

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867. NO. 7.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MUTATIONS.
 BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

This world's a world of tears, a world of sighing,
 Of doubts, and hopes, and fears, and sad complaining;
 Who thinks he's climbed the spot above all sorrow,
 Will find its bitterness before the morrow.

This world's a world of smiles, and smiles reply-ing,
 Some *bona fide* ones, and others—lying.
 Who thinks he's found a heart true beating ever,
 May find too soon, alas! it loved him never!

When passed "beyond the veil" the spirit goeth,
 Shall we there find no soul that sorrow knoweth?
 Who thinks that Heaven is gained 'mid sunshine,
 flowers,
 Must find that clouds take part, and anguished hours.

Teach me, ye heavenly ones, beyond the portal,
 To gather strength from this, for Life Immortal;
 To know that trial comes as Purifier,
 And all our sufferings here should lead us higher!
 Dayville, Ct.

Original Essays.
WHAT IS THOUGHT?
 PART TWO.
 BY LEON HYNEMAN.

To understand clearly what thought is, we must go back to the unfolding of phenomenal nature, and endeavor to ascertain the primal movement of its originator, because, as we perceive there is order and progression and evidently a design and uses to attain a certain end, that end must be the aim of the thought of the Creative Mind.

The Divine Being and Nature are distinct. Universal Nature is the expression of the divine thought, and was unfolded through divine laws and agencies, the difference being the same as the thought of man, and the machine or other production the expression of a thought. The thought is in the thing expressed, and without thought nothing could be made, because the origin of the thing was in the thought, and no agency or law can that expression become extinct, and be re-rolled back again into the thought. Therefore neither can Universal Nature nor the spirit or soul of man be resolved or absorbed into the form of the Divine Creator.

There is no such thing as the soul or spirit being a spark or a part of the Divine Being. The idea of something existing in man, or proceeding from the Divine Being independent of Nature, is an old theologic dogma, and has puzzled and mystified the brains of the soundest thinkers of all past time, as well as of the present. Man is the ultimate of all Nature. For him the universe was created; and Nature has unfolded from the primary elements in one continued effort for the development of the human being—the production of a form capable of expressing intelligence and progressing *ad infinitum*, in wisdom; in fact, a being with powers to express thought in the similitude of the Divine Being; for the uses and improvement of the race in all after ages. Man lives not for himself alone; his thoughts live after him for humanity's uses through perpetual time. Thought alone is immortal. It is the only memento impressed upon the records of time of man's existence which is cognized by after generations.

Man's soul-nature, as his physical form, is gradually unfolded from the primal principle elicited by the action of Nature up to him, man. Universal Nature is a unit, a thought of the Creative Mind; man the end, the thought; all else correlated and necessary.

The thought of man is not the thought of God. Man's thoughts are imperfect, because unfolded in him in an imperfect form to express them. The perfect thought exists, and as man is unfolded his capacity to express it more perfectly is increased.

Throughout the limitless expanse there is a sphere of thought, the infinite expansion of the thought of the Divine Mind. As man unfolds, his thoughts expand, and will continue to expand throughout the eternal ages. As man is a thought of the Divine Mind, the aggregated thought of Universal Nature, so as he unfolds he aggregates thought, and is perfect and harmonious in the degree he extends his range of thought. The end of his being is the acquirement of wisdom, and he acquires wisdom as he aggregates, concentrates and utilizes his thought.

Thought is an organized entity, with perceptive and receptive attributes. Its perceptive and receptive powers are infinite, and only limited by the capacity of the form in which they are enshrouded. Its capacity increases as its perceptive powers range in the boundless expanse of universal thought. The thought of the Divine is expressed in all of the lower forms, hence the thought is a unit throughout Universal Nature, ultimating in man in the degree in which he is unfolded. As the form of man is developed from birth, thought is unfolded in him according to his receptive capacity to appropriate and express thought.

In a general sense all thoughts are correlated, having their origin in one grand universal thought. An idea is a concert of thoughts correlated for a particular use. The use is in the combination of thoughts expressed. Each thought, however, has its particular use according to its expression, as a machine—a clock, the wheels, pendulum, hands, dial, &c. As a whole, the clock is, in its original, a thought, to denote passing time; in its combination of parts, it is an idea, an aggregation of thoughts.

Mind, spirit and soul are generally used as synonymous. Mind is the structure in which the intellectual faculties reside. Spirit is the ethereal substance which envelopes or constitutes the interior form, in which the divinity, the soul, resides, which we term thought. What is the soul? It is something capable of expressing intelligence. If it has not this capacity, what is its use? The capacity to express thought accords with the unfolding of the form. Neither the expression nor the capacity to express it, is thought. Thought, therefore, is a thing, *per se*, the soul, or whatever term may be applied to that which is the source of intelligence, the vital principle coexisting with life, and the cause of all man's activities. There is nothing in the constitution of man which can call out the activities of his being except thought. There is no principle in his nature which can unfold intelligence except thought. All human intelligence, as thought is expanded, tends to the concentration of knowledge and points to the conclusion of the unity of thought.

What constitutes a thinking being? A form with organs and functions to express thought, applicable to the Divine Being and to man. The physical form is not the man; it cannot express intelligence, cannot express thought to improve its condition; the inmost principle, thought, is the real man.

It is not the embryonic form that is the future man and woman, it is the divine principle which is born of the union that is the real man and woman. The entire future man and woman, with all their future powers and possibilities of extending their range of thought throughout the endless expanse, and all the activities of their future being in the earth-life and on through their endless spirit-life, exist in the united cell undeveloped. The soul, thought, *per se*, and the exterior form in embryo, are the product of the union.

As all things created by God and man had their origin in the thought of the thing or things created, the thought must be the inmost principle in all created things. The thing created is the expression of the thought; it is the use of the thought. Thought is expressed in all forms. Man, as the representative of the Divine Being, possesses in a finite degree the attributes of the Divine, the highest of which is the capacity to express thought indefinitely, which in the lower creations is limited to self-preserving instincts. Man's thoughts range throughout the boundless universe, and compass the uses of all humanity through the endless ages. The thought of man alone lives. It is the soul of his individuality, the inmost principle, *per se*, of the living spirit. Thought is not born of time. It had its birth in the infinite wisdom of the eternal mind. The unit thought is in the embryonic birth with its progressive possibilities. Its range within the mental sphere is extended as its inner perceptions are unfolded and become receptive of the thoughts therein existing, according to the degree of its perceptive and receptive capacities.

In our view of what thought is, we must not be understood as meaning the mental action deduced from exterior observation or associations resulting therefrom, but thought existing in the interior, which, as unfolded, contains the germs of principles which, when expressed, live forever for humanity's uses. Exterior thoughts are evanescent. They fade from the consciousness, like the dense vapors which ascend and are lost to view, dispersed in the atmosphere above. Thinking is induced from interior and exterior thought. It needs but little attention to the mind's activities to distinguish the difference between exterior and interior thought. In the many human beings who pass through the earth-life, there are but few in whom interior thought is unfolded. The reason is because the masses never rise above the sensuous condition; their earth-life is passed on the animal plane. All, however, possess the germ of possibility, of progress, and sooner or later interior thought must be unfolded in them.

As no particle of matter can be annihilated, so it cannot be in the possibilities of events for thoughts not to unfold in every human being, even if the cell-life was changed to the spirit-life. The spirit form exists in embryonic life. In that spirit form is thought enshrined, and to unfold, to enlarge its perceptive powers, to extend its sphere of thought indefinitely, is its inevitable destiny. It may be arrested by unfavorable circumstances and conditions, but a time must come when the light of a better and a higher life will displace those conditions and circumstances, and the onward march of unfolding commence.

Thought expressed is the only evidence we have or will ever have of man's endless existence. It is the only thing above man's animal nature, which, with the capacity to express thought, distinguishes him from the animal.

Matter is substance, and is manifested in a variety of forms. These forms are the production of invisible elements combining according to affinity and concreting into substantial materiality. These substantial material forms are, by the activities of Nature, and also by human agency, resolvable into invisible elements again. Therefore that which is objective in concrete materiality, is in reality objective only by the aggregation of invisible elements. Then the concrete forms in Nature are really composed of invisible elements. The forms then which we see are not the real, but the real are the invisible elements of which the forms are composed. Our senses are very imperfect and deceptive. We see the tree, its majestic form and wide-spreading branches reaching high in the air, seemingly indestructible and destined to outlive the ages. We see the rock deeply imbedded in the earth, and outcropping high above the surface, seemingly destined to exist as long as the earth revolves on its axis. Thus are we deceived by our sensuous vision. It is the invisible elements of which the tree and rock and all other forms in Nature are composed, which are alike indestructible.

These invisible elements are controlled and directed by some power above law, in the unfold-

ment of material phenomena. What is it? It is something which in its lowest form expresses intelligence, because it elicits in its process of aggregation those principles which are alone adapted to it. Therefore not alone in the union of the cell is the soul existing with its possibilities of unfolding, but we find the principle universal throughout Nature, in which, in even the lowest form, the principle of intelligence which is unfolded of thought exists. As the primal elements of which all external Nature is unfolded, are, as we have seen, indestructible, not subject to change and decay, is it not logical and conclusive that the interior principle of intelligence in man, for whom the primal elements and universal nature was evolved, is neither subject to change nor decay, but that it will ever continue to unfold, to extend its range of thought, and ever increase in wisdom.

We have said that the Divine Being and Nature are distinct. Nature is ever moving, ever changing. Formation, deformation and reformation in one continuous cycle, is the order of Nature, ever has been from the birth of the primal elements, and will ever be through the eternal ages. The divine thought embraced an endless eternity for the perfect unfolding of Nature, and the thought is one continued expression of the evolution of material phenomena through all the past, as it will necessarily be throughout the endless future—one grand unit thought embracing all eternity.

Forms mature and decay, but the primal elements into which they are resolved neither change nor decay. They may combine and recombine, but their individuality remains, and in their ultimate, the soul, that is not subject to conditions or circumstances, only depending upon the unfolding of the form through which it expresses itself.

The purpose of Nature is to unfold forms in obedience to divine laws. It cannot transcend those laws, nor depart from them; they govern and direct all of its manifestations in all conditions. These laws are comprehended in the divine Wisdom. They are of the divine Nature, are unchangeable, and the omniscience and omnipresence of the Divine Being are manifested in them. They are operative in all conditions, everywhere, in the material, moral, intellectual and spiritual worlds, and there is no possibility of changing their direction and results in any event, either by divine or human agency.

In no other way is the Divine Being and Nature manifested than through his laws and his universal nature. Nature is ever changing; the divine laws are unchangeable. The effort of Nature through the divine laws is constantly directed to unfold forms through which thought can be expressed. All Nature has its uses for man, and these uses are for the unfolding of thought. Intelligence is ever unfolding, as every generation is wiser than the preceding, because the range of thought is extended in man's progressive advancement.

Thought exists not in time nor space. Its perceptive range is beyond worlds, planets and suns, and these may be resolved into their original elements, yet thought will still exist and unfold forever in increasing wisdom. As in all Nature, the exterior form is unfolded from the interior; and whilst the exterior is subject to change and decay, the interior, which is the vital principle, survives the wreck of all time. Thus is it with man. His exterior form is born of time, and in time changes, as all other elements in Nature; but the interior, which is thought, is a divine essence eliminated from the divine wisdom, and is immortal, as God is immortal.

In the accumulation of the intelligence of the past ages, the most important of all studies, the activities of man's nature and the cause of his actions, have been entirely overlooked. It is true that works have been written treating upon physiognomy and the principles of the mind; but these, like the anatomist who has dissected the human body and acquired a knowledge of its entire structure, have only studied man from a material standpoint. A science will yet be constructed to which all other sciences will be subordinate, because it will transcend them all in its uses and its momentous importance. The science will be the study of the interior activities of man, embracing the whole of the physical structure, and each and all of its several parts, as an expression of the divinity within, considering the peculiar form of the head and face, their distinguishing features, as well as their expression, also the changeable nature of the expression of the eyes, the lips, and the tissues of the cheeks; all of which are indicative of thoughts and the controlling influence of their activities.

In the study of man it is requisite to have a knowledge of the unfolding of Nature from its primal elements all through its varied phenomena up to the human, because all Nature is employed in unfolding man. In him we find the mineral, vegetable and animal, and these are expressed in him according to the individuality of his soul nature. The exterior form is an expression of the individuality of the soul thought. The changeable expressions of the features are expressions of both interior and exterior thoughts, which for the time stimulated the activities. In the normal, placid condition, the student who has made the study a specialty can see all the varieties of expression in different persons, from the angelic to some particular animal, vegetable or mineral, all of which are expressive of the individual thought of the soul.

Thinking is not thought, nor the cause of thought. Thinking is the excitation of the activities of the mental faculties, caused by interior thought or exterior observation. Thought, *per se*, is unfolded whilst the mind is in a state of passivity. It cannot unfold in any other condition. There is a correspondence in the thought of the Divine Being and man's thought. All of the manifestations of the Divine Being in the evolution of Nature and the activities of its phenomena are outwrought in harmonious silence and the quietude

of sleeplike death. And as human thought is the highest manifestation of the Divine Being, it is analogous in the excitation of man's activities. The thought of man is imperishable. In the deep quietude of its own existence, when the mind and senses are not disturbed by exterior excitation, thought is unfolded which is expressed in the activities of man in all after ages.

Thought is wisdom's expression. In the divine unfolding it is the cause of the activities of universal Nature, as thought is the cause of all man's activities. All of the activities of man's physical and spiritual nature are excited by exterior and interior thought. The activities of desire, the appetite, of habit, and all the modes in which man's activities are expressed, have their origin in thought. The election of the choice of food, likes and dislikes, association, peculiarity of dress, choice of reading, style of language, &c., &c., all are the result of thought. The mental faculties are employed in directing all of our activities. These faculties reside in the mind, and the mind is stimulated by thought to give others expression.

It is only when we retire within ourselves, close the avenues of the external senses and attain a passive and harmonious condition, that interior thought can be unfolded. Whilst engaged in the busy strife of life, in the pursuit of Mammon, the rulling God of the world, of fame, of position, and the ephemeral gratification of the senses, it is impossible for interior thought to unfold.

That thought exists not in space nor time is evident from the following. If we think seriously of that event which closes our earth-life, and concentrate our minds upon the circumstances of that event, however distant it may seem, it will appear as though the shadows are encircling us, and darkness deep and strong enshrouds us, at that last moment, ere the separation of the soul and body, before the gates of light are opened from the spirit-world; in that last moment our whole life, from infancy to its close, will be concentrated in one grand life-thought. Such is the experience of those who have been at death's portals, and seemed to be conscious that the last pulsation of the earthly form was about to beat. Their statements accord with the voice of intuition—that in that single moment a whole life-time is compressed, that thought ranges with a swifter flight than the imagination can conceive, and act is considered in that last pulsation of life. Then space and time are indeed annihilated, in which the life of years is lived over again in one concentrated thought. In that single moment years are compressed with minute exactness, and our whole life reviewed, with all the pains and sufferings we have endured, all the loves and pleasures we have enjoyed, all our wrong doings and all our good deeds.

And how very long does that brief moment seem? We have an indication of how time and space are compressed in our dreams, and how rapidly time passes when in a pleasant mood, and how very slow when unhappy or in pain. We may in the extension of the above thought have a partial comprehension of how God exists, and yet not in time and space; and as we have stated "the divine thought embraced an endless eternity for the unfolding of Nature," we may conceive that as change and decay is the order of Nature, its phenomena only have relation to time and space, and not the cause of the phenomena, nor thought, which has its birth in the divine wisdom.

To the clairvoyant vision, space and time do not exist. Our thoughts are not limited to space or time. Is there not a corresponding relation between our thoughts, our dreams, the clairvoyant vision, and the divine attributes of omniscience? Concrete materiality offers no obstacle to the clairvoyant eye, none to our dreams, none to our thoughts; hence we may logically deduce none to the omniscient vision.

