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SINGULAR REVELATIONS.

THE STORY OF DAVID ALLEN, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF A. WILCOX.

[Concluded from our last.]

It is far from being unpleasant to travel from one part of the globe to another without any visible means of support, yet supplied at the proper time with everything needed; but it was necessary for me to be employed at certain times, in order to work out more successfully the plans which were laid before me in the memorable island of Ceylon. Whenever the power within forced me, to a certain extent, to action, opportunities were never lacking to favor any such design, and intrinsically opportune indeed were the means by which they were carried out. It seemed to me at first very strange that the mysterious power to which I bent should have chosen its devotees among those benighted heathen, who apparently had no claim whatsoever upon it by any progression in the scale of human intelligence; but I was soon undeceived, by learning the full truth in regard to all nations of the globe.

I will explain it to you in as concise terms as possible—not, indeed, as I experienced it, for human language is not voluminous enough to trace upon the mind the plans and systems on which the welfare of nations depends. It seems that over every spot of the earth on which a certain tribe or nation dwells, a sort of spiritual atmosphere is hovering. This atmosphere must be partaken of; it cannot remain inactive; neither can it return to its origin, but it is attracted to the ignorant mind in the same manner that the waters of the deep are attracted by the heat of the sun; hence it is absorbed continually. This atmosphere contains the elements of progression, and, when partaken of, it sets the mind afloat upon the wide sea of intelligence, to navigate the unknown space of future discovery. Whenever the mind partaking of this atmosphere is unconscious or unwilling, the very power which it conveys and which ultimately will be productive of so much good, exerts itself in such a manner as to indicate by its results the sterility of the possessor's mind, constituting what is called evil.

There is an Order among the benighted heathen (as they are called,) known as the Alum, or Soc, to which all the so-called High Priests or medicine men belong, who, in some way or other, have become aware of this fact, and by their superior intellect have monopolized the power contained in the spiritual atmosphere spoken of. This is the reason why in those savage tribes there is so much intelligence among the priesthood, and so much ignorance and so little vice among the laity. Among the more civilized nations, who have partaken of the same spiritual power individually, the result of said power is not so pointed and visible as in the other case. Knowledge is more generally diffused, and, also, more generally misunderstood; hence there is more vice. Now my mission is to work upon the priesthood of the savage nations, in order to unfasten the vast chambers of knowledge within themselves; and to let the laity partake of the same, under proper guidance, that, by their example, they may reclaim in course of time the benighted Christians; for that power spoken of will act in a more healthy manner when brought in contact with the human mind through the agency of another human mind, than to fall into it without any agency at all. Nature teaches us that the grain will come to a higher state of culture when the ground has been properly prepared, than when left to its own resources to sow and reap itself; truly, it will not die out, for Nature is an ever-living principle in itself; how vastly more beneficial to mankind when properly trained in the path of order and economy. Also, that power, when coming in contact with the human mind, multiplies itself, and just according to the mind of which it partakes in the first instance, its offspring shall be likened unto.

My mission among the more civilized nations is like a skillful general who calls in all the stragglers and draws in all the outposts, to beat a safe retreat, and in a firm, compact mass, a concentrated body, marches on afterwards, diffusing knowledge with power—combining power with knowledge—not leaving it to a chance word to scatter abroad the germs of thought, nor like bread cast upon the waters that it may return to us some time in the future, but to compel that power to adapt itself to use now, and to cast upon any individual possessed of it the desire to remain within the fold. Not to use the power within as a means of gratifying some predominant organ, but rather to modify all things by which greater honor is obtained.

It would not have been very judicious, and it hardly is yet, to inform the public mind of the afore mentioned power; but the time is fast approaching when man will learn that all things conceived or executed have their origin in heaven, though modified on earth.

Happy brotherhood indeed it will be when all men shall work toward the completion of that stupendous building, the rearing up of universal suffrage; when arts and sciences will flourish for the benefit of all; when commerce will be carried on through the agency of to-be-acquired knowledge—not money; when the produce of the Indies shall overspread the more desert plains of the west, receiving in return therefor accumulated knowledge of years of study and experience; when debts will be paid as faithfully as the echo returns the sound produced by a human voice; when the power of ruling, invested as it is now in a few, shall be done away with; when the fear of the law shall also have passed away, and the only stimulus to progression be the fear of being left behind.

I now go to the northern climes to warn those who are making a good use of the spiritual power of a fearful enemy who is striving to get the up-

per hand, and trying to call in all the forces which have taken possession of the human mind, and to put a stop to all progression.

It is a singular fact that whatsoever happens seems to be compulsory—urged in—drawn by some unseen power to some ultimate end. Now, as all power is given by God, therefore it must be good. But when married to the mind of man, it sometimes leads to destruction. It is like the powerful locomotive, driven by steam, carrying grain and cattle to feed the hungry; yet the same power which propels it on its errand of usefulness, will urge it on and on, even if a precipice is before it to dash it to destruction. And unless a skillful engineer makes the power obedient to his will, it would certainly be fatal to all the good intents and purposes of that company of men who sent the train to feed the hungry. In the same sense, the Delty may be charged with being the author of evil. He has given us full possession of powers and attributes wisely calculated for our benefit, but which, by perversion, may prove equally powerful in injuring us. It is necessary that it should be so. If the locomotive had not power to precipitate the train down an embankment, it could not have power to draw it from city to city. If fire had not the power of consuming our dwellings, it would not be able to serve the manifold purposes for which it is now used. Who is to blame for the evils of this world? Is it the Delty who gave us powers for our good? or is it he who, in the face of light and knowledge, persists in using or abusing the powers thus delegated, in trampling upon the rights of his fellow man or recklessly hurrying them on to destruction?

To give a continuous account of my labors would be tedious. I shall, therefore, refer to my spiritual diary, and touch upon such subjects as may be most instructive. The mode by which the mind may be separated from the body—act as a clairvoyant, and commune with celestial intelligences—is too well understood by you to require from me any description. Suffice it then to say that the long balance of my worldly career—leading a useful life as far as trade or occupation were concerned, apparently, at least to the common observer, an ignorant sailor—was spent mostly in that condition which is said to have been experienced by the seers of old. Let me at this time correct the notion the old theologians have held concerning the "accursed" of earth, and which the Jews kept so well stored in the mind that until the present day it is not eradicated. The dying on a cross—being elevated between heaven and earth—was more symbolical than any other mode of execution of God's displeasure, the victim not being considered worthy to occupy either earth or heaven; whereas he who has been called the saviour of mankind was not accursed by reason of the mode of death, but simply because he lived in two worlds at once, the celestial and terrestrial. He was accursed because he did not seem to belong to either, and was not comprehended by his own; and so all who are true mediums are treated by the world, for the very attributes by which they are surrounded are antagonistic to whatever appertains to the world below. The very favors extended to a true medium will turn into curses; and yet all injuries, the moment they meet the object of scorn, fall like harmless missiles to the ground.

In my explorations during my mediumistic state, I found that metals and minerals are subject to certain results flowing from the mind of man. It does not need the spade and pickaxe of the miner to bring to the surface the hidden ore, or those crystals receiving value only by the labor bestowed upon them afterwards, but said metals and minerals recognize within themselves, and never fail to show by their motion upwards to the surface, the influence exerted upon them by the moral world. I have seen sometimes the work of the mechanic, unconscious of his about-to-be-made discovery, give, as it were, a conscious jump at the prospect of liberation; for the metals themselves are conscious of the bars which hold them down and separate them from the higher intelligences, such as man. I say they are conscious; and often when set apart, or wrought by a skillful hand for certain purposes, those chosen to be set loose become so strong that they operate upon the workman's mind to such an extent, and so unite themselves with his own genius, as to permit him to identify himself momentarily with them, and to a certain extent know the adaptation yet hidden from common sight, which they may be put to. But why is it that the discovery is not followed up by the operator in all its bearings? A healthful law intervenes. The operator, elated with his success, fondly hoping that he has discovered the *ne plus ultra*, rushes out into the broad daylight to proclaim to the world his discovery, breaking his sympathy with the metal, which would have endured if left alone to its own impulses; and the metal itself, although for a moment in rapport with the operator, must withdraw itself to its own dimensions when brought in contact with the operator's ambition, which may have hundreds and thousands of spheres of action.

Behold the operator of three score and ten, whose life has been spent among the hidden treasures of inventive genius. He, instead of blazing forth to the world the magnificent results of his intense application, only partially inculcates in the mind of his fellowman, the results of his long life of labor, disclaiming all merit, and allowing his discoverer to remain in rapport with the material from which they have been made, thus enabling them to work and not without intrusion or interruption, and the world to partake of the results without disturbing harmony.

It has been observed by a physician of old, that the costly metals should not think that their reputation arose from the scarcity in which they were found, but because an undiscovered something was attached to their natures, which has given them the name of being noble and precious;

and when gold, or silver, or platinum, or those diamonds whose lustre no darkness can dispel, as susceptible to the polish produced by friction, shall have, as it were, unbosomed themselves and revealed the hidden mysteries within, have told man the uses for which they were created, then it shall become plain to him that those very noble metals contain within themselves the germ of a generation of beings far outshining any conceived ideas promulgated even in the brightest spheres of celestial intelligence; and yet, after all, they have been baser metals, as baser metals will sometime become noble and precious.

Where is the doctrine that man only enjoys individuality? I am convinced that a low degree of individuality may be enjoyed, and that all things are at least conscious of self-existence. I say, therefore, dig gold and silver, as well as the noble products of the field—allow all things to enter an improved stage of action. Let everything come in contact with man, and thereby enter a higher sphere and give man an impetus to ascend higher.

All the dreamy visions of the most dreamy visionary have not given the remotest idea of the various changes which in time to come will prove beneficial reciprocally upon man and beast. The whole universe is bound together with such bonds of sympathy that it revolves with its own inherent strength. Let each one, then, exert himself for the good of others, for thereby he will himself be elevated. How little is the mission of man understood. Even his passions have been given to him not only to ennoble him, but as a link connecting him with the lower creation, which connection elevates the lower, and impels man still higher. All men should know the truth that man can only progress by means of the good done to those below him. How could the Almighty himself have progressed, if he had not created systems and globes without number, peopled with beings enjoying his bounties? It is good to progress, but it is better to take along also that which is below us.

It is an old Spanish proverb, "The richer in metals, the poorer in wealth." For the last six or eight thousand years, gold and silver, by their scarcity, as well as by their virtues, which no other metals possess, have been looked upon as a desideratum by which happiness could be enjoyed to its fullest extent; and who is going to approve of the saying that "gold is dross," when even the God of the Hebrews—the present God of the Christians—approved of the same by giving Solomon the choice of either wisdom or power or riches, to become the possessor thereof, voluntarily adding riches when wisdom was chosen? Then gold is not to be condemned for the abuse people make of it; and in my opinion, instead of being allowed to remain the agent by which traffic is carried on, it will become the medium or steppingstone by which greater spirituality will be attained. We have seen in times past that those precious metals were drawn either from conquered countries oppressed by the hand of a tyrant, or as tributes imposed on the inhabitants of once happy and comparatively speaking free and enlightened communities. The reason why gold and silver proved a bane in those times to the explorer, is because the means by which they were obtained, and the abuses for which they were expended, were of a character entirely the reverse from what the creator of said metals intended; and even now California and Australia, those new Eldorados of glittering discoveries, show with all the progress attained that the bringing to the surface of the superior metals, although not quite so disastrous to the explorer as in former times, still carries in its train the usual companions of poverty and its attendant vices. But progression certainly is noticed everywhere, and abuse must be suffered, until, like water, it has found its proper level.

My duty, as well as the proper duty of some others, has been to open between some adventurers and the hidden ore a line of communication or sympathy, by which the metal might be brought in contact with the civilized world. How far we have succeeded, the past and the present show, and also plainly indicate a revolution very auspicious in its character. True, the nations of the far east hold silver, as a white metal, in higher estimation than gold, on account of its bright polish; but sooner or later it will yield the palm to the yellow atom, when a change will come over the destinies of myriads of multitudes, and where the gospel and civilization have failed in their attempts to humanize a portion of earth's inhabitants, the so-called filthy lucre will bring to pass a mighty reaction, and show plainly that Delty resides everywhere. To suppose that man will remain on the globe in his present condition of physical wants, would be against all reason; and although the past six or eight thousand years have made but very little alteration in the physical appearance of man, still the time is coming when men of the two periods will be so unlike each other as to be hardly recognized; when the past and present man will be as different as night and day.

We know that various metals, such as iron, copper, lead, and the like, have a powerful influence upon the various conditions of man, either externally or internally. If, then, those metals are set apart for uses which are clearly demonstrated, when the more precious metals are seemingly useless, the most inconsiderate mind must come to the conclusion that the use of gold has not been understood; and it yet will play an important part upon the stage of action, and be redeemed from the appellation of filthy lucre, by which it has been distinguished from the more useful metals. It is anti-scorbutic in its tendency, and hence it should be used in scrofula. Why is the poor miserable victim of consumption so eager to adorn herself with ornaments? Yes, the last glimmering spark of life is made use of to mirror herself, lest her very looks when death has sealed her doom should not be composed. Why

are all nervous patients eager for a touch of gold? Theology will tell you it is the grasping after baubles, and through a corrupt education. I will not deny that it is such; but under this troublesome crust of corruption is hidden the secret motive power by which the creature is impelled to satisfy a longing desire, and if instead of adorning the body to please the eye, the essence of it was taken inwardly, or applied externally, it would have the effect of invigorating the system, and even creating new lungs.

In my extensive wanderings throughout this vast globe, I have discovered in all the motives of men, corrupt as they may be, a secret spring of action, which is good, if not covered up by would-be-wise priestcraft, and the superstitious notions of the age; for the creature itself will seek for its own remedy, but sometimes misses the application of the same by not understanding the motives of its desires. How peremptory then is the order, "man, know thyself," and at the same time how worthy of obedience. There are various metals hidden in the bowels of the earth, a combination of which will produce again a superior one; and how many abuses will flow for thousands of years to come, but all tend surely to ameliorate the condition of the human being and raise him in the scale of humanity.

