

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR. }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

{ SINGLE COPIES. }
Eight Cents.

NO. 6.

THE HEART'S ANGEL.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

A little angel lost its way,
And wandered out of Heaven;
Two mortals took it in, and said:
"Behold what God has given!"

The angel missed the Eden-flowers;
The earth looked cold and drear;
They wrapped it closer in their love,
And held it still more dear.

But, like the Peri—out of Heaven
All other life seemed vain—
"T was plain to see its little soul
Kept struggling back again.

And so one morning when the flowers
Were opening to the sun,
The angels found and took it home—
Their little wandering one.

They wept, poor mortals, when they missed
The angel from their home,
But ever after heard a voice
From Heaven, that whispered, "Come!"

And has not every human soul
Some white-robed angel given,
A moment seen and then withdrawn,
To lure it on to Heaven?

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 29,
Station D, New York City.

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

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

Have you learned to love Aunt Zera? Have her thoughts won your hearts, and as you listened to her words have you ever wished to see her? Perhaps some of you have forgotten the description I gave of her—of her little dainty figure; of her auburn curls, of her becoming costume, and her bright, sweet smile, that made her face radiant and youthful.

"How sweet she looked in her little dotted muslin in the summer, and how warm the room seemed in winter, when her dainty merino spread its folds on the brown carpet! Was it the dress or the warm heart? . . . She was not like anybody else—this dear aunt, so much younger than her brothers and sisters, who had children that looked as old as she.

But there was something so sweet in the loving title of aunt, that no wonder many loved to call her by it, and they were very sure that she would not be afraid of seeming old by having the title applied to her. She grew old? No, never. Every day she grew younger; you could see that she did by the love that increased, so that her smile seemed to be like the going up of the sun—every minute reaching further and further with its light."

This was no imaginary picture. In my mind I had the thought of a beloved friend, who held a place in my heart so sweet and tender that I did not know of any words to tell of it. Very poor was the description I gave; but I always thought I could make the words she spoke represent a little of the pure, unselfish, brave-hearted friend.

Two weeks ago, I saw that dear frame, silent and still. Embosomed in lovely flowers, with her little hands clasped as she used to do when she had a glad surprise to tell one, she lay like a sweet, fair child. Her body was thus to be borne in its beauty to its last resting place.

This dear friend was Sara E. Payson. Her name is familiar to many of you, and perhaps some of you do not know that she has found a home with the angels.

But why do I wish to tell you of anything so sad? It is not the sadness that so many of us must feel that I wish to repeat or to dwell upon, for those of us who miss her cannot yet help the sadness that comes from loss of her dear presence among us. But it is of a beautiful, cheerful life that I wish to tell you—a life consecrated to goodness and love, and that carried with it ever a gladness as of spring time.

These soft spring days seem like her life, and it was beautiful that she should die just as the earth—whose beauty she so loved—was kindling itself into freshness, and preparing to put on its garments of loveliness. For just as was her life the preparation for the blossoming time of her spirit in its true home in heaven.

That life began in a quiet country village, and it was full of gladness and love. She loved every beautiful thing. The little flowers seemed close to her heart, and the sunshine was almost a part of herself. The river had a music just suited to her, and the birds were as friends to her.

Very early she showed a remarkable tenderness and pity for anything in trouble. A little insect found a friend in her, and no animal could ever want a good thing that she could bestow. Her home was in a lovely spot on the banks of a fine river, and shadowed about by protecting hills.

It was in her free life here, with the beautiful things about her and her few companions, that she became as we are united to all the beautiful things of the world, for she took the love of things into her young heart, and she never could mistake what was good and beautiful afterwards. She loved to turn back to the sunny days of her childhood, because she had nothing to remember but love and goodness.

When I first knew her she was still like a glad, happy child. It was a joy to be near her. If you have seen, on a cloudy day, the sun break forth, and the earth, that was before dark and gloomy, become transformed into glowing beauty, then

you can think what her presence was. She shed abroad her life without knowing it, and because that spiritual life was full of love and goodness it made others blessed.

How many sweet pictures are laid up in my memory of those happy days. In sunny summer afternoons we would sit in her room, that overlooked the Contocook river, and watch the rippling waters, and the uplifted palms of the sumach, and wonder and dream, until a merry laugh of hers would bring us back again to our work. She had then perfect faith in the presence of spirits about her, and as the western light stole into that pleasant chamber, it seemed as if the words of Longfellow were realized, and the beloved forms were with us, inspiring our hopes, and giving us a little foretaste of heaven.

Into every act of her life came those thoughts of heaven, and of spiritual things. Her mother's memory was held most sacred, and she longed to ever feel near to her and to do her angelic bidding. She had such a sense of the spirit within each human form, that she never thought whether one was rich or poor, but only of the soul that was in them. How tenderly did she speak to little children. I remember some in humble life that she petted and caressed; never thinking whether they lived in a home that was attractive as she went on her visit to them, but only of their sweet innocence, and their need of love, and some refining influence. I believe she would have taken every one she knew to a home of beauty if it had been possible.

I have never seen lovely flowers since I knew her, without a thought of her, so much a part of herself did they seem. She moved among them in the garden as if she found sweet companionship with them. The sweet wild flowers of the woods were touched by her fingers with a gentleness as if they were holy things. There was the same refined manner in the wildwood as in the parlor with her.

She loved people for what they were, and never because they were in high position. For many years she was surrounded with beautiful things, and came constantly in contact with people of wealth and position. But she measured all people by their real merit, and never lost in the least her simplicity of manner. She had a large charity, and yet if persons did a real wrong, she could not respect them, no matter how they stood in the world.

One incident of her life—of which I might give many—I must tell you of. It was a dreary day in winter. The wind was chilly, and the sky leaden. We were in the city together. She had been out, and came running back with her lightest step. "I have an old woman down stairs that I could not let go from me," she said. "Why! she has no garments on to keep her from the cold, only the thinnest of dresses, and yet I have nothing suitable, but this pretty blue sack. I dare say she will pawn it for whiskey, but she must have it. I can't let her go so, poor thing." And the pretty blue merino sack was given to the poor beggar. And now what sort of a garment will her spirit put on in place of that one? Will it not be radiant with the angels' blessings?

It was thus that I ever found her, with a glad, sunny heart like a summer's day, yet as strong in the right and unyielding in principle as one of the mountains about her home. And what I have said about her I am sure all who knew her would say, and much more.

Her first object in life was to do something to bless the world, something that would bring a gladness to sad hearts or rest and strength to tired bodies. But her purposes were often thwarted by a duty that to her was binding, the care of an invalid sister, already old, and with a mind that could give little comfort to others. But she always studied and read, and brought to herself all the beautiful thoughts of others that it was possible to bring.

She invented a most ingenious apparatus, for giving with little trouble or expense steam-baths, and received a most commendatory letter from the Scientific American in relation to it, but she never went further in placing it before the public, because everybody wanted to make money out of it, and that was not her purpose, but to give comfort to those who could not obtain so simple a luxury as a thorough steam-bath.

But the work she loved best was done for children. Her stories were published in the Herald of Progress, and it was a great delight to her to write them, and to feel the influence they might have over children. I trust that they will some day be published in book form, as this was always her intention.

She was also greatly interested in the Children's Lyceums, and selected the colors for the badges, and arranged them with great care. I am sure that many of you will be glad to feel that her true and noble hands have worked on the little emblem that signifies your place in the groups. She would walk for hours and enter shops innumerable in order to get precisely the shade she wished to represent the group. I used to say, "Do not tire yourself so for a little thing like that." She would reply, "Oh, they are so much more beautiful to be just right." With the great object of blessing the world she began the study of medicine, desiring to be a physician to children. She was so earnest in her studies and so loved them, that there was no task in all she did. I used to picture her in the future as carrying courage and hope to many an anxious mother, and I could see in fancy the sparkle of the little eyes that would love to be cured by so gentle a hand as hers.

But an incurable disease was already upon her, and when her friends first knew she was ill, she was too weak to write to them or to talk much to them. Her sufferings for four weeks were very great, and when I at last touched her hand, I could feel how hard it is for the body to give up the spirit.

But I wish to tell you of her faith and trust,

She talked of the spirit's home with a joyful gladness. She wanted to go, and yet she desired most to live, for "Oh," she said, "there is so much to do for the world."

What a golden thread of life my hand seemed to be holding as I touched hers then. All her beautiful childhood was there; all the sunny days of her youth; the thousands of loving deeds, the holy aspirations, the earnest efforts, and joining to those was all her future hopes and assurances of blessedness in heaven. It was indeed like standing by the gate of heaven, yet with the sad sense that we might not follow as she entered.

"Wherever I am I shall never be far from you," she said. "My boat touches the shore, but the angels do not yet take it in," she whispered.

She said one of her greatest delights in the spirit-world would be the care of the little pet girl that she loved so dearly, and who had been an angel for three years. So natural and real was the spirit home to her that she talked of it as of a place she had chosen to reside in.

And thus for a few days more, in the midst of fearful bodily struggles, her spirit triumphantly rejoiced, and then she fell asleep to the things of this world for a little while. Her frail and delicate body was borne by those who loved her, covered by rare flowers, to a resting place that she had chosen under a weeping larch at the end of an avenue of pines.

There was not a sound to break the stillness of that first rest of her body; but now the birds are merrily singing close by, perhaps building their nests over her head. It is just as she would have it—the whole world is glad in the spring-time, and so is she in the spring-time of her spirit. Her life is not ended even here, for already those that love her begin to feel that her promise is fulfilled, and that "she has come again" to be about her Father's work; to bless those that she longed to bless here; to give faith to those that doubt, and courage to those who are fearful.

The way to heaven is a more beautiful way since she entered it. The ways of the world have something nobler in them than ever before. The world is a better world for the life she lived in it; heaven is a nearer place and dearer since she entered it.

Ah, if we can but live as good and true a life, and gain as blessed a home as she, we shall be glad for all the moments given us, and for all the struggles we may have to make. The most beautiful lesson of her life is the cheerful gladness that she shed abroad everywhere; and all along her path of life will come back the holy influence of her spirit, like a divine light shed upon the earth.

ZULE, THE LITTLE STREET-SINGER.

BY SARA E. PAYSON.

On a beautiful sea-island, where it is perpetual summer, where birds of gay plumage sing in the orange-groves, and the air is laden with the odor of flowers and spices, lived a little girl whose name was Zule.

Zule was not quite ten years old when her father left their island home, and embarked with her in a great ship, which, he said, was going to America.

He grieved Zule to leave the pretty vine-clad cottage which had always been her home, and to console her, her father gave her permission to take her pet pigeon, Tekle.

When they had been some days at sea, they were overtaken by a great storm, that beat the ship hither and thither, as if it were a toy.

The noise of the wind and waves terrified Zule very much at first, but her father told her no real harm but sin could come to any one. "If the vessel should be wrecked, my child," he said, "and our bodies are drowned, our spirits will soon waken in a world where there are no storms. You remember, do you not, what I told you of the angels who watch over us, and who are ever ready to come, if we need them?"

Zule felt no more fear, and when at last the ship went down, and all on board were swept beneath the billows, Zule, clinging to her father's neck, still trusted the angels. As her father had said, they came, a great number, to bear their loved ones home, but Zule was not taken by them, because as day broke a huge wave bore her to a vessel which was passing not far off, and the captain seeing her ordered a boat to be put out for her rescue. Thus Zule was separated from her father, who ascended with the angels.

At first she could not be comforted that they had not taken her also—it was so dreary to be left alone in the wide world.

As Zule sat weeping, suddenly Tekle perched himself on her shoulder. She could not believe that her eyes saw truly, until Tekle put his bill to her lips to be fed.

"Poor bird! you are wet and hungry. I will ask one of the kind sailors to give you some bread. How did you know where to find me after the storm? If my father had not let me bring you, I should be all alone now. I have nobody to love me but you, dear Tekle. You will never leave me, will you?"

Tekle assured his little mistress, by cooing, that he would be faithful to her through every fortune. Zule learned that the vessel which had rescued her was bound for the same country as that in which her father had taken passage.

There were many emigrants on board, and Zule's loneliness excited their pity.

When the ship arrived in New York, an old man who was among them, a harpist, said to Zule: "I have heard you singing some pretty songs in your language. You have a sweet voice, and it will earn bread for you. Will you go with me?"

Zule did not understand what he said to her, but he had a kind voice and smile. So Zule put her hand in his, and went into the great city—not all alone. She held Tekle close to her heart, and

kept as near the harpist as she could for the crowd.

Her secluded island life had made her very timid, and when the street children gathered round to hear her sing, it would have been hard to tell which heart beat the fastest, her's or Tekle's.

When night fell, the old man took Zule to a place of shelter—a wretched place enough—but where other poor wanderers like themselves were glad to rest their weary bodies. These persons were, most of them, ignorant and vicious, and their quarrels terrified Zule so much, she cried until she fell asleep. But in her dreams her wanderings were all forgotten. Again she was in her beautiful island home, playing beneath the orange trees. Tekle flew from branch to branch among the bright tropical birds, looking down at her with his soft eyes, trustful that his mistress would not let any bird of gayer plumage take his place in her heart; and more than once the presence of the innocent child, smiling in her sleep, checked a rising oath.

When the sun was up, Zule went forth again with the old harpist, with Tekle hidden under one arm, for fear of the street children, whose curiosity about him might cause him to fly away.

But as Zule was looking in at a toy-window, where everything was new and wonderful to her, a boy came behind, and catching at Tekle's tail, tried to steal him. In his fright poor Tekle flew to the top of the highest roof. In vain Zule called and beckoned to him. He was so busy smoothing his ruffled feathers that he did not see her, and the harpist having finished his tune, Zule was forced to follow him, or be lost.

Who can imagine the grief of Zule at being parted from Tekle, the only thing left on earth that she loved! Her sobs afflicted the kind old harpist so much that he bought her a doll with the little money he had collected during the morning. But what was the lifeless image compared to Tekle's warm breast? When she sang her voice was full of tears, and made her auditors weep.

"Poor dear!" said a motherly woman. "Who knows but the old man is cruel to her!" And she slipped an orange into Zule's hand. The odor of the fruit but the more vividly made her realize the loss of her pigeon.

"Ah, Tekle and I," she cried, "will neither of us see our beautiful island again!"

Zule was a good, sensible little girl. When she remembered how much the old harpist had done to make her happy, and saw how her grief troubled him, she resolved to make the best of Tekle's flight.

"Something much worse might have happened," she said to herself. "I had rather have him safe on the roof than carried off by the wicked boy. Perhaps he will find some other doves, and they will be sure to love him, for nobody can help loving Tekle."

Zule always spoke of birds as if they were persons, because they had been her companions.

"Now I will tell the old man as much as I can. Papa used to tell me if I did what was right I was certain to be happy, whatever happened."

Then Zule tried to smile, and the old man looked much pleased.

As the weather grew colder, the harpist bought Zule a little red blanket and gay-colored hood. Then he called her his red bird, and looked very proud.

"He does everything for me, and I can do nothing for him but sing," thought Zule. "How the cold makes him shiver, and how stiff his fingers get when he plays!"

One morning when Zule awoke and went to where the old harpist lay, he was unable to speak to her, and he looked so white that she roused all the sleepers near with her cries for help.

"He'll never need a bed here again," they said, as they signified to Zule that the old man was dead.

At first Zule wept bitterly at the loss of her friend and protector, but her cheerful, brave spirit tried to look on the bright side.

"He was so old, and it's so cold here, he must be glad to be where it's warm and beautiful, like my home. I'll try to be glad, too."

Zule never thought of the land of spirits without a remembrance of her island home, for it was the most beautiful place her mind could conceive.