The possibilities in man are faintly manifested through the human organism. The clairvoyant vision is only unfolded in a few, but the principle has its correspondence in all men. The normal vision is variously developed—in all imperfect, in some more or less so. The sight in some ranges to a great distance, and they can recognize forms, whilst others, whose organs appear to be equally perfect, can only recognize forms when close at hand. Reasoning then from the possibilities in man, it will appear that clairvoyance is nothing more than a clearer or more perfect vision, for it must be remembered that it is not the external eye which sees. Therefore clairvoyance is not an abnormal condition, but a greater degree of unfolding of the interior perceptions according to natural laws.

Thus all these conditions and apparently mysterious powers which are manifested occasionally in a few persons, have their correspondence in the natural powers of all mankind, in all of which there is nothing mysterious, only as prejudice, the indisposition to investigate, or ignorance, bias. For instance, the power of healing by laying on of hands is only a greater manifestation of the same power which is exercised by the sympathetic at the bedside of the invalid. Some have greater power to soothe and cheer, and thus aid in restoration to health after all medical science has failed; or some persons are sensitive to the approach of friends before they are seen, whilst others greatly more sensitive see and feel the presence of departed friends or loved ones in the spirit-land.

These possibilities and powers belong to the human nature, not the gross materials of which the form consists, but the principle of intelligence which is eliminated in all forms, and in the human is ultimated in thought. All created things represent a thought, and in man the cognition of existence. Man cognizes that he exists, and that is the perceptive unfolding of the divine intelligence. The cognition of existence is the perception of thought. Without thought all

the powers and possibilities of man's nature would be of no value, because it unfolds them, and is the active principle of progress and improvement. Without thought the life of man would be devoid of aspiration, devoid of hope, and existence would be a dreary blank. It is thought which inspires man to act, to have confidence in his own powers, and the cognition that above those powers and possibilities which exist and are unfolded in him there is an intelligent power, the perfection of wisdom, the originator of Nature and the activities of its phenomena, which have for their use, design and end the production of a form with capabilities of expanding thought through all the eternal ages.

THE MIRACLE OF SUCCESS.
 BY GEORGE H. LANE.

Modern advocates of dogmatic Christianity in their arguments for its divinity cling with great tenacity to the fact of the humble origin of Jesus and the lowliness of his disciples, claiming as the greatest miracle of all the success of the faith, founded and propagated as it was by a few poor peasants and fishermen of Galilee. In this primordial fact they profess to find unimpeachable evidence, not only of the divinity of Jesus, but of the supernatural interposition and assistance of Deity in the propagation of the religion. But let us see whether this fact clearly warrants such a conclusion. There is another class of so-called evidence which we will examine in the same connection, viz: the fulfillment of the ancient prophecies concerning the advent of a Christ and the success of his kingdom.

The Jews relied implicitly on the utterances of their prophets, believing them to have been men of superior piety and inspired by God. Their sacred books, which had been handed down to them from time immemorial, contained numerous prophecies that a great leader would spring up among them, who would be their "Messiah," or "one chosen by God" to deliver them from the thralldom of their oppressors. He was to be, according to the prophecies, a "Mighty Governor," a "Ruler in Israel," a "King," who should reign and prosper, and execute judgment and justice in the earth. Hence, through their long and tedious periods of captivity to the Assyrians, the Persians and the power of Rome, the Jews were expecting a great deliverer to wrest them from the grasp of their oppressors and make them a powerful and mighty nation. It was not to be expected that in the person of Jesus, the poor carpenter's son, who came among them without power or place, surrounded by his brothers and sisters, and companions of his domestic hearthstone, they could recognize their promised Messiah. And it is to be inferred that the Jews were obstinately unwilling to accept a Messiah? Certainly not. The idea of a "Saviour" was in perfect keeping with their habits and inclinations of thought. It was the subject of their daily wishes and their nightly dreams. On the fulfillment of these prophecies rested and still rests the authority of their Scriptures. Why, then, did they not believe? Simply because they did not behold in the advent and career of Jesus a fulfillment of the ancient prophecies. Even though, then, we had no other evidence, we might safely assume from this fact that the prophecies were not fulfilled in Jesus; for it is unreasonable to suppose that ignorant peasants should recognize what had escaped the wise men who were versed in the religious lore of the nation.

But the fulfillment of the prophecies, so far as they are claimed to have been fulfilled, was not spontaneous and natural; as, for instance, Joseph and his friends were well satisfied in regard to the mysterious conception of Mary, and they called the name of the child, Jesus, in order "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying," &c. Again, it is said that "he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, 'He shall be called a Nazarene.'" Again; Joseph took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, "Out of Egypt have I called my son." And, still again, Matthew informs us that Jesus sent for an ass on which to ride into Jerusalem, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet," &c. Here it is distinctly and unequivocally stated by the Evangelist that certain things were done for the express purpose of fulfilling the prophecies concerning the promised Christ; and even Dr. Adam Clarke, in his commentary of the Gospel of Matthew, offers no objection to this reading of the text.

Other and similar instances might be cited, but the foregoing are sufficient to show that these prophecies were not fulfilled spontaneously and divinely, but designedly and by human energy. If such be a just and fair fulfillment, why may not any man be a prophet, if he but have behaviors sufficiently credulous and enthusiastic to perform what he promises?

Having thus seen how the prophecies as to the manner of the coming of Christ were fulfilled, let us return to the question of success. We will not attempt to deny but that Christianity has been successful, yet its success has not greatly surpassed that of some other forms of worship. The aggregate number of Christians in the world, embracing those who profess the Roman Catholic, Greek and Protestant creeds, is but 335,000,000, and of this number only 80,000,000 are Protestants. 600,000,000, or one-half of the entire population of the earth's surface, profess the various Asiatic religions, of which Buddhism alone has over 400,000,000 believers. Nor does the rise of Buddhism date much anterior to that of the Christian religion; while Mahometanism, founded six hundred years after the time of Christ, now numbers nearly 200,000,000 believers. Not only has there been nothing supernatural or remarkable manifested in the rise of the Christian religion, nothing to a

dicates that it was the work of God striving to establish the fact of his own incarnation, but, on the other hand, its progress has been slow, gradual and beset with formidable difficulties, marked at various periods by interecine wars and dissensions, and sustained throughout at the very acme of dogmatic bigotry.

The history of the progress of Christianity partakes of such qualities only as characterize the history of any great radical reform. Whately offers as a strong internal evidence of the divine origin of the religion that, "if Jesus and his apostles had been mere uninspired men, they would not have fallen—brought up as they had been under the Jewish system—to lay down such precise precepts as the people of that age and country were the most willing to receive, and the most prepared to expect." But certainly, there is nothing more apparent than the weakness of this argument. For, in the world's history, no true reformer has sought to rest his cause on the establishment of principles which would not conflict with the desires and expectations of the masses. It is contrary to the very idea of reform to conceive of it in harmony with public sentiment. No reform was ever popular in its inception. If it were so, it would scarcely seem to have a beginning, so sudden would be its growth and culmination. Had the reformation of the Christian Church been a popular movement, John Huss would never have been burned at the stake. Had anti-slavery principles been predominant from the first, slavery would have long since perished, and without bloodshed. Make the temperance reform universally popular, and temperance lecturers will soon starve. Where right rules, reform is impossible.

We have seen, then, that if anything miraculous in success can be claimed for Christianity, miracles at least equally as great must also be recognized in the success of several other forms of religion. But, compared with the progress of scientific reform, that of the Christian religion has been slow, indeed. Science marches at a pace that can never be equaled by any religious system which relies only on authority. Believers in the theories of the sphericity and the diurnal rotation of the earth will ever outnumber the assenters to religious creeds. The merits of scientific facts rest on reason and experiment; those of creeds on ancient authority. And as it is with science, so is it with a pure and true religion. Why should men continually quarrel about creeds founded upon vague translations of fossil dialects? The same Great Cause which has given pure and prophetic thoughts to other men, stands ever ready to scatter his choicest gifts. This constant church-wrangling about truth and error is sheer nonsense. Nature's great reservoir of truth is always full. There can be no justifiable excuse for drinking stale and impure water from the hands of another, when by a little exertion, we may go to the fountain ourselves. But the pure current will never flow to unworthy lips. The indolent and the indifferent can never taste the cool and invigorating draught. It must be sought for with more than ordinary zeal, with purity of motive and with a prayerful heart.

Let us draw unceasingly and unsparingly on the treasures of our common heritage, and in so far as we do this, we shall receive our just meed of contentment and happiness, and shall like this life more and more to the beautiful future, when, having cast off the bonds of mortal servitude, we shall revel in the melodious harmony of the spheres forevermore.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY DAVID H. SHAFPER.

What is Spiritualism? What good is it calculated to bring to the world of mankind? What benefit will earth-born mortals derive from a clear understanding of its truth? And what advantage will a knowledge and practice of its philosophy and teachings be to humanity in the present and the future? These are queries constantly revolving in the minds of doubters, bigots and skeptics, and which are as constantly asked of those who have accepted its truths and teachings in pure and honest hearts.

There are, however, a large number of those calling themselves Spiritualists, who do not fully comprehend its teachings, (and I am sorry to say that much the larger portion of believers are circled in this category,) and if comprehending, do not carry out in practice what they profess in theory.

Now to the first question: What is Spiritualism? It is an inspiration, ever flowing from the inexhaustible fountains of eternal truth. It is the doctrine of the angel-world: the teachings of the inner life. It is communion and correspondence with those who have left the earthly, and who dwell in the heavenly. It is a knowledge of the existence of those we know and loved on earth, who, having passed the change of death, return and tell us of their condition in the spheres beyond. It is the voice of Nature, calling upon all her children to learn, to understand, and carefully obey her laws and counsels. Spiritualism is liberty and freedom from everything that inharmones, afflicts and dwarfs the human spirit. Spiritualism, when clearly and rightly understood, is happiness supreme, and man's divinest good. What advantage, then, will the teachings and practice to humanity, in the present and the future, be? I can answer cheerfully from my personal observation and experience. It teaches us to look within our own individual being, to examine ourselves critically, and define the cause of everything that darkens the mind, obscures the understanding, oppresses the spirit, afflicts the body with pain and distress, warps and chills the affections, disturbs social harmony, creates selfishness, inharmonious and discord, excites the passions, mars the beautiful in the natural world, generates disease, and produces misery, pain and tears.

One of olden time says, "Experience bringeth knowledge, and knowledge, wisdom." One traveling a new road or in a strange country, would naturally seek for a guide-board, or some one to direct him, lest he go astray, or wander in the wrong direction. The human family are all travelers. A large portion know not whether they are tending, and very many have been most egregiously led astray. Now my dear brother and sister reader, whether you are a Spiritualist, a sectarian, a church member, an honest inquirer, an unbeliever in future existence, I am prompted to tell you that by patient and careful investigation I have discovered that the CAUSE of all inharmonious, all afflictions of body and mind, all prejudices, wars, strifes and inhumanities, is ignorance—ignorance of self, and those laws that pertain to the material and spiritual being. From this willful condition of ignorance, comes selfishness, and all other kindred evils in their train. Spiritualism comes, an angel of light, with its broad, bright, beautiful BANNER OF LIGHT, to dispel the darkness and grossness of ignorance, and teach us that sin is excess of any and every kind; that sin consists in the violation of any known physical, natural and moral law. It teaches us to cast off from us all unrighteousness and worldly

lusts, which are selfishness in its greatest degree. It taught me, before I censured and condemned others, to look within, and ask, Is there anything in me censurable or inconsistent with goodness, purity and truth? Spiritualism has taught me first to take the beam from my own eye, before I attempt to take the mote from my brother's eye. It has taught me the glorious lesson of charity to all men and women. It has brought me temperance in all things, purity in life and character, cheerfulness, patience, kindness. It has taught me how to cultivate love, peace and good will to all.

When I was a sectarian, a Methodist, I was a willing bondman, and one of the bitter kind. When I became a Spiritualist, as its revelations and the light of its truth forced themselves upon my skeptical mind, I resolved to make the knowledge thus obtained practical in myself, and now I stand and live and move in perfect freedom, a free, individualized, liberated being. I have broken the chains that for many years enslaved me to creeds, beliefs and opinions. I am—happy, too, in the clear consciousness of that freedom.

I live on this earthly plane as a part of the spirit-world to me, for everything is beautiful; corroding, cankering care is banished from my mind. I love mankind with that charity which was a part of St. Paul's Spiritualism. There may be evil in the world, but I see it not, while my spirit goes out to bless the aged and the young in kindness, in charity, and in love.

This is the gospel of harmony; This is the law of Progress.

"WHAT IS THOUGHT?"

BY L. M. ROSE.

I quote from an article in the BANNER of March 30th, by D. M. Lapham, headed, "God and Progression." "Whatever is, is from God." "Thought is a grand power of the Almighty. It is not a substance, any more than the picture on the retina of the eye. It is to the mind what the picture or shadow is to the object."

Is a shadow and a picture upon the retina the same? I think not. The first is not a substance, the latter is. Remove the object and the shadow is gone, while the picture remains upon the retina; which has been demonstrated by experiments on the eyes of persons and animals that have died suddenly, or been killed.

Again, the photographic picture is not a shadow, but is taken upon the picture principle of the eye, and is a substance extremely delicate and easily destroyed. Substance and form are necessary to cast a shadow. If "thought is to the mind what the shadow is to the object," then the mind must take a certain form to express a certain thought or shadow—upon what? I suppose the brain, as that would be the same as the retina to the mind.

The mind grows, as evidenced from infancy to maturity. If thought is the shadow of the mind, where does the mind get the progressive substances from, to cast the progressive thoughts or shadows? I think the brain receives the thought matter before the mind has any cognizance of it. A picture is formed upon the retina of the eye, that impresses carried to the brain, and then the mind takes cognizance of it. The mind of those that have always been blind, have no idea of color, the deaf no idea of sound.

I therefore conclude that it is not the mind that casts the shadow, thought. But, when the picture, thought, has been impressed upon the retina, brain, then the mind receives the result, which is a substance.

Again, if "thought is a grand power of the Almighty," and not a substance, it must be a nothing. If any one power of God is not a substance, then all are not, and the power of magnetism, electricity or life, is not a substance, and if nothing, then God is nothing, His creations nothing.

Returning to the question, What is Thought? Thought is a substance surrounding us spiritually, as the air surrounds us physically; and as we absorb from the air, through the lungs, such matter as the physical necessity demands and the condition and capacity permits, so the mind absorbs from the thought-atmosphere such matter as is adapted to the wants of the mind, and the condition and capacity of the brain permits, arranging it into ideas, which become a part of the mind, which is substance; not gross, that can be measured by the bushel or yard, but nevertheless substance.

THE ROBIN SINGS. TO HARRIET.

BY S. B. KEACH.

The robin sings. Spring wakes again In forest, meadow, field and plain; The bluebird through the orchard flits; On withered trees the pigeon sits; The swallows cleave the air, or sink Upon the still pond's muddy brink, While o'er its lazy surface floats The air's thick populace of motes.

All through the sultry afternoon The trees, with bursting buds and leaves, Give promise of a wealthy June, And further on, of autumn eves, The racy apple, luscious pear, The peach, of rarest bloom possessed, And you and I, at sunset there, To watch the kindling West.

Now, April—(while my dreamy gaze To fancy pictures future days, When fruit, and flower, and bird, and bee, And every wind from land or sea, And all that's happiness to me, Shall bring new health and hope to thee)— April, in fickle mood hath drawn A cloudy curtain o'er the sun, And quick descends the gentle rain; The frogs, upon the distant marsh, Pipe forth a shrill, discordant strain; A screaming hawk, with note as harsh, Flies low, at angles, o'er the plain, While some marauding crows assail, With clamorous cries, the hated bird; Down from the elm the kingbird frill, By odds against him undefeated, Drops fiercely on the sable brood, And drives them to the distant wood.

