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Literary Department.

(Original.)

SONG OF THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY H. CHAY 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 wildwood'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 "LIFE AND DEATH," "HE DOETH ALL 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 naif 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, too! Wait half a dozen years, mon cher, until Miss Minnie 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 Critchton,' Harry Devere, failed, and is 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 mousetailed 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 gaily 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 éclat 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 laudatory repartees to words of love, my easy acceptance of attention and admiration, my ever ready "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles," the first in every scene of mirth and pleasure, the acknowledged leader of every revel—ah! little they fancied that beneath all lay a heart quivering with the anguish of a deadly stoked an ever-present consciousness of a trust betrayed!

The quiet stars, which looked down many 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 grey eyes to their fullest extent, and prepare that little rosebud mouth for any amount of ohs, for—for—my hero has come! You remember that beautiful story we used to love, 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 chère*. But if you guess from now until you are gray, you'd still be far from the truth. So up courage, and out with it! Mr. Carleton! Yes, the beau-ideal of Sally's girlhood, and the veritable angel that she deputed him, too! Apropos, Sally 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 jilted 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—ply is akin to love, you know. And now, six weeks, 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 not secondary importance, to lay violent hands on a certain belle of your town, who shall be nameless at present, and bear her, *volens, volens*, to our Western home. So hold these in readiness, for you must 'stand by' even unto 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 groomsmen with you, and you must do your duty and fall in love with him; all those New York beaux *au contraire!*"

I loved! Ah, Nellie, I had tasted that apple of Sodou 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 deferring to her. While she had advanced, I, like most who mature unnaturally 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? A pure, trusting affection so expanded 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 slanting me, as every one else, out from your heart, your 'inner self.' It seems to me that you are ever 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 formulae 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!

"I see, 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 scoffer at Spiritualism. 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 fanciful, 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 Mahometans 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!* 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 apropos 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, or cause 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 Minnie," (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, ever 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 "Emlie"! 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 placed 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 still 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 by 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 queenly 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 they every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed 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 in

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

"My dear Minnie, mediums are not 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 aught 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 fail 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 drill 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, unknowing 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 bewitched 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, Nelly entered with as much zeal 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 nor 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 *Alta*, 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 brief pulsations 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 29, Station D, New York City.

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

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

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.

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.

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 gems.

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.

"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."

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.

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

"How divinely sweet Is the pure joy when kindred spirits meet, Like him, the river god, whose waters flow With love, their only light, through caverns below; Waiting in triumph all the flowery braids And festal rings, with which Olympian maids Have decked his current, as an offering meet To lay at Arethusa's shining feet."

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-Beholding. Go the world over and you will not 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.

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 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 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 as a proof of the infinite power of the human spirit.

TO MY OLDER FRIENDS WHO READ THE ORIGIN OF THE 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 "tintinnabulations," 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, briars, 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 veriest 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 fail 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 HARDINGE.

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 Hardinge 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 Corry 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?" Inharmonious, 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 says, 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 whorl'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 manufactory 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 souls washed away by any theological sponge; that they are none the better for church membership, or the faithful payment of pew rents; that cells, 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 impus notwithstanding.

If, then, ecclesiastical trumpet cannot excuse the sinner, or the lack of it degrade the good—if there are no sects, churches, atomisms, &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 creeds 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.

I once conversed with a very intelligent Mahometan, who was not only a firm believer in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, but a good seeing 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 sifted 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 ceremonials 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 mummbling over some Latin formulae 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 dares, 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 superstitious 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 feebly 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 successes 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 minute scraps of truth are doled out by men stifled 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 Utopia" 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, 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 23d, 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 the 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 unqualified than the good, hence, they consign 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 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 can have no 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 some name 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 abrogated.

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, 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 disciples 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. Loveland.

land, and not evil, per se, and he forewarns me not to meet him in the source of evil—that is, the soul's incarceration in an animal body—but to meet him on ground which both he and I repudiate; namely, the existence of evil per se. Now when I meet a man on his own ground, he ought not to complain that his arguments are not noticed. This I have endeavored to do in the above reply copied from the Spiritualist, and the reader can judge of the justice of Bro. L.'s statement that "his critics have taken special care not to quote a single argument of his or attempt an answer."

Now, Bro. Loveland, I think the misapprehension of which you complain has arisen from your own conflicting statements. Let me cite an example. You put the following query to me in the Republic of February 23d:

"Does Bro. Lane mean to say that culture, here, or in the Summer-Land, involves necessarily unhappiness or evil? Why the teaching of our dispensation, is that a true method of education is a flowery pathway through fields of beauty and pleasure. Does not Bro. Lane know this to be true? Does not every person know that labor even, is not in itself painful, but the reverse? What then becomes of his conclusion of evil as a consequence of culture in the future life?"

In contrast with this language I would call your attention to your article, headed "Cure of Evil," in the Republic of March 9th.

"Man's spiritual progress is thus the cause of evil. To be sure, were not man ignorant, the terrible of the conflict might be avoided in a measure, but he is, and the way to wisdom is paved with thorns and flooded with blood and tears. In this vast amount of suffering, superficial observers would see a terrible defect, or a terrible fall. These multitudinous ills are to them the evidences of a fearful wickedness, or a malicious devil, or both. They indicate neither one, nor the other, but they do show that the progress of man involves necessarily pain, sin and sorrow. However, these are incidental to certain stages of that progress, and are destined to grow less and less until we reach the long looked for period of peace and joy."

Thus, at one time, you affirm that "culture either here or hereafter does not involve, necessarily, unhappiness or evil;" but in the last quotation you explicitly declare the reverse, in saying that "these multitudinous ills show that the progress of man involves necessarily pain, sin and sorrow." Now, if "the way to wisdom is paved with thorns and flooded with tears," what becomes of your "flowery pathways through fields of beauty and pleasure?" Your true method of education cannot be a *wise* method, for the moment we are inducted into the way to wisdom, we are not "dripping with blessedness," but "flooded with tears." (If the way to wisdom is paved with thorns, what is the way to vice paved with?) I observe incongruities running through your whole series of articles, and I respectfully submit that your complaint of misrepresentation should be laid at your own door.

One word in reference to your statement, "That the modes of spirit-life are as incomprehensible to us as our life is to the gorilla." You call my criticism on the above statement, a "squib." It seems, then, when I fire what you call a "squib," you are ready to honor me with your attention, but when I address to you candid argument, on your own ground, lo, you are silent. I confess that I do not know how much of our life is within the comprehension of the "gorilla," but if your "gorilla" is like Balaam's beast, and can speak for himself, I would like to take his testimony. You say that you carefully qualified and explained your gorilla statement. I have looked in vain for any qualification that would modify the bearing of my criticism. Qualify and explain your gorilla statement as much as you please, yet so long as you let that statement stand in any form, it will be repugnant to the intuitions, and degrading to the common sense of every enlightened Spiritualist.

Progress Absolute.

The history of the past has come down to us with the halo illumined by the false light of pretended divine revelations. All manifestations of the phenomena of mind are magnified according to their remoteness from the present. The unfolding of the spiritual nature is no exception, in whatever direction it was manifested. We believe that the spiritual nature and the powers of mind have unfolded in harmony with the law of progress. Hence we do not believe that any individuals of past time were spiritually illumined, spiritually unfolded, or were possessed of spiritual powers equal to the highly developed mediums of the present day. Besides, these powers are unfolded as they have never been before, in the use, beauty and variety of their manifestation, as per example in the production of spirit portraits, in psychometric reading, and other spiritual phenomena. We are sure that Dr. Newton has never had his peer among those who possessed healing powers in all past time, and Mrs. J. A. Michener—who has recently removed from Philadelphia to New York—has her interior nature so finely attuned in harmony with spirit-life, that she almost lives and breathes among the bright forms in the summer-land. Her clairvoyant powers are exceedingly acute in holding communion with and describing spirits. Revelations through her have been truly astounding, as well as the clearness with which she sees disturbances in the interior of the physical organism.

