

FITZ ADAMS STORY.

The next whose fortune 't was a tale to tell Was one whom men, before they thought, loved well.

Scratching a match to light his pipe anew, With eyes half shut some musing whiffs he drew,

All tourists know Shebakog County; there The summer idlers take their yearly care,

The railway ruined it, the natives say, That passed unwisely fifteen miles away,

"If in life's journey you should ever find An inn medicinal for body and mind,

"In our swift country, houses trim and white Are pitched like tents, the looting of a night;

Happy, although her newest news were old Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;

But just the Preside, that can make a home; None of your spinning things of modern style,

"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore, Ezra sat listless by the open door,

Across a bridge where a big swamp-oak grows? It do not grow neither; it's been dead ten year,

"Well, there I lingered all October through, In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,

I watched the landscape, erst so granite plum, Bloom like the south side of a ripening plum,

"There was a parlor in the house, a room To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.

Where the court sat, it may be, twice a year, And the one tavern reeked with ratic cheer;

When first arrived, I chilled a half-hour there, Nor dared follow, with a single chair,

To hold me in the place that one half-hour— A scotchman this, a helm-armour'd shield,

He flitted a moment, and his features took The fitting sweetness of that inward look

Here snatched a fire of beechen logs, that bred Strange fancies in its others golden-red,

Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound; Hence dropt the thinking coil all mellow-ripe

"In this room his flame you never saw, Where reigned by custom old a sallow law,

By whose shrill art rant an empty cask, By whose misty art rant an empty cask,

"Twas there I caught from Uncle Reuben's lips, In dribbling monologue 'twixt whiffs and sips,

By christening it with water ere he sold. A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,

On Monday morn, by Saturday as dusk As that when homeward by the prodigal son;

By christening it with water ere he sold. A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,

By christening it with water ere he sold. A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,

As if with him 't were winter all the year. At his paw-head he sat with decorous pains,

"Soon as the winter made the sledding good, From far around the farmers hauled his wood,

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound, There sat a brother-townsman weather-bound;

The Deacon's off, Old Splitfoot could not wait; He made a bee-line last night in the storm

"Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon A teamster came whistling an ex-palatin tune.

"T would spoil their usefulness to look too queer. If you could always keep 'em where they come,

Both parties heard the measuring-rod he takes, And of the load a careful survey makes.

And of the load a careful survey makes. "Since I have boxed the business here," says he,

And of the load a careful survey makes. "Since I have boxed the business here," says he,

And of the load a careful survey makes. "Since I have boxed the business here," says he,

And of the load a careful survey makes. "Since I have boxed the business here," says he,

And try this brimstone on him; if he's bright, He'll find the measure honest before night.

"This is my tale, heard twenty years ago From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned low,

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

To H. S. Chapman: DEAR SIR—I see in the BANNER OF LIGHT for March 21 a reply from you to Dr. Child

"The Ten Commandments are, I believe, a special divine revelation; such a revelation as it did not please God to give any other people save the Hebrews;

You seem to think it "of no moment to inquire whether these Commandments were personally delivered by a personal God, or were delivered by angels;

I beg your pardon, but I think it is of some moment to inquire in what manner and by what means such revelations are derived.

Let us contrast the two, and then see if it is any marvel that so strange a jumble of morality and crime, of virtue and vice, of honor and shame, of divinity and horrid cruelty, should enskroud the inquiring mind in doubt, or plunge it at once into a stultish and unyielding skepticism.

"I shall not eat anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it unto the stranger; it is within thy gates that he may eat it, or thou mayest sell it into an alien."

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The Lecture Boom.

THE SOUL AND ITS RELATIONS.

A Lecture Delivered in Troy, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1866, by Selden J. Finney.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John Ritchie.)

My theme for this afternoon is "The Soul and Its Relations."

I instanced in my last discourse, the physiological evidence that man has a soul. Second, I instanced phrenological evidence, from inductions drawn from the faculty or organs of spirituality.

Notice the result of an examination of the structure of the nervous system: This nervous system is of a character which indicates that the power which moves it is distinct from it, separate from it.

Dr. Draper, Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, has instituted a series of arguments—rather words, not logical arguments—has instituted a series of efforts to show that, from the very anatomical structure of the cerebrum—the elementary principle of the nervous system—there is an organic, intelligent apparatus, thin and ethereal, which he calls the soul—which the world, too, calls the soul, distinct from that nervous apparatus, not external to the physical body, but living within the physical body.

I think it was a poor illustration of centripetal and centrifugal force. He tells us in a late work, that the power which moves the nervous system is combined within the nervous system, or the initial or centripetal vapor of the nervous system; and the power which moves the muscles comes from another vapor, or another arm of each elementary nerve, which passes through the muscles, and through your whole physical apparatus.

If the force which moves the nervous system is simple and inorganic electricity or magnetism, manifestly, then, it would be fair to suppose that that power of each nerve which received the original power of the nervous system, would be in direct contact with the external world; but the reverse is the case. The vapor that received the power which moves the nervous system is not in direct contact with the external world. It is inward, wholly inward. The force which moves the nervous system is in the body, and not external to the body.

The whole spiritual philosophy is in direct harmony with every single physiological principle of man's organic structure. This argument is drawn from psychometry, from the power of soul-sympathy. A person writes a letter to some other person. This person places the letter on his forehead, and if he is in complete sympathy with the person who wrote the letter, is able to read, not only the character and career, but all the intellectual, moral, and social qualities of the person who wrote the letter, whether it be a man or a woman, calculate his or her nativity, and become, in fact, for the time being, the very person who wrote the letter.

But you say, "All this can be done by phrenology." I am not much of a bumpologist. I do not believe very intensely in the capacity of any man, with the ends of his fingers feeling the inequalities of your head, to describe the peculiarities of your character; I know too much of anatomy to believe everything on that subject. I defy any phrenologist on the earth to describe the shades of character which phrenology would locate in the organs of the brain. It cannot be done. It is impossible. But how do you account for these developments of phrenology? I answer, "The very best description that O. S. Fowler, the leading craniologist of America, ever gave of character, he gave when he did not move his hands over any quarter of the organs of the brain; and he did this when in psychometric sympathy, not by bumpology. I grant that there is a very correct and a very surprising reading of character from apparent bumpology or craniology by these experimental phrenologists, but I do know that they owe their success to psychometry, or soul-sympathy. It is a fact, and a noted fact, that upon an examination of a skull you will find that there is an external protuberance on the bony box, there is an internal protuberance in the brain. Every practical physician knows it to be the case.

But I do admit a general truth in phrenology: that the brain is the organ of mind; and I do know that you cannot find the shades of character with the ends of the fingers. I admit the presence of magnetic power in the brain enabling us to read character. I don't believe that Mr. Fowler, blindfolded, can hold his hands on a person's head, and read the character of the individual from the bumps on his cranium. But opposed to this there is a general truth in phrenology. The brain is the organ of mind, unquestionably. But, then, taking the phrenologists at their own words, every phrenologist is bound to be a perfect one. I grant all he states about it. He admits the organs of spirituality in the head of man; and when a phrenologist indicates that there is a spiritual mind in the organ of mind, then he indicates two or three great facts we cannot overcome: First, that there is something for this mind to do. Nature means something by placing it in his head. She means that there is a soul inside of that organ, a spirit and power which cannot be doubted; that there is a spiritual universe outside of that organ; and that this organ is the channel or medium through which the soul in the body can get in contact with the spirit outside of the body; and that organ of spirit could not be developed in the capacities of the human intellect, unless there was spiritual force out of which it could be developed. It is a fact, therefore, which indicates the existence of a soul in the body as well as beyond the body; and of a vital relation between the soul in the body and the spirit outside of the body.

Now, do not understand me as making a too close criticism of general phrenology. I am as certain as that I live that the brain is the organ of mind; and that it has different faculties to express different powers and capacities of the soul; and therefore, that the general indications are conclusive that there is a soul in the body of man; that it is somewhere in the organs and powers of the brain. But clairvoyance comes in just at this place, and illustrates the fact which physiology points out. It says nothing of the shadows which phrenology employs, but comes direct from fundamental truth herself. Clairvoyance comes in as an illustration of the power of the soul, when it is in such a condition that it can transcend all the knowledge of deduction, all the sweep of the mind's eye-sight, all the range of its senses, all the acquired knowledge of its memory. Through clairvoyance the planet afterward made known by Leverrier was discovered. It calculates the distances and densities of stars; and this is only

an indication that clairvoyance is not yet perfect in the world, but illustrates generally the truth that there are moments when the soul can perceive the range of and claim kinship with the forces and the powers that interlie and underlie the external forms of this universe.

That is the general line of argument which indicates that man has a soul, and, to a vast extent, therefore, independent of the body.

There have been many efforts made to throw distrust upon the faculty of clairvoyance itself. One, the notorious Grimes, in his lecture upon this subject denies the positions of clairvoyance; but I shall pass him by. Mr. Davis himself said these revelations were nothing but the result of psychometric sympathy. And Mr. Davis came to question the Bible and the divinity of Jesus Christ; and in a discussion with Mr. F. he so overthrew his arguments in regard to the authenticity of the work, that Mr. F. at last became so convinced, that he has abandoned the whole primeval philosophy. And what shall we say of this vast system of clairvoyance? Through it was prophesied the discovery of the new planet, which was afterward made known to the world by Leverrier. Here, then, is a fact which establishes the truth of clairvoyance.

Where, then, are we? We have seen that the soul, when thus its powers are illuminated by the magnetism of another soul, or by the power of spiritual magnetism, no matter under what form of force it can get en rapport with the forces of the universe, it becomes independent of the atmosphere that immediately surrounds it.

It can then hold direct conscious intercourse with the vital forces and laws of the spirit universe. It can then, through the thin ethereal undulations of magnetic ether, discover that a solid segment of the world is as transparent to its vision as that glass to your eyes. And it does this. How does it do it? Some people seem to think there is an inconsistency. In the principles on which it is based there is no inconsistency—the probable existence of such a soul as I have described; of its capacity to transcend the action and range of the body and its powers; of its ability to connect itself with the vitalized forces of the universe. Let such a person explain to you how it is that light reflects an image upon his eye; and when he has explained this phenomenon I will explain every fact of the most transcendent or miraculous character that you can conceive possible of the power of the soul. But it is a very common assertion of scientific men.

You say you see this chair. How do you see it? Its image is impressed upon the retina. The undulations of a current of light fall upon the chair; these undulations fall upon your eye, and how can the image of that chair be impressed upon the retina of your eye, unless the same undulations have been taken from the eye to the chair? You say it is done by ethereal undulations, undulations of some fine, unknown and ethereal essence. What is this essence? Do you know anything about it? Is it material, or is it spiritual force? Can you tell us? Has Nature unlocked its secrets to you? You have got to suppose just what the clairvoyant supposes; what the spiritual philosophy assumes: that the relations of souls are by the medium of a fine, ethereal, spiritual force. This would be quite natural to suppose; and this theory is correct without a question.

You say the image of the chair is painted upon the retina; hence, the chair, so to speak, is but the waves of light, that send the image; and that it stands there by virtue of being carried in undulations, and by virtue of existing in the same undulations and rays of light, and putting them into direct contact with the nerve force which circulates back of your nerves in the eye itself; that the nerve-vital force that runs through the nerves has left a wave of this light, intercepted it as it passed from the chair to the eye. The nerve force of your eye has passed through and mingled with the rays of light, as they have passed from the eye to the chair and from the chair to your vision.

Is it not verging on spiritual consciousness itself? It shakes all the tests of matter—the scalpel, the chemist's scale pan, the electric battery, and all the known modes of operations of what you call physical force. What does this indicate? It indicates that your consciousness is put into sympathetic and vital relations with the objects that are defined through this medium of fine, ethereal, nerve force.

I go further than this. I assert that it means that, when light has painted an image and reflected it upon your eye, it cannot do it until the nervous force that is in your eye has fallen upon that image. The vital force of the soul sees nothing with which it is not directly in contact. Your consciousness cannot know that there is anything seen unless the nerve force has actually waved out of you, and touched the object you see. This is the secret process of Nature; in other words, that object must be in contact with the nerve forces of your brain—must be en rapport with your consciousness. You may have that object there and the light may fall upon it, but unless there is a current of nerve force between the object and the nerve force of the brain, it cannot be known to your consciousness.

You ask why I have been so critical in this analysis? There is a miserable doctrine extant in society: that the two worlds of spirit and matter are totally diverse; that between them there is a bottomless and impassable chasm; and that not a wave of vital force from the one, can touch the nerve-vital force of the other. But there is no such deficiency in Nature. You cannot find such a break in her chain of forces anywhere. Hence, I say that man has power to extend his power into the external world; has power and capacity to set in motion the atmosphere of the soul, and all the nerve-vital forces until it goes out as a feeler and touches the object it sees.

The eye touches the forms that it has seen. We touch an object with our finger. Do we touch that certainly? How do we touch it? By virtue of being in contact with it; but more also by the fact that the nerve-vital force is the agent of sensation, and meets an obstruction in the external object. It carries the undulations of magnetic, ethereal waves, which have been produced by this touch, and this obstruction, back into the brain, the soul, and the soul has actually touched the object, through this medium of force. This force is necessary to the presence of consciousness, or self-cognition.

Take science and see how it illustrates this. A spiritual essence enters man's nerve-vital force and elevates him aloft among the stars; and when he has correlated all the revolutions of suns and systems, and his intellect and moral vision to the vast depths of misty blue, he has only pushed the nerve-vital force of his soul out of his body until it has become en rapport with the revolutions of suns. These suns too, through the medium of this fine ethereal universe, have touched the soul: there is an intercommunication; there is a correlation and equivalence in this relationship.

Just so with us in society. How is it that, when you meet for the first time a stranger, a gentleman or lady, you are at once either repulsed or attracted? That soul comes in contact with your vital

force; has felt your vital force, and attraction takes place. You have found that the rhythm of that soul is the rhythm of your soul; that the vital force of that spiritual nature is in harmony with your spiritual nature. If there is a sensation of repugnance the cause is found in the want of harmony of the two souls. This pain, is—what? nothing but the want of harmony between the two souls. Perhaps it is produced, so to speak, like two converging winds on the deep—a cross-fire of nerve-vital forces. The consequence is pain, agony, suffering. The natural rhythm of the nerve-vital force has been intensified and thrown inward to the soul.

Let us advance and see how this soul sustains its relations. We see that it can, through its own transcendent powers, make you like these suns. You may push it and all its vital powers into the external world, equalize every phenomenon until the internal nature in the senses harmonizes with the inner mediums by which the soul itself acts.

Instead of seeming to be darkness it is only the soul eliminated. It is because the soul has power to withdraw from the ordinary channels, the nervous system, its vital forces, and instead of leading them through these nerve channels—the ordinary channels of its career—it pushes them through the skull directly into the spiritual atmosphere, and, at the same time, throws them toward the spiritual faculties; toward the organs of spirit, the logical and intellectual or spiritual energies; pushes them directly out, instead of allowing them to flow through the ordinary channels of sensation.

Inspiration is sensation, as the prick of a pin, or the harmony of suns. Conscious inspirations of thought transcend the ordinary channels of the nerves, and blend directly with the vital atmosphere—the vital atmosphere of immortals in the other world.