An organ-grinder, who had seen Zule with the harpist, met her wandering alone, and asked her if she would go with him if he would teach her to play a tambourine; but Zule shook her head, and ran away from him as fast as she could. A while after, an Italian boy, who played the guitar, and who had but one leg, accosted her, and inquired if she were not the little girl he had seen with the old harpist, and if she would join company with him.

Zule felt very sorry for him because he was a cripple. His gentle voice also won her, and she readily assented. But when it grew dark, the little boy, having no place to which to take her, bought her a loaf of bread, and saying regretfully, "We may not meet again," bade her good-by. Zule looked after him as his figure retreated in the darkness. It grew dark and desolate in her heart, too, for why was it that as soon as it began to throb with love for any object, the object was taken from her? As she leaned wearily against an iron railing inclosing a church, the warden unlocked the gate, and entering, left it without turning the key. Without thinking what she wished or intended, Zule followed, and sat down within the porch. Before her returned sleep overcame her, and it was so dark he passed without noticing that a little girl lay sleeping, with only a stone step for a pillow.

The sun was shining brightly when Zule awoke, and she crept out of her nook to warm herself in its rays; for she was quite benumbed with cold.

The gate was fast locked, the railing too high to climb, and Zule found that she had made herself a prisoner. She was wishing the warden would come and set her free, when a dove lighted on her shoulder.

"Tekle! Tekle! my precious, beautiful bird, where did you come from? and how did you know that I was imprisoned? You know everything, Tekle! There never was such another pigeon in the world!"

Zule put a piece of bread between her lips, holding Tekle on the back of her hand, just as he had been accustomed to take his food from her. This attracted so many persons, particularly children, who were passing, that soon Zule had a row of spectators around the railing. The children offered fruits and nuts to see if the dove would eat them, and thus supplied Zule with food enough for the day.

"Am I not glad now to be locked in where nobody can get at Tekle?—and it's only a little while since I was wishing to get out!"

Toward night the warden came again. The mystery was as great to him as to any one else how the strange little girl and her dove came to be locked inside the gate. In vain he asked an explanation of Zule. Her few broken words of English only perplexed him the more, and the sight of the dove on her shoulder excited fears in his superstitious mind that it was a forewarning of something which was to happen to him. So he crossed himself as he led her out of the gate, and closing it carefully, crossed himself again, asking the Virgin to protect him.

"What's the matter?" inquired a policeman, whose beat led him that way.

"It's a child, with a dove, that's threatening me, or the holy Church. May the Blessed Mother defend us!"

Zule looked up very pitifully for sympathy, sheltering Tekle meanwhile under her blanket. "You look like a good child," said the policeman, "but you'll have to go to the lock-up to-night. It's too late to do anything else with you."

Zule did not understand what he was talking about, and still looked, with her confiding eyes, into his face.

"She isn't a day older than my little Janie was when she died. I wish she would n't look at me so; it seems as if she was Janie herself, and I was carrying her off to the station. But to-morrow, maybe, I'll be able to do better by her."

He bade Zule a kindly good-night as he left her in the care of the turnkey, and from the grated window she watched him disappear in the darkness, as she had watched the lame boy the evening before.

"No real harm can come to anybody," she repeated. "But sin, and, then, I've got Tekle. How grateful I ought to be for that! Last night I had not anybody in the world, I thought."

Still great tears, one by one, flowed down her cheeks, as she looked through the grated window. "It's good they did n't put me in here for stealing, and it's better to stay here than in the street, for it's so cold to-night, I might be frozen to death before morning."

Thus, in every way she could, the philosophical little Zule tried to reconcile herself to her situation.

She divided what remained of the bread with Tekle, and her heavy eyelids were beginning to close upon the darkness without and within, when the policeman appeared again; and taking her up in his arms, carried her away. For some reason she did not feel in the least alarmed. Hundreds of lights flashed from happy homes as they passed along, and Zule's heart was filled with hope. In a little while they stopped before a humble dwelling, the door of which was opened by a smiling woman.

"What's that you've got, John?"

"It's a child from the station, wife. I tried to leave her there, but something that sounded just like our Janie's voice kept saying: 'She'll be cold there, dear pa. There's no fire there to warm her body, or love to warm her heart.' I heard it over and over again, till I had to fetch her."

"Where do you think, John, she found this pigeon, that knows her so well? She must have a home somewhere."

The good man said they had better keep her until some one came to claim her, and they fed and washed her, and then put her in their little Janie's bed.

The next day, and the next, and for many days, the policeman and his wife expected some one would come to claim the little raven-haired child; but no one came, and every night she slept in Janie's bed.

One night the good man heard something which sounded like Janie's voice, and it said: "Dear pa, can't she sleep in my bed always? and can't you and me give her a home in your hearts?"

"After that they did not want any one to claim their child, and Zule always slept in Janie's bed.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

BY CARL SPENCER.

Somebody watches and waits for you—
Thinks of you daily and dreams at night!
Well may the sky of your life be blue,
Your hope of the future bright!
Over the land and the waters far
Somebody's wondering where you are,
Praying his love may be like a star
Lighting you home to somebody!

Ah! I wonder if ever for me
Somebody's heart will grow heavy or light?
Ah! I wonder if I may be
A star to shine in somebody's night?
Will somebody ever call me "dear!"
And say, "My darling! you need not fear.
You need not tremble, for I am here—
And you're all the world to somebody?"
—[Harper's Weekly.]

PRESERVING POLISHED STEEL FROM RUST.—
A correspondent says that nothing is equal to pure paraffine for preserving the polished surface of iron and steel from oxidation. The paraffine should be warmed, rubbed on, and then wiped off with a woolen rag. It will not change the color, whether bright or blue, and will protect the surface better than any varnish.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Dark-Lantern Discovery.

Editors Banner of Light:

The enclosed communication was sent to the Chicago Tribune for publication on Saturday, March 30th, and on Monday, April 1st, the mutilated copy appeared, as you may see by the printed article accompanying. Upon reading this article I went to the office, and, after some delay, succeeded in recovering from the waste basket the original copy, which I enclose. Will you please insert in full in your paper?

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris have been with us about three weeks, giving private sances which did not pay their expenses; but upon the appearance of the articles in the papers referred to, they determined to locate here and live down the foul slander. They have located in Lombard Block, (next the post-office), room 87, where they propose giving private sances and sittings as soon as they return from Indiana, where they have gone to fill an engagement. They will be back again in about one week, when they will be prepared for work here, and propose giving one or two public sances per week, in some of the halls, with their cabinet, and, among other tests, will be given the table test, which consists in suspending a table in mid air, resisting the combined force of six or eight men to replace it; also moving it about the stage in mid air, with as many as can sit upon it, the mediums only touching it with their fingers; and this all in the broad glare of gas light, before the whole audience.

There are many of us here thoroughly convinced, from actual experience, of their honesty; and we are equally satisfied of the dishonesty of their calculations. It is strange that some professed Spiritualists will seek to build up their own reputation upon the ruin of that of others, and will take more pains and resort to deception and trickery themselves to bring out the supposed or real faults of others, than they will to bring out their virtues, thus proving themselves the greatest "humbugs." God and angels protect mediums—especially physical mediums—from the venom and persecutions of such Spiritualists!

I have the honor to be, with much respect, yours for justice and truth,
JOSEPH LINESS.
Chicago, Ill April 7, 1867.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

A short article bearing upon spiritual "humbugs" which appeared in your issue of Tuesday, 19th inst., referring to the doings of the spirits on the previous Friday and Monday evenings, at No. 283 South Clark street, having been copied and enlarged upon by the Times of Wednesday, March 20th, and a still greater enlargement and embellishment appearing in the Republican of Friday, March 22d, would seem to require a refutation. No one else having come forward to answer, I thought I would volunteer my statement, and called upon Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, (the parties most interested), and asked their permission to send an answer for publication, which they gave, and stated to me that they had called upon the gentlemen of the Times and Republican, with a written answer for publication; and, notwithstanding the fact that these papers had each given a large space, with prominent and attractive headings, to a false statement and a base slander against these persons, they both refused to insert their answer.

Now, knowing your desire to deal justly and impartially with all persons, and your fearlessness in so doing, I would most respectfully ask space in your columns for this communication, in behalf of the lady and gentleman, who have come among us to stay. The following statement I am prepared to substantiate upon oath, backed by the evidence of some ten or more others. "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor power; it simply asks a hearing."

Facts are truths. I was present on the Friday evening alluded to. At a certain stage of the proceedings, while the guitar and several other instruments were being moved and played upon, the medium's hands being held securely by a gentleman, while each person in the circle joined hands with their neighbors, Mr. F., the medium's husband, sitting at one end of the circle, with both of his hands held by a lady, a space of about three feet between the table holding the instruments, and a bureau, at the further end of which he sat, Mrs. F., the medium, sitting on the opposite side of the table from her husband, the gentleman holding her hands sitting at the corner of the table, a dark lantern was suddenly sprung and the light was shown full upon the table and the medium. The instruments dropped to the table. I saw the guitar elevated about one foot above the table without visible support! I both saw and heard it drop to the table. I also heard but did not see other articles fall, some to the floor, such as bells, a drum and a tambourine!

At this stage the light was shut off again, having been open but a few seconds, when I heard Mr. F. say, "You may as well strike your light again." Light was then called for by the circle, when Mr. F. arose and lit the gas. Turning in the direction of where the light was sprung, he said: "We did not come here to impose upon, deceive nor insult any one, and we do not propose to be so dealt with," and stated that "upon some former occasion, when a light was struck, his wife had received a severe cut upon her forehead, the scar of which she would carry to the grave, and he did not wish to have her nor any one else in the circle exposed to the danger again." Addressing Mr. W. F. Jamieson, he asked, "Was it you that struck that light?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Jamieson was ordered to leave the room, which he did. But before going he was asked "if he had discovered any trickery or deception?" He said no, and expressed himself satisfied. While this conversation was going on at the door, another party of ladies and gentlemen were looking at the medium, and the gentleman who was still holding her hands, with the large tambourine ring upon his arm, the medium still unconscious, and he stated that he knew as well as he could possibly know anything that the ring was not upon either the medium's nor his own arm when he took hold of her hands, and that he had held her hands securely all the time. The ring test was given once or twice afterwards to other persons, with equal satisfaction, as well as other manifestations, such as describing spirit friends, showing spirit lights, speaking and singing in French and German, neither of which languages are understood by the medium while in a normal condition.

The spirit of Ross, an Indian girl, speaking through the medium, stated that Mr. Cole, who keeps a boarding-house at 2301 State street, and two or three others in the circle, knew that Mr. Jamieson was going to spring the light, and stated that she was glad that the light had been struck, seeing that no one had been hurt. At the close of the sance, Mr. Cole, Mr. Hopkins and Rev. J. O. Barrett admitted they were cognizant of the conspiracy. F. L. Wadsworth, Editor Spiritual Republic, and Mrs. Mitchell, who boards with Mr. Cole, were also present and cognizant of the con-

spiracy, and I challenge either of those persons to refute any part of the foregoing statement. I was not present on the following Monday evening when the aforesaid Mr. Jamieson, dressed in borrowed cripoline, with proper surroundings, including front-curl and a huge waterfall, successfully accomplished his exploit.

Let it be remembered that on Friday evening when he struck the light, a gentleman was holding the medium's hands in both of his, and he, Mr. Jamieson, could not claim to have seen any trickery, while on Monday night, being dressed in female surroundings and claiming to be more clear sighted, he was careful to strike the light while the medium's hands were free, and affirms that the medium was playing the guitar, but does not say how she held the other instruments, which I understand were being moved and played upon also! I hope some one or more persons who were present on the latter occasion will give a truthful statement of facts as they existed. Justice to the public, to Mr. and Mrs. Ferris and to Mr. Jamieson demands it. Very respectfully yours,
JOSEPH LINESS.
3924 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence.

The Philadelphia Conference on Evil Spirits, and the views of J. S. Loveland.

In the last BANNER, I perceive that the above named Conference, together with the Editor of the "Western Department," have been amusing themselves and others by discussing what they assume to be my views of Evil Spirits, and the condition of spirits in the coming life. Had they not chosen to spread their assumptions before the public, in the columns of the BANNER, of course I should not have noticed them; but when misrepresented, even if it is done, as in this case, by valued friends and brethren, we ought not to be silent. Bro. Peebles thinks my article, in the Spiritual Republic of Feb. 5th, substantially a rehearsal of the Whittmorean Universalism of twenty-five years ago. Now, I never was so far added, in my logical consciousness, as to accept those absurdities. Dr. Child, on the other hand, very pleasantly thinks I have got up "a patent labor-saving machine of salvation by death," which amounts to about the same thing as the old fashioned Universalism. I am surprised that two such brothers as these should have blundered into such a muddle as this, if they had read the article in question. They, and all others who have objected to the article, assume certain inferences, which I do not draw, and which are not logically deducible from my premises in any way, and then proceed to demolish their own men of straw, instead of grappling with my real arguments. I deny these inferences in toto. Does not every man of sense know that the cessation of evil practices is no immediate salvation from the consequences of the same? Is the inebriate who rises up from the gutter, in resolution to become reformed, saved in a moment from the consequences of twenty years debauch? He is no more a drunkard, he has abandoned the cup forever, but has he forgotten those years of degradation, insanity and sin? Does he rejoice over them? Does he find the spiritual culture which he might have possessed by a contrary life? Take another illustration. Suppose a person has lived fifty years ignorant of letters, and at last resolves to commence a course of elementary instruction. That resolution educates him, does it? And it will be a very pleasant thought for the man of sixty to reflect that he is doing what he could better have done at sixteen, will it not? The simple fact in the matter is this: the brethren who assail my views, really adopt the transparent fallacy of the endless misery theologians, that sin can only be punished by sin; in other words, that the consequences of ill doing do not and cannot extend beyond the continuance of the disposition to do wrong. This I repudiated in the article referred to, because it inevitably necessitates the idea of eternal sin and suffering. Essentially, retribution, so far as man's consciousness is concerned, only begins when in purpose and act he turns from the path of wrong.

Now what is the real point involved in this question? I answer, the nature of evil, as predicated of human nature and conduct. (For evil, in the sense of consequence following conduct and condition, was expressly asserted by me from the first, notwithstanding all the ignoring thereof by the Philadelphia Conference and others.) What says the conference on this vitally fundamental point? It is compelled to agree with me that there is no absolute evil. Consequently, there is no such thing as spiritual evil, for spirit alone is absolute. Evil is not an essence, a principle; but an incident, a relative; not an absolute, either in fact or principle. Will any member of that conference, or any Spiritualist even, affirm the contrary? They will not, they dare not, for it is the soul of Orthodox theology. Well, then, if evil itself is incidental, relative, we are to look for its field of action, so far as man is concerned, in what is incidental and relational; not in the essential, the absolute. As it is confessedly excluded from the realm of final causes, or ultimates, so it must be also from the absolutely remote, or producing cause; which must inhere in the very nature of spirit essence itself. Where then is the ground of the incidental, and what constitutes it? Craft in the fox is no sin, nor is ferocity in the tiger ever regarded as a moral evil. So also vanity in the peacock, lust in the goat, inebriation among sheep and cattle, ingratitude in the cat and filthiness in the hog have never been reckoned as sins, any more than faithfulness in the dog and nobility in the horse have been esteemed as moral virtues. Here, however, in the animal, is found the type of all human sin. In the animal, for the animal merely, it is the legitimate law of its life. It is the outgrowth manifestation of its own spontaneity. It becomes evil only when it contradicts or stands in the way of a higher and diviner spontaneity, that is the spiritual. And this is the fact in man, who is much more extensive in his animalism than the beasts, because he is more intelligent, and in the preliminary phases of his progress, intellect is subjugated to the lower or brutal nature.

