for their object the development of the human being.

While we were lost in contemplating these wonderful revelations, we were all of a sudden apprised of a change, which is indescribable, as there was no noise, no disturbance, no perceptible motion, and the cause of which we could not comprehend. It seemed as if the entire expanse was imbued with a vital force, and the change can only be likened to the change of the human countenance when in silent contemplation one conceives a happy thought.

We understood the vital force to proceed from the spirit of the divine, and originated from the conception of a divine thought. The thought, to our comprehension, was the expression of the spirit of the divine. The transparent expanse, through the induction of the vital force, changed to a bright luminous heavenly ether, of a spiritual nature. Although we were conscious of the existence of an intelligent cause, whom we denominated the divine, yet within the luminous spiritualized ether there was no being perceptible to us. We had an intuitive consciousness that that intelligent cause was not visible to the senses of the finite being.

We were also conscious that the expanse did not constitute the divine entity, neither the spiritualized ether nor the vital force, but that these were evolved from the expression of the divine thought, and which may be illustrated as flowing out from the divine presence, as the aroma of flowers, the refined magnetism emanating from the human being, or an aspirational emotion arising from an intuitive perception of the sublime grandeur and beauty of the harmonies of the universe.

We were impressed that a conscious intelligence existed, a divine principle of consciousness, of infinite power, of omniscient wisdom; that this divine consciousness conceived the thought of bringing into existence a being endowed with consciousness, with reasoning faculties, with unlimited powers of thought, with capacities, powers and possibilities capable of unending unfoldment, of boundless expansion; that in order to bring into existence such a being, the Divine Spirit, through the internal force or power of the expression of the thought, evolved a heavenly radiance, a divine ether, which expanded infinitely.

This celestial radiance, or divine ether, we were conscious was the primordial evolution generated from the conception of the thought.

A state of quiescence existed for an indefinite period, when the change referred to took place, of the influx of the vital force.

The divine conception of bringing into existence a being possessing the reflected powers of the omniscient intelligence, evolved the creation of all visible and invisible nature in harmonious unfoldment through ages and cycles of ages.

The forces and elements known and unknown were successively unfolded, and suns and worlds, with all their phenomena, were necessary to the existence and subsistence of the human being.

The celestial or divine ether, and the vital force, evolved the impenetrable primal elements and forces of which all of external nature is formed.

The indefinable divine aura flowing out of the divine presence, we were given to understand was the primordial elementary principle of consciousness, or spiritual life, and which is differentiated in progressive unfoldment throughout all of Nature's manifestations, and ultimately in its highest development in man, who possesses inherently the capacity of developing the conscious principle in an infinite and unlimited degree throughout the eternal ages of infinitude.

The vital force, we were also impressed, was the cause of motion, of formation, of life, of change, the instrumentality of the energizing forces of Nature, and through which all of physical creation was elaborated and has existence. And the bright, luminous ether is the medium in which the vital force impels the energies of nature, and forms are outwrought.

We realized that the spirit-essence and the vital force were harmoniously interblended with the other forces and essences, and the primal elements which they evolved, and that through this apparently simple arrangement and combination, the entire world of universes, planets and suns, were formed with all their attendant phenomena, and that the design of the divine originator was the production of a being through whom the consciousness could be expanded throughout the endless ages of eternity.

And within all materiality, all essences and forces, and all forms, the spirit-essence is the divinity which reigns, rules, governs all human actions, as well as all phenomenal nature.

The spirit-essence and the vital force, harmoniously conjoined, were the instrumentalities through which other essences and forces were elicited of infinite energizing powers throughout the boundless expanse of infinity, and we were

made conscious that these essences and forces were all controlled and subject to inherent laws, immutable, unchangeable and eternal in their action and direction, and through their instrumentality were evolved those primal elements which form the basis of materiality.

We were consciously impressed that the Infinite is the perfection of Wisdom, and that the divine nature is Love. The Wisdom of the Infinite is manifest in that nothing exists in vain, everything has its use, and in that the Divine Love is apparent. The mighty orbs floating in the ethereal expanse were formed from the primary elements, of which all materiality is formed. As the Infinite is invisible to the finite senses, so are the forces which produce all of Nature's manifestations invisible, and, also, the elements of which all forms are outwrought. The forces which confine the mighty orbs within their respective orbits are invisible; also those forces in man which evoke the unseen energies which have impelled him onward in civilization, and produced those grand scientific results as manifested on this mundane sphere.

How wonderful is man! His capacities and powers are beyond comprehension. He is in all things a reflection of the Infinite. He has outwrought the most wonderful problems in Nature and Art through the powers of mind, and ever in his onward progress he reflects the wisdom and love of the Infinite in the beauty and use which he aims to attain.

The most powerful forces in Nature are invisible, and by them worlds are moved and kept in their respective orbits. Their action is noiseless as the grave; their energizing control incessant, and their motion imperceptible. All of Nature's phenomena are outwrought through the energies of invisible, imponderable forces, and these are forcibly illustrative that all of mundane existence, all of external nature, were eliminated through the expression of the divine thought in the conception of creation.

The most powerful of all forces is thought. It is more mighty than all other forces combined, because it controls them all. Thought cognizes neither time nor space; it is instantaneous in its transition, more speedy than light or lightning. It bears an analogy to the Omnipresence of the Infinite, as do all of man's powers to the attributes of the Divine.

Thought is eternal. Man's creations are the expressions of his thoughts. The initial thoughts, expressed in man's creations in the infinite past, are living forces in the progressive achievements and attainments of the present day. As the thought of creation of the Infinite comprehended unfoldment, progressive growth and development, so have the thoughts of man, by slow and steady progress, unfolded. The productions of Nature of to-day are far more advanced and more perfect than those in the ages past; and wherever man has cooperated with, or assisted or directed Nature, the force of his powers are manifest in the vastly improved productions.

The thought of man is analogous to the thought of the Infinite in being eternal, and progressively unfolding more and more perfect. The mind is not able to trace the progressed thoughts of to-day back to the original initial thoughts; neither can we know the form in which those thoughts were expressed; so we will ever be unable, by the most enlarged powers of mind, to trace the unfoldings of Nature back to the originals, or to attain to that degree of knowledge to analyze matter, and reduce it to its last analysis.

There is a school of philosophers who assume that, in reducing matter to its last analysis, it resolves back into the infinite, as effect and cause are assumed to be traced back to the original cause. In analyzing matter, the elementary principles of which it is composed may be proximately ascertained; but science, notwithstanding its great attainments, has not nor ever will become so perfect as to reduce matter to its primal elementary principle, no more than the outwrought expression of any human thought can be resolved back to the original thought.

We assume a comparative analogy between the thought of the Infinite and man. The thought of man is either derived from a perception of thoughts existing in the mental sphere of the universe, or the action of the intellectual faculties excited by observation of external phenomena, or the energy of the vital force, intuitively cognizing results attainable from existing impressions on the consciousness. But these all originate from one source—the God-principle or Spirit.

Thought is the creative power in man, and is an invisible power, like the creative thought of the Infinite. As the forces of the Infinite, with Omnipotent energies, have in silence unfolded all of external nature, so man has elaborated his thoughts silently without any outward demonstration of action.

It is the unknown, unseen, invisible forces which are the most potent powers in the universe, and through them the Infinite has outwrought all of Nature's phenomena; and so man has, also, through the invisible forces of his being, outwrought all the achievements of civilization.

The thought of the Infinite embracing the totality, the beginning and the end, eliminated the limitable, interminable expanse. The induction of the spirit or vital force, producing motion and its concomitant results, developed the primal elements and forces which form the basis of external nature, of which man is the end and aim.

The forms which we see are real forms, although consisting of invisible, elementary essences which, by the action of the vital force and spirit, aggregate, combine and recombine, according to inherent affinity and attractive law.

It is by the universal principle of motion which, induced by the vital force, caused the attraction of the invisible, elementary essences to aggregate and cohere and concrete into substantial materiality according to affinity, and unite to create the substance and form.

Forms were fashioned into shape according to their uses and according to the thought of the infinite mind; and when the first type of organized form appeared, it contained within itself the reproductive property of perpetuating the type in future.

The forms visible to the external senses are substantial materiality concentered by the universal and unceasing action induced by the energy imparted by the original impulse of motion throughout the vast expanse. Forms are only creations existing in time, and in time exist in space; but the elementary essences of which forms consist have no relation to time nor space; they are not visible to sensuous observation, but permeate throughout the vast expanse. And as forms change, decompose and decay, they are resolved into the infinite ocean of primal elements, to unite again in the composition or recombination of other forms.

Thus from nebulous compositions worlds are formed. Worlds are constantly in course of formation, and, in series of ages, unfold the conditions suited to vegetable life, and, again, in series of ages, vegetable forms develop the conditions suited for animal life; and, subsequent again, the conditions advance for the production of the human.

We cannot know if a series of worlds were in course of formation simultaneously, from which all others spring, nor is it of consequence. Enough for us to know that science has demonstrated that now worlds are formed, and the necessary conditions must unfold on each to develop the several kingdoms in their separate orders; and, as materiality was in course of formation, each world had its particular spheres, and the conditions of each were adapted to the forms to exist and subsist therein and thereon.

The phenomena of matter will be readily understood, from what we have written, as being eliminated from the conception of a divine thought and its progressive unfoldment of material nature. There is no mystery; all is plain and clear to the comprehension of those who will investigate and seek to know the truth. The great volume of Nature is always open to man's researches, and those of every clime, nation and language can read its pages and comprehend its teachings. This volume is the only revelation the Infinite has or could, in harmony with the nature and attributes of his being, unfold for man's perusal. It is and can be the only revelation of truth. It is adapted to every people and in all time. Its teachings are so clear and distinct that by no possibility could it be interpreted or understood differently by the sincere, unbiased mind, as to the use and end of the phenomena and the design of the Infinite in the unfolding of creation, had it not been that a selfish, ignorant and wicked priesthood, assuming to be the teachers of divine truths, the chosen mediums for communicating the Divine will and purposes, have, in all the past ages, misdirected the minds of the people by false creeds and dogmas, which not only ignore the teaching of Nature's revelations, but misinterpret and falsify the teachings of these revelations as to the end and design of the Infinite in regard to the progressive unfoldment of Nature and the present and future status of man and the soul's eternal and unending immortality.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Wayside.

Thinking that a few stray thoughts from an humble worker in the Spiritual Vineyard, who has but recently donned the garments of itinerant labor, might not be wholly uninteresting to a few, at least, of the many readers of the BANNER, I venture to solicit a perusal.

For six months I have been working with varied, but general success, in promulgating the Harmonical Philosophy, in several of the little hamlets of my loved Green Mountain State, and recently in the more fertile, but not, to me, more beautiful West. During October, Cincinnati was the scene of my struggles for self-improvement and the spiritual good of the flourishing and highly intellectual society which has there raised the standard of spiritual freedom, and planted the germ of civil progress and religious liberty—the Progressive Lyceum, which is destined to revolutionize the entire system of Sunday Schools, if not of public education generally. The cause of Spiritualism there, as well as elsewhere, has had its "ups and downs," such as have characterized the incipient stage of every radical progressive movement since civilization began; and there, as in many other places, the principal drawback has existed in "the household of faith," from want of unity of feeling and action, and a self-sacrificing spirit on the part of some of its friends, who have not become so thoroughly spiritualized as to possess that "charity" which "seeketh not its own," and that self-abnegation which works with unflinching zeal for the general good. But now, many whole souled and earnest workers, "having weeded out the tares," are cultivating that portion of the moral vineyard, with a fine prospect of success, and their efforts, aided by the many tests given through Miss Lizzie Keizer, and other reliable and worthy mediums thus located, together with the efficient labors of such exponents of our Philosophy as Bros. J. M. Peebles, A. B. Whiting, and Sisters Nellie Whitely, Emma Hardinge and others, have established the cause on a basis of respectability and permanent prosperity.