You have seen the illustration of light; now look in the other direction. The soul thus becomes conscious of the presence of this thin, ethereal atmosphere which we say, is psychometry or clairvoyance, and we are through this medium enabled to converse with those who have passed to the summer-land. But how is it done? By virtue of feeling the waves which your soul sets in motion through the atmosphere of their own souls, which is put in motion in corresponding rhythm, with your soul. These waves come and go over their thin magnetic medium, and we would see them, but for the intervening integuments, flesh and bones. They are produced by the internal nature of man set in operation by the thoughts or ideas of one soul projected into the atmosphere of the other soul. So the magnetic ether progresses inward until it is reproduced in the mind of the original person whose thought it was.

Now, we will apply this same principle and the same law of discovery to the angel world and see where we are. We have seen that clairvoyance proceeds beyond the reach of the material eye, reaching that which the material eye cannot reach, reading the thoughts or essence of one soul by psychometry or clairvoyance.

Now, we have discovered a power to read thought directly, and you have but to stand in a spiritual attitude to transcend the physical body and hold converse with the spirits of the summer-land. You have but to extend the operation of the impression of an object on the retina of the eye, and apply it to the impression made upon one soul by the waves of nerve-vital force of another soul, and you have the secret of clairvoyance, or psychometry.

The same force of sunbeams that clothed the surface of this world with grass and flowers and fruitage, clothes the soul with its own growths, ideas, flowers of imagination, spiritual poesy and affection, and pours its golden stream aloft, until, meeting a corresponding descending stream, it blends with it, and the soul in the body becomes conscious of a spiritual ethereal existence. And this is a true scientific relationship. It is no miracle, it is improved science, so that a man who would explain a single fact will explain it by his inspirations, clairvoyance, or the communications of the waiting spirit.

But I go another step. The soul is in intimate sympathy with the universe. Every sunbeam that falls upon the globe has affected the atmosphere of this globe; in a word, it affects the magnetism, the electricity, the spiritual force and intellectual atmospheres of mankind. Now you may dip your finger in the ocean, and you have stirred all the vast waters of the deep. You may not be able to detect it, but there is the fact. Swing your arm through the air, and you have agitated the whole atmosphere of the globe. When a sunbeam falls upon the surface of this globe it adds to the dynamics of this globe; and the consequence is that the dynamical force of this globe will change correspondingly and correlatively the magnetic force of the soul.

But there is another reason for indicating this relationship. It is now proved by the spectrum analysis that all the elements that enter into the world exist in the sun. And we ourselves are the embodiment of the existence of the solar system and of this earth we tread; and therefore we are not only the sun but also the dynamics, the power of the sun. Its light falls upon and into the soul. It touches it through the top of the brain, and all our nerve force is taken out of it. Nerve force it seems: it becomes the atmosphere of heaven itself. The soul itself is the correlative of the shining God of day.

What then will be the result? By a critical analysis of the concomitants of the forces of the soul it will be found that the sun, with all its hosts of planets and satellites, with all its resolved sunbeams from other celestial systems, will be revealed, photographed in the existence of every man's and every woman's being. Man stands thus related to every sidereal force—to the furthest star that swings on the remotest verge of infinite space. The telescope has smitten away the veil of blindness and revealed in the universe thousands and hundreds of thousands of systems greater than our own with its 20,000,000 of planets, and not one of these systems is a stranger to the conscious nature of our being. What shall I say, then, but that the great relationship of the spirit is of an intellectual, spiritual, fraternal and universal character? This is one of the first features of the relationship of the soul, that it may push itself out until it meets and makes the acquaintance of the spiritual universe. This is one of its smallest functions. It must progress until it comes into an intimate relationship with the spiritual and divine life.

Horseman, spare that tree! 'Tis not a hitching post; Though in its infancy, 'Tis soon to be a host; Then spare, oh, spare that tree; For he who placed it there, Meant not that it should be, By heat of this gnawed bar.

The census of St. Joseph, Missouri, just completed, shows a population of twenty-four thousand three hundred.

Children's Department.

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

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

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE. Plato, the Philosopher.

"Well, here we are again sitting on the hill-side, looking down the valley and watching the clouds; how good it seems to be out here again."

"This Aunt Zera said as she seated herself on the seat that Will had brought along. "I was determined to have one more story out here before you go away," said Will; "somehow I can remember better out of doors, and I don't feel so much like quarreling with everybody's ideas. I wonder what the reason is."

"Because the fresh air invigorates your brain so that you can remember better, and strengthens your nerves so that you feel in better mood," said Aunt Zera.

"He's more harmonious, I suppose Mr. Jones would say," said Grace.

"I think we had better live out of doors altogether," said Kate.

"We should be like the gipsies then, I suppose," said Will, "and know nothing except how to make fires in the woods, and to look picturesque."

"Living in the open air does not make people wild," said Aunt Zera. "Some of the greatest teachers of the world have taught in groves, and by the seaside, and on the mountains. I will tell you of one as we sit here; it will keep us warm to think of the pleasant groves of Greece; perhaps we shall imagine that its balmy airs are breathing upon us."

Eunice wrapped her shawl closer about her, as if glad that she had something to keep her warm besides her thoughts, and Kate drew out an extra pair of mittens and put them on over her others, as if she expected to be half frozen before the story was done.

"There is one comfort that we have," said Will, "I put on a big back log before I came out, and if we can't keep warm with ideas, I reckon we can with burning hickory."

"Silence one and all," said Grace, "or we shall have no chance to be kept warm out here."

"I am going to tell you about Plato," began Aunt Zera. "He was born over four hundred years before Jesus, so he lived over two thousand years ago. It would seem as if the world should have grown very wise since then, but his writings are very far superior to most of those of this day."

"But if Jesus was n't born of course he was n't a Christian," said Eunice.

"He was not a follower of Jesus of course, and he was not a Jew, but his ideas were very much like those that Jesus taught four hundred years after; but they were not so practical, and therefore not so well suited for all men."

His father's name was Ariston, and his mother's Potone; and by her he was related to Solon, one of the wise men that we have talked about.

His father wished to give him a good education and sent him to the best teachers in Athens; and we are told that he learned grammar, music and gymnastics."

"I wonder," said Kate, "if they had Smith's grammar, and had to conjugate, 'I love, thou lovest, he loves.' If he did I pity him."

"Why, you silly chick," said Will, "did n't you know that Plato talked in Greek, and so had a Greek grammar? But I do hope it was n't as stupid as ours are."

"The most common method of teaching in those days was by conversation," continued Aunt Zera, "and perhaps Plato found it very pleasant to learn grammar. Maybe he had an auntie to talk to him about it, as we have learned about some people's lives without any hard study."

"Oh," said Kate, "do teach school and talk about everything, and tell stories about grammars."

"I'm afraid that a history of grammar would not teach you how to speak properly," said Aunt Zera, "but I am sure I like the old Grecian method of teaching, as far as I know about it. But to return to Plato: When he was twenty years old his father conducted him to Socrates, that he might be instructed by that wise man. As Plato entered the school the teacher was just saying that he dreamed a young swan flew from the altar of Eros and alighted on his lap; from whence he soared into the air, alluring all who heard his sweet voice."

"Who was Eros?" asked Grace.

"Eros was the God of Love; and the philosophers thought that it was he who brought order out of chaos when the universe was without form. You see they recognized the thought that it was attraction or love that governed every particle in space."

Kate gave a sigh and a shiver, at which Aunt Zera smiled, and returned to her narrative.

"Well, Plato entered just as Socrates had finished the account of his dream, and Socrates turned to his pupils and said, 'Behold the swan.'"

"What did that mean?" asked Kate.

"He believed that his dream was a prophecy concerning Plato, who was to draw all men after him by his sweet and heavenly teachings. You see all the great men of those days had faith in dreams."

After Socrates died, Plato went to the followers of Pythagoras and learned of his philosophy, and then he went to Egypt, where all other great scholars had gone to be taught, and there he staid thirteen years, learning all that was possible. When he returned to Athens he was forty years old."

"Forty years getting an education," said Will. "Whew! I should expect to be dead and buried before that time."

"He was eighty-one years getting his education, according to his own sayings, for he was always ready to learn. One of his friends asked him how long he intended to be a scholar. 'As long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better,' he said. So you see he thought this life was intended for gaining knowledge, and that he could always be a scholar."

On his return to Athens he opened a school in the beautiful grove of Academus. Plato owned some land not far from this celebrated grove. This grove was adorned with statues and works of art, and planted with olive and plane trees. It was a delightful place in which to teach or study, and it was here and in his own garden that Plato began to teach those ideas that have made him so famous. He did not take any pay for his instructions, and taught mostly by conversation.

He demanded that his disciples should be temperate, prudent and just; and be able to control

themselves. It was said of him, that once he became angry at a servant and raised his hand to strike him; he stopped and kept his arm in the position in which he had placed it when about to strike. A friend came in and asked him what he was doing. 'I am punishing an angry man,' said he.

Kate burst out laughing.

"I was thinking," said she, "what a figure we should all cut if we kept ourselves in the same positions that we were when we got angry. I kicked the broom to-day because I could n't make it stand to suit me, so I suppose I should hold my foot up for an hour, and Will—"

"Thank you, ma'am, I can take my own positions," said Will. "I should have elbows sticking out, and feet in all sorts of shapes; but come to think of it, let's try it, girls."

"Let's hear how Plato came out first," said Grace.

"His method of teaching became so popular and his ideas were so well suited to men, that the wisest men and women came to him to be taught."

"But what did he teach that was so wonderful?" asked Will.

"Well, you must remember that people had not any very high ideas of God in those times. The Grecians believed in a great many Gods, while the Jews made God to appear like a great king. Plato declared God to be a Father, and that all men were his children; that there were a host of ministering spirits, that do the bidding of God. Some of these he called Gods. There are many very beautiful ideas in all his works, but I do not think they will interest you now. You will become familiar with his name and wish to read his writings when you are older."

"But I shan't study Greek," said Kate.

"His writings have been translated and are read by most scholars. They are written in the form of dialogue, and are exceedingly interesting and full of deep thought. His writings were greatly respected by many of the early Christians, who thought that he was an inspired man, and I do not wonder, there are so many great and noble ideas in them. I will repeat to you one sentence which I can always remember: 'Prayer is the ardent turning of the soul toward God; not to ask any particular good, but good itself—the universal, supreme good.'"

You can understand that such teachings would seem very high to the people of that time. When he became an old man he was still fresh in his thoughts, and when eighty-one years old he fell gently asleep, and his spirit left his body. By some it is said that he was at a marriage feast when he died. Others say that he was writing. A short time before he died he dreamed that he was changed into a swan. Perhaps he thought of the dream of Socrates; but it was believed by his friends that this dream meant his death. His garden was considered a sacred place by his friends, and they used to meet in it to revive his ideas and remember his teachings."

He had very great influence in the world. There is no doubt but his teachings prepared people for the higher teachings of Jesus."

"But was n't Plato a heathen?" said Will.

"He is called so," said Aunt Zera, "but what right people have to call him anything that is not good and noble I am sure I do not see. His teachings were far higher and purer than those of Moses, and he had not so many errors, and came nearer to the teachings of Jesus."

"Well," said Kate, "I think his way of teaching was beautiful—in gardens and groves and by talking."

"Very much like your way, is n't it, auntie?" said Will, "only it's rather shivery and cold in the wind here, beside haystacks and wood-piles, and not quite so beautiful as in gardens and groves. I do n't think we can live very peppy lives here. It is work, work all the time to keep from freezing and starving. I wish the Pilgrim Fathers had been more like Plato, and chosen a sunny, warm climate."

"It is the very hardships that we have to endure that make us grow strong. If we do not have the groves of Academus with their statues and works of art for our young people to resort to, we have beauty everywhere waiting for us to develop it, and that is far better than to find it all prepared for us. And just so it is with thoughts of beauty: if we can find them in our own brains it is far better than to go to any one to find them."

"You mean, do n't you, that we ought all to be Platos?" said Grace.

"That would be a difficult matter, and not desirable," said Aunt Zera, "but we can all learn to think. The same God is over us that was over Plato and Jesus. The same truths live now that did then, and a great many that people have not begun to find."

"Oh, if I could find some!" said Will; "but I think everybody else knows a great deal better than I can."

"I often think," said Aunt Zera, "that most of us travel our ways in the ruts that some one else has made, when perhaps if we went a little to one side we should travel in flowers or on the fresh grass. The old ruts often do not lead to any beauty."

"I do n't think I understand," said Kate, "only I remember how the old wagon went after Mr. Samson's old cart."

"That is just it," said Aunt Zera. "We let our thoughts go plodding on after somebody else, and do n't go into the beautiful fields that are open to everybody. If Plato had not thought for himself I suppose he would have said just what other Athenians said; but he started into the beautiful fields of thought, and found flowers that no one else had ever found."

"Well," said Kate, "I have one opinion of my own, and that is that I like my own way."

"I should call that a pretty old rut," said Will. "It is one that, all the world travels in; but, auntie, I do n't see how we are likely to get any new ideas, with everybody thinking, and such great men, hundreds of years ago, all trying to get new ideas. I think I'll give up."

"The only way to gain truth is by earnestly desiring truth for its own sake. A great many people seek truth for the sake of their minister or their doctor, or for the sake of some great man that they call master. But we ought to seek truth for the sake of truth, and love it for our own spirit's sake."

"I think this sounds very much like preaching, and I am half frozen," said Kate. "I prefer a few less ideas and a little more warmth."

"I'll study Plato, by the fire, too," said Will, "though I would like to sit in the groves of Academus."

"I mean to experiment on Plato's method of curing himself of anger," said Grace.

"So do I," said Kate.

"We'll call it taking attitudes," said Will.

Rhode Island has \$33,000,000 invested in manufacturing enterprises, whose yearly product is \$103,000,000.

Betting is immoral; but how can a man who bets be worse than one who's no better.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RELIGION.

BY J. H. POWELL.

Oh Nature! mistress divine! I bow In adoration to the God of Love, And praise Him for the wealth thou dost bestow. I gaze on vernal fields; on hills of snow; On changing skies; on sunshine; shadows dun; On the great ocean as its waters flow; And, praise-inspired, to the All-Perfect One My soul uplifts her longing eyes—and lo! Religion lives for me apart from sin and show.

Oh not alone in temples reared of stone; In Ritualistic codes or cramping creeds; In pedant lore; oh not in these alone Is sweet Religion found; but in the deeds That spring within the soul from Love's pure seeds! The God who made the Christian made the Turk, His voice in singing streams and thunder-tones; In still small whispers heard in field and kirk, Inspires mankind with Love, Religion's sacred work.

The hills are prophets—preachers of the Word That fell from God's own lips ere man was born. The listening flowers, by gentlest zephyrs stirred, Breathe inspiration from the roseate Morn; And prayer and praise from lips untaught, to eorn, Ascend like incense from the verdurous sod. How peaceful—pure—the orbans upborne, Of Nature's hallowed worshippers, to God, Compared with man's when kneeling 'neath the Bigot's rod!

Wherever man is true, his inner thought Finds fullest utterance; Religion hence Is more to him than creeds with errors fraught. The lip obedient to the heart speaks sense, And God is worshipped free from mere pretence. In field, in closet, or in costly lane, Wherever man may pray, he can dispense With forms or rites his soul may hold as vain, And feel the blessed power of true Religion's reign. 6 Sidney Terrace, Grove Road, Victoria Park, E. London, March 16, 1867.

Correspondence.

Matters in Hartford, Conn.

