

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON BEING CALLED AN INFIDEL.

By S. J. P.

"An Infidel!" how easy said;
But wherefore comes the name?
What is "an Infidel," I ask,
And is it cause for shame?

Is it to take for Truth and Right
What Reason has weighed well?
To "prove all things," hold fast the good?
Then am I "Infidel!"

Is it to trust with fearless faith
The God within the soul;
Heeding the voice that speaks therein,
Spurning all false control?

Trusting in Inspiration past,
In Inspiration now;
Selecting wheat from out the chaff,
Where'er it comes, or how—

Believing Heaven oft fills our souls
With promptings pure and high?
If this—all this be "Infidel,"
Then "Infidel" am I!

Unflinchingly I face the scorn,
Freely accept the shame;
For if "an Infidel" mean this,
I glory in the name!

With angel-breathings round me oft,
With hopes most bright to cheer,
With earnest soul-paints after Truth,
I cannot stoop to fear.

Though oft I meet with those I deem
Fast bound in Error's thrall,
I pray that clearly be mine,
For we are erring—all.

With love to God, and love to man,
To Justice, Truth and Right—
Heaven grant I ne'er be "Infidel!"
To past or present light!

To creed-bound dogmas, false though old,
I've bid a last adieu—
Your fetters ne'er can bind my soul,
I'm "Infidel" to you!

Written for the Banner of Light.
CRIMSON AND GREEN.

By Marie Louise Hayden.

"Let the dress be crimson and green, mamma. I wish it to be done by to-morrow evening, for on the morning of the next day Lieut. Avery will call for me to ride with him—you know I have particular reasons for wishing to appear well in his eyes—and crimson and green are perfectly adapted to my complexion and style. Some people would consider it in very bad taste, I suppose, and for some ladies it would be so; but you see, dear mamma, that after one has passed her rosy youth, as I have, at twenty-five one needs to study colors a little, to hide any little lack of coloring that time has failed to supply."

"I will see that Miss Alstien has your riding-habits finished at the appointed time, my daughter, though your remarks about fading charms are entirely uncalled for; for believe me, Isabel, you never looked half so charming as you have ever since Lieut. Avery has been a constant visitor at our house."

"Ah! but you see with partial eyes, dear mamma, though perhaps the excitement of angling for a husband does lend additional life to the expression, and I am determined to secure Lieut. Avery, if possible. Such another match may not present itself until I am left in the shade by the flight of time."

"The task seems easy now, for, judging from appearances, I should say that he was as anxious to win you for his wife as you are to secure him for a husband. I hope you will succeed, for he is a splendid man, and very wealthy, too; besides, his family are very aristocratic. I only hope you may succeed."

"How pleasant it is to have a dear, kind mother like you to talk to so freely, as I do to you." I always tell you all my plans and thoughts."

"Yes, yes," replied the old lady, half absently, "But I wish I knew if Lieut. Avery was a church member, and of what persuasion he was. I do hope he is a Unitarian, for they are the only true believers."

"Well, I do not feel like a religious discussion; and so while I go to the garden for strawberries, you will hasten the preparations for the completion of my new riding-habit, please."

Mrs. Vane withdrew to the little back parlor, where Miss Alstien was usually to be found busily engaged with the family sewing. Miss Amy Alstien was a distant cousin of Isabel Vane, she had been left homeless at the age of fourteen, and Mrs. Vane had kindly offered her a home with her; but as she grew older, year by year, she had become more perfectly the slave of the beautiful but proud Isabel. She preferred this life of silent unhappiness to a struggle with the world, such as orphan girls usually have to meet. And now, when Isabel was twenty-five, her Cousin Amy was eighteen, and a more perfect contrast in seldom seen than that presented by those two girls. Isabel was tall, elegant in figure, with large, expressive dark eyes and heavy black hair, while her complexion was pure white and red. She was, in fact, an elegant-looking woman. In disposition she was haughty, proud, and willful, loving only her mother. Amy was a little pale, blue-eyed, rosy-lipped darling, with a slender, well-proportioned figure, and such glossy brown curls—abundant, wavy, and always nicely dressed! Her eyes were of that peculiar shade of

blue that reminds one of a cloudless summer sky—so clear, so pure, was their expression. She was very affectionate, and even loved her cousin Isabel, who had always treated her as a dependent, and never allowed her to share her pleasures.

On this particular morning Amy had been deeply engaged in reading a very interesting treatise on the needs of the spiritual life, and of late she had become deeply interested in all that pertained to the new and beautiful theory that had instinctively crept into her heart. She was as yet unconscious of its power, and unable to analyze her own feelings; but every word or letter that threw light upon her own convictions of right was eagerly accepted.

When Mrs. Vane entered the back parlor, she was surprised at finding Amy so deeply interested in the pages of a book as to be unconscious of her entrance. She crept noiselessly to her side, and uttered an exclamation of horror as she glanced at the title of the book.

"Amy Alstien! You, you so deeply engaged in this work of Satan! Why, the very next thing I know, I shall have the spirits turning my house upside down. Throw that detestable book from the window into the street, and never touch it again."

"I cannot. It was lent me by a friend."

"Then return it as quickly as possible, and never again seek to inquire into the theory of this new doctrine."

Amy closed the book, and commenced the work ordered by Mrs. Vane; but it was a weary task, with that bewildering book within reach of her hand! Later in the day Mrs. Vane and Isabel went away into the country to ride, and Amy, usually so faithful to her work, threw aside the costly fabric of crimson and green, and taking the bewitching book, softly stole into the parlor to read it, thinking that she could make up for lost time by later work in the evening. She was soon so deeply absorbed in its pages that she did not hear the sharp ring at the bell, nor heed the entrance into the room of Lieut. Avery. But when he spoke, she started, and hid her book beneath her apron like a frightened child.

"Pardon me, Miss Alstien; I have intruded. Learning from the servant that Mrs. Vane would soon be at home, I, with the privilege of an intimate friend, came to the parlor to await her return; but if I disturb you, I will take my leave."

"Oh, no! I must go into the back parlor immediately, and resume my sewing. I have a dress to finish for Miss Isabel, and Mrs. Vane told me to hurry to get it done; but I did so well to read a few pages of this book, and as I read, I forgot everything but the words contained there; and now it is almost time for them to be home again."

"You can mention to your aunt that you have been reading; surely she will excuse you."

"Ah! but she forbade me to read another word of this book."

"Please let me look at it."

She timidly extended it, and when he saw the title page he smiled, and said:

"I am pleased to find you so deeply interested. I wrote that book myself."

"Did you? Then you must tell me all about this beautiful belief. I so long to learn of it!"

"I will; but first I have something else to say to you."

He then told her how he had been drawn to that house, day after day, by her sweet self; Mrs. Vane and her daughter thinking Isabel the attraction all the while. He could only now and then get a glimpse of her, but he determined to persevere; and when he found Mrs. Vane and Isabel to be absent that day, he entered, trusting to chance to bring Amy to him. He had found her, and would not let the opportunity pass without declaring his love for her, and asking her to be his wife. Isabel had manoeuvred until he had asked her to ride to the grove in the morning, to attend a picnic to be held there. Would Amy object to his fulfillment of the engagement?

"Certainly not!"

He drew her closely to him, and whispered words of tenderness common to young lovers, while she nestled fondly in his arms, blushing confessing that she had secretly loved him, even while she considered him to be her cousin Isabel's intended husband. They were engaged, and Lieut. Avery said he would define her position to the family on his return from the picnic on the following day.

When Mrs. Vane and Isabel returned, they went immediately to the little room where Amy sat sewing, having scarcely commenced the work left for her to do. Mrs. Vane scolded her in quite an unladylike manner, and Isabel said:

"What have you been doing all the morning, you lazy thing? Reading that infernal book, I suppose. Here—I'll take it!"

She seized the book, and as Amy sprang forward to take it from her, fearful of its receiving injury, the fair Isabel struck her a heavy blow with it, in her anger, and then dashed from the room, angrily exclaiming:

"I shall not be able to wear my new riding-habit to-morrow. Such a splendid thing, too—dark green, with crimson trimmings. Nothing else will become my complexion like that. The lazy thing! Why didn't you stay at home and see to it yourself, mamma?"

"There now, my dear, don't give way to your temper. I will make her sit up to-night until it is done, and I will help her to-day. So rest easy; you shall have the dress for to-morrow."

The spotted beauty was somewhat pacified by this, and, still retaining the book, she sought her chamber. The servant met her on the stairs and announced the arrival of Lieut. Avery, when she immediately retraced her steps. She met the gentleman with a smiling face, quite unaware that he had heard her loud talk in the hall, and was mentally congratulating himself on his fortunate selection of the gentle Amy in preference to the high-toned beauty before him. He observed the book in her hand, and remarked:

"You sometimes read of Spiritualism, then?"

"No! No indeed! This book I picked up accidentally, not observing its title even."

"Have you read any of it?"

"I never desire to read such nonsense as that contains. I have heard enough of Spiritualism without reading of it."

"We shall hear a lecture of that kind at the grove to-morrow, if we remain long enough."

"Lieut. Avery, do you believe in this new doctrine?"

"Most assuredly I do! And I wish you would study into its truths; you are prejudiced now."

"If it is your wish, I will learn all of it that is possible."

She excused herself from the room soon after, and going to her mother's room, said:

"Now what do you think, mamma? Lieut. Avery is a Spiritualist!"

"Impossible!"

"He is. He has just told me so himself, and wished me to become interested in its 'truths.' I think there is no truth about it, but shall have to pretend to believe it, I suppose. He is too good a catch to lose for a little matter of opinion that I can soon remedy after I am his wife."

"You are right, my love. Go down now and question him about the 'beautiful truths.' He will tell you; and perhaps in explaining to you this religion he will hasten his proposal."

But Mrs. Vane and Isabel were disappointed. Lieut. Avery never went beyond the bounds of friendly politeness, and on this occasion he seemed to be absent-minded, often calling her Amy instead of Isabel. She was vexed, and observed:

"I should think your mind was filled with some Amy to-day."

"It is; and to-morrow I will tell you something that may surprise you."

Isabel blushed, thinking he intended to tell her of his love and ask her to be his wife; and she was more than ever determined to have the new dress of crimson and green to wear on that occasion.

As soon as Lieut. Avery left the house, Isabel went to the sewing-room, where she found Amy alone, with a purple bruise upon her forehead. She asked how it came there.

"You very well know, Isabel. It was caused by that blow I received from your hand, with the book I should be glad to have you return. You have always treated me as a slave, Isabel. I have borne your scoldings, but now you will blow me to-day."

"As much as you please, fair heroine of the purple bump," tauntingly returned Isabel.

Amy only wept in silence, and thought of the morrow.

Isabel awoke early, and on going to the little parlor found Amy asleep in her chair. She had not gone to bed, but when the last stitch was taken in the garment which Isabel was to wear at the picnic, she had closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair to dream of the tender words of her promised husband, and had fallen asleep.

Isabel was angry with her for having remained in her chair after the dress was finished, and was also annoyed at the purple mark upon her forehead. She shook her rudely, saying:

"Why don't you go to bed, Amy?"

Amy opened her clear, blue eyes, and answered:

"I have slept two hours or more. I shall not sleep more to-night."

And she thought of the explanation Lieut. Avery had promised to make Mrs. Vane and Isabel, wondering if they would be angry, and half dreading the interview, yet wishing it was over.

After breakfast Lieut. Avery called for Isabel, who, not being quite ready, sent a message for him to wait in the parlor until she came down. He went into the sewing-room, where he knew he should find Amy, and, bending low to kiss her pale forehead, observed the purple mark.

"Amy, darling, what is this?"

"Only the result of an unfortunate accident."

"I am sorry. You will be in the parlor when we return, please. I wish you were going. After to-day, darling, no woman but you ever goes with me. I wonder if Isabel would consent to your going with us to-day?"

"No indeed! Nor do I wish to go. I should be sorry to spoil her last day of enjoyment with you."

"And you are not a bit jealous?"

"Of you? Never."

"One more good-by kiss, and I must be gone. I shall speak at the grove this morning, and then hasten our return."

He entered the parlor, and in a few moments Isabel joined him, resplendent in her new dark green riding-habit. The crimson trimmings added just color enough to suit her complexion. The dark plume of her hat swept the pink-tinted cheek, and truly she never looked more lovely than at that moment. But Lieut. Avery had no eyes for her dark beauty. His heart was with the little blue-eyed Amy in Mrs. Vane's back parlor, and he wove bright dreams of the change his love should make in her fortunes, as he rode beside Isabel toward the grove. She thought him unusually silent, but decided it was in consequence of that something he had promised to tell her.

When they reached the grove Lieut. Avery procured her a fine seat in the shade, near the stand erected for the speakers, and telling her that the duties of the day would keep him away from her for an hour, he ascended the platform, where the speakers were already seated, and, to her surprise, opened the exercises, afterward making a powerful speech, which was warmly applauded by the people assembled. Isabel was proud of him, and more determined than ever to secure him.

After numerous speakers had addressed the audience, all dispersed to seek the refreshments so bountifully provided, and Isabel expressed a wish to return home. She wished the quiet of her cool parlor, to give Lieut. Avery an opportunity to tell her what he had hinted at the day previous. He assisted her into the saddle, and

they were soon at home. While Isabel had gone to her room to exchange her riding-habit for a home dress, Amy stole into the parlor, and Lieut. Avery rose to meet her. He pressed her for a moment to his heart, and then led her to a seat beside him on the sofa. Mrs. Vane and Isabel were both surprised when they came into the room a few moments afterward, to see the modest Amy sitting beside the latter's intended. But they were still more so when he said:

"Mrs. Vane, I have a favor to ask of you: I wish to remove your niece to my own home as soon as the necessary preparations can be made. Do you consent?"

"I do not quite understand. Did you say my niece?"

"Your niece, Miss Amy Alstien, who is my betrothed bride."

Then turning to Isabel he said:

"You remember I told you I should surprise you to-day?"

Mrs. Vane quickly recovered herself, and said she was very happy that Amy had found so desirable a companion, and her consent was gladly given. Isabel also offered her congratulations, and the two baffled women concealed their real feelings so well that Lieut. Avery thought he had wronged them when he suspected them of designs upon his fortune for Isabel. After he had gone, promising to come again in the evening, Mrs. Vane and Isabel were quite altered in their manner toward Amy. She was their "dear friend," and Isabel even asked her to forgive her hasty temper and its consequences, and made her promise not to tell her intended husband about the cruel blow she had received, the traces of which were rapidly disappearing.

A month after the Spiritualist picnic Lieut. Avery bore to his elegant home the orphan girl, now a happy wife. Isabel Vane was first bride-maid, and is a frequent visitor at the house of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, of —. She has become softened toward the new religion—as all unbelievers will in time—but has not accepted the faith yet; perhaps she is waiting a convenient season.