Now through the rifling clouds again The sun breaks forth; a rainbow plain, Spanning the eastern sky with gold, Fades as the sunset's pumps unfold— A promise and an emblem given Of the bright earth, a brighter heaven. The sunset's radiant arrows fall Bright on the lilacs by the wall. The arbutus, choice and peerless flower, Gives all its beauty to the Hour, And every green and living thing Rejoiceth in the joy of Spring. The robin sings a cheerful song, Hope tells me it will not be long, Ere the new life and harmony That Nature feels, shall give to thee New strength and life. Come hear with me The robin in the orchard tree.

Children's Department.

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

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

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

ESTHER REPERT.

Of all the sweet prophets of the summer-time, this is the sweetest—the dear May Flower of the woods. It comes while the Crocuses are blooming in the gardens, and while the robins are yet undecided where to build their nests, and it holds a whole summer's sweetness in its little cups.

There is hardly a child in New England that does not know where to hunt for these little messengers of summer. Far up in the country it is the great pleasure of the spring to tramp through the fields not yet green, and into woods that show only their opening buds, for these pale pink flowers, the perfume of which is like a delicate blending of many sweets, with a fragrance of the soil added.

The leaves of this creeping plant are so rough and homely, that one who had never seen it would hardly think to look for so delicate a blossom underneath them. If one seeks a bouquet of them he must be willing to stoop; yes, even kneel on the ground and search carefully and well. It loves sheltered places, but not deep woods, and often grows on banks and wooded hills. It does not throw its blossoms up, but keeps them sheltered, and the sweetest grow close to the earth.

This little plant makes me think of some people I know. Outside you would call them very common people. They have not beautiful faces or fashionable clothes, but if you will look carefully at their lives, you will find them full of sweet blossoms of goodness, fragrant buds of kindness. Like this little creeper they walk in humble places, and no one ever calls them great; but if the world had to do without them, it would be a much more cheerless world to live in.

The little buds of the May Flower were formed the summer before. All winter long they have been kept for the beautiful time that was coming. And just so these noble people, that send out their loving deeds, have kept the love a long time in their hearts, knowing that the blossoming time would come, and that they should yet forget all the storms and chill of life in the great joy of doing a pure, unselfish act.

There lived quite away from the village, and with only a few neighbors near, a family of four. The mother was a woman who had seen sorrow enough to chasten and beautify her spirit. She had laid her little children in the grave, and knew what a sad world it seemed when the little voices were hushed, and the little hands no more outstretched to hers. She had seen her husband "wrap the drapery of his couch about him, and lie down to pleasant dreams," and awaken in the spirit-world. She had been poor and friendless, but she had never lost her trust in a loving Father who kept her, nor had she grown sad or desponding.

At this time she had one child of her own, and had married a husband with a coarse, cruel nature, who thought she was just fitted to work for him and to take care of his rough, unfeeling boy. In her young days she had been the pet of a pleasant home, and had thrown out little tendrils of love in all directions. She had learned all the accomplishments that a loving father could give her. She could play the piano and sing with much sweetness, and had learned to embroider. She seemed just fitted for a life where she could love and be loved.

In this summer of her youth she prepared the buds of the coming time. The storms came, sure enough. It was a dreary winter of trouble to her, but her little buds were all safe.

Well, here she sat in that home, comfortable enough now, but desolate in its loneliness, on a by-road, and in a place where it seemed as if all she had loved best to do was now not needed to be done, but only hard drudgery. A bitter cold storm was raging without. How dreary it looked abroad. The sleet and rain came down in sheets. The wind whistled in the chimney, and moaned in the pine tree, just back of the house.

"John, will you put on another stick of wood? Let us have a good fire, and forget how cold it is."

"Why don't you ask your own boy? I'm busy."

"Because your arms are the strongest, and we want a good large log."

"Father ain't comin' home to-night; what's the use?" said John.

The patient woman went herself for the wood, and the fire sent a glow of gladness even into John's morose face.

"I feel as if I was making the fire for some one that is coming; who knows? Jimmie, set back the chairs and make the room look tidy. It is a homely place, but see how much better it looks when in order," and she began to sing a favorite hymn: "Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far His power prolongs my days, And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace."

A mile away through the dreary storm a peddler was trudging. A rough, hard looking man he was. Bent under his great pack he looked as if deformed, and his face was drawn into wrinkles, sterner than those of old age. It was a dreadful time to be out. Little by little the man's hands had become benumbed, and his feet almost refused to move. It was with a half smile of pleasure that he saw at last a farm house. It was a fine house not far from the road. Large barns showed that it was a home of prosperity. The heavy smoke curled from the chimney, and the odor of food made the place seem like a paradise to the tired traveler, who stood knocking at the side door. At last he should be able to warm his feet and hands, and get a little strength to go on to a resting place.

"We want none of your wares," said a hard voice in reply to his knock.

was ascending. Half hesitating whether to risk another rebuff, the man stopped, looked ahead with a far searching look, felt another shiver run through his frame, and stepped on to the door step.

"We don't want to buy anything, ma says, but she wants you to come in from the storm." Now when really invited to enter he hesitated. He looked at his wet, dripping clothes, and a feeling as if he was entering the presence of some one who was his superior, came over him.

"Yes, yes, come in. We have just built a fire for some one; no doubt it was for you," said the pleasant voice of our friend.

He entered, and threw down his pack, and held his hands to the fire, while still standing. "Sit down, I entreat you. You look tired. It is the worst storm of the winter. I was just wondering if any one could be so unfortunate as to be abroad."

The man spoke not a word. His face was yet unchanged, and a very rough face it was. Weather-browned, with the long, tangled hair dripping about it, it seemed fitted to encase a hard, unfeeling soul. After a time the traveler rose, as if preparing to go on his dreary journey.

"Sit down, sit down; no one must go from my home in face of such a storm as this. Night is just here; before you could reach a public house it would overtake you, and the nearest is three miles away."

"But I am only a poor traveler, and not an acquaintance."

"If I have a comfortable bed over the shed there, and if you will occupy it you are welcome. I can make myself secure in here if I feared you would wish to harm us; but I do not. I should think myself far from a Christian if I sent a dog out such a night, much more a fellow man."

There was no answer. The man sat down in silence, as if he would stay, and the women went about her supper. But she noticed that there were drops falling from the hard, stera face, besides those that the rain had formed; tears were flowing from the half-shut eyes, and there was a dreamy look in them, as if his mind was far away. At last he said:

"My home is not in this country, but I have been here a long time, and I must say that these are the very first words of real home kindness that have been spoken to me; yes, the first in all the ways I have traveled. I'm a hard man, but I feel, I know when a voice comes straight from the heart. I shall never forget this day."

In the morning the storm had spent its strength, and, after a warm breakfast, the peddler prepared to depart. But before he left he opened his pack and selected from his choicest articles a gold pencil case and two fine pocket-knives. These he gave without any parade to his new found friends.

"It is too much," said the woman; "I can't take from your store so valuable an offering."

"You'll not refuse me the greatest pleasure I have had for many a day. There are some that I love over the sea, and that love me, and I can't do for them. Let me think there is some one that will take a little love-gift from me."

And so he left the gifts and went on his way. When the boys went to school the next day and exhibited their knives and told of their mother's handsome gift, their neighbors who had refused the forlorn traveler admittance, hung their heads in chagrin. Every year after this the peddler found his way to the cottage, and seemed to be as glad as if he had got home.

But before many years had gone, there was more trouble for this kind woman. Her husband was away, and her much loved brother lay sick miles away. She longed to go to him, but she was so poor that she could not find the means. She thought almost bitterly of the little sum that would allow her to see once more the face of one she loved so dearly. She prayed most earnestly that some way might be opened for her, but she could not see how it was possible for her prayer to be answered. But the familiar rap of the peddler was heard upon the door, and the sad face of the woman told of some fresh trouble and anxiety. She told of her brother's sickness, but nothing more. The peddler looked at her earnestly and read the history of her wishes in her face. He took from his pocket a roll of bills and said:

"Here's a little money that I can't use just now. You'll do me a real favor if you'll take it. You can give it back when you choose."

The journey was taken, and the last words of earth spoken to the loved brother, and in time the money was all returned to the lender.

Years have passed away, and great changes have come to that woman's life. She lives now in elegance, and those trials seem like some long passed dream; but the gold pencil case remains safely kept as a beautiful memento of the past.

This is no imaginary tale, but a real history. Is there not something in the common, humble life of those people like the plant we were talking about? How sweetly came out the blossoms of love and goodness. All the cold, hard winter had not killed them. Unkindness, disappointment, misunderstanding had not checked the warm, fresh life that flowed in their hearts. It came out in the beauty of a perpetual spring that ever dawns over the earth, the spring-time of love, whose sun is God's smile and whose dew is the blessings of the angels.

Dear little blossoms, that lavish such sweetness upon these first days of warmth—may there come into our hearts enough of the sunshine and dew to bring forth from the humblest of our lives as much beauty to bless the world.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Under the starlight, Baby Grace, Lifting her eyes to the summer sky, Domed with its jewels above her face, Wondered for what it was hung so high. Darling, you watched but a month ago The daily growth of you lily stalk, Slowly upraising its cup of snow Over the narrow and dusty walk. The folded bud of your life will bloom In dainty beauty, some day, my sweet! But earth for her blossoms hath scanty room; The sun may wither, the storm may beat. But, nourished alike by shower and shine, The flower of the soul grows upward still. Our mortal wisdom can never divine What heights the spirit may reach at will. The root that lies in lowly ground May blossom and breathe in lofty skies, Growing away from its narrow bound, To find in the heavens what earth denies. —[Our Young Folks.

Enigma.

I am composed of 23 letters. My 1, 5, 7, 18, 21, 22, 13, 8, 10, 7 is a county in Vermont. My 4, 11, 2, 20, 3 is high in market. My 10, 12, 19, 6 is an insect. My 23, 14, 16, 9 is to exhibit to view. My 17 is the twenty-first letter in the alphabet. My whole is where I reside. N. F. W.

To Correspondents.

MARY, Springfield, Ohio.—Your letter gave me much pleasure. It took me over the long distance that lies between us, and I could under-

stand all about the little baby with "dark blue eyes and golden-brown hair," and the kittens "Billy and Lily." I often wonder if I shall ever really know all the children that read my thoughts. I am afraid not, and so I must beg them to keep as much of me as they can in their memories, and then we will not be strangers.

Your true friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY H. SCOTT.

It is proper that I should say that I know myself to have been one of the most incredulous persons living; and I know that the theological conflicts I have witnessed, all drawing their authority from the same Bible, and the church relations through which I have passed, have impelled me to just where every mind will arrive that allows itself to think without a master.

I have long since learned that the only way to maintain one's religious status, as a member of any "Orthodox" branch of the "church," is to receive all that is taught him unquestioned, and utterly to ignore his own reason. And I know quite as well that the continuance of sectarian organizations and the perquisites and livings belonging to them, depend upon obstructing free thought and liberal sentiments. It is a living marvel to me, this day, that men will grasp and hold on to the uncertain testimony of the past ages, and persist in holding as infallible that book, with all its evidences of human origin, and abounding as it does with follies, absurdities, contradictions, crimes and ignorance. "The word of God!" forsooth! Can a rational mind conceive that an infinite God could indite such a book? From the pages of the Bible, surely, we glean much that is good. It cannot be otherwise, when a nation or a people write their record; the good and the bad are intermingled. "The sacred volume," as it is called, is such a book—nothing more, nothing less. It bears the impress of the status of the people who made it, during the epochs it laps over. But it is not my purpose to enter upon a critical examination of this strange old collection of literature at this time.

The dawn of "modern Spiritualism" found me utterly infidel to all pretended communications between earth and heaven. I could take hold of nothing that satisfied me of the reality of a future for man. I regarded the rapping and table-turning, as well as pretended spirit writing and entrancement, as playful tricks, or as something less excusable; perhaps mere burlesques of what were usually held to be sacred things, and perpetrated by unbelievers, or scoffers. It seemed irrational and absurd to imagine that celestial beings should neglect to open up a communication with mortals through the long ages that were past, when all the conditions for doing so were present, as now, and only in the nineteenth century come down to tell embodied souls that there was a future immortal state, and that heaven and earth were near together. I treated the whole matter as I had been in the habit of treating ghost and witch stories, haunted houses, &c., and felt sure that a brief season would drift it out of notice. I proposed, if my expenses were paid, to visit one of the mediums, who was then in Athens county, in this State, and find out and explode the whole affair. Time, however, sped, and I found the subject engaging the attention of a large number of the first minds of the age.

Books were written and periodicals were established in defence of the supramundane source of the phenomena. I commenced from that time to give the matter my careful and earnest attention, determining that its claims should be settled in my mind by its evidences. To facilitate my inquiries I went to the city of New York, some ten years since, because there I knew that the best opportunities existed for a thorough investigation. No mortal at home or in the city knew of my intentions. My name was not known in New York when I left, so careful was I to pursue the investigations secretly. Under these conditions and with great caution I received written communications from a departed wife and daughter and many other friends, all addressing me in the proper relation, and nearly all signing their full names. I saw many other wonderful things, such as tables moving over the floor without human contact, and went home believing that I never should doubt again.

I have followed this subject for twelve years, cautiously and exhaustively, but with earnestness and sincere honesty, always doubting and trembling at every step, lest I might, after all, be deceived, but my doubts at length all departed. I know that the phenomena are from a higher sphere than my own. I know that spirit-communication is a reality. For ten months I have entertained mediums under my own roof. Our séances have been conducted by my own direction, under circumstances where collusion, or even attempts at deception could not, by any human interference, have been attempted. Night after night, with many of my neighbors, I applied carefully devised methods of investigation, and I know that skeptics are mistaken in their apprehensions of imposition. I know that I have had better opportunities for forming opinions than those who have enjoyed but occasional sittings, and then imagined deception.

If I do not know Spiritualism to be true, I know nothing. I could not say that I exist, or that anything tangible exists around me. If I could doubt now, I could never again believe the evidence of my senses. Yes; Spiritualism is true, is of celestial origin, and it will sooner or later be the religion of our world.

No amount of tinkering, even practiced under my own observation, could ever raise a doubt in my mind, because I have seen many of the phenomena in the light. I am a Spiritualist, but am at present surrounded with mental darkness. If I discuss Spiritualism with my neighbors at all, it is like talking to infant minds in adult bodies. With less than half a dozen souls to confer with here, I am hoping for better days.

"What good is to come out of Spiritualism?" I will answer this question briefly in a subsequent paper, which will close what I have felt impressed to say; and if I could feel assured of having helped a doubter, I should feel extremely happy. Lancaster, O.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FEAR IS DYING.

BY C. H. BRADLEY.

Fear is dying, dying surely, From among the hearts of men; Light is coming, coming grandly, Out of Nature, now and then. Ah! 'tis glorious—this release From the errors of the past; And we stand upon our manhood, For the truth while life shall last.

Maine is doing more to increase its manufacture than any other State in New England.

Written for the Banner of Light. HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

BY MISS KATE LOVETTE.

In sadness and tears I am dreaming to-night Of the joys which once I knew, When spiritually, tender plant, In my soul's lone garden grew. I remember well how the seeds were sown, How they germinated there, While the pitiless storms of adversity raged In the night-time of dark despair.

Letter from L. Judd Pardee.

It is now nearly nine months since I last appeared in your columns as a contributor. But once more I knock gently at the door of your Editorium, asking entrance. Shall I come in? The spirits of thought and inspiration move me to speak to the members of the Spiritualistic Church militant—some day not very far distant to be, I trust, the Church triumphant. Like every great Movement, this one of the New Spiritual Age is progressively proceeding through the three stages of announcement, exposition and triumphant organization, and asks the aid of all her children.