In our view, the law of progression is a "fixed fact," absolute as time, unerring as God and Nature. If we believe in progress, we cannot base our moral standard upon the authority of any individual of the past. The Mosesses, Christs and Mahomets of the present time are more numerous, more gifted, more highly unfolded and superior in point of morality and love for humanity, than those of long centuries past.

He who believes in the authority of the past shall not be saved; but he that believeth in himself and the law of progress shall enjoy and reap as he has sown and labored in behalf of humanity.

LEON HYNEMAN.

Inconsistency.

I wish to express a few thoughts on the inconsistent and absurd position held by those believing the doctrines of the Churches. They object to the modern spiritual inspirations and manifestations, that they are contrary to reason, and that there is no proof of their coming from spirits in the unseen, and to us, future life. Now why they should present this as an objection, is difficult to understand; for to them it is or can be no ground for disbelief that these things are not in accordance with reason, or even that there is no proof of them. For they believe the doctrines of the Churches, which must be acknowledged to be unreasonably and absurd, and impossible to prove. They admit this, and say that reason must not be exercised on these doctrines; they must be believed without reason—without any, the slightest reason! So it is no objection to anything that it is not in accordance with reason, "blind human reason."

Now why do they not bring some other objection to this "modern manifestation"? They have none. This is all they can say: "It is not reasonable; it wants proof. By their own showing, there is no force in this argument, and they really bring nothing against it." J. H.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION,

Held at Muncie, Ind.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Spiritualists of the State of Indiana met in Convention at Muncie, Delaware Co., to take into consideration the proposed State Organization, etc., Friday, May 31, 1867. The friends met in Spiritualists' Hall, and commenced business by electing Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, President, and Mary Thomas Clark, Secretary.

Morning Session.—Business commenced by the Secretary proceeding to enroll the names of delegates from different parts of the State. A Business Committee of three were then appointed, viz: James Hook, Terre Haute; Agnes Cook, Richmond; William Lynn, Muncie. The Committee reported programme for afternoon session. Adjourned.

Afternoon Session.—Speakers present, Moses Hull, Mary Thomas Clark, Warren Smith, and Mr. Griggs of Wisconsin.

After music by the choir, Mrs. Mary T. Clark addressed the meeting on organization. Then followed a discussion on the question, "Shall we organize?" which was earnest, animated and harmonious throughout, there being but slight difference of opinion upon that subject, all seeming to feel the importance of organized, energetic action to bring about the glorious results of Spiritualism. Adjourned.

Evening Session.—The meeting was called to order by the President, and the following committee appointed to select officers (permanently) for the Convention: Moses Hull, Enos Lewis, A. G. Gardner, Mrs. Bond, Dr. Westerfield. The committee immediately proceeded to business, and reported as follows:

President.—Dr. Hill, Knightstown.

Vice President.—Agnes Cook, Richmond.

Secretary.—Mary T. Clark, Williamsport.

Treasurer.—William Lynn, Muncie.

Finance Committee.—John C. Matthews, Chairman, Muncie; Silas Small, Greensboro; Enos Lewis, Jay Co.; S. Maxwell, Richmond; Mr. Eldridge, Indianapolis.

Committee for Organization, Draft Constitution, etc.—Moses Hull, Chairman; James Hook, Terre Haute; Enos Lewis, Jay Co.; Silas Small, Greensboro; J. K. Buel, Indianapolis.

Committee on Resolutions.—A. G. Gardner, Chairman, Greensboro; James Hulton, Terre Haute; Dr. Westerfield, A. G. Gardner, Muncie; Dr. W. Clark, Williamsport; Mrs. Agnes Cook, Richmond; Dr. Hill, Knightstown; Hiram Gregg, Muncie. The business here closed. Music by the choir, followed by a lecture from Moses Hull. Meeting adjourned.

Saturday Morning Session.—Business commenced by report of Organization Committee. Moses Hull, Chairman, presented a paper embodying the following:

INDIANA STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

CONSTITUTION.

Preamble. We, the Spiritualists of Indiana, in Convention assembled, for the purpose of forming ourselves into an Association for disseminating the truths of spirit communication, do hereby declare the fact of the existence of man beyond the grave, and his power to still hold intercourse with those on earth, have no need to offer other than that man should live in accordance with the laws of God, and that we do in the laws of progression, we regard all the avenues of knowledge, investigation and usefulness as the right of every individual, and that every man should be free to follow truth and right, and in matters of religion every person should rely on his or her private judgment, and to effect such an organization, do hereby adopt the following:

ARTICLE I. This Society shall be known as the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists.

ARTICLE II. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Finance Committee of five persons, who, together with the President and Secretary, shall constitute a board of Trustees, to be elected annually, and to hold their offices until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE III. It shall be the duty of the President to preside over all meetings of the Society, to sign all orders on the Treasurer, under the receipt of the board of Trustees, and to see that all business is usually devolved upon such officers.

ARTICLE IV. It shall be the duty of the Vice President to aid the President in the discharge of his duties, and in his absence to assume the duties of his office.

ARTICLE V. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of the proceedings and acts of the Association, to attend to its correspondence, to call the meetings, and in case of the absence of the President and Vice President, to perform their duties until another shall be elected.

ARTICLE VI. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive such funds as the Trustees shall require, to receive and disburse the funds of the Association, and to render semi-annually, or as often as may be required, an account of all moneys received or disbursed for the Association.

ARTICLE VII. It shall be the duty of the Trustees to call all meetings of the Association; to elect all officers to fill vacancies; to see that all business is usually devolved upon such officers, and to report their doings to the annual meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE VIII. The members of this Association shall consist of delegates elected by Societies throughout the State, each Society being entitled to three delegates, and an additional delegate for every additional ten members over the first ten.

ARTICLE IX. A majority vote of all the members present at any Association, when it does not contravene these articles, shall control; ten members necessary for all other matters.

ARTICLE X. All moneys received for the objects of this Association, shall be raised by voluntary contribution.

ARTICLE XI. This Association shall meet on the 1st of May, by a vote of two-thirds of their number, and shall be deemed necessary for the transaction of its business.

ARTICLE XII. The Association shall hold annual meetings at such time and place as shall be designated by the board of Trustees.

ARTICLE XIII. Any person desiring to assist in carrying out the objects of this Association, (who resides within the State of Indiana,) can become a member by signing this Constitution.

The Articles of this Constitution were received and read by one, discussed and adopted. The Committee on Resolutions reported the following Preamble and Resolutions:

Whereas, The Spiritualists of Indiana, desiring to cut loose from all bigotry, believing that inspiration is as efficient now as in the past, desiring to organize so as best to aid mankind, and to do this by the means of spirit communication, do hereby declare that it is the duty of a State organization to exert its influence in organizing local Societies where at present there are none, as well as to give an increased stimulus to the already existing ones, and to give them increased efficiency.

Resolved, That it should present a practical system by which the Society should be organized, and to carry on its meetings in the absence of regular speakers.

Resolved, That inasmuch as we aim at individualization as a leading element in the Spiritualist Philosophy, we should make dependent instead of free men and women, therefore resolved that self-reliance is the only medium through which success is achieved in educational development, without regard to sex or color, is a principle which the State is justly bound to regard as a duty toward all its children, born or raised in its educational system, and to give them the same rights, excluding social influence, thus leaving the mind free.

Resolved, That true freedom has no distinction in sex or color; woman is man's equal, and as such has a right to equal privileges; that she is as independent of him as he can be of her; each one being self-reliant, and that the rights of the individual rights of conjugal relations a true man and womanhood.

Resolved, That spirit manifestations are the most positive and satisfactory evidence of a future life.

Resolved, That in the Progressive Locomotive movement we see the germ of our future prosperity, and will give it our hearty support.

After some discussion, a special committee was appointed for the social question, and committee to consist of Moses Hull, Chairman, Dr. Hill, Dr. Westerfield, Mrs. Dr. Hurlburt, Agnes Cook.