Leaving Cincinnati, we journeyed to Bellefontaine, O., to visit that worthy veteran and pioneer, Dr. Jas. Cooper, whose noble self-sacrifice in promulgating our Philosophy in an early day, has won the admiration of all who are conversant with his trials. There we enjoyed the hospitalities of his home, where presides one of the best of wives and trust of women whom it has been our pleasure to meet. The Doctor gave us some most excellent tests, by describing several of our "loved ones gone before," as accurately as we could have done. After a brief sojourn with Bro. C., we "went on our way rejoicing" in newness of faith, and fresh confidence in the guardianship of those invisible, yet potent guides, who are leading us through the disciplinary trials of experience, to the field of duty, which we next found at Muncie, Ind. There we gave four lectures to appreciative audiences, and enjoyed one of the happiest seasons of our life, in one of the most harmonious social circles we have yet found among Spiritualists.

There are true and noble souls who have espoused our Philosophy in Muncie, and they are pushing forward in the work with commendable zeal and every prospect of success, for no petty jealousies nor childish feuds mar their "unity of spirit," and destroy their influence for good upon community.

They believe "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and are taking active and efficient measures, by an "Aid Society" and liberal subscription, to procure the means of compensation. We tested the mediumship of Miss M. L. Jordan very critically, and take pleasure in testifying that we know, so far as our experience goes, she is a good, reliable medium, and a modest, unassuming lady. We shall long remember the kind friends in Muncie with emotions of gratitude.

From Muncie we went twenty miles to Chesterfield, where we gave three lectures to good sized audiences, (considering the smallness of the place), among whom were two Baptist priests, who were very much disturbed when called upon to show their "credentials," viz: "the signs" Jesus promised should follow "them that believe;" and though challenged to question us, and controvert, if possible, our doctrines, they—thinking, we suppose, that "discretion was the better part of valor"—adopted the true priestly tactics of silence, till no enemy was in sight, and they were safely ensconced in "the coward's castle," when with sheepish boldness and cur-like valor they vociferously defended the Bible—which had not been assailed—and vehemently prayed God "to convert the poor, benighted sinner, (meaning myself), or remove the stumbling block from the path of his people." "Amen!"

At C. we enjoyed the hospitalities of Brother and Sister Makepeace, whose house is a genial home to the weary laborer, and Sister M. is ever on the qui vive to anticipate and minister to their wants.

We came next to Kokomo, where Brother By-

ron Reed and his amiable wife—whose artistic skill and musical attainments have rendered them famous in all the region round about—have for a long time stood first and foremost as champions of our faith; there we also gave three lectures, one of which so "bruised the serpent's head," (copperhead), that one of them—a professed Spiritualist—refused to "fork over" a copper to remunerate us for our arduous labor, because, forsooth, we were made to utter some wholesome truths, that didn't jibe exactly with his narrow political creed! We felt to say with Peter of old, "Thy money perish with thee!" We shall ever "hew to the line, let the chips fly where they may," and if Spiritualists who inveigh so much against bigotry and sectarianism, and talk so much about freedom of speech, can't bear to have their own pet ideas criticised, nor tolerate a thorough exposition of the broad, philanthropic principles of our Philosophy, that proclaims the universal brotherhood of all mankind, and consequent equal rights of all races, then, with brotherly kindness, we suggest that they say no more about the narrow-mindedness of "sectarians," till the "beam is entirely removed from their own eyes!"

We know of several professed Spiritualists, (mark the adjective,) who withdrew their support from the BANNER, because, when the life of our nation was at stake, and there was no neutral ground between rapacious treason and genuine patriotism, when thousands of hostile millions were already thundering at the gates of our National Capital, threatening immediate destruction to our benign Government, and when the stern arbitrament of war was forced upon us—despite all efforts to evade it—as the only alternative of self-protection, it nobly "wheeled into line" with every patriotic journal in the land, and spoke valiantly for the right, and ably sustained our imperiled Government, when to have been silent would have given tacit consent to the destruction of all that we hold sacred!

This same class of bigots, (we know of no milder term that expresses their true status,) refusing to learn their mistake from the inexorable logic of events, still refuse to subscribe for our valuable journals, and to pay those speakers, who, true to their duty, fearlessly "declare the whole counsel of God" and proclaim the principles of universal justice embraced in true Spiritualism! Oh, when will nominal Spiritualists become such in deed and in truth? When will they all become so thoroughly spiritualized as to rise in the dignity of a true, noble manhood and womanhood, and trample all petty sectarianism and narrow party feeling beneath their feet in contempt? Let us all commence the work instantly!

Kind reader, pardon this episode, by way of "pointing the moral" to those recreant to duty. In Kokomo there is yet no unity of effort, but Brother Reed—whose noble soul is quick with earnest zeal—proposes soon to organize the isolated elements into solid phalanx for future duty. May success attend the efforts of all such worthy supporters of our divine system of religious philosophy. Bidding adieu to Brother and Sister Reed, whose home is replete with earthly comforts and heavenly harmony, we go next to Delphi to abide a short season. From there we go Northwest into Wisconsin. Our address, for the present, is Crown Point, Ind. DEAN CLARK.

Kokomo, Ind., Nov. 28, 1866.

Notes from W. B. B.

WILLIAM CHURCH—A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

IN THE course of my wanderings during the past summer and fall, I have met many mediums, and always make it a point to cultivate the acquaintance of Spiritualists in every place I visit.

Probably no one thing has occurred for years which has caused so much discussion and produced so much sorrow and real, unfeigned distress among the great body of Spiritualists—at least in the West—and, at the same time, rejoicing among the enemies of Spiritualism, as the so-called "exposure" of Bro. William Church, of Springfield, Ill., which commenced last summer at Belleville, Ill., and culminated at Lincoln, Ill., some time in October.

I have but a slight acquaintance with Bro. Church, and have no desire or wish to screen him or any medium from a just, fair and honest criticism. But, after the most careful, candid and earnest investigation of the whole matter, gathering every detail within my reach, from all sides and every quarter, I am compelled to say that Bro. Church has been grossly wronged! not with intent or "malice aforethought" on the part, at least, of those who would prefer to be his friends, but from too great haste; drawing conclusions from unsafe and unsound premises; not from want of zeal, but from having a zeal which is "not according to knowledge." I do not propose to give the results of any particular evening's investigations with Bro. Church, or the opinion of any one or two persons, but to briefly give such facts and other evidences as I have gathered from the various sources within my reach.

After the affair at Lincoln, Bro. Church returned to Springfield, where he remained till, at the earnest solicitation of his friends here—many of whom have known him intimately for many years—he was induced to once more make an effort to set himself right before the public.

Bro. Church sets up this broad and general defence, viz., that at Belleville, some one of the "committee" thrust those articles into his pocket, which were found there: scissors, lock of hair, screw-driver, &c.; that some of the signers of the exposure-card are innocent of the deception practiced upon him, but that others prepared and arranged the whole thing beforehand; that at Lincoln he was entranced and utterly unconscious when found in the middle of the room; and his first consciousness was in finding himself so roughly handled by those in the circle.

With this general defence Bro. Church came to Decatur and placed himself in the hands of his friends and invited all to join in the investigation who wished to do so, whether believers in Spiritualism or not.

After an investigation of some four weeks' duration, Bro. Church leaves Decatur with a statement signed by a large number of the most substantial men of the place, whose names are a sufficient guarantee of the good faith and thoroughness with which the investigations were conducted, which wholly and entirely exonerates him from the least shadow of an attempt at trickery or deception; and all who are not so skeptical as to reject the great fundamental truth of the spirit's return after death, are perfectly satisfied, after this investigation, that the defence set up by Bro. Church in regard to the affair at Belleville and Lincoln, is valid, and fully sufficient to exonerate him from all blame or censure. I am requested to forward you the following names, which were among those who took part in these investigations: E. O. Smith, I. S. Barney, D. G. White, T. O. Smith, William Scanlan, H. Schluendeman, A. K. Fearn, Mr. Bramble, E. A. Piper, all of Decatur, and James Howe, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

If the readers of the BANNER could listen, as I have, to the details of this investigation, from the lips of these gentlemen, they would at least feel

compelled to suspend judgment until they could investigate for themselves.

The spirit who controlled Bro. Church, at Lincoln, at the time alluded to, is one who had been trying to do so for some time, but had been related and thrown off; but, at that time, having more power than could be brought against him, succeeded in accomplishing his object, which, it seems, was not for mischief or trouble of any kind, but, as is now believed, for a good and laudable purpose, which will soon be made manifest. Bro. Church, I understand, has gone to Chicago to lay his case before the friends of truth and justice there, whether Spiritualists or not, and to court and, if need be, to demand the most thorough investigation.

The more I see of mediums, the stronger my convictions become that we often do them a great wrong, by attributing to them faults which are the results of a psychological influence emanating from their surroundings. This cannot apply, of course, to such mediums as Fay, Von Vleck, Colchester, or any of that class of mediums who make sleight-of-hand and cheating a part of their business. But, for myself, I would rather be cheated and imposed upon ten times, than to once wrong or injure one of these frail, sensitive mediums; and I cannot let this opportunity pass, dear BANNER, without thanking you for the firm, manly, noble stand you have taken during the late discussions on this subject. And especially would I urge upon the readers of the BANNER to ponder well the earnest and touching appeal in behalf of our mediums, from the pen of the editor of the "Western Department," which appeared a few weeks since. It seems to me the embodiment of all that need be said to incite us to exercise, keep alive and in active use that broad charity (LOVE) which "thinketh no evil," which "suffereth long and is kind," and which "never faileth." And, while we keep in mind the exhortation to "try the spirits" and guard against imposition and deception of all kinds, let us also guard well against falling into the opposite extreme, and, as some of late seem ready to do, join in the "hue and cry" against an honest soul who may be more "sinful against than sinning." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me."

W. B. B.

Decatur, Ill., Dec. 2, 1866.

From Nebraska. As the claret notes are sounding from almost all parts of our country, from Maine to California and the far-off Pacific States, giving evidence, bright, conclusive, unmistakable, that the ponderous wheels of Progress are gathering impetus with every evolution, and that the noxious, miasmatic, effete matter contained in old ideas, old religions and customs, are being plowed up and exposed to the purifying influences of a true philosophy, a natural religion, and as there seems to be a general moving in the minds of the people in pursuit of higher truth, and as our hearts are made to rejoice in the knowledge of this, brought to us week by week in your best and blessing BANNER OF LIGHT, the thought occurred that perhaps a word from this benighted land would be read with interest.

We have an incorporated town of eight thousand inhabitants, containing ten churches, ignorantly worshipping the "unknown God," whom our beautiful religion will "declare unto them" if they will but hear. Besides these, there are in town and surrounding country about one hundred and fifty Spiritualists, who go about the streets hungering and thirsting after knowledge—a flock without a shepherd.

Our greatest present want is a speaker, a good expounder of the faith, a true worker in the cause. Send us a speaker—for humanity's sake send us a speaker! We are a liberal people; none ever pay better. For husks we pay an hundred fold. Then bring to us true manna—a wee drop from the great reservoir of truth that is being so profusely dispensed at other points—and make our "waiting hearts rejoice."

Our great need is developing its own remedy. We have a minister, sent here as a missionary by the M. E. Church of Ohio, who has cut loose from the old harness, which proved too small, has absorbed the "new philosophy," and is descending with activity all the pending matter attainable, and will soon be ready to step out into the open field, fully prepared for the combat; but in the interim, as a stepping-stone for those who are just learning to walk, send us a speaker.