THE LECTURE ROOM.

LECTURE BY HON. JUDGE EDMONDS.

The newly organized Society known as the "Williamsburgh Spiritualist Society" held its first meeting Wednesday evening, May 24th, in Continental Hall, Fourth street, Williamsburgh, N. Y., to hear a lecture on Spiritualism by Hon. Judge Edmonds, of New York.

The hall, says the Brooklyn Daily Times, from which we copy the Judge's remarks, was much crowded, not alone by Spiritualists, but by others drawn thither by the fame of the lecturer.

Mr. Henry Witt, in introducing the speaker, said he had rented the hall and engaged to provide speakers for every meeting for one year, and pay all expenses, upon condition that fifty members would agree to pay five dollars each in advance, and twenty-five cents per month thereafter, or such sums as would be equivalent thereto, empowering him at the same time to choose an advisory associate committee to assist him in the performance of the duties of the position required. This proposition was accepted by a perfectly unanimous vote, and the meetings will hereafter continue every Wednesday evening.

JUDGE EDMONDS'S ADDRESS.

It is not often of late I have spoken on Spiritualism to a large congregation. I once lectured through the whole country, but lately I have lectured on it but seldom. I do it now because an effort is being made here to have the truth spoken once a week. Next Sunday I shall speak for the benefit of a hall in New York. I only speak occasionally now. Such organizations as this are advantageous. We have no desire to build up a sect or party. It has been objected that our aim is to create a sect or party; also that our tenets are antagonistic to Christianity. These are erroneous ideas. About twenty years ago Spiritualism became noticed. It manifested itself at first in an humble way. The Rochester knockings caused much astonishment. The spread of the doctrine of Spiritualism since then is perfectly wonderful. These manifestations were at first rude. Tables would move, &c. Then mental manifestations came. Persons spoke, inspired and impelled by some being independent of themselves. So wide-spread has it become, that I am justified in saying that nothing in the history of man can compare with it. Already the Spiritualists in the United States outnumber the Catholics and Protestants together. At the meeting of the Roman Catholic Bishops at Baltimore recently, the first object was to ascertain the religious condition of the people, and it was found that the Catholics and Protestants numbered less than nine millions, but that the Spiritualists numbered between ten and eleven millions, and have more than fifty thousand mediums. This statement comes from those who are not friendly to Spiritualism. I have seen it in politics. Twelve years ago I told a man, who is now a distinguished member of Congress, to advocate the Anti-Slavery cause; that when the people got a chance they would lay their hand upon slavery and kill it. This was twelve years ago. Nearly three months ago, a clergyman came to me and wanted to know why he should not abandon his priesthood and college and preach Spiritualism. Many, like Nicodemus, have come to me in the nighttime and asked how can these things be?

A few weeks ago a writer says I said there were five millions of Spiritualists. He could not believe it, and he thought it was extravagant of me to say so. I did say it five or six years ago. Our minister to Japan has told me he has read my first volume on Spiritualism on the Himalayan mountains. I have heard of my books being found in whale ships, etc. I know they have been translated into the Russian, and I am in receipt of letters from all parts of the world. Last year I received from London a book by a lady traveling, who said that there was no town or city of any magnitude in Europe, where there were not Spiritualists; she had heard of them in nine different languages. Three hundred years after the birth of Christ, Christianity had not made the progress made by Spiritualism in the same length of time. In various languages the truth is being preached to men. What is it? That is the great question. We have a duty to perform. It is not proselytism. Our duty is to tell the truth as it

comes to us; to give it free to man as it is given freely to us, and let it work. I found it a source of happiness to me, but it is no consequence to me whether any one received it or not. We do not want to thrust it on any one. But what is it that is in our midst and imposes this duty? It is generally supposed to be antagonistic to Christianity, and many persons therefore reject it. I once lectured in Dayton, Ohio. Every newspaper there was busy and every clergyman was busy trying to keep the people from going to hear me. They even said I was not Judge Edmonds. Not succeeding by these means they got up a false alarm of fire, and that cleared the room. Yet, in spite of all this, the thing has gone on. It moves as Galileo said of the earth, when he was under the ban of the Inquisition. What is the Christian religion? It is comprehended in the few words, Love God and your neighbor. There is in Spiritualism nothing but what tends to sanctify and enforce these obligations. Nothing in it conflicts with Christianity. The grand doctrine taught to many eighteen hundred years ago, have been trammelled by the contraction of men's minds; but the time comes when men's minds will be free and unfettered. Freedom of heart and conscience is that which Spiritualism teaches. Let every nation work out its own salvation; let every man be responsible for his own fate. The pagans long ago worshipped fire, and the sun as the Great Creator. The instinct of worship is implanted in every soul. Devotion is the badge of the Divine Spirit that is within us. Centuries ago it showed itself in the worship of images; then of the demigods, &c. As the world advanced men found something beyond those, and then came what the Greeks called Logos or the Word, and the Romans, Fate. They were conscious of beings superior to themselves, and called them their gods. Some four thousand years ago there came a revelation to man, not through the instrumentality of Nature, who but

half reveals "half reveals." Nature never could satisfy us. The Revelation which was the Revelation of one God, came from beyond the grave. Then came the revelation of existence beyond the grave. The truth, Plato, Pythagoras, Confucius, Zoroaster and Jesus, came that revelation. It culminated in Jesus.

Various sects have arisen in the world, but all believe in existence beyond the grave. Two revelations had come: that of the existence of a Supreme Ruler and of existence beyond the grave. What is the future life, and how is man to be prepared for it? The Jewish religion tells nothing of these things. Some four thousand years ago, man got ready to receive the revelation of the existence of a Supreme Being, and two thousand years afterward the revelation of existence after death. And now comes the revelation of the nature of this existence. It is now five or six hundred years since the attempt was first made to teach us what this existence is. The revelation can only come by and through intelligences. No operation of God takes place, except through some celestial being, and through some of these beings the new revelation, which is the revelation of the truth, is being conveyed to the world.

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When is a tombstone like a rushlight? When it is set up for a late husband.

The Halifax (N. S.) Industrial Society—a co-operative association—has now 6000 members, a capital of over \$250,000, did business last year to the amount of \$800,000, at a total cost of less than five per cent., and at a net profit of more than \$4000, which was shared by its members, instead of being paid away to others.

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 they will, and we grope
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIXON HOWE.)

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Narcissus.

This spring flower is nodding its head in many a garden, and looking up with its clear eye to the heavens. The Daffodil, the Jonquil, the Polyanthus are all species of the genus Narcissus. But the poet's Narcissus is a white flower with a purple centre, and it has a pretty story of its own, which is well worth knowing.

Like the other flowers that have found a name from some imaginary history, this one takes us back to the days of Grecian mythology, and we can learn in its story what men thought and believed two thousand years ago.

There was said to have been a beautiful nymph who haunted the woods and hills, and sported in the beautiful places by streams. Her name was Echo. But like many fair maidens she had one great fault. She loved gossip, and she would have the last word.

One day Jupiter was amusing himself with the nymphs, and Juno was displeased, so Echo undertook to detain Juno, by chatting with her until the nymphs should have time to leave Jupiter alone. This she did, but Juno discovered her cunning and determined to punish Echo; and a severe punishment she gave her.

"You shall no more use your tongue except to reply. You shall always have the last word."

Was not this a hard fate, never to be able to speak, but forever to wait, and to answer back only another's words?

Narcissus was a beautiful youth who loved hunting, and followed the chase into the mountains. Echo saw him, and his noble manner and his fine countenance seemed to her like the realization of all her dreams. She felt lonely, and longed for companionship, and she desired to speak to the youth, but she had no power. He lost his way and shouted, and Echo repeated his words. "Who's here?" said Narcissus. "Here," responded Echo. "Come," said the youth. "Come," answered Echo.

Thus he called and Echo answered, until she really began to think that he desired her presence, and she went to him with a thrill of joy, thinking how blessed it would be at last to have sweet companionship.

But Narcissus was not only cold, he was rude; he even pushed her away, and what was most mortifying, as he said, "I would rather die than you should have me," she repeated, "Have me." She was so humiliated and so grieved, that she retired at once to solitary places, and frequented caves and mountain cliffs. At last she so pined away, that her flesh disappeared, and her bones were changed into rocks, and only her voice remained, which forever haunts the loved places of her grief, and repeats the last word.

Is not this a poetic fancy to account for the reflection of sound, which science now tells us is caused by some obstacle which interposes itself and sends the sound back again, so that the words we speak are repeated, and sometimes re-repeated?

But this was not the end of the cruel but handsome Narcissus. Another fair maiden was charmed with him, but he repelled her with scorn, and the maiden prayed earnestly to the avenging goddess that Narcissus might love some one and meet no return of love.

A most singular revenge was granted by the goddess. As Narcissus was hunting one day, he came to a beautiful fountain. It was as clear as silver, and was sheltered by the rocks, and on its borders grew the fresh green grass. Narcissus stooped to drink, and saw his own image reflected therein. He thought it was some fair maiden, some water-spirit, whose home was the fountain. The maiden's prayer was answered. He loved the image of himself. As he stooped to kiss what he believed to be another's beautiful face, the lips disappeared, and the waters gave back only troubled ripples.

But he haunted the fountain, he talked with the imaginary being, he pined and sickened, his tears dropped upon and disturbed the beautiful image. Echo heard all, and as he sighed she repeated with real feeling his latest sigh. Poor Narcissus found no solace, and at last he died. The nymphs mourned for him, and prepared to burn his body, but as they sought it, it was nowhere to be found, but in its place was a new and beautiful flower, with white petals and purple heart, and forever does it bear the sweet name and tell the pitiful story.

Such is the Grecian history of this pretty flower. Many poets have celebrated the story or alluded to it in verse—Milton, Cowper, Goldsmith—and every one can feel the poetry of the flower. It seems that the ancients thought it a sad fate to be in love with one's own self. There was no help for poor Narcissus, when he once felt the full power of loving his own beauty.

And just as true is it to-day. The moment one begins to bow down and admire himself, from that moment he becomes a useless being. I don't think he could even expect that a sweet flower would arise from the ashes of his buried usefulness.

Can you not imagine how the Grecian mothers told this story to their pretty daughters, warning them not to become charmed by their own looks, but to seek higher and nobler objects of love in the cultivation of their minds and their hearts?

Poor Echo, too, no doubt, was used as a warning to those busy tongues that could not be still long enough for any serious thinking, and for those willful little ones that wanted the last word.

Perhaps there may be some in our day whom the Grecian Fable will serve; for two thousand years have not made handsome young men and women free from vanity, or made girls and boys always willing to listen to the wiser words of others.

(Original.)

HOW BIRDS MADE A BISHOP.

A Bishop had for his coat of arms two birds called fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing." The reason for this device will be found in the following true story:

A little boy, whose parents were poor, lived in a small village on the banks of the Danube. As soon as he was old enough to find the way home, he was sent out to gather fagots to burn, and when a little older he was compelled to pick juniper berries, that they might be sold to a distiller near by, and thus a little money be added for the family necessities.

The little boy trudged off daily to his task, and as he went toward the trees—the fruit from which

his little hands were to convert into solid comfort for his home, in the shape of bread and a new suit of clothes—he was obliged to pass by the village school.

The windows were open, and he could hear the boys reciting their lessons, and he longed to enter and be among them; but he well knew that there was no use in asking his father to send him to school, for he was too poor to pay for his instruction. But as he picked his berries he kept thinking, and wondering if he could not find some way to become one of the scholars. These thoughts sometimes filled his mind all day, so that he could find no real pleasure in the sights and sounds about him. The birds that came to share the juniper berries became familiar to him, but their cunning ways could not charm him from his one great desire to learn to read. The wishes of his soul became a constant prayer, which the Providence of his life stood ready to answer.

As he was walking sadly home one day, he saw two of the boys of the school trying to catch some fieldfares. He asked them what they were doing, and they told him that their teacher was very fond of them, and that they were seeking to please him by catching them.

"And will he not be pleased if I carry some to him?" said the boy to himself; "and if he is pleased, perhaps he will teach me."

These little birds were in the habit of frequenting the juniper wood, and the next day he had no trouble in catching two in a basket. He tied an old handkerchief over the basket and went to the house of the schoolmaster and presented his gift.

As he stood before the master barefooted and ragged, he thought, This boy expects to be paid for this work, and sadly he needs a little money. "Tell me your price, my boy, and I will pay you."

"But if you please, I will give them to you," said the boy.

"But you don't look as if you could afford to make presents; set your price on the birds. Don't be afraid that I won't pay it."

"But, sir, I like best to give them to you."

"What a strange boy! Then tell me what I can do for you; surely there is something that I can give you."

"Yes, sir, there is something I want more than anything in the world—more than the new clothes my father has promised to me when I have earned them picking juniper berries."

"What is it you want?"

"Oh, sir, teach me to read," and the boy fell on his knees, repeating, "teach me to read."

The teacher was a kind man, and readily promised, and the boy came every leisure hour he could get to learn, for he was not able to give up his occupation of juniper gathering.

His progress was very rapid, for he loved every task which the schoolmaster gave him, and learned with a hearty will and an earnest purpose. His progress so pleased the teacher that he recommended him to a nobleman as one deserving better opportunities than he could find by his father's means.

The gentleman sent the boy to school, where he rose so rapidly that he soon became distinguished. He went from rank to rank of scholarship, graduated, and was made Bishop.

But he did not forget his two fieldfares, the little birds that led him to his first lesson. He honored them as best he could by taking them upon his escutcheon, and bearing them as his watchword to remind him of the Power that in caring for the field sparrow will never forget the poor but earnest spirit, but lead it through its own efforts to the good it seeks.

But there are some that are thus led that forget the steps by which they traveled, and despise the small beginning of their better days and wish to forget it and keep it from the world. In this respect, the Bishop was a noble example, being willing to tell from whence he sprang and by what little ways he came to his honors and his wealth.

(Original.)

AMBER—ITS ORIGIN.

This gem is at present considered very fashionable. It is imitated in many forms, and enters into the stylish attire of many a young lady, who, perhaps, would like to know something about the real gem.

It is found in North America, China, Siberia, Sicily, &c. There is no doubt but it is the petrified resin of a tree. It is found in numerous fragments, lying between the trunks of amber trees. It is probable that the large masses flowed from the trunk, and the smaller fragments from the branches.

A great quantity of amber is thrown up by the Baltic Sea. This is probably owing to the existence of a considerable bed which was probably once a forest on some island.

It is a beautiful gem, but not very generally worn, and is believed to have great magnetic power, and to be of great service when worn about the throat in any weakness of that organ.

It has been celebrated by poets, and who has not read or sung Moore's "Arab's Daughter," in which he makes amber to be the crystallized tears of the sea-bird?

LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Tells her head
List to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Cold but in green,
Where in the days gone
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay;
True little Dandelion
Greets the May.