After music by the choir, the meeting adjourned till afternoon.

Afternoon Session.—Meeting called to order by the President. The special committee on the social question reported three resolutions on love, marriage and maternity:

Preamble. Whereas, certain opponents of Spiritualism have raised the cry of "Free Love" after Spiritualists in general, and whereas, certain Spiritualists have caused offense by preaching and practicing the lowest forms of animalism; therefore be it

Resolved, That Spiritualism repudiates all reports that, as a religious system, it leads to unchastity, or conjugal infidelity, as a slanderous libel on its fair character.

Mrs. Mong, Mr. B. Reed, Mr. Free. The meeting then adjourned.

Sunday Morning Session.—Minutes of conference read and adopted; signing constitution; music by choir; notice of God, and recitation of the Lord's Prayer; address by Moses Hull, on the works that I do shall be also done. After much weighty argument, he proposed that a conference be got up, to be composed of Church delegates and Spiritualists, the object being to prove, by signs of healing, &c., who are the true followers of Christ, the Churches or Spiritualists.

Afternoon Session.—The committee to nominate officers for State organization reported as follows: President—Byron Reed, Kokomo. Vice Presidents—Agnes Cook, Richmond; James Hook, Terre Haute. Secretary—E. F. Brown, Richmond.

Treasurer.—Samuel Maxwell, Richmond; J. H. Hudson, Terre Haute; Wm. T. Clark, Williamsport; Hiram Gregg, Ellettsville; J. K. Buel, Indianapolis; and the report was adopted.

Warren Smith, as Chairman of committee, presented an address, which was read, adopted, and ordered to be printed in pamphlet form, together with the Constitution.

Resolved, that the Finance Committee make arrangements for printing one thousand copies. Warren Smith was introduced as speaker for the afternoon. His subject was "Reform."

After the reading of the report, Mrs. Mary Thomas Clark followed. She spoke upon the subject of "Reform." Warren Smith, Dr. Hill, Dr. Gardner, Mrs. Hurlburt and Mrs. Ives were appointed a committee to prepare an address to the Spiritualists of the State. Adjourned.

Evening Session.—Music; lecture by Moses Hull; vote of thanks to the attendants of this Convention; to the choir for their excellent services; to the officers, speakers, &c.; music; adjourned till next Convention.

The necessity of missionary effort in the State was considered, and nearly five hundred dollars subscribed to further that object.

The following are the resolutions offered by Warren Smith, and adopted by the Convention: Whereas, As Spiritualists we recognize in the violated and perverted practice of the age an urgent necessity of reform; and

Whereas, The popular religion of the day fails to embody and apply the necessary means for the eradication of vice and the elevation of the race, therefore be it

Resolved, That we repudiate the popular idea of the arbitrary kings, nobles, and priests, and instead thereof, recognize the Father and Motherhood of the infinite, impersonal, divine principle, and the Divine ideal relationship, an universal brother and sisterhood of man.

Resolved, That we recognize the generally received opinion of man's innate depravity, and recognize in man and woman the germ-power of angelic existence endowed with the faculty of free-will and improvement.

Resolved, That we discover in the vicious inclinations and tendencies of the age, the reflection of ancestral influence, hereditary sin, and the transmission of evil to the posterity; and in harmony with this discovery, would recommend the following remedial agencies:

Firstly, An increase of woman's individuality, by extending to her the rights and duties of man, and strict obedience to the requirements of justice and beneficence.

Secondly, The impartation to prospective parents of a knowledge of the true nature of marriage, as well as the laws of heredity and descent, thereby enabling them to effect harmonious unions, and to protect their children from the influence of those rare and precious endowments—health and beauty of body, and strength and harmony of mind.

Thirdly, The recognition of every department of a system of education that will apply equal force to all functions of body, as well as to every department of the mental or spiritual nature.

Fourthly, The recognition of vicious character as a calamity, and the adoption of all means in our power to reform the individual sufferer, by the application of sedative influences to his passions, and the cultivation of the noblest and most pure nature, thereby emancipating him from the dominion of appetite and passion.

And, lastly, extending on man the conviction that all hopes of happiness grounded on "penitence," "vicarious atonement," and "theological faith," will end in disappointment; and that the enjoyment of happiness here or hereafter, depends on the noble and virtuous development of the powers constituting the spiritual organism.

Resolved, That we cordially invite the *secularists*, as well as the *religious*, to unite with us in the eradication of evil, and further hereby pledge ourselves and recommend others to sustain our beautiful philosophy, and to unite with us in the support of the noblest and most pure nature, thereby emancipating him from the dominion of appetite and passion.

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Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

If among Spiritualists or the advocates of a natural religion, there are those who doubt the need of just such missionary work as is sought to be accomplished by the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association; or who question the faithfulness, efficiency and the utility of what has already been done, even without reference to the limited means at our command; or who still question the beneficial effects of associative effort to more generally diffuse spiritual light and truth—the practical result of combined action to more effectually promulgate the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, through the instrumentality of the above named agency—we hope they will "read, ponder and inwardly digest," the following report of Mrs. S. A. Horton, one of its agents, and who is known to be one of the most devoted, worthy and conscientious workers in the spiritual or reform field.

This Association has indeed a most significant meaning in its purpose is a holy one. Its agents are as unselfish and disinterested laborers in the master's vineyard as mortals can well be. Individually they can each secure greater pecuniary compensation with far less toll, of travel and less physical wear and tear, by simply driving their own single team. Their object, however, is not primarily to lay up treasure on earth. Called of God, commissioned by high heaven and attended by angelic hosts, they seek to everywhere proclaim that truth which makes us free—free from superstition and intolerance and the necessary evils which follow in their train.

Will the friends of mental freedom and of rational spiritual progression see to it that these and others like them, are kept before the public sustained and supported by your sympathy and your contribution? GEO. A. BACON, Cor. Sec'y, M. S. A.

REPORT OF MRS. S. A. HORTON, AGENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, MAY, 1867.

To George A. Bacon, Cor. Sec'y, M. S. A.: I have just returned from my native hills, home, kindred and friends to go out as agent for the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, commissioned to go into all parts of the State proclaiming the Gospel of Spiritualism. When obliged to leave in Boston (my temporary habitation for the last ten years), a trunk, the junction to the poor fisherman of eighteen hundred years ago came very forcibly to my mind: "Take neither purse nor scrip nor shoes, and salute no man by the way," would have seemed very appropriate for the occasion, had it not been for railroad fares and thorns that might possibly pierce my feet. With my large social nature, I could not quite make up my mind to sacrifice all for truth. Though this is a progressive age, many of these seemingly necessary appendages cannot very well and at once be laid aside.

With satchel in hand I started en route for Upton's Corner, Dorchester, to fill an appointment made by E. S. Wheeler, our worthy pioneer agent. I stopped at the home of Thomas Payson, where I found both a son and daughter of peace, with honest, hearty and pure eyes to receive and advance the truth. A fine audience of attentive listeners to discourses Sunday afternoon, and evening, with liberal contributions to the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, made me think this was the true way.

From Dorchester I have lectured twice on Sunday, and on Tuesday and Thursday evening of each week in the following places: Cohasset, Weymouth, Scituate, Marshfield, Duxbury, Kingston, Abington, Hanson, Plympton, Middleboro', Bridgewater, Stoughton and Randolph. These last few weeks have added many important items to my life's experience, which have been instructive and interesting to myself, and I hope beneficial to others.

I would report briefly, comparing notes with others, that through this associative effort all may judge something of the spiritual movement. Scarcely have I realized this as missionary work, as the name missionary has always been associated in my mind with intense suffering, privation and sacrifice. But, owing to well-arranged plans, I have but little idea of what might have been endured by some of my illustrious predecessors.

