

# BANNER LIGHT.

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## Literary Department.

### SONG OF THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY E. CLAY PRUSS.

I have flowers, I have flowers,  
Of richest, rarest hue;  
From the Rose's blushing carmine,  
To the Violet's heaven blue.  
Here's the Lily of the Valley,  
From the willow's secret place,  
Where the sun scarce ever kisses  
Its alabaster face.  
And here's the haughty Dahlia,  
As peerless as a queen;  
And Daffodils and Daisies,  
With the constant Evergreen.  
Oh the flowers! oh the flowers!  
Fresh from their woodland bowers!  
Will you buy my pretty flowers,  
My pretty, charming flowers?

I have flowers, and I've plucked them  
From places far and wide;  
In the shadows of the ravine—  
By the sunny mountain side.  
I seized them 'mid their revels  
In the joyous woodland air,  
And I bring them blushing captives  
To grace the maiden fair.  
Oh the flowers! oh the flowers! &c.

Gentle lady, will you buy  
My flowers sweet and mild?  
No other help is left me,  
A friendless orphan child.  
My father was a soldier,  
In his country's cause he died,  
And my mother, broken-hearted,  
Now slumbers by his side.  
My little blue-eyed brother, too,  
Has gone to the spirit-world,  
And I am left alone on earth,  
Poor orphan flower girl.  
Oh the flowers! oh the flowers! &c.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW; OR, HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHT AND SHADOW," "THE DEATH OF THINGS WELL," "SUNNY ITALY," ETC.

#### PART III.

##### Progression.

"Decidedly the hit of the season!"  
"Yes, la belle Minton understands costumeing, certainly. She reminded me of a nautic floating on a wave, as she so gracefully swam through that last waltz with you, with the shimmer of that exquisite sea-green robe, crowned with its foamy white lace and soft pearls."

"I tell you, Fontanelle, I could only think of Undine before she finds her soul, as I looked in those calm, passionless eyes, whose depths nothing seems to ruffle. She has no soul—or heart at least!"  
"Heart, my dear fellow! From what primeval planet have you recently descended? What should a beauty and a coquette of the deepest dye want of a heart of her own, when she counts those of men at her command by the score? In her first season out, too! Wait half a dozen years, mon cher, until Miss Minton has run her race, and found her world after all 'stuffed with sawdust,' and then begin to talk to her of hearts. *Que voulez vous, mon cher?* When our 'admirable Crickton,' Harry Devere, failed, and he sent off to bury his mortification in parts unknown, what can insignificant people like ourselves expect?" and the speakers strolled on, unconscious of my vicinity and unwilling hearing of their criticism.

It was the latter part of September, and the weekly "hops" (vile Americanism) of the Newport season had the previous night culminated in a grand farewell ball. The "season" had been, it was said, an unusually brilliant one. It being my first experience, I of course did not constitute myself a judge; but if beautiful girlish faces by the score, and most delicious young dandies by the hundred; if a never-ending round, from early June to late September, of driving, yachting, dancing and flirting, form a "brilliant season," then this certainly had been one. I had rushed into every gale with a feverish eagerness, a wild recklessness, born of the desire to forget! From the moment that I learned my love had been bestowed on one unworthy of it, it had been the aim of every action to prevent the suspicion that that love had ever existed. How well I had succeeded, the above conversation of Guy Fontanelle and Albert Sydney has shown. They were the two great parts of our set, inasmuch as they vied with each other in the elegance of the Arabian ponies and stylish carriages which they sported on "The Drive"; the swan-like beauty of their white yachts, which floated so gracefully through many a friendly race; and the personal attractions each possessed, added to the *clat* of their "independent fortunes." Both had been among my most attentive cavaliers through the summer, with how little success their own words confess. They, as little as others, dreamed that beneath all my haughty repellence to words of love, my easy acceptance of attention and admiration, my over-ready "quips and cranks and wretched smiles," the first in every scene of mirth and pleasure, the acknowledged leader of every revel—ah! little they fancied that beneath all my heart quivering with the anguish of a deadly stroke! an over-present consciousness of a trust betrayed!

The quiet stars, which looked down upon a night on a white, despairing face, on tiny hands clenched in agony, and teeth pressed on rosy lips

to prevent a groan from escaping, to whisper even to the walls of an untold sorrow—those stars, with their sweet, pitying eyes, alone knew or saw what I, in my young pride, would have died to keep any one from knowing! Did I not feel to the utmost that I could, "like the Spartan boy, smile and smile, while secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks?" The heaviest burden of all was the death of my faith in man! I could not longer trust. The warmest vows, the most passionate protestations, but brought a curl of scorn to my lip. Had he not so looked, so spoken, and was false?

It was early in the following year that I received a letter from my old school-pet, Nellie Selden, renewing her former urgent entreaty for a visit from me. She wrote:

"You can't refuse this time, Minnie, darling, for—if you have astonishment be ready to expend it now; open those great gray eyes to their fullest extent, and prepare that little rosy mouth for any amount of *ohs*, for—for my hero has come! You remember that beautiful story we used to read, of the girl's dream of a hero to release her from bondage—the bondage of an unhappy life here was. But how nonsensically I am putting off my announcement of the important event of my approaching marriage. The idea of poor little me being converted into a dignified matron! Is it absurd? But I have not told you who is the wonderful Adonis who has captured the heart of your little school-wife. Guess, *ma chere*. But if you guess from now until you are gray, you'll still be far from the truth. So up courage, and out with it! Mr. Carleton! Yes, the beautiful of Bally's girlhood, and the voracious angel that she depicted him, too! *Apropos*, Bally came to see me last week with her bluff, young farmer husband—and the fattest baby! She is just as kind and good as ever, and as happy as possible. Well, when Mr. Carleton returned from Europe last spring, and found his old lady love had fitted him, (he insists she never was and never could have been his ideal,) why you see, he came to me for consolation, and so—and so—pity is akin to love, you know. And now, lastly, lastly, and conclusively, on the 20th of next month mamma and I do propose journeying from St. Louis to New York, to provide the 'trousseau' of this young lady, and also, of no secondary importance, to lay violent hands on a certain belle of your town, who shall be nameless at present, and bear her, *nolens volens*, to our Western home. So hold thee in readiness, for you must 'stand by' even until the last. Your old friend,

NELLIE SELDEN.

P.S.—I forgot to say that my brother, my darling Gerard, you know, will of course act as groomsman with you, and you must do your duty and fall in love with him; all those New York beaux *au contraire*!"

I love! Ah, Nellie, I had tasted that apple of Sodom once, and had no desire to try its "dust and ashes" again.

I found on our meeting that the years which had borne Nellie Selden from a girl of eighteen to a woman of twenty-two, had improved her from a thoughtless, laughing sprite, to a woman, bright, cheerful and vivacious, but with an undercurrent of serious, earnest thought, that I had never looked for in her. When we parted it was she who, in spite of her seniority of years, looked up to me; now I found myself deforming to her. While she had advanced, I, like most who mature unreasonably early, seemed to have stood still, or retrograded. I seemed to have no purpose in life; to have become a mere butterfly of fashion, existing only for the sweets of the hour, with little thought for any but mere sensuous pleasure, whereas Nellie was full of earnest endeavor for the good of others. With her it was never "what I wish," but "what you prefer." A high sense of rectitude and a constant thought of the right, seemed to guide all her actions. I wondered silently at the change. Could this apparent revolution of her whole thoughtless nature be the effect of a happy love, the reverse of which I had known? Could a pure, trusting affection so expand the heart, that it would be ever endeavoring to shed the sunshine of its happiness on all around? Did not my own experience teach me that mere human love, on the contrary, was rather absorbed in selfish thoughts of its own pleasure, and that of the one loved person? Something of this I expressed to Nellie one morning as we sat quietly sewing, some days after our arrival at her home—a charming place in the outskirts of the great Western metropolis, St. Louis. A look of ineffable trust and hope arose on the sweet face, as, putting aside her work and taking both my hands in her own, she looked earnestly into my eyes and said:

"I have been longing for an open talk with you, Minnie, but have hesitated, because you seem (forgive me if I pain you, dear), to be shutting me, as every one else, out from your heart, your 'inner self.' It seems to me that you are over-wearing a mask; that your gaiety is all on the surface. But I believe that old, warm, true heart of my school-friend exists beneath all this encrustation of worldliness, or pride—which is it, darling?—and I shall trust to that heart and believe it will still love me, although I tell you what will shock all our prejudices, combat all your ideas of right! Have you forgotten, dear, our old 'Rapping Club,' and that Mr. Carleton was the gentleman who, through Sally, initiated me into some of the formula of 'séances'? Mr. Carleton is to-day, as he was then, a firm believer in Spiritualism, and I—I, too, Minnie, am a Spiritualist!"

Oh! the beautiful look of daring—of fearless "I know I am right, so I am here!" with which her whole features were illumined, and which seemed to dilate her petite form to unusual proportions!

"Free, Minnie, that you are grieved at what you think a delusion, although you rather admire my fearlessness! But wait; do not judge of

what you know nothing of—wait and see! Two years ago, I, like you, was a member of the Church, and a so-called Spiritualist. Now I know, feel, and revere its beautiful truths. I have learned to regard this world as but the vestibule of a world as tangible, as real as this, and where our lives go on from just the point where we leave them here. I have learned that all that is faithful, misty, far-away heaven—with streets of gold and jasper, great white thrones, with cherubims and seraphims continually praising God—is as unreal as it ever seems to every one. For did you ever find any one belonging to the church, and believing only in its tenets, who had any clear and distinct idea of what their life hereafter was to be? Seeing and knowing, as I now do, what is to come—a life that is just what we make it here, just so high or just so low as we are prepared to enter upon—and feeling, as I do, the constant presence of dear guardian angels longing and endeavoring to aid and assist us in each high, noble, pure effort and aspiration of our lives, can you wonder that I no longer feel like leading an aimless, purposeless existence here? or that I have rather learned to be 'Up and doing, heart within and God overhead'?"

I listened as in a dream! Was this the effect of the "grand humbug" of the nineteenth century—to transform a gay, thoughtless, ephemeral existence into an earnest, God-like life? God-like in its adherence to the Divine command, "Love one another even as I have loved you!" I was bewildered. I had no arguments wherewith to answer her. My aunt's specious sophistries fell before this pure, earnest faith. Here at least was no mercenary adventurer trying to deceive! It might be a mistaken faith, but at least it was pure and earnest. I was by no means convinced that Spiritualism was truth, and not error, but I at least saw that it could have truthful followers. Yet, I reflected afterwards, when separated from the magnetism of Nellie's presence, other false creeds had as earnest devotees. The Mahomedans prayed as fervently, with faces turned eastward, to Allah and his Prophet, as we Christians with bowed heads invoked the aid of Jesus. Truly Faith was no test of Truth! So it was with some hesitation that I consented, when that eve Nellie said to me, "Some few ladies and gentlemen, who, like us, are earnest seekers after knowledge, meet weekly for development of spirit-influence, or *mediumship*, as it is called. They will be here this evening; and even if you will not join in the séance, Minnie, I wish you would stay in the room." So reluctantly I promised, feeling very much, I fancy, as Nicodemus did of old—that it was a perilous search for knowledge unlawful, and which rendered me liable to the wrath of God and man, and His holy church.

At eight o'clock some ten or twelve persons arrived, and to my surprise, I found them people of as much culture, refinement and "position" as my aristocratic self!

Just as we were quietly seated, with dim lights, and, I thought, rather a solemn appearance, the door was thrown open, and the servant ushered in two gentlemen whose appearance created quite a commotion.

"Gerard, my dear Gerard!" cried Nellie, as she sprang into the arms of one, "how delighted I am! We did not expect you for a week." And then she gracefully welcomed the other gentleman with, "Mr. F., you could not have chosen a more auspicious moment for a visit. We have here one of the greatest of skeptics to our beautiful belief, and yours shall be the delightful task of converting her. I had so wished for a good test-medium, and now I shall hope for wonders, for you always bring them."

Mr. F. smiled and bowed courteously as he was presented to me, but Mr. Selden clasped my hand warmly as he said:

"Most welcome, Miss Minton, is the long-heard-of, much wished-for friend of my sister! Was it not fortunate, Nell, he added, seating himself near me, "that I chanced to meet F.—on the cars? He was going to a hotel, but of course I vetoed that. We persecuted Spiritualists must stand by each other, or our foundation being so unstable, we shall of course meet with a fall when the winds of public wrath blow, and the floods of the churches' indignation descend."

And he smiled with an air of such conscious security in his own strength to bear any amount of such tempests, that I felt he was a rock against which all waves of opinion might dash and find ever immovable.

From the instant these gentlemen had entered the room my attention had been attracted by a series of light raps, seeming directly on the floor where they stood, then on the table, anon on the sofa on which I sat; but as no one seemed to remark them, of course I was silent until, as Mr. Selden finished his ironical speech, one so loud and emphatic caused me to fairly start from my seat and him to observe laughingly:

"Why, F., you are in great power to-night, startling Miss Minton!" (the familiar name seemed to slip unawares from his lips, and somehow I rather liked it) "here, before you are even seated. Come, come over on our side of the table, and let us see if we three cannot accomplish more than all the chosen twelve over there."

The table at which we were seated was what is called "an extension table," of massive black walnut, for we were in the dining-room, that the parlors might be free for any chance visitors. Scarcely was Mr. F.—seated, and before he had even placed his hand on the table, it seemed literally covered with tiny hammers, rapping clear, distinct strokes, and a moment after, to my horror, I saw it—saw it so clearly there could be no doubting—arise slowly from the floor until it was suspended in the air, the upper portion nearly on a level with our heads, and after swaying back and forth for perhaps half a moment, (which seemed an eternity to me,) it descended so gently that scarcely a jar was perceptible. Mr. F.—

now took a pencil and some paper which Nellie had placed on the table, and, scarcely glancing at it, wrote these words: "My own darling, my best loved—mother's only one, I am with you, over with you!" pushed the paper to me, and rapidly drawing up his sleeve, I saw on the firm, white arm, for the first instant free from mark or stain, I there saw gradually appear in red characters, as if some one with a hard substance was writing thereon, the name "Emile!" I uttered a cry of terror and caught and convulsively clasped, as if it was a refuge of strength, the hand Mr. Selden had soothingly placed on my arm. And as with dilated eyes I still gazed, I saw that name fade away without the slightest movement on the part of Mr. F.—, no passing of his hand over the arm, not a gesture to betoken any notice of himself; and, as it faded, leaving the arm again white and pure, I saw arise another word, "Estelle!" I doubted the evidence of my eyes. I looked again and again. I pinched myself to be sure I was awake and not dreaming. I looked at the rest and saw they perceived the phenomenon as well as I; and all there it remained as distinct as if written with tangible pen and ink.

This was decidedly worse than the first. That I should have been thinking of my mother was natural, and that Mr. F.— might have read that thought, according to my aunt's theory, seemed possible. But poor Estelle! I had not thought of her in weeks, perhaps months, certainly had never imagined her dead. And she was not, I would not believe it! Scarcely had this thought passed my mind ere it rose to my lips. Mr. F.— seized the pencil and wrote in French:

"Mademoiselle, I have left my Henri; he is free!"

He glanced at what he had written, said simply, "I cannot read this, nor am I told who it is for."

I reached over and took the paper, read it, and glanced from one to the other helplessly, feeling as if an avalanche was descending, and I with no power to resist. Mr. Selden, with a kind, reassuring look, said:

"I think this is enough for one time, F.—. Step by step, you know! We cannot reach the summit of a mountain by a single stride."

Mr. F.— quietly assented; indeed, he had throughout manifested the utmost indifference, as if he was doing nothing and was in no way responsible. I believe this composed unconcern gave me some faith in him; it was so opposed to the bravado of a charlatan.