Man, as to his physical organism, was born from the Anthropoid Apes. And as in all of Nature's great birth cataclysms, the lower, after pushing above its normal condition to give birth to the higher, recedes again, so it was in this case, and no Anthropoids now exist so perfect as were the immediate progenitors of man. Possibly, also, the first type of humanity is extinct, or lingers in the Australian. Man was an intelligent animal, with an immortal soul in embryo, in his outward being when he, as a whole, had been germinally embodied in the Anthropoid. The superiority of anatomical structure and physiological function in man over the Chimpanzee is, however, vastly less, and even as nothing, when compared with the far-reaching power of his mental being, to say nothing of the spiritual aspirations of his immortal life or spirit. But, when the real man is born out of the animal, altogether, born from the earth, and all its material bond-

ages and relations, into the Summer-Land of spirit life, the transitional change is immensely beyond, and greater than that by which he sprang from the teeming womb of the highest type of animal life into his present existence. The mode of life in spirit-land is just as incomprehensible to us, as our life is to the Gorilla. So far as our mental processes are concerned, and the faint stirrings of our spiritual being, we can approximate in conception; but when we attempt even to imagine a body finer than air, lighter than hydrogen and more subtle than lightning, living in a world corresponding in nature, and possessed of senses adapted thereto, we find ourselves destitute of almost every element necessary for a solution of the problem. It is impossible of solution, till we are born into it. We can affirm some things, but they only serve to show the vastness of the chasm between the world of sense and that of spirit. We can affirm that in such a world all the relations and functions of material life will cease.

Senses we may have, must have, but they can neither be defined nor comprehended till they are there exercised. Again, as the animal nature is entirely laid off, all its tempers and passions are left behind. Talk of "combateness and destructiveness," in the spirit-world, as though it was a menagerie of animal passions! "Will he not then have a spiritual body?" Yes, thank heaven, he will, but not a beastly one, with its earthy and grovelling tendencies. Will he not be imperfect? If you mean by that ungrowth, lack of culture, yes; but if you mean lying and other animal traits, no. Will he not have to toil and strive? Will not memory hold up the mirror of the past, and will not remorse and sorrow be the result? Most certainly. But does memory, toil, weakness, disappointment and suffering, and mistake over, flowing from finite knowledge, imply directly or indirectly the existence of intentional wrong—of a disposition to knowingly injure another? Certainly not.

Brothers, your complacent talk about "chemical death-spasms" won't do. Death is more than a spasm among the primates of chemistry. It is cataclysmic. Nature is not an even-spread thread. Progress is not always the steady flow of an even stream. She takes prodigious strides at times, and her catastrophes are not all of them destructive; nor can we always trace her footprints. Death is not only one of those cataclysmic strides, but it is the greatest, for the series is perpetually ascending in grandeur and importance.

But I will close this article, though I have only hinted, in this and the one of Feb. 5th, at the magnificent outline of argumentation, whereby we demonstrate death to be the real birth of the spirit into a sphere of being congenial with its nature. I say real birth—the opening of new senses in a new world—not a mere material transfer from one apartment to another; a stepping from the kitchen to the parlor, which seems to be the lofty conception of many.

Shall we, as spiritual philosophers, any longer linger around, and dabble in this dirty pool of mythologic demonism? Shall we clog the wings of aspiration with the heavy clay of crude materialism? Will we deform the nascent philosophy of the New Dispensation by attaching thereto the most abominable features of the old diabolism? I hope not, though the tendency is somewhat strong in that direction. J. S. LOVELAND.
La Grange, Ind., April 3, 1867.

Matters in Oswego, N. Y.

I notice in each number of your valuable paper, communications from different parts of the country, giving an idea from time to time of the progress of Spiritualism in various localities, but seldom anything from Oswego. Now we propose not to stand out in the cold any longer.

Through the instrumentality of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and the genial influence of angel visitants, we are coming up to and higher and more noble planes of thought and action. Although we have not been able to sustain meetings regularly since our reorganization in October last, still we have had enough of the heaven of true spiritual philosophy to establish a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and to carry forward the good work in a masterly manner. Commencing with but seventeen we now number over one hundred and fifty children, with bright eyes and smiling faces, who greet us with their joyful presence on each returning Sabbath. They are so happy, so kind and genial in their deportment, and so earnest in their efforts to excel in all that is good and true, that we are often led to exclaim in the language of another, truly, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

On the 6th of March last, our hall, together with all the property belonging to the Lyceum, was destroyed by fire. General despondency—for the moment—seemed to pervade the hearts of all the Spiritualists in the city. But the spirit of progress could not be subdued by fire. The needs of humanity demanded renewed effort, and like the fabled bird of old, Spiritualism (at least in this locality) could not long remain in smoldering ruins, but Phoenix-like she came forth from her ashes, and plumed her wings for a higher flight, determined to soar away into the realms of thought, until she should reach that grand and lofty altitude where she can explore the vast fields of Nature, and cull from their inexhaustible resources those gems of truth that shall be for the "healing of the nations." We are stronger in consequence of the severe trials through which we have so recently passed; and arming ourselves with the panoply of immortal and undying truth, and with almost Herculean strength, we are marching bravely on in that royal highway which leads us up to God, through the ministry of angels and blessings to humanity.

Last Thursday evening our Lyceum gave an entertainment, which was repeated on Friday evening with almost an entire change of programme. Doolittle Hall was engaged for the occasion, being the largest and most popular hall in the city. A heavy rain commenced in the afternoon of Thursday and continued during the evening. But notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the hall was well filled; and on Friday evening a still larger number were in attendance. All of the various church organizations were represented. Perfect order prevailed during the exercises, and, at the conclusion, the most entire satisfaction was expressed. The entertainments were grand, even beyond our own expectations, and, in a pecuniary point, we realized handsomely.

The exercises commenced with prayer by Miss Florence Baxter, a beautiful little girl, nine years of age. On either side, and kneeling with her upon the stage, were six others of like age and appearance, excepting one who was "but little over three years old." She knelt and placing her little hands together in front of her, and raising her eyes toward heaven, remained almost motionless during the ceremony. They were all dressed in white. The prayer was delivered in a clear and distinct voice, and was so exceedingly devotional in its appearance that the entire audience evinced the most profound admiration.

Then followed songs, recitations and tableaux. Miss Eliza Wakeman, in song and recitation, re-

ceived great applause. Fifty children were engaged in the exhibition, all of whom carried their parts admirably. In conclusion, I would say that the whole affair was a grand success and attended, as I believe, with decidedly beneficial results. You may rely upon it that the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Oswego, as an institution, is a fixed fact, and that it is established upon a firm and reliable basis, and that its effort and influence are being widely felt in this community.
Oswego, N. Y., April 9, 1867. J. R. PIERCE.

A. J. and Mary F. Davis as Missionaries.

As I read our spiritualistic papers I feel that there is not enough said or thought about the great blessings to flow from our Lyceum system. We have a Lyceum a year old, and it is surprising what progress we have made in that short time. When we commenced the members were timid and shrinking, so bashful that it was with difficulty we could get any of them to speak; now they can all speak, and most of them with ease, and the independence and intelligence they show in voting is really encouraging, and indicates that in "the good time coming," when they get to be men and women, they will vote more wisely than is usually done nowadays.

We (husband and self) have just spent a few days with A. J. and Mary F. Davis, and in talking over the great benefit that humanity was to derive from the moral culture of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," and of the importance of having them organized in every society of Spiritualists or Progressives, and how it could be accomplished, Bro. Davis said that he and Mary would be willing to go as missionaries and organize Lyceums wherever they might be called, "provided we can be insured fair wages—say as much as a boss carpenter or blacksmith gets," are Jackson's words.

Now the question is, can we raise the funds wherewith to employ those two devoted laborers in God's vineyard? I know we could soon have a Lyceum fund, if the great body of Spiritualists could look only a little way into the future, and see the grand results that would inevitably follow, as the interest of a small sum donated for the diffusion of spiritual culture among children.

Dear friends and readers of the BANNER, do you not see the necessity of some such centralizing point? and will you not each and all of you give according as has been given to you of your means, to constitute a Lyceum fund, making A. J. Davis Treasurer, and giving him control of the funds so bestowed, he making full reports and acknowledgments through the Spiritualist journals?

The Vineland Society will pay fifty dollars, when one hundred other societies or individuals will give each as much. Yours for humanity,
PORTIA GAGE.
Vineland, N. J., March 29, 1867.

Card from Emma Harding.

Messrs Editors Banner of Light:

In my card published to the citizens of St. Louis, in appeal for aid for the unhappy outcasts of the city, which I sent to you for publication, I stated that I had given the proceeds of my long years of toil and effort for this cause, namely, two thousand dollars, to the Temporary Home for friendless women in Philadelphia, and five hundred dollars, left me by bequest, to the Home in Kneeland street, Boston. The last statement needs correction, under the following circumstances: I sent a check for five hundred dollars to a good friend in Boston, who wrote me word, some time after its receipt, that he wished me to reconsider its disposal, and had retained the money on that account. Meantime I found that in St. Louis, with an overwhelming number of unfortunate women, there was literally no home for them, not the most humble place of refuge, nothing, in short, but a prison or a grave.

As I found a number of ladies were struggling almost hopelessly to provide such a home, and I was doing my best by public addresses and collections to aid them, I resolved to take advantage of the accident of the five hundred dollars I had sent to Boston being detained, to withdraw it and bestow it instead on the proposed home in St. Louis. I did so; my kind friend, Mr. Phineas E. Gay, of Boston, immediately remitted me the money, and, in the hope of making its bestowal still more effective, I announced, at my lecture on this subject last Monday night, April 1st, at the Great Philharmonic Hall in this city, that this sum should be placed at the disposal of the "Western Female Guardian Society," in aid of their home, provided it could be doubled in twenty-four hours. It may be some information to those who wonder why I could not raise fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, alone to found a home for poor outcasts, to know that though three hundred and fifty dollars were then and there raised at my lecture to aid in doubling the five hundred dollars I offered, the week has passed away and the lacking one hundred and fifty dollars cannot be raised in the rich city of St. Louis, though ten times that number of wretched girls are dying in sin and starvation for want of it.

If you will kindly insert this notice to contradict the statement that five hundred dollars were given to the Boston Home in Kneeland street, you would greatly oblige your friend,
EMMA HARDING.

[Spiritual Republic please copy.]

Sacramento, Cal.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy has lectured for the Spiritualist Society in this city the last four Sundays, morning and evening. Our evening meetings have been crowded, seats and standing room all occupied. She is engaged here for the next month. The full attendance shows the best appreciation of the people for such teachings. Spiritualism is just now taking a stand in Sacramento, and is being recognized as a living institution.

The Children's Lyceum of Sacramento is an ornament and something to be proud of. It was reorganized sixteen months ago with twenty-five scholars, and has continually increased, until it now numbers one hundred and sixty-two scholars, in regular attendance, under the superintendence of Dr. H. Bowman, (and his excellent wife as musical director,) Miss Brewster leader of Groups, and a full corps of Guardians of Groups. There are very few absentees at any time. The seats for visitors are always full, indicating the love the people have for the Lyceum. Can any other city of twelve thousand inhabitants boast of so full a Lyceum? The names on the register number over two hundred.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is the best spiritual paper in America; it has the prayers and best wishes of the Spiritualists of California for its success.
L. ANASTHOSIO.
Sacramento, Cal., March, 1867.

The London Times says: "Notwithstanding their protective tariff, the United States, have taken goods from us to a greater value than those taken by the whole of Germany and France combined."

Radical Peace.

DEAR BANNER—Enclosed is a brief report of a Radical Peace Convention held in Pawtucket, March 23th. Could you make room for it in your columns? I wish the speeches of George Thompson of England, and Mrs. M. S. Townsend of Vermont could have been reported. They were worthy the great and sublime question at issue, which is most consistent with HUMAN NATURE, with EXPEDIENT and CHRISTIANITY, (as illustrated in the spirit and life of Jesus,) to kill rather than die, or to DIE RATHER THAN KILL? All military systems say, kill rather than die. Radical Peace says, DIE RATHER THAN KILL.

Is the eighth resolution of the series true? Is every military system of necessity a "denial of the sovereignty of God and of all moral distinction"? It is, as every military code and every war demonstrates. Does war, necessarily, make it a "crime punishable with death, to love enemies, to forgive as we would be forgiven, to return good for evil, and to obey God rather than man"? In a word, Does every military system make it a crime punishable with death to be a Christian after the manner of Christ? It does, and no man will dare to deny it.

What then can and must we say of those who profess to believe in a God, and in Christ; and in a kingdom whose governing and protecting power is love, and still plead for defence by arms and blood, by killing rather than dying? They say we must "love our enemies," "forgive as we would be forgiven," "overcome evil with good," and "obey God rather than man," or be damned; and then if we do, they shoot or hang us. If we do not feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and give water to the thirsty, they consign us to hell after we leave the body. If we do, they "kill, slay and destroy us" before we enter that state. Such is war. Such is military defence. There can be no protection by arms and blood, but by making it a crime punishable with death to follow Christ.

SPIRITUALISTS! believers in a Kingdom not of this world, whose subjects cannot fight with deadly weapons! will you, directly or indirectly, sustain a system which makes it a capital offence to be a Christian? to be a true disciple of Jesus, the world's model Spiritualist and martyr?
HENRY C. WRIGHT.

RADICAL PEACE MEETING.

The Rhode Island Radical Peace Society, which held a Convention in the Friends Meeting House, Providence, last month, held an adjourned meeting on Thursday, 28th ultimo, at the Universalist Meeting House in Pawtucket. The attendance, both afternoon and evening, was quite large, comprising many friends of the cause from abroad. The meeting was called to order by J. K. Joslin, Esq., of Providence, President of the Society. Mrs. E. B. Olcott, of Valley Falls, was Secretary. A letter from Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, President of the Universal Peace Society, was read, urging unremitting labor in the cause of peace. L. K. Joslin presented the following resolutions, which were afterwards adopted by the meeting:

Whereas, Rev. Dr. Barnes Sears, President of Brown University, has urged before the American Social Science Association, and also before a committee of Congress, the adoption of a Military Education for young men in our American colleges; therefore,
Resolved, That we view with apprehension and sorrow this effort by professed Christians to introduce into professedly Christian colleges the idea of man-killing and man-killing as a scientific and commendable mode of education, and such teaching not only as Anti-Christian, but as positively immoral and wicked.

Mr. Joslin also presented the following petition to Congress, asking those present to affix their signatures:

We whose names are signed to this petition do represent to you, our representatives, that we are unwilling to have our lives sacrificed in war, or to engage in the wounding and killing of others. Therefore, we respectfully request that you, our rights and welfare, believing that man possesses the inalienable right to life, and that war and man-killing are in direct contravention of this right, do we earnestly request that you will inaugurate measures which, by securing a Court or Congress of Nations, a binding Compact, and the following resolutions, which were afterwards adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That man is before and above his institutions; therefore, no church or government is worth the killing of one human being to preserve it; and we would adopt this as our watchword. "Have with all institutions that cannot exist without killing men."

Resolved, That to kill men from motives of patriotism, or in defence of our country, is not Christian, inhuman and barbarous to kill men in defence of our individual persons and property.

Resolved, That the more intense the patriotism sustained by military power, the more heinous the sin; and the greater the patriot, the greater the sin.

Resolved, That if it is wrong in one man to hire and drill a man to kill human beings, sack and burn towns and cities, and devastate a country at his behest, it is equally wrong for millions, acting as a state, nation or government, to employ armies and navies to do the same deeds at their bidding and for their benefit.

Resolved, That it is murder to kill innocent human beings at our discretion and for our benefit, whether killing be done by individuals acting alone, or by millions acting as a nation or government.

Resolved, That each and every member of a State or Government who approves of, or is a member of, a domestic war will be held by God responsible as a murderer for all the innocent blood necessarily shed in such war.

Resolved, That in theory, and in fact, the military power and system are necessarily a denial of the sovereignty of God and of all moral distinctions, and make it a crime punishable with death to obey God rather than man.