Brave little Dandelion!
East falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Cuddles her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Grows more fair
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thrifty sun
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closes her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Hearest the angel breeze
Call from the cloud!
Thy plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
Soar away!

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand-organ, says: "When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

Written for the Banner of Light.
DESIGNATION.

BY D. HELEN.

Sitting alone in the twilight,
And hearing the tread of feet,
With the tones of changing voices
Below, in the busy street,
Heeding them not, only thinking
How the days are drifting by,
Like leaves on the breath of autumn,
Like clouds in a stormy sky;
Drifting away with the treasures
That I vainly sought to hold,
Counting them over and over,
As a miser counts his gold;
Saying, "I crave but little;
Let all things else depart,
So these I may safely fold."

Within my passionate heart,
Alas for the worldly wisdom
Prompting the weak desire
To keep any earthly blessing
From Time's refining fire.
Let them go, though Life's deep music
In its sweetest tone be stayed,
And the heart in its bereavement
Refuseth all human aid,
And turns with a thrill of anguish
To take up the broken thread;
Not even discerning dimly
The light gleaming far ahead—
The very light that is needed
To answer our wild demands,
And give us strength to finish
The work in our nerveless hands.
Why brood over lost heart-treasures
With such deep, regretful pain?
They filled their beautiful mission,
So came to us not in vain.

From the soul's unsullied fountain
They have called forth latent powers,
And left in their wake a fragrance
As sweet as the breath of flowers.
Des Moines, Ia., April 25, 1887.

Reply to Dr. Horton.

BY JOHN ELLIS.

"THIS IS THE QUESTION: THIS IS THE OBSCURING CLOUD." What? "Matter can and does think—that is to say, matter organized by Deity; that the mind, soul or spirit commenced to be formed in early life, through the medium of the senses; that the soul had not a previous state of existence; or if it had, we, in our present state, had no consciousness of such existence; and therefore it was no concern of ours."

The Doctor thinks it a legitimate deduction to say that "That which had a beginning must have an end; that when the body ceased to exist, as an active, organized being, the soul consequently, which had its beginning with the body and was dependent on it, must also cease to exist."

I glory in such thinking men as Dr. Horton. Continue, to think, my dear sir, and you will as surely think into your own full satisfaction, as you are now satisfied of night and day.

MAN NEVER DIES! This is a knowledge I possess, my dear sir, and not a faith. Now if it be fact and knowledge we seek for, we must fly at once to God's immutable laws as manifest in all Nature. And what do we find here as proof of man's immortality? Let us see. A law in vegetable physiology proves to me and all men, if the practical mechanical operation be performed of fecundating two varieties of the same species the progeny is an organized body—a seed. Shall we say this seed did not exist before? It was seed before the sexual union was effected; the only apparent change is in the external form. The union of the seeds in sexuality is merely to convey or carry on the life principle, the spirit, the never-dying power, the preservation power. How do I know this? Because I find that in the organized seed, the cotyledons hold this, and retain this same preservation power until the germ, the embodiment of the prior seeds sexualized, absorb it therefrom. This spiritual essence, the life support to all germs in all seeds, over accompanies them, it never falls, nor never leaves the plant! The germ that has absorbed from the cotyledons this wonderful and mighty God-power, the moment it enters into a new world of Earth and Air, leaves behind it the body organism of its previous part, and there stands glorifying God for the wonderful change He has wrought in its plant organism—standing, living and growing in a new world in its own positive identity with a new body absorbed from an old one, for there is the old husk or shell I came from—the cotyledon! Seed I was, seed I am. Who can tell when I was begun, and who will say when I shall end? Who shall dare say that I, a majestic oak as you now please to call me, shall cease to exist after a hundred years are gone and all this mighty organism lies mouldering in the dust? By what law do you arrive at such conclusions? I, oak as I am, know better, for, think ye, the God who brought me and my mighty present organism out of that puny body cotyledon—out of such an insignificant body—and has endowed my identity with such wonderful properties to become what I now am, from the law of analogy, my present organism must of necessity contain properties that shall clothe my identity with a still more beautiful form. My identity existed when I was pollen, and passing through a law of sexuality never altered my identity; it gave me another organic form, consequently I never had a beginning, and if the law of analogy be a truth, shall never have an end.

Identity seems to be stamped on the never-dying principle; we may call the latter, spirit or soul. I understand the terms as the same. It is not here necessary to show or prove from whence came the first tree or plant, as part proof in this illustration of God's works; for it seems that Dr. Horton believes already in "beginnings," and "ends."

Do we not seem to forget that spirit, or soul, is increased prior to, and as well as organized bodies? Do not let us confound the terms spirit and life. Life is the element sustaining body corporeal, and spirit or soul is supplied, developed, and perfected from, and by, the refined elements of this human body. The external of all seeds are preserved and fed by surrounding external elements; the cotyledons are preserved and power given them to move and expand through the agency of heat and moisture, the spirit germ of positive identity then immediately feeds, and absorbs from this body until it abstracts all the constituent elements contained in that body necessary to its germ spirit development into this husk of earth, air, heat, light and moisture. The husk body returning to earth, for earth it is. This is the natural law as I find it in the vegetable world.

By this never-deviating law of God, we not only see that the spirit or soul of things is fed and developed from an anterior body, but we see also that the spiritual part is endowed with properties that will and do extract the constituent elements from the old organism into which a new organism is made and most wonderfully perfected!

Who would believe it possible, were it not within our power to prove it, that from the eggs of butterflies come these seemingly detestable caterpillars? Yet within their bodies are contained all the elements embryotic of the most beautiful butterfly. All we know of this is that at a certain period of their life they crawl away to hide in seclusion, and when handled seem half dead; then in a little while we find a chrysalis—a body produced from the previous one, and the old shell often beside of it. Then again we find that this chrysalis body produces still another body—the body of the beautifully painted butterfly.

I presume there is not a man in the world that could be made to believe this merely from a philosophical argument. We cannot see this wonderful change, neither have we reasoning faculties comprehensive enough to understand it, but there are the bodies—the shell one left behind to return to earth, and the living beautiful one staring us in the face—God's positive evidence that bodies do produce in upward and onward progression (through the powers endowed by the never-dying spirit) living organisms of identity, sublimated somewhat, in each change, and at the same time more beautiful.

This law of God, as I see it established through the whole of the vegetable and animal worlds, is worth more to me than all the riches the world is able to produce. For if God in His loving goodness produces the beautiful body of the butterfly from such a body as a caterpillar, is it reasonable to suppose that God—who has produced this wonderful body of man, and who has instituted the LAW of developing one body from the other—shall leave this greatest and highest work of His whole creation destitute of the very attributes He has endowed the caterpillar with? Never! It is illegitimate to suppose such a thing, when so much natural law and evidence is staring us in the face.

How can we say that "soul or spirit" is "commenced to be formed in early life." Is it not evident that spirit, or soul, is increased and multiplied by a law analogous to that which increases and multiplies the human, and all other animal bodies? Most certainly, to my mind. The one is not increased without the other. Matter and spirit are never separate. The manifestation, or the variation in human countenances, is the development of human constituents and not the variation of spirit or soul; neither does it follow that because souls or spirits are increased, that when an increase is effected that that is the moment of its origination. Not at all. All spirit is of God, part and parcel are our souls of Him.

The blackest man-demon on this earth has wrapped up in his depravity the same God, soul or spirit as may at this moment be shining forth from the most holy and perfect spirit in that beautiful Summer-Land where we are all travelling. No variation to spirit, no beginning to spirit, nor no end of spirit.

The natural law governing man's external, is precisely the same in the vegetable as animal worlds. The manifestations of the law are the same, the only difference is in the forms given to bodies. We have shown how identity and spirit are transmitted and propagated in the vegetable world, also how the vegetable body is produced, and how the constituents of one body are extracted by the spirit to clothe itself with still another and more perfected body. It is exactly so with man. In sexuality, spirit or soul is transmitted (connected with matter of course) to, and in an embryotic body (egg). The never-varying properties of the spirit transmitted instantly begin to clothe themselves with a new body, which is then called fetus, and so continues until they have absorbed all the constituents from the body egg, and the moment this is effected, the infant man leaves this body and bursts forth into a new world! The old shell is left behind to go to earth just like the husk of the caterpillar. This first body of man is called placenta by physiologists.

Here, then, we see that in both the vegetable and animal worlds new bodies are being constantly produced from the constituent elements of the old ones, and seeing this fact and knowing also that it is effected through the peculiar endowments of our spirit or soul nature—what natural law is there in existence that will rob our spirits of these God-given properties, so that the soul must become defunct at that period of time we call the death of the body?

There is no such law, and to say so is to lie in the face of our Maker!

"That the mind, soul or spirit commenced to be formed in early life through the medium of the senses."

What senses are there in the liquid brain of the fetus infant on which the soul must be dependent?

"That the soul had not a previous state of existence; or if it had, we, in our present state, had no consciousness of such existence; and therefore it was no concern of ours."

As well may the butterfly contend that it had no previous existence, that it never had any other body than the one it carries about now sipping honey-dews with from flower to flower, but because the butterfly is unconscious of its previous existence, is that proof that it never existed before? The superior intelligence to the butterfly smiles at its illogical reasoning, for it is known that this butterfly did exist before, and did have, and was produced from, an inferior organism.

Now suppose we waive the question of the existence of the soul previous to its incorporation with the body, and say the question as far as concerns ourselves is immortality; immortality or a life hereafter is all that concerns us now, for we want to be immortal whether we own it or not. Here, then, we have illustrated the positive fact, as established in natural law, that from one body another is produced, and from the law of analogy it is legitimate to assert that when man's body ceases to be, a most glorious body shall be produced from it, and that we shall inhabit it in another and more beautiful world. For that world must and does contain in spirit form all that ever was and all that ever will be in this. Thanks be to our loving Father for His infinite goodness.

THIS IS THE QUESTION: THIS IS "NOT" THE OBSCURING CLOUD.

White Plains, N. Y.

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THIS IS THE QUESTION: THIS IS "NOT" THE OBSCURING CLOUD.

White Plains, N. Y.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The monarch, glittering with the pomp of state,
Wears the same flesh as those that die of hunger;

Like them, the worm shall be the loathsome mate,
When he resigns his glory to a younger.

The beauty, worshipped by the limner's eye,
On whom a hundred authors gaze admiring,
Is sister to the hag, deformed, and gray,
Who gathers in the road her scanty fring.

The scholar, glorying in the stamp of mind,
Master of all the wisdom time hath hoarded,
Is brother to the lumpish, untaught hind,
Whose vulgar name shall perish unrecorded.

Therefore, let human sympathies be strong,
Let each man share his welfare with his neighbor;
To the whole race heaven's bounteous gifts belong;
None may live fully while his fellow labors.

Lectures from Henry T. Child, M. D.

LECTURES IN PHILADELPHIA.

During the past season we have had a very able course of lectures. Our audiences have been uniformly large and intelligent. Every one who has attended these lectures for a number of years has noticed that the audiences change each season and with each speaker. The course, which opened in September last by Bro. Randolph, was concluded in May. Time will not permit me to refer to all the able and instructive lectures that have been given on our rostrum this winter by the gentlemen above mentioned and Brothers Ballou, Fish, Peabody, Hayford and Davis, and Sisters Ballene, Hardings, Townsend and Brigham, each of these having acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of our audiences.

Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham was a stranger to us all, and, though quite young, holds a very high position as an inspirational speaker, and improvisatrice, giving at the close of each lecture an original poem.

I regret that some of these lectures and poems were not reported. I have taken a few notes, and, with your permission, will give them to your readers.

She said, "There are a great many persons in the church who will admit all the facts of modern Spiritualism, but exclaim with pious horror, 'They are all evil spirits that come back.' Now these people believe that God is the Shepherd and we are the sheep; and if the Shepherd leaves the door of the fold open so that ravening wolves come in and devour the sheep, who is most to blame?" Again:

"Every sorrow is a beautiful key, which, if we take properly into our hands, will enable us to unlock a door which leads into a beautiful store-house of blessings."

"You look upon the great snow-drifts in our Northern country, and think how cold and dreary they are, and suppose no good can come from them; but when you come to understand them better you will see that they are only the warm blanket which Mother Nature spreads tenderly and lovingly over her children, to protect them, and when the summer sunshines comes to melt them away, you will find greener grass and more beautiful flowers."

"Through paths of intolerance and persecution we have come up to the glorious light of today."

"Man plays his part in the great drama of life, and then steps behind the green curtain of the grave, when the Angel of Death reads its proclamation of emancipation to the soul and sets it free."

"Labor never degraded any human being, but our thoughts ought always to be above our labors."

"He who goes into a garden to look for withered leaves and unsightly bugs, will always find these, but those who seek beautiful buds and flowers will find these."

"This world seems like a great mirror, and as we stand up before it we make faces at it; it sends them back to us."

"We should never complain of the spirit-world until we cease to send the refuse of earth there."

"Things change; the lily was not always as pure and white as it is now; it grew out of the dark earth, and its green leaves pressed to the side, and its stem rose to catch sunbeams and the dews of heaven."</

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

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

Discussing the Indians.

The case of the Red Men is at length getting fairly discussed. When we set the ball a-rolling in the columns of the BANNER, a few deluged to glance at the subject, as if it were of but mean importance; some papers sneered and jeered at us, among which was an obscure print out in Kansas, who thought we knew nothing about the Indian, and most were silent, content to let the matter take care of itself. But now we witness a general eruption of serious talk on the subject of Indian wars and the general treatment of the Indians, which promises to lead to the best results. For ourselves, we took hold of this discussion because it was an act of justice to see that a down-trodden race had their wrongs righted. We are conscious of being moved thereto by no other motive or consideration whatever. And we shall be rejoiced beyond measure if it turns out, as we predicted it would, that public attention has finally been aroused to that pitch where it is possible no longer to permit such proceedings as have disgraced us as a nation.

Gen. Sherman now sends word from the far West that we can have an Indian war or not, just as we choose; but he rather thinks we shall not have one. Now that is a pretty way for a general officer of the Government to handle a matter of such importance to the red men, if not to the white ones. Who ever before heard such a subject spoken of by public dignitaries in so indifferent, if not positively cold-blooded a strain? We have already noticed the visit of Gen. Hancock and a circle of officers to the different tribes, to find out, if possible, where the trouble lies, that it may be corrected. The speech of San-tan-ta, the Big Chief of the Kiowas, has been duly reported and commented on by the papers. He talks the thing right out, laying the blame where it belongs—on the dishonest and treacherous agents of the Government who keep back the regular annuities. As for the complaints made against the Cheyennes, he says they did not burn one of the overland stations, as charged, until they had first suffered by the burning of one of their own villages. But what was an Indian village burned for? a reader may ask. For no reason in the world but because the Indians declined to allow the soldiers to visit their camp, among their women and children. The whole trouble now is in consequence of dishonesty on the part of regularly appointed agents. And behind them stand greedy traders, with stocks of worthless goods, which they are ready to peddle out at an enormous profit to a poor class of beings who are powerless, but in the way of war, to help themselves.