What experiences, national and individual, have filled the life of these past nine months. It is because the atmosphere of Spirit that surrounds and penetrates us, is intensely astral. Events like products, as they are, are pushed out with tropical vigor. For myself, I wonder somewhat that I still exist in the form of flesh. Nor would I have remained but for special spiritual forces dispensed me, counteracting the workings of an apparently desperate disease. When I left Chicago last September, I carried with me a deep feeling that I was rapidly nearing the end of being in the body. Nevertheless, though I am greatly reduced, have lost my public voice, and am broken and harassed by an exasperating cough, I still remain one of that band, still increasing, whose mission it is to call the attention of the world of men to the Facts, the Philosophy, the Religion and the Power of the triple Dispensation of Love, of Wisdom and of all Truth.

Let me here attest to the beneficent guidance of that providence of God, proceeding direct from his Intelligences in the Spirit, special because adaptive, that has kept me up in many a bitter hour and has brought me safely thus far. That providence is shaping not only the course of all the Nations, by its psychologic impregnation of the minds and lives of public men, good and bad, but in a special sense, of the band of commissioned ones—the Writers, the Speakers, the practical Workers, whether in the ranks of Spiritualism, acknowledged as such, or outside of them, who love absolute Justice and do the deeds of the righteous. We who know of this providence, apprehend and apprehend its methods, and realize its divine beneficence must ever religiously look to it, as upward into the eyes of God, for light and spiritual life. I can but wish its baptism and its presence, more and more, for those dear friends who have helped me along the line, lengthening out now to a period of more than thirteen years, of a trying missionary life; and for my foes—simply for them, more light and a searching introspection of themselves. A few more years will tell whether these last were true in their estimate of me, or myself right in the general unadorned Spirits of the ancient past put upon me to make. For the culmination of the New Dispensation is not very far forward in the future. A new crisis and we shall behold, as out of lowering cloud, and storm of fire, and bloody struggle, the institution of the Third Era. Then Government, the New Church in embryo, all the serious and comprehensive formula of social life, shall know the new birth. I affirm once more, it will require revolutionary fire to crack the shell of indurated political, religious and social custom.

About this sort of thing friends have written me of late—and I have been interrogated in respect of several other points. Well, dear friends, I still stick. I have not gone back upon any general utterance, prophetic or philosophic. True, I feel that I may have erred and still do err, mayhap ignorant of the exactness of things—in respect of the particulars of what is to be, or what is precisely, philosophically true. I suspect the depth or honesty of the teacher or prophet not humble enough to make such sort of wise admission. Because we here are pervious to various influences; and the inspired man that is a thinker, inevitably mixes up his thoughts with what he interiorly receives. Behold, how even the pure, natural organic turn and tone of a teacher's mind give a bias to his seership, or a peculiar taint to his conclusion. What is to be done then? Make a large and generous estimate, get at the analogies and correlations of a teaching, see how it is in tune or out of order with the universal run of things, Natural and Providential. But it will surely result, that he who cannot take this large outlook, or make this subtle survey, whether prejudice blinds him, or narrowness confines him, is incompetent to give a just judgment. Hence you find that some of the grandest interior realities and profoundest truths of the Third Era are either unperceived at all, or mis-estimated by a vast mass of so-called Spiritualistic mind. They do as well as they can. But it is a question with me— which meets with the most obliquity? the ordinary facts and truths of current Spiritualism from the superstitious masses, or the deeper and profounder, the finer and higher thought of the New Age from incompetents in the very midst of us.

Now I will re-affirm, in response to those friends who have lately interrogated me, what I have so often been impelled to declare. First, then, notwithstanding the present auspicious look of political affairs—a wide and deep survey would question even that—a new era looms up on the horizon of the Nation's destiny. Natural causes and Spiritual designs unite to induce it. It will and must come—a political-social-religious war. What will directly open the door to it, I cannot tell. It may be an adverse decision of the Supreme Court; or the accession to power of all the Conservative forces; and a succeeding effort to go back upon the past; or it may be, a financial crisis, wide spread and terrible; or a war with some foreign power. But that contest will, in the end, disrupt the Government and the States. Then the South, living now, in real mental state, for the most part in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, will assert and secure its separateness, and come under an autocracy—while the North and Northwest will unite, with Canada, in a spiritual-political unity, and give birth to the Theocratic-Democratic State. But provisional Governments will first intervene. Then, at last, woman clothed upon with grace and power, comes in. Catholicism will intrigue for and attempt to grasp the present form of Government. A terrible and wide-spread struggle will ensue. Prominent men and women in the Spiritual Cause—some of them not now known as Spiritualists, and others not yet publicly known at all—will gravitate and be divinely led to positions of influence and power whereby they can mold the New State. Commerce, Education, all practical life, at last, will be touched and manipulated by the transforming and transfiguring Spirit of all Truth, seeking to institute itself. In the midst of all shall glow and shine the new and true Catholic Church of the Spiritual Age, descending into the hearts and molding the methods of life of men from God out of Heaven. And what now seems a monstrosity of Papacy—the Union of Church and State, as heart and head—shall then be a healthful, rational-spiritual reality. Nor shall this Spirit of Change deal with us alone. Mexico will join herself either to the present Government or to the separate Southern one. Finally, the blacks will become constituted into a distinct Nationally. We shall see the beginnings of these things in from three to five years.

Second. There is to be, in a beautiful rational-spiritual sense, a veritable Second Advent—not simply will it be in that general sense interpreted by Rev. O. B. Frothingham and all that class of liberal and rationalized Religionists, whereby the spirit of Jesus in the truths of his Christianity is revived and returns again in power, just as Platonism and Swedenborgianism may get a fresh acceptance, but in a very special sense, whereby the Nazarene as he now is, after eighteen centuries of unfolding, may find special, individual, mediumistic representation. The Social Christ will appear—to reveal and demonstrate the New Social Organon. And it shall be the special mission of his special medium—since he is casting his influence upon so many—to bring in the fullness and unity of the Third Era. Then shall the Religious, the Philosophic and the Practical phases of this trine Movement unite, and a marriage be effected between man's outer, inner and innermost life. This type, once appearing, shall prognosticate the future of the race. Nor shall the divine leader stand alone thus significant: the chosen band of Twelve shall follow him, Teachers and Apostles of God's Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Word.

Third. A new Revelation impends—a religious one—new yet in part now with us; new, because while eliminating and accepting the Harmonical Truths now current, it shall add higher, broader, subtler, deeper and diviner ones, making one grand Unity. Its fullness will be the Dispensation of all Truth. By Moses came Force—to institute raw justice; by Jesus Love to exhibit the unbanded goodness of God; by the third Grand Master shall be exhibited the Universality and unity of Truth. But the higher takes up the goods of the lower; so shall the present Epoch the spirit of the other two. Therefore, I affirm, once more, our working factors are, Truth, Love, Force.

But I am asked, how can you reconcile these three? Has Jesus, the Christ of Love, gone over to Moses? Will Truth force itself upon men with arms of bloody war? Can it do so? To which I reply, those three factors are already co-workers, in union in Nature; Jesus accepts all the essential truth of Force; and while Truth cannot force herself into the hearts and heads of men, she can and will by that means open the obstructed pathway to them. Is not the Divine three-fold—Love, Wisdom, Will? These correspond to Love, Truth and Force.

Whatever is wise, is right. And though it be hard to tell what wisdom is, I see no hazard in declaring that what is divinely wise must be carried out. Then, Force, sanctified by Justice and justified by Wisdom, shall help consummate what could not be compassed save in the slow lapse of peaceful ages of progress—if then even—without it. As I see it, the very methods of Divine Government preach this Gospel. Look at them as exhibited in History; in the Organic workings of either the physical or moral in Man; in Nature, a wide spreading and living map; yes, in the Spirit, also. They are two-fold—as all things are. And Wisdom (in Love) and Force (in Wisdom and Justice) are the two arms of God's governing power. Attraction is true, but Compulsion is, also, true. Does not war often open the way for the best thing to flow no hollow peace will bring? And oft Justice must cut the way for Love to come in after it. Indeed, due credit must be given to Opposites in every sphere of thought; for truth is sexed, opposite, polar.

Now it has come to pass—I make bold to declare it—that, in the Divine Providences over this planet, by the decrees of not simply Spiritual but Celestial Wisdom, every thing must give way to the reign of Truth. If it be necessary, towns and cities must fall, plains be desolated, and men be decimated. Peace-Societies may organize and go on—doing nothing—in the practical sense, the grandest humbugs, born from the hearts of loving men, of this Age; Jesus the Christ of Love may be appealed to or represented as the absolute standard—the Jesus of the past—but while Peace-Societies deliberate, and resolve, and do nothing else, because they cannot, and Jesus, the Christ of Love is explicated to us subtly and as never before in depth and breadth of meaning, the self same spirit herole which fired the Revolutionary fires, and in five years swept from us the hell of Slavery and Rebellion, the Spirit of resistance to wrong, shall once more, on a broader battlefield than ever, be triumphant by arms of war. Yes; let us overcome evil with good—that is, use the sword, if Wisdom presents it, to destroy what is not so good as it is. Liberty, Justice and Truth have great price always—and Wisdom offers the carnal weapon in her behalf an indispensable aid, in this undeveloped age, to secure the triumph of them.

I appeal from Jesus of the past to Jesus of the present—from Jesus the special representative of one element (Love) of the Celestial Divine to Jesus the present embodiment of the twin, Love and Wisdom. Even he, the full Christ of heart and head, and Lord of the Accendant, on whose word and act shall pivot, at last, the New Dispensation, shall call to arms, to arms of war, when once again Truth rings out her awful battle-cry. If this be treason against Spiritualism, against Love, against God or Man, let him who can make the most of it. In the midst of labors from the platform and by the pen, whether of a philosophic, metaphysic, religious, political or so-

cial cast, prophetic thoughts of this sort have shot or burned into me. They have become a part of my being and understanding—and I have always felt, were he unto me if I did not again and again declare them.

Once more, Mr. Editor, and I have done for the present. I have been questioned concerning a given trinity—the outer, inner and innermost of man. This specific division often made, long since by the Seer of the Great Harmonia, and by wise and exalted beings in the Spirit, seems not yet accepted by even able teachers amongst us. Why not, when so much of the metaphysical-practical in truth and use hangs upon it, and it appears so very clear, has somewhat puzzled me. Is generalism so very absorptive, and a foe to analysis? The two must go together toward any great labor, just as in poised and harmonical minds Intuition and Intellect are married in activities. The argument, as to this division, is, that man is a compound of (1) Body, (2) Mind (or Spirit) and (3) Soul—or some have it (1) Body; (2) Soul, (3) Spirit. All Souls, as monads and principled substance, are equal in quality if not quantity. At these deeps exists an unbroken fraternity. But Minds differ—Organization, education and general life cause them to do so. And it is the mind of a man that makes him a distinct individual. On that is writ or stamped every thought and act of life. But no matter what state this mind exhibit, the innermost Soul remains the same—like God as it is, pure and intact, and with boundless possibilities of Love and Wisdom. When the body is dropped, that Mind, or man, remains relatively the same. Some difference is wrought, it is true, by the chemistry of Death—but the difference while it is for the most part for the better, is often for the apparently worse. But the man is the man "for a that." Then comes a deepening in of being toward the Soul, or a coming out from it; for the sphere of Spirit is very subtle, penetrative, and receptive of forces not so much experienced through the impedimenta of body, appetite and sense. Now it is a question, then to be determined by a man's own organized, consolidated, in some cases indurated, state of mind, which shall become positive—the mind, or the Soul? So it comes to pass, since some relation of positive or negative as between the two, must be established, that with many, their name is legion, through all the ages on the increase as well as decrease, the mind, molded in the body and carried into Spirit, remains positive to the Soul. Years, Centuries, Ages, may elapse without any break of the relative tie. Then, again, as with the major number of the countless through that tend to Spirit and become resident there, the divine equilibrium is soon established, and Soul becomes King. But it must be apparent that the powers of that Soul can only manifest themselves precisely as the mind permits it. Individuality still remains midst all the sense of Soul, and of social unions it prompts. Though the Soul prompts, the individuality of mind defines and decides.

In this dual relation, behold not only the doctrine of relatively "evil spirits," but the rationale of individual moral accountability. Now in respect of the first—the doctrine of Evil Spirits—you will find the question, like all great ones, dividing itself into three aspects—the opposites and the reconciliation. So we have

- 1—The Ecclesiastic view. It is monstrous. By it some spirits are judged to be not only evil but absolutely and eternally so. Of course, we all reject that notion.
- 2—The Harmonical view—so called because first advanced by Mr. Davis. This is just the opposite of the other. It maintains that while there are ignorant spirits, undeveloped in the goods and uses of Love and Wisdom, there are none with a malicious intent to harm man. Many of us reject that idea. The force of accumulated evidence in the History of all Religions and in present mediumistic experience, and the inductions of Analogy compel us to do so. We are neither afraid of the unfounded charge of becoming captives of a Church monstrosity, on the one hand, or of misinterpreting the method and order of Progress, through Death, on the other.
- 3—The Spiritual view—held by the majority of mediums and accepted by the major portion of distinctive Spiritualists. It is the reconciliative one. By it Spirits are seen to be, after death, for the most part what they were before it, but with a latent capacity to progress beyond. If organized and consolidated in Selfishness, deceit or vice, while here, they may remain so for an indefinite period there. But why say there, when many of them do not because they cannot quit the sphere of Earth? Here they are, bound by magnetic ties, and borne down by a weight of earthly magnetism. Such spirits do have malicious intent, many of them; they swarm everywhere, where man is to be tempted, vice propagated or sin committed. It is their Heaven in their Hell.

Why, it has often seemed to me that we even who accept this theory, which to us is a fact, do not give sufficient accredit to its tremendous import. I believe the helms have a mission to intensify man. Look at Evil: it is a part of the Divine Economy; the left hand of God; in its sphere, (which is Spiritual as well as natural) a positive and eternal power. Though negative to the Absolute Good, it is part means to development. By the incessant conflict that goes on, intense motion of mind is induced. And at last, we all work up, or are borne up, out of that sphere of relative Evil, whether in the form or in the Spirit, into the realm of Absolute Good. So taking this view of Evil, we see the uses of the direct malign influence and malicious act of relatively "evil Spirits." This day the Hells are aiding, though they seem to be hindering the Heavens. One Spirit battles against another Spirit, and against man—and where is the intensely sensitive medium that has not felt it?—But enough on this head. I see I must draw to a close.

Now as to the question of moral accountability to God—I mean not at all social accountability of man to man or to Society—this tri-fold division of (1) Body, (2) Mind (and Spirit) and (3) Soul, yields a most happy rationale. Because when these three become by death but two, as Spirit and Soul, the relation between them suggests, at once, wherein man is accountable. The Soul, pure, divine and the Judge within, sits in judgment, at last, when it is aroused and regnant, over the state of the Mind, (Spirit) or individual man. No outside tribunal, but the God within condemns or approves. It is when the conflict comes between the Soul seeking to be positive over the Mind that has been so, when the pure and divine in man seeks to purgo and rectify itself from the taint of what is gross or low in the mind, that we behold a condition well to be indicated as the Spheres of Remorse, and which is pictured as Purgatory in the crude conception of the Catholic Church.

But it is here, in this form of flesh, that Souls which are immoats may be divinely touched. That Soul may become by a Celestial baptism the fountain-source, flowing through the Mind purifying and shaping it, of a new character and a new life—yes a positive power. Already we see signs of this new baptism; and we, who all need some fresh elixir of God to rectify and electrify our thought-blots, shall come to an instant quickening. That dawn in individual life and organic form the deep soul-region of Spiritualism.

L. JUDD PARDEE Philadelphia, April 5, 1867.

Written for the Banner of Light. GOOD-MORNING.

BY E. C. ODIORNE.