During the month of February I lectured before the good people of Putnam, Conn., with whom I first commenced my tours as a speaker something less than two years ago. Although strenuous efforts were being made by the churches to get up a revival, never was I greeted with such large and attentive audiences while with them before. The efforts of our theological friends to awaken an interest were crowned with success, the only trouble being it was manifested in the wrong direction to suit them.

The Lyceum here is prospering finely. We held a lecture for its benefit, which proved to be a complete success. Notwithstanding the weather was stormy both evening it was held and the hall was well filled, and we realized two hundred and sixty dollars net profit from the proceeds. There is a lively interest manifested here, and Putnam bids fair to become, once more, as it has been, a stronghold of Spiritualism.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn delivered one week evening lecture here this month to a full house. I was not present, but I am informed that the people were very much pleased, and that the impression made by her was most favorable. The independence she manifests in wearing the healthy and becoming reform dress is worthy of commendation. It would be a good idea, it seems to me, if other of our lady speakers would follow her example, so as not only to preach reform but act it.

This month I have been lecturing and organizing a Lyceum in the city of Hartford. The interest in Spiritualism I found at a low ebb, and the prospect of success rather gloomy. They had no meetings for a number of years. But notwithstanding the bad prospect, the first Sunday evening I lectured, and had a very large audience who listened attentively to my remarks, urging the necessity of associative effort in the spiritual movement, especially in the organizing of Children's Lyceums. A liberal sum was subscribed during the day for the Lyceum, and after the lecture a committee was appointed to arrange matters about organizing and sustaining meetings.

During the ensuing week Von Vleck exhibited his exposition of the physical manifestations, but with poor success. Elder Grant, the Adventist, was also in town lecturing against Spiritualism. But the only effect of Von Vleck's expositions and Grant's exhortations was to make the people anxious to see and hear for themselves, and learn, if possible, the truth or falsity of their statements. As good fortune would have it, Mr. Charles Foster, the great test medium, came to town, and excellent opportunity is afforded the people for investigation; and they are improving it, and many are being converted to a belief in spirit communion through his remarkable medium powers.

Arrangements were made with Elder Grant to hold a discussion with that staunch defender of the truth and destroyer of error, A. T. Foss. The discussion commenced Tuesday evening, March 12th, and continued four evenings. Question, as proposed by Elder Grant: "Resolved, that man is wholly mortal." Grant of course having the affirmative. American Hall was filled to overflowing with anxious and interested listeners. Grant admitted all the various phenomena of spirit-manifestations as they are termed, but contended that they were produced by a class of beings called demons, created by God for the express purpose of deceiving the people and leading them astray, especially in these latter days. Foss said that this was a libel upon God's government, and was certainly contrary to the common dictates of reason and the facts in the case. Grant quoted largely from the Bible to sustain his position. Foss impeached his evidence by proving the doubt, the inconsistency, and also its glaring contradictions of itself, as well as the revelations of science.

The interest in the discussion continued through the four evenings without apparent diminution. The spiritual philosophy was ably presented and defended by Bro. Foss, while the Advent doctrine suffered terribly from his well directed blows, and, to use an Advent term, annihilating attacks. Elder Grant sustained himself very well indeed, considering his position, and as a test medium, his work is a noble and a better cause. It is to be hoped that he will escape the bondage of the past and accept the revelations of the present. He is evidently a slave to what he believes to be an infallible book.

Of course the discussion increased the interest which had been already awakened, and the next Sunday, although it was as usual very stormy, there was a goodly number at our meeting. We completed a Lyceum organization, and putting it in working order. Mr. James Albe was appointed conductor. He is an able, energetic laborer, and his whole heart is in the work. The other officers and leaders are deeply interested and will do their duty. Mr. Oliver Markham is Chairman of the Society Committee. The Society and Lyceum are now in good working order, and will probably continue regular sessions during the coming year.

Thus by our own efforts and the assistance of the angel-world the work goes on. That which is designed to weaken us only makes us stronger. So Von Vleck, Grant, and others, who are for us, their work is performed, and are all unconsciously, perhaps, aiding to unfold and develop the truth. A. E. CARPENTER. Putnam, Conn., March 21, 1867.

Another correspondent says: Hartford is awakening from her long slumber, and is throwing off the yoke of the "Bible," her down for the last five years. A. B. Carpenter, of Putnam, Conn., has lectured here for the last three Sundays, and established a Children's Lyceum,

also a conference. Mr. Carpenter is a faithful, zealous worker in the cause of humanity and truth. Through his efforts an interest in the great cause of Spiritualism has been created, and the dry bones of Old Theology are shaking and rattling in their whitewashed tombs.

The past week a discussion was held here between A. T. Foss and Elder Grant, which I am informed has awakened great interest; but being absent at the time, I can say nothing further concerning it.

Next Sabbath we expect a lecture from Mr. Amos Hunt, of New Haven, an excellent trance speaker, as well as healing medium. There are many believers in and but few workers for the cause in Hartford. DANIEL NORTON. Hartford, March 21st, 1867.

Closing up the Winter's Campaign.

To-morrow closes my engagement in this part of the Master's vineyard. For three months I have faithfully discharged the duties devolving upon me as a teacher and medium. During that time I have delivered fifty lectures, held nineteen public and twenty-six private sances, visited fifteen sick persons, and delivered one funeral discourse. I have also written one hundred and ten letters and eight newspaper articles, and traveled thirty-five hundred miles, besides small talk or private conversation.

THE WINTER OF STORM. The months of January, February and March have been preëminently months of storm, and will in the future be known as the cold, stormy winter. We have had only five fair Sundays this winter. One ocean, and three lakes of water have been poured out on the surface of the devoted West and South. In fact, all this section of Uncle Sam's domain has been made Baptist by immersion. My diary shows that for forty days there flowed between the Suspension Bridge towers a body of water fifty feet deep and seventeen hundred feet wide, at a speed of seven and a half miles an hour, and this alone in the Ohio river at Cincinnati.

LOUISVILLE, KY. There is a healthy element of Spiritualism here, and many earnest, honest men and women—workers in the field who bravely stand up for the truth. Our Lyceum is doing well, and the Literary Bouquet, under the excellent management of our able sister, H. F. M. Brown, is a helper indeed to the Lyceum.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. March 25th, 27th, 28th.—I spent these days at the capital of Indiana, a city of—according to my informant—forty thousand people. It contains many very fine private residences as well as public buildings. I lectured three evenings, and gave an afternoon sance, at which some very fine tests were given. There are here a few earnest, true Spiritualists who love the truth and are willing to work for the cause. At the head of these stand Jacob Eldridge, Copeland, Kling, and their good ladies. The healing element is represented here by those excellent healers and mediums, Drs. Kling, Candee, Nelson and Eldridge—the two last named are ladies. Progression, radicalism and the truth have an able and eloquent defender in Dr. Blunt, editor of the North Western Farmer, a monthly magazine of agriculture, horticulture, home and family literature. The doctor is assisted in the editorial department by Mrs. M. Cora Bland, as faithful a woman and true a Spiritualist as ever breathed. Let every Spiritualist take the Doctor's paper.

THE BLIND ASYLUM. Is located here, under the management of a blind man, W. A. Churchman, A. M. I spent two hours most pleasantly with him. He is a true man, noble in all his thoughts. He is the author of the plan of the building and grounds over which he presides. He is a reformer of the first water. There are a hundred pupils here, learning to read, being educated through the sense of feeling, and it was wonderful to see how rapidly they could read. May the infinite Father bless the effort, and may the people sustain it with the almighty dollar.

SEANCES. March 25th.—Gave a sance in Cincinnati, in the library of the Catholic Institute, Mozart Hall. Two hundred people were present, members of the first families in the city. I was ably assisted by the wonderful seer and medium, Miss Lizzie Keizer, who named on this occasion, as well as described, fourteen persons from the spirit-land, all of whom were identified with me. These spirits mentioned, as associated with them, a few with whom they were associated when in the form, over thirty persons, all of whom were identified.

I gave thirty-three incidents—facts of life and spirit descriptions—some of them occurring in Germany, in England, at sea, and in every part of the United States; of these three were not identified. To give you an idea of what these were like, I will narrate one given by Miss Keizer: "There is a man here who says he has a niece in the house by the name of Mary Stokes; that he was a doctor, and his name was Samuel, her Uncle Samuel, and that he died in California three years ago." The question was asked: "Is Miss Stokes present? If so, please answer." A lady stood up and said, "I am the woman named, and the communication is true."

One spirit-communication given through me is this: "By this lady there stands a spirit who says: 'Remember my last word: Guard well our child.' He then lays his hand on this child's head and says: 'Mine own, and says to you, my man: 'Care well of this one, my son, with much more of deep interest to the lady. The lady answered: 'All that has been said is true. The man was my husband and the child's father. The time of his death is correct, and the words given were spoken by him.'"

Thus have I briefly described one of the many sances that I am holding through the country. Miss Keizer has been before the public with me four times, and on each occasion has given an average of twelve communications which were verified.

My diary states that I have given over five hundred tests, facts, readings of character and spirit-communications during the last three months. Such is Spiritualism through my mediumship. Fraternally thine for the truth, E. V. WILSON. Louisville, Ky., March 30, 1867.

Notes by the Wayside.

When last we greeted the readers of the BANNER we had halted in our pilgrimage at Fond du Lac, Wis., a very thriving young city whose population is now about fifteen thousand, having doubled in the last five years, and it is constantly increasing as business enlarges in variety and extent. There we found our cause revived, in a good degree, by the efficient labors of Miss Elvira Wheelock, a talented young lady of Janesville, who is winning laurels thus early in her career. We remained six weeks, giving twelve lectures to good audiences, that were eagerly attended by the most intelligent citizens of the place. While there we visited a Mrs. Rhodes to see a portrait of her husband drawn by Anderson. Mr. R. had been in the spirit-world thirteen years when it was taken, and the family had no picture of him except one of his corpse, till this was obtained, which was done by writing to Anderson requesting him to get one if possible. The family were not Spiritualists, and were entire strangers to the artist, and had very little faith that they should get one, and great was their surprise and joy when this came. It is life size, looks nearly as finished as a photograph, and is pronounced a perfectly life-like portrait by all the family! If such portraits as this, drawn by an entire stranger living hundreds of miles distant, do not demonstrate the fact of spirit power and intercourse with mortals, what would?

There is a large element in Fond du Lac for our philosophy to work upon, composed of free thinkers that do not belong to any religious body, and with judicious management on the part of Spiritualists in maintaining public meetings to agitate the public mind, there must be ere long a large accession to their numbers. There are whole-souled workers there who are willing to toil and sacrifice something for the truth's sake, and these are the indispensable for the success of our cause everywhere. We often wonder at the apathy and penuriousness of some who are professed believers in Spiritualism. All know that it is vastly superior to other religions, and that it is the only one that is life size, looks nearly as finished as a photograph, and is pronounced a perfectly life-like portrait by all the family! If such portraits as this, drawn by an entire stranger living hundreds of miles distant, do not demonstrate the fact of spirit power and intercourse with mortals, what would?

As incentives to duty? Verily we need the devotion of Paul and the old martyrs, to fire our hearts with zeal and infuse that divine fire into souls that shall cause us to "Seek first the kingdom of God," by laboring for the good of others, even at the expense of personal sacrifice, which every human soul must make ere it can gain entrance thereinto!

At the close of our engagement at Fond du Lac, we started en route for home among the Green Mountains, stopping at Milwaukee to attend the Lyceum Festival, which was a very happy and successful affair, doing credit to all concerned. Bro. Wadsworth gave a very appropriate opening address, congratulating the friends for carrying on so successfully the work he had started. While witnessing these beautiful exhibitions, we were constrained to exclaim, verily these lyceums are the strong arm of our cause, to revolutionize our educational institutions, and lay broad and deep the foundations for the great church of humanity, in which all nations and races shall gather in fraternal union to "worship in spirit and in truth" the Universal Father. We sojourned with brother and sister B. S. Stevens, who laboring efficiently for the world at large and the good of our cause in that vicinity.

We made a "flying visit" to Bro. Charley Hayden and our brothers of the Spiritual Republic, in Chicago, all of whom we found in excellent spirits, working with eminent success in their various capacities. Bro. J. S. Loveland was in the "editorial sanatorium," having just returned to the "theologic battle" with a learned (?) champion of Orthodoxy, who Bro. L. had of course, vanquished and left in worse plight than was Don Quixote after his famous encounter with the wind-mills. We caution all who are not Titans to beware of encountering Bro. L.

We stopped once more at Sturgis, Mich., where we heard two excellent lectures from Bro. E. Whipple, whose erudition and practical knowledge, as well as affability of manner and high moral worth, have given him extensive notoriety in the West. The more such workers the better for our spiritual and intellectual progress.

After a fatiguing journey of about twelve hundred miles, we were safely landed among our native hills to greet the loved ones at home, and enjoy for a brief season a respite from the arduous itinerant labors of our mission. Who but a wanderer knows how to enjoy home and all its pleasures? Profoundly as we love domestic bliss and the quiet seclusion of one consecrated spot, we must say with a great philanthropist, "Our home is the world, our brethren the human race." We love labor for the truth, and with angels to sustain and cheer us we go forth, resolved to "work while the day lasteth," and perform the best we can the humble part assigned us in life's great drama. Whither we went our way next depends upon the call for aid. Hoping soon to resume the good work, we "bide our time."

BRANDON, VT. DEAN CLARK. Since the organization of the Friends of Progress here in January last, we have been doing a good work. We soon fitted up a neat little hall, and commenced holding regular meetings. Bro. W. F. Jamieson, of Chicago, was our first lecturer, but his stay with us was too short, being only three or four days. He was both entertaining and instructive, a lecturer, and both "funny" and useful as a medium.

During March, Mrs. Morse, of Joliet, Ill., was our preacher, clairvoyant, and chief medium; and in all these capacities she has given great satisfaction. We have had from one to three circle sittings per week, the last half-dozen in public. These have generally been successful.

We have been trying to get the clergy here to include the brother at Monmouth, Alex. Young, D. D., and come out in defence of themselves, but in vain. They all acknowledge themselves defeated already. They say that all public debates concerning the origin of the Bible invariably increase the number of infidels, and never increase the number of believers.

We are getting up a reform library here. There is a great demand for reformatory reading. We have engaged Dr. Dunn, of Rockford, Ill., for May, and Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Babcock's Grove, Ind., for July. E. SWANSON. April 2, 1867.

Note from J. G. Fish.

Will you give space, dear BANNER, for the following brief notice of the transfer of the East Jersey Normal Institute to the hands of Mr. James Warren, the proprietor of the Institute building, by whom the school will in future be continued, under the professorships of the most competent teachers in all the branches of a thorough English and Classical education? Who the new principal will be is not yet fully known. The primary and music departments will be conducted by the present teacher, Miss Helen F. Marsh, of Worcester, Mass., who has been in the school, as teacher of music, since its opening, and whose ability in the line of music, drawing, painting, both as artist and teacher, I cannot say too much in commendation. I hope and trust the new principal will be alike competent. Mr. Warren is making arrangements for the accommodation of a large number of students, and the school may be considered permanent. The place is most delightful as a summer resort, being only thirty miles from New York, and reached by boat "Sea Bird" from pier No. 30, North River, and stage from Red Bank. The institution can and should be made a success, but my pen will not permit me to remain in connection with it. I will immediately the lecture field, and again place my name on the list of those soliciting calls from societies and communities where the truths of the spiritual philosophy are called for, but hope so soon as I can make arrangements to occupy a specified territory, where I can follow up blow with blow, truth with truth and effort with effort, till I can see some permanent results crown my feeble labors. Address me Red Bank, Monmouth County, New Jersey. J. G. FISH.