When gold and precious stones shall have been partaken of by the human system, and again rendered back to earth, they will enter the vegetable kingdom, which in its turn will show the glorious results of the one grand motive of Delty, REPRODUCTION BY ABSORPTION. Hence, what is life? When the nations of the east shall have scaled the level on which the western nations are placed; when they shall have met on common ground; when the spirit of baneful self-eminence, self-importance, so distasteful to every refined human mind, as it is now promulgated under the banners of the cross, shall be done away with, a perfect tornado of knowledge, treasured up in the dusty records of which priestcraft retains the key, will burst upon the astonished world. The period has been foreshadowed in the Bible pictures of a last judgment day, when the grave shall give up its dead, the sea its victims, and all shall render up their stewardship and make the judge acquainted with their deeds; when no one shall escape the fiat of true justice, and all will bow down to the righteous mandate; when every word spoken, every thought conceived, shall be laid bare. For what purpose? Merely to cry halleluiah to the Lamb forever, or for the discoveries of the past? All the scientific results or investigations, all the myriads of models for steam engines, fire engines, sewing machines, all inventions used now for the destruction of human life, and all and everything must be discussed then and there; and surely, if discussed at all, it must be for the good of coming generations, and not for the mere gratification of revenge by making some participants of eternal bliss and others of eternal misery.

Oh, accept my theory that whatsoever is created is for the good of man; and although seemingly evil by a non-conformity to its original intent, is yet to be used in its turn as a means to spiritualize man and prove a steppingstone to a higher world.

Wherever in civilized countries I bent my steps, I found the following results regarding the accumulation of the precious metals: The miser, as he is called, does not enjoy happiness. The sphere which he creates around himself is so much in opposition to so many others, that, gradually narrowing its limits, his life is extinguished like a taper in the midst of plenty. In this, as well as similar countries, the costly metals change hands more rapidly than among the less civilized communities, seemingly causing a certain friction, the object of which is to bring man under their influence more equally, that all may enjoy the benefits of earth's produce; and when man, acting against the intent of the Creator, seeks to frustrate the designs of Delty by withholding the material from the daily intercourse of his brother man, punishment is sure to follow. I have asked the priesthood of barbaric countries why such results as the foregoing are not observable among them, and the following is the answer of those oracles, who are looked upon by Christian missionaries as idolatrous, yet among whom is a knowledge of the whole world and the hidden powers of Nature, which could not have been acquired save through human instruction—which they have not—or from the source to which the Christians themselves owe their knowledge—holy inspiration. They say: We must, as much as lies in our power, possess the gold and silver and the precious stones drawn from the more civilized countries, the surplus which is constantly accumulating through the recent discoveries. By doing this we are centralizing a fertilizing power, which in aftertimes, when the cupidty of man shall have ceased to exist, will prove a benefit upon the mental soil, and cultivate the finer sensibilities of Nature, the same as the land and the fruit are ennobled by a constant mixture of refuse from higher and constantly growing beings. The sea, to a certain extent, absorbs the product of commerce; the waters become impregnated, and are drawn up by the light of day and distributed like a gentle rain over those parts of the globe where civilization is most predominant; for the less fortunate portion of mankind do not enjoy those powers of Nature, the benefits arising from which make man partake *notens volens* of the very essence of the metals which were once considered totally lost; thereby ennobling body and soul to such an extent that, in comparison with the less favored portion of earth's inhabitants, they will be as light is to darkness. But as the sea has received a check by those very same geniuses which it has created, in teaching man by its superior abilities to counteract devouring elements, gold and silver are more than ever pouring into those countries where darkness seems to dwell, which in their turn, but in a far different way from the ocean, will act by means of the metals upon man's finer sensibilities, that

the development of his nature will be more sudden and more refined.

Nature uses a variety of causes or means to develop its resources. Some causes, like the sea for instance, are of an indifferent nature; other causes again are of an intelligent cast; but if the results of causes of an unintelligent nature are so great, so magnificent, so universal, so truly ennobling, making man like unto God, how much greater must be the results when the cause, instead of being the sea, shall be the human intellect! The countries of the north are pouring a steady stream of metals into the forever hungry maw of the tropical caldronic receptacle; but far be it from me to suppose that it has no bottom. Yes, the time will come when it will be filled to its utmost limits. And when the north shall have learned to do away with the agent of traffic—gold—and commerce shall have been instituted upon its true basis, then those millions and even billions of precious materials accumulated in the east, no longer of use in commercial channels, will find their vent in some other outlet, and by their very quantity will be universally beneficial to all earth's inhabitants. Like unto lead, out of which a color is made by a process called fermentation of heating, so shall the more precious metals be used to give unto the agriculturist the power to produce fruits, and prepare the ground for them in such a manner as to govern the powers of the atmosphere, by which any sudden motions, such as tornadoes or the congealing of water, making destructive hail, shall be avoided, and the powers of the air will be kept in a happy equilibrium with the powers of the earth. And this the sages of the east know; hence they smile upon the puny efforts of Christian missionaries, and laugh at the idea of the proposed centrepiece for gold, whereas gold is the medium by means of which the missionaries are sent, and for which they risk their lives.

Oh remember the weight of oppression which rests upon the darker portion of our fellow men. It is like unto the friendly offices of a child, which, having caught a sweet warbler, a "flower of the atmosphere," struck by its beautiful plumage, hugs it close to his bosom to make it know that he feels a tenderness and affection for it, yet choking or crushing it in the attempt. I say those very priests know by their superior clairvoyant condition that all things are revolving around a certain centre, and that each must become developed by its neighborly contact in course of time, one producing another, and every effort put forth by pigmy man to arrest the stream of time is like the faint and dying breath of expiring humanity protesting against the fate called death.

The light dust floating in the air and falling on a large waterwheel, to be washed off with each revolution, may retard its motion, but the degree of retention is too minute to be calculated; so are the efforts of man to civilize the savage.

Having made the circuit of the temperate zone, I returned to the island of Ceylon, after an absence of ten years, to give an account of my labors, and to be supplied with fresh orders concerning my future course. It was a lovely night, and after leaving the vessel which had brought me there, I walked over the pebbly beach to the forest. Upon giving the preconcerted signal, I found myself surrounded by several sentinels, who conducted me by easy stages to the famous cave. The great concave had again assembled, and all were eager to hear the story confirmed by my own lips which they had read during my absence on the ever-fiducious surface of the stony throne. The cave was illuminated with unusual magnificence that evening, and voices whispering audibly in unknown tongues, seemed to give their approval. My relation was as follows:

"Venerable priesthood, after leaving this hospitable shore, according to the mandate of the oracle, I confined myself for ten years, lacking a few days, to that part of the globe called the temperate zone, traveling over its length and breadth, visiting the palace as well as the hovel. I followed that mysterious impulse whenever felt. I have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. I have established a chain of communication from individual to individual, by which instantaneously messages can be carried along the line, and from thence to this place, so that every moment you can become acquainted with the acts transpiring in those portions of the earth visited by me. Each individual recognized by me as a medium for higher intelligences has received, according to the larger or smaller development of his abilities, ample orders, and a thorough insight into the work to be accomplished. As in all other things, excesses will take place, and like the sparks falling from a shooting motor, many there are whose light will disappear; but the balance will be whole and purified for that mystic circle which can never be broken. We stand now as a firm band of brothers, bound together by the mystic tie of future welfare, the silent watchers of man's destiny, watchers on the walls of the true Zion, ready to give the alarm, to avert the danger, and capable of transmitting to our progeny, (if so-called death interferes,) duties yet to be performed. Each of us comprehend the necessity of remaining unknown as the authors of great discoveries, which has become necessary lest our vanity might be fed, and self-aggrandizement be our motive. We have taken advantage of the floating power of the spiritual atmosphere to introduce on this globe such improvements in science and the arts as will be fit companions to the higher man; and ever since our circle was completed, rays have been radiating from that great centre in those very places, giving unto us a power almost supernatural, by which, at will, we can command anything that seemeth good unto us. But lest vanity might take possession of the minds of the recipients of our favors, and they themselves would fain be looked upon as the authors and originators of certain improvements and startling discoveries, we have partly informed them of the grand secret called communion with higher powers, and even with those who have left the human form

and inhabit a higher sphere. That we have often failed and been disappointed in our calculations, this silent marble hath shown you; no doubt; but know also that those who depended upon their own power, that have received through our instrumentality the gifts by which they became known among men, boasting of their own superiority and disowning the source called spirituality, have invariably disappeared from the theatre of action in an ignoble manner, and their very offspring have been like the most ignorant beings of the earth. Let this be a sign to the world, that whenever flame has been darkened on a sudden, that whenever the flower has been cut down to-day in a place not known to-morrow, itself has been its own destroyer. We have also been preparing ourselves to centre man's mind upon that glorious point yet to be reached, the amalgamation of metals and precious stones, in order to obtain that elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, which has been the *me plus ultra* of foolish investigators of by-gone days. But we have not yet been able to do much in this respect for two reasons: first, that man has not been sufficiently developed, and is too selfish to render unto his neighbor any services without remuneration; and secondly, because the amalgamation of metals and precious stones, which seems to be the wish of the world, when the fruits of the earth shall have reached the climax of perfection, when the genius of the husbandman shall have drained the almost exhaustless resources of the earth's soil, then to obtain superior articles still, the attention must be drawn to those metals which, passing in their turn through the vegetable kingdom, will enter the physical system of man. Then the seeds of knowledge regarding those metals sown by us now, will bear an abundant harvest, and the bone of contention, the cause of war, of murder, and bloodshed, of theft and lust, and all the evils to which man seems to cling, shall be turned into plowshares, pruning-hooks, and scythes, to cultivate and cut down the golden grain, and become a useful tool in the hands of man.

All at once a terrific explosion was heard in the cave, and the light, which had lit up its furthermost recesses, suddenly went out, leaving us in impenetrable darkness. When again the face of the throne appeared, there was visible on it, in fiery letters:

"Why is it that man clings to evil? Nature teaches that attraction and repulsion are governed by laws as immutable as Deity himself. The clinging unto evil is but the result of the attraction of a divinity within, which virtue is eternally the same, surrounded by whatever circumstances it may be."

The oracle here ceased displaying its language of fire. I addressed myself to the gathered throng to inquire into the cause of the phenomenon displayed, and the High Priest answered me:

"Man of the favored white race, when meeting here in solemn convocation, never question; but if any question relating to the subject before us occurs to thy mind, breathe it only silently to thyself, and we will give thee an answer. The first query then uppermost in my mind, which, like many subsequent questions, was answered in the same manner, by letters of fire upon the stone's surface, was, Why such an obscure nook as the Island of Ceylon should have been chosen as the theatre for the execution of messages of heavenly import and important results to the whole human race? The oracle answered: "The germ of all that is good and excellent, whether belonging to the vegetable or animal kingdoms, originated in this mighty Eastern Empire. Descend us it may be of moral riches, it has enough to counterbalance whatever may be lacking upon as a defect, not because the priesthood in this wide domain have superior knowledge, but because they are the treasurers of the vast recesses of Deity's store-house, destined to deal out the seeds or germs of future greatness; for the superiority of the white population does not consist in originating, but in developing the germs thus placed under their fostering care."

I asked why it was that the priesthood seemed to be so well informed in regard to the spiritual movements about to take place, and reveal the world in its length and breadth. It was answered that by their coming in contact with those germs of wisdom and knowledge, however little developed, they came under the influence of the sphere from which that knowledge was obtained, and hence were participants to a certain extent, but their mental imbecility proved them unequal to the task for which the white race were set apart.

"When and how will the results consequent upon the development of said germs have any effect upon those millions of beings yet remaining in a state of moral total darkness?" Answer: "By returning to the west, by the amalgamation of mind with mind, and the adoption of a universal platform upon which all nations will meet, when the matter of skin and color will be eclipsed by the grand equilibrium of developed mind. Then shall we have obtained the result of our purpose."

Suddenly the cavern was flooded with a nebulous matter of a rosy tint. Beings very small indeed, but of an inconceivable number, of all possible shapes and forms, filled every nook and corner. Some were akin in shape to human beings; others again were like animals, whereas the vegetable kingdom was not represented at all. No happiness seemed to be enjoyed by any of them, yet it appeared as if each individual being was shining with a glory peculiar to itself. A degree of perfectness or superiority seemed to have been attained by them, yet in all they lacked harmony, for they were moving and thronging through the cavern without any concert of action, and no definite object seemed to have been their aim. Neither did their glory augment or diminish; and although conscious of each other's presence, sociability, that great artery through which sympathetic blood flows through the human veins, and makes the universal heart of manhood beat, seemed to be entirely lacking. Astonished at the novel sight, we all involuntarily wished for an explanation. The universal wish had such an effect upon the oracle that it answered with intense lustre:

"These are beings waiting to be incorporated into the human mind divine, by which they may become individualized. They are the offspring of so-called flowers, germs, thrown here and there by whirlwinds of the present day, and the mandates of his creator. Some are the offspring of man's cultivated thoughts, thrown aside as useless, either by a subsequent superior thought, or drawn away, as man often is, from the realities of creation to the less useful phantom-creations of his diseased brain; some are the fruit of misconception; some, again, the result of longing desires, but all alike in this respect carrying away with themselves parts of man's peculiarities. Nothing is lost in Deity's domains, and instead of being allowed to roam forever through the vast depths of ether, they are kept in readiness to become a human being the moment their counterpart is found, either of evil or of good design, by which union they receive that living principle of high degree called man, that enters a fetus with the seventh month's maturity. This is not opening the door for evil; for if the evil genius of man is productive of such grand results as we see now, who can divine the superiority over all things in creation which will be the result when the offspring of man's mind and physical body will all be pure and holy, and no thought conceived save for the benefit with the purpose of creating an offspring superior to the one from which it is produced a different race of men."

The vision vanished, leaving us all more or less affected. Upon reviewing my past life it seemed as though the atmosphere around me was thronged with the mental and physical offspring of my own misdeeds; and although the thought was consoling that they would in the end tend to ameliorate the condition of mankind, I felt grieved that my actions had not been of that high stamp by which greater results could have been obtained. It is therefore strange that I understood my mission for the coming ten years to be to make men acquainted with the responsibility resting upon their shoulders, and to give a fair insight into the world for what they are, and yet be blamed for what their offspring shall be. There is then a power attainable by all, the way of which will overcome all obstacles, a resting place on which to set a lever whereby not alone this earth but the whole universe can be moved.