Truly the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association has a meaning in it, and with additional funds and suitable agents, will send truth and light to the world. Everywhere I find people ready to receive spiritual light and truth. They have only to know what Spiritualism is, and they gratefully accept it as the one thing needful to all. This Association gives me a position I have always desired—that of presenting this Spiritual Philosophy "without money and without price." But poverty being mine, by inheritance, I was unable to go without some compensation, which perhaps has prevented many from hearing. There is an undefinable charm and satisfaction in advertising a free lecture. When we have an admission fee, the people seem to start back with a feeling of holy awe, saying they prefer a free Gospel, and many very likely stay away for fear the speaker is trying to make money. I have full houses and attentive listeners, at almost every lecture, and the freedom of inquiry betokens a desire to investigate. The most perfect order and harmony which prevails, tells me truly there is an unseen hand directing the entire movement. Many of our co-laborers say, only give us money and we can spread Spiritualism. But I can now say, sustain the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association and give me health and strength that I may feel bold to stand up for the truth, and fear its potency. The multitudes are famishing for something they know not what, and when fed by the soul communications from the spirit-world, exclaim with rejoicing, "Eureka!" and are blest.

Mediums are being developed in almost every town I visit, endowed with a diversity of gifts, some of which are physical manifestations. One very interesting case is Anna L. Whitcomb, of South Hingham. While sitting with her one evening a guitar was played. Communications were given by raps, names spelled out, writings done with light sufficient to read, all of which were done with light sufficient to detect any deception on the part of the medium.

Another wonderful gift has been developed with Mrs. Mary Wood, of Hanover, Mass. A lady somewhat in years, has had the promise of support from the avails of oil paintings produced through her hand by spirits. They are symbolic, and to many very interesting.

I often think when assertions are made against physical manifestations, "shut-eyed mediums," and the like, that we fail to recognize the Intelligence already given, and that the invisible world is already here, and the same is still saying "the half has not been told." "Give us room, more room, and we will show you greater things." Mediums as healers of disease, are confounding the medical faculty, and I anticipate for Spiritualism an importance which will not oblige us to accept the names of Trinitarian or Unitarian in order to be received; but its facts, its demonstrations, will give it universal acceptance.

I have received several subscriptions for our glorious BANNER OF LIGHT—mostly half and subscriptions from those who avail themselves of the generosity of Father Calvin Hall's donation for the benefit of the Spiritualist cause. "Shall not the stars of heaven shine brightly upon his 'hoary head,' for thus extending the light to others? Noble investment. Who can measure this associative effort, if a few more of our worthy Spiritualists "go and do likewise"? More anon. S. A. HORTON.

"I'll wait for thee in the happiest valley of that happy country." Oh, blessed thought, though friends must sever here— Though all that's sweet and dear may pass away— There is a fairer, purer, holier sphere— And there is a spirit-land not "far away"— There may be our home when all things else decay.

We read of a novelty at the Paris Exposition in the shape of an artificial horse, which, when ready for the road, will travel twenty-five miles, and can then be wound up and again go the same distance, and so on ad infinitum.

Moses Hull and Mrs. Wilhelm in St. Louis.

DEAR FRIENDS—In view of the fact that the BANNER OF LIGHT is the organ of Spiritualism in America, and one of its greatest teachers, I presume again upon its columns with a local notice. Spiritualism in St. Louis is an actual and organized fact, as really so as any of the churches, as will be seen by the enclosed circular of organization, and to which if you choose you can make such allusion as you see fit.

The society here is

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 left 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 chanced 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 chanced 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 payed 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 snows of the ox, is force. I 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 it do her 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 snows 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. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & 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 a spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, 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 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 Layola 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 Church 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, (Ka.) June 18th. Mark the date. The last is dated St. Louis, June 19th, one day later. Isn't 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 business 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.

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 memorial. 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 exclusive 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 reunions 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 Plenio 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 plenio 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.

NOUQUE: 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 BEAUSEINCOURT. An episode extracted from the retrospect of Miriam Manfort. By the author of the "Household of Bouverle." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Whoever read that powerful and fascinating tale of the "Household of Bouverle" 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 unhealthily. 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 beauties 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 illustrious series. It is stirring, full of life and action, abounding with character and incident, and without an effused 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 CLERGYMAN'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.

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 with 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 Pletech, 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 \$1.50 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, "Gossip 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 Sybaris; 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 "Clifford" 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 Little's Cares, song and Chorus, by Wallace Kiltrede, author of "Tanting 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 "Tanting." Both are sung nightly at public concerts with great satisfaction.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued the "Merella 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 Infinity, 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 Patrolia, 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 proponent 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-wishers 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 until Tuesday afternoon of the present week after, Tuesday, 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.

We are indebted to Thomas Middleton, Esq., for a report of the Spiritualist Convention held at Stowe, 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.

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 his report for June. We hope funds sufficient will flow in to keep them steadily engaged in the noble work of insuagrating Children's Lyceums. There is work enough if the means are forthcoming.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The finest story continued on our first page is liked 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 us a destitute, 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 long team for boards and lumber. The inventor Benjamin Ryder, Jr., of South Orlington, Me. is a medium, and was aided in the construction of this new and convenient article by his invisibles.

Fail not to peruse, among other good things in his 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 \$200 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 shad— Dreams of the future, all their beauty dead.

ARLINGTON, 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 Sinal, 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 one 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.

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

Helibore 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 resistlessly 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 eclipsing the Old World. Not in 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. It is pointed by the best judges that the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organ, which has attained so great a reputation as being the far superior to any foreign instruments of the class. The last number of "New Zeitschrift für Musik," 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 quality of their organs. It is surprising that the demand for them is so large.—New York Musical Gazette.

New York Department.

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

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

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Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive with American Crisis, and Out of Spirituality. Sent by mail for \$1.00. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$1.00; postage 50 cts. Peep into Sacred Tradition, 10 vols. London Spiritual Magazine, and Human Nature, each 50 cts, monthly. Passions of Life, and Mutual, and any music our friends wish for to be found in the city will be sent to order by mail, carefully wrapped and prepaid. Send for the new music by Ditson. We have it. Man and His Relations. The great book by S. B. Britton. Price \$3.50; postage 40 cts. Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will post the postage when it is not over \$20.00. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law. A Woman's Secret. New and rich. Price \$1.75; postage 25 cts. Emporium, 41; postage 12 cts. Joan of Arc, 41; postage 12 cts. Queen Mab, 73 cts.; postage 9 cts. Seventy-five varieties of covered pamphlets.

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 quantity 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 in 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 screens 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 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 Puritanic 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 cosmopolite 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 newly arranged as to have the stamp of originality, such as Emerson, Parker, Pope, Shakspeare, 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 Bulwer down 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 seabeach.

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 scenery 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 walks 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 oftener 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 waters 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. B. Conklin is not dead, as several times reported, but 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 Dodworth'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, 30 cts., or \$1.00 for Dr. Trall'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 baits 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 Barum for Congress, he did not inform us.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simmons, Clairvoyant, Magnetic 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. Schenk, 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 enervated, 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 Pine 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. O. Hobbs, 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 stated to his friends his 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 lattice hall music and dancing; at 12 o'clock partake of refreshments; at 1 P. M. Lyceums form in order; opening address by N. B. 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.

MESSENGERS—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 26, 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 easily 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 corruspound 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 hospitalities 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., WARREN CHASE, } 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 31 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. Joslin and other friends throughout the State, 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 at SUMNER, ME., on the 4th of July, at the Grove of Lewis Blisbee. 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. Blisbee.

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.....\$71.14 CH. June 2. Cash from Albert Morton, of Manchester, N. H..... 20.00 " 3. From A. G. Giles, of Foxbury, Mass..... 10.00 " 7. From J. W. Smith, of Duxbury, Mass..... 10.00 " 8. Cash from Thos. R. Hazard, of Newport..... 50.00 " 13. From Henry J. Horn, New York City..... 5.00 " 22. From M. J. Crosby, Cantonville, Md..... 50.00 \$145.00 72.14 July 1. By balance on hand..... \$ 63.86 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 BENNY'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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

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

SUFFERERS FROM NEURALGIA, nerve-ache, and other painful nervous diseases, headache, hysterical affections, and general debility, who have not tested the efficacy of that valuable medicinal preparation, DR. TURNER'S TRO-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILLS, should do so without delay. It is the positive remedy. Apothecaries have it. PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail 75 postage stamps extra.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] In "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, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S .