Spiritualism at Johnson's Creek, N. Y.

Spiritualism in this place has been quite prosperous for many years past, especially for the last three years. We have had meetings regularly every Sunday during that time. We have been extremely fortunate in employing such gifted speakers as J. M. Peebles, Warren Clark, J. W. Weaver, Lyman C. Howe, Warren Clark, Charles Havens, Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, and others, all true and noble laborers in the spiritual vineyard. With such gifted laborers, our glorious cause must move forward, and superstition and error must give way on every hand. We are anxious to employ the able speakers in our cause, and therefore request those coming from the East or from the West to give us a call, and we will satisfy them for their labors. Johnson's Creek is about four miles north of Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y. Those wishing to call on us will take the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad and leave the cars at Gasport, and take the stage for our place, and call on our president, James M. Chaplin, who is always ready to welcome all loyal and true Spiritualists laboring for the advancement of our glorious cause. M. J.

Organization at Belvidere, Ill.

The Spiritualists of Belvidere and vicinity have finally organized, forming for themselves one of the most liberal institutions, one, I think, no liberal mind can object to. It admits of no taxation of its members, but depends wholly on donations and subscriptions, to carry out the objects of the Society. There already appears to be a new and greater interest felt amongst the members, manifest in the form of sociables. We have money subscribed sufficient to pay some good speaker for three months. The Society organized under the laws of Illinois, taking the name of the "First Spiritual Society of Belvidere, Ill.," and selected officers as follows: Charles Gorman, President; Mrs. M. O. Bidwell, Charles Gorman, and R. P. Low, Vice-Presidents; Simon Lovett, Hiram Bidwell, B. N. Dean, Henry R. Willard, Fanny Williams, Mary J. Low and E. J. Sherman, the Board of Trustees; James Morse, Treasurer; D. G. Estell, Secretary; Miss Anna L. Dean and Mrs. Lydia Dean, Assistant Secretaries. Corresponding Sec'y.

A CALL FOR THE ANGELS.

BY MRS. MARY D. MERRIAM.

Oh come when I am weary, Ye bright angels throng! Come, when life seems dreary, And cheer me with a song.

Come, when the harp is lightly Tuned to your accord; Come when Nature brightly Is breathing praise to God.

Come, when on tossing pillow We long for rest in vain; Come, when on ocean's billow We sigh for home again.

When hope with fearless beauty Calls forth the soul to heaven; Or when in painful duty We yield the loved ones given,

In sorrow, or in gladness, Come from the happy spheres, And dissipate life's sadness, And wipe away our tears.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

THE COMING CONFLICT.

Organized organized organized would be the started cry of millions who are now looking upon this subject with indifference, or actually opposing it, could they see the conflict that is surely coming upon us—a conflict that will try the souls of the men and women of this nineteenth century as gold is tried in the fire. People may flatter themselves that the idea is but the mirage of disordered minds, that full of combativeness, are always imagining scenes of terror and bloodshed; but if coming events ever cast their shadows before, they do now.

Friends of the new philosophy, of the new religion, you may console yourselves with the idea that you may "sleep on and take your rest;" but "the scattering of the lightning, At the rolling of the thunder, It will wake you when it cometh;" and God grant that you who are now taking your ease may not learn, when too late, "That the calm of a slumber, Was not given for sleeping."

Like those to whom Jesus spoke, the masses of to-day can discern the face of the sky, but not the signs of the times; and that too when the rumbling thunder of the great conflict has already died away on the air. How few really believed that the agitation of the slavery question would result as it did? True, the slaveholder threatened, and lukewarm friends of liberty deprecated agitation, but the people generally cared for none of these things, and, of course, feared not. Meanwhile, the contest went on. In spite of churches, Bible infallibilists, the cry of infidel, etc., the idea continued to gain ground that human slavery was incompatible with the spirit of liberty.

This idea the South refused to meet, and hid in political chains; but falling in this they resorted to arms, and the result is before the world. While the agitation was going on that ended in the climax of war, many a Northern man was loud in praise of Southern chivalry and generosity; but Libby, Andersonville and Belle Isle gave us the mature fruit of the tree of chivalry nourished by the soil of slavery, and this generation shall not pass away till it is demonstrated that the fruit of theological dogmas is equally bitter.

That will pass for Christianity to-day is not deserving of the name. I do not intend to say that there are no Christians in the churches, but I do say those who are such, are the most of them, in the same position that the negro was before the war, bound theologically, as they were politically; while those who hold the reins of power, are the engineers, the brakemen, the conductors of the car of Churchdom, and are determined to rule or ruin.

The moving star of feeling, is becoming merged in the light of the rising star of liberty, of righteousness, the beams of which are lighting up the dark corners of sin and ignorance; and when those who have so long reigned and ruled see that all other means fail, they will strive to quench that light in blood. The issue is not doubtful, but the struggle must come; it cannot be evaded only by abject submission; we must conquer or be conquered, and which will we do? We certainly shall not permit the hosts of night to shut their eyes on us.

SAVING TO LOSE.

What Jesus said in reference to life, is emphatically true at this time in reference to property. "He that will save his life shall lose it." So said the voice of truth eighteen hundred years ago, and he who is convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, and, having the means, refuses to give liberally to the spread of those truths lest he should suffer in purse, shall lose pecuniarily more than he will save; such is the utterance of this age. When the struggle comes, the wealth he loves so well will be swept from him; and this, not as a punishment for withholding it, but because, in the very nature of things, it must be so, and so by the action of a law that God himself could not set aside if he would.

Think of the millions spent in the recent war! Our anti-slavery friends did nobly in scattering the seeds of truth; seeds whose rapid growth our opponents strove to drown in blood, but failed. Yes, the workers in this cause did nobly, but there were drones in the hive; men of means, who, while they said "God speed," did not dip very deeply into their pockets to make their prayers effectual. These, many of them, when the hour of trial came, gave but largely, and if not taxed freely, largely, both in purse and heart. Now who does not see that a tithe of the money spent as cure, would have done wonders as prevention. I will venture to say, that one thousand dollars of that which was thus spent, had it been judiciously applied in spreading light among the people ten or fifteen years before, every thousand thus applied would have saved in the end at least one hundred thousand in money and one hundred lives, from the fact that we should not have had so many enemies in the rear to contend with. Large interest that, for the privilege of keeping one's money in one's pocket.

Now these things happened, came to pass in the order of progress, just when the lesson taught, the example given, can be made of incalculable value to us if we will. It is a lesson that he who rummoh may read. In the light of the above, I would say to every Spiritualist, every liberal minded person, if you have wealth and wish to save it, use it; if you want but it to the largest interest, if you would make the most of it in the end, then spend it freely, generously now, in scattering light among the people.

A FEW FACTS.

In order to make the above more practical, allow me to give a few facts in reference to Western itinerating. Not that I would complain. Far from it. The friends are kind, and seem willing to do all they can. In almost any place here, where a room can be had, the people will come out, and they will listen attentively; they are hungry; the fields are white for the harvest. Yes, the harvest is abundant, but who will care for the reapers? Or rather, the fields are ready for the sowing, but who will care for those who sow? Who will supply the "seed" for themselves, and those dependent upon them?

"Why," says one, "if the people are really hungry, they will pay; surely there need be no trouble about that." Let us see. I went to one place, gave a lecture to a full house, and took up a collection of one dollar and forty-five cents! It was not because they were dissatisfied that the collection was so small, for the request for more lectures was almost unbounded. In passing through another place, I stopped, at the earnest request of the people, and gave two lectures to full houses, the landlord keeping me free of charge in order to induce me to stay, and took up a collection of one dollar and sixty cents. (I had just paid out four dollars stage fare.) Went to another place and gave two lectures; large hall well filled. One gentleman—his wife being a Spiritualist—paid for the hall; a Spiritualist living about two miles

from town took me there, and paid my fare back in the stage, and I received beside three dollars and seventy cents. One man, a bachelor, calling himself a warm Spiritualist, no one to care for but himself, gave me twenty-five cents, all in silver. Went twenty-five miles in another direction, gave a lecture to a crowded audience. It was the first one of the kind ever given in the place, and the people seemed deeply interested; one gentleman paid for the use of the hall, and I received two dollars and seventy cents; had I gone by stage my fare there and back would have been five dollars, for stage fare is ten cents per mile here, and railroad fare nearly six cents per mile.

Now with audiences of equal size in the itinerating field in Northern Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and New York, I have generally received, on an average, from two to four times as much as the above, as a voluntary contribution; while the cost of traveling is much less.

"What," says one, "are Western people so stingy?" No, it is not that. "Where then does the difficulty lie?" It is the almost impatient response that greets me.

I will tell you. People in the East pay for their own preaching, while here in Minnesota, in almost every place, I find from one to four ministers or other able men settled as missionaries—paid in part or entirely by Eastern Societies. This being the case, the people being accustomed to hearing without paying, when one comes to them with the gospel of the angels and is obliged to ask for money the first thing, the effect is bad. It repels the hearer and almost crushes the speaker. They will be willing to pay in time; that is, after they have heard enough to know that it is really what they need; but the sowers must live by the sowing; they cannot wait for the ripening harvest.

Remember, it is of places where there are but one or two, or possibly a half dozen of our faith, and these poor; it is of such places and not of organized societies that I am speaking. Were I to go East again, but in the itinerating field I had rather stay here and do twice the work for the same pay, for I can do more good here. Feeble as I am, but no one to care for but myself, I could do a work in the itinerating field here in Minnesota, that would produce an abundant harvest in the future. Why, had I the strength to do so, I had almost said that I could speak to full houses seven nights out of six, for the people here have not been frightened by the reckless radicalism that has more zeal for the advocacy of Spiritualism than knowledge of its principles. But a word to the wise is sufficient, and with a single pebble in another direction I will rest awhile.

PURSE.

I do want to say one word about societies, and perhaps the following extract from a private letter will help to illustrate my meaning. After telling of going several miles by stage, speaking twice, and getting next to nothing as compensation, she says:

"I am surprised at the coldness of our 'spiritual brethren,' for the advancement of the cause. I had been told that they had a society here, and so they have, but the members are so absorbed in their own selfishness, that they forget others. They are so very anxious to hold the office of President of their societies, that in cases where they are disappointed, they will neither give anything toward the cause, nor treat the speakers who may chance to come among them with the common courtesies of life. Is this Spiritualism? If it is, then from I deliver me."

Societies are often weak; are not able to do much, but when they do move, why, it must be on a large scale. They will make a tremendous effort, send for some one that is noted, have a feast, and then strive to hold the office of President of their societies, that in cases where they are disappointed, they will neither give anything toward the cause, nor treat the speakers who may chance to come among them with the common courtesies of life. Is this Spiritualism? If it is, then from I deliver me."

I have sometimes seen the word PURSE placed in large letters upon a door leading to some office, or some public room, and upon pushing, it would open before me. I have found, however, that unless fastened open, it was sure to swing back again.

Now pioneers in any field must have a great deal of the push element, if they would have doors of usefulness open before them. But societies like the above, no matter how hungry they may be, are tempted to excuse themselves from paying an itinerant who comes among them, by saying, "We did not send for them." So it seems that our speakers must, like Jonah's gourd, grow to the height of popularity in a night, and then fold their hands and wait for calls, or they must push their way through the crowd, by constantly closing again, because not fastened open, the sustaining hands. No wonder the writer of the above closes by saying, "I am tired out. Work! work! and where is the reward? Not in the earth-life. I have given up looking for it. Oh, rest! rest! I hope to find it in the Summer-Land; it comes not here!"

Tests through Mr. Foster.

Having noticed a communication from Mr. Dixon in the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 16, giving an account of a sance held at his house with Mr. C. H. Foster, and being one of the party then present, and thinking some other manifestations of as much interest as the one in regard to Mr. Bellamy, I will relate as much as I can remember with accuracy.

Mrs. S., of Portland, inquired of Mr. Foster whether he could inform her of a brother from whom she had not heard in many years. Mr. F. said, "My mind goes to California, and he is in the spirit-land." Mrs. S. could not say whether it was true or not, but would like to know for fact whether he was living or dead. This was before the sance, and soon after making the inquiry she was obliged to leave; but before she left, she wrote the name of her brother on a piece of paper, which she folded and handed to Mrs. D., to be given to Mr. Foster. When a convenient time presented itself Mrs. D. gave it to Mr. F. as it was handed to her, and Mr. F. did not open the paper at all, but remarked "that it was the name of that lady's brother who had left the company, and that he was dead."

In the evening at the sance, he commenced by asking if there were spirits present, and if so, would they rap, which was instantly done in all parts of the room. He then asked if they would move the table, and the large extension table was twisted about in such a manner that the various leaves had to be replaced.

All expressed themselves satisfied with those manifestations, and Mr. F. then proceeded to write under the table. He held a paper flat on his hand, and on top of it a pencil, then placed his hand under the table with another person's hand under his to see that he did not move, and the names of various friends from the spirit-land were written thereon in a plain manner, but in a way that the paper must be held to the light or before a mirror to have the writing appear as writing naturally does.

Mr. F. then remarked that the initials of a friend of Mr. B., spoken of by Mr. Dixon, would appear on his arm. He bared his arm, and "A. B." were distinctly visible the length of the table from Mr. F.

Another test. Mr. F. requested us all to write on slips of paper the names of some deceased friends, and of some still living, then to fold them closely and put them all in the center of the table; and as there were eight or nine persons present, and each person wrote several, there was quite a pile of papers.

Mr. F. touched them one by one, told the name written thereon, and whether living or dead, and handed to the one who wrote it to open it and see if correct, and not one single mistake was made. Mr. F. delivered several written messages to various members of the party, and one in particular for a lady, at the bottom of which he signed the names of her father, brother and sister, all of whom were in spirit-land. Mr. F. also told the names of guardian spirits to the party present, and it was always brother, father, mother, or some near relative, and always the true name. Hoping sometime to meet Mr. Foster again, and also that all that can may see, and so believe, I am, sincerely, Dergan Light, N. J., April 4, 1867.

Hotels for the Rich and Refuges for the Poor—The "Pride" of St. Louis, and the Shame of St. Louis.

On Monday evening, April 1st, the citizens of St. Louis were called together on the same evening to hold two public meetings, one at the call of a multitude of the citizens, amongst whom were some of the most prominent men of St. Louis, to listen to a second address from Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on the condition of the outcast women of the city; and the other to consider how best the wealth and enterprise of the people could be enlisted in the project of rebuilding the Lindell Hotel, which was destroyed by fire on the Saturday night previous. The following, clipped from the columns of the Democrat, gives an account of the opening of both meetings:

The upper hall of the Philharmonic was densely crowded last night to hear the lady, who is known, not only as able lecturer on Spiritualism, but has also gained a high reputation as a passionate advocate of those improvements which, by placing woman in a higher position, would rescue many from the dreary paths of infamy. The hall was crowded in the strongest sense of the term; nowhere could the sharpest eye detect a vacant seat, or even an inattentive face. The rows of heads were all turned upon a central object—the lady whose eloquence and whose rhetoric were being employed in so noble a cause. Whilst the room was filling, a violin band played a selection of operatic airs, to the great contentment of the critical music. At length, at eight o'clock precisely, Emma Hardinge rose to speak, and to hold enthralled her audience for two hours.