A medium for physical manifestations could also do well here. Yours for the dissemination of truth, MRS. L. F. WHITTINGER. Nebraska City, N. T., Nov. 26, 1866.

Matters in Chicago.

Sojourning for a time in this city, I send the BANNER a few lines in regard to Spiritualism here. Two classes of minds hold Sunday meetings in separate halls, both professing to be Spiritualists—or liberalists. They have some difficulty, however, in keeping up the "new philosophy." One speaker stated that "a child" could "do better" where, if the friends did not require his services.

I have closely observed the doings of the Spiritualists of the West, and in no place are they more sincere and enthusiastic than in Chicago. But they are evidently disconcerted, and not acting harmoniously, as can be seen by their being two societies here instead of one harmonious band of believers. And this will continue to be the case until they unite on the broad platform of Spiritualism, that makes no distinction among individuals, but grants the privilege to the dead to bury their dead, and allows the "contentions to wrangle and the envious to aspire," so long as the preachers of the new gospel appeal to the rich, pure-principled aristocrats in behalf of the poor and lowly—as did Christ aforetime. And until speakers, orators and preachers of Spiritualism adopt the "style" of the preaching of Christ and the apostles, and dress mankind unto them, they will preach to alien audiences and their words will work to no avail. Verily, we say unto all "lecturers" on Spiritualism, be first endowed with the Holy Ghost from on high, and then go forth and preach the gospel of Spiritualism with power and great glory, and your reward will be according to your zeal.

Alas, that so few of all the Spiritualists of the country should so faintly realize their true position in the world!

I am gratified to know that the true position has been taken by the "First Society" here, in calling themselves "Spiritualists." Verily this is a long stride in the right direction, as the motto "Spiritualist" is but little understood, even by professed believers. Thank God that the laws and constitution of the United States protect "Spiritualists" and not a hair of their heads can be harmed by any class of ecclesiastical tyrants in Christendom.

With hope for the future prosperity and usefulness of the BANNER OF LIGHT, I remain, Yours truly, HENRY STRONG.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 4, 1866.

Jubilee at Adrian, Mich.

The Second Annual Thanksgiving Jubilee of the Spiritualists of the city of Adrian, was held in Old Fellows' Hall, on the 29th of November. After partaking of a basket dinner, consisting of the good things of the table, those assembled were called to order by F. J. Green, of Adrian, who made some appropriate remarks. Mr. Allen, of Palmyra, was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Chandler, of Adrian, Vice President; after which, spiritual and earnest addresses were made by the Chairman, Mrs. Green, of Adrian, Mrs. Sweet, of Chicago, and others. These addresses were then adjourned to join in a social dance, which closed the second annual jubilee of Adrian pleasantly and profitably to all in attendance.

J. H. WILLIAMSON, Sec.

Adrian, Mich., Dec. 1, 1866.

Banner of Light.

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

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and union; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's eternal nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a common-sense inspiration in many of its claims, a careful, reverent study of facts, and a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; 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.)

"The Spiritualist Movement."

We find in the Christian Repository of Nov. 24th, an able and interesting lecture, under the above title, by the Rev. Charles A. Allen, read at the Church of the Messiah, Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 20th, 1866. The candor and liberality with which Mr. Allen treats the great facts of modern Spiritualism, are much to be commended and admired, especially at this time when so many of his Unitarian brethren, like the Rev. Mr. Weiss and the Rev. Mr. Mayo, are manifesting a rather supercilious attitude of mind toward the subject. There is much in this discourse, in the truth and justice of which we very heartily concur; but in some respects the author's views are open to criticism, and if we express ourselves freely in regard to these, we hope it will not be looked upon as impairing the gratitude we feel for the frankness and boldness of his utterances, and the rare liberality of his concessions.

In his first sentence, Mr. Allen falls into an error in the remark, that "Spiritualism is now claiming a position as a distinct religious denomination." The remark would have been unquestionable if he had said, "Certain advocates of Spiritualism are now claiming for it," &c.; for this is all that can be fairly said of the claim. As Mrs. Hardinge tells us in her recent letter on Spiritualism in Europe, "Doctrine, as an outgrowth of Spiritualism, is not recognized."

Mr. Allen is right when he says, "The one article of belief in which Spiritualism centres, is a conviction of the reality of present communication with the spirit-world," but he is wrong when he immediately adds that, connected with this belief are "certain doctrines that constitute the views which originally assumed the Spiritualist name, and which all Spiritualists agree in accepting." Not so! The doctrines of Spiritualists "concerning the nature of the spirit sphere," &c., are quite various, although there may be certain fundamental points of resemblance. Mr. Allen does mainly justice, however, when he adds: "Whatever other doctrine, right or wrong, sagacious or foolish, on various other subjects of inquiry, may be presented by individuals as doctrines of Spiritualism, they should be regarded rather as the peculiarities of the few, and not as the characteristic views for which all are equally responsible."

We are surprised that after having recognized the fact stated by himself in this last sentence, Mr. Allen should go on to make strictures, and indulge in insinuations, which are wholly inconsistent with his own previous admissions. Why, for instance, after granting that Spiritualism *per se* is not responsible for the thousand vagaries and extravagances which persons calling themselves Spiritualists may venture upon, should he proceed to inveigh against certain polytheistic and materialistic notions, as if Spiritualism were any more responsible for them, than Christianity is for the indecencies of the Anabaptists?

"Is Spiritualism a religious question?" Mr. Allen, in his reply, merely gives expression to views which some intelligent Spiritualists have long entertained. He says: "Now it is very important to notice that this is strictly a question of physical science; that this belief depends entirely upon the evidence of our senses, or upon the testimony of others to such evidence; and that it is not properly a moral or a religious belief, but belongs to a different realm of knowledge."

It is difficult to see—if a belief in the continuous existence of the soul forms the only rational basis for a religious belief—why the facts verifying the former belief should not become a life-giving principle to the latter. Whatever strengthens in us the belief in immortality, ought surely to impart new energy to our religious convictions. In one sense, this question of spirit-communication may be, as Mr. Allen says, "strictly an inquiry of physical science"; but surely all science ought to be the handmaiden of religion. "An unlearned astronomer is mad." The argument in favor of a Supreme Being, drawn from the material harmonies of the universe, the wonderful provisions, and the adaptation of means to ends, throughout the actual creation, though based on pure science, is none the less religious in its tendency.

"The chief alleged discovery of Spiritualism," says Mr. Allen, "had been anticipated or believed in, long before, on other grounds than the evidence of the senses." We are surprised that a writer, generally so careful, should utter so questionable a statement as this. There is no evidence of its truth. How can any man say that the first notions of the human race in regard to a future existence and the reality of spirits, may not have come from the revelations of seers and mediums, or from direct intercourse with spirits? The facts of ancient history, both sacred and profane, lead directly to the confirmation of this view. Among barbarous tribes, a belief in witchcraft and seers has almost always preceded a belief in immortality; and if we take the testimony of the Bible as of any account, the "evidence of the senses" was appealed to always for the existence of angels and the departed spirits of men.

Mr. Allen does not see how a conviction of continued existence after death "is necessarily a religious belief, any more than our reasonable assurance of awakening after a night's slumber." To many minds, this latter reasonable assurance does take on the sanctity of a religious belief, and inspire a religious gratitude; and so the idea of immortality is, to many minds, (not to all) instinct with the profoundest religious exhilaration.

Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," was of opinion that the whole dispute about religion might be reduced to the single question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* "I am satisfied," he says, "that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality are not far from being Christians." This is not invariably and literally true, however. The devout Mahometan may be as firmly convinced of immortality as any Christian; and we not infrequently find a man, fully confident in his future existence, who is yet morally weak or depraved. We would state the fact rather in this wise: *Every man who not only*

believes in immortality, but properly appreciates the sublime fact, and intelligently and devoutly studies, and conforms to the laws of God, as revealed in nature and in mind, will become practically, if not formally, Christian, though he may never have heard the name of Christ, and may know nothing of the creeds of our Churches.

But continuous life after this mortal life is no guarantee of immortality, says Mr. Allen. An old notion this, often revived and ventilated by modern Spiritualists. It seems to us rather a theme for fanciful discussions like those which exercised the wits of the old Schoolmen, than a matter for grave doubt or inquiry. Once satisfied that the phenomenon called *death* does not terminate our substantial life after this present stage of being, the healthy mind will be quite willing to leave it to future experience whether we shall ever again know the anguish of doubt as to immortality. To say that Spiritualism has no religion in it, because it gives us no certainty on this point, is rather a loose and unfounded assertion; for a morbid mind might generate the same imaginary doubts from religion itself. It might say, I may prove unworthy, or God may not be, and so there may be for me (to quote the words of Mr. Allen) "some dark gulf in the distant ages, more pitiless and hopeless than the grave." Such conceits seem to us quite as morbid and irrational as that of the aged millionaire who, surrounded with wealth, lives in constant dread of coming to want.

If Mr. Allen means simply to say that an Atheistic Spiritualism, or a Polytheistic Spiritualism is infinitely below the Monotheistic Spiritualism of Christ, we agree with him fully. A man without faith in absolute goodness, truth and power as centered in the idea of a paternal God, may believe in his own immortality, but Spiritualism to him is as yet barren of its most precious fruits and most elevating influences.

But what new thing have these spirits told us, asks Mr. Allen: "They bring us no new knowledge of the truths that relate to God and duty, the properly spiritual truths that come to us by spiritual insight and the communion of the soul with the one Infinite Spirit."

What truth respecting God and human duty could we expect the highest seraph to bring us, that is not already summed up in Christ's Sermon on the Mount? It is not to introduce new truths, but to vitalize old ones, that spirits are reawakened in the human mind this belief in their nearness and intercommunication. All that Christ himself taught, either in morals or in psychology, may be gathered, as scholars are well aware, from the writings and traditions of seers and sages who existed long before the Christian era; but was Christ's mission any less divine on that account? This summoning of Spiritualism to give us novelties is childish. The province of Spiritualism is to make us recognize and use the truths that saints and seers and sages, in all ages of the world, have been instruments of the divine bounty in proclaiming.

We cannot too highly commend the following passages from Mr. Allen's discourse. They accord with the published views of many of our most advanced Spiritualists:

"The dwellers in another sphere have to learn and to know these properly *enlightened truths* in the same way in which we do; not by looking outwardly upon the scenery and circumstances of their sphere, but by looking inwardly into the depths of their own souls. And therefore they are no better able to teach us these truths for their mere change of abode."

For it is a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, that God pervades all His creation and communes with all His rational creatures through their spiritual nature. No matter in what sphere they may be, the Eternal Spirit is just as near to all, breathes through all, and little by little, in proportion as they listen and obey, leads all His children into the knowledge of truth. This direct communion with God is the only absolute authority that we can find for any spiritual truth. The thought, the experience, the wisdom which God has taught others, may help us; but it cannot absolutely assure us. All souls are open to God, and can learn immediately from Him. It does not matter in what part of His universe we may dwell. It is not change of abode, but openness of soul, that gives us divine knowledge; for God is just as near to us here, as he will be in the hereafter."

For entertaining views precisely similar to those expressed above, the Rev. Mr. Hayford was the other day dismissed from the Universalist ministry. "True religion," said he, "is reliance on our own internal power of communion with God and angels." And Mr. Allen says: "Direct communion with God is the only absolute authority that we can find for any spiritual truth."