Once more I wandered forth upon the globe, the path of duty plainly marked out. Although it may look as if I were an avenging angel, carry-

ing with me a devastating sword and a torch of destruction, still peace and happiness will be the result. From time immemorial, whenever treaties have been gathered together, casualties would happen and Mother Earth would claim her prey; after which agriculture rendered back to man that which was once lost to him. Absorbed in the human system, and becoming humanized, it became an ascending matter, and one of the germs of Deity.

A band of brothers, known to each other mentally as well as physically, are stationed to watch over the progress of universal manhood. The baser passions of man are taken hold of and stimulated, such as avarice, which sends bullion in stanch built clipper across the deep, because lack of confidence has destroyed the credit of nations. However stanch they are built, the principle in man to excel in speed often proves their destruction, and earth again receives her coveted treasure. And even when they succeed in reaching the place of destination, the bullion is again sent by ship-loads from Albion's shores to pay her warriors in distant lands, where warlike passions have been instigated by her own busy efforts—for all the passions of man are but millstones to crush the ore. All commotions, whether between pianos or in the atmosphere of this globe, which upset the peace of nations, or desolate the forests, or destroy the firmest of coveted crops, are means by which a greater or lesser degree of eminence is turned up into a deep furrow, by the mighty plowshare of Deity's propelling power.

Of late the most distant nations have been commingled. The icy barriers of the north have been pierced, and the inmost recesses of uncivilized territories have been visited, and a mighty purpose is apparent, which draws man on, and to what? Just look with me from an elevated standpoint at the universal commotion of the world's aspect, and see what has become of the avowed purpose of man of obtaining riches. When earth and sea were covered with the desolation of ice, and when all the precious metals shall have been cast upon it, like oil on troubled waters; when all mineral products and metallic substances shall have been absorbed and the purposes of obtaining them shall have been fulfilled, a nobler spirit will then commence—for superiority in mental accomplishments.

Here and there we have sown the seed of commotion. Sometimes events prove favorable, like unto the sun of spring, to ripen them to early maturity. Other places are yet like the north or south poles, encased in impenetrable ice, but the sun which proceeds from Deity, with her warming rays will ultimately melt the eternal snows, and the germ will ripen. All the occurrences of the present day may be fitly likened unto the opening of a variety of blossoms in this climate, showing their beauty and glory unexpectedly some morning to the gaze of the beholder; for some nations will at once, like a volcano, explode in the centre, throwing out their evil passions, which, attracting those of the neighboring states, are immediately brought in contact, and like a circle of commotion from a silent lake, are bound to reach the very extremities of their existence.

The world is fast approaching the end of its present era. There never was a time like this. Formerly wars were carried on, inventions were produced, tornadoes took place, failures occurred, but all and everything only in certain parts of civilized communities; but now from the centre to the circumference, from the barren, icy plains of the north, the bottom of fathomless ocean (via the cable), and the unknown regions of atmospheric space, every shore man is trying to ascend from the plane he occupies, although ignoring the cause of the ascension, which is neither more nor less than the commotion of the evil passions. This, then, was our work. Secret was our mission, or if understood at that time, obstacles almost insurmountable would have interfered. When man shall have risen to that eminence to which he is destined, we shall then appear not as the black demons we should now if we were known, but as the bright heralds of and the propelling angels to a rich and beautiful existence, where man will reach the eminent degree of true manhood.

There are two classes of beings which may be styled the teachers of man. One class is cognized by its destiny, whereas the other is unrecognized, but both effectual in their attempts over the world, and life, and light, and knowledge. I will speak first of the former class. They have been instructed, by me; and the word went like lightning from one end of the world to the other, that they were to be the forerunners of blessings, the magnitude of which could not be comprehended. They are to be found in every town; yea, even some obscure hamlet may contain the innate genius, and although comprehending the importance of their mission, the organ of appropriateness is not predominant in their organization. You may observe them here and there, like lights shining in the darkness; not doing the work themselves, but dropping hints like seeds by the way, which the industrious bird picks up, and the consequences of which are neither more nor less than a great reformation, and revolutions in the economy of human society and in the arts and sciences. Some of them will drop a suggestion to the mechanic, which, when acted upon, will prove beneficial and probably mighty in its results; whereas again, some of them will mention it in a sermon, in a manner to the philosopher, or statesman, or a scholar, and a new method of oppressing the poor subject, who may listen, in his turn, to free himself the sooner from bondage. But not only among the human classes, but also in those belonging to that part of creation less-endowed with intellect, called the brute, and even the unconscious animalcula inhabiting for a time the putrifying cheese, or other particles appropriate to their existence, they are also to be seen.

This is God's providence; and when you meet among your species with a being who delights in dropping hints to ameliorate the condition of his fellow mortals, speak upon that subject to him, and say how he will give you and draw back and disappear. They are like the trees in the night—losing secrecy, but when found out they will feel as if they had done wrong.

The other class are those human beings unconscious of their mission, who presume their inventions to be the creation of their own brains. They seem to stand alone in their greatness. Sociability is not a part of their nature; and although slightly partaking of hints dropped by others, they are careful to let it be understood that they are not in want of any instruction. They, in their own opinion, occupy a precedence, a pinnacle of exalted rank, and give a fair insight into the world, all like rain upon a thirsty soil; but inappreciable as they are, occupying such an eminent position, far above the region of the clouds, the spray does not reach them, falls below them, and they perish of drought, and in their death-throes complain of the ingratitude of man in not recompensing them according to their deserts; forgetting that they kept themselves away from the sphere in which recompenses are showered like the early and the later rains.

Both these classes, which a careful observer of human affairs would not have failed to detect, are inspired and conducted by spirits who, by reason of the peculiar organization of the human frame, have chosen them as mediums for their purposes; but mark you, however pure the source may be from whence these instructions flow, they cannot change the channel which conducts them to the human reservoir of mind. Neither does the spirit pay any particular attention to the so-called moral condition of the individual, but rather to his adaptedness to the execution of the work. Yet it follows again that the moral nature of a spirit will reflect itself in the individual to be used, and give a fair insight into the world called the "hereafter," where spirits dwell, and convince one of the grand fact that *deity is one thing and progression another.*

My mission to instruct others in the work at hand did not allow me to pay any attention whatsoever to the moral fitness of an individual, but rather to the qualities he possessed to promulgate received blessings. Is not a carnation flower without smell? Yet is it not a perfect medium to

represent the odor of carnation hue? And lest the fond hand should press it to its bosom and destroy its tender tints, the same person which it is as are of such rank, order that it is only viewed and looked upon at a distance. So have I often chosen men of the worst aspect to perform great deeds, which their daring approved of, while their brutish manner and lack of intelligence did not allow them to court the approbation of mankind.

All things are fraught with atoms of spiritual intelligence. All actions and motives of mankind, however sublime or absurd, bear with them in their onward course particles of precious dust, which will wander far and wide, and will scatter abroad the germs of improvement even amid the vegetable kingdom. They are like blossoms or flowers, constituted by an all-wise creator to be driven hither and thither by the air, provided with wings and other apparatusances for carrying them through the atmosphere to deposit their seed, on account of the scarcity of human help to do it. And so is the whole creation, as a vast body, going forward, upheld by spiritual beings, or the efforts of the same, never to cease in their onward course, but to flow on forever in the vast measureless space of eternal progression.

When the time of my pilgrimage was over, when I had awakened harmonious sounds in the breasts of those natural mediums constituted to become the leading genius of this age's blossom, with what a beautiful pleasure did I render up my body to the ocean's wave, which, in my estimation, is the fit burial place of physical man. The poet says, "The blue waves of the mighty deep are covering my remains." Remains! What are remains? Search earth and sky, search everywhere, and tell me, mortal, where remains can be seen! What are remains, in an abstract sense, but useless things, fit for nothing but to be remains? Where are they seen? Nay; they mingle with the waves, and carry back to distant parts the germ which in its turn will form again the shape of that which is called human. A higher type of manhood, then, will be its future part; and I, when wandering through the glorious halls of Deity's possessions, shall watch with care that which buds call remains, but I call progression.

Farewell, my friend. We must part, to meet elsewhere, if possible. Be it your lot to see that germ of which you are yourself composed occupying its true position in Deity's province, and watch over it with tender care, lest defeat may enter and corrupt it. Your time is short for all the work you have to do. Three scores and ten may seem too long for a fool's appreciation; but be wise, abuse it not. Your time is your own; the future claims it, and you must render up the property of God.

Once more farewell, but not forever. The moon's pale beams may be the image of the mind as far as peace and happiness may be your part, but oh, forget not that strife is only mercy to the heart, and ill is only ill to those who are ill themselves; it is good to those who dread it not, and use it as a stimulant. Like drugs and weeds and strong liquor, it also has its use; for God made everything for use, and not for abuse.

Written for the Banner of Light.
"IT DOES MOVE."

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

Oh ye who watch the morning light,
By faith, through frowning centuries glow—
Ye wardens on the stormy height,
Where Truth's eternal whirlwinds blow—
Earth's history, like a warrior's breast,
Clov'n with the strokes upon ye laid,
Bears onward to its final rest
The cleatix of storm and shade!

The tyrant's arm in vengeance maled,
The swift scythed-chariot speeding fast,
The sabre's gory stroke, hath failed
To crush ye in the darkling past!
Though fields be heaped with freedom's dead,
And stakes gleam red in martyr pain,
On lands obscure God's rays are shed—
Ye rise to guardian life again!

The spirit moves—from age to age
Still brighter streams the conquering sign;
The bigot's power, the hireling's rage,
Check not the dayspring's march divine!
As hours their tireless orbit roll,
And night and day to earth are given,
A change diurnal waits the soul—
The night of life—the dawn of heaven!

It calls—the voice Eternal call!
Our souls, 'mid shadows cold and dim,
Gaze on the far horizon walls
And lift a trembling cry to Him.
One day we'll see the noontide rays,
Whose splendor streaked our morning sky,
Where Truth's uplifted standards blaze,
And glory crowns a world on high!
Boston, May, 1867.

A PRAYER FOR ALL SINNERS.
BY A. B. CHILD.

May all the people learn to bless them,
May all the angels and all the spirits bless them,
May the firmament and the stars bless them,
May the morning and the evening, the fire and the frost,
The heat and the cold, bless them.

May the showers and the dews, the lightnings
and the clouds, bless them. May the night and
the day, the light and the darkness, bless them.

May the storms and hail, the snow and ice, bless
them.

May the winter and the summer, the flowers
and the fruits, all the trees and all the leaves,
bless them.

May the mountains and the hills, the valleys
and the running brooks, bless them.

May all the seasons, the earth and all that is
therein, bless them.

May the rocks, the stones, the sandy places,
bless them.

May the fertile fields, the generous harvest and
all the green things, bless them.

May the fishes, the fowls, the beasts, the birds,
and everything that lives and breathes, bless
them.

May the lowing herds, the grazing flocks, bless
them.

May all that has life and all that sleeps in death,
bless them.

May the water, the earth, the air and the unseen
spirit of all things, bless them.

May the winds of God be the messengers of his
blessings, and also the sunlight and the moonlight.
And may they all be thankful, humble, holy.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,
Station D, New York City.

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

[Original.]
BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Anemone, or Wind Flower.
Any one who has not been surprised by coming suddenly upon these delicate, ethereal flowers, that fold their cups with a tender grace, and open them with a half timid look of hope, has yet a great pleasure awaiting him. There are no flowers that seem to say more distinctly, "We are the sign of God, set in humble places; read here some sweet words of the beautiful gospel of love."

This little flower may be found early in May on the knolls in meadows, or in woods that are not too heavily shaded. If a gentle wind is blowing, you will see the flower half open as if drinking in the vigor of the breeze. But if it is warm, and the air is still, the flowers look like little pink and white globes. The petals fall readily, or as the botanist would say, they are caducous; and they look like flakes of snow scattered on the meadow.

One of these May days I found one solitary flower, but in my heart I saw thousands—for the flowers I loved so when a child were all before me, and the green meadow down by the little pond was blossoming as years ago.

I remember distinctly the first time I knew this flower to be the one of which poets had sung and the story of Venus and Adonis had celebrated. I remember even the spot where I stood, just as I remember places where I first met some one I love. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," said the tender poet Keats, and surely there is one joy that forever remains—the finding of the lovely wild flowers, and learning their history.

This little flower has quite a royal history, having had its birth, according to the mythology of the Greeks, by the will of Venus. It interests us to know all these stories of the olden time, for they have all some hidden and beautiful meaning.

Venus was the goddess of love, and her son Cupid was the god who with his quiver of arrows wounded all the hearts that have ever known what it is to love.

As Venus played with Cupid, one of his arrows accidentally wounded her. She pushed him away from her, but it was to no purpose; the wound had effect as if the arrow had been intentionally sent. And Venus loved Adonis. He was a beautiful and brave youth, and Venus even left her loved haunts in the Elysian fields, that she might be near him.

She had heretofore thought most of her beauty of person, and cultivated her charms while reclining in the shade; but now she dressed herself like a huntress, and went out for a chase with her dogs, being careful not to be injured by the fiercer animals. She charged Adonis to be careful, also, but he was a courageous youth, and full of daring deeds.

Venus rode through the air in a lovely chariot, drawn by snow-white swans. With this equipage she visited earth and heaven as she pleased. She left Adonis with many warnings of love, but she had not proceeded far on her journey, nor even as far as Cyprus, when through the air she heard the death-cries of her beloved Adonis. He had been wounded by a wild boar.

As she came near the place where his body lay her heart trembled with grief. She alighted from her chariot, and bending over the lifeless form of the beautiful youth, she beat her breast and tore her hair. "Oh cruel Fate," she said, "why do you bring me this woe? Yet I will not yield to you. I will make a lasting memorial of the beauty and manliness of my love. Each year there shall appear the sign of it on the earth. I will cause your blood to be changed into one of the loveliest flowers that the earth has ever known."

In an hour's time there sprang up the frail, beautiful anemone, so called from Anemos, the wind, which has such power over its delicate petals, and on whose white surface red stripes appear, signifying the sorrow through which it was born.

This story, as you well know, has no reality except in the minds of the ancient Greeks. Wishing to account for the coming to earth of its beauty and grace, they built up an imaginary kingdom, and gave to its inhabitants the power to create flowers and fruit and all useful and beautiful things.