Resolved, That we would be forgiven, to return good for evil, and to recognize the will of God as expressed by Jesus, or by human nature as our higher law.

James M. Peebles, of Michigan, wished the rights and wrongs of the Indians considered, as the military system threatens to exterminate the Indian race, and closed with this appeal: "My brothers, are all the members of God's great family white or black?"

Thomas Robinson, of Pawtucket, expressed great interest in the movement. He said, "Suppose a horde of barbarians come upon us to destroy our institutions of learning, humanity, art and science?"

Mr. Peebles replied that the way to lend barbarians to commit greater crimes, was to set them the example of fighting. William Penn treated the Indians, whom others considered as barbarians, as brothers; he used no weapon of war but kindness and love, and he thus made them his long friends. When in the history of the world you find Christians who will not fight them, barbarians are subdued. The power of kindness and love will conquer whom war and fighting are wholly inefficient.

Prof. Park, of Boston, said Jesus Christ was a peace man, and asked why his peace principles did not preserve his life.

Henry C. Wright replied that the true Christian principle was to suffer wrong rather than do wrong, and, like Christ, die rather than kill.

Among the other speakers during both sessions were Mr. William Olcott of North Providence, Mrs. M. S. Townsend of Vermont, Hon. George Thompson of England, L. K. Joslin of Providence, and Mr. Ashton of Pawtucket.

Before the meeting adjourned the following resolution was introduced and unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Convention be tendered to the Universalist Society in this place for the free use of their Meeting House for holding this Convention, and that a copy of this resolution, signed by the Secretary of the meeting, be forwarded to the trustees of the Universalist Society."

This Society is to hold another meeting at Valley Falls on Thursday, April 23th, when talented speakers are expected to present.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC COMPLIMENT.—The enthusiastic Kelmier thus discourses upon the fair sex: "Woman is, indeed, a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is there is a paradise. She is the life of the home. Her smile inspires love, and raises human nature nearer the immortal source of its being. Her sweet and tender heart gives life and soul to dead and senseless things. She is the ladder by which we climb from earth up to heaven. She is the practical teacher of mankind, and the world's greatest blessing without a rival. She is more a celestial than terrestrial being—charming and amiable as a girl, dutiful as a mother, she is the balmain of man's life—a faithful counselor and pillow. She can impart all the pleasures to his care; of friendship, all the joys of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail
matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.All letters and communications intended for the Editor
of this paper should be addressed to Luther
Colby.SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion
and infuses it into 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 recog-
nizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims through
a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws
and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe;
of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the
spiritual world. It is thus a scientific and progressive, leading to
the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Woman Suffrage.

This subject is being agitated in Kansas perhaps more effectively than in any other State. It has made visible headway in Maine and Massachusetts, in the Legislatures, but has so far failed to find expression on the Statute books. In Wisconsin, a joint resolution was introduced into the Assembly by Hon. J. T. Dow, on the 20th of March, for amending the Constitution so as to give the right of suffrage to women, and he supported the resolution in a long and able speech, covering the whole subject. We should be glad to publish it entire if our columns were longer and more numerous. Mr. Dow discussed the question from its practical as well as its theoretical side, and demonstrated to the Assembly that it was but common sense and common justice that women should exercise the elective franchise. Many of the illustrations with which he enforced his arguments were so apt as to be irresistible. After concluding his argument, the resolution passed the Assembly by a vote of sixty-three to twenty-two, nearly three to one, without another word. But on subsequent reconsideration of it, while nineteen members were absent, the resolution was defeated by the very close vote of forty to forty-one. It was a victory in one branch of the Wisconsin Legislature, at any rate, which we trust will be followed up until it is completed and made a reality.

This subject is one which the female sex are themselves agitating in every way possible, and to decided advantage. As no power is strong enough to hold out always against reason, so the persistent presentation of the argument by woman herself is bound to win the cause for her at last. Simply sneering at her claims won't do. There comes a time when people are impatient of sneers and jeers, and insist on seeing what is the reason of them. Instinct teaches us that where the weapon of ridicule is perseveringly employed, it is pretty plain that there is something about it that fears the application of reason; and hence reasonable people in time insist that the whole matter shall come out in its true proportions. It is so with the case of Woman Suffrage. This is a subject that will wear out ridicule by-and-by, and will have to be addressed in a more serious strain of thought and discussion.

As for woman's being intelligent enough to vote, we think the answer to that impertinent suggestion would be that if she is capable of accumulating and managing property so as to pay taxes on it, she is capable of casting the ballot. In judging of fitness for public office, she is any day the equal of man, if not his superior. Of the two sexes, the female is by far the first in point of perception. How many male voters are induced to give their votes for one party and another by the offer of liquor. Women would not be likely to be influenced in that way. As for bribing them in any way, the thing would not be attempted. Instead of being themselves degraded by contact with the coarser part of creation who are permitted to throw to the polls, their presence would notably elevate the character of the whole proceedings. If our purest men could to-day control the managements of town and ward elections, what a marvelous change would come over the conduct of all who participate in the business. And if women may come up and freely give their ballots, the influence will be more elevating and improving still.

Since the above was in type, we observe that the Legislature of Wisconsin has taken up the subject anew, and reversed the vote by which it was reconsidered and killed. It has voted to amend the Constitution so as to give the franchise to women. Both Houses approved. Thus does Wisconsin put herself at the head of this great liberal movement, to be followed, we trust, by every other State in the Union. It is time the chains of custom were broken. The adoption of so broad a principle as this would at once elevate the character of our politics, and raise woman to at least a level with the ruder sex who owe to her their civilization.

Tyranny under the Law.

Personal liberty bills are needed for other classes than the Southern blacks. Our Northern white women are clamoring for them to protect themselves from the tyranny of unfeeling and selfish husbands. It has been the custom for a good many years, when a man wanted for some personal reason to put his wife away from him, to shut her up in a private insane retreat. This he could do with impunity, as the law stood, there being no safeguard thrown around her on which she could pretend to rely. A heartless domestic tyrant could, and in most of the States can now, clap his wife into one of these "retreats" without being troubled by anybody. It is only necessary for him to make an arrangement with the keeper of the same, who advertises for all cases of insanity for private treatment, and the thing is done. Of course he would take care not to outrage the public sense of decency by openly doing what would not be generally tolerated, and the likelihood is, in such cases, that it never will be done.

Mrs. Packard of Illinois has been one of the unfortunate sufferers after this fashion. She has been subjected to wrongful imprisonment at the hands of another, on the cruel representation of being non compos mentis, when nobody who knew her ever suspected any trouble of the sort. No one can tell how acute must be the sufferings of a person thus restrained of her liberty. While enduring it, however, with such patience as she might, she formed a resolution to find a remedy for such a flagrant wrong as soon as she should regain her liberty. And she has been as good as a thing, it is generally performed if it be within the limits of possibility. Mrs. Packard laid the story of her personal wrongs and a full account of other complaints before the Legislature of Illinois, and by dint of perseverance has succeeded in getting an act placed on the statute book which forever makes such inhuman practices impossible.

If she shall have saved but a single human being from similar suffering, she will not have worked in vain.

Under the provisions of the new act of Illinois, all the inmates of every insane asylum in the State, public or private, who have been incarcerated without the verdict of a jury that they are insane, are now entitled to a jury trial; and unless this trial is granted them within sixty days from the 5th of last March, they are discharged, and can never be incarcerated again without the verdict of a jury that they are insane. No one can be detained in such asylums after sixty days, who has not been declared insane by a jury. This law at once opens the doors of all who are at present languishing in these prisons—for such they are—and prohibits the use of them for any questionable purpose hereafter.

This is so plainly a step demanded by the very instincts of our common humanity, that it is remarkable that it has not been taken before. Now let the people of all the other States agitate the subject until these infamous practices are made impossible to our civilization. It is a relic of barbarism, this suffering certain interested parties to incarcerate others whom they desire to get out of their way, on a plea of insanity. It too often does lead to the insanity which is wickedly charged. All honor to the resolute and indefatigable woman who, single handed, has accomplished so much for the cause of humanity.

Spirit Communion.

When the mind has become tired and fretted by the surroundings of everyday life, and the associations of persons with whom we are more or less brought in daily contact, how refreshing and consoling it is to retire to some quiet place, and give ourselves up to thought and reflection. There, in the quietude and solitude of repose and freedom from the cares of busy life, we can listen to the angel voices as they come floating on the air, with their sweet and soothing melodies, giving us glimpses of spirit-life, and pouring into our heart the balm of consolation, and at the same time by their gentle influence urging us on in the faithful performance of all those life duties which tend to the elevation of humanity. At such times our hearts gather in new truths, and we receive, as it were, a new baptism. Our soul goes out from the material and takes hold on the spiritual and ethereal, and we can almost see the form, and feel the touch of those loved ones who have gone before and entered the gates of the New Jerusalem. Around us at such times are the fitting forms of our spirit friends, influencing and guiding for future good. The white robed ones are ever present, knocking at our hearts, asking for an admission, that they may come in and make manifest their presence.

No surpliced clergyman or mitred priest can ever bring that comfort and quiet to the harassed sons and daughters of earth that is brought by the unseen visitors from the spheres supernal. No form of religion has ever yet demonstrated to man the future state of human existence so plainly as has the return of disembodied spirits. While many are slow to believe, and will not investigate or give their attention to this phase of human experience, there is a power at work in many an unseen way, which, like the rippling mountain rivulet, is gaining strength at every point, and soon will cause the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak, even of the goodness and beauty of spirit communion. To those who have tasted the fullness of this joy and belief, no words of encouragement are needed; but to those who are yet outside and beyond the confirmation of this truth, we would say, investigate, and open wide the doors of your hearts and let the angel of light come in. Let the voice of some sainted mother, or the pleadings of the partner of thy youthful days, or it may be the prattle of thy lisping infant child, come near and give thee that proof and assurance of a life beyond the grave that shall satisfy thy soul and make glad the future of life.—P.

Liberty at Harvard.

The subjoined correspondence will explain itself. Considering the sums of money which have been donated by generous men to Harvard College, one would think that institution might offer something like a chance for females who desire a medical education to avail themselves of the advantages of the one now in operation. The reader will not fail to note the studiously calm, not to say cool manner in which the very proper application of the two young ladies in question is responded to by the President of the College. The least he could say on the subject would have been that he would gladly accommodate them if he had authority, and that he hoped suitable provision would be made for such applicants by some generously inclined individual, at a not distant day. Read the correspondence, and see what is still wanting to bring Harvard College up to the standard of true liberty.

MARCH 11, 1867.

Gentlemen—Finding it impossible to obtain elsewhere in New England a thorough competent medical education, we hereby request permission to enter the Harvard Medical School on the same terms and under the same conditions as other students, there being, as we understand, no university statute to the contrary.

On applying for tickets for the course we were informed by the Dean of the Medical Faculty that he and his colleagues were unable to grant them to us in consequence of some previous action taken by the Corporation, to whom now, therefore, we make request to remove any such existing disability. In full faith in the words recently spoken, with reference to the University of Harvard—"American colleges are not cloisters for the education of a few persons, but seats of learning where hospitable doors should be always open to every seeker after knowledge," we place our petition in your hands and subscribe ourselves, Your obedient servants,

SOPHIA JEX BLAKE,
RUSAN DIMOCK.

To the President and Fellows of the University of Harvard.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, April 8, 1867.
My Dear Madam—After consultation with the Faculty of the Medical College, the Corporation direct me to inform you and Miss Dimock that there is no provision for the education of women in any department of this university.

Neither the Corporation nor the Faculty wish to express any opinion as to the right or expediency of the medical education of women, but simply to state the fact that in our school no provision for that purpose has been made, or is at present contemplated.

Very respectfully yours, THOMAS HILL.

Miss S. Jex Blake.

A New Medium.

Our readers will remember the account we published a few weeks ago, of some strange physical manifestations which took place in a respectable family in Williamsport, Pa., where an audible spirit voice was heard, &c. We are informed by F. H. Smith, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., that the young lady medium through whom the manifestations were given, has become more fully developed, and is now willing to sit for the public, provided a respectable and responsible person will engage her services. Her name is Rebecca Owens. Further information can be obtained by addressing D. F. Groff, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Miss Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

On Sunday afternoon, April 14th, Mercantile Hall was crowded by an audience drawn together to listen to the discussion by two spirits, through Miss Doten, of the question, "Are the wicked punished after death for the evil deeds done in the body?" The debate was kept up with much earnestness for an hour, each spirit occupying fifteen minutes at a time.

Previous to the speaking the choir sang with fine effect Dr. Ordway's new spiritual song, entitled, "Come, darling, come to the spirit-land."

At the close of the discussion the speaker announced that a change of influence would take place, when a sweet and gentle spirit known by the pet name "Birdie," (Anna Cora, daughter of Mr. L. B. Wilson,) would give an original poem, dedicated to her father and mother. This same spirit, some time ago, through the same medium, gave a very pretty poetic gem entitled "Birdie's Spirit-Song," which many of our readers will remember.

This loving and dearly beloved child has been in the spirit-world eight and a half years, but there is no loosening of the strong tie of true affection existing between the parents and their loved one. It is a glorious consolation to know that they will be again reunited in the spirit-world. Anna Cora would now be twenty-one years of age had she remained in earth-life.

Having succeeded in obtaining control of the medium, "Birdie" delivered the following touchingly beautiful and exquisite poem:

"BIRDIE'S" RETURN.

The spring-time has come with its buds and its flowers,

And its warm sunny hours,
And the birds in their gladness so merrily sing,
For they never forget to return in the Spring.

The same blessed spirit who taught them to stay
Through the winter away,

And then seek their homes of the summer before,
Has added your "Birdie" to greet you once more.

'Tis the spring-time of hope, and a summer is near

Which your spirits will cheer;
And "Birdie," your "Birdie," has something to do

In teaching the children of earth to be true.

Oh the beautiful angels, with love in their eyes,
Dwell not in the skies;
For Heaven is not beauty, and music, and rest,
But 'tis loving our duty, and doing our best.

So, your "Birdie" has flown from the beautiful band,

In the bright "Summer-Land,"
To warble her songs to the weary in heart,
And to bear in love's burdens and duties her part.

I will gather sweet roses and lilies so fair,
From the fields of the air,

And will lay them on pillows of sickness and pain,
That the weary may rest and find comfort again.

I will watch o'er the slumbers of children at night,

And will strengthen their sight
To see the fair faces of cherubs above,
Who learn of the angels sweet lessons of love.

Dear father! dear mother! my spirit is glad,
Then cease to be sad,

And rather rejoice, that your "Birdie" is true
To the work that the angels have called her to do.

I leave you sweet blossoms of beauty and light,
Though hidden from sight,

Yet their fragrance shall teach you I do not forget;
That "Birdie" still loves you and comes to you yet.

The Little Wanderers' Home.

The Superintendent of the above named institution denies the correctness of the statements in regard to Mrs. Hoyt's children, which we copied from the Haverhill Publisher into our last week's paper. It is strange that the statement was not earlier contradicted. We waited two weeks before calling attention to it, hoping that it might prove false. The matter did not engage the serious attention of the managers, it seems, until copied into our paper. Their silence led us to believe the accusations were true, thus making it our duty to help rectify a wrong. We feel a great interest in all such humanitarian institutions as this "Little Wanderers' Home," and shall, as in the past, do all we can to aid them when properly conducted. We sincerely hope that the statements in regard to the mismanagement of the Home will prove to be entirely false. We shall take an early opportunity to visit the Home and see for ourselves how matters stand, and report our observations. The public are very naturally sensitive in regard to an institution having charge of so many little helpless children, and desire that they should be as well cared for as they are led to expect. This affair may prove a benefit to the Home, as we hope it will, for it is just the institution needed in our city, and is capable of doing an incalculable amount of good to the homeless little ones, as it already has done.