We agree with him when he condemns the disposition to substitute the instructions of untried spirits for the teachings of our own highest reason and intuition, fortified by all other religious authority. The lesson, therefore, which Mr. Allen reads to the inconsiderate or inexperienced among Spiritualists, in the above passage, is one well worthy of their acceptance. In the following remarks, also, he gives utterance to considerations which Spiritualists especially ought to ponder: "It is a relic of a gross conception of the relations of this world to the unseen, to suppose that death ushers us into a nearer presence of God than we can here enjoy. It is not whether we live in Vermont or Palestine, in the spiritual or the material sphere, that determines how near we dwell to God; but it is whether the soul is pure and open and heroic. Multitudes there doubtless are in the spirit-world, who can tell us far less about God and the great truths of the eternal life, than many an humble Christian heart that still lives with us in this world; multitudes, perhaps, there may be, who are further from God than you and I."

While denying that Spiritualism has presented any new truths of any religious significance or value (an objection we have already answered,) Mr. Allen makes these candid and liberal concessions to the modern spiritual movement:

"It has broken away multitudes from the pitiless doctrines of Calvinism; taught them glorious thoughts of God's Fatherhood, of the mercifulness of all His penalties, and of the true service to which He calls us in brotherly helpfulness. It has swept away the frightful clouds of fear and doubt that had darkened life and shrouded the grave. And it has given men a true freedom of life and of thought, a true freedom in Christ, because a freedom in the truth and faith of Christ. It has been the means of awakening multitudes to a belief in future existence, rousing them from that practical incredulity in which millions are slumbering whom their neighbors believe to have a true Christian faith; and though it has used a coarse mode of bringing conviction, this was far better than unbelief, and is easily made the threshold of a truly spiritual faith. And it has, also, in many cases, done a true work of Christian conversion, kindling the religious nature, and making men purer and nobler for their belief in an all-encompassing world of the departed."

And, besides these specific doctrines, we find in the writings and addresses of Spiritualists many excellent thoughts respecting the better ordering of the individual and the social life, the care of health, the importance of auto-natal influences upon character, the early training of children, and the social and political rights of women. Some of these thoughts are comparatively novel, but are assuming the dignity of great reforms, and have been discussed and advocated with peculiar earnestness by certain prominent Spiritualists, and with honorable success."

If modern Spiritualism, in less than twenty years, has done all this, according to the confession of one who is not a believer, we think it can

show a record full of encouragement for the future. What mere sect can boast of a work anything like it?

The leading and recurring thought in Mr. Allen's discourse is, that the facts of Spiritualism, admitting them to be true, "belong to the realm of science, and not of religion." Inasmuch as many earnest Spiritualists take a similar view of these facts, we do not know that we ought to be greatly disturbed by Mr. Allen's anxiety to narrow our sphere of influence and discussion. But inasmuch as according to his own admissions, Spiritualism has already done so much to modify and elevate the religious belief of Christendom—inasmuch as (to use his own words,) it has taught to multitudes "glorious thoughts of God's Fatherhood," and has "swept away the frightful clouds of fear and doubt that had darkened life and shrouded the grave"—we think it will not be too much for us to contend, that an enlightened Spiritualism has in it an element of religious healing, inspiration and growth, which no other merely scientific system in the history of the human mind can parallel. And we may fairly deduce this from Mr. Allen's own words.

There is good sense, however, at the bottom of what Mr. Allen says, even on this point, mixed though it may be with error. As Spiritualists, we ought to be more anxious to establish the grand scientific facts of Spiritualism, than to deduce from them, at this stage of its development, any peculiar form of religion whatever. Not that we would have Spiritualism assume that it has nothing to do with our relations to God and to morality, but that we would have its circle broad enough to take in all honest seekers and good men, to whatever sect they may belong, or may fail to belong. "Let us," says Mr. Brevior, "distinguish between the universal and the particular; between religion and specific forms of religion; the one constant, the other variable; as language is permanent and common, while languages differ even in structure, and are subject to modification and development." The best religion is that which "most truly reveals to us the character of God; which gives us the clearest insight into our own spiritual nature; which meets most fully the soul's needs. If any religion does this absolutely, or in so far as it does this absolutely, it is the absolute religion."

In her recent letter, Mrs. Hardinge tells us that during her visit to Europe a gentleman, long a resident in Turkey, showed her a thick book of communications obtained through circles held in harems, "where Mahomet presides, and in which Mahometanism is presented in large theological discourses." Why should we exclude a Mahometan, then, from the fraternity of Spiritualists?

Of spiritual facts it may be said, as Locke says of all facts—"So much only as we ourselves consider and comprehend of truth and reason, so much only do we possess of real and true knowledge." The floating of other men's opinions in our brains, makes us not one jot the more knowing, though they happen to be true. Like fairy money, they turn to dust when they come to be used. Spiritual facts will not spiritualize us until we have made them our own by fullness of sympathy and understanding. If the archangels were to come down and reveal to us the arcana of the highest heaven, they would impress us only so far as we might be prepared for them by affinity with truth through right self-culture or divine illumination.

As the fall of an apple suggested gravitation to Newton, so some of the commonest phenomena of Spiritualism may suggest to a rightly disposed and receptive mind a world of religious thought, full of freshness and delight and devout exaltation; and the Spiritualist that will do this, must not be banished to any realm from which religion is to be excluded.

Wisely has it been said by a recent writer, in reference to the liability of accepting religious error from supposed spiritual sources—"If we must not shut our eyes to the dangers of communication with another sphere, on the other hand we may feel confident that with the progress of knowledge these dangers will pass away; the amount of light which has already been thrown on the nature of spiritual communications precludes their being received henceforth with unquestioning faith; precludes therefore the risk of their giving rise to new forms of religious error. The general character, moreover, of the higher spiritual communications of the present day is the absence of dogmatic teaching, and the assertion that it is only as we advance in virtue and in the deeper paths of knowledge that we can attain to further light in the science of things divine—to any criterion as to truth in the interpretation of revealed doctrine."

We think that these last considerations are a fair and satisfactory answer to much that Mr. Allen urges in the way of objection to Spiritualism. In parting from him we renew the expression of our thanks for his outspoken testimony to what Spiritualism has already done; and for his respectful consideration of facts, so often treated by shallow religionists with contumely and impotent disdain. Mr. Allen deserves well of Spiritualists for the candor and ability he has exhibited in his interesting discourse.

Meetings in Boston.

Mercantile Hall was again crowded to its utmost capacity Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9th, to hear Miss Lizzy Doten lecture, and hundreds went away without gaining admission. As is usual with this highly gifted inspirational speaker, the audience were feasted with a fine essay on "Heavenly Harmonies, or the Song of the Angels," which was digested with a most gratifying relish. At the close of the address, under another spiritual influence, the lecturer gave an original poem, breathing such touching pathos as to tear-dim many eyes. The theme was "The wanderer's welcome home."

Miss Doten speaks again next Sunday afternoon, quarter before three, in the same hall. Her engagement here only extends through this month.

Prof. Agassiz on the Human Origin.

Prof. Agassiz has been delivering a course of lectures in this city. In one of them he said he felt bound to dissent from the generally received idea of a common origin of the human race. He thought the evidence conclusive that the different races of man are as distinct as the different species of animals, and no changes of climate and no mixture of races can transform one race into another, or account for the existing varieties. Commenting on this, the Springfield Republican says: "If the professor is right, Adam was the head of but one of the races, the dogma of 'federal headship' has no basis, and several other connected theories fall with it."

Death of a Paris Editor.

We regret to learn from a private letter, dated Paris, France, Nov. 28th, that M. D'Ambel, chief editor and proprietor of "L'Avenir," a paper devoted to the elucidation of Spiritualism, died very suddenly recently. He was an able writer, and has done much to advance the cause of Spiritualism in that country.

The Holiday Season—Gifts for the Time.

Instead of telling Spiritualists this year, as we have done these many years past, where they may find the fittest gifts for the Holiday Season—now happily close at hand—we deem it a duty which we owe to them, as they have so steadily sustained us, to inform them that at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore, either in Boston or New York, every description of book, large and small, costly or modest in price, domestic or imported, they may promptly obtain whatever publication there is to be had, and at the same rates which they are called on to pay to booksellers, many of whom are defamers and despisers of our cheering faith.

There are a great many gifts passing from hand to hand about the season of Christmas and New Year's, and none so expressive or appropriate as that of a Book. Especially might it be believed that Spiritualists would love to present books to one another, and to friends whom they would lead into the perfect liberty of our exalted Religion. The list of our own publications is very varied, and of high respectability in point of length. There are poems and prose writings enough for any one to make a gratifying selection from, beginning with the rich and rare collection of the beautiful verses of the favorite Lizzy Doten. But we cannot undertake to go into the list at all. Able and impressive writers have stated, argued, and convincingly illustrated the principles and philosophy of the spiritualistic faith, and their volumes, handsomely printed and bound, would make no bad present either to one who already believed or did not.

We would have it well understood by all our readers and friends, that our perfected arrangements enable us to supply orders of any character for the publications of the first houses in this country or England. Our facilities are such that we can return the books to the order with as little delay as if they were sent for to the largest distributing and publishing house in the country. Books of the greatest variety and value we can readily furnish, and forward by express or mail, as directed. No matter on what subject such publications treat, or to what department of literature they belong, we have facilities that cannot be surpassed for answering all such calls without a day's delay from any cause. And we herewith solicit orders to any extent from the friends of the BANNER, in the direction suggested.

We made the remark in these columns recently that the BANNER is solidly established. So it is; but if it had twice its present support, we confidently think it would do twice, if not four times, its present service among men and women. It is established, and in the affections of its readers; nothing can shake its position there, we are too happy to say. But every aid it draws from its friends only adds to its power for good, and therefore we present our appeals without ceasing.

The Woman's Rights Movement.

The Equal Rights Association Convention, held at the Cooper Institute, in New York city, Dec. 6th and 7th, was a successful affair. It was the first of a series to be held over the State, to agitate the question of the right of women and colored men to the ballot on equal terms. The Cooper Institute meeting adopted a memorial to Congress calling for the recognition to the right of suffrage of every American citizen, irrespective of sex or color. The proceedings throughout were highly dignified and earnest in their character. Not the least important part of the proceedings was the adoption of a resolution recommending that the delegates to the coming Convention to revise the Constitution of the State of New York be elected irrespective of sex or complexion, and calling upon the Legislature to enact that women as well as men shall be admitted to vote for such delegates. The meetings throughout were well attended. The audience, with one or two exceptions, warmly sympathized with the proceedings.

A letter was read from U. S. Senator Wade, in which is the following significant sentence: "I am now, and ever have been, the advocate of equal and impartial suffrage to all citizens of the United States who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, who are of sound mind, and who have not disqualified themselves by the commission of any offense, without any distinction of race, color or sex."

When the subject of giving free suffrage to colored men in the District of Columbia was up in the U. S. Senate last week, some of the Senators ventilated themselves in regard to giving the same right to women. Speaking of this, the Journal says: "Every good cause would be strengthened by women's suffrage, and every bad cause weakened." Quite a liberal admission for the Journal to make, just at this time, when the subject of free suffrage to woman is being agitated so earnestly in various parts of the country.

Death of an Editor.

Charles P. Bosson, Esq., for many years associated with the Boston press as reporter and editor, died very suddenly in New York, on Sunday, Dec. 9th, whither he had gone on business. He had stepped into the dining room for dinner, and after giving his order fell over and immediately expired. He was about fifty-five years of age. He leaves a family in this city.

In the earlier years of his life, Mr. Bosson was engaged in the seed and agricultural business, and was noted for his complete knowledge of all their details. He traveled extensively in Europe, and applied his observations there to the discussion of agricultural affairs in several of the agricultural papers, much to his own credit and profit to the agricultural interests generally.

For at least three years past he has been actively engaged in collecting data for a statistical account of the United States, after the plan of a work published in Scotland three years ago by Sir John Sinclair. About three months ago he issued his prospectuses, and had substantial encouragement to proceed in his labor from many of the best minds in the United States, and felt sanguine of the success of his project, although a very laborious task was before him. He was a man who preferred public usefulness to personal ease.