The Loss of the Lindell Hotel—Public Meeting—The Hotel to be Rebuilt—Great Enthusiasm.

The feeling of poignant and melancholy regret experienced by all classes of citizens in the destruction of that pride of our city, the Lindell Hotel, found ample expression throughout the day yesterday, and culminated last evening in a large and well-attended meeting at the rooms of the board of Public Schools.

As Mrs. Hardinge's speech on this occasion was more than ordinarily ably interpreted, it will be necessary here to reiterate the business part of the statement she made.

Mrs. H. said that many hundreds, it was feared some thousands, of unfortunate outcasts dwelt in St. Louis, scores of whom were eager for the opportunity of reform. In this direction, and it was known to the police that hundreds of these unhappy girls were in the constant practice of committing petty crimes in order to obtain even the temporary shelter of a prison to save them from the streets; that hundreds more were annually perishing of this wretched life, with no human hand outstretched to save them, and that if any place of shelter could be effected, she (Mrs. H.) would engage in one week to fill it with at least a hundred young helpless creatures, languishing in the dreadful life of sin, cretation, sanctity condemned them for lack of means to reform, whilst hundreds more would be waiting without the gates for their turn to enter.

Mrs. Hardinge, after a long and passionately eloquent appeal in her behalf, concluded by imploring aid for "the Western Female Guardian Society," who were in possession of a house for the refuge of these unhappy girls, but lacked the means to furnish and provide for its maintenance, so that with the exception of one noble Roman Catholic Institution, the great city of St. Louis did not afford one single place of refuge for the outcast woman who was willing to reform, and she must either better herself in her own den of infamy, a prison, or a suicide's grave.

Mrs. Hardinge added that she had recently sent five hundred dollars, a bequest left to her for the benefit of poor outcasts, to the Boston Home in Kneeland street, but finding the money had not yet been placed in that Institution, she had withdrawn it, and would now bestow it on the St. Louis Western Female Guardian Society, "provided only by the collections of the night and subscriptions from the audience, the sum could be doubled before to-morrow night."

Thus much for one side of the picture of the public meetings held in St. Louis on the night of April 1st. At the second meeting, namely, the one for providing a refuge for the rich in the rebuilding of the Lindell Hotel, there were many speeches made, of which the following is a good specimen:

"Mr. How.—Gentlemen, I hardly need explain to you the object of this meeting. A calamity has come over the city that we love so well, and it is to repair that, as far as lies in our power, that we have met here to-night. I know the citizens of St. Louis so well, that I do not believe they will quietly sit down, and allow the Lindell Hotel, which has been the ornament of our city, to be destroyed, without some effort to erect in its place an edifice at least as beautiful as that which has now gone down. I feel sure that the citizens of St. Louis will come, as they always have come to the rescue. I have been connected with many movements of this sort, but never before have I seen in a primary movement so large a gathering as is here assembled to-night. You will well reflect the feeling of every citizen in coming; here from one part of the city to the other; here from one of mingled regret and a determination, as far as every one can, to put their hands to the wheel, or rather to their pockets, and bring forth what is necessary to restore that which has been the pride and ornament of our city. So general is the feeling that I have been somewhat amused—if I could be amused on occasions of this kind—at the expressions which have been made in reference to this matter. To-night, at a barber shop where I sat to be shaved, the subject was discussed, and one black barber says, 'I will give five dollars to have the Lindell Hotel rebuilt; and another says, 'I can give as much as that.' I will give fifty cents, and so it is all through the city. Nothing remains but for you to resolve that the Lindell Hotel shall be restored, and it will be done.

Mr. January said: I offer this resolution: Resolved, That the chairman be requested to appoint committees of three in each ward of the city, to solicit subscriptions to rebuild the Lindell Hotel, and that they be requested to report at an adjourned meeting to be held this night week.

Mr. WINTER.—That is too far off. Mr. JANUARY.—In offering this resolution, I beg to say that we mourn to-night a greater calamity than has befallen this city since 1849. The destruction of the Lindell Hotel involves no personal loss; it involves a loss to the whole city, to the whole State, and to the whole country. This day we mourn that loss, sir; and this day in London and in every city on the continent, we have sympathizers just as sincere as we have in this city. They sympathize with us to-day. Suppose to-morrow the news goes over the cable that the Lindell Hotel is to be rebuilt in all its splendor, what an advertisement that will be for the city of St. Louis. I move, sir, that it should be done. [Great cheering.] I am willing to devote my whole life and soul to it [renewed cheers]—not from any individual interest, sir, but for the interest of the whole city of St. Louis, [loud applause,] for the interest of the State, and the credit of the West, [great cheering.] I hope the resolution will pass.

Now let us look at the results. Mrs. Hardinge pleaded for a shelter for hundreds of miserable victims of that false, hypocritical and cowardly state of society which "suffers the male sinner to go free, and, though he may be old, rich and educated, with no excuse for his vice, utterly absolves him from all share of penalty, and yet brands with the doom of Cain the young, ignorant and uneducated girl, whose very age and position makes her wholly irresponsible for crime at all." Mrs. Hardinge pleaded for a shelter for those "who must either starve or starve"—imploring as never orator besought before, for but one poor place of

refuge for those who had no hope, no help, no home "but the prison or the grave."

Messrs. Allen, How, and the Rev. Dr. ELLIOT, minister of the Gospel of Christ and the Magdalen, pleaded for a place of luxury for those whose wealth can find them shelter anywhere; for another immense caravansary in a city already overstocked with splendid hotels, whose size and magnificence already eats them up; the "solid" and the "REVEREND" men of the city, pleaded for yet another great, overwhelming edifice, into which nothing less than overwhelming wealth could enter—only one more, larger than ever, richer than ever, prouder than ever, where the rich man afflicted with a plethora of wealth may have a chance to go and squander in riot and luxury the excess which he can scarcely else get rid of; and in order to set the example of mercy and compassion to the rich, the Rev. Dr. ELLIOT headed the compassionate list with a subscription of five thousand dollars!

Surely that subscription of five thousand dollars by a Christian divine for the rebuilding of a magnificent hotel for very rich people, is an investment may hope to reap a large interest when he stands at the tribunal of his works in the land where hotels for the rich and asylums for the poor are built out of "the deeds done in the body." Won't that five thousand dollars shine brightly out in his revenue's "mansion not made with hands"? And the result was that, at the memorable meeting of the citizens of St. Louis, convened for the purpose of rebuilding a hotel for the very rich, a subscription of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars was raised on the spot; and at the meeting convened by Emma Hardinge for the purpose of opening even the poorest and most humble shelter for the outcast, three hundred dollars were raised on the spot, and the five hundred dollars which Mrs. Hardinge offered to give to the Home, provided only it could be doubled in twenty-four hours, remains still in her hands after four-days of patient waiting, and probably will have to go back to the already existing institution in Boston, unless Mrs. Hardinge is contented to wait until the reverend ministers of Christianity in St. Louis find time to spare from building hotels for the rich, to study their Bibles, and especially those parts that refer to "Dives and Lazarus," "the widow's mite," "the good Samaritan," "the woman taken in adultery," and the charge with which Mrs. Hardinge, in her ignorance of what Christianity meant, thought it would secure the success of her plea, by urging to a Christian community, namely, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs."

P. S.—Before mailing this letter, we learn the additional item that the one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars subscription for the rebuilding the Lindell Hotel, the pride of the city, is doubled Mrs. Hardinge's five hundred dollars for opening a refuge for the shame of the city is still waiting—waiting till the rich man's house is built, or the Christian ministers of St. Louis "get religion."

IN THE INFIDELS ONE OF "CHRISTIAN CHARITY."

Matters in Chelsea.

As Spiritualists of old Winnisimmet, we wish to let our Light shine before the world and not be regarded as having fallen from our high estate in the investigation of spiritual truths, and therefore we send you a small waif of our progress on the great ocean of life.

The golden bowl is not yet broken in our midst, but on the contrary is being filled to repletion with the nectar which strengthens, and invigorates, and encourages us to pursue our humanitarian course in behalf of the children of earth. Thank God and the living Intelligences who have crossed the river, that the day of independence has come, and men and women dare to be, to do and say as the light of heaven and earth shall give them power, and are learning that

"Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul."

For the month of March we sat under inspiration from an ally, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who is truly a noble and fearless champion of our philosophy, and held large and intelligent audiences spell-bound by the exhibition of her mediatic powers in logically demonstrating the facts and phenomena of spiritual communion. Her improvised poems elicited much worthy commendation, and were universally acknowledged to be a great proof of spirit-power, as the subjects were given by the audience and therefore precluded any chance for preparation. May loving angels guard and protect our sister and fit her for a long life of usefulness in making the way from the cradle to the grave smooth, and giving mankind a right idea of true religion. She speaks for us again the last two Sundays in June.

Last Sabbath we had Dr. P. B. Randolph, who infused new life into us by his practical remarks. He is an argumentative, plain, candid lecturer, and by those who love the truth for truth's sake is admired.

Our Lyceum "still lives," and pursues the even tenor of its way, doing its work silently but surely. Love, happiness and pleasure beam from the sparkling eyes of the children, while officers and teachers are ever at their post to cheer and encourage.

Mr. I. P. Greenleaf speaks for us through May, and Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith the last two Sabbaths in this month. JOHN H. CRANDON. Chelsea, April 8, 1867.

New Music.

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, have just issued the "Dexter Polka," composed and dedicated to W. Dexter Smith, Jr., by Ed. N. Catlin; "Artemus Ward," a poetical tribute by W. D. Smith, Jr., music by Jean Foster; "The Little Wanderer," by Jean Foster.

Our friends J. A. Butterfield & Co., music publishers, 22 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind., have sent us the following musical compositions: "Zulena, or a Dream of the Southland," words by W. H. Venable, music by W. T. Porter; "The Old Boat," song, or duet and chorus, words by O. S. Malleon, music by J. W. Saffern; "This world has a thousand mischances," a ballad, music by E. Tucker; "Waiting to-night," words by Orlando, music by G. G. Blackmer; "Minnie Wayne," song and chorus, by J. Hamilton, music by Blackmer; "It is not always May," words by Longfellow, music by Lucy E. Stoddard; "Sweet home where we know dwell," song and chorus by H. C. Tibbitts; "Wearing of the Blue," by H. E. Church. Mr. J. A. Butterfield composed the music for the following pieces, "Nina May," by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin; "The Queen of the Cottage," song and chorus, by Henry Hoytcock; "We're dreaming," by Irene Boynton; "Ever Dreaming," song and chorus, by Irene Boynton; "Lena," song and chorus, by Henry Hoytcock. Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y., have just published a patriotic song by A. R. Beers, entitled "Ye sons of Columbia, rekindle the fire; or, the dew drop from the clouds," music by E. G. Spinning.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 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 D. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

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

Church Discipline.

If people want to know and see for themselves that allegiance to creeds is set up by the ecclesiastical bodies as superior to loyalty to conscience and the statute law, they have but to read the following proofs, among many, of the bigotry and relentless tyranny of a certain Church in Athol, whose doings have of late come under our notice. It appears that Mr. Leander C. Spooner, of Athol, a member of the Evangelical Church of that place, received a notice from the Church authorities, last October, in which were intimated charges against him, to which he was required to make answer. These charges were, 1st, that he refused to walk with the Church according to his covenant with the same, by absenting himself from public worship, from stated Church meetings, and from the Communion; 2d, that he neglects family and secret prayer, by his own confession; 3d, that he avows his disbelief in the great and fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, as embraced in the creed of the Church.

On the 5th of January, of the present year, he put in his answer, according to notice. It was in writing, and this was its substance: He sent the Church a book, containing one hundred and forty-four contradictions found in the Bible, asking for an explanation of the same before he could wholly rely on the Bible as coming from a Being who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"; that the church edifice has been enlarged, and at the time of its re-dedication the Pastor lectured on the Church articles of faith, in the course of which he told his hearers that the same had been altered with ten years of its organization; that there is no provision for altering these articles of faith, and no provision can be held to support what he does not subscribe to, and hence that act of alteration relieved him and every other member from all obligations to the Church, and leaves him at liberty to accept or reject it as he may choose, because it makes it a thing to which he has never subscribed; that the Statutes forbid any person's administering an oath, affirmation, or obligation, not required by law, and impose a penalty on any one who allows it to be done, and makes the act itself null and void. From these considerations, Mr. Spooner argued in his answer to the Church that they are at liberty to leave at any time, and that the Church cannot properly call them to account for their conduct. He insists that a Church is restrained from arraigning a man in public for his religious sentiments, and that the act is a breach of authority on the part of that body.

On the 11th of January, Mr. Spooner received his reply from the Church. It read thus: "Your defence was read to the Church to-day, still the complaint was sustained in full meeting, no one dissenting; and the vote of excommunication was passed. The result is what might be expected, but does not alter the merits of the case, as no one can convince himself by looking at the Laws passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, 1834; and at the pamphlet entitled 'Self-Contradiction of the Bible,' containing one hundred and forty-four propositions, and published by 'A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, New York.'

How much sorrow is herein expressed over that, according to this Church creed, it thinks the everlasting loss of this "one sheep who has gone astray!" If the Church rejoices over gathering one soul in, ought it not to mourn over his final loss? But it is neither joy nor grief; it is proselyting, and partisanship. How can a man grow as such? Who will not be glad to see these fetters of bigotry all broken, that RELIGION, rather than Creed, may live in the hearts of all the people?

"Fitz Adam's Story."

No reader of the BANNER need have his or her attention directed to the poem with the above name, published on the first page of this number. It is taken from the Atlantic Monthly for January, and no doubt belongs to Professor Lowell. It is quaint, witty, ironical, humorous and natural enough to be a production from the same pen with "Homer Wilbur" and the fulminating sketches of "A. J. Davis & Co." in the character of Deacon Bitters, the keeper of a little Down East grocery and rum-store, who had a way in his busy lifetime, of measuring cord-wood and always making it come out short; like the other rum-selling deacon who, once on a time, confessed with a boast that his thumb had coined four thousand dollars for him, as he always put it into even his gill measures when drawing spirits. The Deacon dies and goes to "hell," and the point of the narrative is to be found there. He is set to measuring brimstone, but makes it fall short, true to his habit. The teamster who hauls it rebels; a row is raised; and the Devil comes along and looks into it. Finding out what it is all about, he takes the rod and measures the load himself, and tells his men to take the cheating Deacon and put him into "furnace ninety-two" and pile in the brimstone till he confesses that the cord is a full one. The narrative is exquisite, as well as the main points of it. The scenery, incidents, characters and by-play will none of them be overlooked by the appreciative reader. We have not enjoyed a piece of verse so much in a long while. The Congregationalist newspaper of this city, attacks it, and the other Orthodox organs follow suit. That is the only way they know how to "puff," so, choose a thing, and it is a most effective way.

Uncle Sam Expanding.

The Senate has ratified the treaty by which Russia cedes what is known as the Bussian American possessions to the United States, for the sum \$7,200,000. Russian America comprises that portion of the American continent lying North of latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes North, and West of longitude 141 degrees West, with islands adjacent, together with a narrow belt of rocky coast and a number of islands lying between latitude 54 40 and 60 North. The area of the entire is estimated at 371,376 square miles.