Two thousand years ago these stories were taught to children as a part of their religion, and they have come down to us as fables of the past. But there is a meaning to this fable, which no doubt the poetic Greeks found, as well as we at this day.

As Apollo turned his sorrow to a joy to the earth, and caused the hyacinth to bloom, so Venus made beauty arise from the midst of her grief. Instead of clothing herself in darkness, and gathering clouds and storms about her, she brought a blessing to the world, and with unselfish thought made the spring beautiful with a fresh bloom.

How beautiful is this truth that from unselfish sorrow always springs up some lasting good. As you gather in lonely places this sweet, frail flower, will not the story that the ancient Greeks wrote on its petals seem full of meaning to you?

[Original.]
THOMAS MILLER.

This is the name of an English writer whose works have been greatly admired. He is pronounced to be the next best writer on rural matters to William and Mary Howitt. His life proves how it is possible to struggle through adversity, and in the midst of poverty to delight the world with bright, fresh thoughts.

He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, which Robin Hood and his men have made forever famous. He loved to wander in the green lanes and forests, to gather the flowers, and catch the changing beauty of the clouds, and trace the lights and shadows that make the world over a changing panorama of beauty.

His station in life was very humble, and he learned the trade of basket-making, and by this occupation he was able to earn a scanty living. He married early, and brought upon himself many joys and many cares. But as it was so hard to make his little baskets for his little ones, he thought he would publish some poems and sketches that he had amused himself in writing. But from this experiment he gained nothing.

He thought that if he could go to London he could at least gain a little of the blessing that he fancied must yet be his. So thither he went, leaving his family behind, where they could live with less expense than in the great city. He alighted from the stage-coach with seven shillings strapped in his pocket. This was destined to be his greater treasure than he was to win for a time, for he found himself a stranger and uncared for.

No helping hand was given to him, and so in order to live he took to basket-making again.

He worked industriously at this occupation for some time, but he could not help writing: it was his recreation. In the midst of the bustling activity of the city, and within the poor streets and haunts that he was obliged to haunt, there arose the fresh, beautiful pictures of the country. These he reproduced with his pen, and gave in sketches and poems some of these wood paintings to the periodicals.

At last the editor of the *Friendship's Offering* sought him out, recognizing the talent of the poor basket-maker. It was with great difficulty that Mr. Harrison found him, and he was at his work bending oysters in a humble apartment, in a humble street.

He engaged Miller to write a poem for the forthcoming volume of the *Offering*; but alas for the author, he had the pictures all ready to transfer to paper, but he had no paper, or pen and ink, and he was too poor to buy any. Yet he was determined not to be baffled of this pleasure and good.

He got some dingy paper in which some sugar had been wrapped, and scraped the soot from his chimney and mixed it with water, for his ink. The back of an old pair of bellows served for his writing-desk. With these poor materials he transcribed one of his best poems, "An Old Fountain."

He received for this ten dollars. He had never been so rich, and he could not sleep from joy and anxiety lest he should be robbed.

He did not, however, allow his pleasure to unbalance his judgment. He continued to work at his trade, that he might be sure to win at least an honest living. He began to be sought by literary people, and among others, by the accomplished Lady Blessington, who sent for him and recognized his talent. He says of this period of his life:

"Often have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, talking and laughing as in the old house at home, and on the same evening I might have been seen standing on Westminster bridge, between an apple vender and a baked potato merchant, vending my baskets."

He now tried his skill at writing a novel, and the result was *Royston Gower*, which was a success, and was followed by *Fair Rosamond*. He now was on the road up the hill, which he had determined to climb. He read diligently to make up for the defects of his education, and he worked with his old persevering industry.

After a time he became himself a publisher, and won his way to a position among authors.

There was no whining at his fate, no begging of favors, but a manly perseverance, a struggle with circumstance, and a determined will. This is a nobler triumph than most men can make, and shows what can be done in the humblest of circumstances, if only the head and heart are right.

FLOWERS.
BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small;
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine and toll,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up springing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man; to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whose careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

[Original.]
THE POWER OF MEMORY.

Some remarkable instances of the power of memory have been recorded, which prove that the faculty can be cultivated to almost any degree. A man called on the Gaffer Engel to display his powers, and said he would perform any feat of memory that might be given to him. He was requested to read through a newspaper, and then repeat it word for word. He did so, and did not omit a single word from beginning to end. The listener expressed his astonishment, when the man said, "Oh, that is but little, for now I shall repeat the same backwards." "It cannot be done," said the Gaffer. "It only waits your patient hearing." He then began, and without the least hesitation repeated every separate article, beginning at the end and ending at the title.

William Howitt, a strolling player of Edinburgh, had a remarkable memory. He made the promise one evening that he would the next day repeat the *Daily Advertiser* from beginning to end. This he did the next morning, without a mistake, going through all the advertisements, accidents, price of stocks, law intelligence, &c.

These instances prove to what degree the memory can be cultivated; and there is no better way to improve a memory that is deficient, than by commencing to learn to repeat poetry and prose daily. It gives one also great control of language. One of the best talkers of the present day declared that he owed his ability to express his ideas in good language to his determination to commit a great part of Shakespeare's plays to memory. He found that he gained a wonderful control of language by so doing. "Try it, young people who wish to be good lawyers, good writers and talkers."

[Original.]
ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

In planting your flower-seeds this spring do not forget to study the harmony of colors. Put your next to white, and let the plants be of the same height, and you will see some most lovely effects. The finest garden I know in this country owes much of its beauty to the contrast of colors, produced by the gardener in the skill with which he arranges his plants. Rows of violet flowers contrast with yellow and scarlet. Clumps of scarlet bloomers are surrounded by green, or white, and the flowers seem to have a beauty never shown in a garden before.

STEAM.

When steam issues from the spout of a teakettle it is no hotter than the boiling liquid; but if you hold the same in the hand of cold water, the steam will give out one thousand times as much heat as its weight of boiling water. This heat, which the thermometer cannot measure, is called latent heat. But who shall tell us where it was hidden, or by what law it was taken from its hiding place?

LETTER FROM DR. WILLIS.

PROVIDENCE AND THE ITINERATING SYSTEM.

Sunday, April 28th, I closed a four weeks' engagement in Providence, R. I. I find in my wanderings no more satisfactory field of labor than Providence affords. My audiences there are always large, always eagerly attentive, and I always close my engagements there with real regret.

I think this the worst feature of our system of itinerating. Just as a speaker gets fairly into sympathy with his audience and begins to feel that he is in a position to accomplish something, he has to pull up stakes and "move on." Under this system it is impossible for a speaker to make himself felt as a social power anywhere to any great extent. No matter how largely gifted he may be in this direction, it is comparatively of little avail to him or to the cause he represents, for the reason that it is impossible for him to concentrate his influence long enough in one place to make it really felt as it should be.

Then, too, I contend that it is impossible for a speaker who spends two, three or four Sundays in a place, to enter with any zeal into the local interests of a society, or to apply himself to the furtherance of those interests to any purpose. The reason is obvious.

Again: among the joys that are dearest to the heart of man and most inseparable from his true progress, are those that cluster around the fireside. But, under this system, a speaker can have no home-feeling anywhere. His own home relations are broken up; he can only be a visitor at long intervals to that spot toward which his heart is turning ever. Only brief glimpses can he catch of that "sweet home" every human heart instinctively craves. This is not natural; it is not true or honest; it is a violation of one of the divinest laws of our nature, and the very weariness and unrest complained of by so many of our speakers whom I chance to meet, is the spontaneous protest of their natures against it.

I rejoice to find everywhere I go a growing feeling that the true interests of our congregations demand the settlement of a speaker for at least a year. Many of our speakers are refusing to make engagements for less than three months, and some of them are already located for a year. This knocking about from pillar to post in rail-cars and on steamboats, is a great waste of time and strength—two of the most valuable treasures we possess.

I am speaking disinterestedly in this matter, for I am about withdrawing from the field myself. I write thus from the earnest convictions of my soul, believing that the highest good of our societies and of our speakers demands something different from the present system. These convictions are based upon twelve years' experience as a medium and a lecturer; and whatever position I may fill in life I can never cease to feel an intense interest in the cause to which they relate.

DR. NEWTON IN PROVIDENCE, AND HIS WONDERFUL WORKS THERE.

Sunday, April 28th, was an eventful day in my experience. Dr. Newton was in Providence, and occupied Pratt's Hall Sunday morning. It was crowded to overflowing. There must have been fifteen hundred persons present. The Doctor spent about three-quarters of an hour elucidating his theory of healing. He asserted that it was no exceptional gift; that he shared it in common with humanity; that the power by means of which the cures were wrought, was latent in every human soul; that it was magnetism, the great power of life, flowing from God through all created things; that the only conditions requisite for any man, whereby he may be enabled to work as marvelous cures as were ever accomplished, were a pure, healthy organism and a kind, loving heart. The Doctor's words were listened to with profound attention.

At the close of his lecture my eyes witnessed a scene that beggars description. It carried me back in imagination to the days when, in the sunny land of Judea, the sick and the suffering thronged around the carpenter's son in such crowds that some of them had to be let down from the house-tops on beds in order to get near him, and he cured them of all manner of infirmities.

The Doctor first requested those in the audience who were suffering from acute diseases, to rise, and he would throw his power upon them en masse and cure them in that way. From seventy-five to a hundred persons rose. The Doctor drew his hands up to his chest, and concentrating a power that seemed to fill his whole being and flash from his eyes like sparks of fire, he threw this power down upon the audience three times, saying each time, "Be cured! disease, depart!" Then he requested all who were relieved to sit down. Only one lady remained standing. She was suffering from headache. He concentrated his power and threw it again toward her alone. She was not relieved. He says, "This lady has an unusually positive nature." This was evident from the lady's general appearance. Calling her toward him, he placed his hands upon her, saying, "Be cured!" and she was made whole from that moment.

Then he requested some of the worst chronic cases to come forward to the platform. And what a scene ensued! The blind, the lame, the deaf, the palsied and those afflicted with divers diseases came forward to be healed, and for an hour and a half he laid his hands on them and they were healed. I saw a cripple, a young man about twenty years of age, who had not walked without crutches since he was three years old; who had never been able to go up and down steps without assistance in addition to his crutches, at the command of the Doctor throw aside those crutches, walk back and forth across the stage, go down the steps and out of the hall, and I was told that he walked to his home, the distance of half a mile, without them. This was so remarkable a case that the audience could not restrain their enthusiasm, but gave demonstrations of hearty applause.

I was on the platform close by the Doctor all the time; he was operating, and watched with professional interest the effect of his power. One man came up wearing a pair of goggles. Dr. Newton pulled them off, revealing a pair of the most intensely inflamed eyes I ever saw; and I have walked the wards of the hospitals of our large cities as a student, and spent hours in our Eye Infirmary. The Doctor placed his fingers upon those eyes, and I actually saw the inflammation subside from them. Three times he placed his power upon them, uttering his words of power, "Be cured!" and each time I could see the marvelous effect. Finally, he who could not endure a ray of light upon his eyes when he entered the hall, turned and looked without blinking upon the large uncurtained windows through which streamed the unimpeded light of heaven.

I saw several who were deaf, healed of that infirmity so that they could hear a whisper. Hundreds were operated upon, and no case of failure was reported at the time. Several times in the throng, the Doctor felt himself touched. "Who touched me?" "I, sir." "You are healed; pass right on. There is no necessity for my operating

upon you again. You are healed, for I felt the power go out of me!"

What a striking illustration of that old-time scene, when Jesus exclaimed as the throng pressed about him; "Who touched me?" and the woman who had touched his garment and was healed of her infirmity, came trembling forward and received the gracious assurance, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole."

Many cases of cure by proxy were attempted. We have no means of getting at reports of these cases, but each attempt was attended with certain psychological phenomena that to me were intensely interesting. For instance, a man said to the Doctor, "My daughter at home has been sick a long time." "Have you faith that I can cure her?" "I have strong faith that you can." The Doctor paused a moment, and in that interval seemed to come into perfect sympathy with the absent sick one, and to get an idea not only of the disease under which she was suffering, but also of her general condition and appearance. Then he took the father's hand and bade him shut his eyes and concentrate his thought upon his daughter. "Now," said he, "I shall send a shock to her, and she will feel it. Again yet again! She is cured from this hour. Take out your watch and note the time, and please report the case to me, for it is a marked one." He operated in this way, curing by proxy, and I wish the effects, if any were produced, might be reported.

There were many church-members present who looked on with astonishment. And no wonder, when they read in the text-book of their belief, "These signs shall follow them that believe." No wonder they marvel, when nowhere can they find the signs that are the seal of discipleship save among the condemned and anathematized Spiritualists. And some said this power is of God, and others said, nay, it is of the devil. And we saw and our hearts grew glad within us at this splendid exposition of the power of our faith as it culminates in works, in the signs and wonders of the spirit.

The Doctor in his preliminary remarks gave utterance to a grand prophecy. He said the time was surely coming when men should lay their hands upon the morally diseased and they should be made whole. God grant the prediction may be speedily verified.

THE FLOWER MANIFESTATION.

Some time ago, you remember, Bro. Peebles in the Western Department mentioned a manifestation that occurred through my mediumship, at the house of a friend in St. Mark's Place. I promised you soon after that appeared a word of explanation regarding it. I will endeavor to give it now, and you must console yourself with the adage, "Better late than never."

The first manifestation of this kind that I ever witnessed occurred eleven years ago, early in my mediumship. A lady present at one of my sances had heard that green leaves had been brought to a circle by spirits, and could not understand why flowers might not be as well.

One evening she asked the spirit of a beautiful little boy of hers who purported to be present from the other life, if he could bring his mother some flowers. The reply, by means of the raps, was, "Will you bring them to-night?" "No." For several weeks, this question was put, "Will you bring the flowers to-night?" "No." At last the long desired response came, "yes." There were several persons present, and we took our seats at the table at half past seven o'clock. We sat until half past eleven. A variety of manifestations occurred, but no flowers came. At last we rose to disperse, feeling that nothing more would occur. Just as I turned to go from the table, a deathly chill seized me. I thought I was stricken with some serious illness. I sank into my chair again, and as I did so my hand mechanically grasped a lead pencil that was lying upon a sheet of paper upon the table, and commenced writing. I all the time feeling as if the agony of death was upon me. When the persons present saw that I was writing they knew it was spirit control, and resumed their seats again to watch the result.