For some time before his death, Mr. Bosson was editorially connected with the Daily Commercial, of this city. Being a talented, energetic and useful man, he was ever at work, and has performed more labor than most men far more advanced in life. He has finished his earthly career, and will enter with fresh vigor on a broader field in the world of real life.

Rome.

The last of the French troops have been withdrawn. The Pope is at Civita Vecchia, the chief seaport of the Pontifical States. The French Minister, Count Montebello, has informed the Pope that if he withdraws from Rome, the French troops hereafter will give him no support. It is believed that the Pope has decided to remain in Rome, unless compelled to leave.

An Old Couple in Want.

Our readers will remember we chronicled the demise of George M. Jackson, at Prattsburgh, N. Y., April 26, 1865. For many years he was an esteemed trance speaker, and did much good in promulgating the Spiritual Philosophy. He was sick a long time before his departure to the better land—was in very destitute circumstances—and had not his spiritualistic friends aided him, he would have suffered for want of the necessities to sustain physical life. He was the main support of his aged parents, who are now left in need of help, as appears from the following notice:

"BENNETTSBURGH, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1866. DEAR BANNER—Again it becomes necessary to inform you of the sad condition of the aged and infirm parents of our late friend and brother George M. Jackson. They are, we are told, suffering for the most common necessities of life. May we not hope that you will present this matter to the friends of our beautiful philosophy? We have every reason to believe there are many who will esteem it not only a privilege but a duty to respond to any and every appeal in their behalf. Let each one contribute their mite, and oblige not only us, but the great heart of our common humanity. WILLIAM HENDRICKS."

We trust the liberally disposed who have the means will aid these deserving people. Donations sent to our care will be promptly forwarded to them, or donors can send direct to either of the parents, Mr. O. Jackson, or Mrs. Emily M. Jackson, Prattsburgh, N. Y.

California Matters.

The San Francisco Golden Era of Nov. 11th says: "We detect extravagant or unmerited praise, the more from the fact that it seems oftentimes to be poured out indiscriminately on speakers of every degree of capacity. No higher compliment can be paid Mrs. Laura Cuppy than the announcement of the simple fact that for one hour and a quarter on last Sunday evening an audience of eight hundred persons listened to her in almost perfect silence, broken only at times by a suppressed round of applause; suppressed only because the hearers feared by the tumult to drown the next expected word from the lips of the speaker."

The same paper contains this paragraph: "Mrs. Foye gave a séance recently at Alvarado. The audience were much surprised at the manifestations. When the exercises were over, the minister and the 'judge' engaged in a disputation relative to the phenomena, and at last accounts were still so engaged. The minister contended that the lady was possessed of a most dangerous power. This power, in his estimation, was that of reading mind. The Alvarado clergyman has outstripped his city brethren in making this grand discovery."

A Noble Movement.

A number of benevolent ladies in Philadelphia have purchased and comfortably furnished two brick dwelling houses for the purpose of establishing a Home where young girls engaged in stores and unable to pay full board, can obtain board at a small cost, and where young women arriving in the city can stay while seeking employment.

This is one of the best and most practical reform movements of the day. By such timely assistance hundreds of girls could be saved from ruin who might otherwise be dragged into vice from destitution, or want of sufficient means to maintain themselves respectably in their early struggles for a livelihood. When the evil hour of want comes, the tempter is sure to be nigh with his bait. Who will start such an institution in this city, where one is so much needed? We have thousands of rich ladies in our midst, who would willingly aid in such a noble work if the project were but started. Some one must take the initiatory steps, however.

Personal.

Mrs. Lela Waisbrooker, who has not been very well of late, has gone to Minnesota. We trust she will fully recover her health, and be able to do much in the cause of Spiritualism. She is a good lecturer, and will be welcomed in the far West. Her address is Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minnesota, care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain.

N. Frank White is engaged to lecture in Louisville, Ky., during January and February.

J. M. Allyn will answer calls to lecture at convenient distances from this city. He may be addressed care of this office.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn will respond to calls in Massachusetts for the remainder of the winter.

Address soon at North Middleboro, Mass. Miss Susie M. Johnson has decided to speak in Bangor, Me., during this month, instead of Milford, Mass. She will start on her Western tour in January, speaking in Oswego during that month, and in Cleveland the two following.

"Gail Hamilton" has gone South by way of Tennessee. She is supposed to meditate a book.

The colored lawyer, John S. Rock, formerly of this city, is dead. He was the only colored lawyer ever admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have just issued the following pieces of music: "Christmas Carol," written and dedicated to the Sunday School of St. Peter's Church, of Albany, N. Y., poetry by A. G. R., music by John B. Marsh; "Vive la Danca," a Galop, by J. S. Knight; "Silver Chimes," a song by Claribel; "Silver Ball March," dedicated to the Lowell Base Ball Club, by Chas. D. Blake; "The Unknown Dead," poetry by Miss Carrie A. Spaulding, music by A. Whitney; "Happy art thou," being No. 10 of L. H. Southard's Morning and Evening collections for public worship.

J. A. Butterfield & Co., 22 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind., have just issued a pretty song, entitled "Eight hours a day," words by Henry Hitchcock, music by J. A. Butterfield.

Moving in the Right Direction.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown, as will be seen by a notice in another column, are taking initiatory steps for building a suitable hall in which to hold their meetings. For the purpose of raising funds for the object, a series of public entertainments are to be given, the first of which will be a Fair, to be held in the City Hall during Christmas week. Besides the Fair there will be an entertainment each evening during its continuance, consisting of speaking, singing, &c. A fine collection of goods of every description, both useful and ornamental, will be found on the tables of the Fair, which the fair ones will endeavor to dispose of for the laudable purpose above mentioned.

Michigan.

PROF. S. M. STRUCK, of Peoria, Ill., has been laboring to enlighten the people of Michigan on the subject of Spiritualism for the last six weeks, and met with encouraging success. He is a very fine inspirational speaker, and if kept in the lecturing field will do a good work for humanity. He is a gentleman of refinement and culture, and satisfies his audiences.

A Choice Book for a Gift.

If any of our readers are undetermined what gift to select for a friend, we can do no better service than to call their attention to that beautiful volume, "BRANCHES OF PALM," by Mrs. Adams. We think no one who has read that book, has failed to be profited by it, and we know it is prized very highly by all who are so fortunate as to possess it. Its reputation is not only widely extended in this country, but in England. William and Mary Howitt, whose names are so identified with those of English writers, have recently, in a letter to Mrs. Adams, testified to their warm appreciation of the work. This appreciation is not confined to the opinions of "Spiritualists," but is diffused among all classes of thoughtful and religious minds. Free from sectarianism and every shade of denominational bias, the sentiments it embodies and the truths it inculcates find a quick and responsive welcome in every soul. In the September number of "The Radical," Rev. Mr. Weiss makes the following just criticism of "Branches of Palm":

"This is a handsome volume, with clear, well-printed pages, and tastefully bound; its appearance does credit to the publishers. And its contents deserve this good treatment at their hands. Under various religious and poetical headings, the writer has given short meditations, aphorisms, sentences, interspersed with some quite musical verses. They are all bathed in a pure and modest feeling; nothing strained or affected, nothing ambitious, marring the gentle page. A true woman's heart, that has apparently passed through much suffering unscathed, pours out its riches of humility, reliance upon God, and fervid hopes. Every utterance is sweet and healthy. There is no attempt at literary felicities; and the reader who is hungry after the fine and thrilling style which the deluge of modern novels floods us with, will call this volume very rapid. But we admire the serene, patient, loving and aspiring spirit of the writer."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Bro. Seaver, of the Investigator, takes to the lecturing field as naturally as ducks do to water. He has been holding forth in Natick, of late, and several of his hearers inform us that he gave a very satisfactory discourse. Spiritualists and other reformers would lose nothing, but on the contrary gain a good deal, we think, by occasionally securing Bro. Seaver's services. He is a fluent speaker and philosophical reasoner. We can afford to be liberal to liberals, for they give to their strength to help on the mighty car of Progress.

We have received an article from W. A. Jones, Esq., in relation to the Rev. G. W. Quincy, editor of the Gospel Banner, and Spiritualism, which we shall print in our next issue.

"Captain Lascar, the Pilot of Brest," is the title of the new drama, written by Dr. J. S. Jones, expressly for the Howard Athenæum, and the manager has expended thousands of dollars to place it upon the stage in a superb manner. It will no doubt be the most popular spectacular play which has been presented in this city for years. It will be acted every evening for the present.

Dr. L. K. Conolly will lecture before the First Society of Spiritualists, in Washington Hall, Charleston, next Sunday.

As will be seen by an advertisement in another column, Henry Ward Beecher is engaged in writing a story for the New York Ledger. The circulation of the Ledger is larger by one hundred thousand copies than that of any weekly or daily paper in the country.

Bayard Taylor gave a fine lecture before the Mercantile Library Course, in Music Hall, last week, on "American Life," in which, among other things, he depicted the social and intellectual shortcomings of our people. The next lecture will be by Henry Ward Beecher.

The New York Weekly has just commenced the publication of a serial story of thrilling interest, written expressly for that paper by Edmund Kirke, one of the popular authors of the day. The story is entitled, "On the Border." Secure the first number, now ready for delivery. Read the advertisement in another column for particulars. The Weekly can be procured of all the periodical dealers.

We have not seen those pens yet, Snow.

The advertisements in some of our city papers, of a "Dr. Newton," lead some to suppose it means the celebrated healer, Dr. J. R. Newton, and have inquired of us if such was the case. For the information of the suffering we will state that Dr. J. R. Newton is permanently located at Newport, R. I., where he has opened an office at 239 Thames street, where he treats patients every day except Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM AND LECTURES IN TROY, N. Y.—We learn from a correspondent, that, under the excellent management of Mr. Munroe Keith, Conductor, and of Mrs. Louisa Keith, Guardian of Groups, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Troy, N. Y., is unfolding and prospering in all good and beautiful ways. In singing, recitations, gymnastics, marching, &c., the children and their officers are making most satisfactory progress. New members are being added from Sunday to Sunday, and the entire school is growing in every noble particular. S. J. Flinney, the profound thinker, and very eloquent lecturer on the New Philosophy, is now drawing crowded audiences in Troy.

The Troy Spiritualists are now preparing to give the Lyceum Children a "Christmas Tree," of which more anon.

The Orthodox who once would not permit a woman to kiss her child upon the Sabbath, is now proposing to make Sunday schools less wearisome to children, by the introduction of tableaux or dramatic performances; plus lectures are to be linked with panoramic views; and the gloom of the "Lord's Day" is to be outwreathed by an afternoon game at cricket.—Investigator.

A teacher at Irvington, N. J., has been arrested and bound over for examination, on a charge of so cruelly whipping a pupil on the 12th of November, as to occasion his death. A few days after the infliction, the lad was taken sick with fever, which rendered him delirious until the time of his death, the 21st ult.

A paper asks very innocently if it is any harm to sit in the laps of ages. Another replies that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from eighteen to twenty-five it puts down as extra hazardous.

MEXICAN RUMORS.—That Maximilian refuses to abandon the Empire, and that the Church and the merchants have loaned him immense sums; that the Liberals have been twice repulsed of late; and that a body of French troops had been terribly cut up, in passing from one section of the country to another.

Every nation in Europe is steadily arming, in view of coming hostilities. The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the political situation, thinks it not improbable that the peace of Europe may be soon disturbed.