The Passion for Giving.

For all we are denounced as being so material in this age of money and solid things, history will be put to her trumps to discover anything like a parallel to the individual and associated giving which has become one of the belongings of the time. We do not refer wholly to what is given in charity, but quite as much to what passes as an outright gift, satisfying the one who bestows it as much as the one who receives it. Mr. Peabody has made our time illustrious in this way; it does not seem possible that any should come after him who could inculcate a nobler or more impressive example on the minds of this or any succeeding generation. The astonishing results secured in so little time by the Sanitary Commission, while the war was in progress, disclosed to our people the possibilities, unheard and undreamed of till that time, of associations for the purpose of doing good by the active agency of giving.

We might all of us by this time be convinced of the superior happiness enjoyed by the free giver, without waiting for further examples. It is as true as any profound truth can be, that the gift blesses him who bestows it as well as him who receives; oftentimes much more so, since beneficence is a superior feeling in every respect to gratitude. Even when a gift is received without apparent thankfulness, we contend that the loss to the giver is supplied abundantly in the purer and more exalted reflection that this is nearer the divine attribute itself, since the All Father gives his sunshine and his showers to the grateful and the ungrateful alike, to the "just and the unjust." Would that making gifts might become a fashion, if it cannot become popular as a principle; its good effects would cover up many an unworthy motive in those who follow it.

Then, too, giving must react by a process of association, upon the work of accumulation. When we feel that we are saving, sacrificing and denying ourselves for the sake of compassing some noble end, such as endowing an institution, bestowing a needed charity, and performing a public service, or assisting virtue in its unequal struggle, it cannot be otherwise than that we feel a consciousness of an elevation of motive in our work, and an assurance in secret that nothing we do but operates to our own expansion and improvement permanently. The act of self sacrifice, however steadily repeated, is the one which surely tests character, and strengthens and enlarges it, as any that can be followed by social beings. What we do for ourselves, and is therefore at best substantially selfish; what we do for others, and make a personal sacrifice in order to do, is wholly outside of all selfish thoughts, and therefore ennobling and elevating, and in this way the soul feeds on better fruits than gold anywhere on the greivous bushes of selfish considerations.

Everybody gives something, either living or dying. It has come to be expected of them now. Families are made with more margin to them, the wills not uniformly expecting that everything should be kept in the close quarters of relationship. Benevolence has fairly grown to be a custom. The age, after all, is a better one than its predecessors. It is the habit to speak of it as the very worst known, because the pursuit of riches is so unceasing and engrossing. But the fact proves, on careful scrutiny, to be far different from what is sought to be made the general impression. Gifts and endowments are as thick on all sides of us as they never were before, and they are to grow thicker still. Our modern charities, too, are more intelligent, scientific as well as more benevolent. They have a scope and comprehensiveness that should make us glad to live in the age they illustrate.

Lies About the Indians.

For some time past stories have been industriously brooded about the country, saying that a Colonel in command of one of the United States forts in the far West had been surrounded by the Indians in his defenses, his command slaughtered, and himself driven to shoot his wife before being made an end of by the savages, to prevent her suffering worse and more than death before that was visited upon her. Any quantity of indignation was stirred over the subject, and it was universally denounced as the most horrid of massacres. It was thought awful beyond description that a man should be driven to the desperate alternative of shooting his own wife, rather than see her delivered over to the Indians.

But it is generally safe to wait until even the most exciting stories are verified. Time enough has elapsed in this case to prove or disprove the tale, and it turns out that no such massacre has occurred; that the fort in question has not been besieged by them, that no intelligence of such a slaughter has come to the knowledge of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and that this loud cry is only got up by men who have selfish motives underneath. The New York Herald says of the rumor that it is believed among the Western men in Washington to be but another cry of "Wolf" from "a few needy traders with a dusty, worn-out stock of goods to dispose of to the troops." Most of the Indian Wars are got up on the same pretext, and with similar intents. They have from the first disgraced our civilization.

No Mention Made.

It was a very small, and so a very characteristic thing in the publisher of the Vermont Standard, of Woodstock, Vt., to make no syllable of mention of the burning of the Spiritualists' Hall at the time of the recent fire in that beautiful town. Possibly he may think nobody would thus ever know there was a Spiritualist in the place, much less three hundred of them, when reading an account of the fire in the journals of the country. What more thoroughly shows up the irreligious religion of such men and presses, that sit on the church steps and bark for ecclesiasticism in return for the bones that are flung to them, is the singular fact in the present case that the publisher of the Standard was himself the landlord who leased "Union Hall" to the Spiritualists of Woodstock, and had his own office on the floor below. It would be a broad farce, if it were not full of malicious meanness. A landlord, who is shrewd enough to punctually collect his rents for three years, not to know it when his tenement has been burned flat! His subscribers would no doubt be very glad to have him equally forgotten. All the other losses were mentioned in his paper, and of course in others, but that of the Spiritualists. This was simply that the friends of our Religion in other parts of the country might not be apprised of their great loss. But how little they think that in no other way could such men excite to increased sympathy and offers of aid.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

The theme of Miss Doten's discourse, Sunday afternoon, April 7th, was "The Radical," a monthly magazine, devoted to religion, published by Adams & Co., 21 Broadfield street." She closed her remarks with a fine original poem entitled, "Press On." She speaks in the same hall next Sunday afternoon.

Shame! Shame!

A communication appears in a recent issue of the Haverhill, Mass., Publisher, signed by two physicians of that town, describing the awful condition of some little children; belonging to the widow of a soldier, who was unable to care for her little family, and so consented to place them in the charge of the "Little Wanderers' Home," in Boston. After some time she succeeded in procuring her pension money, and came up from Haverhill to Boston to take away two of them, thinking she could now care for them herself. It cost much time and patience for her to see her children after calling for them, and when at last she was brought into the room where they were she fainted away. Their condition shocked her beyond the power of her nervous system to endure. The children were finally taken away with her, and carried to Haverhill, where they are now to be seen at the corner of Winter and Hale streets. The mother's name is Mrs. Hoyt. The "Publisher" says she "appears like an honest and reliable woman," and that the Haverhill physicians, in their public statement of the case, "do not exaggerate the pitiable condition of the little returned wanderers."

The fact, according to the physicians' statement, simply is, these children were being slowly starved to death! The mother gave them a light taste of food on getting them home, and they went into fits the same night! The physicians of Haverhill invite their fellow-citizens to go and see these children for themselves; "and if each and every one"—say they—"is not filled with virtuous indignation at the sight of these emaciated, squallid, Althy little innocents, covered with vermin and all uncleanness, we are greatly mistaken in our fellow-townsmen." Somebody is responsible for this. Who is it? What can be the motive for such nameless inhumanity? Let us say no more of the horrors of Andersonville and Libby, with these cases here at our own door. We have heretofore spoken kind and encouraging words for this "Little Wanderers' Home," confiding in the representations made us by certain persons whose charitable inclinations are not to be questioned; but we take all back, and have nothing, but the language of indignant condemnation for any institution, which, under the guise of charity, further the grossest barbarism. We have no further words for this affair at this moment, but shall watch anxiously to learn the result of a thorough and impartial examination of the management of the "Home."

Mistakes by Mortals Corrected by Spirits.

On March 18th, a spirit-message was given at our Public Circle, purporting to come from "Dr. Edward Brett, of Bretsville;" at least our reporter so understood, but she was mistaken, as the sequel will show. But in this instance it is well that the reporter did mistake, although the majority of such mistakes are not so readily rectified, and hence many of the published spirit-messages lose their value as tests.

The message under consideration was put in type the first of last week for this issue of the BANNER; but, previous to putting the forms to press, we sent a proof-sheet to Mrs. Conant, when a spirit seized her hand and erased the name of "Brett," substituting that of Breckville. The word "Bretsville" was also changed to Brecksville. Two days after our forms with the message corrected had gone to press, we received the following letter:

MESSES, EDITORS—I see by the BANNER of April 6th, that you have a message from one Dr. Edward Brett, of Bretville, Ohio. Now that may be all right, but last evening, at a circle, we were informed that there was a mistake by the reporter, and that it was intended to read Dr. Edward Breck, of Brecksville, Ohio, and requested me to so inform you. I will here say that I know, but no such place as Bretville, in our State of Ohio, or I do not know of such a place as Brecksville—it is the next town north of Richfield; and I will say further, that I was last Thanksgiving day at the funeral of Dr. Edward Breck. Yours for truth, Richfield, Summit Co., O. S. S. CLARE.

The War Aspect in Europe.

The latest cable dispatches give the version of the new trouble which has arisen in European affairs: It is now known that the Emperor Napoleon, desiring the possession of Luxemburg indispensable to the military security of the French frontier, not long since commenced negotiations with the King of the Belgians for the purchase of the Grand Duchy and its incorporation with the French Empire. But as the Fortress of Luxemburg, which is held by the strongest fortifications in Europe, was one of the Prussian garrisons, and the Prussian Government, backed by the whole of Germany, firmly objects to the transfer of the Duchy to France, King Leopold has withdrawn from any further negotiations on the subject. The French Emperor insists that his proposition shall be carried out and a treaty completed. The national pride of France has been deeply wounded, and a wild anti-Prussian feeling prevails. Meanwhile, while the dispute is pending, both Prussia and France are making military preparations.

This threatening state of affairs is the cause of the financial panic which now exists in London, Paris and all the principal commercial centres of Europe.

Cable dispatches also state that the Spanish Government refuses to yield to the demands made by England for indemnity and satisfaction in the case of the steamer Tornado; and that the Sultan of Turkey threatens to declare war against Greece on account of insurrectionary troubles on the Turkish frontier.

Certainly things have a squally look on the other side of the Atlantic.

Music for Spiritualists.

Dr. John P. Ordway, a practicing physician in this city, whose musical productions about ten years ago were so very popular, among which were "Mother dear" and "Twinkling Stars," is again expressing his leisure moments in giving expression to his musical talents, much to the gratification of the music loving public. Some of his new pieces are particularly adapted to the Spiritualists, for public meetings as well as private circles. Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued the Doctor's latest composition, entitled "Come, darling, come to the spirit-land!" with song and chorus. It is sufficient to say it is quite equal to any of his previous efforts. This piece is dedicated to Dr. Gardner, and was sung by his choir at Miss Doten's meeting last Sunday. We commend it to the notice of others in other spiritual meetings. There is a great need of such music ordway spiritualistic sentiments, and we hope Dr. Ordway may in some measure fill the void.

The Work Goes Bravely On.

We learn that a society of Spiritualists has been formed in East Boston, and that Temperance Hall is secured in which to hold meetings. Speakers engaged will be announced hereafter. Read Mr. Finney's able address in this issue of the BANNER.



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...

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. 153 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.

Thou fountain in which the soul may wash and be clean, thou Eternal and Perfect Good, thou who art our Father and our Mother, to thee we pray; bringing unto the altar of this hour all the choicest gifts of our souls, and asking thy blessing upon them.

Oh Spirit whose loving kindness hath sent messengers abroad over all the earth, preching glad tidings of great joy to all, thou who art the soul's trust, we behold thy face in the sunlight, we behold it in the shadow. Everywhere thou art seen by the soul.

Oh Spirit, thou Holy One, we would lose all our imperfections in thy perfect being. Even as the shades of night are lost in the glorious arms of morning, so would we lose ourselves in thee.

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hear of my coming, I want him to respond, and somehow give me an opportunity of talking with him, for I really think it will be the means of setting me up a peg higher. I'm very sorry now I didn't heed his advice, but I'll patch it up as best I can, and send a word or two now. [It seems his prophecy proved true.] Oh, certainly it proved true. Well, I think it's very good employment.

Now I have an idea that through that fellow I may reach my friends. It's very evident that Algeria is acquainted with these things. I want to know if he won't be kind enough to furnish my friends with all he knows upon the subject of spiritual communion? I'll assure him I'll not treat him as I did before, if he'll allow me to talk with him now. [He read your mind, probably.] Yes, no doubt. If he could look into the future and tell that I was to be killed, why might not he be able to divine my thoughts at that time? I'm quite disposed to believe that he knew what was passing in my mind at that time.

[Will you give your regiment and company?] Company I, 9th Virginia. [A lady present is about travelling your way; perhaps she may be able to aid you.] I'll be very glad to have her do so.

[To the Chairman.] Well, my dear sir, this, as I said before, is a novelty; but as we all have to make a beginning, I shall hope that the end will be as satisfactory as the beginning. I'm sure I'm very much gratified to come here, and if I can only find the chap I'm searching for, I shall be amply repaid for all the trouble I've had in coming here to-day. [You'd better give the names of some of your relatives.] I have, then, a sister Elizabeth, a brother Richard, a wife and one child. [Where do they reside?] Winchester. I'm obliged to you, sir. Good-day. March 14.

James Aleck.

I would like to go to my mother, if I could. I went from Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania. I went out with Captain Stone, as captain's boy. I was thirteen years old. I got a hard fever to go to war, and I run away from my mother, and I died at Beaufort, South Carolina. Yes, sir. I was sick there with the fever; and I've been trying ever since to see if I could get back. She's felt very bad because I couldn't die at home, because I died away; and I thought I'd just come here and tell mother I'm very comfortably off, and I should like to go home right well, if I could, and talk with her. I don't like to come where there's so many people, because I don't know what to say.

And I am much obliged to Captain Stone for writing to my mother about me. I'm much obliged to private Onley, too, for what he did for me. He was very kind to me, and I'm very much obliged. And I should like to talk to him. I suppose my mother got the last letter I sent her, with ten dollars in it, that the captain gave me, that was sent before I was sick.

You print your letters? [Yes. Shall we send one to your mother?] I'd rather Captain Stone would get it, if I knew where he is, but I don't know where he is. He was from somewhere in Pennsylvania, but I don't know where. [What is your mother's name?] Mary. I don't feel just right, because I didn't leave just right. I want to come back and talk just the same. [Has your mother other children?] No, sir, not living; she's got two in the spirit-land beside me; died when they were babies.

[Well, I wish you'd tell her I'm comfortably off; should n't come back if I could. [Do you remember what regiment and company you were in?] 13th, I'm quite sure. [Don't give it, unless you're sure.] Well, I'm quite sure. [13th Pennsylvania?] Yes, sir. I wish I had my mother here. I should have to wish to come again, I suppose. But if I want the chance, can I have it? [We think you can.] March 14.

Hannah Sayles.

I was stewardess, sir, on board the North Star; and I have come here for the purpose of making a communication to my mother and two sisters and brother in Liverpool, England. My name was Hannah Sayles, and I was forty-two years of age—forty-two years the very week we were lost.

I am constantly being apprised of the fact that my mother wants me; that she earnestly desires that I should come back. And I suppose I know in part why she wishes to hold communication with me, if possible. It is with regard to what property I left; would I desire her to have it, or would I desire it to be divided among the family?

My mother knows that she was dear to me when I was here, and she knows that it was my first thought when here to provide her with the comforts of life. And I know that at my death she was left without scarce anything. So I am anxious that all I left should go to her. My sisters and brother can work and gain their own support. But she is old, and she needs that. If there is any left at her death, it will go to them.

I am delighted to be able to return. I have met many of our dear friends; have met our father, and a great many other relatives, all of whom were delighted to see and welcome me to their spirit homes.