Our terms are, for each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line 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.,

(GRATE 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, Palsy, Local and General Debility, P. Menny Consumption, &c., and in a word, all Medical Conditions affecting the Vital or Functional Action of the System.

DR. WILLIS brings to the practice of his profession, not only the advantage of a thoroughly scientific medical education, but also a rare gift of Instinctual 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 6 to 8 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 remedies for the cure of Consumption—the HYPOPHOSPHITES, as prepared from the formula of Dr. Churchill, of Paris, July 8.

PSYCHOMETRIC, CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC.

DR. E. A. PRATT, (OF MILFORD, MASS.)

Whose Cures have Attracted the Attention of Noted Practitioners, and DR. M. H. HOUGHTON, (OF PARIS, ME.)

THE WELL-KNOWN LECTURE on the TEMPERAMENTAL PHENOMENA, Physiology, Pharmacology and Psychometry, have opened rooms at 81 MAIN STREET, BILFORD, MASS., where they can be consulted on Wednesday and Friday of each week. Will examine at a distance by autograph, and medicine sent to all parts of the United States. For examination, \$1.00—TREATMENT extra.

DR. HOUGHTON also gives Temperamental, Physiological and Psychological Lectures, on the Character, embracing married events, and the leading traits—which to be cultivated and which restrained 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.

WARRANTED & GUARANTEED. Address, MILFORD, MASS. 1st—July 6.

DR. J. WORTHINGTON STEWART,

(OF 122 PLYMOUTH AVE., BOSTON, N. Y.) WILL LOCATE at 45 Prospect street, near Ontario street, Cleveland, O., July 9th, 1867.

CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES cured without medicine. His power of healing and mind-reading, as evidenced by the Great Spirit and the angelic world. Many are brought on beds to him, and laid up.

DR. STEWART sees and describes departed friends, and offers help to the spirit path to say. 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, can examine the patient; tell how they can be cured; and cure them, if, at the same time. One examination \$1. Thirty exercises to draw disease at a distance. 10c. Treats patients at a distance by letters, by drawing, or by the use of the "Great Spirit." Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 4w—July 6.

DR. RUTLEY,

WILL HEAL the sick; the poor in some public hall, FREE—those able to pay, in the parlors of one of the best hotels in PITTSBURGH, PENN., commencing about the 15th of August, 1867. July 6.

THE CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL.

SIXTH EDITION of the history of this wonderful work just published. A sensible, practical demonstration of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy. Contains a full account of the work up to the present time. Enclose 25 cts., and address GEO. A. SHUFFLET, JR., Drawer 6125, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States, the "NEWLY INVENTED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE." This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, blind, head and embroider in a most superior manner. It will run on any machine that will sew a straight, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Great Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from \$75 to \$200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. (RECEIVED & CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.)

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties peddling worthless cast-iron machines under the name of otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 4w—July 6.

WANTED—Agents, Book and News Dealers to sell the "Great Southwest," a description of Missouri and Kansas, incidents of two years' travel, with a new Township Map of the two States; price \$1.00; the usual discount to trade. Address, W. HIGGINS, July 6—2w Box 2462, St. Louis.

NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Test Medium, No. 6 Indiana street, Boston, Mass. July 6—1w

MRS. EMERSON, Healing and Developing Medium, No. 100 East 12th street, New York. July 6.

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

TALLMADGE & CO., CHICAGO, ILL. GREAT WESTERN DEPOT. FOR ALL SPIRITUAL AND REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

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.

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), ON MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

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.

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.

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.

QUESTIONS.—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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

I was on board the rebel ram "Tennessee," and I met with an accident. I got badly scalded. 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 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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 do not seem to know what is best for them.

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 mates after I was dead.

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.

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.

It is like this: I had a brother die in Ireland, you know. Well, there was a sort of a little—I do not know as it was—there wasn't a very straightforward feeling existing between him and me.

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.

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.

QUESTIONS.—By A. H. L., of Marietta, Iowa: 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

[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.

Now how is what I've 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.

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?

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

ANS.—It is hardly possible to determine which, be it right, and which is wrong, in this case. The earth has been at a previous period in a more advanced state than at present.

CHAIRMAN.—A spirit came and said that he lived here in this vicinity some seven thousand years since, and there were cities and intelligence quite equal to the present day.

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.

CHAIRMAN.—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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 died.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 n't done to me. I died no doubt from ill treatment, from exhaustion, from my wounds and sickness, but I was n't shot, as they have heard.

QUESTIONS.—By A. H. L., of Marietta, Iowa: 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

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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.

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.

(To the Chairman.) I thank you, sir, for your aid; hope I may in some way be able to repay you. April 29.

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.

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.

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.

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 29.

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 29th, 1867,] I was in my own body. I told mother I should come right here to-day; 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 29.

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. Chivington. 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 its 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-

grafted into the hearts of his hearers. Consequently he is injuring humanity wherever he goes. Now, in behalf of humanity, I propose to show him up.

White Antelope charges him with murdering squaws and papooses. I charge him with being my destroyer! If he can prove to the contrary, all right; he stands on better ground than I do. But until he shall, he's not acquitted. Now this spiritual tribunal is a tight place to get into, and if you once come within the bar, you don't get out until the uttermost farthing is paid. This slinging against a man's own conscience is bad business; never should be done.

That man knew just as well, when he engaged a man to injure me, that he was slinging against the God of his own soul, as he does to-day.

Well, then, seeing that he don't stand on ground that he is satisfied with himself, I'd recommend to him that he come to the sun of this truth, and meet it face to face, and acknowledge he's done what I've said he's done, and then die like a man. If he carries this red hot iron rankling in his heart, by-and-by, when the red skin gets a good hold of him, he will die like a dog, as White Antelope predicts. So if he wants to die like a man, and not like a dog, with a washed conscience, let him come right up to this great truth and acknowledge his sin. Yes, I do here publicly charge him with being my murderer. I stood in his way. I talked against him. I denounced him, and I denounced the Sand-Creek murder. I talked everywhere against him. He knew it. He says, "This man talks too much. He must be removed."

Well, I was removed, and only put where I could work to better advantage. [He is not aware of it.] No, certainly not, because his bad heart has not got unfolded enough to realize these things.

I am well aware of the ground he will take to defend himself in the sight of the law against my charge; but so sure as he does, just so sure I'm there to fight him. And if he is a coward, I am not. I dare to come here in the face of all the world and denounce him as my destroyer! If he can prove that he's not my murderer, then he'll prove me a liar. And if he don't dare to come forward and meet me where I can talk to him, then he's a greater coward than I ever dared to expect he was. God knows he's coward enough, but I'll give him the credit of stating that he's by no means a coward in all things. Where his own individual interests are concerned, he's there to fight. Where the interests of humanity, or the God he pretended to serve, are concerned, he's in no hurry to fight. I served under him, and I know him through and through. I'm not alone in this knowledge, by no means.

Now, then, tell him, for me—to wind up my story—that I propose to go to battle on this spiritual plane with him. I challenge him to fight. If he accepts, in so far as that, I'll say he's not a coward. If he don't, I shall pursue him as White Antelope will. We are dead, so far as our bodies are concerned, because he separated us from the machines. But in spirit form I live, and am with the red skins, and will fight for them and with them, and against all such miserable, cowardly souls as he is.

Tell him that S. S. Sully is after him. No, death is here, where I live. He supposed that when my body was stretched out there on the ground, I was dead. The body was, but I lived to pursue him.

If the man were changed, if he were disposed to do right, no man would have aided him sooner than I. But he's a pest in society, and therefore he ought to be got rid of. You ought to play him out, as you would a nuisance. Good-day.