The United States Government sold during the past year \$12,204,729 worth of postage stamps and envelopes. We sent abroad 4,886,916 letters, and received from abroad 4,543,030. We sent nearly 3,000,000 of newspapers, and received a little over 1,000,000. The number of post-offices is 23,828; of which there have been reopened in the rebellious States, 2778. Forty-six cities have the free delivery system, and the plan gives excellent satisfaction.

Numerous meetings are being held in the interior of Kentucky to relieve the sufferings of the Southern poor. All classes are interesting themselves. The Masons and Odd Fellows are foremost in the charity.

THE RADICAL for December may be had at this office. Price 30 cents.

A lady in Utica recently met with a shocking death, by the catching of her hoop skirt in a carriage wheel.

Why is a church singing-book like a school-house? Because it is full of little hints.

CLARK'S COLLEGE OF HEALTH.—The first public monthly reception at Dr. U. Clark's new Institute at Greenwood, will be held Friday evening, Dec. 21st. Cars return to Boston 10 1/2 p. m. Public religious exercises every Sunday, 11 p. m. Free to all.

Arrangements are making in this city for the erection of a Soldiers' Monument on flag-staff hill on the Common, at an expense of \$100,000.

Ludden & Kellum, gold pen manufacturers, 179 Broadway, New York, have got up a new screw pencil, very convenient and useful, at the low price of two dollars, enameled and gold mounted.

The Vineland, N. J., Weekly speaks favorably of the lectures delivered in that place recently by Mrs. Emma Harding.

Miss Howard (colored), who recently graduated at the Girl's High and Normal School in this city, has been elected as teacher in one of the colored schools of New York, with a salary of \$550.

The new fashionable game, superseding Croquet in a measure, is styled Martello.

Why are two like hops? Because they make beer better.

The aggregate area of the public lands of the United States, surveyed and unsurveyed, is 1,465,468,800 acres—which is seventeen times the whole surface of Prussia, including her territorial increase since the war with Austria.

It is estimated that 150,000 freedmen and their children are now attending school in the Southern States.

Verification of Messages.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of Nov. 17th, 1866, I noticed a communication purporting to come from W. F. Long, of St. Louis, Sierra Co., Cal., and he there states the circumstances of his death, which were chronicled in the Sacramento Union at the time. According to the notice of the sad affair in that paper, he committed suicide in his cabin, and was found by his friends after life was extinct. I was well acquainted with Mr. Long while I resided at St. Louis, at which place I lived for four years. During this time I was a member of the I. O. of O. F., of which Order Mr. L. was an active and efficient member, universally esteemed and respected.

I also noticed a communication in the BANNER of Nov. 10th, from A. A. Johnson, of Clarksville, Cal. I saw and talked with his brother-in-law a year ago last September, and he stated to me at that time that A. A. Johnson went East, enlisted, and was supposed to be dead, as they had received no tidings from him.

Believing it every one's duty to let their light shine so that all may eventually be brought to a knowledge of this blessed communion of souls, I send this, hoping it may lead some seeker after truth to a full realization of his or her desires.

Thine for Truth, J. K. CHANDLER.
New London, Iowa, Dec. 1, 1866.

New York Branch of the Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing House.

Our office in New York is at No. 54 Broadway, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum. Friends visiting the city are invited to call, where Dr. STORER, our Agent, will be happy to afford any information concerning the location of mediums, public meetings, or whatever may be of value as a guide to strangers.

To the Charitable—Donations Solicited in Aid of the Destitute.

Winter is again at hand, and again the poor need aid. Who will assist us in furnishing them with bread, as in times past? We again solicit donations, assuring the donors that all moneys coming into our hands for the purpose specified, shall be appropriated judiciously. A record will be made of every dollar received by us, and published from time to time, with the names of the donors, unless otherwise ordered.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
A. D. N., ROSELVILLE, CAL.—Your kind letter and funds received.

E. B. F., NEW YORK.—It is an utter impossibility for us to furnish you with a bound volume of the BANNER for '62, or to supply the copies designated, as the editions were exhausted long ago.

S. V., NEW YORK.—Party politics we eschew.

C. B. S., MONTGOMERY, TEXAS.—Your MSS. have been received and placed on file for future use.

Poor Fund Donations,
[To send the BANNER to the Poor.]

Previous acknowledgments:—\$128.00
W. H. Snelling, Brooklyn, Cal. 5.00
Friend, 1.00
Mrs. Wm. Jumper, St. Louis. 1.00

Business Matters.

WHEN YOU FEEL A COUGH or bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and cure it before it becomes incurable.

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THE PAIR-KILLER ABROAD.—The following correspondence will show something of the estimation in which Perry Davis's Pair-Killer is held on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is not surprising that a medicine that receives such testimonials as this from abroad, should find well-sustained and increasing appreciation at home:

U. S. CONSULATE,
TUNIS, December 27, 1865.
To the Proprietors of Davis's Pair-Killer, Providence, R. I.:
GENTLEMEN.—The enclosed note has just been received from my friend Fulin, late Consul General of Norway and Sweden and of Trieste, in this place. No comment is needed.

Yours truly,
AMOS PERRY.
GROEN, December 16, 1865.
DEAR SIR.—Accept my thanks for the thirty copies of Davis's Pair-Killer. This medicine has often relieved me of serious indisposition, and I would not on any account consent to be without it both for myself and my family.

I have recommended it to my late colleagues and friends in Tunis and Genoa, and at my request one of the largest druggists in this city has sent an order to New York to meet the demand in this place. Yours truly,
G. A. TULLIN.
Ex-Consul General of Sweden and Norway and of Prussia, in Tunis.
Honorable AMOS PERRY, United States Consul General, in Tunis. —Dec. 22.

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Physician of all schools of medicine, see Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Nov. 24.

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The Author has been assisted in the construction of the Drama by available suggestive material from French writers, and personal observation of the places in which the action is located on the coast of Brittany.

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The Manager refrains from publishing a detail of the domestic incidents, and affects dramatic situations and exciting tableaux, included in the new Drama, which is by the author of "The Surgeon of Paris," "Carpenter of Boston," "Moll Pitcher," "Silver Spoon," "Sons of the Cape," and upwards of one hundred successful Dramas.

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CONSTANTLY, and at the permission of J. S. JONES, the author of the Drama, the Manager of the Theatre, will

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PROPERTIES AND APPOINTMENTS, BY CHAR. NEVEAT and Assistants.

MONDAY EVENING, December 17th,

CAPTAIN LASCAR,

—THE—
PILOT OF BREST.

FAMILY OF LASCAR.

PHILIPPE LASCAR, a Coast Pilot.....FRANK ROCHE.

LOUISE LASCAR, his Wife.....MRS. J. H. ROBERTS.

ELISE LASCAR, their Daughter.....MISS FANNIE MARSH.

CRICACIA, an old Pilot.....E. SEAYER.

JOHN LASCAR, his Wife.....MRS. J. H. ROBERTS.

DIEMONT, a Pilot.....L. WATSON.

PAUL LOISEL, a Cabin Boy.....MISS ISABELLA HOWITT.

FAMILY OF MALCOURE.

JOHN MALCOURE, a Wrecker.....G. W. MITCHELL.

TERESE MALCOURE, his Wife.....MRS. J. H. ROBERTS.

JEANETTE MALCOURE, their Daughter.....MISS ALFREDA PIERCE.

ARISTIDE MALCOURE, favorite of the Father.....COL. STEWART.

YOUNG MALCOURE, favorite of the Mother.....T. H. BURNES.

CAPT. GARNETTE, Commander of Brest.....W. B. LAURENS.

LA ROUX, Judge Advocate.....G. W. WILSON.

PASQUILL, Sergeant of Coast Guard.....F. S. SALTER.

Officers, Pilots, Sailors, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Citizens.

AMERICANS.

JONATHAN FOX, of Beverly, Mass.....J. REES DAVIES.

DR. GOSHAM, of Cambridge, Mass.....E. J. MACK.

JESSE WASHINGTON SMITH, of Boston.....L. CARLAND.

J. WILLIAMS.

ENGLISH.

EDWARD CONROY.....FERD. HIGHT.

EDWARD CONROY.....S. B. VILA.

JOHN FINCH.....MACK.

PART I.

Interior and Exterior of Lascar's House, near Point Grant Menou, Brittany. The Family Feud. The new Marine Law. The Carbine.

PART 2.

"The Chief of St. Matheo. Dunes First." "I will put out these fires, though death be mine upon the Cliff!" Tableau.

PART 3.

Wild Mountain View. Moonlight. Camaret Bay in the distance. Adieu! The House of the Workers. Conflict between the two families. The Coast Guard. Lascar's orders—"Canonniers, fire!" Exciting Tableau.

PART 4.

Lord Conroy's Villa on the Island of Jersey.

PART 5.

Great Menou. Pilot's House. Quarrel between England and France. Song—John Mouse: "A Sailor Lives on Board his Ship!" Sailors' Chorus and

MARINE BALLET I.

Pilot's Oath. "Two worlds are in flames: the Star of the New World. A French ship is in the rear from North to South." "I will take Brest!" "I will not deliver it to you, I swear!" Tableau.

PART 6.

Cove of Bertheau. Rocks and Reefs of Buce Tower. Batteries of the Goulet and Cape of Bertheau.

TABLEAU OF BATTLE AND WEEK.

Hall of Justice in the City of Brest. A Naval Board assembled. The Trial of a Traitor to France.

"That shot saved Brest, and should save my Husband!"

SPIRITUALIST FAIR!

THE LADIES OF THE SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY of Charleston, will hold a FAIR, in the City Hall, on Christmas Eve, at 8 o'clock, to go toward building a Hall, for the purpose of holding Spiritualist Meetings, &c. There will be an entertainment, and the proceeds to be used for the building. Spoken, singing, &c., during the continuation of the Fair. Goods of every description, both useful and ornamental, will be for sale in the hall. H. L. WATSON, Sec. Rec. Dec. 22.—2w.

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MR. E. F. KINGMAN and MARY J. CLARK, will give a Musical Entertainment, at the invitation of the Violin, Guitar, Drum and Bell, giving also other physical manifestations. Address, SOUTH ASHFIELD, Mass. Dec. 22.

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A LITERARY SENSATION!

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,
THE LEADING STORY AND SKETCH
PAPER OF THE AGE,
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Half romance and half reality, entitled,

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Author of "Among the Pine," "My Southern Friends," "Down in Tennessee," etc., etc.

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are legion. His name is known wherever the English language is spoken, and his works have been translated into almost every known tongue. The mere announcement of his name, therefore, as a contributor to the columns of the

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Ought to secure for that journal a million readers; but when we announce that in

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And the work loses nothing in the way of interest from the fact that he belonged to that miserable class of Southern Society,

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Although a living, breathing reality, the hero of

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Was the man who

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The story, as a whole, is a mingling of romance and reality such as seldom catches the attention of all classes, whatever their peculiar views may be. It is full of the most absorbing interest from beginning to end. Acts of heroism, hair-breadth escapes, deeds of daring and unimpeachable pen-portraits of characters follow each other so rapidly, that the reader has scarcely breathing time to jump from one to the other. We read in the pages of pure romance of the exploits of Compe's "Harvey Birch," and other fictitious characters, and are fairly carried away by them. But what must be the effect when we know that the hero of whom we are reading once had on the "dark and bloody ground" "a local habitation and a name"—that he was a real character, and that what is set down here is a true history? Every body must be deeply interested in this great story, and it is only necessary to say in conclusion that

ON THE BORDER,

BY EDMUND KIRKE,

is now ready to

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

The New York Weekly

is for sale by all News Agents throughout the United States and in the Canadas.

STREET & SMITH,

NO. 11 FRANKFORD STREET,
NEW YORK.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit who gave it, through the instrumentality of

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

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

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

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 three o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

Invocation.