The Radical.

I noticed in the BANNER of April 20th, that the subject of one of Miss Doten's recent lectures, at Mercantile Hall, was "The Radical," a monthly magazine devoted to religion."

I did not have the pleasure of listening to that lecture, but it seems to me that the theme is worthy of the consideration of Spiritualists. For one, I am very much interested in this Radical Magazine, and propose to make a brief criticism. These radical brethren are somewhat of a puzzle to me. They appear to be splendid fellows, on all points. So far as their adaptation to the common mind is concerned, they are among the clouds; on the other hand, the great mass of Spiritualists represent the other extreme and are fairly rolling on the earth, hugging altogether too much the mere phenomena. If the radical brethren would dismount the stile, and the Spiritualists would rise and stand erect, it seems to me that then there could be a most happy, practical union of their forces. The Radicals are like "revivalists," infatuated with the "spirit." How persons of their insight and spiritual attainments can be unconscious of the presence and aid of the angel world, is to me a complete puzzle.

If they acknowledged angel ministrations, but affirmed that any physical sign or manifestation was to them in their state of mind *superfluous*, I could readily understand and endorse their position. I close with the following query: Can spirits produce physical manifestations without transcending their normal condition as denizens of the spirit-world?—F. T. L.

New Music.

Henry Tolman & Co., 291 Washington street, have just issued George W. Birdseye's song of "Praise to God," set to the music of the celebrated American Hymn by M. Keller.

Dr. J. E. Newton in Boston.

We are glad to be able to announce to the afflicted that Dr. J. E. Newton, the celebrated healer, has taken rooms at No. 20 Boylston street, near the new Masonic Temple, where he will treat the sick, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week, from 9 A. M. till 6 o'clock P. M. The poor are invited "without money and without price."

Dr. Newton has been practicing in Salem since the 23d of last month. He commenced his labors by giving a very interesting discourse on the philosophy of healing, which was listened to with close attention. He then began to put his theory into practice by asking all in the audience who were suffering from acute pain to stand up, assuring them that he would cure them without touch, and he kept his word to the general satisfaction of all. During the doctor's stay in Salem, he was successful in curing a large number of cases. Mr. A. C. Robinson, of Salem, a respectable gentleman of well-known integrity, vouches for the following cases, most of which were treated under his own observation. We mention these cases as encouragement to others similarly afflicted.

Mr. Isaac Pray, of Salem, was so afflicted with lameness in the hip joint and leg, as to disable him from walking up stairs the usual way for seven years, was cured in one treatment, before an audience of six hundred persons.

Mr. Nathaniel Ham, of North Beverly, had a very lame knee, badly swollen; walked with a crutch; was cured in two treatments.

Mr. Samuel Church, of Salem, troubled with nervousness and extreme difficulty in breathing; cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Nancy J. Fowler, Margin street, Salem, came to Lyceum Hall, Sunday, March 24th, with lameness, and was cured immediately, before the audience, running back to her seat with the agility of a child, showering gratitude and blessings upon the doctor for his noble gift of healing.

Mrs. Judson Chase, Harbor street, Salem, for nine weeks had been suffering from hip complaint and an abscess, during which time she could not walk; was brought to the Essex House in a coach, March 31st, requiring two persons to carry her in their arms; in thirty minutes she walked back to the coach without assistance, perfectly cured. One of the most eminent physicians of the place had been treating her case, but could not effect a cure.

Mrs. David Porter, of South Danvers, had suffered from tumor of three years' standing. With two operations was entirely cured.

Mrs. James Estes, of South Danvers, had running scrofula sores upon one limb, and was entirely cured in forty-eight hours from the time of treatment.

Miss Matthews, 8 Ash street, Salem, had lost the use of her voice for six years; was perfectly restored with two treatments.

Ella Mender, daughter of Henry Mender, of South Danvers, had lost her voice for thirteen months; was perfectly cured with one treatment.

Mrs. Chipman, 424 Essex street, Salem, had also lost her voice for one year; was cured with one treatment.

Alice M. Ward, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel M. Ward, of Haverhill, Mass., had stiff fingers on one hand and could not use them for two years; cured with one treatment.

Elizabeth Graves, of Marblehead, was lame and walked with crutches; cured by a glove being presented to the doctor by her son. April 15th she appeared in Lyceum Hall and gave testimony to the above.

Willie Yeaw, of Northboro', had a white swelling on the knee; was cured with one treatment.

Jesse L. Yeaw, of Lynn, was afflicted with humor in one eye, from the effects of which he had lost his sight. The sight was restored and he perfectly cured with two treatments.

As many people are always ready to cry out, "Oh, the cures won't remain permanent!" Mr. Robinson cites the following case, to which he is knowing. It is sufficient for the present, though many others could be given:

Mr. John Brimblecomb, of Lynn, five years ago carried his daughter to Dr. Newton, who was then in Boston, to be treated for spinal curvature, with which she was afflicted and very much deformed. The doctor saw her twice, and said if his directions were followed implicitly she would be well again. She was restored to health, and remains cured to this day. She visited Lyceum Hall, April 8th, as a witness of the wonderful healing powers of Dr. Newton.

The above cited cases represent only a small portion of the cures effected by Dr. Newton while in Salem, but they are sufficient to illustrate the fact that theory and practice, or faith and works, can go hand in hand; thus making it possible to obey the injunction of Christ, to "go into the world and heal the sick," thereby demonstrating one of the beauties of the religion of Spiritualism.

Meeting of Spiritualists during Anniversary Week.

It has been suggested by several prominent, influential, and what is better, disinterested parties, that the Spiritualists of Massachusetts hold an Independent Mass Meeting in Boston, during anniversary week. Why not? For many years the various religious and reform societies have regularly held yearly meetings during the last week in May; and this per consequence, brings an unusual addition of occasional visitors and strangers to the city, many of whom doubtless come only at that time. Why cannot Spiritualists, as a body, contribute toward and take advantage of such occasions, and convene together for their own good generally and the good of others particularly?

There are probably many throughout the State who have a pleasant word, a hopeful sign, a suggestive thought, or an encouraging message to deliver, who would gladly avail themselves of this golden opportunity to compare notes with those living in different localities; to clasp long separated yet friendly hands; to give and take of adapted personal atmospheres; to mingle with congenial magnetisms; to feel the fresh glow of social intercourse; to strengthen and get strengthened; to inspire and get inspired to the mutual benefit of all.

Numerous are the reasons, each of which seems sufficient to warrant our having a grand meeting in May. Shall we have one? If so, let some public spirited man or woman—or both—take the initiative, and make the proper arrangements.—G. A. B.

Dr. Willis in Providence.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis has been lecturing in Providence, R. I., during this month, with excellent success. The audiences were large, and fully appreciated the rich feast of spiritual food offered them. His discourse on "The Philosophy of Revivals" was most fitting and timely, as there is a great effort making among the Unitarians to get up revivals.

The Boston Investigator can be had at retail at 544 Broadway, New York.

Personal.

Dean Clark is lecturing in Maine. His address is Camden.

Gen. Wm. L. Burt has been confirmed by the U. S. Senate as postmaster of Boston.

Rev. Dr. Huntington, of this city, favors the establishment of an order of deaconesses.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been chosen as one of the Republican candidates for election as delegate to the Constitutional Convention in the Second Senatorial District, Brooklyn.

Herbert Spencer has completed the second volume of his "Principles of Biology."

Rev. Dr. Thomas Worcester, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Swedenborgian Church in this city, has been its pastor since 1818.

Count Guicciardini, an illustrious Florentine nobleman, has left the Roman Catholic church and joined the Plymouth brethren. He has opened meetings in his palace, where he and the countess hold forth every evening to crowded audiences.

A. T. Stewart's new house, corner of Fifth avenue and 34th streets, New York, will be the finest private dwelling in America. The cost is two million dollars. Marble and iron are the principal materials, and the architecture is rich in Corinthian decorations.

The Pope has written a letter to the municipality of Toledo, Ohio, thanking them for an offer of refuge, should a revolution compel him to leave Rome.

Henry Ward Beecher, it is said, will not go on the excursion to the Holy Land, the pew-holders in his church, it appears, having objected to his contemplated long absence.

Maj. George L. Stearns, a wealthy merchant of this city, died in New York recently. He was a well known public spirited philanthropist. He published *The Right Way*, which had a very large gratuitous circulation during the war.

The dramatic critic of Wilkes's Spirit of the Times says of Ira Aldridge, the celebrated colored actor: "His wife is a Swedish baroness, and his residence is a splendid mansion in the suburbs of London, near the Crystal Palace, and he owns not only the house he occupies, but five villas of equal proportions. There is not a more successful man alive than Chevalier Ira Aldridge, K. S., thirty years ago Wallack's body servant."

A. A. Wheelock is engaged to speak for the society of Spiritualists at Sturgis, Mich., during May.

Captain Anderson, of the Great Eastern steamship, was at one time a type-setter on a Scotch newspaper.

Chas. A. Andrus is lecturing and healing this month in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dr. E. C. Dunn is to speak and heal in Galesburg, Ill., during May.

N. Frank White is engaged to lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., through the month of May.

Major Z. K. Pangborn, of the Jersey City Times, formerly of the "Boston Bee," is to be associated with Charles A. Dana in his new paper to be printed in New York.

Miss Burdett Coutts is immensely wealthy, being the only surviving member of that name in the prosperous banking firm of Coutts & Co. Her antiquity (which makes the idea of marriage in her case ridiculous), may be inferred from the fact that she was an elderly woman when the Duke of Wellington courted her over thirty years ago, and her wealth may be guessed by her lavish charities, for in that respect she has been for many years the peer of George Peabody himself.

New Publications.

Sim Stetson's "Temperance Lecture, with Modern Improvements," is a thoughtful and stirring little pamphlet and the theme which, at one time and another, and in one way and another, engages the attention of every person. The author goes to the root of the whole matter. He would employ the zeal in a good cause to the highest advantage, by making it ally itself with varied knowledge. And the kinds and extent of knowledge that are of primary service in this noble work, he outlines in a few graphic suggestions. "Sim Stetson" is a true temperance reformer. His ideas on the subject are eminently spiritual and practical. All who are interested in temperance reformation should read his little pamphlet, which has been published in neat form by J. E. Farwell & Co., and may be found for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore.

FACTS ABOUT PEAT as a fuel.

By T. H. Leavitt. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
This is a timely publication on a subject which is exciting wide public attention, and will therefore command many readers. It tells us the whole story about peat, where it is to be found, how it is to be prepared, the uses to which it is put, and the utilization of coal dust with peat for producing excellent fuel at a low cost, and specially adapted for steam service. All the points of the subject, so far as developed and substantiated, will be found by the reader on these pages. The illustration is a picture of Leavitt's Peat Condensing and Molding Mill.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale "Nina Balthazar," the story of a Maiden of Prague," republished from Little's Living Age—a sprightly story, illustrating the differences that existed once on a time between the Jews and the Christians of the continental city of Prague. It will repay perusal.

Miss Mary E. Currier's Seances.

Our readers are too familiar with the phase of physical manifestations witnessed at the musical seances of Miss Currier, held at her father's house in Haverhill, to need a detailed account at this time of what we recently witnessed. In company with several others we visited one of her seances, and were highly gratified to fully realize the truth of all the statements we had heard of her wonderful powers as a medium. We can endorse entire the account Dr. F. L. H. Willis published in our paper in regard to these seances a short time ago. When the medium became entranced, the spirit spoke to us quite familiarly, calling us by name. On questioning her as to how she knew us, she replied that she was the *Mayflower* who used to control Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain when holding circles. She then gave us many test facts going to prove she was the spirit she purported to be. No one can witness these manifestations without being fully impressed with their genuineness.—W. W.

The Harris Brothers lottery swindle, located in this city, has come to grief. There were three counts against each of them. On the first they were each sentenced to pay a fine of \$3000, on the second \$4000, and on the third \$1000, making \$7000 each, and a total of \$14,000. They were also ordered to pay all the costs. There is a similar institution "down east," which should be attended to by the authorities. It is high time this description of knavery was put an end to.

Much in a Few Sentences.

Hon. George Thompson, of England, while addressing the Peace Convention recently held in Providence, R. I., said:

"The friends of peace are not opposed to government, but believe in the most thorough self-government. Men everywhere are struggling against governments, because they are unjust and oppressive. He had no respect for any government, only as it is founded in justice. The late war grew out of foul injustice toward the African. The war power of the country has been pledged to put down any insurrection looking to the emancipation of the slave. You never will have in this country a government which will be beyond or above the morals of the people. A convict will be converted and become a fit candidate for heaven, by the ministrations of the clergy; then government chokes the pious man to death upon the gallows. If Satan himself could behold Baptists, Presbyterians and other Christians killing and torturing each other, he might say, 'Behold how Christians love each other!' Earl Russell, in the British Parliament, a few years since, declared that the wars of England, which had cost her \$4,000,000,000, were wholly unnecessary. You cannot depend much upon the clergy; they cannot act independent. War is slavery's twin brother."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The report of the missionary agent sent out by the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists, will be found in another column. It shows that the efforts of the Association will not be lost; that the people are willing and anxious to have the truths of Spiritualism presented to them. Now that Mrs. Horton is also engaged in the same field, in another direction, we doubt not great good will result from this associative effort to disseminate the truths of our soul-sustaining philosophy.

We acknowledge the receipt of three dollars from T. S. Philadelphia, for the suffering Carder family, in Waynesville, Ohio, and have forwarded the same.

The Louisville, Ky., Orthodox "Philobuster" are stark mad, because they could not find a mare's nest in Church's sermons, and so they have ground out a poem on the subject. When men are ashamed of their acts, they defend themselves, if at all, over aliases. Go hide your diminished heads, ye bigoted ones! The truth will shine, in spite of your libels; and Spiritualism will live when you are "food for worms."

The Salem Gazette predicts that "the Spiritualists will soon become a distinct and recognized denomination of Christians."

Flour at twenty and twenty-two dollars per barrel causes poor people to open their eyes. These were once California quotations, but now that State actually sends flour to New York.

THE POPE A BANKRUPT.—The Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia has issued an address to his flock, recounting the urgent pecuniary embarrassments of the Pope, and says he has been "deprived of the nerves and sinews of government" by the Italian King, until he is now "hopelessly bankrupt." He therefore directs that on Sunday the priests shall appeal to their congregations and take up collections for the Pope, who is pressing in need of cash.

Female teachers are in such demand in California that "none others need apply."

An Irish gentleman thus accounts for the fact of his countrymen making so many bulls: "I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy, if an Englishman was born in Ireland he would make just as many."

The Home Journal is responsible for the following: "People generally do not know that some ladies wear false lips, made of pink India-rubber, which are attached to thin lips in a manner which defies detection, and which give a pretty pouting appearance to the mouth. There is a way to test lips which may appear doubtful, but many ladies might object to the operation, unless it were performed by very near relatives."

What lady paints come ones? Carrie K. Ture.

Dr. P. B. Randolph's new work on Clairvoyance, and how to produce it, is in press. The descriptive circular is ready, and may be had for ten cents and a stamp. Address, Boston, Mass.

The widow of a son of the late Rev. John Pierpont was recently buried at Newton Corner, after a funeral service conducted according to the peculiar doctrines of Spiritualism. Miss Cora Houghton, a trance medium, delivered an address of considerable length, in which she described the condition of immediate and eternal happiness in which she saw the spirit of the departed, and transmitted to the audience her promise to remain with her friends for their guidance and assistance through life. The spirit of Rev. Mr. Pierpont also appeared, and thanked all those who had performed offices of kindness and sympathy to his daughter in her last days.—The Universalist.

United Germany, as Bismarck proposes to have it, will contain forty millions of inhabitants.

A report on the Spring fashions says there is less change in gentlemen's pants this year than there was last.