He now wrote several messages to different persons present. Among others, I recollect one was a few, sweet, affecting baby words to a young mother from her little son. She wept tears of joy at receiving this (to her) positive evidence of his presence and not forgetting her in his new home. Occasionally words would come that the one to whom they were addressed would any were wonderful tests; but as all were believers in the possibility of their departed friends communicating with them, and all were in some degree acquainted with Mr. F.—, none created excitement like mine. After the communications were finished all sat in silence for a time, for what they called a developing circle, then with cheerful, hopeful words separated.

I had become so excited and nervous that after I reached my room I lost all self-control, and wept and sobbed so convulsively, that Nellie heard me in her room adjoining mine, and came with gentle, loving words and caresses to soothe me; finding I grew but more hysterical under her efforts, and needed a stronger power than her own, she sought her brother. I was too nearly unconscious to think of or object to the presence of a stranger, and scarcely knew when my head was transferred from the lounge to his shoulder, and a firm hand, whose very touch seemed to impart strength and quietude to my over-wrought nerves, was pressed on my throbbing temples. The magnetism (as I have since learned to call it) imparted soon restored my consciousness, and as soon as he saw me growing composed he quietly left the room, with the instinctive delicacy which felt the chagrin I would experience if I found him there when my strength and self-control fully returned, and I ceased to feel the entire dependence of utter weakness upon strength.

I wondered the next morning how I should ever face Mr. Selden, after the exhibition of what I feared he would regard as the most childish weakness. My fears were quickly dispelled, however, when he met me in the hall, as I descended, and after a glance at my blushing cheeks, said, "I need not ask after your health; your roses speak of a night's pleasant rest. Will you come out and see my roses while the dew is still on them?" and drawing my hand through his arm he led me into the pretty garden. There was a quiet superiority, not arrogance, about Mr. Selden which was very new to me. Instead of deferring to me, admiring and complimenting by looks and tones, if not words, like other gentlemen I associated with, he treated me very much as if he regarded me as a spoiled child, one to be petted and cared for watchfully; much the same as he watched our Nellie, and his gentle little mother. I felt my vanity a little piqued, perhaps, by this unusual manner of regarding my newly self, who for two winters had been the reigning belle of our New York set; yet I rather liked to feel there was some one worthy of reverencing, as from the first I felt he was. Had any one at the moment of our strolling so familiarly out in the garden, that bright June morning, suggested to me that I had met for the first time the evening before, this young gentleman upon whose arm I was resting a trustful hand, very different from the light touch I usually accorded to an escort, I would have regarded the assertion with surprise. I had known Gerard Selden for years, through Nellie's glowing pictures painted by a loving heart of one who had been both brother and father to the little girl commended so fondly to his care, when his father left him a boy of sixteen, the protector of his mother and baby-sister. But beyond this knowledge was

the feeling best described in Moore's hackneyed, but ever sweet lines—

"Ah, there are looks and tones, that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,  
As if the soul that moment caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought;  
So came thy every glance and tone,  
When first on me thy breath and shone,  
Now as if brought from other spheres,  
Yet welcome as if loved for years."

I learned that day, with a great shock to my prejudices, that Mr. F.— was a "public medium," and had gone into the city to engage a room to receive him.

"Why Nellie," objected I, "it seems a sacrifice to connect the souls of our dear friends with the worldly dress of money."

"My dear Minnie, mediums are but mortals; they cannot live like the lilies of the field, more than you or I; as long as they are bound by material laws, they must have material needs, and as long as the world is too selfish to give ought but a stone when a brother asks bread, why all must strive for the filling of these needs. I believe that the lesson which Jesus Christ wished to inculcate when he bade his disciples 'take neither bread nor scrip' is the true one; but as yet, it is impossible to follow it literally. I have no doubt that if a medium could be entirely free from worldly cares and pecuniary thoughts in connection with this power, it would be much better; but, unfortunately, few have fortunes which will enable them and their families to live without any pecuniary efforts of their own; Mr. F.— I know cannot. And pray, why should not mediums receive pecuniary compensation for their services, as well as the clergy, who pretend to be walking in Christ's footsteps, and yet fall to follow his injunction in this matter of 'taking no thought of what ye shall eat and drink,' as well as that far more important one, 'what ye shall say, for in that day and hour it will be given you.'"

Oh Minnie, which seems the nearest to Christ, those who for six days drudge out two sermons for the seventh day, or those who, giving really no thought to what shall be uttered by their tongues, rise up, as I have seen many do, and pour forth words of heart-stirring eloquence, unknown before hand that they are to speak at all? But I forget you have seen and heard none of our inspirational speakers, so cannot understand my enthusiasm.

"Don't think me quite insane, darling," giving me a kiss, "and pray put off that bewildered look from your lovely face, and, to descend to things terrestrial, come and give your opinion as to the style of making that blue poplin. Mamma and I cannot quite think alike about it." And, warbling a merry air, Nellie entered with as much zest into the discussion of silks and laces as if she had not a thought beyond.

[To be continued.]

#### Spirit Guardianship.

That our spirit friends are able to watch over and guard us against imminent danger, is not a matter of doubt among Spiritualists. The proofs of this fact are too numerous and convincing to be longer questioned. Instances of the kind are often given in the secular press, and commented on as wonderful and inexplicable phenomena. And so it always will be to those who are so bigoted that they will not see or accept a truth, no matter how well fortified it may be by facts. Here is an instance, copied from a Troy (N. Y.) paper: "On Thursday evening a lady of Troy, sitting in her room, was instantaneously oppressed with the conviction that her little son had fallen from the window in his sleeping apartment to the ground below. She repelled the thought as an impossibility. In a few moments more it flashed upon her mind with such force that she could not resist it. She hurried to the bedside of her son, and there, to her intense horror, she discovered the lad sleeping upon the window sill, the window open, his head projecting outside—he was on the very point of falling to the pavement below." It is not a very hard matter to believe that spirit agency could work effectively as instanced above.

Another case is recorded in the *Atlas*, of May 11th, published in San Francisco, which is more properly classed under the head of pre-vision.

A few days since, Miss W., of this city, dreamed that she had called on Mrs. B., whom she found in the nursery, wearing a scarlet jacket and attending on her child, sick with the measles. Miss W. related the dream at the breakfast table as singular, and said it reminded her that she had not called on Mrs. B. for some time, so she must visit her that day. She went, and was somewhat astonished at being invited into the nursery, where she found Mrs. B. in a scarlet jacket, attending a sick baby; Miss W. asked what was the matter with the child, and the mother could not tell; she had not seen a physician, and thought it was a fever. Miss W. said nothing of her dream, but she was satisfied the disease was the measles, and for fear there might be on her clothing some infection that might be communicated to her little niece and nephew she spent several hours in the street, and in paying visits to adult friends before going home. A week after, she met Mrs. B. and inquired about the baby; the reply was that he had the measles, but was nearly well again. She foresaw the visit, the reception in the nursery, the dress and the nature of the disease—the last being at the time entirely unknown to any person. When she told the dream at the breakfast-table she did not imagine that it would be verified. She is not a Spiritualist, neither does she pretend to have any powers as a medium.

ERRORS OF THE WORLD.—The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the bribe-pullations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellowman with Him from whose hand it came. —Longfellow.

An exchange says that cedar boughs hung around the heads of horses in a stable, will effectually keep off flies.



## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 30,  
Station D, New York City.

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

## BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Arethusa.

This lovely flower is now budding in many a meadow, and trimming its fair petals for its speedy blooming. It is a flower full of poetic association. Its very name is a sweet history. Many are the poets who have looked into this fair blossom and wondered if they could sing it into eternal celebrity. The beloved Theodore Parker loved the flower, and called up its sweet image to illustrate his rich thought.

It belongs to a family celebrated for their beauty. It is of the eighteenth class, first order, where we find the lovely Orchis and the Grass Pink. It has a Grecian name, which it must have gained a long time ago, and probably because it loves the cool, shady fountain, or the little quiet nooks in the meadows, from whose springs the fountains arise that are to flow into the babbling brooks. The Grecians tell this pretty history of Arethusa:

She was a woodland nymph, beautiful and fond of the chase. She was not vain or foolish, and when her beauty was praised she cared not, but entered more fully into her rural sports. She loved the fresh, free air; she loved the tender flowers of the wood, but best of all she loved to chase the wild game, and to feel the inspiration of the free air.

One day she came from the full enjoyment of hunting to a pure, cool stream. So limpid were the waters that they seemed like the very air, and every pebble shone on the bottom of the stream with a lustre like that of genius. Arethusa was delighted, and imprudently determined to step, while yet heated with exercise, into the stream. She felt exhilarated, enraptured with the refreshment, but her delight was only momentary. She heard a low murmur, as if from the depths of the stream. It terrified her, and she fled to the bank. A voice called to her:

"Oh Arethusa, why do you fly? Do you not know me? I am Alpheus, the god of this stream; do not fear me."

But Arethusa was only the more alarmed, for she loved only her own happy life, and desired not that the powerful river god should seek to convert her into a water nymph. But as she fled Alpheus pursued, for the river was swift. She could no longer trust to her own powers; her strength failed, and she cried to Diana, who was the goddess of light, or the moon.

Ever a friend to those in trouble, Diana sought to help the terrified Arethusa, and wrapped her gently in a white mantle of mist. Alpheus looked in every direction for the beautiful Arethusa.

"How sad," he thought, "if I never find her. Would she not make beautiful my home? At best my life is not all I desire. I would bring to it more of the purity, the freshness and joy which I am sure she possesses." And he called in silver tones, "Arethusa, Arethusa."

The trembling Arethusa stood, dreading to be discovered. The cold sweat streamed from her forehead, and ran down her beautiful hair in streams. At her feet was a pool, and before she knew it she was changed into a beautiful fountain. Diana intended this as an answer to the prayer of Arethusa, but Alpheus was powerful in his place, and recognizing the change in Arethusa, he determined that the sweet waters of the fountain should mingle with his. To prevent this Diana cleft the earth, and plunging under ground, Arethusa hid in a cavern, appearing again in Sicily, for she lived at first in Elis. When she came again to the light she was wed to Alpheus, for the pure sweet waters of the fountain no longer dreaded the glorious stream.

The poet Moore, when quite young, wrote a little poem, giving the poet's translation of this Grecian allegory:

"How divinely sweet  
In the pure joy when kindred spirits meet,  
Like him, the river god, whose waters flow  
With love, their only light, through caves below;  
Waiting in triumph all the flowery braids  
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids  
Have decked his current, as an offering meet  
To lay at Arethusa's shining feet.  
Think when he meets at last his fountain bride,  
What perfect love must thrill the blended tide!  
Each lost in each, till mingling into one  
Their lot is one for shadow or for sun,  
A type of true love, to the deep they run."

The Grecian poets who built up their religion, finding the divine life of God in everything, made the life personal, and so expressed it in these little histories. Is there not something in the soft musical flow of the water that sounds not unlike Arethusa, Arethusa? Perhaps, too, they thought that maidens should always be coy and timid, and so they represented the beautiful nymph as opposite as possible to a bold maiden, and as one to be sought to be won.

As this sweet flower of our meadows puts forth its summer beauties, we surely can read in it a history more tender and true than that of the Grecian divinity. It holds within its purple shell-like buds, a testimony of the wonderful life that everywhere reveals to us the All-Beautiful. Go the world over and you will find two leaves or two blossoms precisely alike. Each one seems perfect, yet all are different. It is as if the natural world, in order to show the infinite of beauty, must never repeat itself.

(Original.)

## THE LITTLE MATHEMATICIAN.

There was born of poor parents, in Vermont, a boy whose peculiarities of mind soon made him famous. This was Zerah Colburn. He was born in 1804, and he had five brothers and sisters older than himself. His father was so poor that he was not able to pay much attention to his education, and he was not thought to be a very bright child. He was awkward in his manners, and had on each hand five fingers, the one extra finger growing from the outside of the hand.

He had been to school but six weeks when he was six years old, and at that age he was playing on the floor one day, while his father was at work at his joiner's bench. The boy began suddenly to say, "Five times seven are thirty-five, six times nine are fifty-four," &c. His father stopped from his work, and looked in amazement at the child. He thought that some boy had been teaching him, but he was surprised at his memory.

He took the little fellow on his knee, and examined him in the multiplication table. He answered every question correctly and without the least hesitation. The father thought he would try higher numbers, and said, "What is the product of ninety-seven multiplied by thirteen?" Instantly he replied, "One thousand two hundred

and sixty-one." He continued to question him, and in every case he replied without hesitation and without mistake.

The wonder soon became known, and when he was a little more than six years old he went to Boston. Here he was visited by scholars and men curious to see so great a prodigy. Among the questions put to him was the following, which every child who reads this, and has studied Arithmetic sufficiently to understand, is requested to perform by the clock, and note how many minutes it takes; for the young Zerah gave the answer immediately, without pencil or paper:

"Suppose I have a cornfield on which are seven acres, having seventeen rows to each acre, sixty-four hills to each row, eight ears on a hill, one hundred and fifty kernels on an ear; how many kernels in the cornfield?"

Answer, 9,139,200.

This is another question given to him, which, also, you are requested to calculate on time:

"In two thousand years how many seconds?"

His immediate answer was: 730,000 days, or 17,520,000 hours, or 1,051,200,000 minutes, or 63,072,000,000 seconds.

Think for a moment of the wonderful genius of the little six-year-old boy who could thus repeat numbers, even to millions, as easily as most children of that age count rose-leaves, and then understand a little to what our minds can grow when we cultivate them through the coming ages.

When Zerah was eight years old he was taken to Europe as a wonder. He went to London and Paris, and to other places of note, and he received much attention, and was placed for a time in a school in France. But he did not remain very long there, for his father found it not altogether easy to pay all the expenses, notwithstanding the assistance he received.

He returned to America and taught school to support himself, and afterwards became a Methodist preacher; but he was not great in any respect except as a mathematician, and gave but poor sermons to the people that he might have taught the infinite capacity of the spirit by the solution of a few arithmetical problems. He was often urged to explain how he could gain in a moment a result in figures that others had to work for by slow process [with pencil and paper]. But he could never tell; he only knew that the answer came to his mind in a moment, without thought or calculation. He sometimes wept because people urged him to tell his method, for he had no method.

He died when quite a young man. No doubt if some judicious person had taken charge of him he might have shown still greater feats of arithmetical talent. But he will always be remembered as the wonderful boy, and be a proof of the infinite power of the human spirit.

## TO MY OLDER FRIENDS WHO READ THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

If any there are—for I live in a little world full of children as I write, and never dream that a full grown man or woman can seek out my little corner unless it be for the sake of the little folks—but if such there are, I have a word to say to them.

Various rumors, I might call them "tintinnulations," on the spiritual atmosphere, reach me, expressing little regrets, sometimes also ringing out a melancholy tone, as if there were some feelings at work in that atmosphere comparable only to weeds, brambles, nettles, sharp intonations, east winds, foggy mornings, &c.

My friends—loving me I hope—can't see why I don't write for the Lyceums, and suggest that some ill-timed prejudices against the good Jackson and Mary hold my pen. I doubted to reply to these half-defined rumors, but will reply partly in this wise:

Jackson and Mary Davis, as far as I know, are my personal friends. They have never seemed to doubt me or my work in any way. I have some very pleasant proofs that they like what I am trying to do, and bid me a God-speed, urging me to a wider field of influence and more general work of teaching the young the sweet truths of the philosophy they love.

I also rejoice in all they can do and have done. I see how strong a hold they had upon the popular mind, and how willing they are to give themselves to the beautiful labor of converting the world, beginning where all Nature begins in her work, at the very first little seed, putting it in the best soil, giving it sunshine and rain, dew and magnetism.