In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we are here on this occasion. And we ask, O Spirit of the Past, of the Present and of the Future, that thou wilt bless us with a consciousness of performing thy will and walking in thy way. O Lord our God, thou Spirit in whom we live, we pray thee in behalf of the Church, that the clergy and the people may understand that this newly arisen star of Bethlehem is waiting in the horizon of the Present, that they may come and worship at the shrine of truth.

O Lord our God, we pray thee to hasten the time when all mind shall understand their rights, and worship thee in spirit and in truth. We pray thee that those who are in sorrow may be led out of their darkness into light. We pray thee that those who do deeds of darkness, because they do not know that it is better to do deeds of light, may understand that thou art calling; calling them, through every avenue in nature, to better things.

O thou Divine Spirit, send out thy life over all the earth, so that all thy people everywhere shall rise up and praise thee with a song of thanksgiving. Oh, we thank thee most fervently that our eyes are opened, that our ears hear the sweet song of truth that is floating everywhere in life. We praise thee that we are enabled to return to the scenes of our earthly labor, preaching unto those who are in darkness, and praying for all souls who have need. Unto thee, our Father and our Mother, thou Son of everlasting Wisdom, be all honor and praise forever. Amen.

Oct. 30.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, we will answer.

Q.—By a correspondent: Does Jesus of Nazareth, or any of the Apostles or Prophets of old, ever communicate with this circle? If not, why do they not seek to enlighten us on those questions of religion that are the cause of so much dispute at the present day?

A.—Milk is good for babes, and meat for mature age. You are as yet babes in this new religious philosophy, and your infant stomachs could not well digest that you ask for an All-Wise and loving Providence—call it by whatever name you please—knoweth well your needs, and answereth each need in due season. Your correspondent asks if any of the ancient saints, the Apostles, Prophets, do visit this place, communing through this organism? We answer yes, often, very often. But you must understand that whatever ideas are from time to time given you, whatever thoughts are communicated to you from any source, in order to be of service to you, must be modified, so that there will be an adaptation between yourselves and the truths. Supposing a Jesus of Nazareth, supposing any of the ancients were to come personally to you, talking to you as they talked in their time, their day and generation, would you understand them? No. Would you appreciate them? No. And again: supposing those persons should return, giving you the fullness of their present experience, giving you the fullness of the kingdom in which they now exist, through which they now act, would you understand them? No. Would you appreciate their efforts? No. Knowing this, they modify their ideas; truths they would give to you, to suit your capacity to receive.

Q.—Where is the place called the spirit-land located? Is it on the earth, or in the atmosphere above the surface of the earth?

A.—The spirit-land is everywhere, as life and its manifestations are everywhere. The spirit-land is about you and within you. It is beneath you and above you. Every material object has its internal spirit or life. If there were no life there could be no form. So then, you are to understand that the spirit-world is not located afar off. It has no special location. It is everywhere.

Q.—Does rainy or cloudy weather offer any impediment to spirit-communication?

A.—That depends very much upon the organism to be controlled. It is absolutely impossible to control some media except in a rarefied atmosphere. Again: it is possible to control some media in all states of atmospheric life. With regard to the organism your speaker controls, atmospheric changes make very little difference.

Q.—Are not the ten commandments both logical and spiritual?

A.—Yes, when rightly considered.

Q.—I understand that a spirit guide of this circle claims that it is best for a person to follow his natural impulses, whether they be for good or evil. If I am misinformed, I desire to be corrected. But if I am not misinformed, I must take sides against you, and would be happy to discuss this matter with you sometime in the future, when I shall endeavor to demonstrate my position by science. This is a momentous question, and upon a correct solution of it depends the happiness or misery of countless millions of beings.

A.—There are many different intelligences controlling at this place; each one possessing their own distinctive opinions with regard to all subjects, and each one possessing the right to express those opinions, in accordance with their ideas of right or wrong. Your speaker believes, that it is right under all circumstances to seek most earnestly and most faithfully, to overcome the lesser good with the greater good. There are certain minds who believe it is best for an individual to live in accordance—either in earth-life or spirit-life—with so-called natural tendencies. Your speaker does not believe this; for he knows, from observation, that nearly nine-tenths of all physical life is propagated under unfortunate circum-

stances; therefore the basis must be a lesser and not a greater good. The lesser good, men have named evil. This being true, so much the greater need of the individual who lives thus conditioned, to war perpetually against that degree of lesser good, upon which basis they seem to stand—in which they seem to move. It is also declared by certain minds, that it is absolutely impossible for any individual to act absolutely counter to their natural instincts. Your speaker does not believe this statement; for he knows that there are countless examples to the contrary, and these examples are in many respects the lights of the world. Jesus hath said, "You should always seek to overcome evil with good." If there was no need of this warfare, certainly he would not have commanded it.

Oct. 30.

Hannah A. Preckett.

How do you do, sir? I told my friends I should come here just as soon as conditions were favorable; I should manifest to them from here. But it is now nearly a year and seven months since I made the promise.

I was born in the year 1832. I was well acquainted with these things. I believed that I should come back. I believed I should be able to come here, and I expected to bring with me—or to experience while here—sensations akin to my old earthly weaknesses; and I do. I told them I would tell them of what disease I passed away, for they were in doubt themselves.

It is not possible to say exactly with what disease I died, for it was not one disease alone, but a complication of diseases, a general breaking up of the system, a general breaking down, a loss of vital force. My spirit-guardians say that one of the prominent causes of my change, or death, was a loss of vital force in the spinal column; and that of course produced a loss throughout the whole nervous system. My lungs were very weak. I was very weak all over. I do not know as my disease could be strictly called pulmonary consumption, though it may have been that.

From the earliest dawning of these spiritual truths, I was a firm believer in them, and did all in my power to interest others in them; and I am so happy now to think I did. I am very happy in my spirit-home. I want you to tell my friends, when I first came there and had fully recovered my faculties, I found that the chief duty devolving upon me was to enlighten many who were less fortunate than myself with regard to their condition. Well, I was a sort of a Sister of Mercy, going about and doing whatever I could do to aid others; and I was so gloriously happy in the work! To-day I have gone a step higher. But I sometimes return to my old position, for it is to me filled with perfect joy. I am happy there.

I want my dear sister, Mrs. Clark, to know that I can come often to her and to my brother-in-law, her husband. I come often there, oh, very often; and I try in all ways to make them realize my presence; try all in my power to make them happy, to make them realize that the Spiritual Philosophy is a glorious truth.

From Hannah A. Preckett, from Richfield, Ohio. My message will be received. Your BANNER is a household guest.

Oct. 30.

Nettie Whittinger.

I've come, again, mister, to send a message to my dear mamma and papa. Do you care? I am Nettie Whittinger. Did you know me? I was eight years old here, but I'm most ten now. I got permission to go to mamma and papa when I learn how to write. I most learned how to control a medium so as to write, and as soon as I have learned, I shall write out my experience in the spirit-world. Oh, they will be so glad! They want to know if I come home every day? Won't you say I do, please? I go home every day. Sometimes I'm at home all day; but some days I don't go only once a day. But I always go home every day, because you see mamma and papa think so hard of me, strong of me, that I have to go, and I like to, too.

Won't you tell them I'm learning a great many things in the spirit-land, and I suppose by-and-by I shall know a great deal. I am very happy in the spirit-land. I don't want to come back to live in the body I had. It was good; I liked it then, but I wouldn't like it now. And I'd like all my dresses given away, if you please, and all my things, to some little girl what has n't got any. (To the Chairman.) I'm very much obliged to you. You know where my letter goes? To Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory. [We remember you, we think.] I reckon you do. You could n't dismember me if you should try, could you? [We should n't want to, for we like to have you come and see us occasionally.] I want to send ever so much love to my father and mother. Send a good deal of love, won't you? Good-by.

Oct. 30.

Seance opened by Father Henry Fitz James; closed by Joseph Brandt.

Invocation.

Oh, God, the waves of thine infinitude are beating forever, ever beating upon Time's shore; and the soul is forever asking wherefore the waves and where their source? Yet, O Lord our God, though we, in our littleness, may not comprehend thee in thy greatness, yet we will not lose our faith in thee or wander from thy shrine; but daily and hourly we will bring our offerings thereunto, craving thy blessing upon them.

Oh, our God, we thank thee that though our feet are enabled to tread the ethereal pathway of Eternity, yet they are also able to press the soil that covers our mortal remains. Oh, we thank thee that though we can climb the mountains of Power, Progress and Wisdom, we can also descend into the valleys of Humiliation and Human Sorrow. We thank thee, that, although we can drink the joys of eternity, we can also drink the sorrows of mortality. We thank thee, that, although we can bask in the sunshine of thy love, we can also be folded about by the storm cloud of uncertainty and despair. Our Father, we praise thee for thy beautiful life, just as it is, with its storms and its calm, with its days of sunlight and rain. With prosperity we, oh, Lord, lift our souls unto thee, and through adversity. Oh, thou Spirit, upon whose bosom we have ever been cradled so lovingly, whose loving smile hath ever beamed upon us through every form of being, thou God, and Father, and Mother, unto thee we dedicate our feeble utterances, asking thee to bless them.

Nov. 1.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By J. M. Sterling: There are various opinions and theories relative to the origin of the Gulf Stream. Can you give us any light upon the subject?

A.—Your speaker would be unable to give any light upon the subject. There are others

who may have the power to give light in that direction; but, as your speaker has not the power, of course, if he is honest, he must say so.

Q.—By the same: Are there influences in spirit-life known as the Circular and the Pyramidal? If so, will you explain to us the nature and the difference of the two?

A.—All life moves in circles, exists in circles. We have no knowledge of any such condition in spirit-life as your correspondent refers to.

Q.—Is individual sovereignty the highest order of government?

A.—We think not. And yet every individual is a sovereignty of themselves; a power perfect in themselves. We believe that the present form of a Republican Government is the very best that you mortals are capable of appreciating; for it is the highest and the latest outgrowth of your political existence. You know no higher. You have a faint, dim perception of something better, but you cannot bring that perception into your present life, for it belongs to your future. Individuals, as groups and nations, grow in this matter, as in all other points of life, and grow very slowly. The time was, a few years ago—or a few centuries ago, perhaps it would be better to say—when the hard, stern, inflexible rule of individual sovereignty was not then what it now is. It was then the one-man power in the strictest sense, or individual sovereignty in the strictest sense. But to-day mind mingles with mind so easily and so perfectly, that, so far as nations are concerned, there can be no individual sovereignty.

Q.—Can I live a true life without exercising personal, individual control; self-protecting and self-defending?

A.—No, certainly not.

Q.—I am happy to differ from you.

S.—If you did not obey the law of your selfhood, you would have no selfhood; for your very obedience to it gives it life. You cannot be somebody else; somebody else cannot be you.

Q.—Do I need protection from others?

A.—Certainly you do, because you are united to every other soul in the universe. You receive of every other soul, and you give to every other soul. You lend of your strength to protect every other soul; and every other soul lends of their strength to you. There is a mutual dependence existing throughout all life.

Nov. 1.

Charles Fowler.

There seems to be a little something to do, in order to get entirely over the road this way.

It is nine years ago yesterday since I made my exit from the stage of human life, mortal life. During the last few months of my life here, I got a little interested in these manifestations; was at one time in New York State to fill an engagement, and I had the good fortune to meet with one of the Fox girls—I believe they called them—and there I saw some very strange manifestations that made me believe it very possible that dead folks might return. We were quite excited about it, and paid a good deal of attention to it for awhile, and numerous promises were made by us in regard to coming back. Any one of us who died first was to come immediately back, without any let or hindrance.