The New York World says "there can be no doubt that San-tan-ta, unconsciously, perhaps, thus stated the cause of all our troubles with the Indians." And it adds with perfect truth and justice: "The policy of the Government toward them has been most reprehensible, in that it has afforded dishonest white men opportunities to enrich themselves at the expense of the red men; and when any of the latter, in turn, have ventured to take the matter of redress into their own hands, the result has been a wholesale slaughter of the poor wretches and the destruction of their homes." In these views the Tribune, Herald and Times all coincide. It is time the Indian was dealt by justly.

The Season's Promise.

Almost every one has been going through a long book of lamentations, of late, over the excessively wet spell of weather that has prevailed for fully a month past; but there is a compensation in the fact that grass and the trees never before looked so finely, and nature never seemed so full of lusty vigor and life. From the great grain-bearing sections of the country, the reports of the new products are full to overflowing with promise. Unless unforeseen occurrences hinder, we are to have gathered into our national granaries next fall such an amount of corn and rye and wheat as never gladdened the heart of husbandman before. It is ennobling to the feelings to think of it. After so much scarcity of flour everywhere, and actual famine, extending through one section of the land, it is reviving indeed to hear it said that grain will be raised this year on an unparalleled scale. May heaven continue to bless the labors of the husbandman to the fulfillment of the harvest.

Peace in Europe.

The Luxembourg trouble is at an end. The chief parties to it have regularly signed the treaty drawn up at the assembly of the powers in London, and for the present certainly there will be no war. The Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia are going to Paris to attend the Exhibition, for whose coming extensive preparations are making. Thus may this grand show prove a pledge of peace, after all. How much better it is for the people of Europe, that they go through the present summer in the pursuit of their usual avocations, than killing and maiming one another because their rulers so willed it! This driving men into wars from which they turn themselves with fear and detestation, is one of the very wickedest practices followed by civilized rulers. It is not civilization—it is rank barbarism.

Robert Dale Owen.

We understand that this distinguished author and lecturer is to visit Boston, Anniversary Week, and will speak upon the subject of Spiritualism before the radical wing of the Unitarians in Horticultural Hall, on Thursday evening.

It is expected that Mr. Owen will lecture in Music Hall next Sunday afternoon, at quarter to 8 o'clock.

Do not fail to read the exquisitely beautiful poem in another column, by Lizzie Doten. It does our heart good to drink in such soul-inspiring sentiments, so delicately expressed in the choicest rhyme. We pray continually that the circle alluded to in this poem may be completed, that shall make perfect our love for all humanity.

Letter from Judge Edmunds.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1867.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I have lately had occasion at several times to speak of the spread and prevalence of Spiritualism throughout the world, and what I have said has been so questioned or misreported, that I have to ask you to let me speak for myself through your columns.

In a discourse which I recently delivered in this vicinity, I spoke of the number in this country as being at least ten millions. I was reported in the newspapers as having said we numbered "four millions in the universe."

In a recent letter to the London Spiritual Magazine I made the same statement, and they pronounced it an "exaggeration."

Now will you be so good as to give a place in your paper to the enclosed copy of a more recent letter to that Magazine, that the world may see what is my real opinion on the subject, and upon what basis it rests?

Yours &c.,
J. W. EDMONDS.

[Copy.]

NEW YORK, May 4, 1867.

To the Spiritual Magazine of London:

I have for some time observed that our friends in England do not correctly appreciate the condition of Spiritualism in the United States; and I have lately noticed particularly an article in your number for April, from your correspondent "A. L." under the heading of "Notes on Spiritualism and Spiritualists in the United States in 1866." In that article your correspondent says, "Only the other day I heard it asserted by a well informed legal gentleman, that Judge Edmunds had estimated the number of Spiritualists in the United States at five millions," &c., and he questions the accuracy of the statement.

Upon that subject it is that I desire to say something.

It is easy for us here to see at once, from the tenor of your correspondent's remarks, what class of Spiritualists he fell among in this country; and as a consequence, how exceedingly limited were his means of observation. His associations here would afford him very little chance of seeing, knowing, or even hearing of the eighty thousand or one hundred thousand Spiritualists in this city alone, and afford him none whatever of knowing anything about the vast numbers that are known to exist in our interior towns, and our extended rural districts. I am therefore not surprised that he should have fallen into the error.

It is true that I did estimate the number in 1866 at between five and six millions; but I am now satisfied that I was mistaken, and am persuaded that the number is twice as large as my estimate. Let me give you my reasons for this opinion, that your readers may judge whether my estimate is well founded, or is the product of a sanguine imagination.

I. In 1854 I devoted several months to lecturing on this subject in different parts of the country, through a territory extending from Boston, on the Atlantic shore, to St. Louis, on the Mississippi, going as far South as Cincinnati, on the Ohio River, and as far North as Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan—embracing an area of some twelve hundred miles long, by two hundred miles wide, and that the most populous and best educated part of the nation. I delivered some seventy discourses, and at my public meetings and in social and private intercourse saw many thousands of the people.

The conclusion I came to was, that we were then (in 1854) some three millions in this country. So thorough was my conviction of the accuracy of my estimate, that I told a gentleman, who is now a conspicuous member of our Congress, from one of our Western States, that if he was ambitious of political distinction he must take the anti-slavery side in politics, for I had seen enough to assure me that every Spiritualist would vote on the anti-slavery side whenever an opportunity should be afforded—that we were already so numerous as nearly to hold the balance of power, and were increasing so fast that we should ultimately hold it completely. I then belonged to the dominant Democratic party, and my prophecy as to its overthrow has been verified by subsequent events. In 1860 the anti-slavery candidate for the Presidency came very near being elected, and in 1860 was elected.

II. Some two or three years before the death of Theodore Parker, whose popularity as a public speaker took him to all parts of the country, he told his congregation that at least two-thirds of all the people of New England were Spiritualists. He was no Spiritualist himself, and uttered this as a warning.

III. Some six or eight years ago, I bought me a country place in the wild and romantic region of Lake George, and spend my summers there. Governor Marcy, who had been Secretary at War and Secretary of State, spent his summers at Ballston Spa, about forty miles from me, and there he died. He was no Spiritualist, but said that he saw almost all the people were Spiritualists in that vicinity, because I had located there. He was right as to the fact, but wrong as to the cause of it, for I had had no hand in their conversion, but had found such a state of things when I went there.

IV. My correspondence has been very voluminous. For now some ten or fifteen years letters have poured in upon me by the hundreds from all parts of the country, telling me of the spread of our belief in places and among people of whom I had no previous information.

V. Wherever I go, and in my daily intercourse with people, I am spoken to by persons of whose belief in Spiritualism I had no conception. They speak to me more freely than they would to a stranger, or even to their ordinary acquaintances, because I am so openly an avowed Spiritualist.

VI. From all these sources, and from the information which I get from our public speakers and newspapers, I can form something of an idea of the spread of our doctrines, and therefore it was that I estimated that we were some five or six millions.

VII. The churches (so-called) or religious sects are professedly hostile to us, yet bear strong testimony to our increase. Several instances have come to my knowledge where the preachers have freely denounced our heresy; yet after doing so have been waited upon by their hearers, and have been assured, much to their surprise, that the most of their congregations were believers. The effect generally has been to cause such attacks to cease; but in one case—that of the most popular preacher in the country—it was followed by an open avowal of belief on his part. Many priests of different denominations have called on me to consult on the subject—avowing their belief, and some of them asking of me whether it was not their duty to abandon their position, and enter upon the task of preaching Spiritualism.

VIII. But above all comes to me this information. Within the last two or three months there has been at Baltimore a convocation of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of his country. One of the most interesting sub-

jects for their consideration was the statistical religious condition of our people. Each Diocese brought its information, and the result was that while Romanism and Protestantism combined numbered from eight to nine millions, with some forty-five thousand preachers, Spiritualism numbered between ten and eleven millions, with fifty thousand mediums.

Recollect now that this estimate comes not from us, but from our opponents—is not the product of our imaginations, but the result of the severe scrutiny of those who have no sympathy with us. I confess, however, that I believe it to be accurate; all my information goes to confirm it; and my error was in estimating the number too low, lest I might be accused of exaggeration.

But you, your readers, and your correspondents, will very naturally ask, Why does not this thing show itself publicly, so that everybody can see it? I will tell you why.

For centuries past the great curse upon Christianity has been sectarianism, whereby men were required to combine together to advance certain dogmas, to form societies for the furtherance of whose views the most intense selfishness should be invoked; and such has been the effect, that at the time of the advent among us of spiritual manifestations, so great had been the dislike of the theology of the day, that at least four-fifths of all the educated classes in Christendom were actually unbelievers in the Christian religion.

We were early taught by the unseen intelligence which was guiding this movement, to avoid this rock on which modern Christianity had become shipwrecked. Hence our effort has been to defeat, and not encourage attempts at forming societies, getting up conventions, and establishing a sectarian press whereby a hierarchy might be established, and a control created in a few over the individual opinions of the many. We have been for years true to that principle, and have taught priesthood and laity to worship where they pleased, and how they pleased, but to keep ever in view the very foundation of our faith, namely, to love God and one another, and work out their own salvation. Hence when priests came to us, avowed their belief, and asked if they ought not to abandon their callings and preach Spiritualism—and such instances have not been unfrequent—our answer was, "No. Continue as you are, so long as your congregations object not; let there be no concealment as to your belief, but preach the doctrines of Christianity—the not dogma of a sect." When laymen came and asked where they should worship, the answer was, "Wherever the good of your soul prompts you. If you love the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, go there. If you prefer the simplicity of the Quakers, or the enthusiasm of the Methodists, as best calculated to encourage or gratify in you the spirit of devotion, go there." And so when men would come to us avowing their belief, and asking if they ought not to make a public avowal of it, they would be asked, "Why should you? Each man's belief is a matter between God and himself, and it matters not to the world what he believes; his duty is to give to others the truth as freely as it has been given to him, but to proselyte is none of his business." And when in reply to this people have said to me, "But you made a public avowal of your belief," my answer has been, "Ay; but my position was such as to demand it, for the sake of the truth. If you are thus situated, make the avowal; but beware lest in doing so you may be governed by the selfish desire for martyrdom which has governed so many in all ages of the world."

The effect of all this line of conduct has been that few have known who even of their own neighbors were believers. I can illustrate this by one instance: A gentleman who had been a member of Congress, and one of our foreign ambassadors, was a correspondent of mine on the subject, and in one of his letters said to me that he did not know of another believer in his State, and he was surprised when in reply I informed him that the Governor of his State, the Chancellor of his State, one of his State's Senators in Congress and his brother, and a former Governor of his State were all believers and correspondents of mine; and I have known instances where members of the same family were believers, without its being known to each other.

Now a stranger, a mere casual traveler among us, would see nothing of all this, would know nothing of it, unless he fell among those who did know it; and not even then, perhaps, unless he made particular inquiries; and he would miserably misjudge, who, like your correspondent, would infer that this universally prevailing reverence was the product of fear.

On the other hand, our cardinal rule of action has been build up no party, create no sect, cultivate no spirit of proselytism, make no parade of your faith, but let it enter your soul and govern your life. Not by selfishly withdrawing yourself from association with your fellowmen and erecting something for your own exclusive gratification, but by carrying the spirit of God abroad with you into the world, help to lighten the whole mass with its influence.

This principle of action has now been predominant among us for years, and the consequence has been that while a few who could find no other congenial place of worship have united together in forming societies, not one out of ten true believers ever attend their meetings.

No man will probably question my belief in Spiritualism. Yet, unless when I occasionally lecture, I scarcely ever attend those meetings. My daughter, who gave herself up for several years to her duties as a medium, never attended, but worships in her own, the Catholic Church. The "Mr. L." of whom your correspondent speaks, I have never met at any of our meetings, and I have never seen "Dr. Gray," who is my most esteemed and intimate friend, at any of them in five or six years. And very many in this city whom I know to be unquestionable believers, I have never seen there upon any occasion, and they never attend at all.

And why should they—as long as we would seek to build up no party nor sect, and crave no power over others, or among men? What is there to require a public demonstration of belief that would attract the attention of a stranger, or give to a casual observer anything like an adequate idea of the wide-spread prevalence of our faith? We who live in its midst see it—know it—recognize it as a power in our land, ready to speak whenever the emergency may demand. We see it everywhere—in politics, in religion, in literature, and in social life, leavening everything where it goes; and what more is demanded of it? We say nothing more is asked—and we are content.

Thus is certain: that not only is its existence among us recognized and respected on all hands, but it is at this moment spreading with a rapidity far surpassing anything heretofore known. But this would not be apparent to a stranger, for it makes no public exhibition of its progress. During our rebellion its progress was very much impeded. A stranger would not have observed that.

Since the war ended its progress has been greatly accelerated; but a stranger would not observe it.

I, however, can see it, and know it to be so. And I am almost breathless in my astonishment at the speed with which it is moving through the land.

Let then our friends in England be well assured as to the onward progress which our glorious faith is making in this country, and as to the fact that under no circumstances, will any sect be built up out of Spiritualism by believers withdrawing themselves into selfish associations, and away from an intimate connection with their fellowmen into whatever condition, Catholic or Protestant, Established Church or Dissenters, they may choose to place themselves for. Ours is a religion for all men, diffusing itself into every relation in life, and spreading among mankind in this country and throughout the earth with a celerity and a universality that no human power could produce.

I have thrown together these remarks thus hastily, amid the pressure of my other avocations, because it seemed to me that the views entertained by your correspondent, if suffered to go unnoticed, would be calculated to engender a feeling of despondency which the real facts of the case would by no means warrant.

I am respectfully yours,
J. W. EDMONDS.

Miss Doten's Lectures.

Mercantile Hall was again crowded to overflowing on Sunday afternoon, May 19th, to hear the inviolable, through Miss Doten, discuss the question, "Who are Christians?"

After the discussion she gave the following very beautiful poem, in which is embodied the gems of thought gathered from the discussion:

THE ALL IN ALL.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.]

How beautiful the roses bloom,
Around the portals of the tomb!
How fair the meek white lilies grow,
From elements of death below!
How tender and serenely bright
The stars light up the depths of night!

Thus beauty unto ruin clings,
And light from deepest darkness springs;
The soul its noblest strength must gain,
Through ministries of grief and pain;
Great victories only come through strife,
And death is but the gate of life.

The ocean waves that darkly flow,
Sweep over priceless pearls below;
The tempest cloud, when wild winds rest,
Builds up the rainbow on its breast,
And truths, unseen when all is bright,
Shine like the stars in sorrow's night.