"Say not to me good-night, but in some brighter, sunnier time, say unto me, 'Good Morning!'"—J. M. P. Oh! beautiful thought! how glorious, divine! The night has passed, eternal morning dawns. "Good-morning," weary soul, thy toll is o'er, And in this realm of Purity and Truth, All earthly care has vanished evermore; "Good-morning!" how it echoes through the air, As bands celestial welcome darling ones, And parents clasp their children to their hearts. Eternal Delity, with humble souls, We thank thee for this glorious higher life! Oh! may we all with patience labor here, Until our work is well and wholly done; Teach us to feel the blessedness of woe, Teach us to be resigned to toll and pain. Who bears the cross with patience, sooner gains The crown immortal in the Morning-Land; Where cometh not bereavement or despair, Where love celestial never dying reigns; 'Tis but a few short years, and we will pass Unto our higher, more progressive homes, May we so live, that when we also join Those bright and beautiful ones, we too can say, With warm and loving clasp, of heart to heart, A never dying and serene, "Good-Morning!" Philadelphia, 1867.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Mr. Moses Hull, of the Temperance Clarion of Milwaukee, arrived in town on Wednesday of last week, and delivered a temperance lecture on Thursday evening of the same week. Since then he has been lecturing on Spiritualism to crowded houses at the corner of the Falls. We have not learned how many converts he has made to the faith, but he has promised to become a believer when all Spiritualists shall understand their doctrine alike, and when Mr. Hull shall perform a real genuine apostolic miracle on the paralyzed arm of Mr. Kelly, who may frequently be seen at our office. Mr. Kelly has received an amputation of his left arm, and says his fingers begin to "wiggle" already. If Mr. Hull should succeed in curing the arm, he will have a greater difficulty to surmount in reconciling the thousand and one different and contradictory claims of his followers. When they unite, let us know.—Anti-Slavery Union, March 5th.

THE FACTS.

After quoting the above from the Union, I will now give you the facts in the case. On Sunday, March 3d, while waiting for the BANNER, which the landlady of the Clifton House told me I could have as soon as the gentleman who was then reading it was through with it—I had no idea who the gentleman was until he was waiting a young man entered into the sitting-room, and pointed to the communication from White Antelope, said, "I knew White Antelope, and of the massacre of the Indians at Sand Creek by Shilvington, to which he evidently refers."

He stood with his right side turned toward me, and I noticed what I thought was an empty coat sleeve hanging from the left shoulder. It seems that the arm was much shrunken, and the way he stood the hand fell so that I did not see it, and that was why I thought the sleeve was empty. He shook hands with me, he put out his left hand to shake hands with me, to show me that he could use it. I was very much surprised, you may be sure, for as I have said, I thought he had but one arm, and consequently when Mr. Flowers was telling me, a short time before, that Moses Hull had healed a paralyzed arm, I did not think of its being the gentleman who had recognized the communication from White Antelope.

As I gathered the facts from his own lips it seems that this gentleman, Mr. Kelly, of the U. S. Secret Service—had had his left arm paralyzed by a poisoned Indian arrow striking him on the wrist some six months before, in New Mexico. Sores resulting from the poison had broken out upon it in several places, and it was not only perfectly useless, but much shrunken. Now he can raise it to his head, move it about in other directions, the same as the other, the flesh is coming back again, and it is gaining strength so fast that he thinks, shortly he will be able, if necessary, to swing a pick in the mines.

INFIDELITY.

The Chicago Tribune's Manchester, England, correspondent, in an article dated Feb. 19th, says: "The English women supporting such vile organs, integrating, and faith is hiding itself in unknown corners, or flying away to other shores." * * * and we already hear the distant reverberations of a thunder from Sinai. Every condition of English society is affected by this fastening of infidelity. Parliament, the Church—all the churches, more or less—the Army and Navy, the Bench and Bar, the Commercial World, the highest common law authority, are impregnated by this destroying virus. I would, if it were possible, except our lower orders from the damning charge, but every condition of English society is affected by this fastening of infidelity. Parliament, the Church—all the churches, more or less—the Army and Navy, the Bench and Bar, the Commercial World, the highest common law authority, are impregnated by this destroying virus. I would, if it were possible, except our lower orders from the damning charge, but every condition of English society is affected by this fastening of infidelity.

What the teachings are that our English correspondent thinks so awful, I do not know; I can only infer from the tone of his article; but if they are worse than "total depravity," "eternal damnation," "Bible infallibility," "vicarious atonement," and "the highest produce any way," it is a pity that God pity the English people. It needs, then, more of eloquence than mine to portray the horrors of their reign, and the opposite extreme is no better. A rational Spiritualism upheld by the right hand of science, is the true religion that will bring the happy medium between these destructive extremes; it is our only hope.

After giving various facts in relation to the reform question, and the condition of the working-men in England, our correspondent continues:

The employers have carried to an extreme the system of the workmen will find it hard to follow, and it is difficult to find any further solution to the question, other than an appeal to absolute force. The Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the highest common law authority in the Kingdom, has just decided that Trades Unions are not legal bodies; and our workmen are naturally astonished at such an unexpected decision, one which practically breaks up their organizations.

A Judge Taney in England, after the experience of the United States for them to profit by! Well, the tighter the cords are drawn, the sooner they will snap, and then kingcraft and priestcraft must take the consequences.

But leaving lawful, or rather unlawful decisions, let us come to facts in reference to the phenomenon of what is called

THE DOUBLE.

The following facts, as they occurred over fifty years ago, were given to me by E. K. Bangs, of So. Bend, Blue Earth Co. Minn. Mr. Bangs is a nephew of Dr. Nathan Bangs of New York city, and an Elder in the Church of New York city, in St. Paul street Church. His father, John Bangs, lived in Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y., and was at the time referred to a local Methodist preacher, and carried on farming, and blacksmithing, also, but afterward became a circuit preacher. The whole family were intensely Methodist, and are yet, for aught I know, with the exception of E. K. Bangs, of this place. He is a Spiritualist now. I will relate his story as near in his words as possible: "I was somewhere between nine and ten years of age, but it made such an impression upon me, that I remember everything as distinctly as if it had occurred but yesterday; and beside, I heard it talked of so much in the family and neighborhood, for years afterward, that I could not have forgotten it, even if it had not been so firmly fixed in my mind at the time. A young man by the name of Daniel Clement had been working for my father for some time, but had been taken with what was then called a cold in the face, and went home a few days before, being too sick to work. Our folks were at dinner, and I went out to get an armful of wood, when I saw Daniel Clement sitting on a pile of boards. It was a large square pile of boards, and I can see just how he looked now, as he sat there with his feet hanging down and swinging back and forth, hitting his heels against the lumber. I spoke to him, and asked him why he did not come. He looked at me, but did not answer. I repeated the question, but to no better success. After trying in vain to get an answer, I went into the house and told father that Daniel Clement was out there on that pile of boards, but he would not speak to me. 'I guess I can make him speak,' said father, and getting up from the table he ran up the steps (our kitchen was in the basement) and called out, 'Daniel, why don't you come in?' Daniel made no reply, but getting down from the boards, started

for home. Father tried in vain to make him stop, or to pay him any attention whatever; he then started on a run to overtake him, but finding that would not do, he took one of the horses from the harness, and without waiting to put on a saddle, he mounted, and, hatless and coatless, determined to overtake the imperturbable Daniel. We stood and watched the progress of the race. For a half a mile or more the road was in plain view; then a hollow which hid about half that distance from sight, then another half mile where we could see all that transpired. On, on went Daniel, keeping just so far ahead, disappearing in the hollow, and then coming in sight again on the other side. After passing the second half mile, I of course could see them no longer, but the village lying between our house and Mr. Clement's, father called out, 'Stop him! stop him!' The people, however, who were on the street, were so surprised to see father in such a plight, that he could not make them comprehend who it was, or that he wanted them to stop Daniel, till it was too late; they all saw Daniel, but had no idea that he could be the one referred to. Still the pursuit was kept up; on, on, till they reached Mr. Clement's house, a mile beyond the village; father saw Daniel go through the gate, and into the house, and following him in as quickly as possible, found him on the bed, with his father, mother and sister in the room, who declared that he had not been able to be out since he came home sick, and had not been off the bed that day. This occurred on Tuesday or Wednesday, I am not certain which; on the following Sunday there was a meeting held in a barn about eighty rods from our house, and toward the village. During the meeting, a man by the name of Fish, who lived about the same distance beyond the barn, came in and whispered to father, telling him that Daniel Clement was lying in a ditch under a wagon by his house; that he was lying upon one side, and had his face tied up. Father got up and went out with him, repaired to the spot designated, and found it just as he had said; but he had no idea that Daniel had got up and started for home again. The wagon and horse standing close by; father took the horse from the harness and followed him home again, with the same success as before. They passed an Irish meeting-house on the way, and meeting was just out as Daniel and father went by. Daniel passed right through the crowd, they seeing him as plainly as they did my father. It created such an excitement at the meeting in the barn, seeking father get up and go out as he did, and following the strange circumstance that had occurred but a few days before, that one after another left, till the meeting was broken up. They also saw some one moving off, and father in pursuit, but were not near enough to say positively who it was. This thing was known all through the country, and caused a great deal of wonderment, but the prevailing idea was, that Daniel Clement was going to die. He lived for many years afterward, however, to my certain knowledge, and may be living yet, for aught I know; but if so, he must be about seventy-five years old now.

So much for Mr. Bangs's story; and as he is a man to be believed in other things, why not in this?

First Impressions of A. J. Davis.

A member of one of the strictest Orthodox sects, and fully imbued with the idea that all departure therefrom was infidelity, you can imagine, Mr. Editor, with what prejudice I had been taught to look upon Andrew J. Davis.

But this is the force of education. There is inately a longing for truth, and a willingness to receive it, whether it comes from despised Nazareth or aristocratic Jerusalem—from a little chapel in Cumberland street, Brooklyn, or Grace Church, Broadway.

When, therefore, the papers informed me that A. J. Davis was to lecture on Sunday evening, I turned aside from the stately church, where I love to worship, and, like a certain well-known character in Scripture, I went by night to see and hear this exponent of new and strange doctrines.

I recognized him, when he entered, from his resemblance to his likeness in his published works. He has a marked head, high, with, according to phrenology, benevolence and reverence fully developed. (His opponents may dispute the latter assertion.) His countenance does not indicate the enthusiast. I should, were I to meet him in a crowd, give him a second look, assured that the man was somewhat of a study. He might be taken as a college professor, a student loving close analysis and the use of technical phrases, surely not given to seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

I expected a severe attack upon the churches and a few sarcastic flings at Orthodoxy.

With "eye and ear attentive lent," I waited for the "ralling accusations"; but there came, instead, an earnest appeal to his hearers to live on a higher plane, to subdue evil, leaving the things which are behind, and press on to better deeds.

He told us that life was a struggle, that it should be an ascent—a growth. Then he spoke most tenderly and lovingly of children, and the importance of training them in the right way while the mind was susceptible of right impressions.

It was a plain, practical address, leaving the impression that his hearers had a work to perform themselves; that they were not to lie passive, trusting to the merits of another, but that there was a ladder for them to climb, the ascent of which was often slow and laborious. It was good doctrine, and should be preached more frequently.

He asked his wife to speak. There was in his manner a simple acknowledgment of woman's equality, and her capacity too, worth more than all the fine lectures I have heard this year upon the subject. Why cannot men do this—taking up by the hand and permitting us to stand side by side with them in life, and cease calling us angels or devils?

But more of this another time. To return to "Mary." She rose modestly, and without any apparent vanity, spoke briefly and to the purpose, in a clear, sweet, well-modulated voice.

It was as pleasant to my ear to hear her read the beautiful hymn which she selected, as to listen to the rise and fall, the trills, swelling cadences and wonderful vocal gymnastics of Marotzek's opera troupe, which I have done my duty in trying to enjoy and admire the past winter.

Such are my first impressions of A. J. Davis and wife. What a more thorough acquaintance with his works and public teaching might produce, I cannot say. HOPE MILTON. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1867.

Matters in Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. P. Clark, of your City, is with us. He delivered, last Sunday, two lectures to good congregations, who apparently were much pleased and had a "glorious and good time." We confidently anticipate a still more enjoyable next Sunday, when the doctor has promised to address us again. Last night he gave an interesting lecture on phrenology and its grand mission in the field of reform, and is to hold forth on the same subject Friday next.

We have engaged a hall, on the corner of Main and Eagle streets, for thirteen months, paid one quarter's rent, and have nearly the balance for the whole term subscribed. We have the use of the hall through the Sabbath and two nights of the week. With a good speaker to labor among us for two or three months, we think Spiritualism would increase and our Lyceum be a credit to the glorious Gospel of Truth. We hope soon to hear from able and sound lecturers. The friends here all say: "Come; we long for food; give us of your good things." Remember, our city is one of the healthiest in the Union. We would like to make engagements with speakers for the fall and winter. Please address the undersigned on this subject. No. 44 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y. J. S. WALK.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 2, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

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

Spiritual Missionary.

The letter published in the BANNER of April 20th from Mrs. Walsbrook, on the subject of speakers at the West, and particularly in Minnesota, will not have escaped the attention or failed to challenge the reflection of all true Spiritualists, who have our holy cause at heart.

The trouble in the matter is, that the people in the far West, especially in Minnesota, have preachers furnished to their hand without cost. They are employed by parent societies and churches at the East, which thus labor to spread denominational influence and power.

But then, it is highly important for us to consider that until a cause like Spiritualism gets at least a hearing before the people, and they begin to manifest an interest in it of a personal nature, it is almost absolutely necessary to sustain it without calling on the people who are finally to be benefited.

Spiritualists should take a hint from this, and lay seriously to heart the words of so devoted a worker in the vineyard as Mrs. Walsbrook. What is required is simply this: that speakers who go out among a people accustomed to be preached to by the church organizations, without being at present called upon to defray the cost, shall be assured of a like provision for their comfort and labor with that made for the denominational preachers whom they are called on to confront.

Spiritualism and Sectarianism. We cut the following paragraph from the Springfield Republican: 'The Spiritualists started on the basis of absolute individualism, and scouted all ecclesiastical organizations as so much slavery, but they are already fulfilling the prediction that they would yield to the universal tendency and become a sect, like the rest.'

A large number of citizens answered the call for the Indian meeting last Tuesday evening, April 16. Notwithstanding the absence of the Chippewa Indian, who left for the West that night, in consequence of a telegram from his tribe that his language was being dying, the meeting proved highly interesting and important.

We have received a supply of a very fine lithograph portrait of Dr. J. B. Newton, the renowned healer. The card is eighteen by sixteen inches, and makes a grand picture. The doctor is one of the finest looking men to be seen, and it is worth the price of the portrait (50 cents) to have a look at him.

Spiritualism has done more for the liberation of humanity from the bondage and soul-cramping power of theological creeds than all other instrumentalities combined.

The War on the Indians.

The fiat has at length gone forth from Washington that the Indians within the boundaries of the United States must be exterminated! That this was to be their final doom the red men have known for years; and now in self-defence they have banded together, many of them, to resist as a last extremity their common foe, the 'pale faces.'

Commissioner Bogy writes to the daily press that if the war against the Indians is once started, it will cost millions of dollars, thousands of lives, and the probable destruction of the railroads now building on the Plains.

Because we have counseled forbearance on the part of the whites toward the Indians, and desired that justice should be done them, many of our friends have accused us of having 'Indian on the brain.'

'If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, said Pascal, the fate of the world might have been different. That epigram is the epitome of many histories. To the greater or less length of a nose or a chin—to the greater or less circumference of some skull—we may trace war or peace, the destruction or preservation of nations, the business or obliteration of whole branches of the human race.

We had agreements with the Indians, in virtue of which we were able to live on tolerable terms as neighbors. In pursuance of such agreements certain parties were authorized to sell them ammunition. If it is a had policy to sell powder and ball to the red men we ought not to agree to do so, or we ought to annul the agreement in a proper manner, and so become a proper respecter of law—at least laws of their own making.