I was a very strange thinker upon religious matters when here. I could not live under the prescribed rules of the Church. Something seemed to be leading me outside into Nature; and I'd sometimes say to my friends, "Oh I think I am a materialist, an unbeliever. I don't know as I really believe in a God." Well, it was not that I did not believe in a Supreme Guiding Intelligence, the God that was not done up in creeds. I could not believe in any other God.

I suppose my mother would know did I suffer much in changing, in dying? No; for we were not aware of our danger until about an hour before we foundered, and then of course there was terrible consternation everywhere among the passengers for a time, and the very thought of it now makes me sad.

The spirit-world, tell my mother and all my friends, is very vast. It fills the universe. My mother, I think, believes the spirit-world to be located somewhere beyond the stars. That is a mistake. It is everywhere around you, and I may be in my spirit-home and yet with my mother and friends on the earth at the same time. These things are so very simple that the wise ones have overlooked them. The spiritual ordinances have taught that there is a heaven and hell far apart. It is a mistake. Those conditions of mind exist everywhere. There is no special locality called heaven or hell.

I am very, very thankful that I was so free from religious superstition when here, very thankful. For some cause I seemed to inherit a profound reverence for Nature. It seemed as though it was handed down like some family relic of a past age to me. Oh I thank God for it! And I only hope that I may be able to inspire my friends with somewhat of that feeling. I would not do away with the churches, if souls have faith in them. But I certainly did not.

I had no fear of death when terror seemed to seize upon all hearts. Even Christians were on their knees, and walling all around me, distrustful their God, while I felt if there was a Supreme Power guiding all things, that Power would surely care for us.

[To the Chairman.] I thank you, sir, for your kindness. [Have you provided a way for your mother to get this?] Yes, I think I have opened the way. I think, rather, that my mother has opened it herself.

Perhaps in order that I may be better identified, I had better say I was for a time stewardess on board an American ship called "The Red Jacket," of which Captain Howard was master. March 14.

Nettie Whittinger.

How do you do, sir? I was here a little while ago, and sent a letter to my mother. Nettie Whittinger, my name is, and I wish you to send my letter to my mother, telling her I was there last night, and tried to make some manifestations, but didn't succeed very well; hope to do better next time. Will you please to? [Oh yes, she'll get it, because she gets your paper as soon as it is printed. You won't forget to print it, will you?] [No.]

Good-by, mister. I am ever so much obliged to you for sending my other letter. [Were you from St. Louis?] No, sir; Nebraska. You're forgetful, ain't you? Well, you'll remember me next time I come. Don't forget to give the date, will you? so she'll know what night it was. [Did you succeed in arresting her attention?] Oh yes, oh yes, sir; only I didn't do as well as I wanted to. Good-by, mister. March 14.

Colonel Winthrop.

'You'll excuse me, I am sure, for availing myself again of your channel of return.

I am Colonel Winthrop. I have a reason for coming again, and that reason is, I would like to know why the proposed project to arrest the course of the intelligences that inhabit the mansion house at Belmont, was not carried out. [We cannot give you any definite reason. We have been waiting for the medium to move in the matter.] Well, I have been to the lady here quite a number of times at her home, and she says to me "Oh, Mr. Winthrop, I'm ready to go, I'd like to go." Now if she's ready to go, what is to hinder her? [We're waiting for her suggestion.]

Well, I believe my niece drew up the programme. It was accepted, but never carried out. [We never knew anything in regard to that.]

I assure you, my dear sir, it's not very pleasant to be constantly called the ghost that haunts the house he once lived in. Some of us who are on the unseen side, are a little sensitive about being called dead, you know. [Do you continue to trouble the family now?] Well, it is quite the reverse, sir; they trouble me very much, I assure you. No, sir; I do not seem to trouble them, although they are occasionally a little startled. I believe they have got somewhat used to our presence by this time, however. But I do not like to live so close to them. It's rather irksome to me, so I am anxious to break my chain. Where there is a will strong enough there's a way, and I believe I shall break it yet.

Well, sir, you say, if I understand it, sir, that it rests altogether with the lady medium. [It does.] Very well, then; I'll settle the matter with her, will I? [We'll try to serve you.] Thank you, sir; and I, in return, will endeavor to serve you. March 14.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; closed by William Berry.

Invocation.

Our Father, in the name of that spirit of discovery which prompts every soul to peer beyond the horizon of its present life, thy children are here assembled. Bestow upon them as much of thy light, of thy wisdom, as their souls can comprehend. And grant, oh Lord, that every soul may open wide the chambers of its being, so that thy sunlight may beam in; so that the hidden glories of their own nature may be revealed unto them. Grant that every soul may offer up a song of thanksgiving and praise to thee, not because thou requirest it of them, but because that fountain of love, of praise and prayer that thou hast placed within every soul, will well up and bubble forth in thanksgiving to thee.

Father, the thanks of thy children rise like spiral waves of harmony and love. Every soul recognizes thy wisdom, thy power, thy omnipotence. Even the savage, in his wild, natural condition of being, recognizes the Great Spirit, and worships him too. All men love thee, each in his own way, according to the instincts of their own nature. Some call thee Jehovah, some call thee Allah, some call thee Great Spirit; but thou art Father and Mother of all thy children. Oh, Lord, our Father, we feel we are thy children. Oh, Father, thy blessing we do not ask, for thy presence is the holiest, divinest blessing thou canst confer upon humanity; for thou art with us. Everywhere we hear thy voice saying, "My child, I am here, I am here." God, we hear thy voice, we recognize thy presence, and we return thee thanks in the name of the past. In the name of the present, and in the name of that boundless future into which we are hastening. Amen. March 18.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—We would inquire if there are spirits who can, otherwise than through mortal mediums, see the objects on the earth-plane as they saw them before they passed away?

ANS.—No spirit, in its positive spiritual state, is able to discern the objective realities of this life except through humanity's organism, or the physical organism of the human body. All spirits are able to discern the things of the inner life. You should remember that at the period called death, or after the spirit has passed through that period, it becomes intimately related, or enters the atmosphere of the life of things, soul of things. It is no longer in communication with the objective realities of this mundane sphere. It has changed states of being; it has come under a newer and higher law; and as spirit or soul ever obeys law, you should not expect disobedience in this respect. When spirits who return inform you that they see you, and realize what is passing on earth, they mean you shall understand that they realize the spiritual part. For instance, your speaker, when separated from these physical organs, cannot take cognizance of the outer form of this article of furniture [the table.] But as all things have an inner life, spirit is cognizant of that inner form always.

Q.—Is the doctrine of re-incarnation as held by the French Spiritualists and by some in this country, true?

A.—It certainly is absolutely and positively true.

Q.—Are there associations in spirit-life, as in the earth-life, for various religious, benevolent and political purposes? If so, is there an association called the General Assembly, of which Benjamin Franklin is President? If so, will you give us

the general character of the persons who compose it? Has this body its agents or representatives and co-operators in the earth-life?

A.—Mind acts upon mind, sometimes through the blending of many minds, and sometimes through the distinctive mind and properties of one individual. But the old adage that "in union there is strength," is absolutely true; and as the inhabitants of the spirit-world recognize this truth, they of course take advantage of it. Therefore they do form themselves into groups, societies, for various purposes. There is indeed such an assembly as your correspondent refers to; and its purpose is the gaining of knowledge and transmitting knowledge gained. There are minds on earth corresponding to such minds as are seeking for knowledge in the spirit-world; and when an idea is transmitted, or an object attained, it is at once transcribed to minds open to receive it in earth-life. And so on, through all gradations of mind, the stream of intelligence runs. It is here dammed up by obstructions, but still flows on; nothing can stay it, for the law of eternal progress decrees that it shall ever move on. March 18.

Prudence Farnum.

I am come back that I may receive light, and give it, too; yes.

I find great difficulty in speaking. I was paralyzed, so I lost my speech, pretty much, months before I died. And I was wondering would I feel it here; and it has made bad work for me, for I do.

I was born in Gorham, Maine, and my name used to be, when I was here, Prudence Farnum. I lived here eighty-five years on the earth; and that's a good while. But I didn't learn much; didn't learn much.

I hear some of 'em say, "If Prudence Farnum comes back, I shall believe anybody can come." So I have put my best foot forward, and come. [Do you know who said it?] Yes; Waldo Farnum was one, and some of the folks in Augusta, Bangor and Bath. They are hard again this thing; but they said, "If Prudence Farnum comes back, we'll believe anybody can come." They would believe, if I should come back.

I am just the same now I'm here as I was when I died. But I ain't so when I'm free. I ain't got this terrible weakness when I'm away from earth. I'm young in the spirit-world, I am, I am! I've got no canes there, I can tell you. They said the first thing I'd ask for if I came back would be my cane. I won't, either, for I don't need it; no, no. [They said you'd ask for your cane?] Yes; they did n't believe I could come, you know. They said it among themselves; did n't know I was round. I was. I've got above canes in the spirit-world; got above them. I don't need any canes. I don't know but I may live on the earth again, but it don't please God to put me back, and I don't think it ever will.

I could do a good many things when I was here, but I could n't understand why it was that there was such a thick door between the two worlds, so thick that you could not see into the spirit-world. I know now it's only thick because you don't have the faculty of seeing, yourselves; 't ain't the door. There's an open passage-way, only you don't know it. I don't see—I don't see any reason why all the inhabitants of the spirit-world cannot come back; because if I can come, it seems to me as if all can come, just as the boys and girls said about my coming back.

Now I want to tell them one thing: seeing as I can come, there's no knowing when I'll be round; no knowing when I may be there, close by them. So they'd better do pretty near right, because it may be that I shall talk sharp to them, and it's not the prettiest thing that ever was to be talked sharply to, you know. I need to. I might do it. I won't say I should n't, if I got in the way of it again. So they'd better do about right here. I tell you what it is. Old Solomon said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Do you want to know what that remark of his meant? Now I think it meant this: If you see a friend doing wrong, and you know it, and do n't tell them of it, that's sparing the rod and spoiling the child. I think it's best to point out a friend's faults when you can see them. I won't say that I shan't tell the boys and girls; do n't know as I shall; do n't know, the first time I come to them privately, as I shall be severe with them. But seeing as I can come, they'd better be pretty careful, and do about right here.

I've nothing to say about their playing cards Sunday, providing they think it's right for them to do so. If they don't think it's wrong, I've nothing to say about it. If they'd rather play cards than go to church, I shan't blame them, because they don't tell many truths nowadays. [The ministers do n't?] No, they don't; they have been blinded by ignorance so long that it's hard for them to see the truth now. So I ain't going to say anything about that. But if they do anything that goes agin their own conscience, that don't look right to them, I may rebuke them.

I hope they'll be satisfied that the door is open between the two worlds, and that folks can come. [You want them to know that you can see what is going on here?] Yes, yes, I can see; can understand. I get it. If I can't get it in any other way, I get it through their minds. Why, bless your soul, do n't you know you could n't sit down and play cards—I don't know anything about playing them myself—they do it for sport, sometimes for money, I'm told—do n't you know you could n't do it without your mind was engaged in it? Then mind is just like clear water. You look right in it, and see everything going on, down through the band. Nobody ever stole anything yet without thinking of it first. March 18.

Joseph McDowell.

I am a singular sort of a genius myself, just as I was when I was here; and as I always like to pay my way, I'd like to in this case. And as I don't happen to have any of the currency that is used here, supposing you take my note in the way of a promise to do as much for you in some other way. [We accept it.] All right, then; I'll go ahead.

My name, sir, was Joseph McDowell, and I suppose I must tell you I hail from Memphis, as at that place I expect to reach my friends, although I passed away; as you call it; died, at Cherbourg, France; so I don't know but I should say I hail from there.

You see it is like this: When the question of rebellion was decided, or when it was decided there would be a general war between North and South, my friends took sides with the South; in a most radical, pointed way. But as I had no taste for leaden pills or sharp long knives, I concluded that I'd travel off, and wait until the war was over; and then if there was anything left I'd take it; if there wasn't, I'd make up my mind to do without it.

When those friends heard of my plans, they said, "Jos, if you go, we'll confiscate all your goods." I says, "Confiscate and be blowed; I'm going." But I was exceedingly fortunate in one respect,

I was n't obliged to come home and take nothing, for I got an order to go higher and take something. Yes, I assure you I accepted the order with pleasure, and started on the double-quick. There was no lagging on that march.

But now I want to come into communication with those friends. They said, "Joe was a foolish fellow." If he'd stayed here it would have been all right." Oh yes, it might have been, and then it might not; and he might have run crossways against his own conscience, too. It's a bad thing to run against your own conscience, I can tell you. It's a sharp tool. If it don't cut you immediately, it will be pretty sure to come to time by-and-by.

Now to those friends, and particularly to Henry McDowell, I've this much to say: You're entirely welcome to all you have, and would be if there was a thousand times more, entirely welcome. I'm far in advance of you now; that is, as regards spiritual things. And as for being sorry that I did n't espouse the cause of the South, or even the North, I am no such thing. I'm very glad that I took myself away. I tell you what it is, it's the very best thing a man can do to keep out of a war.

And now to prove that I can take myself back on the same highway that I went over, just let them form—what is it? a ring? circle? giving me one of these persons that I can come through—and I shall be very happy to communicate with them. I'm not at all offended with them. What if they did get angry with me here? What do I care? Hol that's children's play; children's play. They were little children themselves. It was the silliest thing that they ever engaged in. Why, I'm ashamed to own that I came from America, up in the spirit-world. I am ashamed to own it. Why, I am constantly being asked such questions as these: "Did n't you know any better than that? Did n't you know better than to war against your brothers? Did n't you know any better than to hold millions of men in slavery?" Well, I'm ashamed of it. I can see, however, that my countrymen are making good progress. They are climbing up the hill, and dropping off garment after garment, until at last they'll stand at the top of the hill with not so many miserable spots upon their robes as they once had.

But that's nothing to do here n'r there, is it? Won't you be kind enough to say to them, I got a most excellent passport into the higher kingdom, and the way of conveyance was a very good one; I found it so. And the place that I've been assigned is most excellent; and I'm in the way of communicating with folks here. That's better than all the rest.

And now if any of my friends have any accounts against me, let them present their bills at once, and I'm ready to pay. Although I have n't got, as I said before, such currency as is common with you, yet I've some equally as good, and I rather think a little better, with which to pay off old debts. So you please say so to my folks, will you? [Certainly.]

Oh well, well, this coming back is glorious. [What was your age?] I was, sir, in my fiftieth year; forty-nine years old. Oh how mean a body feels, when they are trying to conjure up some excuse for their doing wrong. Seems to me they ought to feel mean. See here, while I think of it; Mr. Powers, a friend of mine, says to me the day I was leaving—it was not a very gentlemanly speech, but he made it—so the old saying that chickens always come at night to roost is true in his case. He said, "Joe McDowell, just as sure as you leave our cause and the country, you'll go to hell." Very much obliged to him, but I ain't there. Give my compliments to him, and tell him I ain't there; and do n't expect to go there. If he's in the spirit-world I've not seen him; but from all I hear, I'm inclined to think he's still living at the South. He's chewing the cud of secession now; sweet morsel, I should think it would be.

Well, well, I'll travel, my good sir. Well, if I tell you who I am, I think you'll remember, won't you? [I've expected to.] Well, good-day to you. I'm going out with the hope that I shall soon give me with my friends at Memphis. Some of 'em gave me a dinner a few days before I left, with the hope that I'd recant. I hope they'll repeat the compliment again, in the way of asking me to dine round an intellectual sort of a table. It would suit me pretty well now. Good-day. March 18.