I rejoice in all that is done for all the children in all the land. My heart glows as I think of them. I reach out in my hopes and wishes to every child in all the world. As I expressed in a letter some time ago, there were some things in the Lyceums that were not satisfactory to me. But what am I? One among thousands. I am no guide as to what is best. I am ever seeking for it.

When I sit down to write I have no plan in my mind. I never arrange a chapter or a sentence. I take my pen and make a pause, and from my heart goes up a silent prayer that I may write something that shall instruct or help the children who, in imagination, I feel as if I was then to speak to.

I write with great rapidity, and despatch without waiting for review or correction, as the printers and proof-readers no doubt can testify. What goes forth goes from my heart. I never write a line I do not feel, and I always feel as if I might never write again, having written so long that I should surely fall to have anything more to say. I have received letters suggesting some addition to the department, such as poetry, original or selected, suitable for recitations at the Lyceums. As far as possible I have fulfilled these requests, seeking for poetry not generally met with, and containing some sweet, true lesson.

Now, under these circumstances, let me ask the doubters what they would have me do. I write for the children. I write for the promotion of spiritual ideas, for the suggestion of thought among children. I cannot see that I can help the Lyceums in any better way. I am not a worker in one. I live at present a quiet life, interrupted only by domestic cares and the answering of the wants of my only pupil, my own little girl. Shall I help the children better by any other course? I leave for their teachers [all the advice necessary. I leave for the pure instincts of childhood the interest and devotion to their classes. I feel that I gather them about me and repeat a little story; tell a little fact; recite a little history. And I have done all that I can at present do. But I stand ready and wait. I will direct nothing. I will do what for the hour is given me to do.

One thing I beg: impute not to me so ignoble motives as personal feeling in the work which is not to be done with unloving hands. Be my friends in this: that you believe me sincere and in earnest.

LOVE M. WILLIS.

A housemaid who was to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a toothbrush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

## SPIRITUALISM:

## ITS WORST FRIENDS AND BEST ENEMIES.

BY EMMA HARDING.

I can scarcely undertake any more repulsive task than to bear witness of myself; but as my observations on the progress of the cause of Spiritualism are necessarily made in connection with my own career, and the friends who should report progress are either too apathetic to do so, or else deem, like your last year's New York reporter for the BANNER, "that Emma Harding is too well known to need any comments on her speeches," so I feel compelled to the ungracious task of recording my own progress in and through the far West, because I desire most earnestly to call the attention of thinking Spiritualists to the anomalous position which Spiritualism occupies in regard to its "worst friends and best enemies."

I have returned from a tour including the great cities of St. Louis, Springfield, Hannibal, New Albany, Peoria, Cincinnati, Dayton, and several other towns and villages in Illinois and Missouri, stopping on my way out at Cory and Mendonville, Pa., and on my return at Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester. I have lectured, on an average, five times every week, and always to large and in many instances overwhelming houses.

To the dear and hospitable friends who have entertained me in every place where my pilgrim feet have tarried, I have nothing but the undying and grateful memory of their generous hospitality to cherish. To the vast and highly appreciative gatherings I have addressed, I can only tender an equally grateful recognition; and to the Spiritualists (with a few noble exceptions in every place) who seem to have the management, or rather mismanagement of the cause they profess to serve, I unhesitatingly put the question of Paul, "Sirs, sirs, are ye mad?" In harmony, strife and internal discord seem to prevail among those who should be bound by all the ties which common sense and the holiest and most fraternal of teachings could weave around them.

I have passed many years in this American missionary labor, and I grieve to record the fact that the last few and closing months of it have been darkened by more unkindness, petty malice and foolish antagonisms than the whole previous ten years' career put together. Why this is, I cannot say, unless indeed the war spirit that has possessed the nation at large has now obsessed individuals, and parties in particular; but the result of it I can point to, and all that run may read it. Our strength is weakened to sheer weakness; our immense numbers embarrass rather than support us; our meetings are ill conducted and heterogeneous, and the mediums suffer painfully from the inevitable sense of discord that prevails around them. The worn and weary itinerant, instead of finding a home and place of even temporary rest, enters a town to become a mere shuttlecock, battled about between rival parties, friendly or inimical to them according to the party who engages them, and too often "boarded around," as our friend Peabody was, until each fresh engagement adds another hair to the load of change and itinerant toll that is fast breaking the overburdened camel's back.

Meantime all these inharmonies originate from within, and not from without the camp. Those whom we call our enemies come to our meetings (at least they have to mine) by hundreds, listen eagerly to our teachings, go away to investigate Spiritualism, but positively refuse to identify themselves with Spiritualists, as they now stand publicly represented.

I know I am dipping my pen, hand, arm, and head even, into a hornet's nest when I write these plain facts. I expect that divers of the "brothers and sisters" who "preach peace when there is no peace," and suppose they are upholding "the cause" when they mask its weaknesses by "prophesying deceits," will indignantly protest against this statement, and declaring that "whatever is, is right," allege that I alone, of the beautiful little universe in which they theorize, am wrong; but I write as the pen and mouthpiece of hundreds of true and earnest souls in our ranks, who feel what I have written far more keenly than I have expressed it—persons who have borne the heat and burden of the day, who PAY, and pay largely, to uphold Spiritualism, and live to see it disgraced by disgraced representatives "in high places," and flattered away for want of that unity of strength and purpose which is the soul of the great and glorious organisms of the universe, Nature, and all their integral parts.

Every day's observation convinces me that a belief in the phenomena and the development of medium power, no less than a love and appreciation for the doctrinal part of Spiritualism, is spreading over the whole continent with resistless and superabundant power. For the ultimate triumph and concrete establishment of Spiritualism on American soil, as THE scientific religion and religious science of the age, I have no more question than that the world has come to regard the locomotive as a superior mode of travel to the old stage-coach. But I sorrow to see Spiritualists themselves either active in disorganizing the elements which the stern and irrefragable laws of nature are laboring to organize, or else coldly apathetic to the neighbor's welfare, withdrawing into the shell of supreme selfishness, enjoying their Spiritualism in the narrow confines of their own homes; enjoying popular favor by sheltering themselves beneath some fashionable manufacture of ecclesiastical falsehoods, and then coolly telling the world that as they choose to serve or pretend to serve God and Mammon at the same time, and world has now the sanction of their high authority to go and do likewise.

I can readily believe that a thorough-paced member of any popular sect may witness and believe in spiritual phenomena, and attribute them to their true source, namely, the agency of disembodied spirits, and yet adhere tenaciously to their old superstitious beliefs. But spirit communion does not consist alone of raps, tips, rope-tying, trance-speaking, spirit drawings, or the healing of sick persons. Spirits teach, preach and unanimously declare that they are living in spheres of judgment for deeds done in the body. The evil, (or since the phrase is unfashionable,) the undeveloped, affirm that they do not find their sins washed away by any theological sponge; that they are none the better for church membership, or the faithful payment of pew rents; that calls, books, candles, long prayers and loud amens have never purged away one single sin, or changed the black hue of one single dark stain that sin has left on their characters; while the good bring equally corroborative testimony that they are in bliss, Satan (the church's chief whipper-in) and all his limbs notwithstanding.

If, then, ecclesiastical trumpet cannot excuse the sinner, or the lack of it degrade the good—if there are no sects, churches, stoneimages, &c., &c., in spirit-land, but all carry their heaven or hell within them, shaped, fashioned, grown and sown not inside but outside and independent of churches, what a miserable farce, what rank hypocrisy is that which pretends to believe in the unique, unitary and ever corroborative teachings which the immortals bring, and yet hangs on to

popular churches as their religion! Why not give things their right names, and whilst acknowledging that Spiritualism is their belief, confess that Mrs. Grundy is their God, and popular opinion and popular society their religion?

Let none mistake me. I write unselfishly, and utterly free from even the temptation to uphold any personal interests of my own; for this present month of June closes my career, as far as I can foresee and determine for myself, as a speaker on the spiritual rostrum; but until earth-life terminates, or common sense and reason forsake their thrones in my mind, I can never call that my religion, or by presence or sustenance maintain that as my religion, which I know to be false, to misrepresent fatally the conditions of spirit-land, and delude unwary and shipwrecked souls into relying on any ecclesiastical fables or mummeries to assuage the sins for which each soul will have to pay the stern and unyielding penalty in inevitable and personal retribution.

Once conversed with a very intelligent Mahometan, who was not only a firm believer in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, but a good seer in medium himself. I questioned this man closely as to the effect which the observance of Mahometan rites had produced upon the souls of those with whom he held communion, and I forced him to admit that the universal tribunal by which the conditions of his spirit-friends were regulated, was "the good or ill they had done in life," Mahomet notwithstanding.

I have repeatedly cited the value of Roman Catholicism on the spirit's condition hereafter, and from the lips of Catholics themselves convicted them of the gross and superstitious folly of attributing value to their forms and ceremonies whilst they were unable to show one single case in which these had availed to aid a wicked spirit or retard the happiness of the good. I never could find out, and I defy any Catholic Spiritualist to show upon authentic and well attested ground, that any priest had ever peddled out one dollar's worth of happiness to a guilty, sinful spirit, or changed the stain spots on a polluted soul by putting on a lace gown, an embroidered scarf, or mummery over some Latin formula of worship to wooden images.

I have conversed with hundreds of "Christian Spiritualists," and have again and will yet again challenge any medium to prove to me, on reliable testimony, that any human soul in the spheres of spirit-land or anywhere else that we know of, has been made happier or more miserable because Christ lived and died—has, in fact, had one jot of the effects of their earthly career affected from the fact that they were born a Christian instead of a Buddhist, or that they were in any condition but just where their own deeds had placed them.

If Spiritualists cannot draw their own inferences from these things, then all I can say is, they are greater fools than other people; but they do so, and they know better than to believe in the mummeries of the ecclesiastical systems they uphold for the sake of being "well with the world," and preferring the society of highly respectable fossilized old church-members to those "vulgar Spiritualists." As far as the society goes, if people prefer to choose their associates from the narrow, creed-bound ranks of sects, I have no word of protest to offer. The fragmentary and inharmonious condition of Spiritualists affords no chances of social life, charitable organization, scientific instruction or profitable association. I blame none for seeking more orderly and profitable social relations than the ranks of Spiritualism can offer; but I would again urge that we call things and acts by their right names, and when our Spiritualists make it their boast that they won't go to our public meetings, and do go to churches, let them be candid enough to state what they avoid the one and seek the other for, and not strive to impose upon the community the idle tale that any Person who makes concessions and compromises with his avowed creed, just as far as he dare, lest his progressive congregation run away from him, can know as much about the realms of immortality as the immortals themselves, or that his cautiously doled out minimum of truth is equal to the grand sum which DARE NOT be preached in a pulpit, and can never be found within the narrow fetters of a sectarian creed. I know that there are multitudes of unprogressed spirits who have not yet done with earth, who live in the soul-world of this planet, and have not yet risen to the broad and glorious vistas of eternity in the spheres; good and worthy spirits, too, though earth-bound by the superstitions they grew up in whilst on earth, who return to the spirit-circle and still preach churchism; but test them, as I have done a thousand times, and all will be compelled at last to acknowledge the grand central truth that every condition of happiness, misery, or any state whatever, is wholly outwrought from within, and that churches, creeds, sects and sectarian opinions do not weigh one feather in affecting the condition of the soul in spirit-land.

Converse with the noble-hearted and large-brained minds that have ascended to the glorious liberty of the spheres of light and love, and you will hear no more of churches nor sects, church-founders nor creed-mongers, but God in all; goodness supreme; progress as the genius of eternity, and stern and inevitable compensation and retribution for deeds done in the body. These and other similar doctrines form the sum and staple of that terrible "American infidelity" that European Spiritualists wall over, and superstitious, earth-bound spirits still feel protest against.

But the corrective to all this, and every evil that afflicts the zealous friends of Spiritualism, is, like that evil itself, to be found within the camp and not without. Let the licentious who glory in defying the laws of society, please to remember that they cannot escape the higher law; and however by their sophistry and so-called philosophy they may pervert liberty into license, they may be sure that the silent footfall of the angel of divine penalty will find them out at last. Let our speakers and mediums understand that no one rises on the ashes of another's ruin, and they will fare no better before the world from the fact that a rival is removed from their path, unless they deserve better. The success of one is the success of all, and mediums have to learn the fact that jealousy may drive a too successful individual from the field, but will weaken the cause, and with it the still weaker exponents that remain behind. I write of that from which I have suffered, and of that which I know.

To the Spiritualists generally I would earnestly commend the example of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association. I know nothing of its success or achievements, but I am confident it is a move in the right direction; that if wisely conducted and energetically followed out, it is the one thing needful to gather up all the fragments of scattered strength and wasted power in the cause of Spiritualism, which once united are enough to renovate and change the whole world.

As the only truly practical and common sense movements that Spiritualism has yet attempted, I give Mr. Davis's Progressive Lyceum system and the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association my heartiest thanks and God-speed. Whatever deficiencies may attach to their present embryonic

stages, they are the germs of the truest and wisest blossoms that the spiritualistic ranks can demand, namely, an educational basis for the rising generation's religious needs, founded upon physical, mental and spiritual training and—the great desideratum of the movement, ASSOCIATIVE ACTION.

To those Spiritualists who go out from the broad, world-wide and all-embracing religion that Spiritualism teaches into the narrow cribs where minimum scraps of truth are doled out by men stultified by the creed they are paid to keep within, I say, have what you seek—church society, church respectability, and the droppings of the sanctuary for your edification. You know best how much of the good you seek, and doubtless get, you can take with you to spirit-land, and whilst you congratulate yourselves that you have found the way to combine the lofty respectability of church membership with the snug little circle all quietly hid away from vulgar peopled home, you know best how you will answer to the great giver of the glorious talent of Spiritualism for the use that you have made of it.

For myself, I have only to say I have found in Spiritualism the pearl of price for which I can afford to throw away all the world beside. Spiritualism is to me all the world; and "no pent-up Uddia" of a cold, dead, lifeless church shall ever again "contract its powers" for my soul.

I am now lecturing at Worcester. For two more weeks all and every contribution that my Spiritualist friends feel disposed to make toward my forthcoming history of American Spiritualism can be sent to me, care of Mrs. Martha Jacobs, Worcester, Mass.; after June 30, for two weeks only, to care of Mrs. Jackson, 400 East Fifty-first street, New York, and then—but before "then" I will again claim the privilege of these columns to address my friends, and after—across the pathless wastes of the broad Atlantic to whatever sphere duty and destiny call me.

Worcester, Mass., June, 1867.

THE EVIL SPIRIT THEORY.  
AN EXPLANATION, AND A RESPONSE.

BY F. T. LANE.

I notice in the BANNER of June 22d, that Bro. Loveland arraigns me on the charge of misrepresentation. He also affirms that not one of his critics have quoted a single argument of his or attempted an answer. To these charges, I plead not guilty.

Bro. Loveland's articles were originally published in the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. I therefore sought, through that journal, a candid discussion with him on equitable terms. My first article was responded to, but the second, published March 16th, has been up to the present time unanswered. We now reproduce the printed copy, in order that the reader may judge whether either the spirit or subject matter are amenable to the charges Bro. L. has so vehemently made in the BANNER.

(Copied from the Spiritual Republic of March 16th.)

REPLY TO J. S. LOVELAND.

In our discussion of evil and evil spirits, you consider that my great mistake is in assuming that all imperfection is evil. I wish to remind you that I have not made that assumption. I did say that imperfection is the cause of evil, but it does not follow that all imperfection is evil, for the good dominates it; in other words, evil is relative; and as man must always remain finite, therefore there will always be some form of evil.