Shall we expiate this blunder by a war with all the Indians we can force to fight us? Shall we save the pride of the author of this blunder at the expense of the equipment of an army? We hope not. There was a time when war was the only possible result of accidental collision.

The citizens of Philadelphia have also raised their voices in public meeting in behalf of the Indian. All honor to Dr. H. T. Child for inaugurating the movement. We give below a synopsis of the proceedings:

Addresses were delivered by Alfred H. Love, Dr. Child, Rev. Thomas S. Malcom, and Edwin H. Contes. Their remarks covered the principles represented in the following resolutions and circular letter.

The following resolutions and circular were then unanimously adopted: Whereas, the reports from our Western frontier are filled with accounts of the threatening condition of our Indian affairs, and an Indian war seems imminent, we feel it our duty as Philadelphians, enjoying the security and repose of a home, to express to our friends and countrymen, by a public meeting, our views on the subject.

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appreciating rights and deprecating wrongs, should share in such control over the homestead and the appropriated domain as is granted to others, located on other sections, territory, or country, under similar circumstances.

Fourth—That teachers should be offered them, not forced upon them, and schools established at every available point, with the view of more widely disseminating, as well as instruction in all the branches of industry and the customs and comforts of civilized life, and while keeping aloof from sectarian teaching and respecting, as far as possible, the religious and moral opinions of the people, and thus preparing them for civilization.

Will it pay? An inspirational poem by Miss Lizette Doten. Men may say what they will Of the Author of Ill, And the wiles of the Devil that tempt them astray, But there's something far worse— A more terrible curse— It is selling the Truth for the sake of the pay.

Like Judas of old, For silver or gold, Man often has bartered his conscience away, Has walked in disguise, And has trafficked in lies, If the prospect was good that the business would pay.

If a fortune is made, By cheating in trade, It is seldom if ever men question the way; But they make it a rule That a man is a fool, Who strives to make justice and honesty pay.

An example more clear, Could never appear, Than was seen in the life of old Nicholas Gray, Who never made a move, In religion or love, Unless he was sure that the venture would pay.

He built him a house That would scarce hold a mouse, Where he managed to live in a miserly way, Till he said—'On my life, I will take me a wife, It is running a risk—but I think it will pay.'

Then he opened a store, Whose fair, tempting door, Led sure and direct to destruction's broad way, For liquor he sold, To the young and the old, To the poor and the wretched and all who could pay.

A woman once came, And in God's holy name, She prayed him his traffic to stay, That her husband might not Be a poor drunken sot, And spend all his wages for what would not pay.

Old Nicholas laughed, As his whiskey he quaffed, And he said, 'If your husband comes lither today, I will sell him his dram, And I don't care a—clan How you are supported if I get my pay.'

So he prospered in sin, And continued to win The wages of death in this terrible way, Till a Constable's raid, Put an end to his trade, And closed up his business as well as the pay.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, April 21st, the hall was crowded to hear Miss Lizette Doten's lecture and poem. Among the audience we noticed George Thompson, the noted English lecturer, William Lloyd Garrison and Oliver Johnson, Esq., one of the editors of the New York Independent.

The services were interspersed with singing of several pieces in fine style by the choir. At the close of the lecture, the following grand sermon in poetry was given. And here we take occasion to thank Miss Doten for the fine poems she has given inspirationally, which have appeared in our paper from time to time, much to the edification of the reader.

Will it pay?

An inspirational poem by Miss Lizette Doten.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by M. F. Gardner, M. D.)

Men may say what they will Of the Author of Ill, And the wiles of the Devil that tempt them astray, But there's something far worse— A more terrible curse— It is selling the Truth for the sake of the pay.

Like Judas of old, For silver or gold, Man often has bartered his conscience away, Has walked in disguise, And has trafficked in lies, If the prospect was good that the business would pay.

If a fortune is made, By cheating in trade, It is seldom if ever men question the way; But they make it a rule That a man is a fool, Who strives to make justice and honesty pay.

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Whipping in the public schools has been abolished in New Jersey. How strange that any State should be able to set Massachusetts an example in this respect!

A Building Project.

We invite especial attention to the following proposition of Mr. Dyott, and hope some of our moneyed friends will cooperate with him in so laudable, and at the same time safe an undertaking. Mr. Dyott is an enterprising merchant, and a gentleman of unimpeachable integrity; and his successful experience in building, particularly, qualifies him to be a competent judge in such matters.

This investment will repay the person or persons who have the privilege of making it with an immortal fame, and a fund of happiness that the price of a kingdom would be dress in comparison with. This is no chimerical or visionary scheme, but a clearly demonstrable fact, and contemplates merely the loan of One Hundred Thousand Dollars for from two to three years, the money being secured upon real estate.

The benefits conferred by this investment are too numerous to speak of in this article. I would, however, say, the privilege of conferring so great a blessing upon the Children's Progressive Lyceum and the cause of Spiritualism, is not confined to a resident of this or any other city, but is open to any gentleman or lady of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or other cities, and will involve the person or persons who furnish the means in no responsibility, labor or care in the carrying out of the design.

J. M. Peablies speaks in Worcester, Mass., the first two Sundays in May; and in Providence, R. I., the two last. Warren Chase speaks in Washington Hall, Charlestown, Mass., the first Sunday in May. William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson sail in the steamer this week for England.

Mrs. Emma Harding's return to Europe being delayed until the 20th of July next, she will be happy to speak in the East during the first two Sundays in July. She can be addressed according to the directions in the lecturers' column. Andrew Jackson Davis speaks in Bangor, Me., the first two Sundays in May. He will also organize a Children's Progressive Lyceum there.

S. C. Hayford, who has been laboring in the cause of Spiritualism successfully in Washington, D. C., Pennsylvania, New York, &c., during the winter, intends to spend the summer in Maine. Those wishing his services can address him at Bangor. Keep him at work, friends, for he is a true man, and ready to do battle at all times in defence of our glorious cause.

Abraham James lectured in the Universalist Church at Titusville, Penn., on Sunday evening, April 14th, taking for his subject, 'The Bible—past and present, natural and spiritual.' The clairvoyant, Cora James, claims \$10,000 against the County Marshal of St. Louis, for false imprisonment in causing her arrest on an unfounded charge of arson. She acts as her own lawyer, having already written and filed a petition.

Miss Kate Bateman (Mrs. Crow), the actress, is now rapidly recovering from a dangerous illness, caused by a poison which had infused itself into her system some months ago when having a tooth filled. Mrs. Avonia Brooke, nee Jones, the American actress, now in Scotland, is always attended by a very large Newfoundland dog, endowed with wonderful intelligence. He is admitted into the salons which his mistress graces; in railway carriages and steamboats he holds his place by her side, in defiance of rules; he sleeps beneath her bed, sits in a private box with her at the theatre, and watches over her at rehearsals.

It is gratifying to notice the harmony and good feeling which prevails among our friends in Brooklyn. By the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, who has been speaking there for the last month, it will be seen that she has been secured for a longer period. She is a noble and true woman, and a good lecturer. In speaking of the Society she says: 'I am truly grateful for the token of appreciation yesterday tendered me by the Board, in a voluntary increase of my salary and continuation of my services through May. With a severe and most impoverishing experience in the itinerating and pioneer field, my ever faithful guides have at last borne me through the furnace-fires of hostile power, to land me where they have ever promised to place me, above the reach of earthly foe. To-day the upper skies are bathed in new glories, and I see over the heights the incoming new era of Spiritualism winged with celestial attributes.'

We have some of the best minds of the city in our congregations, and the harmony of our meetings is certainly most auspicious. We are uniting on a platform of mutual good-will, and becoming a law to ourselves, scoring to demean ourselves by petty rivalries and unworthy distinctions—in a word, we are reaching for the Golden Rule. The Brooklyn Spiritualists, in their provision for my personal comfort, are a pattern Society. God and angels bless their noble, generous souls, and feed them with the holy communion of angelic life, evermore.

Appointments for Spiritual Meetings. Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON, Missionary sent out by the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, will speak in Kingston, Thursday, May 2. East Abington, Sunday, May 5. South Abington, Tuesday, May 7. North Abington, (Bryantville), Saturday, May 11. Plympton, Sunday, May 12. Middleborough, Tuesday, May 14. Bridgewater, Sunday, May 15. North Bridgewater, Tuesday, May 21. East Stoughton, Thursday, May 23. Randolph, Sunday, May 25. South Braintree, Tuesday, May 28. Stoughton, Thursday, May 30. Mrs. Lucy L. Carrier, Test Medium, accompanies Mrs. Horton, and will give public and private Oracles in the places visited.

The Little Bouquet.

Under the editorial management of Mrs. E. F. M. Brown the Little Bouquet is just such a paper as the young folks need. Each number contains much valuable and interesting matter suited to the wants of this class of readers, and to which it is especially devoted. The last number closed its first year, and we hope it will enter upon its second year with a largely increased number of subscribers. Hereafter Mrs. Brown is to devote her time more fully to the interests of the paper, and will leave nothing undone that is in her power to do for its improvement.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

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

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

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

Invocation.

"I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away."

Our Father, thou Great Spirit of Heaven and Earth, we thank thee that an era of religious superstition and image-worship is passing away.

We thank thee that even now the bill-tops of mind are being glided by the rising sun of righteousness, whose beams shall shine on a new heaven and a new earth.

Oh Father, thy angels are doing thy bidding; and soon a new heaven and a new earth shall rise from the ashes of the old, wherein thy children shall worship thee divinely and truly.

Oh our Father, while we see nations tremble in the midst of war, while we see discord here and there in the land, at the same time we know that out of all discord thou wilt bring peace; out of all war thou canst bring the olive branch of peace.

Also, Father, thy children praise thee for thy gift of life, and laying upon the altar of their being their highest aspirations, their divinest thoughts, ask thee to bless them.

Unto thee, Oh Spirit of Heaven and Earth, we dedicate the simple utterances of this hour; and in thy name we ask, Oh Spirit of all Blessings, that thou wilt bless them. Amen. March 26.

Questions and Answers.

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

Ques.—By J. F. Snipes, of Richmond, Va.: What is the difference between angels and spirits?

Ans.—They are synonymous terms, meaning, we believe, one and the same thing. Spirit has been defined to be simply breath. This is a mistake. It is something more. And an angel has been supposed to be a very pure and exalted being, who has ever dwelt near the throne of God.

Q.—By the same: If, as Spiritualists teach, men have the same tastes, dispositions and occupations in the spirit-land as when in the body, when we remember the superiority in numbers and influence for evil the world has had and has, what encouragement have men for regarding the advice of departed spirits?

A.—Some persons are what you are pleased to term evil by virtue of their earthly surroundings. Remove those earthly surroundings, and they cease to exhibit those evil qualities.

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devilish spirits. There are many spirits in the body that you call evil—which is but the lesser good—that are such in consequence, perhaps, of their external surroundings, and perhaps, as we before remarked, from pre-natal causes.

CHAIRMAN.—Will you answer the question directed to Dr. William Ellery Channing, if I read it now?

SPiRIT.—I will answer, or will try to.

BOSTON, MASS., March 14, 1867.

DEAR DOCTOR CHANNING—It is stated in the BANNER OF LIGHT that these scenes are controlled by you, Theodore Parker and Frederick T. Gray. That may be, as this is a public Boston interest, and you were all Boston men.

I know that love and a pure life are better than all theological opinions, but in consequence of the almost universal humanitarianism of the spirits who communicate by these external means, I seek to know the reason and the mystery of it.

A.—It is my belief that humanity can never understand or faithfully and truly worship a God that is outside of itself. I do firmly believe that Jesus was both human and divine.

The smallest particle of knowledge is far better than a great deal of belief. And those from whom I have received my information, tell me it is knowledge to them. Therefore, respecting them as high, holy intelligences, I must believe them also.

I don't want my friends to feel badly because I come here. I want them to know that I come here because this was the only platform that was open to me to speak from, and I'm just as ready to defend it, and thank God for it, as though the platform had been on Virginia soil.

I believed the Southern States did right in dissolving their connection with the Northern States, for I believed that the North had done them injustice. A man's belief here is oftentimes changed upon coming to the spirit-world; but he would be worse than a coward if he did not defend that which was belief to him.

Now, you see, I've various little accounts I am anxious to settle off here; and if we've got an unsettled will, or an estate, we would like to go this way and straighten affairs if we could.

For my own part, I thank you for the way you have opened for our return. I'm not going to klock against wisdom, but I'm going to return and take advantage of it, by inviting my friends to furnish me with a medium. And if I fall ninety times, perhaps the ninety-first I shall be victorious.

I remember very well what our beloved General Jackson said to his troops when reviewing them one day. It was just after a most terrible defeat, and he says, "Boys, although we are defeated ninety times, although the clouds roll dark as midnight over us, perhaps the ninety-first time victory may be ours. Is not that worth fighting for?" Why, he infused such a spirit into his army, that his men would have laid down their lives for him at any moment.

Well, I'm not here to preach a political sermon, or any sermon at all. And, as I remarked before, I wish to reach my half-brother James, and brother Aleck in this way. I am alive, and there's no dodging it. I used to think sometimes, when I was very weary, and when things would go hard against me, I do hope there is no such thing as life after death. But you cannot kill the spirit. Live it will, in spite of all things that may oppose it.

Well, sir, as I have requested my friends to find me a medium, I hope they'll procure me one. I care not whether it be Virginia's, or whether born in Massachusetts. I know very well they hate Massachusetts. It makes no difference where the subject comes from, so long as it is a good one. I'm a little particular about that. We should n't question about the starting point of an instrument, if it is really a good one. If the first one don't suit me, I wish them to get me another; a la Yankee, push ahead.

I said if there was any truth in these things I should come back. But I supposed I could come back as soon after death as I should please. But I have been five years waiting.

I was born in Haverhill, New Hampshire, but I died in Princeton, Illinois. My name was Symonds—Mary E. Symonds—you will spell it with y—that is, before I was married that was my name; Goodwin since marriage.

I had suffered so much, I had nearly lost the use of my voice. I had a cancer on the right side of my throat, and I suppose that is one reason why I could not come sooner. I lost the use of my right arm; yes, and I feel it now. I could n't help thinking, when I got here, how I used to suffer. I feel it very sensibly.

I want my son Joseph to know that I come. And I want him to know that there's a great deal of truth in this Spiritualism. I said if there was, I'd come back; and I've come. I'm just as sure I can come again, as I'm sure I'm here to-day. I don't know why I thought I could come right back, but it has been five years, you see.

Richard, tell Joseph, is differently situated from what he used to be. You see it's like this: One boy settled South, and the other West. And my boy that is South, he turned against his country. It was a bad thing for Richard to turn against his country. Joe said he never would recognize him again as long as he lived. I think it was wicked, was wicked. He ought to take that back altogether.

Tell 'em, too—the boys—their father is in the spirit-world with me. He's here with me, and would be glad to communicate. Joseph has said if there was "any truth in that humbug," would n't father come? He'd be very glad to come, but nobody likes to suffer. I don't like to do it, do n't like to do it; but I made up my mind if I had to suffer ever so much, I'd certainly come. But he always had a great fear of suffering when he was here, and he has n't got entirely rid of the feeling yet, though he's been much longer in the spirit-world than I have.

So you tell the boys that's the reason he did n't come. But I think he will come, now he sees how well I've got along. Oh yes indeed; yes indeed; there's nothing like trying. I said so when I was left with two little boys to support. When my friends asked me what I was going to do, I said I should try and do the best I could. And I did try, and I got along nicely. And I tried to come back, and I did. God is good to everybody that tries to help themselves. Remember that, won't you? Good-day, good-day. [Come again, if you choose.] Yes, I shall. March 26.

Lieut.-Col. William A. Hamilton.