Dr. Edward Breck.

Your paper, I believe, goes to Breckville, Ohio. Yes, I'm pretty sure it does. Well, if it does, won't you be kind enough to say, then, for me, that Dr. Edward Breck, of Breckville, sends a kind greeting to all his friends? Good-day, sir. March 18.

Complimentary Resolutions.

At a social reunion on the evening of the 19th inst. of the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Spear, at the hospitable residence of that true and unflinching advocate of the Harmonical Philosophy and the common rights of humanity, Major George Chorpennin, Bro. George White was called to the chair, and Bro. C. Laurin appointed Secretary, when the following preamble and resolutions were read and unanimously adopted, and after being signed by all present, the Secretary was requested to publish the same in the same in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, and the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, Chicago.

We the undersigned residents and sojourners in the Capital of the Nation, having enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of the late John M. Spear and his most estimable wife (one of us for many years) and having been recipients of the benefits of their melioristic ministrations during their present visit amongst us, feel impelled from a warm affection for them personally, as well as from a sense of the broad and comprehensive philosophy of which they are in part the exponents, to give some united expression of our sentiments; therefore:

Resolved, That we accord to our Brother and Sister Spear our highest admiration of the lofty, the stern integrity, the indefatigable energy and the self-sacrificing character of their labors in behalf of our common humanity; and we earnestly recommend them to the kind consideration and courteous hospitality of all who, like them, are longing or laboring for a more full and perfect realization of the brotherhood of man.

Resolved, That in parting with our Brother and Sister, we regret to modify the reflection that they leave us for the labor of love elsewhere, and from the conviction that the same Angelic Benevolence that has guided them thus far will be untiring in its exertions for the benefit of all who have been compensated for in the glorious realization of the same in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, and the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, Chicago.

CHASTON LAURIE, Sec'y. Washington, D. C., March 21, 1867.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until June 30, 1867, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3) one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; or "A Book of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

For new subscribers, with \$6 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books, viz: "Hymns of Progress," by Dr. L. K. Cooley; "Poems," by A. P. McComb; or the "Gist of Spiritualism," by Hon. Warren Chase.

For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works, viz: "Dealings with the Dead," by Dr. P. B. Randolph; "The Wildfire Club," by Emma Hardinge; "Blossoms of Ode Spring," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle; "Whatever Is, Is Right," by A. B. Child, M. D.; the second volume of "Arcana of Nature"; "Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home; or a carte de visite photograph of each of the publishers of the BANNER, the editor, and Mrs. J. H. Conant.

For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of "Andrew Jackson Davis," "Moral Lectures." For new subscribers, with \$15 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of "Supernatural Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, A. M., L. L. D., including Twenty Years' Observation of Preternatural Phenomena," edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D., English edition. The price of this work is \$2.00, and twenty cents postage.

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style. Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only offer the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time. Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

Genese Association of Spiritualists.

A Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Control of the Genese Association of Spiritualists will be held at Elliott Hall, Batavia, Saturday, April 27th, at 8 o'clock P. M., and the Picnic Committee of Arrangement chosen at the last year's Portage Bridge Picnic, are requested to meet at the same time and place. As a business of importance will require attention, it is desirable that all attendance be secured. The meeting will continue Saturday evening and Sunday, when an opportunity will be offered to listen to addresses from some of our able lecturers, to which the public are cordially invited.

On Friday, the 26th, at 2 o'clock P. M., a meeting exclusively of mediums is to be held, by the invitation of friends in the higher life, and a cordial invitation to partake of their hospitality is extended by our Batavia friends to all mediums in Western New York, who may meet with us on that Pentecostal occasion.

Friends, brothers and sisters of Western New York, let us lay aside the weight that doth so easily beset us, and turn out en masse to these meetings, and commence this season's campaign with the zeal and energy its importance and heavenly origin should command, and a rich blessing awaits to triumphantly crown all our laudable endeavors.

J. W. BEAVER, President of the Association. Byron, N. Y., April 24, 1867.

State Convention in Indiana.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Indiana will hold a State Convention for the purpose of forming a State organization, at Muncie, Delaware Co., on Friday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue until Sunday evening, June 2d.

All organizations of the above named character within the State will be entitled to two delegates, whom it is desired the societies shall nominate to represent them.

Friends in localities where no society exists, are earnestly requested to organize in a business capacity, and send delegates, but without organization, are cordially invited to come and participate.

Friends from other States who can attend, are much desired to do so, and lend us their love and counsel in our work.

By the strength of unity we believe we can do more for ourselves and for humanity, than we can in our present disintegrated condition.

S. MAXWELL, Chairman of Committee. Richmond, Ind.

Beautiful philosophy of spirit intercourse, and during the last part of his life was highly favored by spiritual visions, in which he beheld and conversed with friends from the Summer-Land, until he died, we had the consolation of the beautiful visions that had made him so well acquainted with the science of immortality.

Departed this life, from Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 11th, J. Arthur, only child of James G. and Hannah U. Wolger, aged 16 months.

Who has gone from the fond embrace of weeping parents and loving friends, to join the angels and bloom in realms of paradise.

New Books.

SARGENT'S GEM SERIES. No. 1—THE EMERALD. No. 2—THE SAPPHIRE. EDITED BY EPES SARGENT, Author of "Familiar," &c.

Price per volume, in cloth, \$1.25. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 185 Washington Street, Boston; also at our BRANCH OFFICE, 54 Broadway, New York. Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

The purpose of the Gem Series is to bring together in a form for preservation the best of such uncollected pieces, stories, poems, &c., as have taken a very high rank as specimens of literary art, but which in the present day are quite inaccessible. The plan includes original translations from celebrated French and German writers; the EMERALD containing three of these, and the SAPPHIRE, the name of Mr. EPES SARGENT as editor of this series, is a guarantee that the work of selection will be well done.

The EMERALD, and the SAPPHIRE are now ready, forming two cheap and beautiful volumes, filled with the richest and most sparkling matter.

WOODBURN GRANGE. A Story of English Country Life. (Three Volumes in One.) BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Esq., the literary editor of this work, says, in closing a critical notice of this book, that Mr. Howitt's belief in Spiritualism and the supernatural has greatly helped him.

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Miscellaneous.

OXYGENIZED AIR.

No. 119 Harrison Avenue. CHRONIC CATARRH. USUALLY affects the head, nasal and bronchial tubes. It is invariably caused by humors or inflammatory blood, by which the mucous membrane is made sore or inflamed, producing a copious effusion of viscid matter. It is produced by

It is almost certain to end in consumption, unless speedily cured, because it is impossible to entirely prevent the matter from running down the bronchial in the air vessels, and such is the exciting or scalding property of the matter, its contact with the delicate linings of the air cells at once causes irritation, and invites the humoral properties of the blood to deposit therein Tubercles and Ulcers. Catarrh almost always attends Consumption, and frequently leads to it.

As in humors, Asthma, a catarrhal invaded feels hot in dry weather, because the electrical attraction decreases the quantity of the mucous secretions; but as the disease originates in an impure state of the blood, a dry atmosphere will not cure it. To eradicate the cause, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed.

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Miscellaneous.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY!

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Washington City, D. C., October 10th, 1866.

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.: Sir—I received a letter three weeks since from my mother who resides in Plattsburgh, New York. She had the Dysepsia very bad and had been cured by your Powders, and has cured others.

As in humors, Asthma, a catarrhal invaded feels hot in dry weather, because the electrical attraction decreases the quantity of the mucous secretions; but as the disease originates in an impure state of the blood, a dry atmosphere will not cure it. To eradicate the cause, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed.

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DR. NEWTON'S practice is mostly diseases given up as incurable. It is peculiarly adapted to the treatment of the nervous system, and gives relief to the most distressing cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Gout, Colic, Pains of all kinds, Cholera, Diarrhea, Hoarseness, Indigestion, Flatulence, Worms, Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Menstruation, Falling of the Womb, Female Nervousness and Derangement, St. Vitus Dance, Intermittent Fever, Bilious Fever, Yellow Fever, the Fever of the West Indies, Erysipelas, Eczema, and all other eruptions, acute or chronic, such as Inflammation of the Lungs, Kidneys, Womb, Bladder, Stomach, Intestines, Catarrhs, Consumption, Dropsy, Coughs, Colds, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, &c.

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Mediums in Boston.

NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER!

DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON. PSYCHOMETRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. DEVELOPED TO CURE DISEASES BY DRAWING.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE. AT NO. 230 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM. MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM.

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

MRS. C. KIRKHAM. Clairvoyant, has received her diploma from the Cambridge street, Boston, office hours, 10 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

MRS. L. PALMELLE. Medical and Business Clairvoyant, 1178 Washington St., Boston. 12w-Mh-2.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 15 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) April 6.

DRS. GREER & BLACKMON, SPIRITUAL PHYSICIANS, No. 122 North Jefferson street, Peoria, Ill.

DR. J. VOLLAND. MAGNETIC HEALER, will treat all chronic diseases without the aid of medicine. Office, 9 Huron street, opposite the Court House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MRS. A. HULL, the well known Clairvoyant and Healer, has removed to No. 217 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, until April 25th, 1867, after which time other engagements will call her away.

MRS. L. P. HYDE, formerly of Boston, Medium, 60 West 12th street, New York. 6w-Mar. 16.

NEURAPATHIC BALSAM; 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 office of the publishers, No. 107 South Clark street, Chicago; T. D. MILLER, No. 4 Kennebec Building, St. Louis, Mo.; E. HAYNES & CO., Fruitport, Pa.

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

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J. H. CONANT, DEALER IN PIANO FORTES, ORGAN HARMONIONS, AND MELODEONS.

THE BEST QUALITY, and WARRANTED in every particular to be the best made instrument in the country. They are fully endorsed by the Musical Profession. Our Piano is in price from \$250 to according to style of finish.

DR. MILLER'S HEPATIC POWDERS. A CLAIRVOYANTLY DISCOVERED SPECIFIC for the cure of all liver derangements. Worth their weight in gold to remove biliousness. Sent by mail, with full directions for their use, for 50 cents and two Receipts.

D. F. CRANE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, 16 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Hancock House, - - Court Square, BOSTON.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor.

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

Good Old Apollonius.

Inspiration overstepped the mythic epochs of the past. It was God with man—an everlasting fountain. It consciously connected the gods with men...

Among the inspired seers of past ages was the sainted Apollonius of Tyana. He was born in Asia Minor about the time of Jesus of Nazareth...

On the 22d of February, at Columbus, Warren Co., Pa., by the Rev. S. Hollen, Wm. H. Johnson, Esq., of Corry, Erie Co., Pa., and Miss Hester McLachlin, of Meadville, Crawford Co., Pa.

Our good brother not having attained, in common with humanity, unto that celestial resurrection-condition referred to by Jesus, where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven..."

Another wonder was wrought by Apollonius in favor of a young man whom he greatly loved, named Menippus, of Corinth. A handsome woman made advances to this youth. This prophet saw her motives were not holy, and when upon the point of making the marriage contract...

Among other miracles he raised the dead. (See Philostratus, book IV, ch. 45.) A young woman of beauty and promise was laid upon a bier, being carried to the tomb. A multitude of friends followed the form, weeping, and among them a splendid Syrian youth, to whom she was to have been married.

The first Saturday and Sunday of June, this brother attends the annual "Basket Meeting," in Lotus, Ind., and the second Saturday and Sunday of June the Indiana State Convention, to be held in Muncie, Ind.

"H. Melville Fay." For some months the writer's attention has been called to the representations of H. Melville Fay, stating that he had been traveling and giving séances with Mrs. Lizzie Davenport Colle, in different parts of Ohio, &c., &c.

Presbyterian and Methodist ministers in Mississippi are taking steps to suppress dancing. These long-faced gentry dislike to see young folks enjoy themselves even in harmless recreation.

Asian teacher. Between them there existed the sincerest friendship. The Emperor was charmed with his wisdom and spiritual gifts; but he was already about one hundred years old. What is most extraordinary, none could tell precisely when or where he passed to spirit-life.

The highest honors were paid to this spiritualistic philosopher while living, and after his death he was considered a god. The inhabitants of Tyana built a magnificent temple to him, and his status was found in many other temples.

Voplacus, in his life of Aurelian, informs us that this Emperor had determined to destroy the city of Tyana, but that Apollonius, whom he knew from his statues, appeared to him as a specter and said, "Aurelian, Aurelian, if thou wouldst conquer, do not think of the destruction of my citizens; Aurelian, if thou wouldst reign, abstain from the blood of the innocent; Aurelian, if thou wouldst subdue, distinguish thyself by acts of kindness and clemency."

From the more scholarly of the Church fathers and several ancient writers, we gather that he was born of excellent parents, and very early betrayed a passion for philosophy. His father, discovering this, placed him, at the age of fourteen, under Euthydemus, a Tarsus rhetorician.

Philostratus tells us he had a beautiful countenance, a tall, commanding figure, a graceful, dignified carriage, which, combined with his great knowledge, wisdom and natural eloquence, made him not only a favorite with the reputed great, but even the common people.

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We think his so-called miracles are equally as well substantiated as those of the Nazarene. Both were mediums, and neither transgressed Nature's laws. On one occasion he announced to the people of Ephesus the approach of a terrible pestilence.

The calamity, however, overtook them precisely as he foretold; then they sent a messenger to Smyrna, imploring the assistance of the good Apollonius. Full of that sympathy which characterized Jesus, he hastened to their relief.

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SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Miss Lizzie Dollen will lecture each Sunday afternoon in April in Mercantile Hall, 15 Summer street, commencing on the 22d inst. Admission free.

The Progressive Bible Society hold meetings every Sunday in No. 7 Tremont Row, Hall 35. Free discussion on the Christian's duty to the world. Admission free.

Chicago.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritualist Church, will give regular evening lectures in April. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 P. M. at the Children's Lyceum at 19 A. M. Conference at 7 P. M. Circle at 7 P. M. C. H. Lines.

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Mrs. C. L. Ques. (formerly Mrs. Morris), trance speaker, 77 Cedar street, Room 8, New York.

Mrs. Emma Harding lectures in St. Louis, Mo., during April—address care of A. Millerberger, in Cincinnati, O., during May. In Worcester, Mass., during June—address care of Mrs. Martha Jacobs, Worcester, or care of Thomas, Hanny, 60 Federal street, Boston.

Mrs. W. A. D. Hume will lecture in Lowell, Mass., April 21 and 22; in Putnam, Conn., May 8 and 12; in Springfield, Mass., May 19 and 22. Address as above.

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Business Matters.

COURT BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

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

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 lock of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

Mrs. E. D. SIMONS, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, 1240 Broadway, corner 31st street, New York.

THE SUREST REMEDY KNOWN for the eradication of NEURALGIA is DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. Its influence upon this disease is extraordinary. Druggists have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

THE LATEST NOVELTY—BACHELOR'S PATENT SKIRT SUPPORTER. The value of this appendage to a lady's wardrobe will be instantly recognized upon examination. It may be worn with or without corsets, and should be worn by the female sex who study health and comfort. Dry and fancy goods stores have it.

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

Cough Medicines should be so compounded that they can be taken "little and often." It is the throat and chest, not the stomach, that is affected. This is one great secret of the success of COOK'S COUGH BALSAM. Try it. All dealers sell it.

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