You present two philosophies of evil, the theory of the church and your own. I reject both. I reject the church theory, because it holds that evil is absolute.

The church, in defiance of all axiomatic truth, teach that good and evil are each absolute. Practically, however, they make the evil less unequalled than the good, hence, the congenial more than one-half of the race to unmitigated perdition. I discard your theory because it holds that evil is only "a temporary incident of the soul's incarnation in an animal body." You decline to consider any practical application of your theory in detail, or to correct any misapprehension, until I shall have proved what you, as well as myself, consider to be an impossibility; namely, the existence of evil as an attribute of spirit, per se. But I claim the right to be heard on my own hypothesis.

Man is composed of body, mind or soul, and spirit; and when you wish me to show a malignant motive or tendency to evil in the spirit, I respond that the mind, and not the spirit, is the source of motives. Man's native love of truth and goodness comes from the spirit—the central life—hence, however corrupt the mind may become, this native love of goodness cannot be obliterated. The spirit deals only with the absolute, the unqualified, therefore it cannot recognize evil, for that is relative. The work of the mind, through its various organs, is purely relative. These organs are sustained from two opposite sources, the central or subjective life of the spirit, and the outward or objective life of the material world.

Without a body, the mind cannot be objective life, either here or hereafter, and it matters not whether that body be called an animal or spiritual organism, for in either case it is made substantially of the same stuff, and like spirit and matter, differs in degree and not in essence.

However fine the body it will always appear gross when compared with the pure life of the spirit.

Evil, then, arises from the soul's personality; it is not an "incident," but a necessity of that personality. The organs of the mind must always have a frame to hold them, and that frame, comparatively speaking, must always be gross and material.

Let us now look at the question, for a moment, in a moral light. Bro. Loveland says that "earth alone is the realm of falsehood." If this be true, the vicious, earthly liar, on being translated to the higher life, becomes truthful, either because lying is impossible, or because it cannot be made to minister to any want or desire. In either case, there is no merit in his truthfulness, for there is no inducement for him to commit the overt act. Indeed, if good and evil are not set before us in the higher life, ethical distinctions will be superfluous, and moral freedom will be abandoned.

I apprehend that our freedom will be extended and not abridged, and that moral distinctions, by virtue of our superior surroundings, will be finer and keener than they now are.

Now the reason Bro. Loveland did not respond to the above article, was not because it contained "sneers," "ridicule," or "misrepresentation," but because I did not comply with his unreasonable terms? What were those terms? The closing sentence of his first and only reply, will show, as follows:

"We will not pursue this topic further now, for, until it can be shown that evil, in the sense of a malignant tendency to wrong doing, for the love thereof, is an attribute of spirit, per se, nothing whatever is alleged against our argument, and all claims of evil spirits are based upon an entire misapprehension of the subject."

Bro. Loveland complains loudly because his critics "force him into a position he does not occupy," yet he is guilty of the same charge only in a more obnoxious form; for at the very outset, he dictates the BASIS on which his opponents must argue the question. What is that basis? The existence of evil, per se. Now, both Loveland and his critics repudiate evil, per se, and yet both believe in evil, Loveland limiting evil to this life, and his critics extending it to the future life. Evil exists, then, according to the showing of both parties, independent of the "per se" theory; and one party is no more committed to the doctrine, primarily, than the other.

Bro. Loveland puts one of his fundamental propositions in these words, "Evil arises from the soul's incarnation in an animal body." The soul's incarnation is the vital issue raised by Bro. Love-







## A STRANGE FACT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY PROF. W. D. GUNNING.

A fact of great interest has just come under my notice. A few days ago a friend handed me a photograph of a young girl. The girl was not alone. One would say that some woman must have stood behind her with her arms clasped around her neck, and that the artist had caught the features of the girl but only the hands of the woman. This picture, my friend told me, was taken from a tintype. Some things about it puzzled me very much on any theory of trickery. I determined to investigate the case as thoroughly as I could. It appeared to me as any fact in physical science.

The parties live in one of the suburban towns of Boston. The girl is a member of a good family, and in all respects her story is corroborated by the artist. He has kindly furnished me with all the essential facts. Those who know him resort to every theory in explaining the picture but that of trickery. What now are the facts?

The girl called on Mr. — late in the afternoon of a cloudy day to sit for a number of tintypes. He was about to close his rooms for the day, and at first declined taking the pictures, but on her importunity he at last consented. While sitting before the camera the girl was smitten with partial blindness. She described it to me as "a kind of blur coming suddenly over her eyes." She spoke of it to the artist, who told her "to wink and sit still." In developing the plate he noticed an imperfection, but did not observe it closely. He sat the girl again, and took a sheet of eight tintypes. She felt no blur over her eyes and there was no blur on the pictures. The artist now examined the first sheet and found hands on the face and neck of every tintype, eight in all. I have examined four of these, and find the hands in precisely the same position on each picture. The left hand extends downward from the ear along the face, covering part of the chin and the neck. The right is foreshortened, and stands away from the face till it meets the other around the chin. The face is very distinct up to the wrist, which is encircled by a plain white cuff. The hands are as distinct as if they were photographs of flesh and blood, and yet you see right through them. The knuckles of the left hand lie directly over the chin and neck, which they no more conceal than a thin veil of gossamer.

Now the artist affirms that no human being but himself and the girl was in the room when these pictures were taken. He has no theory; he only knows that these hands came on the picture through no agency of his. What then shall we say? The picture was taken to a leading photographer in Boston, who hardly deigned to look at it. "Oh," he said, "it is all plain enough. The plate was an old one, and the hands had been photographed there before!" Is this the word to say? The artist tells me that the plate was not an old one. Suppose I reject his testimony. I am to believe then, with Mr. Whipple, that an old sheet of tin changed to have two hands photographed on it in a peculiar position and repeated eight times, and that when the artist used it again a girl's face changed to be photographed on it in eight places, falling at the same time in the same eight places with the hands, and in precisely the same position with reference to them? Has Mr. Whipple ever heard of making an illud by throwing down a tin of types at random? No, gentlemen; this is trifling. It reminds us of Prof. Loomis explaining the Rochester rapping by the vibration of mill dams, or the Rev. Doctor of Divinity who explained the same by snapping his toes before public assemblies—terms, twenty-five cents a snap! No, gentlemen! If you do not know, say so, but do not trifle.

Another Boston photographer, quite as eminent as Mr. Whipple, has examined the picture and declared that he cannot explain it. He does not see how it could be taken.

Another has supposed that "certain elements happened to combine in the form of hands just as the girl was sitting!" This man believes fully in the hand that wrote on the walls of a Babylonian palace. Was that made by a fortuitous union of the elements?

There is one theory more. Let a photographer seat you for a picture and arrange your hands, crossed or clasped, on your knees. He may take your photograph, then tip the camera till he brings your hands on the neck or face, and while the plate is still sensitive, photograph them. This is possible. A skillful artist may take a photograph with hands around the neck or on the face, but the hands will be those of the person sitting. Now the artist tells me that the camera was not tipped or changed in any way. Suppose I do not believe him. I have examined the hands of the girl, and these hands on the photograph are not hers. The tipping theory will not help me. The hands on the photograph are over the face. We must say, therefore, they could not have been photographed first, as Mr. Whipple's theory would have it. But the ring finger and little finger of the left hand are thrust under the girl's collar. We must say, therefore, they could not have been photographed after the face, as the tipping theory would have it. The hands must have been taken simultaneously with the face. No other theory will satisfy all the facts.

The best part of my life has been spent in the study and interpretation of science, and, in all humility, I should be competent to weigh and interpret facts so simple as these. And to my mind this picture is a fact quite as important to science as an Amazonian fish. I will not cross an ocean for a new bug and cry "humbug" to a fact like this at my very door. I know that this is the easiest solution of such a problem—this word "humbug." It is so easily said, and then it saves thinking. For days after the picture was taken, the rooms of the artist were thronged with visitors. At first he gave up his time and explained it as carefully as he could. After all his patience most of his visitors would cry "humbug!" "Well, well," he thought, "they will have it so, and this is wasting my time and strength." So he employed a clerk to stand at the counter and say "humbug," while he labored on at his art unmolested. The plan worked well. In two days about five hundred came and went away rejoicing. But after all, thoughtful men are not satisfied. They have heard that word before, from puffed clerks. They have learned what it means. It means just what it did in these photographic rooms—to lull the crowd and let things jog on as they were wont.

Why are we so slow to believe? The whole universe is only a vast "spiritual manifestation." Theology is growing hard and material; science is growing spiritual. She is dealing more and more with the invisible and intangible. She began with the crude and the gross. Looking through the eyes of men, she said, "There, in the steams of the ox, is force." She will make it do the bidding of man. Then she saw the running brook, and said, "There is force in that too. I will make that do his bidding, and grind his corn." Many years after she said, "I will take this water and make it invisible. I will throw it into a form more ethereal, and the force there is in it

will pull ships over the ocean or cars through the wilderness." Now she speaks again and tells us that the force lodged in the steams of an ox, in the running brook, in wind, steam, lightning, is one and the same; that this is an emanation from a sphere of being invisible, intangible. Science has learned that she sees only the appearance, not the essence—the phenomena, not the noumena—that this world of ours is dominated by force, by thought, by life, that flow in from a realm of spiritual being.

In paintings of the creation done in the middle ages, you will see the hand of Deity moving over chaos; only the hand, for clouds and darkness veil His form. Belief in the Infinite Being and the life eternal was nourished and sustained in our fathers, by art. And now art comes to us even more divine, for she is Nature's own, painting with sunbeams. And our loved ones now and then lift the veil and reach forth a hand from out that world of light and beauty—from that world a hand clothed upon with elements from this—and art in her new era ministers again to our hope of immortality.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE &amp; CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

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

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department 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 Spiritual Magazine*.

## A Missionary Fund.—Spiritualism.

It is said that it is wise to learn wisdom from the enemy, and we believe the maxim a sound one. Not that we consider those who oppose us as by any means our enemies, but that they certainly do not act like friends, and are to be overcome in order to make them such, and nothing else. The sectaries, almost without exception, organize their forces for the most effective ends. They waste as little ammunition as possible, and what is more, they call out and collect all they can. We are not now advocating organizations like theirs, or operations of any sort in the temper in which they push theirs; but we wish to point to the single fact that they keep one end and aim clearly in their mind, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and intent on nothing but success in the project set before them.

Look for a moment at the remarkable results wrought by the Roman Catholics—a class that has made its way ecclesiastically and socially, politically and in literature, over the entire face of the globe. See with what enthusiasm and energy the Jesuits have carried their church from climate to climate and from country to country, fearless of savages and deserts and all the other terrible threats of an uncivilized state of existence, until the disciples of Loyola number more than it would be easy to reckon, and their peculiar influence is felt from one end of the world to the other.

All the sects thrive by collecting liberal funds with stated regularity, out of which to defray the cost of supporting their missionaries, preachers and teachers. In the Catholic Churches a large amount is raised by single contributions of but one penny, which are called Peter Pence. The churches all around us exemplify the same fact by the collections taken up by them regularly in a different way. It is by these contributions that their work is so effectually done. Now we think it proper to point to this fact as worth the serious consideration of Spiritualists. It would commit neither side to the necessity of organization, on the principle of the creeds; and still it would solidly and concentrate us as a class of believers, in that we should feel an increased responsibility on our shoulders, if we undertook to support the large class of spiritual teachers who stand ready to do service in the field now so scantily occupied.

There are eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States. Suppose that each one of this army of believers should contribute but five cents to a common fund, to be employed for supporting the missionaries of Spiritualism in the field, so that the blessed truths of our Gospel might be spread far and wide, and all hear them without cost? That sum would amount to five hundred and fifty thousand dollars! If this were contributed annually, who cannot see at a glance what an effect would be wrought? Over half a million of dollars yearly for preaching the Gospel of Spiritualism, would spread the tidings everywhere over the face of the country. People would flock to hear our speakers, because we could then afford to send the best we have into the field, and support them there. The light that would dawn on the popular mind would be a remarkable light. The sects would find it necessary to offer something else in reply besides an affected scorn and contempt, and be put to the preparation of other arguments than those of ridicule. Let such a suggestion be adopted and acted on. It would surprise us all to see what a start it would give to our cause. Power would be poured into our ranks at a rate never equaled hitherto. Only five cents a year, or even one cent, from every Spiritualist in the land!

## More About the Indians.

Taking up the evening edition of the Boston Herald of June 19th, the following telegram under the head of "Fourth Edition," met our eye: "From the Plains. Damage to the Union Pacific Railroad by floods." On the same page, under head of "Fifth Edition," occurs the annexed telegram: "Indians interfering with the construction of the Union Pacific Railway." These quotations are simply the captions. The first telegram is quoted Leavenworth, (Kan.) June 18th. Mark the date. The last is dated St. Louis, June 19th, one day later. Is not this palpable evidence of imposition, got up to deceive the public in regard to our Indian affairs? The despatch direct from Leavenworth says explicitly that the railroad was damaged by floods. The speculators in "Indian scalp," etcetera, located in St. Louis, deliberately change the date and phraseology of undoubtedly the same despatch, and charge the damage by flood upon Indians! Such baseness is execrable. The nation will get its eyes open, probably, when Sherman's "exterminating" Indian war takes from the treasury hundreds of millions of dollars.

13 Carefully read the important article upon our second page, from the gifted pen of Emma Hardinge.

## The Next Convention.

The Executive Committee have about made up their minds to summon the next National Spiritualist Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, and the time for holding the same will probably be in August or early September. The invitations from that city, we learn, are cordial, and, besides that, it is as central a point as any that at the present time could be named in the country. Cleveland is a beautiful city, healthily located, made sweet by the refreshing breezes from the Lake, with a hospitable population, and open to the reception of progressive truths from every side. But still, it is not in our place to forestall the action of the committee by locating the Convention.

We may urge, however, that all Spiritualists and friends of Spiritualism shall begin with making early arrangements for the Convention, attending to such details as are likely to insure a numerous attendance and comfort in getting to and from the place designated. Local organizations can see to the arrangements with railroad companies for securing only half-fare charges, in going and coming. Delegates may be appointed now, so that it will wear a business aspect at once. And the names of the lists of delegates should be forwarded to the chairman of the committee, Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt., in time for him to arrange properly for them. We beg all friends to lose no time in preparing for this Convention, and let it be a noble one. Let the country see in what numbers Spiritualists are able to show their strength and faith. Let there be no cliques, but undisturbed harmony and coöperation, from beginning to end.

## Emma Hardinge.

This distinguished and eloquent advocate of the great truths and philosophy of Spiritualism, is to sail for England on the 20th inst., and is therefore fast closing up her engagements preparatory to taking her departure. She will deliver a few more lectures in New York city; and it is the desire of large numbers of Spiritualists that she give a farewell discourse in Boston. We do not doubt that she would willingly comply with an invitation for an evening discourse here, her remaining Sundays being all taken up. Our leading Spiritualists will hardly require more than this hint, to come forward and secure a hall, and at once extend to Mrs. Hardinge the invitation which all would be grateful to her for accepting. She goes to England to devote her time and energies to the preparation of an elaborate history of Spiritualism, with all the illustrations that can be brought to make known with still more impressiveness its eternal truths. It will be a work of an encyclopedic character in many respects, and will remain a monument to her faith, her devotion, and her industry. We profoundly regret that her eloquent syllables are not to be heard again for a long time by the people of this country; but all will consent to the parting, when it is considered that it will bring to us and the world a lasting gain in the production she will present as her life-memoir. We sincerely hope she will be heard once more in Boston before her departure.