Stance opened by John Pierpont; closed by George Atkins.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, April 30.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Lent. Noble Dwindle, to relatives in Savannah, Ga.; Charles Jenkins, to Boston; also, A. James, to Reynolds Block, Chicago; T. D. Miller, No. 4 Kennet Building, St. Louis, Mo. E. HAYNES & CO., PROPRIETORS, 7 DOCK ST., BOSTON.

Thursday, May 2.—Invocation; Question and Answer; Clara Jordan of New York City, to her mother and sister; Sylvia Ann Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., to her niece Betty; Bagoyewatta, an Indian, to General Grant.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles. Received from Mrs. H. E. Maple, Hartwick, N. Y., \$1.00; F. H. F. \$1.00; Mrs. H. H. Harris, N. Y., \$1.00; Mrs. Hattie Wilson, East Cambridge, Mass., \$1.00.

Donations to Aid the Poor. Received from L. H. F. Geneva, N. Y., \$1.00.

Obituaries.

Passed to the spirit-land from her home in Golden City, Territory of Colorado, April 29th, 1867, Mrs. Mary Leroy, wife of S. M. Leroy, aged 32 years and 6 months. The circumstances of Mrs. Leroy's illness, and release from the physical body, furnished the most conclusive proof of spirit communication. Educated in a strict orthodox school, her prejudices were strong and determined against everything pertaining to Spiritualism. She opposed her husband, (who had become a convert to the spirit world), and would not permit him to investigate Spiritualism, and could not be reconciled to his even attending lectures upon the subject, but the blessed immortal was not troubled nor offended by the opposition. She died in a state of perfect health, and was buried in the earth, and was able to converse with her friends and hope acquaintances for several weeks after her death, and was able to convey even a faint idea of the heavenly world which looked upon her, radiant with the celestial glory of the better world. Her friends were able to receive her spirit, and she was able to give them the testimony concerning the truth of Spiritualism. For several weeks she conversed freely with one about the spirit messengers with whom she was in hourly communion, and declared the impossibility of human beings to convey even a faint idea of the heavenly world which looked upon her, radiant with the celestial glory of the better world. Her friends were able to receive her spirit, and she was able to give them the testimony concerning the truth of Spiritualism. For several weeks she conversed freely with one about the spirit messengers with whom she was in hourly communion, and declared the impossibility of human beings to convey even a faint idea of the heavenly world which looked upon her, radiant with the celestial glory of the better world. Her friends were able to receive her spirit, and she was able to give them the testimony concerning the truth of Spiritualism.

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after the disaster—then passed on where physical suffering is lessened, and expressions of grief are lessened, and passed through life as honest man, highly esteemed by all who knew him, and often listening to words from the other side. He now sees the beauties of the immortal life. His remains were brought to Charleston, S. C., his late residence, when the funeral services were attended by the Rev. J. M. Feebles. The house was filled to overflowing, and many heard their first spiritual discourse, and in the presence of the body in front of the casket. At the interment of the body in West Action, his native home, Cephas B. Lynn officiated, to the interest, edification and satisfaction of all present. Mr. Wood leaves a wife and son, an invalid mother and a brother, all conversant with the principles of Spiritualism. His spirit abundantly sustains the friends in their bereavement. A. S. H.

"GONE HOME."—In Akron, Summit Co., O., on the morning of January 16th, 1867, the pure spirit of Mrs. Orta C. Greely was released from the tenement of materiality by the angel of change, in the 73d year of her age. During her long and agonizing illness of droupy, she manifested symptoms of impatience; a calm, untroubled serenity of spirit shined round her dying bed, the radiant light of dawn and immortality and happiness. Spiritualism sought her dwelling in the form of a friendly messenger, gave positive demonstration of their presence. The sorrowing children have the sweet consolation that their loved one hovers near them, and that her tenderest will attend to all their needs. She did love the Bazar, and longed for its coming. Funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Susie Hutchinson.

Miscellaneous.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!! DELAY MAKES THE DANGER. Till now Fires have only been met by means too dilatory, too late, and too unskilful.

THE EXTINGUISHER, SELF-ACTING, PORTABLE FIRE ENGINE.

is inexpensive, and so simple in its construction that the most ordinary of cooks puts it into full action. It is harmless to life, health and property. Always ready for instant use. So portable that a man carries it without hindrance to active exertions. For Manufactories, Warehouses, Railway Depots, Public Buildings, Hotels, and Private Residences. It is indispensable; and for Steam and Sailing Vessels it is as vitally necessary as a life-boat or a life-preserver. So simple that a boy can charge or manage it. It is endorsed by the Fire Department of BOSTON, NEW YORK, and numerous other cities and towns in the United States and Europe.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ADDRESS: AMERICAN FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY, 46 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON. May 23.—5w

AMERICAN DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF ALL DISEASES OF THE HAIR AND SCALP.

Reddington's RUSSIA SALVE IS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, and All Flesh Wounds.

REDDING & CO., PROPRIETORS, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO PARENTS. Occasional treatment and advice at this Institution will insure to your children a healthy and luxuriant growth of hair during life. CONSULTATIONS FREE. 3m—June 6.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE IS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, and All Flesh Wounds.

For Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Piles, and Old Scrofulous Sores; Eruptions, Blisters, Salt Rheum, and all Cutaneous Diseases. The RUSSIA SALVE is a purely vegetable ointment, made from the very best materials, and contains in it nothing that is hurtful to any part of the system. Its timely application has been the means of saving thousands of valuable lives and of relieving a vast amount of suffering. It is a general and powerful remedy, and is a noble guarantee of its incomparable virtues as a healing ointment. For sale by all Druggists and Apothecaries.

REDDING & CO., PROPRIETORS, Boston, Mass. May 23.—5w

NEURPATHIC BALSAM; OR, NATURE'S GREAT HARMONIZER. (Discovered and put up by direction of spirit-physicians.) AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR ALL HUMORS AND SKIN DISEASES; Piles, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Worms, Burns, Sores, and all Diseases of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes.

Price, 50 cents and \$1.00 per Bottle. For sale by all Druggists, and at the Offices of the PUBLISHERS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston; also, A. JAMES, No. 23 Reynolds Block, Chicago; T. D. MILLER, No. 4 Kennet Building, St. Louis, Mo. E. HAYNES & CO., PROPRIETORS, 7 DOCK ST., BOSTON. July 6.

DRUNKARD, STOP! THE Spirit-World has looked in mercy on thousands of suffering souls, and has shown them the way to a better life, and has taken away all desire for it. More than three thousand have been redeemed by its use within the last three years.

Send for a circular, and you will see what a good what it has done for thousands of others. Enclose stamp. N. B.—It can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Address, C. O'CONNOR, 287 N. 4th St., Philadelphia. July 6.

NEW BRICK AND PEAT MACHINE. COMMON labor only required; works clay or peat with one man, by horse or steam; makes from 400 to 2000 an hour; costs from \$110 to \$700. The mold measures 4 x 4; 4 feet long x 4, showing how little water had to be displaced.

DRYING TUNNEL, for drying bricks, peat, pottery, and other materials, built of brick or iron. Bricks or peat molded in any way are dried in the next, all the year. For further particulars, in a pamphlet, (seventh edition enlarged), giving full instructions on brick setting and burning with wood or coal, address, FRANCIS H. SMITH, Box 533, Baltimore, Md. May 11.

OXYGEN INHALATION. CHRONIC CATARRH, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, AND ALL DISEASES OF A CONSTITUTIONAL CHARACTER, are treated successfully by the use of oxygen gas, by oxygen inhalation, without medication.