A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word "surrogate," and he explained it to her as "a gate through which parties go to get married." "Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of the word sorrow gate." "You are right," said he, "as woman is an abbreviation of woe to man."

It was stated at the Rentpayers' Association meeting in New York on Friday evening, April 12th, that Mr. Astor owns real estate valued at \$85,000,000, and that he never sells property, but with the interest of his wealth continually buys more.

"Chelton," in one of his letters from Paris to the Journal, says: "There is no land in which women are so respected and honored as in America. A woman in high life on this side of the Atlantic is treated with marked courtesy, but women, as a class, are drudges and nothing else. Gentlemen puff away at their cigars in the cars, without deference to the presence of a lady, no matter how well dressed or well behaved. No Frenchman resigns his seat to a woman. He will bow very low and do everything for Lady So-and-So, but for a woman whom he may meet in public—never!"

The Watchman and Reflector (Baptist) suggests that "church members will do well occasionally to look at themselves with the eyes of men outside the church."

The evidence of a case now on trial at New York, showed that a coffee manufacturing firm in that city used black lead, sand and rocketone to give gloss and weight to their production.

SOULTRON'S MARBLE AT HOME.—The Boston Journal says that the object which has induced our artists to go abroad, is the superiority of the foreign marble. In the western part of Massachusetts a quarry of marble has recently been opened, which for whiteness and quality is said to be unsurpassed. Workmen in Boston speak of it as quite equal to foreign marble for purposes of sculpture.

IS HE A MEDIUM?—The Boston Daily Advertiser of Saturday says: "One of the best of our extemporaneous preachers affirms that he sometimes in his best hours loses all conscious hold upon his mind and speech, and while perfectly sure that all is going on well in his brain, it seems to him that somebody is talking up there; and he catches himself wondering who under the sun that fellow is who is driving on at such a rate."

We notice mention made in our exchanges of great preparations being made for the observance of the forty-eighth anniversary of the introduction of Old-Fellowship into this country. It is to be a day of thanksgiving, and occurs on Friday, 26th instant. In this city the festival will take place in Faneuil Hall in the evening.

The female sculptors of this country take the highest rank among artists in Rome.

A subscriber who has paid yearly postage on a newspaper, need not pay a second time at another office to which he has ordered the publisher to send the paper to him. He should, however, exhibit a receipt for the postage to the Postmaster.

The Roman Catholics are making strenuous efforts to gain China and the East. There are five hundred European priests scattered throughout the Chinese empire, nine in Corea and twenty in Manchuria. They began their work in the face of danger and of death, and are at the present time pressing forward with increased zeal and prosperity. Generation after generation of these men live and die in China, that they may win the empire to the papal church, and their work goes on from century to century.

Thackeray says: "Only women thoroughly know the insolence of women toward one another."

In 1680 two Dutch travelers visited Harvard College, and calling at a house they wrote: "We found there eight or ten young fellows, sitting around, smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it that when I was going up stairs I said, this is certainly a tavern." There has been very little change since then.

A GOOD RECORD.—The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, charging only the usual rates, has paid on deceased members exceeding five million dollars (\$5,125,425), and declared in dividends to the living over six million. With assets well secured, of over twelve million dollars, and an annual income exceeding four millions, it has just declared its twentieth annual dividend, being fifty per cent. This Company allows no commission to officers; all its directors attend its meetings and serve on its committees. It takes no unusual hazards, and has never lost a dollar of its investments. It grants accommodation loans on its policies, and for twenty years has made annual dividends, and paid them when due. It has offices in our principal cities, and should have an agency in every town in New England.

The Oswego, N. Y., Times and the Commercial Advertiser speak in very candid and complimentary terms of the late exhibition there of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is the able organ of the Spiritualists. We read it with much interest and gladly welcome it as an exchange. We do not approve of all the ideas of Spiritualists, but we believe them to be seekers after truth, and, as such, bid them God speed. No candid person can read the BANNER OF LIGHT without finding much to encourage and elevate him; to lift him from the slough of materialism, to the highway of universal progress.—Household Messenger, London Ridge, N. H.

A middle-aged man, named Myron S. Sanford, the son of a Massachusetts clergyman, committed suicide, April 8th, in Chicago, by taking laudanum.

It is important that young people acquire in early life the habit of correct speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life.

A young lady from Ohio, attending the college for young women at Pittsburg, has been unusually popular among her teachers and classmates, on account of her marked proficiency and good conduct; but on lately coming back to school, after vacation, she was denied admission because of the microscopic discovery that "she is one thirty-second part Ethiopian!"

A Generous Donation.

Dr. Calvin Hall, of Williamstown, Conn., has generously placed in our hands the sum of one thousand dollars to aid in circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT in families where it does not now go, by defraying half its yearly subscription price for persons who cannot pay the full price (\$3.00). Therefore, to all such who will remit to us \$1.50, with evidence of their inability to pay more, we will send the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year.

Our good brother Hall feasts upon the rich fruits of Spiritualism, and is desirous to help others to a like blessing.

We have scarcely a subscriber who does not know of some one or more who are deserving of the above generous offer, and we hope they will find pleasure in assisting such to avail themselves of this offer at once, as the amount is limited.

Write plainly the name, town, county and State, and address letters to WM. WHITE & CO., BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

A New Work on Spiritualism.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any such contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who are willing to lend her printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Ranney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; or then, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Our Office is New York.

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

New York Department.

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

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

New Books—Popular Meditations. Reconstruction, by Hon. J. W. Edmonds. Everybody who reads, hears or discusses politics should have a copy of this book, unless the last fifty cents has gone for tobacco. Correlation of Forces—by H. W. H. of deep thought and much merit, published in London, is on our counter, and can be had for \$1.50, and postage, 16 cents. Howitt's History of the Supernatural two volumes, \$2.00, postage 48 cents, is a work of great value to the student of spiritual literature. We have found a few copies of Ellen Palmer's Principles of Reform—a valuable work long out of print. Those who want a copy must send 50 cents soon. We are collecting all the valuable works for those who read our philosophy, and must we shall continue to have the patronage of the public, through the mail and express lines, and assure our friends they shall be promptly and faithfully served in the book trade. Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powers, Dr. H. B. Sutter's Preparation of Jodid's Nervine and the Scrupulous Italian all continue to bring words of approbation to our office. There is certainly virtue in the Powers and Nervine, for we have tried them, the first by proxy and the second by person.

Religious Reconstruction.

While so many of the people of this country are engaged in reconstructing the union of the States into a UNITED STATES national government, and while the European governments are reconstructing and rearranging their earthly forms of government, the spirit-world and some in this are busy preparing for a religious reconstruction, or we might more properly say, digging out the old rotten foundations, and removing the decayed and useless fragments of the creeds and sects of Christendom. There is a vast amount of old rubbish and debris washed by Christian currents from the broken fragments of the Jewish superstition. There are very few solid timbers or sound stones in the Christian creeds, that can go into the reconstruction of religion. The church, like the southern slavery and the lava that sustained it, has to be nearly all removed to make way for NATURE and REASON, which will hereafter be the chief corner stones of the new religion. Science with her facts, philosophy with its deductions, will supply the mind with the food on which it can grow and develop. Fables which have heretofore fed the marvelousness and made up a large part of the religion of Christianity, will lose their sacredness. Christ will become human; God be found incarnate in the whole human race; creation without beginning or ending; salvation for all by their own efforts; devotion without ceremonies, or forms, or priests; to direct it, consisting in works, not words; harmony, fraternity and love, the three degrees of wisdom, in attaining which we attain to heaven within, and at death gain its society also. Many of our Christian brethren are trying to reconstruct with their false doctrines in the new, as the rebels and slaveholders are trying to save their laws and social system, and incorporate them into the new Union. Both will be failures, for both are unfitted for the new and reconstructed unions. There is certainly as much need of religious as of political reconstruction in our country, and both are really going on. The careless, speculative, idle curiosity-hunter may not see the blind guides walking into the ditch may not see it—but it is going on, nevertheless.

The Spread of Spiritualism. From every direction comes cheering news of the progress of our cause. The authorities at Washington order the prosecution of the Eldys to be dropped—sensible course. The Catholic clergy assembled at Baltimore admit the decline of Protestantism and the rapid growth of Spiritualism, and acknowledge that we already outnumber both Protestants and Catholics in this country. They are good authority—so let it be. Legislatures and courts are granting all we ask—of incorporations and grants of privilege to carry on our work, and are heeding our voices on reforms, for they know we are a power in this country—too strong, we trust, to let the enemy steal a march on us and put his belief in our National Constitution. Suppose we should ask to have a clause inserted declaring that we believe, as a nation, that spirits communicate to mortals; would it not be ridiculous? Certainly it would; but not more so than what the clergy ask to have inserted.

Weekly our paper goes from this office to Australia, South America, and the West Indies; to all parts of our globe where civilization goes, goes also Spiritualism. It is already world-wide, and our nation its centre. We are making its literature, its history, and certainly ought to be laying now its foundations in a system of education without having it filtered through the fingers of the clergy. As yet we have no schools except the heaven-born and heaven-blessed institution of the Children's Progressive Lyceums, for which the calls increase; and it is to be hoped that those who are able will not let the present opportunity slip of securing the services of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Academies and colleges will arise out of them, if not started otherwise; but we think it is about time for the Spiritualists to have old Harvard.

Praying Machines. A friend sends us a scrap out from some paper, describing a praying machine that runs by crank turned by a water-wheel. It is an Oriental contrivance, said to be still used in some parts of Asia. It would be a great saving of time for some of the living machines in this country, that run by wind and give out little else than sound without sense. It might not be a great loss to fix one up to run out the lessons in the Episcopal prayer-book. It would save reading them over so many times. Probably God has heard them so often he knows them all; and a machine might be made to rap them out in telegraphic characters, and, if centrally located, could be so arranged as to run them out to every Episcopal Church in the city at the same time and very accurately. But there are some kinds of prayers that could not be said or sung by any kind of machinery, although they are always set to music—the music of the heart. Such are the prayers that feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick, and relieve the sufferings of fellow beings. Such prayers are the only ones God answers, and they do not run by wind or waterwheels, are not in books or words, but in good deeds.

Aid the Suffering.

Bellevue W. Stoddard, of Chardon, Ohio—of whom we have several times written brief notices for the BANNER in years past, and which notices have been the means of awakening a sympathy in the hearts of a few friends, whose generous contributions have relieved him and his aged mother several times, and brought thanks from the hearts that words could not express—writes us a pitiful letter, which we would gladly place before all who have or would send small sums to his relief. It will be remembered that he has been afflicted with epileptic fits since a child, and never could work or study or earn anything. His mother is an aged widow, and unable to support him. The spirits have educated him, and made quite a good medium of him, but he is so situated he cannot

get any pecuniary advantage from it, as he cannot travel or leave home. It has never been on lot to see more heartfelt gratitude than these poor sufferers express to those who send small sums to their relief, and all who can spare even a dime will find the sum returned with interest in the next life. Will not those who are able send him a little scrip and charge it to the Lord, and be blessed?

Meetings in New York.

Hon. J. W. Edmonds lectured at Dodworth's Hall Sunday evening, April 14th. We were unfortunately, as usual, in having an engagement to speak in Jersey City, and lost the treat which a crowded audience enjoyed, as we learn, very much. Hope the Judge will speak and write often enough to kill the lies that are started occasionally of his recantation or abandonment of the cause. It is a terrible eyecore to our opponents to have men of such talents and influence in our ranks, while they feign to despise us.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, we learn, is drawing crowded houses and winning laurels by her discourses at Ebbitt Hall this month. She is so well known and always so good, it seems superfluous to write words of commendation on her or her discourses.

Both halls and societies in this city have been successful this winter and spring in selecting good speakers and drawing good audiences. Certainly the cause is brightening up in New York and vicinity. The Brooklyn society is prospering, and in Jersey City we have had very fine audiences and a promise of more.

Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

Charles H. Foster is in the city, and can be found for a short time by calling at our office, 544 Broadway, New York.

S. C. Hayford dropped into our office on his way to New England. We trust he has found a warm welcome and encouragement in the East. He has the elements, disposition and will to do a good work and be a very useful laborer among us. Hope the friends will see to it that he does not have to seek other employment to get a support for his family.

Our young friend, A. C. Woodruff, of Buffalo, is also on the course, and heading westward. Who be glad to say a good word for him to all who can hear us.

An Example to be Followed.

Sanford B. Swan, of Norwich, Conn., who is sometimes called crazy by those who are a little cracked themselves, recently called at our office and selected and purchased an excellent library from our shelves, which he has for use and to sell at his home in Norwich. Many of our friends who do not consider themselves mentally erratic, would do well to follow his example, and invest, as he has, over sixty dollars in the best works on our shelves. We have now a fine assortment to select from, and are thankful to the many friends who are patronizing us. Shall try to deserve the patronage, and keep a full assortment of all the best works on the glorious truths of spirit-life and intercourse.

"A Peep into Sacred Tradition," by Rev. Orrin Abbott.

This little work contains the gist of a former work by the same author, entitled "Adam's Fall Refuted by Earth's Rocky Records," and also some of the sharpest and most pointed criticisms and comparisons of passages of Scripture. It is utterly unanswerable, except by the acknowledgment of the fallibility and self-contradictions of the Bible. Everybody who has a friend that believes the Bible to be the word of God, should get a copy of this book for that friend. Sold here. Price fifty cents.

Radical Peace.

The first Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society will be held in Masonic Hall, 13th street, between 21 and 41st Avenues, New York City, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 8th and 9th, at 10 A. M., and 2 and 7 P. M., of each day.

The experiment of six thousand years to establish peace by deadly force has failed, and the record is written in blood. Millions of lives have been sacrificed and treasures beyond computation have been wasted. Believing that legalized man-killing is inexpedient, inhuman, unchristian and barbarous, it is not time to try some better plan? And, convinced that the causes of war, as well as war itself, must surrender to justice, love and truth as the conditions of radical peace, we invite to these meetings all persons, irrespective of sex, color, race or faith; and from such as cannot attend we solicit any word, counsel or aid that interest or ability shall impose. Many prominent speakers will be present, and all interested in the reform may have a hearing.

On behalf of the Society, ALFRED H. LOVE, Philadelphia, Pres. Sec. MISS LAURA BLIVEN, Providence, Rec. Sec. LYANDER S. RICHARDS, Boston, Cor. Sec. Indorsed by Lucetta Mott, Henry M. Lane, Henry T. Child, M. D., George W. Taylor, Philadelphia, P. E. Farnsworth, Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., Hon. Vincent Kenyon, New York City; Henry C. Wright, Mass.; M. S. Townsend, Vt.; James M. Peabody, Mich.; J. G. Fish, N. J.; Elizabeth B. Chace, Levi K. Joslin, R. I.; Hon. George Thompson, of England, and many others.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Friend, Chicago, Ill. \$1.50
Mrs. Y. B. H. Boston, Mass. 50
A. H. Hill, New Haven, Conn. 2.00
Friend, Philadelphia, Pa. 50
Friend, New York, N. Y. 50
Mrs. Crosby, East Brewster, Mass. 1.25
Fanny Crosby, Westbury, Mass. 1.25

Donations to Aid the Poor.

James J. Ward, Mexico, Ind. \$1.50

Donations to the Jackson Fund.

To aid the poor and aged parents of the late Geo. M. Jackson.
Friend, Baltimore, Md. \$2.00

Business Matters.

COURT BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

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

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

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

Miss M. K. CASHIN, Medium, will answer Sealed Letters. Terms, \$2.00, four 3-cent stamps. Address, 248 Plane street, Newark, N. J.

SOME HUNDREDS OF BACHELLER'S PATENT SKIRT SUPPORTERS are now worn, and the inventor has yet to learn of a single instance of its not giving the utmost satisfaction. Dry and fancy goods store have it. Manufactory, 10 ARCH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The reception which Dr. TURNER'S TIC-DOU-LOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL has met with is truly extraordinary. By its use hundreds who were incapacitated for business have been entirely cured of Neuralgia, Nerve-Ache and Nervousness. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Special Notices.