## St. John's Day.

The pageant on this day in Boston was unsurpassed for impressive splendor by any that has ever made its appearance in our streets. The presence of the President of the United States lent additional dignity to the occasion. There were some ten thousand of the masonic fraternity in the procession, while the streets, the houses, the squares, and the common were thronged with tens of thousands more. Few, if any, of even the oldest dwellers in the city have ever witnessed so grand an assemblage of the most substantial and respectable men of the country. The people greeted the President with sincere respect, and his reception was evidently duly appreciated by him. The Masonic Temple, which was the central object in all these imposing ceremonies, was duly dedicated to the services of the Order for whose exclusivity uses it was erected. The scenes on the occasion were exceedingly impressive. The Grand Lodge afterwards gave a dinner to the President, and there were notable relations among the fraternity in the evening. We have not space to recount the details of the proceedings of the day, but content ourselves with informing the distant reader that never before was there so orderly, so imposing, so grand, and so effective a public demonstration of any sort in this city. St. John's Day is the anniversary with Masons, but those who participated in the doings of this one will never forget the scenes witnessed by them, and of which they were themselves a part.

## The Iron-Clad Mania.

Greece, Denmark, Russia, Prussia, by rumor, Chili and Japan, have each and all applied to the United States Government for a number of its iron-clad vessels. It appears that we make the very machines which all the rest of the world want. Ours, too, were well tested in the late war, and foreign governments know just what they are worth. We ought not, by any means, to embark in the business of manufacturing these engines of destruction for sale, and yet it is by no means an unsatisfactory reflection that we are by reason of them invulnerable to foreign aggression. The world has been talking peace and fraternity this long while, yet all its talk is of fighting and the wanton destruction of human life. England has sold out her wooden frigates, and is going into iron floating defenses altogether.

## Will Attend Circles.

It is a well established fact that ministers and church members are constant visitors to test mediums—on the sly—for the purpose of gaining information on a subject which they publicly denounce to their parishioners and friends. A well known medium writing from a suburban town says: "Although the 'ministers of the gospel' are continually warning their flocks against us and Spiritualism, yet in spite of all such counsel they will break over and ask and receive advice of angel visitants, after which they return to their places of worship and are again warned to flee from the house where devils come to tempt the children of God. But this is not enough; for they have become hardened by the sound of continual 'hell fire,' and fear nothing but the speech of people."

## The Picnic Season.

As the warm season has arrived, Spiritualists and others are inquiring if Dr. Gardner, the efficient manager on such occasions, is to gratify his numerous friends and the public generally the present summer, as he has done in the past, with grand railroad excursions into the country and delectable picnics at Abington grove.

Our answer is, that the Doctor has made arrangements for Spiritualist picnic parties the present season at Abington grove, the first of which will take place some time during the present month. Full particulars will be published hereafter.

## New Publications.

NORRIS: A Question for a Continent. By Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, author of the "Impending Crisis." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

About the last sort of an essay in which we should have expected Mr. Helper to have engaged in, was such a one as this. It is an effort to prove the negro to be worthless for every purpose of civilization. It attempts to make out that there is no use in helping him up, since he has no native genius for anything, and scarcely what is entitled to be styled intellect. He has collected all the proof possible from ethnological writers and travelers among the negro race, and thrown it together in a form which, if not full of demonstrative force, is certainly both odious and disgusting from the spirit and temper in which it is cast. From being an anti-slavery advocate, Mr. Helper has become an absolute hater of the blacks everywhere. Some affect to turn off his book with ridicule; we think it better deserves a kicking, in place of its author, who wisely keeps out of the way.

THE ROMANCE OF BEAUSEMONT. An episode extracted from the retrospect of Miriam Manfort. By the author of the "Household of Bouverie." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Whoever read that powerful and fascinating tale of the "Household of Bouverie" will be sure to want to peruse this other romance by the same author. It is a stout book, and will serve to divert many an hour that might otherwise prove unhealthful. We need not speak particularly of its characteristics; they are marked by the same distinguishable tokens that arrested popular interest in the former production from the same pen. The reader will therefore best be allowed to find his own bantles as he proceeds with the perusal.

THE CAMERON PRIDE; or, Purified by Suffering. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. Mrs. Holmes's novels are well known, from the days of her "Tempest and Sunshine" forward, and she has won an enduring reputation from them. This one makes the eleventh in the illustrative series. It is stirring, full of life and action, abounding with character and incident, and without an infused with a tenderness of sentiment that does not go with the romances of the sensational school. The moral is a pure one, and the book will increase the list of her readers and admirers.

THE GLENNYMAN'S WIFE, and other Sketches. By Anna Cora Ritchie (Mowatt). New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. This is a collection of pen sketches by a distinguished belle-lettre writer, who handles the pen with remarkable address and skill. Her other and more extended productions are well known. These literary trifles, however, thrown into their present form, will be exceedingly acceptable to those who like her writings and wish to possess themselves of the whole of them.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST. By Wilson Nicely. St. Louis.

This book makes a copious, clear and satisfactory guide for emigrants and capitalists, and embraces a full description of the States of Missouri and Kansas, giving likewise a new map of both those States. It will be found invaluable at the present time, and its style is well adapted to the uses of the traveler. It may be had for \$1.50.

ROMANCE OF THE GREEN SEAL. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield.

WHO WAS HE? By Mrs. M. V. Victor. The above are from the press of Beadle & Co., New York, and are for sale by Williams & Co., of this city. They are rattling, rollicking stories, in paper covers, and belong to the light summer reading which is now in demand.

THE NURSERY FOR JULY.—The Nursery grows better and better and brighter and brighter every number. We really don't see where it is going to stop, for the first number seemed to us the very model of a child's magazine. The July number now before us, with its engravings and stories and rhymes, will gladden the hearts of all the children who are so fortunate as to receive it. Moreover, it will entertain almost equally well the parents of the children; for designs so lifelike and full of humor as those by Oscar Reisch, are worthy of everybody's examination. Get the Nursery—everybody—and see if it does not deserve all that we say of it. The subscription price is only \$1.00 a year, and a new volume begins with July. John L. Hovey, 13 Washington street, is the publisher, and all enterprising newsdealers have it for sale.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for July has a goodly table of contents. Among the list is "A Stage Ride to Colorado," illustrated, "The Dodge Club; or Italy in 1859," illustrated, "Our New Northwest," illustrated, "The Truly Rural," a racy story of love in the country, "Gospel about our Generals," "Independence Hall and Independence Day," illustrated, "The Markets of New York," "The Great Show at Paris," and "Our Eyes." There is the usual attractiveness to the Editor's department, which is one of the main features of this popular magazine. The July number is a good number.

For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July contains the following articles: The Guardian Angel, Part VII; A Passage from Hawthorne's English Note Books; Mona's Mother; At Padua; Poor Richard, II.; Doctor Molke; A Struggle for Life; Freedom in Brazil; My Visit to Spyrakis; The Piano in the United States; An Ember Picture; An Artist's Dream, and The Religious Side of the Italian Question. Many of these articles are from the pens of writers eminent in literature.

THE NASHVILLE (Tenn.) TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION have published a Report on the peculiar advantages attending the teaching of colored children and adults to read by means of the Phonetic Alphabet. It is a highly interesting record of what rapid progress may be made in the art of teaching how to read, by employing Phonotypy in place of the cumbersome and circuitous old methods.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for July contains some very taking articles and striking illustrations. There is "Round the World Joe," "Nathaniel Nye," "Uncle Cobus's Story," by Lowell, "Good Old Times," "A Boy's Adventure at Niagara Falls," and some very pretty verses. The young people will like this number exceedingly.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale, from the press of Little & Gay, "The Starling," a powerful tale from Rev. Dr. McLeod, editor of "Good Words." It is pronounced equal to anything by Walter Scott.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for July is a superb number. The engraving of "Ophelia" is a charming picture, and worth more than the price of the magazine. The fashion-plates are elegant, but

the belle with the long train looks ridiculous—the train we mean. Mrs. Henry Wood's and Elizabeth Preston's fine stories are continued in this number. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for July is an interesting number of this increasingly popular magazine. The plates of fashion and illustrations are of the newest and freshest, and the literary department is managed with great skill and success. A. Williams & Co. have it.

"ON EARTH, PEACE," is the title of the last tract from the press of the Modern Age, at Hopedale, Mass. It advocates the doctrine of universal peace.

## New Music.

Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street, have just published Life's Cares, song and Chorus, by Wallace Kiltredge, author of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Away, Away, the Sparkling Wine, a Temperance Song and Quartette," words and Music by A. W. Trask—two fine temperance songs, the first of which has attained a popularity equal to the author's "Tenting." Both are sung nightly at public concerts with great satisfaction.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued the "Marella Waltz" from Gounod's Opera, by C. Coote—ten pages; "We Miss Thee from Our Cottage Home," words and music by M. B. Leavitt; "Rest for the Weary," by M. Thornton, music by W. T. Wrighton, published among the series of Evening Melodies. J. H. Pixley has composed the music for Mrs. S. T. Perry's sweet and touching song, "Two Little Pairs of Boots."

## Emma Hardinge in Worcester.

This present month the Spiritualists of this place and vicinity have been listening to the highly gifted lady, Mrs. Emma Hardinge. We had read articles from her pen and heard much in her praise, but surely the half had not been told us. A person of such wonderful powers and gifts we scarcely if ever find. Although born and educated in Great Britain, she is in all essentials an American woman. In all her lectures here, every succeeding one has been pronounced the best. Sunday evening, June 23d, the hall was densely packed, and very warm, still she held her audience as with superhuman power, while she unlocked the great storehouse of Infinite, and with one hand she plucked the hidden precious gems from out it, while with the other she freely gave to the eager waiting multitude. Next month she goes from us to her native land, and our prayer is that the mighty hosts of heaven will preserve her from all harm and bring her back to us again.—L. J. M.

## A Good Word from Canada.

Our cotemporary, the Sentinel, published in Petrolia, Canada West, exhibits a liberal spirit toward the philosophy of Spiritualism which is hopeful for the future. Speaking of our paper it says:

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—This propounder of the so-called "Harmonical Philosophy," we believe to have the largest circulation of any Spiritual paper in the world, and as to its merits millions can testify throughout the length and breadth of the American continent. This valuable sheet has but recently come under our observation, therefore we are not at present prepared to do it justice. But as we are well-versed to all works of reform, we would say to our patrons and the public, read for yourselves. Subscriptions may be left at this office, and the paper furnished for the same subscribed. We expect soon to give through our columns an article on the "Physical Manifestations," as exhibited by one who is now passing the first degree of development.

## Personal.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's address, until she sails for Europe—20th of July—will be care of Mrs. Jackson, 406 East 51st street, New York. She will lecture in that city the two Sundays previous to sailing.

We learn that Dr. F. L. H. Willis, owing to a pressure of professional duties, has resigned the position of Professor of Materia Medica in the New York Medical College for Women.

We learn from Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon that she is detained in Colorado on account of the Indian disturbances. As soon as it is safe to travel she will start for California overland.

## Our Office in New York.

No. 544 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M. Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER Bookstore, where information of all kinds appertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

## Excursion to Rocky Point.

We learn that the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Providence, R. I., are to make their annual excursion on Tuesday, July 16th, by steamers, to Rocky Point. The boats will leave at the same hours as last year. Rocky Point is world-renowned for its romantic and picturesque beauty, has all the requisite accommodations for such parties, no matter how large they may be. A grand good time may be expected on the above occasion.

## A Voice from Israel.

The Israelite (Jewish), published at Cincinnati, says: "We need no personal Messiah. What benefit could we expect of any Messiah? We do not wish to go back to Palestine, nor submit to any king. What good can we expect of a son of David? We are the children of the house; we go to no steward, need no guardian, require no mediator, and ask none to plead our cause with our Heavenly Father. We are of Israel."

## Our Public Circles—Vacation.

There will be no public circles at this office after Tuesday afternoon of the present week until Monday, September second. Our friends in town and out will bear this in mind. We should be pleased to have them call and see us, as usual, notwithstanding.

13 We are indebted to Thomas Middleton, Esq., for a report of the Spiritualist Convention held at Stone, Vt., June 7th, 8th, and 9th. We are assured that this was one of the best and most harmonious conventions of the kind ever held in that State; and we hope much good will result from the efforts made to push on reforms, and enlighten the people on the subject of Spiritualism. We shall print the report soon.

13 We are glad to perceive that the balance, though small, is on the right side of the account with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, according to their report for June. We hope funds sufficient will flow in to keep them steadily engaged in the noble work of inaugurating Children's Lyceums. There is work enough if the means are forthcoming.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The finest continued on our first page is likely very much. The message department is largely filled with communications from the spirit-world of interest to many.

Full particulars of the grand Union Picnic of the Children's Progressive Lyceums will be found in another column. It takes place on Thursday, July 11th, at Union Grove, Greenwood. The Progressive Lyceum of Troy, N. Y., have an excursion on the 10th. See Mr. Finney's note.

"With Rosebuds in my Hand," Birdie's spirit song, music by Dr. Ordway, is selling more freely than any other sheet music we have ever had.

A notice of the "meeting of the Spiritualists," free thinkers and friends of human progress" at Randolph, N. Y., June 29th, came to hand too late for insertion in our last issue.

Mrs. Brown, of Mansfield, Mass., (the widow of Mr. Brown, whom the angel friends pointed out to a desolate, sick brother, needing pecuniary aid), called at our office recently to thank us in person for the assistance we had rendered her, and her then invalid husband, in her greatest time of need. We replied that we were only the instruments in the hands of the spirit-world to render what little aid we could to suffering humanity. On leaving, she said in subdued tones, "God will surely bless you."

Last week a gentleman exhibited to us the model of a new extension wagon which has just been patented. It is very simple, and easily arranged for a job or market wagon, a hay-cart or team for boards and lumber. The inventor, Benjamin Ryder, Jr., of South Orlington, Me., is a medium, and was added in the construction of this new and convenient article by us invisibles.

Fail not to peruse, among other good things in this issue, the article by Prof. Gunning. The author is a critical observer and sound thinker, and held in high esteem by the best literary circles for his scientific research. The matter of "spirit photography" deeply interests us.

FAST!—In the match for \$2000 over the Fashion course, Long Island, June 21st, between the famous horses Dexter and Ethan Allen, the latter won in three straight heats in 2:15, 2:16, 2:19, being the fastest time on record. Dexter's time on the second heat, as timed by the Judges, was 2:16.

Flour declined last week four dollars per barrel. A further decline would be agreeable to consumers.

Deep in our hearts lie flowers with summer faded,  
Lost in our lives lie hopes with winter fled—  
Lights of the past by time and sorrow shadowed—  
Dreams of the future, all their beauty dead.

ALLINGTON, formerly West Cambridge, had a celebration on the 17th of June, in commemoration of the town's new name.

The Bangor Whig says that hay is selling there at fifteen to seventeen dollars per ton, and potatoes bring about forty-five cents per bushel. Two weeks ago hay there brought fifty dollars per ton.

A few years ago the Marquis of Hastings ran away with the bride of Mr. Chaplin, a wealthy English Commoner, and married her. The horse Hermit, which so unexpectedly won the race on the recent Derby day, was the property of the discarded lover, who wins by his victory nearly a million of dollars. By a strange combination of circumstances the largest loser at the Derby is the identical Marquis of Hastings, the hero of the runaway marriage.

Santa Anna, it is confirmed, was taken from an U. S. vessel at Sisal, by Mexican Liberals, but whether they were his friends or his enemies we cannot tell.

A letter from Rome to the Times says it is thought Archbishop Spaulding will return to America a Cardinal.

One of the clergy of Lynn on Sunday denounced Liberal Christianity as one of the deceptive sins of the day—to be classed with treason and Sabbath breaking—a religion, he said, with the Bible left out. The same person giving notice of a strawberry festival to be held by a sister society, desired to be informed if any improprieties should occur at that or any other similar gathering, notices of which he reluctantly gave.—*Transcript.*

Better deserve honor and not have it, than have it and not deserve it.