Hearing, my good sir, that the way was open by which we might come back, I thought it might not be amiss to try my luck in coming here. I have a great many friends still remaining on earth that I should be right glad to open correspondence with, since I have the power to do so.

It is three years this month—it is March, I believe—since I entered upon the realities of this spirit-world, and the remembrance of that time produces not the most pleasant sensations. But I shall get along with them as best I can.

My name was William A. Hamilton. I am from Norfolk, Virginia. I was Lieutenant-Colonel in the 3d Virginia Cavalry. So you see, sir, I was in arms against you folks here. But being informed that would make no difference, I have ventured to intrude myself upon your notice. [You are welcome.] I thank you, and will endeavor to return your kindness.

I am exceedingly anxious to reach a brother and half-brother I have in Virginia; my half-brother James, and my brother Aleck. I want to talk with them just as I do here. Now how shall I do it? [You must ask them to furnish you with a medium.] Well, then, I will invite them to furnish me with a good medium, through which I may speak or write to them.

You Yankees have the fashion of peering into all sorts of places, and I'm not at all surprised that you peered into heaven at last, not at all surprised. [We are ready to shed the good light we have gained, upon others.] I see you are; that's very commendable. We certainly ought to render you a vote of thanks for opening the way between the spirit-world and your world; for bringing the two into a consciousness of each other; and I, for one, would vote that the whole universe offer thanks to the North, for your Yankee spirits have thought out this latest and best invention, after all.

I don't want my friends to feel badly because I come here. I want them to know that I come here because this was the only platform that was open to me to speak from, and I'm just as ready to defend it, and thank God for it, as though the platform had been on Virginia soil.

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[I wish to save you all the trouble we can.] Thank you; thank you. Well, as I am determined to push ahead, I will avail myself of your kindness. [Are your brothers in Norfolk now?] I believe they are; yes, sir; trying to square up some crooked accounts.

[Should we direct a paper containing your message to them specially?] I am rather inclined to believe they will get it. And if I thought it best, I would give you my reason for thinking so; but I do not deem it best. But I shall watch it closely, and in case they do not, will you be kind enough, in case I ask the favor of you, to direct a paper to them? [Certainly.] Thank you. I'll pay you some day, but when, I cannot now say. March 26.

Mary Jane Holmes.

My mother called me Mary Jane Holmes, but I was called by my companions Jenny Holmes. I shall be known by that name in Lawrence. I wish to let my mother, in Bath, Maine, and also my friends in Lawrence, know I can come.

I coughed so much for weeks before I died, that I feel it now. I took a severe cold, had a lung fever, and died of consumption. I was nineteen years old, in my twentieth year. I had a sister Laura. She is in the spirit-world with me, and she died of consumption. She came there before me. She died at home.

Oh I want my mother to know how happy we are in the spirit-world, and how there is nothing that would induce us to return to stay. I am sure that God is very good to all his children, because he has surrounded us with everything we need for our happiness.

I told the friends before I died that I was satisfied, was ready to go to God, if he was ready to take me. I believe that God is good and kind, and will take care of me in the future, even though I did not experience a change of heart before death. My mother felt very sorry to hear it, but I want to tell her not to sorrow, for I'm very, very happy indeed; and if I had been guarded by all the churches in the world, I certainly could not have been any happier. And I see a great many in the spirit-world who were professors of religion when here, who are not so happy as I am to-day. I do n't mean to say anything against religions or churches; I only want you to know that if you try to do right here, only do as well as you can, and strive to obey the highest God you can understand, that is all God ever requires of his children.

Laura says she's tried a great many times to come back, and once did come, but she could n't make them understand very clearly. All I come for is to let my friends in Lawrence know that I'm happy and satisfied, and can come back; and that I want—if they're willing—I want to talk to them as I talk here. [You'd better give their names.] Mary Everetts—I mean the young lady I gave a plain gold ring to, and asked her to wear it for my sake. She was a room-mate with me, and is a good girl. But oh, she's terribly superstitious. She believes in the doctrine of the resurrection, as taught in the Bible. And Fannie Jarvis, too; I would like to come to her. She rarely ever thinks of spiritual things, but she is good. I want to talk to her, let her know I can come and watch over her. I know it will make her better, and happier too.

[To the Chairman.] If I could, I'd stay longer, sir; but I feel sensibly the troubles I experienced here, so you'll excuse me if I leave now. [The next time you come you'll not be so troubled.] I suppose not. March 26.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; letters answered by Andrew Lincoln.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Bishop Fitzpatrick, of this city; Daniel McCook, of Ohio, to his brother, Major Aleck McCook; James A. Peckham, of Newport, R. I., to friends, of East Boston, to her parents and Aunt Eliza; Michael Sweeney, of the 69th Mass., Co. I, to his wife; Parker, to his friend Charlie Hildes; Henry Andrews, N. Y., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Friday, April 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: N. P. Willis, of New York; Annie Mears, of Philadelphia, Pa., to friends; Samuel Davis, to his son, Andrew Jackson Davis; J. B. Keating, of Lowell, Mass., to her sister Mary; Mary Sullivan, of Boston, to her mother.

Saturday, April 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Sunday, April 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: N. P. Willis, of New York; Annie Mears, of Philadelphia, Pa., to friends; Samuel Davis, to his son, Andrew Jackson Davis; J. B. Keating, of Lowell, Mass., to her sister Mary; Mary Sullivan, of Boston, to her mother.

Monday, April 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Tuesday, April 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Wednesday, April 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Thursday, April 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Friday, April 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Saturday, April 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

Sunday, April 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned, a slave, of Hatcher's Run, Va., to his mother; George P. Taylor, of this city, to her father, sister and brother; Lillian Harlow, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. W.

will soon see their way clear to the reorganization of their Lyceum.

The "Forest City" is being very rapidly rebuilt in the burnt district, and after some years will perhaps be even more beautiful than before the fearful visitation of the Fire-God.

I am busily occupied this week instructing a class of twenty in the new Shortland. Young and old seem interested, and ready to take the first steps in the grand march of Universal Alphabetical Reform.

This is my third class—the first was at the East Jersey Normal Institute, the second at the promising Spiritual Settlement (toward which the attention of the Nation may soon be directed as the probable future centre of the Spiritual Movement in America), Blue Anchor, N. J. My next will be wherever the friends feel to demand it. But here is the "clipping"

Dr. W. Wright, Dr. Kendall Wright, one of our best men, died in a trance in this city last Wednesday night, after a brief illness from spotted fever. He was born in East Wilton, N. H., his parents, being unable to give him the education he desired, but he, by his own exertions, worked his way through Dartmouth College, graduating in 1844, and receiving his diploma of M. D. He came to this city eleven years ago, and has since that time been in his profession, secured a good share of practice here. His patients all speak of him in the highest terms, and mourn his death as one of their best friends. The disease which Dr. Wright died, was probably contracted during his close attendance upon patients afflicted with it. After he was taken sick he was called out by some of his patients, and, according to usage, they desired him to write a prescription, which he left his residence. In truth it might be said, "he died with the harness on."

There was emphatically an honest man, free from bigotry or superstition. The desire for acquiring knowledge, which characterized his youth, induced him to examine the claims of Spiritualism, and this resulted in his becoming a believer in the facts and philosophy of the medium and the spirit-world. He was among its most earnest and able advocates, and contributed largely to the success of the Spiritual Association of this city, of which he was a member, and that Society, as well as his family and the community generally, have sustained a serious loss in his removal to the other life. He left three children.

Portland, Me., April 11, 1867.

Correspondence.

The Lyceum Missionary Fund—Letter from A. J. Davis.

DEAR BANNER READERS—You have probably read a few sentences from correspondents proposing to raise a mission fund to support A. J. Davis in their accepted work for the present year of giving all their time to travelling and organizing Children's Progressive Lyceums.

On this subject a few explanatory words may not be deemed out of order. My health is not yet firm enough for devotion to writing, even if I felt the "call" (which at present I do not), but all things seem to favor the proposition above expressed, and in this I have the full concurrence of my companion, Mary, who is ready to leave home and bestow her heartiest influence upon the Lyceum enterprise.

These Lyceums we regard in the light of foundation stones in the temple of a true and natural system of Education; and whenever one of these prosperous schools is inaugurated we feel assured that another "stone" has been "hewn out of the mountain," adapted to the harmonical superstructure of the future.

In starting a Children's Lyceum, it is of the first importance that it be as perfectly organized and the officers and leaders as harmoniously drilled as possible; and we feel that we can greatly assist Spiritualists in accomplishing these results in from two to three Sundays, if they will themselves take hold.

In many places full of intelligent Spiritualists there are no organized societies, no responsible officers, and therefore no one authorized to act, to procure a hall, and to send for Lyceum organizers and speakers; and thus, however much individual fathers and mothers may secretly desire a Children's Lyceum, nothing practically is done from month to month, except to sink lower and lower in "lukewarmness," and to cultivate culpable "indifference" toward one another; and finally many such turn a "cold shoulder" to the divine agency of Spiritualism. We feel that a Lyceum in such chaotic localities would be to the families of Spiritualists a "Salvation"; but unless we, or some others, go to them as missionaries, not waiting till invited by an organized society, and plant the true standard, the field will soon be overgrown by the weeds of Orthodox ignorance and superstition.

Spiritualists, in many places, are timid on the score of incurring expense in starting Lyceums. They consequently order a few targets, a few badges, and a few Manuals, and omit everything else deemed essential to the successful working of the school, and thus they "fall" in the very inception of the work; while if they could be induced to put \$150 and their whole hearts into the effort, they could not know any such thing as failure, except from selfishness and unworthy controversies among themselves. It seems to be a peculiarity of the American portion of mankind, (and Spiritualists are as human as most people,) to want and to demand a leader, financial and otherwise, until they get organized and perfectly underway; then they are content with a nominal co-ordinator, and utterly discard the pioneer worker, and almost every one is at the same moment tempted with the self-conceited ambition to "boss the job." Of course nothing but certain disorganization can occur, and that too before the end of the organization is accomplished. In this department of human selfishness and spiritual weakness we feel that we can labor with "healing in our wings," and without exciting the opposition which most conspicuous workers unfortunately encounter. And we also feel that we can, under the blessings of the Sun-dial, and among the fathers and mothers and the friends of children, so liberally and cheerfully sustain the Lyceum movement.

Now as to our wages: We will go into the field in the manner and for the objects named, and will labor where and as long as the way seems open, for the sum of \$25.00 per Sunday, or at the rate of \$1200 per annum, over and above our travelling expenses, which we promise shall be as economical as possible. (We will not charge for Sundays not given to this work.) We will faithfully credit the Lyceum Missionary Fund with all moneys given us by individuals or societies for the purpose, and will debit our traveling expenses and the \$25.00 per Sunday and publish a monthly statement in the BANNER OF LIGHT and the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

We trust this volunteer proposition will be acceptable, and that liberal persons in the vast family of Spiritualists will materially aid the new educational movement; so that the bodies as well as the souls of children may be educated and harmonized with the laws of Nature. The Lyceum brings out the intuitions and reasoning powers of children, and prepares the little boys and girls of your homes for the great voyage of life not only, but also saves them from the foolishness of fashionable Orthodoxy, and makes of them true, patriotic, and harmonious friends of universal progress.

Your friends, A. J. and M. F. DAVIS. P. S. All communications may be sent to our permanent address, Orange, N. J.

BRO. A. J. DAVIS—I see by the BANNER OF LIGHT that you and your companion, Mary, have generously offered to devote your time and services to the establishing of Progressive Lyceums throughout our country.

Now as I desire to see this opportunity embraced by all the Spiritual societies, I would suggest that each one open a subscription to raise a sufficient fund to carry on the glorious work of a popular education, in an expression of the spirit of our age, and to the most advanced minds give it a position in harmony with our new Spiritual Philosophy; and to this end Progressive Lyceums seem to be especially adapted. I subscribe \$5.00. Yours for the Cause, H. J. H. New York, April 17, 1867.

A Note from Mrs. Townsend.

village which I desire to communicate to you, for... I have now open a new firm...

Well, I thought, how many human pigs there are... I conclude the human heart, the animal heart...

Notes from W. B. B. So far as spirituality or spiritual growth is concerned... The children's Lyceum is in a healthy, growing condition.

The Sunday afternoon conference at Crosby's Music Hall increases in interest and numbers... [We omit the larger portion of our correspondent's letter in regard to the Ferris mediums...

There are many things about these "physical mediums" hard to be understood... I cannot close these "notes" without saying a word for a good and true woman...

Northport, Long Island. Some three weeks ago I went to Northport, Long Island, and delivered two lectures on week day evenings... Mrs. Dickinson uses the magnetic treatment, and gives her own medicines only...

Dr. Whipple. Permit me, through the medium of your valuable and widely circulated BANNER OF LIGHT, again to call the attention of its readers to the claims of Dr. Jonathan Whipple, Jr., as a healing medium... I think a good lecturer could get a fair hearing now...

Gloversville, N. Y. I wish Laura V. Ellis would visit this place... I think a good lecturer could get a fair hearing now...

State Convention in Indiana. The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Indiana will meet in delegate and mass convention for the purpose of forming a State organization... I think a good lecturer could get a fair hearing now...

Wanted-Agents-\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States... I think a good lecturer could get a fair hearing now...

Best Italian Queens. AND BEST BEE HIVE IN THE WORLD. Bee Keepers' Almanac, and Circular for 1867, sent free... I think a good lecturer could get a fair hearing now...

capacity and send delegates, but whether organized or not, all are cordially invited to come and participate... Friends from other States who can attend, are much desired to do so...

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner. Until June 30, 1867, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT...

For new subscribers, with \$6 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of either of the following useful books... For new subscribers, with \$9 accompanying, we will send to one address one of either of the following works...

Obituary. Passed from the mortal to immortality, to join her loved ones that had gone before, from the residence of her son, Rev. J. A. Dean, in Dighton, Mass., Mrs. Mary Dean, wife of Luke Dean...

WOODBURN GRANGE. A Story of English Country Life. (Three Volumes in One.) BY WILLIAM HOWITT. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Esq., the literary editor of the "Banner of Light," has published a notice of this book...

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE UNION. IN A LETTER TO Hon. E. D. MORGAN, U. S. Senator from New York, FROM JUDGE EDMONDS. Price 50 cents; postage free. For sale at this office...

THE BOOK OF RELIGIONS; COMPARING THE VIEWS, CREEDS, SENTIMENTS OR OPINIONS, OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL RELIGIOUS SECTS IN THE WORLD... THE EARLY PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE SPIRITUAL INVENTION; OR, AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SCENES AND SKETCHES. BY FRANK CHASE. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office... STARTLING AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. Oil burns from a tick, without light, smoke or bad odor...

MORRILL'S NEW OIL STOVE. THE best and cheapest stove for all kinds of cooking, heating and mechanical purposes... BEST ITALIAN QUEENS. AND BEST BEE HIVE IN THE WORLD.

WANTED-AGENTS-\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States... THE EARLY PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

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Wanted-Agents-\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States... THE EARLY PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Miscellaneous. DR. HALL'S VOLTAIC ARMOR, OR MAGNETIC BANDS AND SOLES. THE GREAT SCIENTIFIC REMEDY FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE of all those diseases which originate in a disturbed condition of the electrical or vitalizing forces of the system...

ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS. There is but one grand cause for all such diseases, viz., a loss of balance of the two (positive and negative) forces of electricity in the part or parts diseased... IMPERFECT CIRCULATION. As hundreds of our fellow-citizens will cheerfully testify, they will be found of great value to those who are deficient in MAGNETIC SENSIBILITY.

MAGNETIC INNER SOLES. Can be depended on as a positive remedy for COLD FEET, AND IMPERFECT CIRCULATION. As hundreds of our fellow-citizens will cheerfully testify, they will be found of great value to those who are deficient in MAGNETIC SENSIBILITY.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY THE VOLTAIC ARMOR ASSOCIATION, 132 Washington Street, BOSTON. Also for sale by Druggists throughout the United States.