After writing a sentence, I knew not what, for I was absorbed in the strange sensations I was suffering from, my hand carried that paper beneath the table and placed it upon the floor. All eyes were fastened upon the paper. Presently a dark shadow was seen to steal upon it, and as the shadow struck the paper, the delicious odor of fresh flowers filled the entire room. Again my hand was mechanically controlled. I reached down, took the paper and carried it over to the lady already mentioned. On it lay a handful of fresh flowers, exquisitely fragrant, heath, heliotrope, fragrant geraniums, &c.; and underneath where they lay was pencilled, "Darling mother, Johnny has brought your flowers." Remember, we had been sitting four hours in a heated room. No one had entered or left the room in the meantime, and the flowers were as fresh as if just taken from the plants that bore them.

After this, I had many repetitions of this manifestation, under varied circumstances. One of the most beautiful, I remember, occurred at the bedside of a young lady who was lying of consumption. I do not remember the month in which it occurred, or the year. I only know there was snow on the ground, and flowers were very rare. She had heard of this manifestation and was discussing it, when exquisite rosebuds and other flowers came dropping about her pillow. This was in the broad daylight of the afternoon, if I remember rightly.

After the fearful illness that prostrated me, and for a time kept my life trembling in the balance, caused by the intense excitement of the Harvard College martyrdom which I endured in 1857, I had no physical manifestations of any consequence for many years. I think my system must have undergone physical changes during that illness that rendered it impossible for me to be longer controlled in that way. Be that as it may, for a long time for many years I was utterly unable to exercise any of those physical powers. I could see spirits clearly, could write mechanically and at times could pass into the trance condition, but that was all. Within two years those physical powers have been measurably returning to me. I can now at times obtain raps and movements, but they bear no comparison with those that produced such an excitement among the Harvard professors. About three times within these two years the flower manifestation has been repeated. Bro. Peebles gave an account of one of the most beautiful, and satisfactory of them, because we could see each other and know that there could be no collusion in the matter. One of the most interesting features of this manifestation, which Bro. Peebles did not mention, was that the age of the beautiful spirit that brought the flowers to his mother, whom he almost adored when living, was indicated by the number of violets that were dropped upon her head.

I have never been able to get at any satisfactory theory in regard to this manifestation. I mean as to the *modus operandi* in the accomplishment of it. This spirit claim it is done by means of electricity; but how, in what way, I know not. I only know that the flowers coming thus never seem to be

cut as with a knife, but the stems are twisted and blackened, reminding one of the bark of a tree that has been shattered by lightning.

This manifestation is always accompanied by extreme physical exhaustion. It prostrates my vital forces at times alarmingly. The coldness of death comes upon me, and at times its pallor. Hence I cannot encourage it. I can never again give myself to physical mediumship, for it exhausts my vitality and would interfere most seriously with what I conceive to be the great work of my life.

A TEST COMMUNICATION.

The following communication, written mechanically by my hand, I send you, not from any literary merit it possesses, but because it contains a beautiful test, that cannot fail to interest many of your readers.

Mrs. M., the lady to whom the communication was addressed, buried her only child a few years before I became acquainted with her. He was a promising boy of sixteen, beautiful in person, and beloved by all who knew him. When he was about two and a half years old, he was very fond of going down into the kitchen, where his grandmother was engaged in superintending the domestic arrangements. One day she said to him, "Now, Jimmie, grandma has got through, and you must run right up to the nursery." The little fellow replied, "Danna, if I tend me up stairs, when I die and go to heaven and I go up street all dressed up, I'll make it rain all over it."

You will see by the communication that twenty years after that little speech was made, it was spoken of through the hand of a stranger, who had no earthly means of knowing anything about it, for it lay among the sweet reminiscences of the dear little fellow's childhood, buried in the hearts of the widowed mother and grandmother, who idolized him:

I will bring you, darling mother, From the life of my bright home, The rapt, richest offerings, That to mortal heart can come. I love you dearly, darling mother, And often leave my best employ, To scatter round your earthly pathway, Some of heaven's own gladness joy.

I've a word for dearest grandma, 'Tis a word of fondest love; Tell her that her little "Jimmie" Watches o'er her from above. Tell her I will make the raindrops Fall upon her thick and fast— She will know the hidden meaning Of the words I've written last.

Darling mother, now I leave you, 'Tis a word of fondest love; All too poor is this brief token, This simple message from above.

Your own JIMMIE.

MRS. MARGARETTA FOX KANE.

I see by the papers that Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane has returned again to the field of active labor as a medium. Through the influence of Dr. Kane she repudiated the spirits, and withdrew herself entirely from the society of Spiritualists. She united herself with the Roman Catholic Church, and for many years has kept herself rigidly aloof from Spiritualism.

I am told that the persistency with which she has of late been assailed by the spirits has compelled her to emerge from her retirement, and take upon herself once more the mantle of mediumship.

It is claimed that she possesses stronger powers than either of her sisters. If this be so, we may possibly hear of some remarkable phenomena in connection with her name. Is it not a coincidence that the first exhibition of her medium powers after having so long held them in abeyance, should have been given in the city of Rochester?

As I said in my last letter, I believe we are on the eve of yet more astonishing revelations from the world of spirits, and it may be they are to be inaugurated through the very instruments chosen almost twenty years ago, when first the Rochester knockings broke upon the ear of the world.

But I am trespassing upon your space and patience. Truly yours, FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

New York, May 4, 1867.

FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. SHE IS NOT DEAD.

To my dear friends, Mr and Mrs. William Barnsdall, on the death of their lovely daughter Lottie, who was born to angel-hood, Titusville, Pa., April 16th.

BY LIBBIE LOVE WATSON.

She is not dead, but only fled, Like singing bird, to warmer clime, Where tropic-bloom and rich perfume Make life's eternal summer-time; And love's sweet spring will backward bring Our rind to sing in home's lone bowers, With rainbow hues and honey-dews, Drawn from dear heaven's fadeless fountains!

There is no death! The wintry breath That sweeps o'er hearts and homes of earth, May hang in clouds or weave in shrouds, And hush to silence songs of mirth; But over all the snowy pall God's starbeams fall in golden lines, And from the mould, and snow, and cold, Love's everlasting ivy twines!

There are no lost! Death's whitening frost May coldly rest on those we love, And fairest flowers in morning hours Breathe out to angel life above; And we below, crushed down with woe, May never know how great the bliss That Godward rolls from winged souls, Since they were free from pain like this.

She is not dead! Her tender tread Stirs into music all the air, And as of old, her locks of gold Seem shedding sunbeams everywhere! Weep not for me so dearly; I would be free to clasp the hand Of Fannie dear, who waits me here, To lead me through y bright Summer-Land."

Oh life divine, all things are thine, Nor would our souls one gift withhold; So take our girl, our precious pearl, And set her in a crown of gold! The songs we miss, the good-night kias, That broke with bliss our hearts at even, May still be ours by spirit powers, Though less of earth and more of Heaven! Rochester, N. Y.

CHURCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES.—Boston, in proportion to its size, has more accommodation in its churches than any other American city. Philadelphia has accommodations for 250,000, and New York only 140,000, while Boston, with less territory and a more compact population, can furnish seats for about 100,000 worshippers, though not more than a third of that number avail themselves of such accommodations, for the teachings of old theology are not so acceptable as formerly.

What is the most profitable kind of business? Shoemaking; for every pair is sold before it is made.

ON THE WING.

Editors of the Banner of Light.

I am once more "on the wing," moving to and fro on the face of the earth, helping the Infinite, together with others, planting mile-stones of progress, marking the road that leads to the Summer-Land; that others may not stumble in the future, as we have in the past, into the byways of conservatism, error, bigotry and cold theology.

HOME. Home again! Oh, sweet home! How lovely the emotion when we mingle our spiritual and material natures one with the other—with the holy surroundings of home.

CINCINNATI, O.

In my last letter to you, from Louisville, Ky., I closed a winter's campaign, from whence I went to Cincinnati, where, aided by the best living medium in the world, (Miss Lizzie Ketcher), I gave a séance to a full house, on the evening of the 1st of April, Miss Ketcher giving twenty-one communications, naming spirits as well as their relatives in the audience, and perfectly identifying them. I gave thirty-five communications, covering a period of sixty-five years' time, relating incidents which occurred in Germany, England, Australia, California and the Atlantic States. Out of these communications sixty were identified; and, in the language of Bro. Ketcher and his most excellent lady, "If these things are not what they claim to be, in God's name what are they?"

On the afternoon of April 21, I found myself face to face with seventy-five souls of time and an army of infinities at Richmond, Ind., where abide many dear souls who have thrown away the husks of theology and are now feasting on the fat things and sweet bread of Spiritualism.

CHICAGO, ILL.

On the morning of April 31, I arrived in Chicago, where my wife and daughters were waiting to welcome the wanderer home, and at half-past seven p. m. we were all together—seven of us on the shores of time, our earth-family, and five more from the Summer-Land came with joyous smiles to greet us in our home, and our little one, only two and a half years old, held close to my breast, patted me on the shoulder and with a joyous shout and merry laugh, cried, "Papa's come and Looloo's glad!" Fathers, look to it that when you go home the little ones are glad to see you. Then home is heaven on earth, and heaven's home.

These days of joy together we spent at our farm-house; then Mary and I went to Chicago, to mingle with the friends of progress and to strengthen ourselves with the doings and thoughts of others. Saturday night found us in the sweet home of Sister Harrold and her birdlings. In this family the laws of spirit-life are in the ascendency, and the sweet spirit of poetry is the special mission of one of the daughters, and vision the mission of another. They are very happy—this spirit life being.

Sunday morning, April 7th, we attended the Children's Lyceum, in Crosby's Music Hall, where we met many old friends. The Lyceum is in good working order, and ably directed by Dr. Avery, whose face is full of sunshine and soul full of love. The Doctor is associated with a competent corps of ladies and gentlemen in the management of the school or Lyceum.

In the afternoon we were present at the conference, at which there were many sound thoughts uttered. In the evening we attended the meeting of the Independent Society of Free Thinkers, over whom presides the boy-prophet, Charles A. Hayden. His discourse was excellent, but not what we expected to hear. Nevertheless I like him for his free thought. I like that large, lofty brow, on which God has placed the seal of thought—a splendid mind on a slender stem, a frail form. There were ninety-five earnest and true men and women present. I should judge the society to be healthy and financially, and not in full working harmony.

I sought an introduction to Bro. Hayden, more for the purpose of getting hold of his magnetic nature than the mere formal element of acquaintance. He was a little cold and reserved, and, as I took his hand, I found that some lady had whispered in his ear that I was his enemy. I saw that he felt embarrassed, and that he thought he held not the hand of a friend. I also found a lady, who was all together—seven of us on the shores of time, our earth-family, and five more from the Summer-Land came with joyous smiles to greet us in our home, and our little one, only two and a half years old, held close to my breast, patted me on the shoulder and with a joyous shout and merry laugh, cried, "Papa's come and Looloo's glad!" Fathers, look to it that when you go home the little ones are glad to see you. Then home is heaven on earth, and heaven's home.

NEW BOSTON, ILL.

On Sunday, April 14th, I found myself in Robert's Hall, New Boston, Ill., where a few earnest men and women, who are nobly fighting the battle of spiritual freedom, I spoke here two Sundays. There are many earnest and true reformers here.

ALLENDA, ILL.

On Tuesday evening, April 23d, I spoke in Alleda, (fifteen miles east of New Boston,) in the Court House, on which occasion I presented the intellect of the county, as well as some church members, who kept up a continuous laughter and disturbance. Considering it to be religious civility, at the conclusion of my lecture I remarked that in all my experience I had never known a Spiritualist to disturb a religious meeting. Among those present were Hon. Messrs. Basset and Harris. To the honor of Mr. Basset, however, it is but just to say that he condemned the disturbance, and apologized to others for being in bad company. I was told that Justice Smith, who was also present, when asked what he thought of the lecture, replied, "If it were not for my prejudice against Spiritualism, I should pronounce it an able argument." I did not hear him say this; if I had, I should have asked the learned gentleman if he was not hurrying on to the bar of a prejudiced and partial God, who is angry with the wicked every day?

DAVENPORT AND ROCK ISLAND.

These two cities, destined in the future to be the gates of commerce and civilization between the East and the West, situated as they are on the right and left bank of the mighty Mississippi river, are set an important part in the history of America. The Government, already fully aware of the importance of this position, have established a military station on Rock Island, and in the future here will be the great central depot of arms and munitions of war—the strength of the nation, and the nation's storehouse—and here also will be fought the final battle of freedom.

SPIRITUALISM

is already taking strong ground here, and many openly and fearlessly avow their belief in it. More especially is this the case in Rock Island. As a result of this belief, I need only refer to the changed tone of the Evening Argus, in regard to our philosophy. Col. Danforth, the editor, is a gentleman who needs only to be convinced to stand for the right, and if he will mingle a little more with the liberals of the day, he will find the royal road of progress easier to travel on foot, than are the dark roads of conservatism in the car of bigotry and superstition.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

Mrs. Lucy C. Dow, of Davenport, Iowa, has lately created considerable excitement through a practical exhibition of her powers as a seer and spirit medium on the person of Maria L. Hoag.

[We omit the details of this case, as given by our correspondent, having published the facts in our last week's issue.] I could narrate other cases nearly as wonderful, which Mrs. Dow has performed, after the patients were given up by the Faculty. One of these is a Mr. Jones, of Davenport, who was told that he must die. In his extremity he sent for Mrs. Dow. On Tuesday evening, April 30th, I saw him in full health. Thus Spiritualism gives living evidence of its ability to do and save.

In all these things we behold the new Christ-principle, and answer our onities as Jesus answered the disciples of John, "Go and show John (the world) again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he who ever shall not be offended in me." Rock Island, Ill., May 3, 1867. E. V. WILSON.

An Appeal in Favor of Establishing Children's Lyceums.

I desire to address a few words, through the BANNER, to the friends of progress everywhere, in favor of establishing Children's Progressive Lyceums.