A great many Northern soldiers have been captured by ladies in the South, and won't be exchanged.

Almost any man can write a long newspaper article, but it takes talent to put the same amount of thought into a short one; and ten persons will read the latter where one will the former.

## INVOCATION.

Rise, oh my soul, above this earth,  
And win thy flight to that bright sphere  
Wherein thou shalt renew thy birth,  
And find that bliss denied thee here.

Hellebore destroys or drives off current worms.

We should not measure men by Sundays, without looking to what they do all the week after.

It is a curious fact that all the fighting nations of ancient times have died out or fallen into remarkable desuetude. They seem to have been consumed by their fierce internal passions. On the other hand, the Chinese, a peaceful people, now numbers about four hundred million—a number sufficient, if war-like, to sweep relentlessly over all Europe.

If you give good advice it will be forgotten; if you give bad, it never will be. Moral—attend to your own business.

AMERICAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—American energy, ingenuity and perseverance are triumphant in whatever they seriously undertake. It is interesting to watch the progress of manufactures, and observe how rapidly we are excelling the Old World. Nor is this merely in those common articles which require little skill in their construction. It appears to be the fact that the greater the ingenuity required, the more sure is our Yankee hand to carry off the palm.

In pianofortes, for instance, it is well known that those of the best makers among us already equal, if they do not excel, the best of European makers. In reed instruments, such as Cabinet Organs, the superiority is yet more decidedly with the American instruments. They are produced by the best judges that the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, which have attained so great a reputation at home, are far superior to any foreign instruments of the class. The last number of "New Zealand" for Music, the famous Leipzig musical journal, has a notice of one of the Mason & Hamlin Organs, which the editor has seen, and of which he admits the superiority, not only in full volume of tone and general characteristics, but especially in "the mellow and pleasing character of its tones." This favorable testimony is just. Those who have not heard these beautiful instruments have little idea of the improvement which these makers have effected, and of the charming qualities of their organs. It is not surprising that the demand for them is so large.—*New York Musical Gazette.*

## New York Department.

## BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,

544 BROADWAY.

(Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

## Our Book Trade.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, seven cloth, three in paper. "Barnum's Divine Revelations," 20th edition, just out. 3 vols. Great Harmonies, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. "Mystic Staff," an Autobiography of the author. "Familiar Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Returning Questions, Morning Lectures (50 discourses), History and Philosophy of Seer, Philosophy of Spirit Interference, Philosophy of Spiritualism, Harmonical Man, Free Thought Concerning Religion, Present Age and Future Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual—full set, 81c.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line: Fugitive Wife, American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for 90c. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price 60c; postage 10c. Self-Contradictions of the Bible, 15c.

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## Pride.

Pride is not a crime, nor a mean quality in the human constitution. It is not confined to the human kingdom, but is held in common by man and animal, if not by flowering plants also. Pride in the animal kingdom is never condemned; why should it be in the human? Excessive pride, like excess in any other quality, is to be pitied, or deplored; but as it is organic, and usually inherited, persons can seldom be justly blamed for it. The Church condemns it, and pronounces it a sin against God. If it is so, God put a large quantity of sin in the peacock and some animals, and in our natures also, for which He alone is responsible, as the creator of us and nature.

Everybody approves of some quality and some quality of pride, and as we are all differently organized, we have our peculiar opinions about it, as well as our peculiar quality and quantity of pride each for him or herself.

Personal pride is not very reprehensible, if not too excessive and carried out in dressing the body foolishly. To be sufficiently proud of one's body to keep it clean, hair combed, brushed, curled—to keep the body circumspect and its motions and positions natural, polite, attractive, is certainly no sin, and no injury to any one. To have a sufficient pride in dress to keep the garments clean and in good repair and of good material, is certainly no sin, and should not be condemned by church or gossip. If a person goes a little further, and betrays a common human weakness in adding long feathers from the parrot or peacock, in which Nature had displayed the pride of the bird, why is it a sin against God more in our race than in the bird? Has not God planted the seeds of pride alike in both? and if one is endowed with higher powers of intellect, but is so feeble proportion that the pride held in common with the animals predominates, is it not more a pity than a sin, or subject of blame?

In no particular feature of human character will a man or woman show a cerebral weakness quicker than in dress. Who does not pity the clothes sores that carry dry goods to church and through the streets as an advertisement for the merchants? But why are they more sinful or to blame than the man who carries a signboard up and down Broadway advertising the cure of corns and bunions? Both work for pay—one for money, the other for praise. We should prefer the money pay, if not the kind of labor that brings it; but one is a sign of poverty, the other sometimes of riches, and therefore is respectable; for in this day of riches make respectability, and riches put on extra garments for show or ornament. It is respectable, even if it betrays a cerebral weakness, and indeed a weakness in the upper front brain is not much noticed in a rich person, especially a female, as such are neither designed nor sought for usefulness, but rather as dolls or idols, show-cases or cloth-screens, or at best parlor ornaments, sometimes adding the excellent quality of a music box. Pride of ancestry or pride of family is a still greater weakness, but not a sin or crime against God or man. It is usually both inherited and educational, but always betrays a weakness in the person, man or woman. Those who have not merit in themselves, may carry about in their names the merit and credit of their parents or ancestors, and boast of the talents they do not possess. They may hold the titles to the homesteads and lines of the horses which the father drove, and drive in the same old carriage ruts, but such borrowed capital will never make them worthy, if it does secure respectability for many who without it would have no credit or character. The sickening pride of Virginia ancestry and the Puritan stock of Yankees is fast losing caste in our country, in those who go into market with the garments of their ancestors to get a credit they do not deserve. Those who have no inspiration may rake the Jewish graveyard; so those who have no merit or credit in their own persons or garments, may run on the credit or dress in the garments of the absent parents, and get credit, but it is a weakness, and not a sin.

Pride of country is more generally acceptable and commendable; but it is because it is more common, and belongs to most persons. We all have it, more or less, and yet to us a cosmopolitan is the nobler trait of manhood, if it can still retain a home and have a habitation and a name. To recognize all countries and nations, all races and both sexes as equals in natural rights, and feel a human brotherhood with all—to live and breathe a universal brotherhood and recognize a common fatherhood, seems higher and nobler than a nationality; but there again comes a pride in the race. But we will stop here.

## Book Literature.

Our country is becoming flooded with literature, or printed letter, as much of it is. There are two kinds of authors—one exceedingly scarce, and the other abundant. One class are fountains of ideas and thoughts, and give us original matter, or matter so entirely new arranged as to have the stamp of real originality, such as Emerson, Parker, Pope, Shakespeare, and many of the ancient writers. But the abundant class, many of whom are elegant and sometimes fascinatingly attractive, and wholly worthy of our time in reaching after them in their trains of thought, are mainly the popular authors of our flood of literature, yet they are only conductors, bringing the ideas and thoughts of others to us, colored by the complexion of themselves, so as to make us take the matter as original. All our novelists are of this class, from Scott and Balcanquhall to the writers of our stories for the weeklies. Historians, also, with rare exceptions,

are of the same class. Even Agassiz is mostly engaged in collecting rock-records and fish-scales and insects' wings, and putting them before us arranged historically in books and lectures. He is making nothing new but the cement or thread with which he attaches them to each other and the names he gives them for us. A string of pearls or scales or ornamental shells, differing a little from these, the children collect on the seashore.

Our medium writers on Spiritualism do not differ from this class, but mostly belong to it, and collect and distribute the same as the class of conductors or conduits to which they belong. Much, however, of this class of literature is from spirit-life and sonorous unknown to the other class of outer and superficial writers, and hence to them is only trash, and much is also really trash to everybody but the author. But by comparison we shall find a still greater proportion of trash in the novels and sermons of the popular writers of life. We often pick up a well-bound volume of popular literature, which has a large sale from well written notices of those who are only interested in the sale, and to our surprise are unable to find an idea in the book, and often when we do it is an old one that has been handled about for centuries, and may be new to some reader whose eye has seldom been in books.

But as some writer says, God sometimes lets down a thinker, and when he does the mind is like a great fountain that supplies many pipes that convey the thoughts from house to house and head to head. Jesus, real or imaginary, is taken for the fountain of Christianity, from which the founders of sects, as main pipes, are more immediate conductors to the writers and preachers of the "creeds of Christendom." A writer or preacher like Parker or Emerson must get out of Jesus to be a THINKER, and out of a sect to be a full grown man or woman.

## Personal.

The address of John M. Spear is, for the present, Blue Anchor, Camden Co., N. J. J. R. Conklin is not dead, as several times reported; he is not acting as public medium at present; we do not know his address.

C. G. Stewart, of Newark, N. J., is giving some very interesting lectures at Doolittle's Hall, Sunday evenings, on the astronomical and astrological origin of Christianity. A new edition of his book—"The Hierophant"—is now on our counter, and we are ready to send it to the searchers after this kind of truth for \$1, and it is better worth \$3 than many books that sell for that price.

We can supply a few copies of A. J. Davis's Chart of Progressive History and Approaching Destiny of the Race. It will soon be out of print. Price \$1. Cannot be conveniently sent by mail.

We regret the necessity which compels our true and faithful co-laborer, Dr. H. B. Storer, to leave New York, but the health of his amiable wife compels it. We want one hundred like him, to fill the demand of the cause here—self-supporting and self-sustaining, and an aid to others; such is the Doctor anywhere.

## Cook Books.

Since the advent of hot weather, some friends are sending to us for cook books and guides for cooking in a better style and better food than the old school cooks taught the use of. More families would be wise in sending for Mattie Jones's Hygiene Cook Book, 30c, or \$1.00 for Dr. Traill's larger and better work. We can supply either.

There is a pestilence in New York. "It is always here, and walks at midnight, but hides in the daytime when it can. We advise all, especially the young, to keep out of it, and out of the city, unless insured by a moral life-preserver better than any church can furnish, such as Nature, reason and science supply. A generation which has inherited depravity is as prone to evil "as the sparks to fly upward." Intoxicating drinks and tobacco are the balms that usually allure the unwary into the dens of vice and misery in all large cities. If they could be exterminated by law or morals, the "Sun of Righteousness" would "rise with healing in his wings," and a better generation might be born some time.

President Johnson rode up Broadway a few days ago, and as he passed our flag, he waved his hat and bowed—in compliment, no doubt, to somebody. To the Museum opposite he bowed and waved and smiled, but whether at the picture of the fat woman, the "what is it?" the torn canvas on the top of the building, or at the late defeat of Barnum for Congress, he did not inform us.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simmons, Clairvoyant, Magnet and Electric Physician, has removed from 1249 to 1162 Broadway, New York.

## Dr. J. P. Bryant in California.

From the San Francisco "Daily American Flag," Nov. 9, 1866. MORE ASTONISHING CURES BY DR. BRYANT. The public are well satisfied by this time that the system of psychological treatment is no fiction, and is fast assuming a recognized and prominent place in the department of the healing art.

During the current week this medical gentleman, whose skill and ability to eradicate disease are truly astonishing, has effected a number of cures, particularly of a chronic nervous character, which are deemed of sufficient importance to be made known as a matter of general information.

Mrs. Mary Lockman, residing at Fairmount, beyond the Mission; daughter of Mr. Schenck, well known in this city, had been ailing for ten years. Her disease was complicated in character, appearing to originate from uterine trouble, peculiar to her sex, and this in its train engendering derangement of the liver, spleen, bowels and digestive organs generally. As a consequence, her whole nervous system became completely overtaxed, and she fell away to a mere skeleton. She consulted several of the most eminent physicians of New York city, and continued use of opiates would alleviate her pain. Thinking that the climate and surroundings of the Sandwich Islands would work a change in her condition, she repaired thither, but alas! to no purpose. At length she came to this city, with no other hope before her than an early grave. For the past three months she was compelled to keep her bed. At the suggestion of friends she was induced to try Dr. Bryant. She was conveyed to his office on Fifth street in a carriage. The ordinary manipulation was gone through with, and in the space of five days the poor sufferer was able to walk about in perfect health, and was heard to exclaim, "I feel better than I have for ten long years."

Another case is that of J. C. Hale, a resident of Sonoma, Sonoma county. This gentleman had been crippled over two years. For four months he could not walk at all except by the use of crutches. The nature of his disease was an inflammation of the sciatic nerve, which had been paralyzed, and becoming indurated, had formed a mechanical obstruction, ending in dislocation of the right hip joint. He had been in constant pain for the last two years, and tried every remedy that could be mentioned. Finally, hearing of the cures that had been made by Dr. Bryant, he started to his friends in determination to place himself under his care, saying that if he did not cure him he would be no worse off. His friends ridiculed the idea, but he was fixed in his resolution, and so came to this city. The Doctor worked on him not more than five minutes, when, to the astonishment of all present, he was able to put away his crutches and

walk away with the assistance of his cane. Among those of his acquaintances who can bear witness to this happy change, is Captain Nye, brother of the distinguished Senator from Nevada. The persons whose cases have been thus related, make these statements to us voluntarily, and without the knowledge of him who has been their benefactor.

## The Children's Progressive Lyceums.

First Union Picnic.

AT UNION GROVE, GREENWOOD, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 11th, 1867.

This Grove is centrally located, with a large lattice hall convenient to shelter one thousand people, also other buildings suitable for the occasion, with a good spring of cold water.

We copy in part the order of exercises from the programme of the day, commencing at 10 A. M. Singing and speaking at the stand by prominent speakers; at 11:30 A. M. Singing and dancing; at 12 o'clock partake of refreshments; at 1 P. M. Lyceums form in order; opening address by N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell; music by the band; singing, recitations, gymnastic exercises, circle march, singing, grand triumphal march, with one thousand flags flying, accompanied by the full band; review in column, &c., &c. The Lyceum will then be dismissed.

During the remainder of the day there will be speaking and social interchange of thought between the Lyceums; and also music and dancing at the hall, so that all who wish can find enjoyment suitable to their tastes.

This is the first attempt of the Children's Progressive Lyceums to come together, and we hope there will be a grand assembling of Lyceums, and also of our brother Spiritualists and all others friendly to the cause. Speakers and mediums, last but not least, are cordially invited to be present. Lyceums who have not been notified will please accept this as an invitation.

We have made arrangements with the Boston and Maine Railroad to convey passengers to and from the grove. Leaving Boston, Haymarket Square, at 8:15, and 10 A. M. Return at 5:50, stopping at Charlestown and Pleasant Point each way. Tickets to the grove and back, sixty cents. Refreshments can be had at the grove. We have engaged the services of a band of sixteen pieces.

Committee of Arrangements,  
E. B. CARTER, Lowell,  
DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Charlestown,  
J. S. DODGE, Chelsea.

## Troy Children's Lyceum.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Will you please say in the next BANNER that the Children's Progressive Lyceum and the "Progressive Spiritual Association" of Troy, N. Y., will hold a grand excursion by steamer and barges—with music, refreshments and happiness—down the Hudson, on Wednesday, the 10th of July? The friends of Spiritualism in the vicinity of Troy are cordially invited to attend.

In haste, I am cordially yours,  
Selden J. FINNEY.

Troy, N. Y., June 28, 1867.

## Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists.

The undersigned, constituting the Executive Board whose duty it is to fix upon the time and place for holding the annual meeting of the Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists, and being desirous of calling such Convention at such time and place as shall give general satisfaction to the Spiritualists throughout the State, and especially to those where such Convention may be held, do hereby respectfully ask the friends residing in accessible and eligible localities for the holding of such Convention, taking into consideration the probable hospitality that would be extended to such delegates as might attend such annual meeting, to correspond with Milton T. Peters, Secretary, upon the subject without delay. The friends desiring the Convention to be held in their vicinity will please state distinctly to what extent hospitality will be extended to delegates, and a general description of the hall, church or building that will be furnished for the use of the Convention. Address Milton T. Peters, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.