DE. J. R. NEWTON CURES IN MOST CASES INSTANTANEOUSLY! 20 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. Office Hours, 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for young ladies, will commence its Spring Term on Monday, April 22, 1867. This school is pleasantly located on an eminence overlooking the beautiful town of Belvidere...

THE IMPENDING EPOCH. "To err, is human; to forgive, divine!" "The preposterous of mankind is man!" A JOURNAL PUBLISHED IN AUGUSTA, GA., BY HENRY J. OSBORNE. AT 316 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

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. O. BEHR, M. D., assisted by gentlemen who understand keeping of the best quality of wine...

THE PEN AND PENCIL. A NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. Every purchaser of a No. 1 will be presented with a ticket entitling him to an equal chance of getting a Cash present varying from \$1000 to \$1. See first number for full particulars.

AMES'S Celebrated Portable and Stationary STEAM ENGINES. All sizes, and superior to all others. Write for Circular. H. M. AMES, Oswego, N. Y.

Wanted-Any person having copies of "The Arcana of Christianity," or "Widom of Angels," by T. L. Harris, that they are willing to sell, will please address E. D. HARRIS, New York Post Office, stating price.

Miscellaneous. THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY! MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Washington City, D. C., October 19th, 1866. PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.: Sir-I received a letter three weeks since from my mother who resides in Plattsburgh, New York...

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

DR. JANE CRANE writes from Attica, Fountain Co., Ind., Aug. 27th, 1866: "I cannot do without your Positive and Negative Powders on any consideration for myself and for my practice, particularly for Acconchment (Confinement)..."

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Mediums in Boston. NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER! DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON, PSYCHO-METRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, DEVELOPED TO CURE DISEASES BY DRAWING THE disease upon himself, at any distance; can examine patients at a distance by means of his hands...

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

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM. 62 Washington Street, Boston. My medium is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, Gout, the Lungs, Kidneys, and all bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. April 11.

MRS. E. COLLINS. STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine Street, Boston, Mass. 3rd-April 6. MR. and MRS. KIMBALL, Magnetic and Electric Physicians. Personal examinations and professional cases also examined from a lock of hair. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. April 11.

MRS. J. H. COLLIER, Medical Clairvoyant and Electric Medium. Office, 125 Cambridge Street, Boston. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. April 11.

MRS. W. M. WHITE, Sympathetic Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, No. 4 Jefferson Place, leading from South Bennet St., Boston. 6th-Dec-8. MISS F. A. JONES, (totally blind), Clairvoyant and Electric Medium, treats all diseases, at her Rooms, 83 Carver Street, Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. April 27.

MRS. L. PARMELEE, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, 115 Washington St., Boston. 11th-Mar-2. MRS. EWELL, Spirit Medium, 11 Dix Place, Boston. 4th-April 20. SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 18 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard street.) April 6.

SOUL READING. Or Psychometric delineation of Character. MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, they will receive an accurate description of their character, and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and moral condition of their present marriage; and hints to the industriously married, where they can restore or perpetuate their former love, which they are instructed to do, and what facilities should be restrained and what cultivated. Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they are not deceived, and that they are not to be trifled with. Everything of a private character kept strictly as a secret. For full particulars, apply to either of the above. Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one of the above. MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE. April 6. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DRS. GREEN & BLACKMAN, SPIRITUAL PHYSICIANS, POSSESSING REMARKABLE HEALING POWERS, for the relief of the Sick and Afflicted. Inviting the very sick, especially those considered incurable by other physicians. Terms reasonable, and accommodated to circumstances. The Sick and Afflicted, who are desirous of being cured, should apply to either of the above. DR. G. & B. will be in DECATUR, ILL., from April 26th to 30th; SPRINGFIELD, ILL., from May 1st to 5th; JACKSONVILLE, ILL., from May 21st to 25th; QUINCY, ILL., from June 1st to 5th; ST. LOUIS, MO., from July 1st to 5th; always stopping at the principal hotels. 13th-Mar-16.

DR. S. S. GARVIN, M. D., P. O. Box 100, New York. HAR opened rooms at 45 W. 12th Street, corner 6th Avenue, New York, for Clairvoyant Examinations and treatment of all forms of disease every day in the week except Monday. From 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Examinations free. The first and only process for discovery of the truth, which makes the most successful treatment known for Colds, Lung, Throat, Stomach and Heart Disease, which is a specific. Send for circulars. Physicians instructed in the use of this new mode of treatment, and furnished the means to practice in all cases. For sale at 46 West 12th Street, New York. 8th-Mar-16.

DR. J. VOLLAND. DR. VOLLAND, MAGNETIC HEALER, will treat all chronic diseases without the aid of medicines. Office, 9 Huron street, opposite the Court House, Ann Arbor, Mich. Feb. 16-3m. MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, No. 1 Carroll Place, corner Bleeker and Lauro streets, third floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. April 21-26. MRS. L. F. HYDE, formerly of Boston, Medium, 69 West 19th Street, New York. 8th-Mar-16.

NEURAPATHIC BALSAM; OR, NATURE'S GREAT HARMONIZER. (Discovered and put up by direction of spirit-physicians.) AN INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR ALL HUMORS AND SKIN DISEASES; Piles, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Worms, Burns, Scalds, and all Diseases of the Throat. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00 per Bottle. For sale by all Druggists, and at the Office of the BANNER OF LIGHT in New York and Boston; also, A. JAMES, No. 35 Broadway, New York; T. D. MITCHELL, No. 41 West 12th Street, New York. E. HAYNES & CO., Proprietors. April 6. 7 DOANE STREET, BOSTON.

SPRITUAL PUBLICATIONS. TALLMADGE & CO., CHICAGO, ILL. GREAT WESTERN DEPOT FOR ALL SPIRITUAL AND REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS. Agents for the "Banner of Light."

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

J. M. PEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Letters and Items of Interest.

What episodes of human life are contained in letters! How much of love and blame, wit and sentiment, joy and sadness, according to the interior state and magnetic forces of the writers, do they bring to us.

Y. B. POST, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Writing the 1st of March, says: "Spiritualism was never more substantially prosperous in this State than at present."

ELVIRA WIELOCK, JANESVILLE, WIS. After speaking in highest praise of the BANNER OF LIGHT, assures us, that seeing the whitening harvest-fields, and listening to the inspirational whisperings of the angels, she can no longer hold her peace.

ZACHARY MONG, MUNCE, IND. This worthy youth, with "cleans hands and pure heart," to speak scripturally, informs us in a recently written letter, that the truth is moving onward in that vicinity, the Spiritualists having just taken possession of their newly-fitted hall.

CHARLIE A. ANDRUS, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. Here, this young brother, full of zeal and self-sacrifice, has been speaking and healing to excellent acceptance. In Oxford he entered into an arrangement to hold a discussion upon the merits of spirit-communion, its phenomena and philosophy, with a clergyman; but he failed to meet the "youthful David."

M. S. TOWNSEND, NEW LONDON, CT. may speak to hearts in her own heart-language, at once peaceful, tender and true: "Our Peace Meeting at P— was a success, was it not? Could we not almost see the white wings of the angel as she passed from one soul to another, anointing them with her true balm?"

E. WARNER, BERLIN, WTS. says that Bro. Chas. A. Hayden gave them three splendid lectures last month. He further writes: "His eloquent style, unassuming manner, and the truly Christian sentiments he uttered, made a profound impression on the community."

ABRAHAM JAMES, CORRY, PA.—A WARNING. Before leaving New York, this mediumistic brother, being "in the spirit," had a vision portending evil to us—a railroad disaster.

"Angels whom we go attend Our steps, what'er our betide, With watchful care their charge defend, And e'en our trials guide."

DR. HENRY SLADE, PONTIAC, MICH. Wonderful, absolutely wonderful are the tests and proofs of spirit-power through this medium. He sits in no dark circles, but when the rooms are lighted, bells are rung and musical instruments played.

Proclus on the Demon of Socrates. This erudite Platonist commenced his forty-third chapter on the "Theology of Plato," thus: "Let us speak concerning the demons who are allotted the superintendence of mankind."

Demons, therefore, as Diotima also says, "being many and various," the highest of them conjoin souls proceeding from their father to their leading gods. This is a part of the work of the more divine demons.

longed to the first and highest demons. Accordingly Socrates was most perfect, being governed by such a presiding power, and conducting himself by the will of such a leader and guardian of his life. This, then, was the illustrious prerogative of the demon of Socrates.

This sage further says he perceived a certain voice proceeding from his demon. This is asserted by him in the Theaetetus and in the Phaedrus. This voice was also the signal from the demon, which he referred to in the Theages. And again in the Phaedrus, when he was about to pass over the river.

Furthermore, Olympiodorus, in his manuscript commentary, assures us that "our guardian demons belong to that order of demons which is arranged under the gods that preside over the descent and ascent of souls."

The Spiritualism of Victor Hugo. Over the ocean, in night visions, we have talked with this inspired genius of France. Our theme was philanthropy. He is humanity's brother—the advocate of the poor.

In an address delivered a few months since at the interment of Emily De Putron, an intimate friend of this French poet, Victor Hugo, he said, "The soul, the marvel of this great celestial departure which we call death, is here. Those who thus depart still remain near us—they are in a world of light, but they are tender witnesses hover about our world of darkness."

Two sisters—the one we have married, and now we are burying the other. Such is the perpetual agitation of life. Let us bow, my brethren, before inflexible destiny, and let us bow with hope. Our eyes are made to weep, but they are made to see. Our heart is made to suffer, but it is also made to believe.

Within a few weeks we have been occupied with two sisters—the one we have married, and now we are burying the other. Such is the perpetual agitation of life. Let us bow, my brethren, before inflexible destiny, and let us bow with hope.

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who am I? Nothing. But I am wrapp'd, I am something. I am a proscrip't. Yesterday exiled by violence, to-day a voluntary exile. A proscrip't is a vanquished, a calumniated, a persecuted man, wounded by fate, proscrip'ted by an innocent man, weighed down by malediction. His blessing ought to have virtue in it. I bless this grave. I bless the noble, gracious being that lies there. In the desert we find the oasis; in the life we meet with souls. Emily De Putron has been one of the lovely souls we have met. I come to pay her the debt owed by a proscrip't, whom she has consoled. I bless her in the dark profound; in the name of the sorrow, whereon she gently beamed; in the name of the trials of destiny, which for her are ended, but which continue for us; in the name of terrestrial things, which once she hoped for; and of celestial things, which she obtains; in the name of all she loved, I bless this lifeless being; I bless her in her beauty, in her youth, in her innocence, in her life, and in her death. I bless her in her white sepulchral robes; in her home, which she has left desolate; in her coffin, which her mother has filled with flowers, and which God is about to fill with stars."

The Providence Journal of the Monday preceding the Peace Meeting, gave a list of the sundry amounts raised in the various religious societies in behalf of the "Southern Relief Fund." The collection from the Spiritualists was \$83.37, more than from any Church organization in the city save one.

This Providence paper of the following Thursday says, "There are ninety-two divorce petitions pending in the Supreme Court for Providence County. All but twenty of the petitioners are women. The editor asks, 'Can all Indiana show such a docket?' We ask, can all heathen lands show such a docket as Christian Providence, with its Christian churches and Christian influences?"

Michigan State Convention. There seems to be a feeling existing that Lansing is not the place for our coming "October Convention." We were very anxious to have it here, and would have done all in our power toward entertaining strangers, &c.; but as this seems to be the feeling, and as some changes have taken place since, not expected at the time it was appointed here, we deem it advisable to have this published thus early in order that another place may be selected.

Spiritual Meeting. The next regular meeting of the Northern Spiritual Association will be held at the village of Omro, Wis., on the third Saturday and Sunday of May, 1867. Good speakers will be in attendance, and all are invited.

Pittsburgh, Pa. By the following report it will be seen that our friends in Pittsburgh are moving earnestly in the good work of obtaining more light on the subject of Spiritualism. We thank friend Dake for furnishing us with the nucleus of a Spiritual Organization in the "Iron City"—so deeply veiled by the smoke of a thousand furnaces, as well as the tall mountains which surround it—around which we hope strong hearts and willing hands, backed by the spirit-world, will unite to do noble work for the cause of spiritual truth, justice and humanity.

In response to a Call, published in two daily papers in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., several persons convened April 21st, 1867, for the purpose set forth in the Call, and the following officers were duly elected: D. C. Ripley, President; D. C. Dake, Secretary. Whereupon the President stated the object of the meeting to be the organization of a Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists for the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. On motion to organize, a vote was had, and resulted unanimously in the affirmative.

To Correspondents. [We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] A SCANDINAVIAN.—We do not know. Write to Mrs. M. M. Wood, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass., who can obtain all particulars.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles. Friend, M. E. Baum, Montrose, Iowa, \$1.00; Friend, Wm. M. Wood, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass., 1.00; Wm. M. Donald, Glen Falls, N. Y., 1.00; Friend, 1.00.

Donations to Aid the Poor. William Mitchell, Montpelier, Vt., \$2.50; G. W. Ripley, Montpelier, Vt., 1.00; L. L. Tanner, Montpelier, Vt., 1.50.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS. BOSTON.—Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture each Sunday afternoon at 7 o'clock in Mercantile Hall, 15 Summer street, commencing at 7 o'clock. Admittance 15 cents.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritualist Church of Charlestown hold regular sessions at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon, at the Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square.

CHESAPE.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 7 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon, at the Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square.

NEWTON CORNERS, MASS.—The Spiritualists and friends of progress hold meetings in Middlesex Hall, Sundays, at 7 and 9 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Fallon's Hall, Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 A. M.

SOUTH DAVENPORT, IOWA.—Meetings in Town Hall every Sunday at 7 o'clock.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon at Essex Hall.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, 75 Water street, Sundays, at 7 o'clock, and on Wednesdays at 7 o'clock.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock.

BANGOR, ME.—Meetings are held in Pioneer Chapel every Sunday. Speakers engaged—Henry C. Wright, May 19 and 26; D. S. C. Hayford, June 2 and 9; Miss Lizzie Doten during July.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Woodworth's Hall, 508 Broadway.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings at Cumberland-street Lecture Room, near Dekalb avenue, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M.

TROY, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmon Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuffy lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings in Turner Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M., and a lecture in the new Sherman Hall, at 7 P. M.

MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, 151 West 12th st., New York. Mrs. E. A. Bliss will speak in New York City during May.

MRS. ANNA M. BURMAN, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in New York, N. Y., care of N. P. Cross.

MRS. M. A. C. BROWN, Ware, Mass. M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, Address, Pardeeville, Wis. Sundays engaged for the present.

MRS. LAURA CUFFY is lecturing in San Francisco, Cal. DR. L. K. COOLEY will be in Vineland, N. J., until further notice.

MRS. MARY F. CROSS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in New York, N. Y., care of N. P. Cross.

MRS. CLARA A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, Newport, Me.

MRS. LAURA DE FORBES GORDON will receive calls to lecture in Colorado Territory until spring, when she designs visiting California.

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

MRS. EMMA HARRISON lectures in Cincinnati, O., during March and April. Address, Bangor, Me.

MRS. A. D. HENRY will lecture in Putnam, Conn., May 5 and 12; in Springfield, Mass., May 19 and 26. Address as above.

MRS. NELLIE HADEN will receive calls to lecture in Massachusetts. Address, No. 20 Wilmut street, Worcester, Mass.

MRS. S. A. HAYDEN, 82 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged for the present.

MRS. J. H. HAMILTON lectures on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammon, N. J.

MRS. ANNA H. HILL, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, Waterbury, Vt., and New York, N. Y.

MRS. J. H. HARRISON, 35 South Broadway, New York, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture in the West, Sundays and week evenings.

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