In the great joy which has come to us through the revelations of Nature and the inspirations of the angel-world, we have in a measure forgotten those who are to come after us, and have provided little or no means for the education of our children in the glorious truths which have been so freely given to ourselves. The children have certainly been amply neglected, and it behooves us, good friends, to attend to this matter at once, and leave them no longer to the cold charities and dismal teachings of sectarian Sunday schools. The Lyceum presents to us a safe and sure remedy for this condition of things, through which we can make restitution to "the little ones" for our amply neglected, and also by ourselves greatly blessed. Having been engaged for the past two years in inaugurating Lyceums, and laboring in them generally, I think I am prepared to say with truth that as a school of free thought and general reform the Lyceum is especially adapted to meet the wants of the present age.

Being progressive in its teachings, it readily adapts itself to all new discoveries in the arts and sciences, and embraces at once all reform movements, and is calculated to make better the condition of humanity.

It recognizes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and seeks to obtain happiness through the elevation of the race—believing that none can be truly happy while others are suffering around them. It is urged by some that the Lyceum is sectarian in its tendencies because it is an organized institution.

To be sectarian is to subscribe to a doctrine, or set of doctrines, which assume to be the perfection of wisdom, the end of all progress, beyond which there can be no progress. The very name of the Progressive Lyceum destroys any such supposition at once in the thinking mind. On the contrary, it strikes with its teachings directly at the roots of all sectarian bodies, and carries with it the elements of swift and sure destruction to all such institutions.

Thus it becomes an engine of terrible power when brought to bear upon the ramparts of old theology, with its long line of battlements composed of creeds and superstitious dogmas. The sectarian walls prove to be the merest fog-banks, that vanish quickly before the light of the living inspiration of this new dispensation.

The Lyceum does not educate the mental at the expense of the physical, but gives equal attention to both, producing a harmonious development of the whole being, highly conducive to health and happiness.

If it be true that such good results flow to us as the legitimate fruits of Lyceum unfolding, then surely it is worthy of all occupation. An evidence I point to the Lyceums already established in many of our towns and cities, all of which will testify to its practical worth and great value as an educational system of spiritual and physical culture.

Lyceums should be established in every community. Societies of Spiritualists where they have none, should attend to it as early as possible, and leave their children no longer without its blessings.

Our good brother A. J. Davis and his companion "Mary" are in the field as missionaries in this work. They are devoting their lives in love for our children. In return for their devotion let us give them our sympathy and aid, and open to them fields of labor, so they may continue in the good work. Others are engaged in this labor of love, and yet there are not enough. "The laborers are few." Let us go on, friends, and reap the abundant harvest. C. A. E.

Matters in Springfield.

The religious and conservative elements of this usually quiet city have been considerably agitated of late, and Spiritualism has been unusually prominent in the minds of the people, owing to certain causes which I will briefly narrate, trusting that the same will not be entirely uninteresting to your readers.

In November last the friends here set about instituting practical measures—having previously organized a society—for promoting harmony and unity of effort for the common good. Among the first steps taken was the organization of a "Children's Progressive Lyceum," which soon increased to about one hundred members. Owing to the usual trials and difficulties incident to such an undertaking, as well as our inexperience, we do not now number more than seventy-five good working members. However, after passing through the *affliction* process, the indications are that we are in better condition and rest on a firmer base than at any previous time, and that all future growth will be healthy and rapid.

During the month of March, Mr. C. H. Foster (test medium) spent a few weeks in this city, and the remarkable phenomena which occur in his presence were witnessed by a large number of our most influential and respectable citizens—among whom were clergymen, lawyers, physicians, bankers, merchants, etc., nearly all of whom, if they were not entirely willing to admit the claims of Mr. Foster in reference to the spiritual origin of what they saw and heard, certainly were not disposed to charge him with imposture. It was in this matter. Skeptics were utterly confounded in nearly every case, and Mr. Foster—or the spirits through him—did much to draw attention to the subject of Spiritualism, and arouse a spirit of investigation.

During April, Prof. J. H. W. Tooley has occupied our platform, to the general acceptance of all who have had the pleasure of listening to his able, eloquent and instructive disquisitions on spiritual phenomena. We feel that we were fortunate in securing the services of so good a thinker and efficient worker as Mr. Tooley, who has not only administered to our spiritual and religious necessities well prepared, solid food from the public rostrum, but has been no less valuable to us as a tonic in the social circle.

The friends in Springfield have unanimously voted to invite the "Massachusetts Spiritualist Association" to hold their next quarterly meeting in Springfield, and Mr. Tooley is authorized to bring the subject before the Executive Board at their next meeting. Hoping that our invitation will be accepted, we look forward to the convention with a lively interest. H. S. W. Springfield, Mass.

The Chicago Children's Lyceum.

I desire to invite the attention of our Progressive Lyceums in various sections of our country to the progress of the Lyceum of Chicago, and the programme of arrangements, as conducted here by our very worthy and excellent conductor, S. I. Avery, Esq.

It is about two years since I first attended this school of progress, which then appeared to me to be rather on the decline than the progressive order; but with a steady perseverance on the part of its managers, it bids fair to outstrip the celebrated and far-famed Lyceum of Philadelphia. The arrangements are excellent. They devote the whole of the morning to their Lyceum, in educating the children, sowing the seed in good ground, and where none of it will be lost. This I consider the most important step to be taken in our new and beautiful Philosophy, first having fully established the fact of its truthfulness in our own minds.

The afternoon is set apart for conference—which is also an excellent arrangement—and the evening to lectures. The school numbers about one hundred and fifty children, two-thirds of whom were in attendance to day. Their leader and officers are fully aware of the responsibility entrusted to them, showing that they have not been in the work allotted to them. The Executive Board, by the children in questions, speeches and music, together with their superb marching, could not be better, showing conspicuously that much time and attention had been devoted to training their young minds in the way they should go. I would suggest that more time be devoted to the Lyceum department, wherever schools have already been established; and let us give our time to children more fully, and by their example we will not only bring the subject before the Executive Board at their next meeting, but will impress upon the day of the great importance of the work before us, and stimulate us to press on and ever onward to new revelations of the glorious truths. I also noticed another very important matter, viz: perfect harmony and good fellowship amongst the adults, as a bright and shining example to the children, which they so readily perceive and are ever ready to imitate. C. C. B. Chicago, May 6, 1867.

Thoughts from Over the Sea.

DEAR BANNER—Were I the most ungrateful or forgetful of mortals, I could not be oblivious of you; for every where I go I meet your pleasant, heart-cheering pages, and over every spiritualistic household in this land waves your glorious BANNER OF LIGHT. To my own little cottage it is ever a welcome visitor, bringing, as it does, such heart-cheering tidings of the cause, and the friends so near my heart. I spell over the "Lecturers' Column" even with avidity, seeking for names dear to my soul as household words, and wonder if they still remember their absent sister. You have perceived by the papers from this coast, that I have not been idle. When compelled to relinquish Maguire's Opera House, owing to the fact that the crowd was so great that from the construction of the house it was impossible to take up a collection to meet the expenses—

but for the generosity of Mr. Maguire, I should have been involved in debt—I accepted an engagement for two months in the "City of the Plains," Sacramento, where I was received with great warmth by not only the Spiritualists, but the people generally. I had good audiences every Sunday, and in the evening hundreds were unable to gain admission. The friends there have worked silently but faithfully, and the result of their fidelity to truth, avoidance of radicalism, and consistent course, speaks for itself, in the respect with which they begin to be regarded by their fellow-citizens, and the flourishing condition of their Progressive Lyceum, numbering one hundred and eighty children. These children presented me, before my departure, with a lovely basket of wild flowers gathered by themselves, and better still, from the suggestion of their own hearts. The basket was twenty-two inches long and fifteen square, most exquisitely arranged by the tasteful and loving hands of Miss Georgiana Brewster, their "Guardian" and faithful friend. The basket and its beautiful contents was photographed, and I send with this letter one of the pictures, to be suspended in your circle-room. Please bear in mind that the flowers were gathered March 24th in the open air.

Mr. Henry Miller, one of the most prominent business men in Sacramento, a consistent Spiritualist and large-hearted man, has lately presented to the Society there a lot whereon to build a hall; and the friends are sanguine that they will have funds ere long to justify them in building a handsome hall.

While in Sacramento the Congregational minister, Mr. Dwinell, delivered a sermon against Spiritualism, characterized by much gentlemanly feeling and literary ability, but a lamentable ignorance of the subject treated of. A reporter was sent to the church—as my duties prevented my attendance—and in the evening I replied. My answer satisfied the friends of our cause, and others who listened to the reverend gentleman's discourse, which was of course very gratifying to me.

I was the recipient while in Sacramento of many touching marks of appreciation and esteem, and shall always recall my sojourn among that generous-hearted people with most pleasurable emotions.

We are all looking eagerly for the advent of our noble sister, Laura De Force Gordon, and none will welcome her with more honest pleasure than myself, not only because in "Auld Lang Syne," when I was just entering the field, trembling on the threshold of public life, I met my namesake, (then unmarried) and was greatly impressed by the vigor of her mind, and freshness of her free, girlish nature; and not only that I met her in Boston, in June, 1865, with these qualities matured and ripened into richness by experience, a noble woman, but because I feel that the best interests of Spiritualism are safe in her hands. God bless her!

I am now holding Sunday meetings at the hall in Mechanics' Institute, in this city, admission free.

The first week in May I deliver two or three week-night lectures in Grass Valley, the city of quartz, and the fourth in size and importance in the State.

I must not omit to mention that Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye held four very interesting sances at Sacramento during my sojourn there, and that her weekly sances in this city are attended with glowing interests.

Doctor Bryant is now at Sacramento. He has succeeded in arousing the enmity of some of the medical faculty (the least worthy portion), and a poor deluded man, their tool, has sued the Doctor for damages, not inflicted, of course. Persons who before this reverse were servile in their admiration of him, are now keeping in the back ground. Still there is living testimony to the Doctor's success, prominent among them the wife of a lawyer in this city, bed-ridden and helpless when he raised her, and brought her back to a life of usefulness. This wife and mother is eloquent in the Doctor's praise, and remarked to me that the regular physicians differed from Doctor Bryant inasmuch as they buried their failures out of sight.

Mrs. Stowe is resting from her labors, with her husband and children, in San Jose, having recently recovered from a severe illness.

Mr. Todd contemplates, I understand, a visit to Oregon.

And now, dear BANNER, let me give you a purely personal item. I have sent for my darling little sons; and even now every wave is bearing them nearer to my heart. I mention this because many of your readers have a warm and friendly interest not only in the lecturer, but the woman whose heart in return turns fondly to them over the sea.

Yours truly,
LAURA CUPPY.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.
OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.
WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
LUTHER COLBY, EDITORS.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Indian Troubles.

What wickedness it is to put so many stories of cruelty and savagery upon the wretched Indian. Only the other day, they were charged with murdering every person on board a river steamer in the West, and the next day it came out that the vessel was all safe two hundred miles above the point where the crime was alleged to be committed. So these things pretty much all go. Nobody yet fairly understands about the Fort Phil Kearney "massacre." We do know that many a base massacre, under the orders of United States officers, has been visited upon the defenceless women and children of the Indians; in one instance, certainly, when the male Indians were off in the performance of a signal service for our own troops. If, therefore, we hear of occasional deeds of revenge done by the outraged Indians, it would become us to institute a little inquiry into the previous conduct and treatment of the parties supposed to be guilty of what we all admit to be inexcusable atrocities.

Looking over some of the New York papers—the Tribune, Times, and Herald, for instance—we find that these Indian wars are by no means regarded by them as either necessary or defensible. We have quoted extensively from the Herald on the subject in former articles. The Tribune says, "the public mind is considerably muddled about the Indian War; whether we really are at war or no; if so, with whom, and what for." The Tribune speaks of Gen. Hancock's recent interview with some of them; of his telling them that his forte was "hitting hard"; of his inability, next to find their trail; then of his "surrounding" them; and finally of their not being there, when they were all surrounded. Says the Tribune—"It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands. The Indians would not let Gen. Hancock's army into their domestic retirement. They run away, and cannot be found. Certain stations are reported burned. Of course they are burned, and these copper-colored heathens burned them. If we are not to shoot down the first aborigines we meet for this, we would like to know what is the advantage of going to war."

And the same influential and well-informed journal goes on to inquire—"Is some one interested in getting up an Indian war, whether or no? If the Indians were really determined that travel should not pass on the Smoky Hill route, or the Platte route either, for that matter—not a coach, without a heavy escort, would go from Eastern Kansas to Denver, or pass in safety up the Platte. That they do so, is evidence that there is no matured plan of offensive operations on our overland commerce."

The Tribune closes its article with the following just and deserved paragraph: "If all this were not so criminally serious, it would be Pickwickian. Of course, Gen. Hancock must do something for the money his expedition is to cost. It has been estimated that, in our former Indian wars, each Indian killed cost us several hundred thousand dollars. If it cannot be done otherwise, let some lieutenant, anxious to distinguish himself, swoop down on some little band of women and children, who, not having heard of the war, may be off their guard, or we are likely never to get the worth of our money, even at the usual figures."

The Herald says that the December massacre, at Fort Phil Kearney, was brought about by the commanding officers' assuming that Indians are animated by hostile intentions, and shooting them when they came in sight; and it calls for men only of discretion and calm judgment to be put in command of frontier posts. The Times says its advice from the Northwest Territory of Dakota "go to discredit the reports we had a few weeks ago of a massacre of soldiers at Fort Buford by Indian savages"—and says "there is no ground for apprehending any such general Indian war, this summer, as was promised by the Western press some time ago."

Co-operative Labor.

We approve of the plans for uniting the efforts and industry of employers and employed to attain a given result, and wish that the only class competent to set these plans fairly on foot—that is, the laborers themselves—might conceive of a more urgent necessity for moving quickly and very generally in that direction. Strikes have not, as a rule, produced anything like the results for which they are designed. They are the most vigorous and emphatic protests against the tyranny of capital which labor has so far found itself able to make. But they are unfortunately attended with a wasteful loss of time and means, and work serious injury to those habits of persevering effort which are the sole capital of which single-handed labor is possessed. The new system which has begun to come into favor in England, and has already been tried in a few successful instances in this country, is that of Co-operation. It required no special ingenuity to invent it, since it is one of the most ready expedients at the hand of the parties chiefly interested in making the arrangement.