S. S. JONES, Pres.,  
GEORGE HASCALL, Vice Pres.,  
W. A. CHASE, Sec'y,  
E. O. SMITH, Treas.,  
MILTON T. PETERS, Sec'y.

## Peace Convention.

In the village church in Bridgewater, Vt., a Peace Convention will be held on the 21 and 22 days of July, 1867, (Tuesday and Wednesday), for the purpose of considering the necessity of making practical the teachings of Jesus Christ. Henry C. Wright, James M. Peckles, Levi K. Joell and other brave champions for the right will be present. From Ludlow, Vt., to Bridgewater, speakers will be taken for half fare. As many as can will be entertained by the friends; others at reasonable rates at the hotel.

NATHAN LAMB, CHARLES WALKER,  
D. P. WILDER, THOMAS MIDDLETON,  
M. S. TOWNSEND, Corresponding Secretary.

## Grove Meeting.

There will be a gathering of Spiritualists in SUMNER ME., on the 4th of July, at the Grove of Lewis Bisbee. All are invited, and may bring their baskets with them, as no refreshments will be sold on the grounds. Speakers are invited, and will be cared for by Mr. Bisbee.

## Picnic.

The Dover and Foxcroft, Me., Children's Progressive Lyceum will celebrate the coming Fourth of July by a picnic at Chamberlain's Grove, in Foxcroft. Friends in the adjoining towns are invited to be present. PER ORDER.

## Progressive Lyceum Missionary Fund,

IN ACCOUNT WITH A. J. AND M. F. DAVIS.

STATEMENT FOR JUNE.

June 1. To balance due from May.....\$79.14

June 2. Cash from Albert Morton, of Manchester, N. H.....\$20.00

" 3. From Mr. George W. Smith, of Dorchester, Mass.....10.00

" 8. Cash from J. H. Brown, New York City.....5.00

" 12. From Henry J. Horn, New York City.....5.00

" 22. From M. J. Conroy, Canaanville, Utah.....5.00

Total.....\$119.14

July 1. By balance on hand.....\$63.66

Total.....\$182.80

Orange, N. J., July 1st, 1867.

P. S.—All communications for either Mr. or Mrs. Davis, on Lyceum or other business, should be directed to their permanent address.

## Business Matters.

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

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

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

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

SUFFERERS FROM NEURALGIA, nerve-ache, and other painful nervous diseases, headache, hysteria, and general debility, who have not tested the efficacy of that valuable medicinal preparation, DR. TURNER'S TRO-DOLLOREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILLS, should do so without delay. It is the positive remedy. Apothecaries have it. FRANKLIN DEPOT, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail 20c postage stamps extra.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]  
If "A FRIEND," at Pittsburgh, Pa., who sent a sealed letter to this office to be answered will send address, we will return it with the answer.

## Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL LONDON, ENGLAND.  
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Tourists. No one should leave home this season without providing themselves with Cox's Dyspepsia Cure to guard against sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus. It immediately corrects the stomach in such cases. It is specific in Summer Complaints.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate type*, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

## FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.,

(LATE PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA

IN THE

"NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.")

No. 29 West Fourth street, New York,

(Near Broadway.)

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

Chronic and Nervous Disorders, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, White Swelling, P. a. a. a. Local and General Debility, P. a. a. a. Consumption, &c., and in a word, all the Conditions affecting the Vital or Functional Action of the System.

DR. WILLIS brings to the practice of his profession, not only the advantages of a thoroughly scientific medical education, but also a rare gift of *Intuitive Perception* of the nature of disease, and the adaptation of remedies.

Patients attended to, and prescribed for by mail, on enclosing the fee of Five Dollars.

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.

Dr. Willis is also the Consulting Physician for J. Winchester & Co.'s establishment for the manufacture of the celebrated remedia for the cure of Consumption—the HYPOPHOSPHITES, as prepared from the formula of Dr. Churchill, of Paris.

## PSYCHOMETRIC,

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC.

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These Cures have Attracted the Attention of

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THE WELL-KNOWN LEADER on the TEMPERAMENTAL Philosophy, Physiology, Phenology and Psychometry, have opened rooms at 81 MAIN STREET, MILFORD, MASS., where they can be consulted on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Will examine at a distance by autograph, and medicine sent to all parts of the United States. For examination, \$1.00—re-examination extra.

DR. HOUGHTON also gives Temperamental, Phenological and Psychometrical Readings of Character, embracing moral, mental and physical traits—which he CULTIVATES and which he REVEALS in order to insure healthful and prosperous lives and harmonious family relations.

Can examine at a distance by autograph. For full delineation \$1.00 and red stamp.

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address, MILFORD, MASS. 1st—July 6.

## DR. J. WORTHINGTON STEWART,

(OF 122 PLYMOUTH AVE., ROCHESTER, N. Y.)

WILL LOCATE at 45 Prospect street, near Ontario street, Cleveland, O., July 8th, 1867.

CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES cured without medicine. His power to heal the body and mind is endowed him by the Great Spirit and the angel-guard. Many are brought in beds to him, and he gets up and walks.

DR. STEWART sees and describes departed friends, and often tells what the spirit world is doing. When the sick cannot be brought to him, he will go to them if possible.

All letters addressed to him must contain postage stamp.

July 6—4w

## NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER!

DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON,

PSYCHOMETRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

DEVELOPED TO CURE DISEASES BY DRAWING the disease upon himself, at any distance, and the persons



## 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.

Great Spirit of All Things, our Father, and our Mother too, we would feel that we are gathered within the serene temple of thy great universe for good, and not for evil. We would worship thee without fear. We would adore thee. We would admire, but most of all we would love thee. And even as thou art the source of love, we would pray that our spirits may be unfolded within that divine essence. We would pray that it may draw us nearer and still nearer unto itself, until finally all lesser good is subjugated, and we are one with thee.

Oh God, we thank thee that the kingdoms of this world are passing away; that one by one the beads of time are being counted, and soon the last will have been numbered, and the end will have come. We thank thee that the morning-star of freedom is beginning to shed its faint rays of light over all the earth, and the time that hath been so long and so earnestly prayed for is nigh at hand. We thank thee that the slave-whip rests quietly in its socket, and the chains wherewith men were wont to bind their fellows, are now lying rusty and useless on the ground. We thank thee that the hearts of thy children are beginning everywhere to learn what justice means with thee; thy children everywhere are beginning to question concerning thee and thy laws. We thank thee that the days of superstition and religious night are passing away; also that the clerical mantle that hath so long enshrouded the senses of the people is being rent into shreds, and the voices of the angels are calling upon thy people everywhere on earth to robe themselves anew in garments of Righteousness and Truth. We thank thee for all that thou hast been pleased to give us. We thank thee for sin, for crime, for darkness; for all that is, Great God, our Father, and our Mother too, we do most devoutly bless thee. Amen. April 23.

### Questions and Answers.

QUES.—What is the cause of the shuddering of the medium when the spirit is entering and leaving?

ANS.—It is caused by the disturbance of the mental and physical atmosphere surrounding the medium. You all live per virtue of the atmosphere by which you are surrounded, and you all have a distinctive atmosphere of your own; and if any other enters that atmosphere, you are of necessity disturbed.

Q.—By L. Hakes: Is the book entitled the Apocryphal New Testament to be considered any less inspired than the New Testament?

A.—All books are more or less inspired. Every written thought is a direct inspiration from God; and every unwritten thought is the same. The Great God hath spread out for your examination a Scriptural volume, but it is not contained alone in books. You may find it in the ocean; you may find it on the dry land; you may find it in the skies; you may find it in the heart of the child, in mature age, in old age, where it abounds and where righteousness abounds. It is everywhere, because God's thoughts are everywhere.

Q.—Is there any other book or manuscript in existence, aside from the New Testament, from which can be obtained any record of the life of Jesus of Nazareth?

A.—We know of no written record, no history with which the earth at the present day is blessed, that affords a more correct account of this individual than those you have. Many historians have given their opinions, their ideas, concerning this individual. We find that not only in Christian history does he have an existence, but he also has an existence where the historian did not have any belief in his divinity. He was not to him what he was to the Christian. But your Biblical record has given you sufficient for all practical purposes of the life of this man. That he taught and practiced great and glorious truths, I believe; and if you will all teach and practice the same, then indeed he will be a Saviour to you. But if you do not, he may as well never have lived or died. In this sense, and in this sense alone, can he ever aid humanity in its progress heavenward. April 23.

### John Cooke.

I am under certain restraints which I cannot well overcome. This is the first time I ever attempted to communicate with people I have left, and it is a great novelty to me.

I should have as soon thought of going to heaven and holding communication with people who dwell there, before death, as to have thought that I could come back here and open communication with those I've left. But it seems to be a simple rule, that anybody can follow that tries to.

At the time I met with the accident which resulted in my death, I was in service against this Government—the Federal Government—not because I had any particular liking for the Confederate Government, but because I was very well paid to enter the service. And I suppose it was a very poor motive, but at any rate such it was.

I was not a defender of secession, by any means, in theory, though I was, in practice.

I was on board the rebel ram "Tennessee," and I met with an accident. I got badly scalded, and I believe I lived some four or five days, and then died.

I am an Englishman by birth, by the name of Cooke—John Cooke. Some difficulties in my own country brought me to this country; and those difficulties were not overcome before the breaking out of the rebellion, so I remained here.

But I am extremely anxious to send some intelligence of my death and my present situation to those I have left, particularly to my son and daughter. I am very anxious to reach them in some way; and particularly anxious because I

want them to know that the charges that were brought against me—of which I am not here to speak at great length upon—were utterly false. I said so when I was here in my body—I say so now. And, moreover, the very best kind of evidence that I speak the truth may be obtained, if my children will take the trouble to consult my brother-in-law, Benjamin, who is in Wales. There is now no reason, since I am dead, why he should not say what he did not say when I was here, for the objection is removed. I don't want them to understand that I left as a culprit would leave, but I left because I was sick and tired of the conflict that amounted to nothing. And so I came away without much resource in the way of money, and therefore was obliged to depend on what knowledge I had as an engineer. And as the Southern people were rather short for men in that line at that time, I received good pay; and for that reason I went to serve them; not because I thought the people of the North were more to blame than the people of the South, for I did not know, and I did not care.

I would like that my daughter Matilda and my son John respect what I have here given, to the amount sufficient to allow me the privilege of nearer communication with them. I want to go there as I come here. Then if there are any little points that they are in the dark or unhappy about, I shall no doubt be able to make them smooth.

I passed a half-century here, of light and shade, but I am free to declare I would not be willing to part with the shade any more than the light side of the picture; for it is by that mostly that I know how to shape my course in this better world. Therefore it is of greater value to me than the bright days I saw.

I am under great obligations to you, sir, for your kindness, and shall hope to repay you sometime when I meet you face to face, if not before.

[Where do you wish your message sent?] I would like, sir, that it go to London. [To any particular address?] No; direct to the general office. My son, I think, will get it—John Cooke. [Is your name spelled with an e?] It is.

April 23.

### Annie Lee.

I am Annie Lee, daughter of Robert Lee. [General Lee?] Yes. I have tried a great many times to come, but I have been afraid when I got where I could speak; yes.

I want my father and all to know I can come; yes, sir; and that I have a great many things to say, if I could only say them to them alone; yes, sir. [Do you remember how old you were when you died?] Yes, sir; in my eleventh year.

I have got the present that was given me a little more than a year before I died; and my father said, "Annie, you must keep this as long as you live." I have kept it in my heart ever since, and because I am not dead it is mine now. [You mean you live in the spirit-land?] Yes, sir. [Do you mean you live with the person to whom it belonged?] It was my grandmother's, and given to her under peculiar circumstances, and was given to me by my father. So I hold it now. It is mine, and I shall try to profit by it as I promised to.

I am never sick any in the spirit-land, but I am sometimes very sad, because there isn't so clear a way to come back as I wish there was, and because the people here don't seem to know what is best for them. They fight for what will at best last but a little while, and never bring them any lasting happiness on earth. [You have reference to those living at the South, I presume.] Yes, sir, and I'm sorry, very sorry, that our people ever went to war with yours, because they'll all see some time how foolish they've been.

I am happy in the spirit-land, and would not come back only as I come this way. I have, in my spirit home, a correct representation of the flowers that came as a gift from my mother after I was dead. I drew them myself, for I've learned to since I came to the spirit-land; yes, sir.

Good-day. [Do you remember when you passed away?] Yes, sir; it is near six years now. Good-day. April 23.

### Michael Riley.

Well, I'm comfortable, all there is left of me. [Have you got much left?] Yes, sir, I suppose I got enough for all I have to do here.

The fact is, sir, when I was here listening to that Johnny Bull—well, I got knocked out of my equilibrium.

I suppose there will always be persons on earth who are ready to fight for money. No matter whether it's for the right side or the wrong, so as they get the money. There'll always be just such cusses on earth. That's what I said he was. I told him so when he came along up; yes, sir; and I got so stirred up—well, I thought the fight was all killed out of me, but I just wanted to pitch into him and see if it would n't stir him up a little. You see, he got into trouble in his own country, and instead of staying like a man to fight it out, he came away, and left his folks to take care of it for him, like a coward as he was. And when he got here, he got a good chance to enter the rebel service, he in he goes, and he come out skinned; and that's all that is required. He got his pay, and that's all that is required.

Well, sir, my name was Riley—Michael Riley. [You are a little riled, ain't you?] I am riled in more senses than one. I'm getting over it now. But, you see, I'm here to reach my folks, if I can, some way. I've been told in the spirit-world by two or three priests that it's pretty easy done. And if it is, I'd like to get at 'em. I'd like to tell 'em that I'm on pretty good ground to come back here; that the way is open for me to come back and talk to them; and I want to tell them about what they won't get at all, never will get at all, any other way.

It is like this: I had a brother die in Ireland, you know. Well, there was a sort of a little—I don't know as it was—there was a very straight-forward feeling existing between him and me. He thought I had some queer ideas, and there was sort of a coldness between us. When he died, he had a few pounds, maybe. Well, I don't know how much he had; not much, anyway; and it seems they've heard of his death, and they believe after I'm dead they're to have it.

It's not much my brother left. They'd better let it alone altogether. It's not worth looking for. That's my advice to them. Oh, they can peg away at it as much as they like, but all their pegging won't amount to anything. He's dead, and so am I, and we shake hands together in the spirit-world, and it's all right. And he knows very well, as well as I do, that it won't pay to look after it.

And if they want to know any more about it, just give me a chance to talk with them face to face. I was looking around for one of these mediums the other day, and I found a fellow smoking away. Oh, thinks I, would n't I like to go in there? He was smoking his pipe so easily, I thought I'd like to go in to him. I asked the one who has charge of this place, and he said you could if there was any knocking for you outside, any of your friends. I like that. I'd like to take a half hour's smoke there. He was in New York.

[What was his name? Do you remember?] I don't know, sir. He's a fat, good-looking chap, the one I mean, sir. [Probably it was Mr. Foster.] He was having a good time, so I just thought I'd like to speak there. Oh I put up with this way, but then it's not just the right way for me. [You don't like the uniform, I suppose?] It's not like the old 29th Massachusetts at all; no, sir, it's not at all like it.

I wonder how Tom Cass would look dressed up in clothes like these? how he would do? I went out in his regiment; yes, sir. [Have you a family?] Yes, a wife and child.

Now how is that? I have given here to be got to my folks? [If they think well of this message, they'll probably call you to them.] If they don't think well enough of it, I suppose I'll stay out in the cold. Oh well, themselves will get the worst of it, not me. At any rate, I'm willing to wait and see.