Oh Thou, in whom the vine bears fruit!
In whom the violets take their root,
For thee the summer roses blow;
For thee the fair white lilies grow;
And human nature, from thy heart
Derives its life's immortal part.

Oh when the circle, made complete,
Shall in thy boundless being meet,
We feel, we know that we shall be,
Made perfect in our love to Thee;
That good will triumph in that hour,
And weakness be exchanged for power.

Another Spiritual Song.

"WITH ROSEBUDS IN MY HAND; OR, BIRDIE'S SPIRIT-SONG." J. P. Ordway, M. D., has produced a very sweet and touching melody for that gem of a poem, composed in spirit-life by Anna Cora Wilson (dedicated to her parents), and rendered by Miss Lizzie Doten, which Ditson & Co. have just published, as a song and chorus, in fine style, with a beautiful title-page representing a female figure floating amid snowy clouds, holding rosebuds in her hand, emblematical of the words:

With rosebuds in my hand,
Fresh from the Summer-Land,
Father, I come and stand
Close by your side.
You cannot see me here,
Or feel my presence near,
And yet your "Birdie" dear
Never has died.

In this instance Dr. Ordway, who is one of the most popular musical authors of the day, has furnished a composition fully equal to any of his other favorite airs, and we doubt not it will receive a like welcome among all lovers of music, especially those who appreciate our beautiful philosophy respecting spirit-life. Being arranged with a chorus, it can be sung by a quartet as well as a single voice, and is just what is needed in our spiritual meetings, and Children's Lyceums in particular. It was sung in Music Hall, last Sunday, at Miss Doten's meeting.

Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D.

It gives us much pleasure to announce that our talented friend and co-laborer Dr. WILLIS has opened a medical office at 29 West Fourth street, (near Broadway), New York city. He will give especial attention to the treatment of pulmonary consumption, local and general debility, every variety of chronic and nervous disorders, and all morbid conditions affecting the vital and functional action of the system. Dr. Willis is Professor of Materia Medica in the "New York Medical College for Women," which fact in itself is strong evidence that he is well qualified for the profession he has adopted. The Doctor is clairvoyant, which enables him to readily locate disease and understandingly prescribe the proper remedies to effect an early cure.

It will no doubt be gratifying to Dr. Willis's numerous friends in New York to know that he intends to be permanently located there, having entered into a business connection with J. Winchester, manufacturer of "Winchester's Preparations of the Hypophosphites" and other "Specific Remedies." We sincerely hope that all the friends of our cause, of which Dr. Willis is so worthy a disciple, will patronize him themselves, and send him patients, whenever medical treatment is required.

Eleven Million Spiritualists.

Judge Edmunds, in another column, says the papers have wrongly reported him as saying in a recent lecture that the Spiritualists in the United States number four millions. What he did say was, that they numbered between ten and eleven millions. Will the papers who copied the erroneous paragraph be generous enough to make the correction?

Meetings in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Spiritualists of Pittsburgh have organized a society, and elected the following officers: President, Dr. J. C. Ripley; Vice President, C. M. Drake; Secretary, D. C. Drake; Treasurer, J. K. Lemon; Trustees, Edward Jones, George Rhodes, Simon Hardy. Meetings are regularly held every Sunday.

Personal.

Andrew Jackson Davis is in town, and will probably remain here through Anniversary Week. He has just returned from Maine, where he and Mrs. Davis have been engaged in the noble work of organizing Children's Lyceums. Mrs. Davis accompanied her husband to this city, but was obliged to leave for home last week. All correspondence for A. J. or M. F. Davis on Lyceum or other business, should be sent to their permanent address, "Orange, N. J.," it will thence be forwarded to them wherever they may be engaged.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Washington Hall, Charlestown, during June.

Warren Chase will be in this city next week, and will lecture, if desired, on Sunday, June 9th, in the vicinity of Boston.

Mr. B. J. Butts, of Hopedale, Mass., a good thinker, has prepared a lecture, which is designed to answer the objections to a reduction of the hours of labor, and will deliver it wherever desired.

Dr. J. P. Bryant is still in California, doing a successful work in healing the sick. At last accounts he was at Sacramento, and was to visit Marysville, Grass Valley, Virginia City, Nevada, and Portland, Oregon.

The Emperor Napoleon was fifty-nine years of age on the 20th of April.

The King of Greece (Alfred, Victoria's second son) has gone to St. Petersburg, to be betrothed to the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine.

The Viceroy of Egypt is the richest man in the world. He owns a fourth of the entire soil of the country. He has received the title of King from the Sultan of Turkey.

Lord Monck will probably be the first Viceroy of the "Dominion" of Canada.

John Stuart Mill is soon to publish the third volume of his "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical and Historical."

Dr. Jubilee Smith has become associate editor with L. F. W. Andrews, Esq., of the "Georgia Citizen," published at Americus, Ga. It is one of the best papers in the South. The yearly subscription is \$3.

Dr. M. Henry Houghton created quite an interest in Hudson, Mass., recently, where he has been lecturing on Spiritualism. He speaks there again during June. It is the Doctor's intention soon to make a tour through Vermont, lecturing and healing. This young man has been in the lecturing field but about two years, yet we hear him spoken of very highly, and he is liked much as a speaker wherever he goes. Give him a good reception, friends.

Dr. U. Clark will lecture in Saratoga, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, June 4th, on the subject of healing. He will treat the sick and teach his mode of cure, the three following days.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is dying of consumption.

Rosa Bonheur writes to the Paris papers an indignant contradiction of the story recently set afloat that she had become insane.

Queen Victoria was forty-eight years of age May 24, 1867.

The Empress Eugenia was forty-one years of age May 6, 1867.

The value of Queen Victoria's portrait presented by her to Mr. Peabody is seventy thousand dollars.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June is full of really excellent things, and as attractive as excellent. Dr. Holmes continues his Guardian Angel, at which we observe the Boston "Watchman and Reflector" takes exception because "its teachings tend to undermine Orthodoxy." Parton discourses on St. Louis in a descriptive way. Whipple treats us to an analysis of Shakespeare as a "Man and Dramatist." Francis Parkman opens a most picturesque historical scene in regard to the personal traits and conduct of the "Founders of Montreal"; and there are numerous tales, sketches, essays, poems, and criticisms, which the reader will devour at this season with unmistakable zest.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for June offers a nice engraving for a frontispiece, with a fine colored fashion plate, containing numerous figures freshly robed in latest Paris attire; patterns in profusion, and all of them excellent and tasteful as well as convenient; receipts at the end of the number, which all will find useful and handy; besides a quantity of fresh reading matter from practiced and popular pens. It is a fine number of a favorite magazine, and may be found on nearly all the ladies' tables of the land.

For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for June has a leading article on Over the Plains to Colorado; The Dodge Club; My Second Childhood, a humorous sketch; The Virginians in Texas, concluded; Art and Auctions; American Women and French Fashions; and a Maiden Lady's Heart Romance. The editorial essays and notes are extremely fresh and readable. Harper this month is light and airy, and fuller than usual of tales and humor. A. Williams & Co. have it at their counter.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE is out for June, with engraving, colored fashion plate, patterns, receipts, and exquisite letter-press. It is a fresh number, and well worthy of the month of June. The ladies esteem it a favorite, and will certainly say that the present number is a beauty.

For sale by Williams & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for June invites the youthful people into reading, pleasures very different from those of the winter just ended. The articles are very varied, from favorite poems, and generously and felicitously illustrated. We need not commend a magazine for young people that is already in the hands of the whole of them.

Charlie Young.

[The following message was received at our Free Circle, May 21st, through Mrs. Conant, with a request that it be published in this issue.]

To make a long story short, I am, Charlie Young, and I come here to ask my mother to go to Dr. Newton. And I ask Dr. Newton to treat her without charge, except what he charges me, and I'll be sure to pay him in some way. I can't exactly say how. I have all confidence that he will do it. But my mother is very feeble, and suffering a great deal, and I know Dr. Newton can help her, and I want her to go to him. And if she can't, will it be asking too much for him to go to her, at Jamaica Plain? [He may do for you.] Very well, then, I'll go and direct him how to go. He's a medium, one of those folks.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention is to be held in this city, at the Melodeon, on Wednesday, May 29th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In speaking of an incident which took place at one of Mrs. Horton's lectures recently, we stated in our previous issue that it occurred in Plymouth, but it should have read, *Plympton*. It should be distinctly understood that Mrs. Horton described the spirit so clearly that it was recognized by persons in the audience, who said it was that of Mrs. Lucas.

We shall keep for sale a supply of Birdie's Spirit Song, "With Rosebuds in my hand," music by Dr. Ordway. Price per single copy thirty-five cents.

To-day, the 22d of May, while penning this paragraph, our printers are so cold that they have lighted the gas in the composing-room to keep their fingers warm enough to set type. There has not been so cold a spring as the present since 1792. Since writing the above, we learn that snow fell in London, Eng., on the 22d.

TIMELY ADVICE.—Dean Clark advises the Spiritualists everywhere to join hands in fraternal love, and in unity of spirit and purpose "work while the day lasteth," to spread the good news, the glad tidings of great joy, and make earth a heaven to all.

PSYCHOMETRY.—We have received a long letter from a friend in Richmond, Va., laudatory of the psychometrical powers of Mrs. A. M. L. Forrester, of Washington, which we have not room to print. We have no doubt she is a capital psychometrist. Those who wish to test her gifts can do so by sending their handwriting to her, and in return we have no doubt they will receive satisfactory answers.

An editor's bliss in the next world is spoken of as follows: "In that paradise the cry of 'more copy' will never again fall on his distracted ear. His enjoyment will no more be interrupted by the growls of unreasonable subscribers, and he will no more be troubled with illegible manuscripts and abominable poetry. No rival editor will steal his thunder or his items, and typographical errors shall know him no more forever."—*Doston Investigator*.

A recent letter from Spain says that every day the situation becomes graver, every hour sees a nearer approach to a catastrophe. Conciliation, if it were to be offered now, would be too late. The people no longer look to a change of Ministry for any improvement. Things have gone beyond that.

In 1866 five hundred thousand sheep, valued at two million dollars, were killed by dogs.

The Roman Catholics have twenty-four schools in Cincinnati, with twelve thousand pupils.

The Boston Recorder, which has been printed fifty-one years, has ceased to exist, having been merged in the Congregationalist.

Mr. Beecher says in his Ledger story that a man must take pains to forget the greater part of what he learns in college.

On the 16th of April eight ships were loading grain at San Francisco for Europe and Atlantic States, and the crop of grain still held out. We hope some of it will find its way to Boston, where the best of flour is selling at \$25 per barrel.

Eighteen priests in Italy have married, under a new law of the kingdom allowing it.

Henry Strong, of Prairie City, Ill., wants a copy of "Spirit Voices," for which he will pay full price. Whoever has the book to dispose of will run no risk in forwarding it to the above address.

The Jews have started a novel movement in Baltimore. They have adopted the Christian plan of Sunday School instruction, said schools to meet on the Christian Sabbath. The affair has been inaugurated by the three Rabbis of the city, and is under the auspices of the "Hebrew Educational Society."

It is proposed to establish union churches in fifty places in New Hampshire, where no one denomination is strong enough alone to support a church. Old theology is dying out in the Granite State.

A collection was taken in the Catholic Churches in Philadelphia on the Sunday preceding Easter, in aid of the Pope, and \$58,000 were realized.

The Chicago and Northwestern trains now make regular time, in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad, which runs two trains daily from Omaha to the North Platte. One can now go from Chicago to Denver in four days.

The bankrupt act, which will go into operation on the first of June, sweeps off imprisonment for debt throughout this country. It sets aside all State laws, and all preferences, voluntary agreements and secret attachments.

The latest intelligence from Mexico represents Maximilian and his army at Queretaro, hemmed in by the Liberals, who have cut off all his supplies, and it is thought a surrender is inevitable.

The London Court Journal says the Empress Eugenie is again enceinte.

Theodore Tilton, editor of the New York Independent, has announced that he shall hereafter conduct that journal entirely independent of the denominational interest which it was originally intended to represent—that of Congregationalism.

The chasm that divides friends—sarcasm.

THE CABINET ORGAN.—The single house of Mason & Hamlin has succeeded in so far outstripping its rivals, that the question, "Who makes the best read organs?" is no longer an open one. Of the excellence of these instruments we have, for our own part, become perfectly satisfied by frequent personal trials of the Mason & Hamlin instruments, and of various others. It is a patent and undeniable.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

A New York paper has the temerity to hint that some of the funds devoted to the printing of tracts might properly be applied to saving people from death by starvation.

Income tax returns show a falling off of about one-half, which will materially affect the revenue.

The estimates of the grand Reform demonstration in London range from twenty thousand in the Standard, to one hundred and fifty thousand in the Daily News. The Times represents the crowd as both well-disposed and apathetic.

"Tell the truth and shame the devil." I know lots of people who can shame the devil easily enough, but 'tother thing bothers 'em.—*Josh Billings*.

The nineteenth yearly meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held in Waterloo, N. Y., on Friday, May 31st, and continue the following days.

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

The new steamer Cambridge, just launched at New York, is to be put on the route between Boston and Bangor as soon as completed.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

A Pleasant Hour and a Treat.

Few such hours of satisfaction and promise to the soul for the future of this world have fallen to our lot as the one spent in the Children's Progressive Lyceum in Charlestown, Mass. From early till late ours has been a life of toil and trouble, sorrow and disappointment, working and watching every sign in the heavens for a "bow of promise" to the poor, to the oppressed, to the downtrodden of earth, to those over whom the crushing wheels of Church and State were rolling, grinding them into slavery, political and mental. Never until Spiritualism dawned upon us did this bow appear. Now we see the first distinct line of its refracted light in the Children's Progressive Lyceums; of course not perfect, for nothing is born perfect since Jesus, "who was the Christ," and "very God," of course he was born perfect.

Perhaps we may be called enthusiastic; but having lived over half a century in the cold and dark social world of sects, of Christians who crucify Nature in every form and treat her as totally depraved, it is no wonder we are a little enthusiastic when a practical work is inaugurated that begins with the children, to teach and train in an opposite direction, and bring out the beauties of Nature, which alone can save the race from the ruin and destruction that have befallen the ancient sects and nations. Creed after creed, in the Christian Church, becomes a poisonous and petrifying fountain, and leaves its victims turned to stone. There is "no hope" for the race in Christianity; is there in Spiritualism? has now become the question. If we are not greatly deceived, this is the dawning of the millennial day of promise which the Christians look for, as the Jews looked for a Messiah, and which they as little know or understand, and which they, too, would crucify if they could, and will if they can persuade our Government to act in the case, as the Roman Government did in the ancient case. They would not hesitate to take the blood on themselves, as the Jews did that of Jesus.