But you see it's nine years, and I've just arrived. I believe I took the first boat that had a foothold upon it—for me, at any rate. So you see I've embraced the very earliest opportunity.

My name is Charles Fowler. I suppose I should say I hailed from New Orleans, because I died there; although I am a New Yorker by birth, and an actor by profession.

Now I've got nothing to say for or against this modern Spiritualism. If my coming is any proof in favor of its truth, why take it for all it's worth.

I suppose I went out of fever, sort of a congestive fever, they said; I don't know about it. And they said I was delicious when I died. I doubt it very much, for I very well know that the friends around me thought I was delicious, when I was just as conscious of what I was saying as I am now. You know, sir, it is not always best for a person to tell all they know. There were some parts of my life that were not known to the friends about me, therefore it is not at all strange they should think I was a little wild when I spoke of those portions of my life. Well, they have since learned, I believe, that there was something to my talk more than the words they ascribed to delirium. They well understand what I refer to—the strange talk of my sickness. I refer to that, and I want them to take whatever steps may be necessary toward putting the thing in right shape. Excuse me, if you don't understand. There is no need of your understanding me.

And now one word to prove my identity. I propose that my friends—I have no near relatives on the earth—so you see I'm not addressing them; but my friends, my acquaintances. I was greatly attached to some persons here on earth, and I would like to open communication with those friends; not simply for the purpose to have them straighten out my earthly affairs, but for their own good as well as my good; for our mutual benefit.

Well, now, to prove that I am Charles Fowler, I would like that they enclose a series of questions to me in an envelope, such as they know that I alone could answer, and direct to that medium in New York—confound it, I've forgotten his name!—[Mr. Mansfield, No. 102 West Fifteenth street.] Yes, that's it. I know there was a field to it, but what came before I could n't tell. Direct to him, and I'll be sure to prove my identity. I could do it here, but your papers are noisy things, though they don't speak. Excuse me, sir, I mean no slur upon the press; for I'd be the last man to do that; but I mean to say that we do n't always want to have our private affairs made public. That's what I mean.

Now, sir, with many thanks for your kindness, I'll again make my exit, but in a different manner from what I did before. [You had better address some particular person.] Oh yes, beg your pardon. Well, I'll address, then, William McDonald, of New Orleans. Will that do? Good-day.

Nov. 1.

David Wilder.

I had the experience of upwards of eighty years here; but I am obliged to confess, that so far as my spirit is concerned, it was of very little value to me. It was entirely material, or blindly theological.

I walked in the way that was marked out for me by my spiritual advisers in youth, and I never deviated from that way; nor could I be induced to do so by any means. And I am now, in my spirit-home, regretting, seriously regretting having refused to embrace the opportunities for gaining wisdom concerning the spirit-world that were offered to me.

My son once asked me what I should think if I were to hear the testimony of a thousand or more sane, reliable, substantial people in favor of modern Spiritualism. I replied, "I should think they were all crazy."

I come here to-day to tell him that I was the more crazy of the two; that I refused to believe

in a true and rational religion, but believed in one that was entirely mythical; and such an one as the soul, in its freed condition at death, would receive no support whatever from. I am here to congratulate my son upon his success in spiritual matters. He should be thankful that he was so organized that he could see these things, could discern spiritual things. St. Paul says it's not all that can, and those who are fortunate in that respect should be thankful.

I have been in the spirit-world but a few weeks, and I am making very good progress, and my earnest desire is to do now all the good I can in whatever direction seems to be opened up to me.

I thank my son for the patience he manifested toward me in my opposition to him. And I would earnestly pray that he may continue in his beautiful spiritual way, never faltering and never fearing, because other men do not think as he does.

I am David Wilder, sir; and I wish my communication given to my son, David Wilder.

Nov. 1.

"Eulalie."

I am here, sir, to answer in behalf of those who are unable to answer. Will you be kind enough to say, through your paper, that the spirit-friends of Robert Dowling, who is living at Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras Co., Cal., desire earnestly to open his eyes? And, as they see that he is searching for truth, and is not disposed to receive all the bubbles that are floating upon the surface, but is rather disposed to go beyond the surface, they, too, are extremely anxious to aid him in his researches. But they must conform to the laws of their own being in doing so.

They wish me to say that they have duly examined the medium in New York, Mr. Mansfield, and they find that they shall be able to identify themselves clearly and perfectly through him. So they desire, then, the mortal friends of Robert Dowling to send to that medium, Mansfield, a series of questions such as they, and such as he would be satisfied with were answers given.

This is the first step. When the time comes for him to take the second, the way will be shown him.

I am "Eulalie," once wife of the editor of the "Calaveras Chronicle."

Nov. 1.

James Murphy.

I don't know anything at all about how you do things—what your order is of business at all.

Well, sir, somehow or other I have so many things that drew me here to earth, I had to come. It was ringing round me all the time—what is it about?—what is it about the money?—what is it about the money? How will we settle about the money? Now that's a pretty thing for a man to carry into the upper life with him, where he does not need any greenbacks or gold or silver to pay his fees with! But however, Captain, I have it round me all the time. What is it about the money? That's what draws me here.

Well, it's very little money I had, anyway. It's in all not more than two hundred dollars—not more than that. The most of it was in bounty. And now you see, it is like this: My brother says I said to him, "If I get killed—if I get killed, I want you to take care of what I leave." I was drunk, and very drunk at that, if I ever said it; for I'd know better than that. So he goes to my wife, and tells her that I said that to him, and he wants to know where's the money?—that's the question. And if she's a fool, she'll tell him where it is; if she isn't, she won't.

Now you see, he's gone to the priest about it. He's gone to the priest, and told him about the money, and tells him not to absolve my wife when she comes to him. You don't know anything about absolution, do you? Well, I suppose you're not a Catholic, so you can't know much about it. He has been to the priest, and said, "When that person comes to you, you must not absolve her, because she refuses to give me the money;" and that is committing a sin again the dead. By absolution, I mean pardon for sins. If she got any sin, now he'll not pardon her.

Well, now, see here: though I'm not a Catholic now, nor anything, except just what I pretend to be, and that is, James Murphy, the same as I was on earth; but just so sure as that priest dares to refuse her absolution till she gives up the money, he'll regret it; for I'll come to him; I'll make it my business to come to him morning, noon and night, and I'll stir him up so he will think the devil is in the wind, anyway. Now that's it, sir. You see I don't want to do anything wrong; but if folks will get their foot in the mud, they must pull hard to get it out. That's the way we had to do when we got our feet in the Virginia mud. We had to work hard to get them out. If he's got in a scrape, he must get himself out. And if I told him any such thing, I was drunk, and he should n't pay any attention to it. He says I did say it the day I went away. Well, I was pretty drunk that day, and I can't say what I did say. But if I said it, I was drunk, and it ought not to be heeded, you know; that's it.

I don't want to be hard at all. I don't like to be hard, but I think it's right that I should come here. [You think your wife ought to have the money?] Oh, I do think so; would n't I be a fool to think otherwise? [Where did you leave your wife?] Where? Ah, down Cross street, or somewhere there. Oh, she's needing it very much, and my brother shan't have a single dime. There, now, that's it right out. He's making altogether too much fuss about it; yes, oh, yes. The very next day after I was dead he was after the money; that's the love he had for me, you see. Oh, the devil take all such love, I say!

Well, sir, I don't know, maybe I ought to get regenerated, or something. Faith, I'm satisfied with myself; satisfied it's right for me to come. If anybody else do n't think it's right, why, then they can make the best of it; that's all.

I am from the 29th Massachusetts, sir. [What company?] Company C. I'm a little cross to-day, but I'll be over it when I go away. [Can you tell where you were killed?] Where I was killed? Well, sir, I was wounded at Atlanta; didn't die just there. Be hard to tell where the devil I did die, for I can't tell where I was taken to. [Do you know where you were when you died?] Oh, well, I did, then. I was suffering for some days—quite a number of days. [Where were you hit?] In two or three places: first in my hand, then in my side, then down in the thigh somewhere.

Well, sir, I'll be most obliged if you do the favor for me. [We will.] All right. Then I'll pick up my traps and go on.

Nov. 1.

Seance conducted by John Pierpont, and closed by C. A. Randall.

MESSAGES GIVEN AT OUR CIRCLE.

Monday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Major Thomas Wells, to his wife, children, and Robert Wells; Polly Truman, of Montpelier, Vt., to her relatives; Charles Jenkins, of Chester, Mass., to his parents; Bill Cutter, of Montpelier, Vt., to Isaac B. Smith.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Major-General Robert Meade, of Ohio; Harriet, wife of Israel Newton, to her husband in New Jersey; Wm. Gardell, to his father, Wm. Gardell, of Jefferson, O.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[To be careful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promulgate only use of appointments, or changes of appointments, where 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 Lecturers only.]

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker. Address during December, Winstock, Vt. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Londonderry, Vt., Dec. 16, 23 and 30; in Weston during January. Address as above, or Middlebury, Mass.

Mrs. N. K. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. **GEO. W. ATWOOD**, trance speaker, Weymouth Landing, Mass. **Dr. J. T. AUBUS** will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism. Address, 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDRUS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lecture upon reforms.

Mrs. SARAH A. BERRY will speak in Tranton, Mass., Dec. 16 and 23; in Salem will lecture in W. Williams, Conn., during February; in Somers during April. Would like to make further engagements. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. C. BROWN will speak in North Dana, Mass., every other Sunday until further notice. Address, Ware, Mass. **Mrs. A. P. BROWN** will speak in Winstock, Vt., Dec. 16 and 23, and at Liberty longer, if wanted. Address St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 5815, Chicago, Ill. **J. H. RICKFORD**, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. **M. C. BRY**, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the Western States. Address, Berlin, Wis. Care of J. Webster.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLEN, 161 West 12th st., New York. **Mrs. E. A. BULLEN**, 290 North Second street, Troy, N. Y. **REV. ADIN BALLOU**, Hopedale, Mass.

A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa. **Dr. J. K. BAKER**, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture. **ADDIE L. BALLOU**, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn. **WARREN CHASE** will speak in Rock Island, Ill., during December. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

DEAN CLARK, inspirational speaker, Brandon, Vt. **Mrs. LAURA CUPPER** is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal. **Dr. L. K. COOPER** will lecture in Charlestown (Washington Hall), Dec. 16 and 23; will remain in New England until March 1. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books. Address, Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. MARIETTA F. CROSS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hampden, N. H., care of N. P. Cross. **P. C. CLARK**, M. H., will answer calls to lecture. Address, Marshfield, Boston.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will receive calls to lecture in New England until further notice. Address, 11 South street, Boston.

Mrs. ACOSTA A. CURRIER will answer calls to speak in New England through the summer and fall. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture, and also pay particular attention to establishing new Lyceums, and laboring in those places where the cause of Spiritualism is struggling. Address, during December, will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity. Address as above.

Mrs. ABELIA H. COLBY, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill. **Mrs. JAMES J. COOPER**, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn.

Mrs. J. CHADWICK, trance speaker, will lecture, hold seances, give tests, and prescribe for the sick. Address, box 274, Vineland, N. J.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will take subscription for the Banner of Light.

IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

Miss LIZZIE CARLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich. **Mrs. ELIZA C. CLARK**, inspirational speaker. Address, Eagle Harbor, Orono, Me.

JUDITH A. G. W. CARTER, Cincinnati, O. **CHARLES P. CHUCKER**, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y. **THOMAS COOK**, Huntsville, Ind., lecturer on organization.

Miss LIZZIE TROTTER will lecture in Boston during December in New York during January, and in Worcester, N. Y., no further

Mediums in Boston

[illegible]

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SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings in Turn Verein Hall, at 11 o'clock A. M., and a lecture at 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Browner, Leader of Groups.