The one thing at which labor steadily directs its purpose is, to own and hire itself. By joining itself with capital, it accomplishes that at once. In England, as we have before this been at the pains to show, workmen in some of the large establishments are allowed a certain share of the profits, which share again is subdivided according to the amount of skill which each laborer contributes to the common fund. There is equity in this arrangement. Each individual, too, who participates in the general result, feels inspired with a new-born desire to do his best, and to do all he can, for the concert with which he is connected. Thus the productive energy of labor is greatly stimulated, and there is a certainty of economy as well as of profit in everything that is undertaken. Why is not such a plan tried more generally in this country, too?

J. M. Peebles is speaking in Providence, R. I. His recent lecturing engagement in Worcester was a great success. So great was the desire to hear him, many people were unable to obtain admission to the hall.

Young Women in the Cities.

It is called "shrewd good sense" by a New York paper, to offer to help the friendless young women of a large city. Because in helping them, society is discharged of a grievous imputation against its very integrity and honor. It is corruption itself to let worthy females in a community suffer. We are to keep the fact in mind that, by our own deliberate act, we have so far shut them out from almost all the lucrative employments, and then branded with disrepute what few crumbs, in the way of occupations, we have been satisfied to throw to them. We show ourselves in this both selfish and unmanly. There is an association in New York, known by the name of the Ladies' Christian Union, which has been in operation since 1858. Its aim is to provide poor young women with decent homes and places. A home for such has been established in East Fourteenth street, every way convenient and commodious, where sixty-five young women are provided with the comforts they might otherwise find at all. They are furnished with a good home at reasonable rates, so that after that has been paid they are left with something for clothes and other necessities.

Society begins to see where the wrong really is, and to take hold of its correction somewhat near the right end. It has found that prevention is much better than to try to correct the evil after it has taken an incurable shape. The only true way to give timely and effective help, which has the element of genuine sympathy in it, to this deserving class of the community, many of them being persons of the greatest delicacy by instinct, is to do for them what they would like to do for themselves. They are of course domestic by nature, and would be glad, first of all things, of pleasant and permanent homes. Give them these, and they will readily make their way in the world, even with such terrible odds against them. We sincerely wish some of our rich men would do good in their own day by providing similar homes in our large cities for the women who cannot yet provide them for themselves.

An Interesting Manifestation.

An unexpected scene took place at the meeting of Spiritualists in Plymouth, on Sunday, May 12th. Mrs. Sarah A. Horton went upon the platform to deliver a lecture. In the absence of a choir she commenced reading a poem, but before she had finished it, she burst out crying. Partially overcoming the feeling, she resumed the reading, but soon began sobbing again so violently that she was obliged to sit down; and it was some time before she could explain to the audience the cause of her emotions. She said the influence was thrown upon her by the spirit of a lady who had but recently passed to the spirit-world.

After Mrs. Horton had finished her discourse, she stated that the same spirit had again approached her, and taking hold of her hand asked pardon for having intruded upon her in the manner above mentioned. Mrs. H. saw the spirit very distinctly, and described it so accurately that it was at once recognized as being that of Mrs. Lucas. The identification was so perfect that one heretofore very skeptical gentleman acknowledged that he now believed spirits could return and identify themselves to mortals. The spirit gave Mrs. Horton her name, saying she had just gone to the spirit-world; was a wife and mother; had been no believer in Spiritualism, but was now very anxious to tell her friends that Spiritualism is true. Thus the good seed is being sown by the wayside.

Laura Cuppy's work in San Francisco.

One of the local papers of San Francisco thus notices Mrs. Cuppy's return to that city, and the interest felt to hear her lectures:

Many persons were unable to obtain admittance last evening to Mechanics' Institute Hall, in order to hear the first of Mrs. Cuppy's lectures since her return from Sacramento. Her subject, "Our obligations to skepticism," was well and logically handled. The gist of her argument was that honest skepticism, not blind prejudice, was the real cause of the increased and growing liberality in religious as well as political matters. No course was to be attached to those skeptical as to Spiritualism. Their honest and impartial investigation was courted; and indeed, it was needed to free it from much of the nonsense and folly clinging to it. Chaff there might be in the faith, but the presence of chaff indicated some wheat. Mrs. Cuppy stated, relative to her course in the immediate future in this city, that she was henceforth bound to "paddle her own canoe," since she could better paddle it alone than in company. Desiring to be independent in her utterances of the truth, she had determined to be unattached to no association or society. She would be the people's preacher, and eagerly welcomed to her church those rendered unfortunate by poverty or crime.

Henceforth Mrs. C. will hold free meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Institute Hall. Her zeal is unabated in the good cause for which she has worked so earnestly and effectually since her arrival in California. God bless all such noble souls.

Scattering Tracts.

Mr. Dezendorf, of Huntington, L. I., writes a letter to the press, which it has given us sincere satisfaction to read. He says that four years ago a pious old lady who holds to the damnation doctrine for the future life, placed in his hands an old file of the BANNER, containing twenty-six sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, which she wished him to read carefully for his soul's profit. "But," said she, "you must read nothing else," as they contained so much that was hurtful to the Orthodox style of faith. Of course, then, he read only the other portions of the paper, and let the Beecher discourses slide; and he says he is at once subscribed to the BANNER, and has taken and read it ever since, his interest in it continually increasing. We wish that all the good and pious old ladies in the land would lay down their Orthodox knitting, and stir about for us in the way this one has done. We promise them a handsome commission for their services, and thanks besides.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Next Sunday will close the three months' engagement of Miss Lizzie Doten and the meetings in Mercantile Hall. Thus far during the term, with but very few exceptions, the hall has been crowded every Sunday with anxious souls seeking for more knowledge of the other life from the teachings of inspiration. The version given to the story of Samson and Delilah, in the lecture Sunday afternoon, May 12th, and the parallels fitting modern times, were received with a relish. The earnest appeal for more spiritual and physical culture and less grasping for material wealth by mortals, was excellent and timely. At the close of the address an inspirational poem was given. By general desire, two of Dr. Ordway's new spiritual songs were sung by the choir.

Meeting of the Executive Committee.

We are informed that the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists will hold a meeting in the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle Room, on Friday, May 31st, at 2 P. M. All the Committee are expected to be present.

A. J. Davis in Bangor.

The Whig and Courier, of Bangor, Me., gives a full account of the labors of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, in establishing a Children's Lyceum in that city, from which we make the following extracts: Last Sunday, the Spiritualists of this city organized, in Pioneer Chapel, an original educational movement called a "Children's Progressive Lyceum." The plan and objects of this novel Sunday school should arrest the attention of all who have at heart the morals and well-being of the community. The first Lyceum was inaugurated by Andrew Jackson Davis, in Dodworth's Hall, Broadway, New York, on the 23th of January, 1863. Since that period, the schools have multiplied to one hundred and eleven, with a membership of officers and leaders, of 12,000 children, many of them from families of every phase of religious faith.

At first it seemed that the Children's Lyceum was intended by the Spiritualists as a substitute for the ordinary Sunday school; but now, as its sphere of usefulness has widened, and the plan is better understood, the leading Spiritualists are taking steps to make it the basis of the most useful and refining branches of culture. Mr. M. B. Dyott, conductor of the Philadelphia Lyceum, is now proposing to lead in the erection of a building at a cost of \$200,000, in which the Progressive Lyceum shall be expanded into a system of thorough education for both body and mind.

The Spiritualists of Bangor have awakened to the subject of interesting the young in the ideas of progress which they entertain and inculcate. The Spiritualists, with all their vagaries, are an earnest and practical people; believing that a child has a body as well as a soul to educate—that the physical as well as the spiritual should be disciplined and governed by the fixed laws of Nature, which they hold to be the only perfectly expressed will of God. This basis the Spiritualists accept as the "rock of ages," and upon it they propose to erect the superstructure of humanity, and secure progressive happiness to the immortal soul.

Grateful Acknowledgments.

We have received a letter from Miss Hanna S. Carder, Waynesville, Ohio, dated April 18th, breathing the warmest expressions of heartfelt gratitude to those kind friends who have aided her in her hour of extreme need. We have before mentioned that the mother of Miss Carder passed to the spirit-world last winter, after a long sickness; that her father is quite aged, and is now and has long been an invalid, unable to perform any labor, and that her sister was in an entirely helpless condition, as far as being able to support herself. With this family depending on the daily labor of Miss C. for support, was a burden she could not easily bear up under; but what made her case still harder, she was thrown out of employment at a time she needed it most, and the prejudice against her spiritual belief prevented her obtaining employment. These facts coming to our knowledge, we sent her twenty dollars, and called attention to her needy condition. Since that time she has received remittances from some ten or a dozen more friends to the amount of twenty-four dollars. This timely aid was the means of saving the family from the extremity of want; but it is evident it cannot last a great while, and we hope others who can afford it will add their mite to relieve the distress of a worthy family.

A Valuable Invention.

Hale & Co., of Newburyport, have just introduced a curious apparatus into the market for aerating eggs. The machine is very simple and easily worked. It consists of a cylinder of glass or tin, in which the eggs are placed. By pressing them with a dasher the air is carried into all parts of the material beaten. Eggs thus aerated by a few plunges of the dasher, are reduced to the consistency of cream, and become so light, that in cooking they will be of double the value of those beaten by the ordinary method. The aerator can likewise be used for the manufacture of butter in small quantities, when required fresh and new. It can be obtained from the cream in a few moments.

The egg aerator is patented, and we have no doubt the patentees will make a handsome fortune by its very extensive sale, for every family in the country will have one when they learn what an indispensable article it is, both on the score of economy and saving of time. The prices for the article range from seventy-five cents to two dollars, according to quality. A glass specimen of the egg-beater may be seen at this office.

Laborers in the Field.

We have received a detailed account of the labors of Mary M. Lyons, but which we have not room to print. She has been lecturing in the State of New York during the past winter. At present she is at Canastota, N. Y.

J. T. Rouse has been lecturing in the West during the past year. He lectured in Milwaukee two weeks, in Berlin City, in Fond du Lac, in Omro, Appleton, Beaver Dam, Otego, Waterloo, Lake Mills, Jefferson and Darion, Wisconsin. During May he spoke in Rochester, Minnesota. His present address is Beaver Dam, Wis., P. O. box 281. He gives cheering accounts of the progress of Spiritualism in the places he and his wife have visited, and expresses grateful thanks to the friends who have so kindly cared for their comfort.

New Music.

From Oliver Ditson & Co. we have received the following new musical compositions: "Sweet Bird, Come sing to me," a song by G. Beckett, music by Thos. Browne; "Ida Galop," by Carl Faust, a very popular piece; "Incline thine ear," being No. 11 of Southard's Morning and Evening collection for public worship; "Guardian Angel," a pretty song, music by Chas. Gounod, words by Henry Farnie; "I will extol thee," quartet from "Ave Maria," by Gounod, arranged by Southard; "Found Dead," sung by Mr. Barnabee, poetry by Albert Leighton, music by W. K. Day; "Falling Spray," a fantasia, for the piano, by Lizzie M. Hervy.

The Blossoms of Our Spring.

By Emma and Hudson Tuttle, is just the volume to have. We know of no firmer and truer friends of the spiritual cause than these talented writers, and we desire Spiritualists to become better acquainted with them through the mediumship of their writings.

The Arcana of Nature.

"The Arcana of Nature," by Mr. Tuttle, has become a standard work, and every student of Nature should possess it. All orders addressed to us will receive prompt response. We call the attention of our friends in California particularly to the volumes in question.

Lyceum Exhibition, Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, will give their first exhibition at Mechanics' Hall, Fourth and George streets, on Friday evening, May 24th. This Lyceum is in a very forward condition, and the exhibition will be of a nature to interest all those who witness the exercises. The proceeds go to the support of the institution, therefore we hope the hall will be filled.

A new hotel, six stories high, with two hundred rooms, will be built at Portland this season, by John B. Brown. The site selected is at the corner of Middle and Union streets.

New Publications.

SHAKINGS: Etchings from the Naval Academy. By a member of the class of '67. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Here is a truly rollicking, ridiculous and humorous series of tableaux from the pen of a young midshipman in the Annapolis Academy, who has endeavored the routine of his student-life with pencil sketches which his mind could not resist the force of, as they floated before him. The author is a son of the late Park Benjamin, and shows a talent worthy of his distinguished father. Some of these sketches have features of decided originality and power. They are all good, and full to the brim with laughter. The class of '67 will remember them as long as one of its number lives to wait for admiral's honors, and even afterwards.

ON THE BORDER is the latest of Edmund Kirke's sketches of life at the South, and proves a timely companion-piece to his other books, so largely sold and read, "Among the Pines," "Adrift in Dixie," &c., &c. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publish this volume, and have done the subject ample justice in the very important point of mechanism. It was the author's visit to the "Army of the Cumberland," in the spring of 1863, that gave the hint of this volume, and he then obtained the incidents which he has woven with his customary skill and power into the present tale. There are in it abundant elements of profound excitement, which the reader will find to hold him fast to the end of the story. There was many a character and many a scene in Kentucky and Tennessee, during the progress of the late war, which the romancer cannot afford to pass by.

TWICE TAKEN is the title of a historical romance of the Maritime British Provinces, by Charles W. Hale, from the press of Lee & Shepard, of Boston. Its scenes are laid among the Acadians, over whose lands the enthusiastic author has roamed with rod and gun, dwelling with their descendants and the few representatives of the Abenakis tribes. The story contains some very striking characters, and is fragrant with the forest life so picturesquely describes. The capture of Louisbourg forms one of its most brilliant episodes, which heightens its attractions exceedingly.

STEPHEN DANE is a new novel from the versatile pen of Amanda M. Douglas, which she dedicates to Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton. It is from Lee & Shepard's press, Boston, and is published in their handsome style. Those who have read "In Trust," by the same author, with such unqualified delight, will not wait to get at this attractive volume. Miss Douglas plots neatly, describes picturesquely, understands pretty well the art of characterization, and is a graceful and attractive writer. This new tale will heighten and widen her reputation as a writer of domestic fiction.