But it was not our intention to preach a sermon here, but to pen a few words of encouragement to the Lyceums, and of which the one at Charlestown is indeed a prosperous and promising one. The numbers, the interest, the earnestness and cheerfulness of the children were heart-cheering signs of promise, and we enjoyed the treat, while the mind ran on and on to a far distant future, when a structure shall be completed on this foundation, in which our race shall be educated and developed by calling out, encouraging and cultivating Nature, instead of stultifying and crucifying it, as our present social, political and religious institutions do—of which, however, the political is the best.

At this time there is an increasing interest in the Lyceums, and they are starting up in many places, even before our older friends are organized. We are happy, also, to find that the Spiritualists are organizing in Charlestown and many other places, on a permanent basis. It was indeed a treat we enjoyed among the little faces in Charlestown, and a sign of promise we shall not soon forget.

The Dodworth's Hall Society of Spiritualists.

The First Society of Spiritualists, of New York, which holds its meetings at Dodworth's Hall, has arranged the meetings so as to devote the morning to the discussion of popular subjects which agitate the public mind, and to invite in several speakers on the subject, on each occasion, who are interested in it, even though they are not Spiritualists. Last Sunday, (May 19th), the discussion was upon suffrage, and all the speakers—of whom we were one—advocated the extension of suffrage to females and males without regard to color or sex. It was ably handled, and will be held open for one more Sunday, and for new speakers.

This arrangement can be made very interesting and highly instructive, and bring in a large amount of talent.

The afternoon is a conference, as usual, and the evening, a regular lecture.

We can see nothing to prevent this Society from becoming very successful, as it surely deserves, in its efforts to instruct and enlighten those who attend its meetings on subjects pertaining to this life and the next. Mr. Partridge, Mr. Day, Dr. Hallock and others have certainly done a good work already, and are trying to do more.

Thanks.

The numerous letters of approbation and congratulations of friends over our labors and business of hands and pen, are thankfully and gratefully received, but we are too busy to acknowledge, as we would be glad to do, each one by letter. We are under especial obligations to our kind friends in Syracuse and other places in New York, and also those in Vermont and Michigan, for words of cheer and encouragement that gladden and strengthen the heart in its contests with popular errors and false systems of religion. Our hands have ever been held up by kind friends on earth, so the angels could reach them and place in them bread for the hungry hearts that famishingly look up to those who are sure the spirit-world is near and communicates with this. We can assure these friends that our tongue is not silent, if we do not move with the currents of the spirit-world. Instead of resting, we are more busily engaged in the work, and doing more than ever before, and expect to work in the harness till harness and body both slip off and let the soul go free.

Matrimonial.

Mrs. E. D. Simonds, by some words rightly spoken, has met with a change, and become Mrs. E. D. Murley—as will be seen by our advertising column—but will continue to bear messages, advice, consolation and salvation from the spirit-world to ours as heretofore. Mrs. Murley has long been one of our best, most reliable and successful mediums, and we know Mr. Murley to be a man whose heart and soul are in the work, and one who will lay no obstacle in the way of her mediumship, but rather remove all he can. We rejoice when all the laws join in uniting two lives in one work and effort, and that souls blend in harmony and accord of labor and love. It is a rare occurrence in this jarring world of discord, but in this instance we feel to bless the union and recommend the happy pair to our friends.

Worth Reading.

We have a quantity of old numbers of the London Spiritual Magazine, every one of which is as valuable to-day as when first issued, and well worth the price—thirty cents each; but as old periodicals are unsaleable, we will send them by

mail for twenty cents each, and no two of the same date, unless ordered, to the same address. The Spiritualists of this country should read this magazine, to learn the status of our cause in England, for we really know less of Spiritualists in Europe than they of us, and we ought to know more.

Spirit Drawing.

W. P. Anderson, whose success for the last few months has been fully up to or above his best efforts in the line of pictures that are tests, is engaged on several large pictures so much of the time that it is at present useless for distant friends to write him for pictures, as his letters have to remain unanswered for a considerable time. He will have to flee to the country during hot weather, and renew his hold on Nature.

We shall try to fight out the summer "on this line," with a few short raids into the country, but more sensitive and susceptible mediums will have to escape the dust and heat for a season.

Judge Edmonds's Spiritual Tracts.

We have now the full set of Judge Edmonds's tracts. No. 10—comprising his Tribune Letters—which has been out of print, is now stereotyped, and the ten make a valuable work in our literature. Sent by mail for forty cents. No. 10 alone is worth twice that sum to any Spiritualist who reads and talks on the subject.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simonds, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, has removed from 1240 to 1102 Broadway, New York.

Conjugal.

Bliss be the life that binds
Two loving souls in one.

The numerous readers of the BANNER, particularly the many friends of the popular trance lecturer, Miss Nettie Colburn (Pinky's "she"), will be pleased to learn of her marriage with Mr. Wm. P. Maynard, of White Plains, N. Y., at the residence of the bridegroom's mother, in Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday, May 14th, by Rev. Mrs. Libbie Lowe Watson, of Rochester, N. Y., the eloquent Spiritualist preacher, who conducted the services in an exceedingly interesting and gratifying manner. The Rev. J. Hazard Hartzell, an inspirational clergyman of the Universalist persuasion, added appropriate remarks, and one other friend felt constrained to invoke angelic blessings on the favored couple. Mrs. Watson, entranced, then presented the newly wedded bride, in words of pleasant poetry, a diploma from the Society of Spiritualists, of Rochester, N. Y., organized under the laws of the State, investing her with ministerial functions, and legally authorizing her to officiate and perform the customary services and solemnities at funerals, marriages, &c. Salutations, greetings and blessings, from lips and hearts, followed from relatives and friends, who had gathered from near and afar, and the few fleeting hours they remained sped merrily away.

As one of the least worthy of the favored company—necessarily few, for what single residence could contain the friends of both—we verily felt it good to be there.

It is with real pleasure we announce the fact that Mrs. Maynard, unlike many of our sisters under similar circumstances—not one of whom can be spared from the field without loss to the world—does not propose to withdraw from the public rostrum, but will continue her acceptable ministrations for the dissemination of that spiritual light and truth which is yet to so effectually bless and redeem mankind.

And now as we conclude what was intended to be but a simple notice of an agreeable fact, we write, gratefully sensible of the sweetly lingering influence (heaven grant it may ever continue) which so feelingly and powerfully prevailed on that occasion, expressive of the sympathy and depth of heart of those present, in the event which had brought them together, and our thoughts thus shape themselves, and we seem to speak for many others as well as for ourself. Dear friends, doubts have given way to hope's fruition; to the fulfillment of desire. Shades and shadows are now relieved and enlivened by the clear and genial sunshine. The rainbow of peace and content, indicative of further joy and satisfaction, is spanned the heaven and the future of your lives. Selected and mislabeled to journey together, hand in hand and heart in heart, your path of life and the influences growing out therefrom, are seen extending and broadening as the moons come and go. Let clear headedness and large heartedness unite; just discrimination and wise counsel combine; mutual love and forbearance harmonize and characterize your daily progress. Each consecrate yourself anew to noblest purposes, and in your union second with earnest labor your highest aspirations. Together live in harmony one life, one love, one mission. May the divine spirit of Love, Wisdom and Truth guide your earthly and your heavenly way. And, to repeat what was there said, may the benediction of all gentle, pure, unselfish and aspiring souls on earth be thine—added to the special guardianship of the bright and loving immortals who were gathered there, an innumerable company, to join their blessings and unite their influences to the end that your lives may be full of beauty and of duty, forever and forever.

G. A. B.

C. J. COLCHESTER.—We learn by a letter from A. Wolcott, of Keokuk, Iowa, that C. J. Colchester passed to the spirit-world from that city on Saturday, May 25th, at the age of twenty-seven years. He had been in the place about two weeks, stopping at the Deming House, where he held séances with those seeking evidence of spirit existence and communion. On Wednesday evening the 1st inst., he was taken with a congestive chill, causing dissolution on the 25th, as above stated.

Mr. Colchester is well known to the American Spiritualist public, before which he has been in the capacity of a medium for spirit communion for several years. He was a native of England, and had no kin in this country as we are informed. Mr. Wolcott speaks in high terms of the kind treatment afforded Mr. Colchester by the landlord and lady of the Deming House, and its inmates. Also of Rev. Mr. Effinger, Unitarian clergyman, of Keokuk, who officiated at the funeral, assisted by the choir of his church.

Everything was done that could be done to save Mr. Colchester's earthly life, and when it failed and went out, every desirable attention was given by the friends to his remains, which were buried in the cemetery at Keokuk.

Of Mr. Colchester's career we feel that we need not speak at present. Trusting that the nobler and better qualities of his life may find favor and recognition everywhere, we leave the sum of his usefulness for the determination of time, which ever renders to each his due.—*The Spiritualist*.

Anniversary Week.

A general Convention of Spiritualists will be held in the Melrose, Tremont Temple, Boston, on Thursday and Friday, May 30th and 31st, 1867. All Spiritualists and reformers are invited to attend. No special subjects for the deliberation of the conference are put forth, as it is hoped that the occasion will be generally improved as an annual season for social greetings and general conference upon all subjects tending to the improvement and elevation of our common humanity, without distinctions of race, sex or religious belief. The conference will assemble at 10 o'clock A. M. Thursday, and hold three sessions each day.

Greenwood Sunday Grove Meetings.

Sunday Grove Meetings will commence in Green's Union Grove, Greenwood, Mass., on Sunday, June 1st, 1867, and continue every Sunday during the season, sessions at 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. The exercises will be of a Liberal, Religious, Reformatory character, adapted to the people of all sects and classes. Volunteer addresses, conferences, and vocal and instrumental music. Some reliable speakers will be engaged for each Sunday. All competent speakers, whether male or female, who speak in harmony with the Gospel of Immortal Life, Universal Fraternity and Human Progress, are invited to participate. Union Grove is centrally located about equal distance from Melrose, Stoneham and South Reading, seven miles from Boston, one mile and a half above the place where the Melrose and Melrose Camp Meeting was held, three minutes walk from Greenwood Station, a little west of Locke's Grove, and five minutes walk from Dr. Clark's Institute, late Wait's Seminary. It is the largest and finest grove in the vicinity of Boston; is high, dry, airy, secluded, evenly shaded, has appropriate houses and saloons, a spring of pure, cool water, and a large Lattice Work Hall, holding a thousand persons, in which the meetings will be held for a few Sundays. Friends from Boston and vicinity taking the horse-cars at Scollay's Building for Malden, will find omnibuses at Malden, at 10 A. M. and 1 P. M. for the grove; return from the grove 12 and 4 P. M. Fare through from Boston thirty-five cents. The best order will be insured. These meetings in "God's great temple of Nature" are designed to afford the most profitable rest, and social and spiritual enjoyment to the devotees of truth and cities, desiring an orderly rural retreat on Summer Sundays. W. B. Wait, Uriah Clark, G. W. Green, Greenwood; Nat. Mayo, Sumner Pratt, South Reading; E. F. Whittier, J. A. Lovejoy, Stoneham; D. L. Taylor, A. Burnham, Wm. Taylor, Melrose.

Spiritual Quarterly Convention.

The Spiritualists of Vermont are requested and cordially invited to meet at Stowe, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 7th, 8th and 9th, to discuss in freedom the great interests of humanity. We feel confident this gathering will be one of importance and interest to those present, as we have the assurance that there will be a diversity of spiritual manifestations of rare interest. Mrs. Manchester, who sings and plays improvised songs peculiarly adapted to the occasion, is expected to attend, and a general interest is manifested by the friends in the southern part of the State to meet and mingle in collation of thought upon this all important subject with their friends in the North. We are confident the people from a distance will meet warm-hearted, cordial friends at Stowe, who will do all in their power to make them comfortable. If any of our friends should favor us with their presence from out of the State, they will be treated with fraternal kindness. Able speakers will be present, and make this one of the most interesting occasions of the year. This call is made as the result of a conference of the Local Committee, in the case of whom we recommend the propriety of holding Quarterly Conventions in different parts of the State. It is thought the regular call for the State Convention will be at So. Roylston.

Arrangements have been made with the V. O. R. Co. to take passengers for fare one way, and also with stage from Watbury to Stowe. Fare at the hotel at Stowe are at a reduced rate for this Convention.

WM. B. PARISH, SARIN SCOTT,
CHAS. CHAINE, WM. MITCHELL,
D. TARBELL, ALBERT MANCHESTER,
CHAS. WALKER.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The next meeting of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, will be held in the Circle Room of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Friday, May 31st, at 2 P. M. A full and punctual attendance is respectfully requested.

GEO. A. BACON, Corresponding Secretary.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
Dr. W. K. R. FOXBORO.—The subject of your first letter was of so sort of consequence to the public at large, in reply to the second note, in regard to the non-appearance of the notice, we have only to say that it was omitted by the printer in order to justify a column. Nobody's hurt when such trifling omissions occur for a single week, especially as we make no charge for writing letters.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Received from
Thomas Davidson, Boston, Mass. \$2.00
Mrs. F. Freeman, Syracuse, N. Y. 2.00
Howard Dunbar, Boston, Mass. 2.00
H. Burdett, Boston, Mass. 1.00

Donations to the Jackson Fund.

To aid the poor and aged parents of the late Geo. M. Jackson.
Received from
Friend, Troy, Vt. \$2.00

Business Matters.

THE RADICAL for May is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

COURT BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

DR. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

PATIENTS will save themselves much unnecessary suffering from the pains of NEURALGIA and other painful nervous diseases, also headache, hysteria, affections and general nervous debility, by partaking of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

PARENTS AND GUARDIANS will find that BACHELLER'S PATENT SKIRT SUPPORTER will add very considerably to the health and comfort of those under their care. It is so constructed as to relieve the weight of the skirts, and prevent the bending down and dragging of them. Dry and fancy goods stores have it. Principal salesroom, 403 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

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THE MAGIC STAFF.

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OSTLES, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, No. 345 West 34th street, New York, treats all diseases by spirit power, gives private sittings for spirit communication, or can be consulted on business, present and future events. Hours from 2 to 4 P. M. Circles every Wednesday, at 8 P. M.

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WOULD INFORM HIS FRIENDS that he has opened an office in the city of New York, as above, for the treatment of all

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Office hours, for Examination, Consultation and Treatment, from 8 to 11 o'clock A. M. and from 4 to 6 o'clock P. M. Patients unable to call, will be visited at their residences. (If June 1.)

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EVERY EVENING, at 7 o'clock, at the Rooms 27 Boylston street, beginning May 20th.

Also Stances, Clairvoyant, by
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Mrs. Colgrove, and Others, Daily. Tickets may be procured daily at the office.

June 1.—W. MARY P. CHOOK.

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AND ALL DISEASES OF A CONSTITUTIONAL CHARACTER.