Patients treated by the month, and the remedy sent via Express, to all parts of the country. Consultation, Genl. and Particular, of price of description of the case, and send stamp, when opinion will be given, with terms, &c. Office No. 13 Chauncy street, Boston. Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. WM. E. ROGERS, M. D. June 1.—5w

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS. Of the following named persons can be obtained at this Office, for 25 CENTS EACH: LUTHER COLBY, JOHN BROWN, WILLIAM WHITE, JUDGE J. W. GORDON, ISAAC B. RICH, EMMA HARDING, CHAR. H. CROWLEY, ABRAHAM JAMES, GEORGE W. DAVIS, GEORGE W. DAVIS, MRS. J. H. CONANT, (ANTONE by Anderson), J. M. PEBBLE, F. H. F. FINE, the Indian Maiden, 50 cents.

Send by mail to any address on receipt of price. PELLATITE! NO GRAY HAIR. A NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER for changing Gray Hair to a rich brown or black color. Pellatite is prepared from the juice of the Brazilian shrub Antherium Pyrrholum. It combines a hair color restorer and an elegant dressing. It imparts its color to the human hair only. Will not stain the skin or clothing. Contains no minerals nor chemicals. Free from sediment. Is perfectly harmless. Sold at 21 Park Row, 289 1/2 Avenue, and by Druggists, and sent by Express on receipt of \$1. Send for Circular. Address, DR. GLOVER, No. 61 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. 3m—June 22.

OCTAVIUS KING, M. D., Eclectic and Botanic Druggist, 64 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

ROOTS, Herbs, Extracts, Oils, Concentrated Medicines, warranted pure and genuine. The Anti-Serpyllia Panacea, Mother's Cordial, Healing Extract, Cherry Blossom, and Medicines, all warranted pure and genuine. Put up in bottles and other preparations. N. B.—Particular attention paid to putting up Symplics and other Prescriptions. July 6.

DR. DO LEWIS'S SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, LEXINGTON, MASS. SEND FOR A FULL CIRCULAR AND CATALOGUE. Dr. Do Lewis's Training School for Young Ladies of the New Gymnasium, Summer Session, 1867, commences June 18.—11

PIANOFORTES. FOR SALE, always stock of second-hand Pianofortes of various prices, various makes, all very low prices for cash. Address, DR. GLOVER, No. 61 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. 3m—June 22.

DE J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Hancock House, Court Square, BOSTON.

Medicines in Boston.

ANNIE GETOHELL, M. D., ELECTRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 175 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

MRS. G. TREATS DISEASES of the mental and physical system in a manner which restores harmony to the mind and gives life and vigor to the system. Electrically used as an agent to give circulation to the nerves, vessels, and combined with her own magnetism, gives her double power over diseases of the human system. 1w—June 15.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 230 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. THOSE requiring examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 1w—July 6.

DR. A. HENRY, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, No. 4 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass. Office hours for Examination, Consultation and Treatment from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Daily. For a full and particular description of his system, and the address, call or write to his residence, in or out of town. 2w—June 29.

MRS. A. O. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 291 Washington Street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints, &c., at a distance examined by a lock of hair, 75c. July 6.

MRS. R. COLLINS, STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine Street, Boston, Mass. July 6.

MRS. FRANCOIS, Physician and Business Clairvoyant, treats all diseases. Has Ointment for Pimples, Face, Scrofula, Sores, &c., at No. 1 Winter Place, off Winter Street, room No. 1. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Advice \$1 per sitting. 1w—June 22.

MRS. H. A. CASWELL, CLAIRVOYANT, 115 Harrison Avenue, corner of Oak Street, Boston, Mass. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 1w—June 22.

MRS. E. M. JEWETT, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, has opened an office at No. 152 Washington Street, where she will describe and cure diseases of all forms. Advice given by letter, 75c. 1w—June 22.

MRS. L. PARMLEE, Medical Clairvoyant, ex-lunatic, 103 Washington Street, Boston. June 15.—15w

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, CLAIRVOYANT, 117 Washington Street, Hours 10 to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M. June 15.—15w

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, CLAIRVOYANT and Business Medium, 65 Pleasant Street, Boston, Mass. June 8.—3m

MR. AND MRS. KIMBALL still continue to heal the sick at No. 4 Pine Street, Boston, Mass. June 22.—6w

MRS. EWELL, Medical and Spiritual Communications, 11 Dix Place. Terms \$1.00. May 15.—15w

MRS. DORMAN, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, 115 Adams St., Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. June 22.—3w

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard Street), July 6.

Miscellaneous.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, CURES IN MOST CASES INSTANTANEOUSLY! 20 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., Mondays Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

DR. NEWTON'S practice is mostly diseases given up as incurable. His treatment is peculiar to himself, although there have been men in all ages who have had the same magnetic power over the human system, and the "Gift of Healing," yet few have seemed to possess it to such an extent over nearly all diseases and persons. It is life and vitality restored with all that follows, and a second operation restores the lost or unequal circulation of the vital or nervous fluid. So powerful is this influence, that persons who have many years suffered from diseases which have been pronounced incurable, and which medicine has not been able to relieve with good effect, have been restored to health in an almost incredibly short space of time. It will not restore a lost member of the body or perform other impossibilities, but it will always relieve pain from whatever cause. The practice is based upon the most strict principles of science. It is in every way a safe and successful practice, and is not inferior to any other practice not only acknowledge this power, but receive the treatment for themselves and families, as well as advise it to their patients, and they will not refuse to try every case; it gives no medicine, and causes no pain. By this treatment, it takes but a few minutes for inveterate cases of almost any curable chronic disease, and so sure is the effect that but few persons require a second operation. Paralysis is slow and uncertain; sometimes, though rarely, these patients have been fully restored with one operation; but always benefited. Deafness is the most doubtful of any malady.

TERMS FOR TREATMENT. Patients will pay in proportion to property—always in advance. Several experiences warrant a third operation, when it is found necessary. However sure of cure, in no case will I accept a cure not guaranteed. Those persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially invited, "without money and without price."

Letters must be as short as telegraphic dispatches, or they cannot be answered. Dr. J. R. Newton, R. L. every Saturday. Dr. N. cannot tell if he can cure until he sees the patient. May 4.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical delineation of Character. MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit their friends, or those who are desirous of knowing their own character, and of having an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription thereof; and a full and complete description of their present condition; successful; the physical and mental maladjustment of those intending marriage; and hints to the improprietous married, who they can marry, or separate their former loves. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated. For further particulars, apply to either of the undersigned. Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one or the other. MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. July 6.

DR. J. WHIPPLE, JR., THE CELEBRATED MAGNETIC HEALER, CURES BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. Being possessed of a remarkably strong, healthy body, and a vigorous natural constitution, the Doctor is eminently fitted to impart to his patients the magnetic power, and to cure them of all suffering from disease, which he has proved in hundreds of cases that he has treated with the most complete success.

The Doctor not only has a strong physical organization, and a kind, sympathetic nature, but is also possessed of wonderful magnetic powers.

DR. WHIPPLE is in Worcester, Mass., from June 18th to 28th; in Springfield from July 28th to July 10th. Terms for treatment reasonable—always considering the poor. June 22.—1w

ELECTROPATHY. DR. GALLOWAY, WHITE & BOLLES, the Old Medical Electricians, Discoverers and Teachers of this SYSTEM, are curing the most obstinate diseases, at the Philadelphia Electric and Magnetic Institute, 111 Chestnut and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. Galvanic Baths given. CONSULTATION FREE. Students Received. Cures Guaranteed. June 15.—15w

DRS. H. P. FAIRFIELD AND J. A. BAKIN, THE MOST RELIABLE and Successful CLAIRVOYANT, SPRING AND MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIANS of our day, have opened an office in Quincy, Ill., where they will examine and prescribe for all diseases, by letter, and by a lock of hair. Terms, One dollar and two three-cent stamps. Address DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Drawer 213, Quincy, Ill. June 22.—5w

MRS. M. M. WOOD, CLAIRVOYANT, will examine and prescribe for disease, answer questions on business matters, give delineation of character, and give the particulars concerning your present and future life, by her non-conductors. Terms, Lock of Hair and \$1. Address No. 11 Dovey street, Worcester, Mass. 5w—June 15.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM. DR. J. WILKINSON'S MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE, located at 278 and 30 Van Buren street, MILWAUKEE, Wis., where patients are treated by the use of the magnetic fluid, and cured by magnetized paper. All that is required is a supplied envelope, and fifteen cents. 1w—June 15.