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

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

Bad Breath is often caused by the attendance of a disordered stomach, and may be speedily relieved by the use of COR'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. By removing the cause the effect is removed. Our druggists all sell it.

CEDAR CAMPHOR

For Malaria. Use it early and you gain money while you sleep, for you save by destroying swarms yet unborn. C. G. is sold by all druggists. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

NEW MUSIC.

Come, Darling, come to the Spirit-Land.

Song and chorus. Poetry and music by John P. Ordway, M. D.
"I'm in the spirit-land, my child,
Happy in thinking of you;
I'm with you now in spirit, darling,
Angels are with you too.
Angels watching; angels singing,
Come, darling, come to the spirit-land;
Flowers of gold we now are wearing,
Come, darling, come to the spirit-land."
Price 35 cents; postage free. For sale at this office.

Praise to God.

Written by George W. Birdseye, to the music of the celebrated American hymn by M. Keller.
Price 35 cents; postage free. For sale at this office.

INVALIDS' HOME AND COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

Spring and Summer Season for Invalids and Students.
DR. CHAS. CLARK'S large, airy, newly built, beautifully located institution, seven miles from Boston, for all kinds of invalids, for students to learn to practice without medicine, and a few select hospitals. Accompanied with an engraving of the premises, list of cures, terms, &c. Address, 307 N. B. ST., BOSTON, MASS. April 27.

THE MAIDEN IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

THIS great picture, with copyright, is now for sale. By exhibiting the same and selling copies \$25.00 each, can be made in one year's time. Single copies, with explanation, sent to any address in the United States at 50 cents each. Address, 307 N. B. ST., BOSTON, MASS. April 27.

OREAF AND GOOD WASHING SOAP.

COSTS less than four cents a pound. Can be made in less than one hour. Send fifty cents to JAMES K. DEARTELL, North Portland, Me., Lawrence Co., N. Y. April 27.

A SUPERIOR Natural Clairvoyant will answer questions on business, health, &c. Enclose half, photograph and \$1.00 to EDWARD MANTON, 65 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J. April 27.

WANTED.—Any person having copies of "The Arcana of Christianity," or "Wisdom of Angels," by T. L. Harris, that they are willing to sell, will please address Box 74, Station A, New York Post Office, stating price. April 27.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, No. 1 Carroll Place, corner Bowker and Laurens streets, third floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. April 27.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, for young ladies, will commence its Spring Term on Monday, April 22. This school is pleasantly located on an excellent overlooking the beautiful town of Belvidere, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country for several miles. An excellent location could be found nowhere. The buildings, which are built in the "Italian Villa" style, are pleasant and commodious, and well supplied with all the necessary appliances for teaching.
It is the intention of the Principals of the School to make every department comfortable and pleasant for their pupils, and to this end special care will be taken to preserve order and method throughout the entire course. The Boarding Department will be under the supervision of competent persons, and everything useful will be done to make the pupils happy.
No sectarian or party spirit will be introduced into the school, but every pupil will be received and treated on equal terms with the others. The school will give lessons in the new system as taught by Dr. H. D. Lewis, of Boston.
A GRADUATING CLASS will be formed at the commencement of the Fall Term, and all desiring to enter it this year should signify the same to the Principals, on making application for admission.
It is desirable that every pupil be present at the opening of the school, and all applications for admission should be made as early as possible.
For Circulars, containing further particulars, address, BELVIDERE SEMINARY, BELVIDERE, WARREN CO., N. J. April 6—2nd.

ORIENT SPRINGS HOUSE,

AMHERST, MASS.

THIS celebrated House has been newly furnished and repaired, and will be opened for guests on May 1st, by C. C. HARRIS, M. D., assisted by gentlemen who understand and keep a first-class house. Connected with this delightful place are the well known and justly celebrated MISERAL SPRINGS, which have given health to so many who have suffered from various ailments, and are located by the Faculty of Amherst College as not inferior to any other on this continent. The images of the surrounding scenery, its commanding prospect, its beautiful air and health-giving waters are all to be found in this country. For further particulars send for Circular. April 20—4w.

AGENTS WANTED!

THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; OR, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES. Is the best and most complete of the best family medicine ever offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, and the large commission allowed, enables a good agent to make easily from \$25 to \$50 per day. Address for full particulars, author and publisher, DR. O. FIELDS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. 2w—April 20.

"THE PEN AND PENCIL."

A NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. Every purchaser of No. 1 will be presented with a ticket giving an equal chance of winning a Cash prize varying from \$100 to \$1,000. See first number—price 10 cents, with ticket free. Sold by News Dealers. T. K. DANLEY & CO., Publishers, New York. April 20—4w.

AMES'S Celebrated Portable and Stationary

WATER-POWER ENGINES.

All sizes, and superior to all others. Write for Circular. April 20—6w.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States the GENTLEMAN'S AND LADY'S SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1.00 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more durable stitch than makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from \$25 to \$50 per month for exclusive territories, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, REEDS & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties peddling worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name and price. Ours is the only genuine and really practical sewing machine manufactured. 4w—April 20.

BEST ITALIAN QUEENS,

AND BEST BEE HIVE IN THE WORLD. See Keener's Almanac

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is written by the Spirit who speaks it, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, and 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.

Our Father, who art here and everywhere, we would hallow thee and all that thou hast made, looking upon all thy creations as perfect and very good. We would rear our shrine of worship everywhere.

Oh our Father, thou Spirit of Everlasting Truth, we thank thee for the gift of life, and for all the manifestations of life. We thank thee for the sunshine; for showers; for day and for night; for the seasons; for flowers; for religion; for art; for science; for all that thou hast made, oh Father, we most fervently thank thee. Thy children have gathered here that they may understand somewhat of thy truths; that they may behold still clearer the mysteries of thy divine life; that they may rend perhance the veil that hides them from that land whither their loved ones have gone. Oh do thou answer their prayers. Do thou enter within their conscious lives. Do thou quicken their natures, so they may recognize thy presence in thy loving kindness.

Father, thou hast led us through many dark ways; yet we can trust thee, for thou art wise and good and altogether holy. Thou dost shed the sunshine of thy love everywhere; and thou dost enfold all thy children in thy loving arms. All thy children are safe in thee. There is no need that any should call upon thee to "save, Lord, or we perish," for thou wilt save. Every soul is a part of thy life; and as thou art eternal, all thy children are eternal.

Unto thee, oh Father and Mother of all life, we would ever return thanks; ever utter praises; ever sing songs of joy for all thou hast given us, all that we have, for all thou wilt bestow upon us. Amen. March 19.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, to consider your queries.

Ques.—By Abner Brosius, of Elk View, Penn.: Do spirits erect public buildings, as men do on the earth-sphere? and if so, do friends and relations, and those that have an attraction for each other, group together and live in these large edifices, or do they live in separate families, like those of earth?

Ans.—Whatever the soul needs in the spirit-land, that it has. It is not bound by such barriers as exist in earth-life. There are no exorbitant landlords there, none who would extort more from you than you are able to give or ought to give, for each one recognizes not the law of might, but the law of right. And if they are not disposed to obey the law of right, they are forced to do so by the promptings of their own inner, better natures. Yes, souls do group together in the spirit-world, for life unfolds best bygregation. Man, either as a disembodied or embodied spirit, would be very poorly off alone. Societies, classes, castes of all kinds, are in existence in the spirit-world as here, but they are changed, spiritualized, Christianized and moralized there. Here you recognize the law of might, and pay most strict allegiance to it. You can do so by virtue of crude physical life here, but you cannot do it when you have done with that kind of life. And to some the change will be exceedingly severe, for they who have been accustomed to high positions here, not by right, but by virtue of might, of that almighty dollar that the people of earth all worship, they have reason to mourn, because their position will be taken away from them. But it will result in good to them. It will be like a fire that will burn up the chaff of their natures, and leave only the pure gold.

Q.—Can man sin while yielding obedience to the claims of Nature?

Ans.—There are as many ways of defining sin as there are different minds to define it. To the strict Presbyterian it would be a great sin to perform certain kinds of labor upon the Sabbath day; but to certain Spiritualists it would be no sin at all. It is always well to obey every known law of Nature. But it is better that you are always sure not to pervert Nature's laws, not to be misled by them, not to believe that a call of a perverted law is a call of a legitimate law. You are all living false lives here. In the internal you are not, but in the external you are paying allegiance to certain gods that will never bring you any blessings. The god of Gold and Silver cannot bless you. The god of Fashion can only curse you. These, with many others, are the false gods spoken of by ancient prophets. In order to know when you are sinning, know yourselves first; clearly understand the demands of your inner natures. Ever seek to answer those demands, using all attributes of life, but abusing none.

Q.—By D. Wood, of South Berwick, Me.: Will the spirit of John Pierpont, or some one else, inform us which is best adapted to progression in spirit-life, the minister and his followers, or the rumrunner and his followers?

Ans.—In many respects they stand on the same plane, for they are both standing upon false platforms, that will sooner or later give way under their feet. In some respects the rumrunner is in advance of the minister, and vice versa. Many rumrunners have very good internal natures, and when once you remove the circumstances, the scaffolding of their outer life, they are ready to step out in a broad field of progress, and will progress rapidly. They have not bound themselves so rigidly with the chains of bigotry and theology, that it will be hard for them to unbind themselves after they have entered the spirit-land. For as religion is supposed to be, and is indeed a part of man's inner nature, so everything that grows out of religion is very near to the spirit, and they are very apt to carry a large part of it to the spirit-land, sometimes all of

it. Therefore, you see, the bigot takes all his bonds with him, and does not get through with them until he has passed through fire in the spirit-world—the fire of disappointment, of spiritual unrest, which, when that has burned bright enough, has burned out, he is ready, like Peter, to step out of his bonds and walk the waves, even though he has little faith.

Q.—Will you give us a full explanation of the doctrine of re-incarnation, which you stated yesterday to be positively true?

Ans.—I am at present giving a practical illustration of it, which is better than all theory. March 19.

Catharine Crossgrove.

My name was Catharine Crossgrove, sir. I died, sir, on a street called Stillman street, seventeen, most eighteen years ago. [In Boston?] Yes. I left a little one I called Lucy—Lucy Ann. She was two and a half years old. The city, I believe, took charge of her after my death. She was adopted by two persons. The first person that adopted her was named Brown; and Mrs. Brown is with me. She died about a year after taking in the child, and as her husband could not take care of Lucy after his wife's death, she was given to a person named Jones. I am very anxious to let her know who her mother is, and I've been kindly assisted here.

I was a seamstress here, did sewing to take care of my child and myself. [Do you know where this Jones family are living?] They are here somewhere in the city, but I can't see places distinctly. I am certain they are in this city, because they are not far—not a great distance from where I am; should say it was west from here. I am anxious to reach my child, for she has attracted me to her, to know who her mother is, for she sometimes feels that her own mother lives; but Mrs. Jones and some of the family have told her no, that she never had any other mother than her present one. So I wish to go to her and tell her all about it, all about it.

Her father was drowned shortly after she was born. I want to tell her all about it. She has got relatives upon her father's side in England. I want to tell her, so she can write to them, for they are good people, and would be glad to know of her. The people called her Lucy Ann Jones. [Do you know Mr. Jones's given name?] I don't. I think my child has some idea of these things, for I find this in her mind: "If I've got a mother anywhere, if she is in the spirit-world, if others can come, I wish she would come." So I think she must know something about it, and I hope to get to her in that way.

She is troubled, greatly troubled about herself. She doesn't know where she has come from. I want to tell her all about her antecedents. She ought to know them. She has nothing to be ashamed of. I want her to know that I was very, very poor. I had nothing to leave her, nothing at all. March 19.

Jason Wilson.

You will be kind enough to say, through your paper, that Jason Wilson will communicate with his brother Hazen and family, if they will sit around a table for seven successive evenings, when they are easy and comfortable, not disturbed at all. Good-by. March 19.

David McCann.

Well, sir, I don't know as I could talk to my folks, sir, once in seven times seven nights, but I'd try it, anyhow.

I'm David McCann, sir, and I used to live here in Boston. The last place I lived in, sir, was in Broad street. And I went to the war, I suppose, like a fool, because I did go, and I got killed. And I want to say, sir, that all I come here to-day for is to tell me brother not to go to Ireland. He's got—well, he's got the freedom of Ireland in his head all the time, and he'd better stay here and see how things are coming out. Oh they are making such a furor! I'd like to know what your war did? It freed the niggers, and that's all it done. And in my opinion the quarrel now between Ireland and the Crown would result very much the same way; for the rich of Ireland—ah, they hadn't got enough of freedom in their souls to do anything. If they'd got freedom, they'd not be doing the way they are now. I don't want him to go, not until he sees how things are coming out. This fighting for nothing, and get payed by seeing our enemies kindly cared for, is poor business. There's Jeff Davis down there having a good time; and he's having it at the expense of the blood of millions. Ah yes, that's very good. I'm not feeling very good, just right in coming back here and seeing how well that man is being treated. I was thinking it all over, you know, as I was in the hospital. I was thinking if the North were victorious, what would be done with the big leaders of the rebellion; would you hang them, or feed them on plum pudding and turkey? Yes, sir, and it's the plum pudding and turkey they're getting now, instead of the hanging.

I don't want Jim to go to Ireland. That's what I'm here for to-day. [He'd better take your advice.] That's so. He'll be a fool to go after my telling him this, because I can see, because I know what's going on better than he does. Will you tell him what I say? [Yes.] You publish all that comes? [Yes, sir.] It makes no difference who folks are, I suppose; you'd receive Jeff Davis were he to come here? [We should make him welcome.] I wouldn't if I had my say here; no, sir; if I had n't a shillalah I'd have something else. I'd stand guard here for the next twenty years, before I'd let him speak here. He'll fare hard on the other side, and he won't have so much as a Court Martial there. Oh the boys, you see, are feeling rough toward him on our side. [Why do you wish to have him with you in the spirit-world, when you dislike him?] To haze him like as he deserves! Yes, sir; and there's a proper good chance for it there. Oh I tell you there is.

Well, sir, if I don't do what I hope to this time, I'll come again; how's that? [Come, if you please.]

And if I've got a word to say about Andy Johnson, it's this: He's the biggest fool that ever sat in the Presidential chair. Oh that's so; it's no use to stand up for such a man as he is because the President is your cousin. No, sir; he's a fool, a confounded fool. But there are more fools than himself. Oh they're a set of knaves, fools and blackguards in Washington. I wish I could go there. I'd be like Christ when he entered the temple. Faith, I wouldn't leave so much as a table standing. I'd burn the buildings, I'd drive out the inhabitants, then if I had the power I'd sink the place. Faith, I would, for I thought to have been done long ago, in order to bring the seat of Government here where there's decent people. [Don't you feel rather hard against them?] I feel just right—as I ought to.

Well, sir, good-by to you till I come round again. Remember that all I come here for is for Jim not to go to Ireland. I was in my thirtieth year. [What company were you in?] I was in the 19th Massachusetts Company O. [We ask these facts in order that

your brother may identify you.] Oh yes. I didn't think about that. I was thinking of the big things I had in me head all the while. Good-by to you. March 19.

Lieut. Samuel Gilbreth.

How do you do, Mr. White? [You seem to have the advantage of me.] My name is Gilbreth, First Lieutenant of the First Company of Sharpshooters, attached to the 20th regiment. And I'm back here to see what I can do toward making acquaintance with my friends, through your paper. I was here once before, but was rather unsuccessful; and my comrade, Mr. Berry—William, you know him?—rather suggested the idea that I should come again. [You are better fitted to make a clear statement now.]