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Patients treated by the mouth, and the remedy sent via Express, to all parts of the country. Consultation Free. Send for a circular, or write description of disease, and send stamp, when opinion will be given, with terms, &c.
Office No. 12 Chancery street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
June 1.—W. WM. E. RUGGLES, M. D.

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FITS—A Rare Cure for the distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise on Fitful and Nerve Fits—Herbert's preparations, published by H. O. PHILLIPS—BOSTON. The prescription was discovered by him in a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients are obtained from any drugstore. West Free to all on receipt of five cents. Send for a circular, or write description of disease, and send stamp, when opinion will be given, with terms, &c.
BOSTON, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.
June 1.—W.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.

DR. J. WILLIAMS' MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE, located at 27 and 30 Van Huren street, MILWAUKEE, WIS., where the sick will find a pleasant home. Patients are cured by magnetized paper. All that is required is a subscribed envelope, and fifteen cents.
June 1.

FIRST-CLASS SUMMER BOARD.

A FEW select families and single gentlemen can find a most attractive summer meal at Dr. U. Clark's Institute, seven miles out—GREENWOOD, MASS. (See June 1.)

AN EXTRAORDINARY Natural Clairvoyant will answer questions on business, sickness, &c. Address O. V. B. care BANNER OF LIGHT, 544 Broadway, New York, enclosing \$5.00, photograph and hair. Will make personal appointments.
June 1.—W.

MRS. H. A. CASWELL, CLAIRVOYANT and Test Medium, examines and prescribes for disease, No. 18 Harrison avenue, corner of Oak street, Boston.
June 1.—W.

DR. S. ROE, JR., CLAIRVOYANT, will examine and prescribe from look of hair or picture. Address, DR. S. ROE, JR., Manchester, N. H. (See June 1.)

A NEW EDITION JUST ISSUED.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE.
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CHAPTER I.—The Great Moral and Religious Changes of the Nineteenth Century.
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This book should find its way to every family. The views of the book are new and startling, but its position is fundamental, and will doubtless be maintained when assailed, as it must be, by those who yet live in the sphere of selfishness and bigotry.

It liberally reaches the very shores of infinity. It is born of spiritualism, and reaches for the manifold of God. It is the most fearless presentation of the fully of the present moral and religious systems of the land of any book yet written. It is free from fault-finding, but its truthful descriptions of self-conceived goodness everywhere, in morals and religion, are striking. Through sacrifice and sin it shows the open gate of heaven for every human being.
For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, 158 Washington street, Boston, and at the Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 6.
April 11.

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

Invocation.

Holy and Perfect Spirit, from the sacred temple of human-life we presume to address thee. Looking out from Nature we pray unto Nature's God. We ask for those blessings which we have not yet received, and we praise thee for what we have received.

Lord, we hear thy voice in the whispering winds. We see thy smile in the beaming sunshine. Thou art with us in Nature, thou art with us everywhere. And, oh Lord, while we feel our own weakness, we know that thou art the Source of Strength, and as thou hast taught us to ask thee for all things of which we have need, in our weakness we ask for somewhat of thy strength. In our ignorance we ask for thy wisdom. In our childishness we ask thee for the glory of thy Fatherhood. And, oh thou Spirit, whose loving arms are ever around us, thou art our Father, our Source, our Life forever. Though the storms may rage wildly around us, though darkness may be beneath, above, on the right and the left of us, still the sunshine of thy love, even through the gloom shall penetrate and reach our souls.

Oh thou Divine Spirit, whose life we recognize, whose presence we adore, hear our prayers, and according to thy wisdom answer, according to thy mercy, according to thy life. Oh thou grant us all that glory for which our souls so earnestly seek.

We bear the thoughts and petitions of thy children, on wings of love to thee. They are precious unto thee. We lay them upon the altar of thy great heart, and ask thy blessing upon them, praising thee for all, and praying unto thee for all things of which we have need. We leave our petitions at thy feet, and lift our souls unto the sunshine of thine Infinite Love. Amen.

April 9.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready for your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—By A. B. C., of Newark, N. J.: I noticed in one of the messages given at your Circle, that one spirit in alluding to another spirit said, "That old gentleman." Shall we retain our old, wrinkled and infirm age in spirit-life? I had hoped that we should put off the doubtful dignity of wrinkles and grey hairs, for an outward seeming more in unison with the perennial beauty of the spirit. How will it be?

Ans.—The spirit never grows old. It enjoys perpetual spring-time as a spirit. But when it is under the laws of time, it is as a matter of course subject to the laws of time, and is governed by those laws. Now every spirit who cometh within the mortal atmosphere of your mediums, by virtue of law enters the precise condition—no far as form is concerned, or age, or external appearance—that belonged to them just before the change called Death. If this were otherwise your media would fail to recognize them, and fail to transmit certain points of physical character by which they would be known here. You who have parted with your grey-haired parents at the grave, if they were to return to you in the springtime of youth that belongs to their spirits, you certainly would not know them. When you ask your media to describe your spirit friends to you, if they were to show them to you in your positive spiritual state, you would not understand the description. It would be as though you saw a man, but the law provides for all these things. It is the law of time, that age with all its manifestations should creep upon the physical form, the external covering of the indwelling spirit. Therefore as your spirits in departing go out under the laws of time, so in communicating with you they must necessarily come under the laws of time; perhaps in old age, in early youth. Wherever they were stationed on the line of time at the period called Death, there you find them in the spirit-world.

Q.—How is it with children that die?

A.—The same law holds good with childhood that exists in mature age. The child does indeed advance to maturity so far as its form is concerned; but the spirit as a spirit, is ever mature, perfect. We contend that it never had a beginning or ending. Beginning and ending only exist in the manifestation.

Lydia Stevens.

It is fourteen years since I left my friends here; and if they have ceased to think of me, I have not ceased to think of them. If they are willing to wait until they shall be made free by death before they can commune with me, I am not willing to do it, and so I have made the attempt to reach them through this means. My friends are mostly in New York city. Some of them, however, are in Ohio.

There are many reasons why I have returned, but the most important of all, no doubt, is that I desire to have some voice in the welfare of my child. I left her a little wee thing, scarce able to run; and if there is any possibility of my being able to communicate with her, I want to. I am not happy to see her believing her mother is away off. I have watched over her ever since I left her in her cradle. I have been a watchful guardian; and I think the time has come now, when I should make known my nearness to her.

My name was Lydia Stevens. I named the child Mary Florence, but it seems after my death, my friends changed the name of Mary to Lydia; so I shall have to appeal to her, I suppose, by the name they gave her.

I died of consumption, and I feel it very sensibly in coming back. Here you see is where the action of the law comes in, and very unpleasantly, too.

You'll spell the name without the p. Some use it, I know, but our family, or my husband's family, never did, so they won't understand it unless you spell it right.

I'll try to meet any of my friends, if they will go where I can. I'd like that Aunt Eunice meet me. My child has been with her most of the time, and so I want to come to her if I can. [Is she in New York?] I think she is. Aunt Eunice Downes—Eunice Downes is her name. Tell her it is true that I can come back. She need not doubt it. The last time I saw her, she said "Lydia, I should be wicked to want you to live and suffer; though I shall miss you, I shall be glad when you're free." Then afterwards she felt bad to think she'd said it, for fear I might not take it right. But I did. [How old were you?] I was in my twenty-seventh year. Good-day, sir. April 9.

John Burke.

They say I'm dead, but it ain't true. It seems some part of me is alive, anyway. I'm back here, to see if I can open the gates between me and my folks. Jim and I are both here.

My name is John, John Burke, and I am from the 20th Massachusetts, Company K, and if you take any interest in hunting up animal curiosities, you'll find something that was once mine; it's about ten rods north of Davis's Fort. [What have you there?] What have I? What I used to eat roast beef through, one of those machines; what there is left of it now. [Are you sure it's there?] I know they put it there, Jim and me too. He was sergeant in the same company.

I don't know as it is allowable for folks that have been booked as dead, to turn up as living; but you see some of the boys come here, so I thought I would, to see what I could do. Jim says after I get back, he'll see whether he'll come or no, sometime. He's not much inclined to take on the incumbency of a human body again. He's been without it some time, and it's quite a change to put it on.

I want the folks here to know that we can both come, and how we are very comfortably off, and that we don't suffer much in going out—made pretty short work of it; and as to the punished business, we haven't got as far as that yet. I looked out for it at first, for I expected a thrashing, but it's not come yet. You know when a fellow has been educated to believe he'll get a thrashing on the other side, he'll be looking out for it when he gets there. Why, I didn't know but I should get a place below instead of above, and you don't get treated very well there, they say. I ain't seen any one from there. I reckon they keep 'em when they get 'em. I don't know how it is; I reckon it's all right. I suppose I did not deserve to go there. [Did you believe in such punishment?] Yes, well, yes, rather so. I didn't know but what it might be true. I was rather inclined to feel not just easy about it when I first came to the spirit-world. You see everything is so different from what I expected to find it, that I don't know but all this mortal education you got about spiritual things is a humbug. I'm inclined to think it is.

Jim don't care to come here and speak, but he can. He had rather come to the folks above than to take his chances in this way. If there's anything to pay on this ere business, I've got nothing to pay with, for I'm broke, and was when I died. [You are welcome.] Well, if that's the case I'm all right. I'll do the best I can to pay you in some way.

Well, my folks I speak of—one in particular—is my wife. She don't know anything about this business, I suppose. [Where did she reside?] South Boston. She's been floating round, I believe, since I died, as nigh as I can learn. [Did your brother have a wife?] No. Well, I suppose you'll help me along all you can? [Certainly.] Well, I'll try to pay you some way, I don't know how. You'll please to spell my name with an e. B-u-r-k-e, because I'm little particular about that. They may think it's somebody else.

April 9.

Patrick Moriarty.

Well, sir, it's a sorry time I had of it when I was here last. I don't care to think any more about it than I'm obliged to, because I suppose it will be sure to rouse up the devil there in me, if there is any left at all. I died at Danville, in one of the pretty places where the Rebs would take the Blue Coats and give them a collation of saw dust and cold water. I belonged to Company I, 65th Massachusetts, and my name was Patrick Moriarty; and there you'll find it in the Register, I suppose at the State House, if you want to know who I was. Patrick Moriarty, Company I, 65th Massachusetts.

I got so weak before I went out, it was pretty hard work for me to take the tin cup up to my lips, though it wasn't often that I did it, for it was generally more savoury than water, and sawdust did not agree with me. It might agree with some, but it didn't with me. It was sort of a rough diet.

I've come back here to say I'm very well satisfied with all that has been done with what I left here. I would not have it any different if I could, nor if I had been here to make it all right myself. And as for the being revenged business, better let that alone, and we'll take care of 'em one by one as they come this way. We'll thrash 'em—that is, unless we've outgrown the liking for thrashing them. I'll tell you the best thrashing I give a man, shall I? [Yes.] Just letting a man see what he is, not what he thinks himself to be. Oh, you cannot thrash a man worse than by letting a man see what he is. If them keepers what was over us—one or two of them have come to us—chance to come here, we'll just manage to show them themselves in their true light. Ah, it's the toughest dose you can give a man by a long sight, and they're all sure to get it. Yes, sir, it's no bargaining yourself off for what you are not in the spirit-world.

A little upstart in the prison where I was, undertook to tell me he was the nephew of Mr. Davis. What the devil do I care whether you're his nephew or not. Because he was, he said, the nephew of Mr. Davis, he put on airs. He ordered sawdust mixed with our water, and said it would do very well for the miserable Yankees to live on. Ah, didn't I want to wring the neck of him? Yes, I did, but it's the better way to show a body just what they are. Well, I felt hard toward him. I've not got over altogether the uncomfortable feeling I had, in a way that enables me to say, the Lord forgive 'em and pity 'em, and all that. Well, I'm better than I was. I'm not so fiery as I was before I came here, anyway.

Now I'd like to talk this way to James and to Charlie, right well; have a real good chat with them about things what's in the spirit-world, what's left and what they are in now. [Where do they reside?] Well, they are here, sir.

If you should ever go to Danville Prison, you just look along on the left side of one of the boards, and you'll find my name. I cut it there with me jack-knife, before they took it away from me, and I grew so sick. But I don't know—I mean the shanty I was confined in. I rather

think they've taken down the buildings. I didn't know but what they would keep them, well, for places of summer resort. Maybe the fashionables would like to go there—that is, if they're not particular what they get on them. [Are'n't you a little sarcastic?] Oh yes, sir. Well, I am just what I am. It's all true. If you don't believe it, just go there and stop over night, and if you don't take company away with you, you'll say I didn't tell you the truth.

Well, sir, good-by to you, and I hope when you go out, you'll have some better place to start from than Danville Prison.

April 9.

Blanche Freeman.

I'm Blanche Freeman. I want to go to my father. Yes, he was away when I died. I was in Norfolk, Va. We used to live in Charleston, S. C., yes. And when father went away to fight the Yanks, mother and Joe and me and old Flora—she was my father's nurse—we went to Norfolk. We was, we was coming North, going West, and the Yanks would n't let us go; no, they wouldn't give us any pass. General McClellan wouldn't give us any pass.

But my father, my father wasn't killed, and now he's—he's got out of the army. I want to go to him, and I want to tell him how I'm with grandmother, and—Miss Chase. He knows who she is. She's the lady what come from the North to teach us. She's died. She's died like I did, and she here too. [To-day?] Yes. Harriet is her name; and she had a mother in Vermont. She was a Yank, but she was good.

Do you care to give me a pass to go to my mother? [We shall print your message in our paper, and if your father sees it he may give you a call nearer home.] Some place like this? [Yes, similar.] I thought you'd give me a pass. [That is the pass we give. Do you want to take this medium?] [Nodding her head affirmatively.] [It is too far away.] It's only a little ways. [How far do you think it is?] I don't know. I want my father to buy her for me. I want to have her so I can go home with her. [That would be hardly possible for him to do.] Yes, he would, if I should tell him I wanted him. [Where is he?] He's in Norfolk. [We'll print your message. That's the best we can do for you.] Well, I want him to buy me a medium. [He'll endeavor to find you a medium to speak through, I dare say.] Then don't folks buy them? [They only buy their time for a little while.] Aint they sold? I thought they were. [Didn't you know the slaves were all liberated by Mr. Lincoln?] They said they were going to be. [People can't buy any more slaves in this country.] We can, you Yanks can't. [Southerners cannot now.] Can't they? Can't my father? [No.] Well I—I'm glad I ain't there. [Do you buy folks on your side?] No they don't have any sold. [Do you think it's a good plan to have any sold here?] Don't like to sell 'em if you like 'em. If you don't like 'em, then I like to sell 'em.

[How old were you?] Eight years old. Did you say that you should write what I said? [We shall print it, and send it to your father.] He don't live there. He's there to fix things. He isn't there all the time. Mother isn't there. She's in Charleston. We lived there. Dear me, can't I go home? [Yes, you can go and find some medium there.]