DR. L. G. SMEDLEY, THE CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, has opened an office at No. 111 Broadway, New York, where he will examine and prescribe for all diseases, by letter, and by a lock of hair. Terms, One dollar and two three-cent stamps. Address DR. L. G. SMEDLEY, 111 Broadway, New York. 5w—June 15.

MRS. A. M. LAFIN-FERREE, GIVES PSYCHOMETRICAL READINGS for \$1. Direct communication with the spirit world, by letter, and by a lock of hair (enclosing two red stamps), P. O. Box 45, WASHINGTON, D. C. 2w—June 29.

DR. C. C. COLBY, MAGNETIC and HYGIENIC Physician, uses no medicine. Cures many times in ten minutes, by the use of his magnetic fluid, and by the use of his Hygienic agencies, thereby making permanent cures. He will treat persons, by letter, at address P. O. Box 112, New York. 1w—June 15.

MRS. M. K. CASSIN, Medium, will answer questions by letter. Terms \$1.00, lock of hair, and postage, 248 Pine Street, Newark, N. J. July 6.

A NATURAL CLAIRVOYANT will answer questions on business, &c. Address MRS. LIZZIE F. WOOD, Salem, Mass., No. 141 Federal street. Terms \$1. June 22.

EMPLOYMENT. Night work, \$100.00 per week. See New Book List. Sent post paid on receipt of stamp by S. H. WELLS, June 22.—1w 889 Broadway, New York.

New York Advertisements.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY! MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Washington City, D. C., October 18th, 1866. PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D. Sir—I received a letter three weeks since from my mother who resides in Plattburgh, New York. She had the Dyspepsia very bad, and has been cured by your Powders, and has cured others. She wrote me about the good results. I have been a great sufferer from the Dyspepsia for three years. My wife had sent for a box of your Positive Powders and received it three or four months ago. I would not take them until I received that letter from my mother. I was lying in bed most of the time. I began to take them at once. I took two powders, and felt so much better that I got up at midnight, and read the printed directions that came round the box. In three days I could work all day in my shop, turning marble balusters for the United States Capitol Extension. I am a contractor for the baluster work. I would further inform you that six Powders cured a boy 14 years old, of the worst kind of Chills. He could not go to his work. He had the Chills every day. He has not had a chill since taking the first powder. J. W. BRADFORD, No. 3 East Capitol street.

DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife, of East Braintree, Vermont, makes the following report: One Box of your Powders cured David Willington of a pain in his stomach of 8 years' standing.

Mrs. F. Clafin was cured by the Powders of Numbness, or Palsy of 12 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. H. Clafin of Neuralgia. They also cured a lady of Painful Menstruation, when given up as past cure; but I am not at liberty to give her name.

In cases of Parturition (Confinement) I consider them of great value. Jameson, Stuten Co., Ind., Sept. 24, 1866.

DR. SPENCE: Sir—I have been so deaf in one ear, for six years, that when the other ear was closed, I could not hear the loudest peal of thunder; and I had become so deaf in the other ear that I could not hear any common talk in the room, to distinguish one word from another. I had become alarmed about myself for fear that I should become dumb, too; and then life would be a burden. I am now almost 70 years of age. I saw, in the BANNER OF LIGHT, the reports of the wonderful cures effected by your Positive and Negative Powders, and as my wife had taken one box for Numbness and was helped by them, she persuaded me to try them. So I sent, last spring, for five dollars' worth of the Negatives. I took and kept taking them until now I can hear as well with both ears as I ever could. Very respectfully, WARREN WILKINSON.

Wilton, N. Hampshire, Feb. 18, 1867. PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.: Dear Sir—I sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT office, Boston, for a box of your Positive Powders for Kidney Complaint of long standing. They proved all they were recommended to be, and more, too, doing me more good than any other medicine that I have ever taken. I have also been troubled for a long time with what the doctors call the "Heavenly Disease," or what is very distressing, and all the time a very disagreeable feeling, took the Powders for my Kidney Complaint, without a thought of any other benefit. But since taking them my Heavenly Disease has also vanished. I don't know where, and I have not felt it since.

Yours truly, DANIEL DUTTON. New Orleans, Louisiana, July 4, 1866.

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE: Sir—The Positive Powders are the powders for Neuralgia; they are death on aches and pains, and send them begging at short notice. I would almost as soon think of trying to live without breathing as being without your Positive and Negative Powders. Truly yours, DAVID WATERS.

DR. JACOB CRANE writes from Attica, Fountain Co., Ind., Aug. 27th, 1866: "I cannot do without your Positive and Negative Powders on any consideration for myself and for my practice, particularly for Accomplishment (Confinement). I have had one very severe case of Threatened Abortion (Miscarriage), which three Positive Powders arrested. The woman had been flooding about ten hours, with severe pains like labor pains; but it was strange to see how quick they yielded to the magic influence of your valuable Powders.

I have had several cases of Vomiting, Diarrhea, Indigestion, Flatulence, Worms, Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Menstruation, Falling of the Hair, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Puerperal Fevers, in which I used the Powders, and in 24 hours they were cured; also two cases of Chills and Fever which were cured by the Powders in three days. I think it will not be long before the people will find out how much pleasanter and cheaper your Powders are than the medicines generally used by Druggists and Doctors."

The magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond description, and has been proved in a great variety of cases. I have had several cases of Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Gout, Colic, Pains of all kinds; Cholera, Diarrhea, Bowel Complaint, Dropsy, Vomiting, and Vomiting, Diarrhea, Indigestion, Flatulence, Worms, Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Menstruation, Falling of the Hair, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Puerperal Fevers, in which I used the Powders, and in 24 hours they were cured; also two cases of Chills and Fever which were cured by the Powders in three days. I think it will not be long before the people will find out how much pleasanter and cheaper your Powders are than the medicines generally used by Druggists and Doctors."

The Positive and Negative Powders do no violence to the system; they cause no purging, no nausea, no loss of sleep, no loss of appetite, no loss of strength, no loss of vitality. They are a most wonderful medicine, so silent and yet so effective. As a matter of fact, they do not need, and never has anything equal to Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. They are adapted to all ages and both sexes, and to every variety of weakness likely to occur in the human system. In most cases, the Powders, if given in time, will cure all ordinary attacks of disease before a physician can reach the patient. In these respects they are far superior to all other Positive and Negative Powders.

THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE! In the cure of Chills and Fever, and of all other kinds of Fever, the Positive and Negative Powders know no such thing as failure.

AGENTS, male and female, give the Sole Agency of entire counties, and large and liberal profits. PHYSICIANS of all schools of medicine are now using the Positive and Negative Powders extensively in their practice, and with the most gratifying success. Therefore we say, confidently, to the entire Medical Profession, and to all others, that the Positive and Negative Powders are the best medicine of the age.

Printed terms to Agents, Physicians and Druggists, sent free. Circulars with full lists of diseases, and complete explanations and directions sent free postpaid. Those who prefer special written directions as to which kind of the Powders to use, and how to use them, will please send us a brief description of the disease when they send for the Powders. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. (One box Positive, \$1. One box Negative, \$1. One box both kinds, \$1. (Six boxes, \$5; twelve boxes, \$9.)

Some of \$5 or over sent by mail, should be either in the form of U. S. Money Order, or Drafts on New York, or else the letters should be registered. Money mailed to us is at our risk.

OFFICE, 717 St. Marks Place, New York. Address, PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5617, New York City.

For sale also at the Banner of Light Office, 111 Broadway, New York, and at all Druggists and Dealers generally. Address, Prof. Payton Spence, M. D., Box 5617, New York City.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE and Intelligent A WIDOW LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation as Housekeeper, or take charge of