Well, I have n't much to say here, only that I'd like my friends to—some of my friends, or some one of them, to send a letter to Mr. Mansfield, or rather to me, that I may answer it by him. And if I'm not successful in giving them unmistakable evidence of my spiritual personality, I'll back down, that's all.

I was attracted pretty strongly back to earth to-day for this reason: I suppose that there's some slight disturbance—I'm not able to ascertain what it is—very near where they saw fit to deposit the body, house, I used to live in. I don't understand the law, but it attracted me back so thoroughly that, finding myself in the atmosphere of earth, I thought I would take advantage of it by coming round. Mr. Berry has recommended me to see what I could do. I remember the place—Point of Rocks Cemetery. There's where I was deposited for safe keeping. Good afternoon. March 19.

Annie Doyle.

My throat feels bad. [It felt bad before you left, didn't it?] Yes, sir, that's what I died for.

My name was Annie Doyle, and I want to come to my mother; yes, and my father, too. He used to make melodies, and I suspect he does now. And they don't know I can come back. I tried to come Christmas night, so they'd think I was Santa Claus, but I couldn't.

I'm most nine years old now. I should be most nine years old if I was here. I was seven when I died—little over seven. I'm dead now. I died in Concord, I did. [Massachusetts?] No, sir, in New Hampshire. I did live there. I lived there when I died—I don't live there now.

I want you to tell mother I live with Aunt Annie now; and I ain't sick when I go away from here. But I feel bad here. Aunt Annie said I should. I had an awful sore throat. That's what I died with.

And won't you tell mother that Uncle Joe is here, too. He was killed at Bull Run, and he's here long side of me. But he don't like to—he don't like to be a woman to come, he says. So he don't come. I guess he will sometime, though. [Tell him it's only a different kind of uniform.] He is always laughing at everything; he is. "He don't—he don't see it," he says. Mother's got his watch. I know she'd like to talk with him. But he'll come, you tell her, pretty soon.

I guess I'll go now. I don't like to stay. [Is Uncle Joe your mother's brother?] Yes, he's my mother's brother. His name is Carpenter—Joe Carpenter. Oh dear me, I don't like to be choking. I guess I'll go. You put my letter in the office, will you? Good-afternoon. March 19.

Invocation.

Our Father, thy holy presence beams in through the darkness of the world of Nature; and as these falling rain-drops are messengers to release the earth from the bondage of winter, so may these spirits of the departed who have gathered here, be also messengers to release these souls in mortal from the bondage of religious winter, causing the early spring flowers of a new faith to put forth their tender petals, rejoicing in a warmer sunshine than can be found in churches or creeds. May every soul present realize its obligations to every other soul. And may the bonds of unity be no longer fetters, but chains of love, encircling the brotherhood of man, and realizing the fatherhood of God. May all sick and sorrowing souls be remembered by the well and rejoicing. And may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth even as it is done in heaven. And may the golden rule, as taught by Confucius and practiced by our Jesus, be the holy law of every man's life, lifting him above all differences of religion, bearing him beyond the wild conflicts of Time, and giving him to realize the grandeur, vastness and perfectness of Eternity. For time is all kingdoms, to thee belongeth all souls, and in thy loving embrace every soul finds perfect protection. Amen. March 25.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—By J. F. Sulpes, of Richmond, Va.: Please explain the passage of Scripture found in Colossians, 2d chapter, 18th verse: "Let no man beguile you of your reward." * * * in a worshipping of angels."

Ans.—It is hardly possible to determine precisely what our brother of other days did mean when he uttered these words, if indeed he did utter them. But they doubtless have a specific reference to things belonging to his time and the people to whom they were spoken. They can have no possible reference to you of this day, to any others than those who were his acquaintances and friends.

Q.—By the same: Please explain also the passage in II. Timothy, 3d chapter, 16th and 17th verses: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect."

Ans.—The passage explains itself. It is very true that all Scripture, as such, comes by direct inspiration, or in other words, comes through the soul-life of the individual, comes through the internal, not from the external. The Scripture of things to me is the soul of things, the inner life of things. And if we are to understand the language of the Scripture of Nature, of the soul, of heaven and hell, we are to become acquainted with its inner life.

Q.—By B. L. Fetherolf, of Tamaqua, Penn.: Is the control of a medium by a spirit identical with the mesmerism influence thrown upon one person by another in this world?

Ans.—I do not deem it to be identical, although it is in many respects similar to it. There are a great many different kinds of control. Sometimes the subject is simply psychologized; that is, made to speak or act according to the positive will of the spirit controlling, but at the same time possesses all its own senses clear. Sometimes the subjects are under positive obsession or possession—to me the terms are synonymous—and then the consciousness of the subject seems to retire into what we may call its inner sanctuary; and at other times it wanders away and takes cognizance of things transpiring in other places. At other times the subject is put into a deep trance, like condition; and then under such circumstances, the foreign spirit, has most perfect control. For when the spirit, the conscious part of the subject,

is away from the body, there is always more or less disturbance of the animal forces, because of the absence of that conscious life. But when it is entranced and overcome by the controlling spirit, and still remains part of the machine, then there is the most perfect harmony between the machine and the foreign spirit having control.

Q.—By J. Foster, of Lowell, Mass.: Will the spirits please answer the following question, asked by the ancient skeptic: "Pyrrho, the ancient skeptic, after having exhausted his brain in trying to understand it, at length declared he did not know which was the real human life—the sleeping or the waking. 'Do we,' he asked, 'dream during the night what we have experienced during the day? Or do we during the day dream about what we have experienced during the night?'"

Ans.—All life I believe to be in the absolute real, perfectly so, whether sleeping or waking. There are some disembodied spirits, if I may judge from their conversation, who are disposed to look upon their earth-life as their dream-life. They will tell you of dreams, that they dreamed thus-and-so. If you ask, Was it in the night time? was your body in repose? the answer is, No, I was about my regular business; but after all it was a dream. But you judge of all things by comparison; and in the spirit-world things appear so much more distinct, definite, so much more clearly positive, that, comparing what you have passed through by that, it is not strange that some should think it a dream.

CHAIRMAN.—I have a question directed to Rev. Mr. Channing. Shall I read it?

Ans.—Well, perhaps my dear good brother Channing would rather answer it himself. In all probability, if it is directed to him, he would prefer to answer it. I presume he will be in control to-morrow, and no doubt would be very glad to consider it. Good-day. March 25.

Professor Edgar C. Dayton.

I have received, in my spirit-home, a query as coming from some good friend on earth, who seems to be in the dark concerning some things that I may have said and may not have said—I do not now remember. But at any rate he calls earnestly for me to come to this place, and clear up, if possible, certain things that I said when here.

He says, in the note which he penned to me, and placed in his pocket for me to peer into and answer, something like this: "I understand that Professor Dayton, who purports to be the presiding spirit of one Thomas Gales Forster, has very positively defended, supported, in his way, the use of tobacco by spirits in the body. Now, if Professor Dayton does indeed stand on such a platform, will he inform us? and what are his reasons for standing where he does regarding that point? and what are his reasons for defending what seems to me a very bad battle-ground?"

I believe that is the exact language contained in my friend's note. Now for my answer.

Well, now, I am not sure that I am a defender of the use of tobacco. But I do say, and I have said—I cannot tell how many times, but I am inclined to think several times—that the judicious use of tobacco by some persons, and under some conditions, was not at all injurious. I say so now; but I also say, where there is one that is capable of judiciously using that weed, there are ten thousand who are largely capable of abusing it. Considering this want of knowledge upon the part of the majority, I certainly would be one to cast my vote against its use. All those stimulants that are used by you mortals, which have the effect to produce a pleasant sensation and for a time draw you away from your earthly trials, you are apt to make too large use of. Instead of allowing them to be your servants, you make them your masters. This is wrong. Therefore I would preach against their use. But I do not retract what I have said, what he has declared I have said quite a number of times, concerning the weed tobacco.

If I am able to judge of this good friend aright, he is inclined to take the extreme side of everything. If there is any extreme side he is sure to be found there. It's either all tobacco, or none at all; all whiskey, or none at all; all love, or no love at all; all hate, or no hate. He is never found standing between the two.

I contend, as I always did, that everything that exists has an existence by virtue of divine will; therefore it is for good; and if you are wise you will learn its use. And when you have found out, don't abuse it, but use it right. The r is poisons growing all over the land. Who shall declare they have not as good a right to exist as man has? Surely no one; for the God of Nature has determined according to the characteristics of their life. And if human intelligence will only seek to analyze all the forms of life by which it finds itself surrounded, you will very soon learn the use of all things on the earth, under the earth, in the water, and in the air.

Because you are ignorant, you are sick; mentally, morally and physically. You die daily. You live in living tombs, because of your ignorance. Instead of striving to give yourselves spiritual knowledge, nine-tenths of you will educate yourselves to know how to buy and sell a horse, or a cow. And so with regard to your rearing of your children. You take especial pains with all your domestic animals, but with that which contains a living, thinking soul, you take no thought of it whatever, supposing that the God who takes care of the universe—who has placed a God within your own soul—will take care of it. Now then, I would recommend our good friend, who stands on the extreme side of things, to turn his attention to the investigation of all the natural sciences—all, I say—and see if he can't find some good in them, as well as all evil.

I'm done. Edgar C. Dayton. Good day to you. March 25.

Patrick Harnassy.

This is Boston, I take it? [Yes, sir.] Well, sir, I have an old mother here, a wife and child, and sisters. They are not knowing just how I died, and they're not knowing whether I was paid or no. When I was taken prisoner, I had the money on me.

I got the advice of a very good priest in the spirit-world, and he told me I'd better come and tell the folks about myself.

I am, sir, from the 69th Massachusetts Company B; that is as sure as you live; and the name of me used to be—I not had any name, not been called any name since I went out—but here it was Patrick Harnassy, and I died at Danville. Ah, the curseded place in all the world. Yes, sir, I was wounded. I'd not been taken there—that all—oh, sir, I would not have been taken prisoner, but I was wounded, and that made bad work for me. I got gobbled up first thing. Well, I want to let the folks know I had a pretty hard time of it there, and that we were paid off just two days before I was taken prisoner. And it's not a cent I had in five minutes after I fell into the clutches of the rebels, sir. So my folks, will not expect it, you know. They are trying to get it from Government, you know, and it's not to be had, because I had it.

And then, sir, I want in some way one of these bodies, so I can go back to them; want a medium, so I can talk, and tell them how I died, and about the money.

Father Riley is in the spirit-world, and he's not ever talked this way. And he knows a great deal about it; and he tells me that the Catholics that are on the other side have the chance to come back, of upsetting things entirely. You see, they know they can come back, and it's making a great stir there. I mean Father Riley. The folks know him—Olliver Riley. Oh the folks know him very well. He's been dead about sixteen years. And he has a great company about him all the time asking him questions. He's very willing to answer them, because he knows he done wrong when he was here. He said he knew he did n't do right when here. He felt it was not right to do just so—take money from the poor to build costly churches. He did n't like it at all, but because all the rest did it, he was obliged to, for if he did n't, they'd all be down on him, you see; and he said it was pretty hard to step out from the clergy and take a different course from what they did.

But ah, he's suffering pretty bad for it now. He's suffering for all the mistakes he made in the body. Oh the Lord! I would n't be the Pope of Rome, if I was here, for all the wealth of the world, nor a Bishop, nor a Priest, either. No, I would n't be anything of the kind, because when you get to the spirit-world and find no Catholic religion, then where are you? If you haven't done pretty nigh right when here, where are you? Upset.

I was a Catholic here, and I didn't always do right myself. I tried to do just about right, but there were so many things to lead you astray! Oh, I'm not going to say I did just right myself here, for I didn't. But then it's all over now. I am going to do the best I can, anyway.

[Where did you leave your family?] I left them in South Boston, in what I suppose you don't know what is called Dublin? [We've heard of it.]

Father Riley says there aint a single one of us comes back what was in the Church, but what the priests get their message; and when their folks come to them and ask what it means, they say like this: "I have a revelation from God, and he says from my patron saint I received such a message," but he don't say at all that Pat Harnassy came to this place and sent a letter to his folks. Ah, that's very good. I don't care how it gets to them, how it goes, so long as it goes. But I like to have everybody do about right.

Oh the clergy know a great deal better than the people do. It's like this: because they are educated, while the people are ignorant. Now the clergy keep them in darkness, because the people are more than they, and if they were to educate the people, they would soon rise and put them down under their feet.

Oh, Father Riley says the Pope is going to stand on his head. [What does he mean by that?] Oh, I suppose get upset. Well, it's all right; I never could see the justice of having one man get all the good things of the world, and the rest none. If he's going to get upset, I hope he'll get all right again on our side. [We'd like to have him come here.] What! the Pope? You'd like to have him come here? [Yes.] Oh, well, I suppose he will when he gets to the spirit-world. Then he'll learn where heaven is: that it's to be found in something else besides the honors of this world. Oh, he'd sooner be Pat Harnassy; yes, I tell you I've heard 'em talk in the spirit-world, and they say the folks what gets the good things in this world gets the dish turned up on the other side. Yes, sir, it's not a lie I'm telling you at all. Every other Irishman that comes back here will tell you the same thing.

Well, sir, I suppose the old woman and all the rest will say I've turned Protestant. It's not so; I have not turned anything at all. I only see things in their right light.

[To the Chairman.] I'm much obliged to you, sir. Don't forget me company and regiment. Good-day to you, sir. March 25.

Blanche Williams.

I am seeking for my father, sir; yes, sir. [Where did you leave him?] He left me, not I him. [How long since?] I never saw him but twice in my life, and I was twenty-one years old when I died.

My mother tells me he was a native of Massachusetts, and he resides part of the time in Massachusetts, and part of the time in New York, having business in the two States. His name, sir, was Thomas Elderly Williams—Thomas E. Williams, called.

I have been in the spirit-world four years. I died in our Jackson Hospital in Louisiana. I was taken of the fever with which many of the soldiers were down, and I died there. I had not seen my mother for several years, but she is with me in the spirit-world.

I come here to seek out my father, and to tell him that I—yes, I am his daughter Blanche—and my mother, Jeannette, both come, asking to talk with him. They say he's of liberal thought. I heard so when I was at school. I used to hear of him occasionally, but I could not live with him, I could not see him, or speak with him. I knew his money paid for my tuition, but I would rather have had his love and his fatherly protection than his money. I come here to tell him so.

Many of us were detailed to enter the hospital to take care of the sick. But I am here, and alive, and I want to find my father. I'm sure I can, because a great, good, just God, who looks with love alike upon all, has sent me here, and I know I shall find him. [Where were you at school?] I was at one time in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; then again I was in Baltimore. [Where were you when you died?] Do you remember? Yes, at the Jackson Hospital, in Louisiana.

I don't think he heard of me after the breaking out of the rebellion; I don't know. At all events I did not from him. All moneys were remitted to Mr. Thomas, a Mr. Thomas, of Montgomery, Alabama; and from him I suppose I received all I had during my school days. March 25.

Johnnie Joice.

How do you do, mister? Thought I'd come to see if you'd heard or done anything about me. [I've not been able to learn that the gentleman has yet returned from Europe. Do you know if he has?] No, sir, I believe he has n't. [I've not seen the other party to speak with him, either.]

Well, I want to say here, sir—if you have n't any objection—that I really do hope that they won't call me across the water to make a communion there in Europe, for I shan't go; and Belle won't go. I have been directed to come here and to stay here, and to give all my messages here and to relate to that, and go nowhere else. And it only disturbs me to have them call me to any other place. I shan't compromise with anybody, because I don't believe in it. My teachers, and guides on the other side say that I've got a very important part to play in this business; and if I have, I think I shall try to perform my part well. [Have you any particular communication to make?] No, sir; only that just as soon as you

D. D. HOME, 23 Sloane street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the Dinner one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the agreement with the advertisement marked.