Well, you tell my father, won't you, that I come? [Yes.] Give my love to him, and tell him I wish I could have lived till he came, but I had such a awful sore throat that I was choked up. I was glad to go. That's the reason I couldn't wait. [Did not your mother send for your father?] Oh she could n't send, because he was in camp. He was on the march. She said she could n't send. [Did you have any brothers and sisters?] Yes, they ain't in the spirit-land, only I—me, that's all. They ain't dead, I'm dead. [Do you remember how many you had?] Yes, sir, I had two; didn't I tell you I had? Yes I did. They went down to Norfolk with us.

Well I reckon I'll get a chance to go there, won't I? [I think you will.] Mother could n't write, because the mails were closed. Are they now? [No.] Do they run the blockade now? [That's withdrawn.] Is it?

Well, I reckon I'll go. And you mustn't, you mustn't cheat me, will you? [No, dear.] Aint you a Yankee? [Yes.] Do you suppose all Yankees cheat? Mother said they did. [I hope you'll prove the contrary to her.] I will, if you don't cheat. Good-morning.

April 9.

Seance opened by William E. Channing; letters answered by John Adams.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, April 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Joel Naon, of this city, to a party of counterfeitters; Augusta Schneider, of this city, to her parents; Charles Hall, of the 10th Maine regiment, to friends; Augusta, Me.

Monday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Sloane, of Portsmouth, N. H., to friends; Willis Short, to Levi Short, Philadelphia; Ed. Edwards, of Eaton, Professor of Music, who died in Memphis, to his friends; Margaret, who died in the Somerville Asylum, to her husband, William H. Tappan.

Tuesday, April 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Captain John Thomas, of this city, to his mother and sister; Martin Milton, to his children; Olive Treadwell, to Samuel Treadwell, of this city; Johnnie Jole, to his mother.

Tuesday, April 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Clara Joseph, of New York city, to her mother and sister; Sylvia Ann Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., to her niece Hattie; Saggawatha, an Indian, to General Grant.

Monday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Amos Whipple, of Walpole, N. H., to his friends; William Carroll, of this city, to his friends; Ed. Edwards, of Eaton, Professor of Music, who died in Memphis, to his friends; Margaret, who died in the Somerville Asylum, to her husband, William H. Tappan.

Tuesday, April 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John T. Shaffer, of Indiana, to Sarah, his wife; Lucy Stevens, of Windsor Locks, Conn., to her daughter Adeline, in Hartford, and her son Thomas, in New Bedford; Ed. Edwards, to his mother, at No. 15 Columbia street, New York; Nettie Whittington, to her mother, in Nebraska.

Monday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Osgood Stiles, a graduate from Andover, Class of 1886; Annie L. Stone, of Bath, Me., to her mother; Reuben Allen, of Charleston, Vt., to his wife; Ed. Edwards, to his friends; Sylvia Ann Howland, of New Bedford, Mass.

Tuesday, April 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Nancy Thayer, to her son, William Thayer, of Boston, Mass.; Lient. William Augustus Horn, to William Dorn, of Montgomery, Ala., at present in Richmond, Va.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Triplightly over trouble,
Triplightly over wrong,
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp your hands so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unseen?
Why not seek joy instead?

Triplightly over sorrow,
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Though never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Triplightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom,
We've penit to string of gladness,
Or this side of this gloom;
Whist stars are nightly shining,
And the Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Tests of Spirit-Communication.

The Montpelier, Vt., Argus and Patriot, of May 23, publishes the following article, which contains an excellent test of spirit-communication:

MR. EDITOR.—Amidst our trouble in political affairs, following the many thousands of our countrymen's death caused by the late rebellion, and the many called to their long home daily, it is well to pause and consider our future beyond the grave. Having for a few years examined into the theory of mediumship, Spiritualism, as termed here, I have become satisfied, and our departed friends on leaving this world do not take up the bridge after them, but can, and do, return back over the same bridge, or way, they passed over, and communicate to their friends on earth plane, under favorable conditions.

Seeing a notice in your last week's issue of the late Ira Day, brought to my mind a communication received through the mediumship of James V. Mansfield, 102 West 15th street, New York, the best medium in America for answering sealed letters. In October, 1895, while in New York, I called on Mr. M., and wrote upon the upper end of a sheet of paper a question, then doubted if it ever and over several times, Mr. M. sitting ten feet from me, so that I knew he could not possibly know the contents of said question. Said question was directed to a spirit that left this world many years ago. On taking the paper Mr. M. commenced answering said question, and, when finished, said question was signed by a name and person I never knew, only by history. After making apology for his coming when I desired another, and answering the question fully, he further communicated the following: "Here is an aged spirit who says he once knew you. His name is Upham. He was a lawyer. Here is another who says he knew you also. His name is Geo. W. Collamer." I then wrote the following question, and doubted it up as before, "Will the spirit of Mr. Upham please communicate to me?" Mr. M., on taking his seat at the table, wrote the following:

"MY DEAR EARTH FRIEND.—Many thanks for this notice of me; but, General, I have not now time to answer you. I will, however, try to communicate with you, will you but allow me to do so, and tell you something that will interest you, but now my control is limited. Yours, WM. UPHAM."

You will see my question was to Mr. Upham, as I did not know his given name, while said communication was signed Wm. Upham as above. I then wrote a sheet of paper the following: "Will the spirit of Geo. W. Collamer communicate to me?" and doubled the same over several times, and when Mr. M. resumed his seat at the table, he folded the question over several times and held the same on his forehead, as is his custom. He then commenced writing:

"DEAR GENERAL (giving the writer's name)—Thank you, thank you, for thus allowing me to speak with you, even in the weakness of my spirit control. I have not been in spirit but a few days, hence have not the control to say much. I have met Gov. Fairbanks, Gov. W. A. Palmer, Gen. Seth Cushman, Upham, Mattocks, Samuel A. Sias, and others that I have not now time or space to speak about, and last of all that cunning old fox, Ira Day (name written as above). The first thing or person he called for was Jack Pollard—says of all the boys he ever had under his control Jack was the most tractable. Well, General, I have much to tell you of my home, and that which awaits you. So be faithful, and allow me to tell you as often as you can. Yours in spirit, GEO. WASHINGTON COLLAMER."

In connection I will add, while absent from home I heard through the papers of the death of Geo. W. Collamer. I never knew or heard that such a man as Ira Day ever lived in the form, until I read his name in your last week's paper. I then wrote a sheet of paper that such men as Jack Pollard or Samuel A. Sias ever lived. It may be proper here to remark that I had not on that day, and a long time previous, had in my mind Fairbanks, Palmer, Cushman, Mattocks, etc., therefore it cannot be said Mr. M. took their names from my mind, clairvoyantly. You will notice that the question was directed to Geo. W. Collamer, and the communication was subscribed Geo. Washington Collamer—how he received said communications I asked Mr. M. if he knew what he had written. He answered, not at all. I then asked him if he knew what he had written, or heard of such men as Fairbanks, Upham, Collamer, Day, and others. His reply was he never did. With respect,

IRA DAY.

We find in the Argus and Patriot, printed in Montpelier, Vt., of the date of April 18th, 1897, a brief biography of Ira Day, the person alluded to in Collamer's message, from which we take the following extract:

A NOTED EARLY MERCHANT.—For the first twenty years of the present century no man in Washington county, Vermont, occupied a greater space in public conversation than Ira Day, the once noted and now noted, Barre merchant. There was good reason why this should naturally be so, for he was certainly a very remarkable man—remarkable for his wondrous activity, for his keenness of observation, cunning, sharpness in trade, plausible smoothness, and singular adroitness in obtaining advantages in bargaining, and capable as being literally a man born without a conscience.

Mr. Day originated, we believe, in Royalton, and, after his school days were over, entered as a clerk in the store of Mr. Curtis, then a leading merchant of that town. When of age, or before, with the aid of his employer, he opened a store in Barre, his first connection with this town. Mr. Curtis, and formed some kind of partnership with another merchant of the same name—the better known General Curtis, of Windsor. This last connection was continued several years, and was the means of establishing Mr. Day on a firm footing as an independent and successful merchant. He was always noted, Barre merchant. There was good reason why this should naturally be so, for he was certainly a very remarkable man—remarkable for his wondrous activity, for his keenness of observation, cunning, sharpness in trade, plausible smoothness, and singular adroitness in obtaining advantages in bargaining, and capable as being literally a man born without a conscience.

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"Mediumship of J. V. Mansfield."

In our issue of March 23d, (just received through a news dealer in San Francisco), I noted a communication with the above caption from a Swedenborgian correspondent, who signs himself "F." In this he speaks of a "curious" instance of his experience with Mr. Mansfield, when having written a letter to his departed friend, Prof. Bush, in which he says, "I have written to you, King, Burton, &c., he receives in answer, 'I will pass your compliments to all friends enumerated in your note—King, Burton, &c., and with good reason seems quite enraptured with what he considers 'a perfect triumph over all the obstructions of time and eternity,' inasmuch as 'here I send my love through the spiritual regions of the mortal world, and get a response back again that so it shall be done.'

I join heartily with our friend "F." in exclaiming, "Thanks and Joy, oh God, for the privilege!" But I have recently had a still more "curious" [I object to this word in this connection, for to those to whom light comes, the spiritual regions are not "curious" instances and exemplification of the remarkable mediumship of Mr. Mansfield.

In February last I wrote a letter to a lady friend who has been in the spirit-land for many years. The only allusion whatever made therein any deceased friends was in the last words of the journal, "I see my spirit friends? If so, what ones? and what are their relations to you, their employments?" &c. In reply I received a long and extremely satisfactory and convincing communication, the last paragraph of which reads as follows: "Your Uncle S—, and brother O. Wm. C—, and B. T. C—, are present, and desirably remembrances to you. These names are given in full, and are the exact names of some of my dearest spiritual friends. It is absolutely impossible for Mr. Mansfield to have known anything about those names, even granting that he had opened my letter and read it, which, however, I know had not been done."

These bare facts are perfectly convincing to my mind of the truth of spirit communication, and need no further comments. But who can express in words the beautiful thoughts and affecting emotions which are thereby awakened? Not I. Aurora, Nevada, 1897. J. S. J.

Correspondence.

Children's Progressive Lyceum in Jersey City, N. J.

On a recent Sunday, I visited the Children's Progressive Lyceum in this city, and was very agreeably entertained, and as the exercises are somewhat different from those of other Lyceums, a short notice of them will not, I think, prove uninteresting to your readers.

After going through the greater part of the programme, as arranged in the Manual, Mr. Dixon, to whose untiring efforts and scientific ability the Lyceum is indebted for its success, took his stand at a table on which was an electrical machine. He then, in other words, called the attention of the children to the subject upon which he proposed speaking, and asked them if they understood the lecture of the preceding Sunday. Upon their replying in the affirmative, he proceeded to ask them questions concerning it, eliciting answers which indicated a knowledge of science hardly to be expected from such young pupils.

I was informed that for a year past Mr. Dixon has applied himself to the task of illustrating by philosophical experiments and lectures, to these children who assemble each week to learn of him, the science of physics as taught in our high schools and academies. Each lecture, of course, is very simple, and consequently the attention of the young hearers can comprehend and retain the idea put forth.

On the Sunday alluded to, after receiving satisfactory replies to his questions regarding the lecture, Mr. Dixon pointed to the electrical machine, and asked, "What is this?" "An electrical machine," was the reply. "What is it used for?" "To produce electricity." "How do you know when you have electricity?" "By the attraction of light bodies, such as small pieces of paper. When they are surcharged, they will fly off."

He then threw some scraps of cotton on the conductor, and asked what caused them to move to and from the machine. The answer was, "Electricity attracts first, then repels, they being charged the same as the machine."

He next placed on the conductor a small figure of a man, with long hair attached. Soon the hair stood erect. "What causes this hair to stand up?" asked Mr. Dixon. "The same power that made the cotton move," was the reply.

Some alcohol was then placed in a cup on the conductor, and a boy requested to place his finger on a ball in the cup. He did so, when the alcohol burst into a flame. This caused a little surprise, but it was explained by Mr. D., who afterward questioned the children to ascertain if they had caught the idea. Several gave correct explanations.

A little girl was requested to stand on a stool and put one hand on the head of the machine. In the other was placed a brass coin containing alcohol. A spark drawn by the Professor's finger fired the alcohol. This was explained on the principle that the girl was a part of the conductor, as she was standing on the insulating stool. The rising of her hair caused some mirth.

Here the lecture closed, after which the attention of the children was directed to a series of remarks were made by Horace Drassler, LL.D., commendatory of the plan, and the high intellectual culture manifested by the children, and the loving interest shown by the officers and leaders in the proper training of the young under their care.

Mr. Dixon has a fine hall, capable of seating about one hundred persons, which is opened for every Sunday to all Spiritualists who wish to attend. He also has some excellent philosophical instruments, which he uses in his experiments before the Lyceum. JERSEY CITY, N. J., 1897. SPIRITUALIST.

Notes from Kansas.

DEAR BANNER.—There may be some friends and some speakers that desire to learn the condition of things in the far west. I left Nebraska and came to St. Joseph, Mo., where I spent four Sabbaths. Our friends organized an association, to which I lectured. There are some noble souls there. The chief need is want of popularity. A large number of the populace are decidedly liberal, and when our cause is rightly understood, no doubt it will be well sustained. North-western Missouri, Western Iowa, and Nebraska are the garden of America. While at St. Joseph I lectured eight times at Wathena, Kan., to most interested people. Though in the midst of mud and the breaking up of winter, the people would hang around the doors and windows to hear the words of immortal life. Wathena is the largest of the four cities of the Missouri river, and is the seat of the Government for this section. Troops are centered here, and sent west. Also government supplies. A pressing call for lecturers had appeared in the BANNER, from A. C. Nichols, urging them to call. No hall could be obtained short of fifteen dollars a night, and Mr. Nichols feared to risk the attempt, so I left for Leavenworth. This town is on the right bank of the Kansas river, thirty-three miles from Leavenworth, and has had its full share of danger and expenditure, to maintain its freedom, and to oppose the efforts of bushwhackers and secession rebels. The town was burned by Quantrill in his raid, and about one hundred and twenty men killed in cold blood by the raiders. The place is rebuilt, and has a population of nearly eight thousand. The State University is here. It stands upon an elevation overlooking the whole region. The Spiritualists have an organization here, that has been served by Miss Nurt for some months.

Somehow divided, a few being desirous of keeping her, the rest not. I spent three Sabbaths among them. I left, convinced that if a lecturer would rank a hall and give them his time, and speak with the eloquence of an angel to them, he would be cheerfully accepted. But should he not ask that he had better get out to Lawrence. One Lawrence-souled father and widow were all the evidence I gained that Lawrence would support a speaker. From Lawrence I went to Topeka. The capital is here. They have a population of about four thousand. This is also on the right