I'm happy in the spirit-world. Oh I'm jolly as can be, only when I get in a crowd that don't think as I do about things. I got along side of that chap, got thinking what a fool he was, and I wanted to thrash the fool out of him. Well, I suppose it's all right with him now. They say "it takes all sorts of people to make a world," and if it's so, why, I suppose there must be some fools, as well as wise ones. I wouldn't said a word at all, if he'd been in the rebel army because he wanted to go, because he thought it was right to fight for the South. Ah, he went for the one that would pay him the most. That's mean.

Well, sir, do you say you print it? How much is it a line? [More than you could pay.] Oh, I don't know about that. Let me see; I paid twenty cents a line for a funeral notice when I was here. [This message is free.] Ah, it is? Then I'm very much obliged to you, sir. [Wore you in the 9th or 29th regiment?] Is it me you're talking to? [Yes.] I was first in the 9th, then I was in the 29th afterwards. I went out in the 29th, and died; that is it; the devil it is! I wish you'd get up some better word—gone aloft, in a balloon, or anything like it.

Well, sir, I'm much obliged, then, for your printing me for nothing. I'm to pay you, then, I suppose, in the good wishes, if I have nothing else. [Pay us by helping somebody else.] In what way, sir? Thrash them when they need it? You see I was in that business sometimes when here, and I've not got out of it yet. Ah, it's a good business, you know, if it's followed for good. When you see a chap, you know, that will be likely to make a fool of himself, then it's best to thrash him, isn't it? [That would n't be our way of dealing with him.] Oh I see you're one of the quiet kind, what would n't thrash a mosquito. Well, it's all right. Good-day to you, sir, and a happy voyage to you when you cross to the other side! April 23.

### White Antelope (an Indian).

White Antelope comes, and his heart, like the heart of Little Crow, is hot. There is vengeance in his soul, planted there by the Great Spirit.

So the great warrior Chivington has spoken. He says to his people, "It is the voice of the devil; shut your ears!"

White Antelope comes to tell his people that it's the voice of the Great Spirit. And the Great Spirit says that the warrior Chivington is a coward, a liar; he's a murderer; he's worse than the Indian ever could be. He goes out to murder squaws and papooses; and when the braves meet him in open fight, he goes like a coward back in the war path, and sends his men forward. He's a coward! He's a squaw!

White Antelope comes to tell him that while he lives here, White Antelope will follow on his trail as long as there is one of his people left; and he will die like a dog, with nothing to bury him with. White Antelope will leave the trail only when the last of his race go from the earth to the hunting ground of the Great Spirit.

Tell him White Antelope curses him, and the Great Spirit offers no frowns for his curses. Tell him that he has given the red man great cause to hate him; and White Antelope has gone among his people, and he has stirred their hearts to war. And before the corn is gathered, many white men will die, because White Antelope and his squaws and papooses have killed. Tell him, when he prays to the Great Spirit, to ask him if he will that White Antelope should come? If he will that White Antelope should follow his war trail?

White man, you put in your talking sheet, and White Antelope will be your friend, not your enemy. He has learned in the hunting-ground of the Great Spirit who are his friends; and he follows his friends with kind deeds, and his enemies with vengeance.

Go, white man, and when you meet White Antelope's people, tell them he lives, and the Great Spirit speaks to his red children, and he loves his red children as he loves his white children.

Tell the warrior Chivington, when you meet him, that the Great Spirit frowns upon him, and White Antelope is bitter toward him. April 23.

Séance opened by Theodore Parker; closed by George A. Redman.

### Invocation.

Leave us not in temptation. Oh Holy Spirit, by which the soul is able to discern between right and wrong, leave us not when the shades of temptation gather around us. Be near unto us, oh Holy Spirit, wise and true, through all the experiences of life. Let us behold thy smiling face, even when the midnight clouds are around us. Let us understand thy presence even in death. Let us know, oh Holy Spirit, that thy loving arms are around us forever. And oh, endow us with the power to teach thy mortal children that they are safe in thee; that when they ask for thy presence, thou art with them; that when they pray, being tempted, thy Holy Spirit will minister unto their needs.

Oh grant, Great Spirit of Infinite Truth, that we may so understand these ourselves, that we may be able to impart the knowledge to those unto whom we come. Oh, let us read things open volume aright. Let us drink at the fountain of thy Truth. And let us, oh Wondrous Spirit, be satisfied through our own conscious lives. Let us understand, oh Spirit of Beauty and Power, that thou art our Father, our Life, our only support. Let us feel that whether tempted or otherwise, thou wilt never leave us. Oh let our prayers for faith, for a divine realization of thy being, lift us nearer to thee. Let our prayers be indeed wings of light, that shall bear us away from the shades of darkness; that shall lead us away from evil, and crown us with everlasting glory. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen. April 23.

### Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By A. H. L., of Marietta, Iowa: It is the opinion of geologists, I believe, that the surface of the earth is becoming more irregular and uneven, is not the reverse true? And if so, will not the continual change of deposit by waterfalls and river currents, in time so change the

shores of the ocean as to make portions of its present bed dry land?

ANS.—It is hardly possible to determine which theorist is right, and which is wrong, in this case. The earth has been at a previous period in a more uneven state than at present. And again, at another period it has been in a more level, even state. The earth, in its external manifestation, pays due allegiance to its own law. It never forsakes its own law, but unfolds in accordance with that law. Thousands of years in the past, this present dry location was entirely submerged; but in process of unfolding or change, we find the dry land appears, the tide of civilization comes forth. But by-and-by, again, in the process of unfolding, this location will again be submerged. And these cities will be known only in history, and perhaps not even there. Taken as a whole, we believe that the earth presents, so far as its surface is concerned, conditions nearly similar to the conditions that existed upon it three thousand years ago; differing, to be sure, according to location; for instance, water might have been here where the dry land is seen, and the reverse. Yet taken as a whole, the earth presents much the same appearance on the surface as it did three thousand years ago. So we are informed by those who tell us that their knowledge is something more than speculation. They who were here and blessed with memory concerning that time, know of what they speak.

CHAIRMAN.—A spirit came and said that he lived here in this vicinity some seven thousand years since, and there were cities and intelligences quite equal to the present day. Did he, in your opinion, tell the truth?

A.—We believe he told the truth. For ourselves, we have no means of ascertaining for a certainty concerning the truth of this statement, but if we are to believe the testimony of any individual, we may as well believe his testimony, for his life in the spirit-world is by no means an unjust life. As far as we are able to discern, it presents in the external, kindness, love, charity, all those higher soul qualities that lead us to believe in his statement. He is of himself a philosopher deeply read in the history of the earth. He is no speculator. He may be deceived, and it's possible you may be deceived when you are looking at the sun.

SPRINT.—If you have no other question to present, we will answer one that we have received from a distance, from an intelligence in London. He prefaces his query with the following remarks:

"I am a philosopher. I drink at the fountain of facts. I ignore all things that cannot prove themselves as truths to me, by stern, unmistakable facts. I have never been a believer in any kind of religious theory, because to me all religion is founded on moonshine, having no foundation in fact whatever. Now can you, who purport to dwell in the land of souls, give me any light concerning religion? Is there any that is founded upon reality? or in other words, can I marry philosophy and religion? If I can, I will bow down and serve them; I will become the most devout worshiper at that shrine."

To our mind, philosophy and religion have long been united; in fact, they never have been separated. That religion that is without philosophy, is no religion at all. Religion is a something that is intended for soul food, something by which the soul receives nourishment. And the soul, from its standpoint as a soul, demands that its religion should be a religion of philosophy. It cannot feast upon any other religion. A man's external senses may be satisfied with the religion that is afloat on the earth, but the soul is not satisfied with it, for the soul is, of itself, a fountain of philosophy. Therefore whatever will satisfy the soul must correspond with the soul. Every religion under the stars that has not got a philosophical foundation, is not the religion that will satisfy the soul. But all true religion, that which is of God, that which is everlasting, that religion has for its resting-place a philosophic base, and will bear the test of all philosophy. You may take it and put it within the crucible of common sense, and, if it does not stand the test, it is no religion at all. We do not wonder that the philosophers of all ages have been wont to step aside from the received notions of religion; that they have been wont to stand querying, perhaps all their lives, with regard to the truthfulness of religion; that they never have, many of them, attained a belief in religion of any sort. The greatest philosophers of the ages have been infidel to all kinds of religion. But this need not have been, for that true religion that cometh down from God, our Father, is a religion that is philosophic in itself. Religion and Philosophy, oh our friend, are one, to our mind; and that which does not bear the test of philosophy, is not fit for use. It is but a worn-out garment that the senses in external life have made use of. The soul never did use it, and never will. April 23.

### Robert Layle.

I am so strongly carried back to the time I was here, that I seem to live again there, and suffer again just what I did. Yes, I died at Salisbury, one of the prison-pens at the South, and my people have never had any direct information concerning my death. So I have worked very hard to get here to give it.

My name was Layle—Robert Layle. I am from New Haven, Connecticut. I went out in the 11th Connecticut, and from there I shall be registered, I suppose. I had the brain fever after I was taken prisoner, and I feel that and my wounds altogether. But I want my folks to know—my mother and all my folks to know—that I died satisfied, and had no fear; and that I am in a condition to return, now that this thing is true. It is true. There is no question about it—it is true.

One of our family, an uncle, or rather an uncle by marriage—he married my mother's sister—was somewhat interested in this Spiritualism, and he got very enthusiastic over it, and they said he was insane. I don't know whether he was or not. At any rate, they put him in the asylum, and I rather prejudiced our people against it. They never dared to have anything to do with it. I do not know whether he was insane or not, but I presume he might not have been. But I want them to let that make no difference—if he is insane—about their believing in Spiritualism. I do not know whether he is or not, but they'd better find out; but never let that prejudice them against Spiritualism, if it makes all the world insane. And we who stand knocking at the door for admittance, if we're kept waiting outside too long, may yet disengage and leave altogether.

My folks have heard that I was shot while in the prison; that I tried to get a little more of the rations than was allowed me, and was shot in the attempt. That's a mistake, although I've seen it done. But it was not done to me. I fled no doubt from 'ill' treatment, from exhaustion, from my wounds and sickness, but I wasn't shot, as they have heard.

And I'd say here, that my watch, that was given me by four of my friends before I left, is, nigh as I can ascertain, in the hands of a man by the name of Palmer. I'm quite sure it is Josiah Palmer. He is in Tennessee. He was out duty in the prison, I believe, for something; that was he received whatever he had when he entered the

prison. He was one of the number who guarded the miserable place. I speak of this circumstance as a means of identification; and to prove to them, too, that I can come back; that I have the power to see things here on the earth; and that I do live. Now if that man is anywhere where my message here can reach him, I hope he'll be kind enough to transfer the watch to its rightful owner, Mrs. Robert Layle—she ought to have it—of New Haven, Connecticut.

I am happy in the spirit-world, only when I realize the fact that it's hard to get back and reach our friends through their prejudices. That is all that makes me unhappy. And as to my religion, it was good enough for me. It carried me safe through, and although I've not realized all I expected, yet I've realized far better than I deserved, and I am entirely satisfied. If my friends only knew what an effort I've made to come back for their good, they'd hardly be willing to shut the door while I was out.

(To the Chairman.) I thank you, sir, for your aid; hope I may in some way be able to repay you. April 23.

### Captain William Flowers.

I said if there was any truth in this spiritual revelation, I would return after I'd got through and report concerning it. Seems to me it's altogether too late in the day to set up any argument to prove that it's not true, for I believe it's pretty firmly established its own truth. I can only hope to add a very small mite in this way.

They called me Captain Flowers—Captain William Flowers. I've been away nearly three years. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction about my death. My friends were not satisfied as to what disease I died of. One said I died of this thing, and another of that thing. But I say now, I've learned that I had cancer of the stomach.

And I would say to those who are left—my wife in particular—it is folly to be dealing with vain regrets concerning what might have been done. The very best that could have been done would not have saved me. I stopped here on the earth, no doubt, just as long as God intended me to stop here. But I believe had my friends have known just exactly what the trouble was, where it was, they could not have saved me. All that could be done would be to alleviate my sufferings and let me pass on as quietly as possible. That was done. I am satisfied, and I want them to be.

And as to this new life, this spirit-world, why, to me it is but a living and vivid representation of this earth. I have never realized that I've been separated from earth, yet I have realized that I am separated from the crude particles of earthly matter. But I mean that I am in this locality. I'm here, and I want my friends to so understand it. Instead of feeling that at some day they are going to some distant locality to meet me, they may feel that I am with them nearly every day, right here. The idea that the spirit-world is located at some place distant from this earth, is not true; for if I am dead, am a disembodied spirit, I must of necessity be in it, if the spirit-world is right here. I know that my testimony is as good as the testimony of ten thousand people. I was in the habit of telling the truth when here, and I tell it now. I know the spirit-world is here. I know I am here, and I know that the mystery of modern Spiritualism is simply its simplicity. It is so exceedingly simple that you call it mysterious.

If I can benefit any of my friends, I shall be glad to do so. I am satisfied to do all the good that may come in my way, and never mean to shirk any duty. If my friends sorrow, I mean to help them. If they're joyous, I mean to enjoy their pleasure.

I'm obliged to you, Mr. Chairman. Good-day. April 23.

### Lois Vanstene.

I said I should come. I told my mother I was coming back here; yes. I want you to write my name—Lois Vanstene. At five o'clock this morning, [Monday, April 26th, 1897.] I was in my own body. I told mother I should come right here today; come right here. She thought I couldn't. She thought I'd be too weak, even if it was true that we could come.

I was twenty years old the second day of last month. I have been sick, in all, two years. I fell on the stairs, and injured my spine, and then went into consumption. But I had such beautiful visions while I was sick, and I could talk with my friends in spirit-life, and they told me all about the spirit-world, and so I told mother.

We were poor, very poor, and sometimes we knew not how we were to live. Don't think less of me and my mother because we lived in New York City, in that locality you know as the "Five Points," will you? We did n't always live there. When I was born my father was a merchant in New York, was called wealthy, and we lived in a respectable part of the city.

A spirit calling herself Madame De Stael used to come to me, and she told me she would bring me right here as soon as I was free. I believed her, and she has.

I want my mother to be happy, and to let them bury me as they will. It makes no difference. I shall come to her, and I know she will recognize me—I know she will. And what's better than all, before the snow falls again she'll be with me. So she need n't worry.

Mother! dear, dear mother! [the medium exhibiting deep emotion.] You see, sir, I'm in such rapport with my mother, and she is, this moment weeping wildly over my body, that is why I cannot do better. Two bodies—one here, and one there! There, I must go to her now. Print it, won't you? [Certainly.] April 23.

### Captain S. S. Sully.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I feel somewhat peculiar on being obliged to step into the place that has been so recently vacated by one altogether superior to myself. But nevertheless I shall try to be myself.

You will recollect, Mr. Chairman, you were visited a short time since by an Indian, and he manifested quite a degree of vindictiveness toward one of the politically defunct officers of our army, Col. Obivington. Well, I too have a little account to settle with him; and as I am averse to long standing accounts, I think the sooner he settles up the account with me, the better it will be for him, and me, too. Consequently I have intruded myself upon your presence to-day.

He has the audacity, it seems, to make speeches here and there, against modern Spiritualism, denouncing it, in his way, declaring all these things to be false, and warning his hearers against believing them; and cites in proof of his being of the devil, this message from White Antelope.

Now, then, whether it is of the devil or the other person, it matters very little to me. Whatever it is, I shall avail myself of it to square up the little account between him and me; not with a vindictive spirit, but with a spirit of stern justice. The man is walking the earth spitting out his falsehoods here and there, and they're being en-