"Who Wrote 'Rock me to Sleep'?" is a question that has called forth a large pamphlet and a somewhat stout book, both from the press of M. W. Dudd, New York. The contestants to this popular honor, it appears, are Mrs. Florence Ackers, wife of the sculptor Ackers, and Mr. Alexander M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, N. J. We shall not set ourselves up as umpire in the case, leaving our readers to do that from the evidence herewith submitted. The song is not the less sweet and pathetic, however, whoever may be the author of it. We have heard it sung in a way that made us think we would as lief be able to sing it as to write it.

OTIS CLAPP, 3 Beacon street, publishes "THE COMPENDIUM OF TACHYGRAPHY; or Lindley's Phonetic Shorthand, explaining and illustrating the common style of the art." It has reached its fourth edition, and contains a large quantity of additional matter not in the previous editions. The exercises give the student a clear conception of the science, with a proper view of its permanent value. The Tachygraphic Society has organized and elected officers, gentlemen well known to the community. Any one can subscribe for a membership.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for May has a pretty steel frontispiece illustration, with all the latest fashions, duly set forth on colored plates. Some of the most popular female writers contribute to the present number, making it a captivating issue. The ladies are all partial to Peterson's "Lady's Friend," with a great many of whom it is both law and gospel in the matters of which it treats.

Lee & Shepard publish a little pamphlet on child-murder from Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield. It contains two articles on the subject, to which he gives the title of "Serpents in the Dove's Nest." This subject we have ourselves discussed with some thoroughness in the columns of the BANNER.

Bela Marsh has just got out the seventh edition of "THE SPIRIT MINSTREL"—a collection of hymns and music for the use of Spiritualists, in their circles and public meetings. The authors are J. B. Packard and J. S. Loveland. The price of this little musical manual is thirty-five cents in paper, and fifty cents in cloth.

THE RADICAL for May continues its vigorous treatment of a variety of current subjects, by some of our best thinkers and boldest writers.

Bela Marsh publishes a new edition of the popular Discourse of Lizzie Doten, on "FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY." It is still largely called for.

Bela Marsh publishes a new and handsome edition of "THE SEER," being Volume III. of Davis's "Great Harmonia." This volume has very recently been translated, in Berlin, for German and Prussian readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

Beatrice Boville, by Ouida; The Bishop's Son, by Alice Carey; Man and the conditions that surround him, his progress and decline, past and present.

Stir among Laborers.

The movements among the sons of toil everywhere appear to be awakening attention at the present time. Civilization seems to be in a state of ferment. Better pay and fewer hours of task-work are demanded. Eight thousand tailors are on a strike in London, and thirty thousand more in Paris. The air is hardly less active in the other trades, either. English agricultural laborers feel its influence, and have waked up to demand at least a little improvement on what they now receive per day. Striking in this country is the commonest occupation known. Workmen are demanding eight hours a day, for a day's work, and wide organization has been created among the employments of the Western world. Riots have in not a few cases grown out of the affair. There is much in these things to make us all very serious, and to set us to thinking if the relations of labor and capital may not be adjusted more equitably, and to the general satisfaction.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light.

The Beauty and Freedom of Love.

Love is divine. Love is the fire that kindles the incense of heaven—the burden of the song that angels sing.

God, said the beloved apostle, is love; and love consciousness and reason are related to Deity as drops to the ocean.

How the perverted term "free-love," in any possible way became connected with Spiritualism, is to us a mystery.

How important to understand the occult forces—to study the law of use and abuse. The legitimate use of combastiveness, to speak phrenologically, is not fustian like city pugilists, but rather to combat error—the physical, social and moral evils of the age.

That depraved practice known in the world as "free love," old, at least, as Abraham, Jacob Solomon and David, and prevailing (with this fashionable infanticide) very extensively in the churches, and to some little extent among a few merely professed Spiritualists, is to be treated as a fearful pestilential malady, a wicked, ruinous perversion, devoid a redeeming quality.

Does some one ask, "Should not each brain department be developed?" Yes; but in the line of divine use, and not on the gross plane of abuse and gratification.

Are we asked, "Should not desire be gratified?" Yes; when pure, normal, and subjected to highest reason. But if abnormal, no—a thousand times no!

"My soul is starving," said a mortal to us, awhile since. An immortal whispered in our innermost, quick as flash, it is not essential spirit that speaks.

It is true that in deep soils and amid muddy sloughs even are the noel, the types and buds of lilies and unblown flowers struggling to rise from their sedimental graves into the free, fresh sunlight of heaven.

lectual and spiritually-minded and the comparatively lower to ascend into the top-brain region—to linger and live among those spiritual faculties where angels delight to visit.

It seems a rule, which scientific research corroborates, that in the ascending scale of life the more individuals or nations become intellectualized and spiritualized, the less in numerical ratio the progeny produced.

These resolutions were discussed in their various bearings, by H. C. Wright, L. K. Joslin, Lucretia Mott, M. S. Townsend, J. H. W. Tooley, Dr. R. T. Hall, J. Winslow, Stephen S. Foster, Dr. Sheppard, E. H. Haywood, Judge E. B. Cuyler, and others.

President—Alfred H. Love, of Pennsylvania. Vice Presidents—Levi K. Joslin, Rhode Island; Hou. Geo. Thompson, England; Lucretia Mott, Ebenezer James, Pennsylvania; A. B. Ohild, Massachusetts; Judge A. G. Carter, Ohio; William Chase, Rhode Island; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; James M. Peables, Michigan; Joseph A. Dugdale, Iowa; Isaac Winslow, New York; E. A. Webb, New Hampshire; Thomas Haskell, Massachusetts; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, D. P. Wilder, Vermont; Townsend, New Jersey.

Recording Secretary—Laura Bliscob, Rhode Island. Treasurer—Robert E. Wallcut, Massachusetts. And an Executive Committee of eighteen.

Angelo love, how chaste and free. Paternal and maternal love, oh how tender, full and free. Brotherly love, how noble, warm and free.

The tendency of the more spiritually minded is to complete celibacy. The higher any mortal goes in mentality and spirituality, the more prominently this tendency shines out in word and act.

Spiritualism as a philosophy and a phenomenon, as a science and a religion, as a key unlocking all the mysteries of those old epochs gray with the moss and mould of time, as the opening of a new seal to this carnal century, vocal with millioned voices from the spirit and spiritual worlds, as a great reform movement, repudiates love, license and vice of all kinds, yet recognizes love as of God—love as an element of our inmost beings, pure, holy, free, and acting as a co-worker with wisdom under the guidance of angels, is the great redemptive principle of the universe.

This, then, must be written upon our banners in letters of gold, Spiritualism and celibacy—Spiritualism and perpetual chastity—perpetual chastity the only pathway that leads into the heaven of heavens.

The Anniversaries in New York.

Blessings on these yearly anniversary seasons. They are becoming time-honored customs, telling in behalf of progress and philanthropy. These anniversaries pre-empted and quite occupied the thought of New York last week, as a general review, as a laying the harvest of the year's efforts upon the altar of truth, as seen by various societies.

Resolved—That we must surrender to the inviolability of human life, to absolute justice, equal rights, human brotherhood and world-wide philanthropy. Having freedom, we believe, with Sumner, "the ballot is peace-maker"; "equality can be no retrogression."

and to make it a capital offence to be a Christian after the pattern of Christ, and to "obey God rather than man."

These resolutions were discussed in their various bearings, by H. C. Wright, L. K. Joslin, Lucretia Mott, M. S. Townsend, J. H. W. Tooley, Dr. R. T. Hall, J. Winslow, Stephen S. Foster, Dr. Sheppard, E. H. Haywood, Judge E. B. Cuyler, and others.

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Recording Secretary—Laura Bliscob, Rhode Island. Treasurer—Robert E. Wallcut, Massachusetts. And an Executive Committee of eighteen.

Bro. A. C. Woodruff, formerly a law-practitioner, and an able defender of the just and the right in the field of reform, has decided to lecture upon Spiritualism and its legitimate deductions.

You will be kind enough to say to the readers of the BANNER that I have removed from Milwaukee, Wis., to Hobart, Lake Co., Ind., where I can be addressed until further notice.

I am now devoting my whole time to lecturing, and healing the sick. My healing powers are being developed fast, and I cannot see that healing detracts from my power to lecture.

Bro. Colby, let the light shine. The BANNER is doing a great work. I go nowhere that the BANNER is not hailed as a herald of angelic messages.

St. Louis, Mo., May 8, 1867.

Anniversary at Rock Island, Ill.

The first Anniversary of the First Spiritual Society of Rock Island, comes off on Tuesday, May 21st, 1867. Oration and toasts in the afternoon.

Received from R. Montague, Los Angeles, Cal. \$1.50

Received from J. Madison A. Lytle, truce and inspirational speaker, author of "The Banner of Light," and "The Banner of Truth."

Received from Mrs. J. A. Brown, truce and inspirational speaker, author of "The Banner of Light," and "The Banner of Truth."

Received from Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, truce and inspirational speaker, author of "The Banner of Light," and "The Banner of Truth."

Received from Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullen, 151 West 62nd St., New York.

Received from Mrs. E. A. Bliss, will speak in New York City during May.

Received from Mrs. Abby N. Durban, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture.

Received from Mrs. Laura Coffey, is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal.

Received from Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, inspirational and truce speaker, will answer calls to lecture.

Received from Mrs. Augustus A. Cumber, will answer calls to speak in New York through the summer and fall.

Received from Mrs. J. H. Cumber, will answer calls to lecture, 199 Cambridge street, Boston, Mass.

Received from Mrs. George Dutton, M. D., will lecture in New York during June.

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meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall, 606 Broadway, Santa Fe.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings at Cambridge-street Lecture Room, near Dekalb avenue, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—The Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Wednesday evening, at Continental Hall, Fourth street, supported by the voluntary contributions of members and friends.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold regular Sunday evening, and hold public circles Thursday evenings, at Black's Musical Institute (Palmer's Hall), Main street.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Broad-street, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock, P. M.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street, between 10th and 11th.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualists' meetings every Sunday in the hall, Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock, Mr. Wm. H. Plank, Conductor.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Coffey will lecture every Sunday at the new hall in Mechanics' Institute, Post street, between Montgomery and Kearney. Admission free.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings every Sunday, at 10 o'clock, in the hall, at 104 N. Broadway, between 1st and 2nd streets.

LETOUBES' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES. PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK. Arranged Alphabetically.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be hooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.

J. MADISON ALLEY, truce and inspirational speaker, author of "The Banner of Light," and "The Banner of Truth," will lecture every Sunday in Philadelphia, and where desired give week-evening instruction in the new short-hand. Address, care Banner of Light, 104 N. Broadway, between 1st and 2nd streets, Philadelphia, Pa., during July, August, and September.

Mrs. J. A. BROWN will lecture in Woodstock, Vt., in May 18 and 26, and June 16 and 23; in Bridgewater, June 21; in South Reading, June 8; in Eden Mills, June 30 and July 7. Address, South Reading, Vt.

Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLEN, 151 West 62nd St., New York. Mrs. E. A. BLISS will speak in New York City during May. Address, 350 North Second street, Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. ABBY N. DURBAN, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Audubon, Mass. Mrs. M. C. BROWN, inspirational speaker, address, Pardeeville, Wis. Sundays engaged for the present.

services as a lecturer, will please write at their earliest convenience. Permanent address, Denver City, Col. Ter. Mrs. C. L. GARD, (formerly Mrs. Morris), truce speaker, 77 Cedar street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. M. HARRISON lectures in Worcester, Mass., during the absence of Mrs. Martha Jacob, Worcester, or 406 East 31st street, New York City, care of Mrs. J. M. Jackson. Mrs. Hardings can make no more Sabbath engagements.

Dr. M. HENRY HODGSON will remain in West Park, Me., until further notice. W. D. HUNT will lecture in Springfield, Mass., May 19 and 26. Address as above.

LYMAN C. HOWE, inspirational speaker, New Albion, N. Y. Mrs. STEPHEN A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Willimantic, Conn., during May, in Somers, during August; in Cleveland, Ohio, during October and November. Will receive proposals for June and July.

Dr. J. N. HODGSON, truce speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, 107 Myrtle street, East Boston, Mass. Mrs. S. A. HAYWOOD, truce speaker, Greenwood, Mass.

Mrs. J. L. HAYWOOD, truce speaker, 179 Court street, Boston. Mrs. F. A. LOGAN will answer calls to awaken an interest in, and aid in establishing Children's Progressive Lyceums. Address, 104 N. Broadway, between 1st and 2nd streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN A. LOWE will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends may desire. Address, box 17, Sutton, Mass. Mrs. J. L. LYONS, inspirational speaker, will receive calls to lecture in the Eastern States until May 1st. Address, 60 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J.

Dr. LEO MILLER is permanently located in Chicago, Ill., and will answer calls to speak Sundays within a reasonable distance of that city. Address, 212 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, box 77, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dr. G. W. MORRILL, Jr., truce and inspirational speaker, will lecture and attend funerals. Address, Boston, Mass. LOBBING MOODY, Malden, Mass.

Dr. J. H. RANDALL, inspirational speaker, Upper Lisle, N. Y., will lecture on Spiritual Manifestations. Mrs. FRED REED, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first, second and fifth Sundays of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Millard, Mass. Mrs. M. E. B. SAWYER, Baldwinville, Mass. Mrs. MARY L. SWEET, truce speaker, Toledo, O.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, Vt. Mrs. CHARLOTTE F. TABB, truce speaker, New Bedford, Mass. Mrs. W. H. TOOLEY, 42 Cambridge street, Boston.

BENJAMIN TODD, San Francisco, Cal. JAMES TRASK is ready to enter the field as a lecturer on Spiritualism. Address, Kenosha, Wis. HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, O.

Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, 36 Bank street, New York. Mrs. MARY E. WILSON, truce speaker, 71 Williams street, Newark, N. J.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Battle Creek, Mich., during May; in Oswego, N. Y., during June. Calls for week lectures, care of Mrs. J. H. Cumber, 199 Cambridge street, Boston, during July, August, and September. Address in advance as above.

Mrs. M. MACDONALD WOOD, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass. F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., P. O. box 39, Station D, New York. Mrs. S. E. WALKER will lecture in Darien, Wis., during May; in Rockford, Ill., June 1st; in Boston, Mass., during June, care of Mrs. J. H. Cumber, 199 Cambridge street, Boston, during July, August, and September. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address as above, or box 14, Berlin, Wis.