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The Spirit-World.

EXTRAORDINARY COMMUNICATION FROM A SPIRIT.

(We have been favored by our reliable correspondent, "Frank," with the following exceedingly interesting narrative. It was received through his mediumship by the aid of the dial.)

[Let me first give my experience with this simple and efficient method of communing with the interior world. It is not so slow and tedious as some suppose. True, when first developed, in 1853—and I am now in my seventieth year—every letter had to be given, and word by word spelled out, but in a few days at the initial letter the word itself was given, and now inspiration flows so freely that while writing the two or three lines just received, much of the following sentence is often impressed on my brain. None but a stenographic pen could follow me.]

The following extraordinary history, just given, will, I am sure, be interesting to your readers. It is from a spirit who has been my constant attendant for more than three years, by the name of Benjamin Peters, and whose curious biography was published in the BANNER in October 7, 1865. He now tells me that he wishes to give a history of his life.

"You have given it to me already."
"No; that is not a true one. Ask any police officer if he knew Benjamin Peters, and he will answer 'yes;' but if you attempt to trace out the history in connection with that name you will be disappointed. And yet it is true in every particular except the name. It is that of a man with whom I was very intimate.

A long time has elapsed since I left the form, and many changes have taken place since then in Baltimore, wherein I was born and where I passed to the spirit-world. Many families who held high position before the world have passed into forgetfulness, while others comparatively then unknown, now rule the destinies of the city. The family to which I belonged was among the first I have mentioned.

My father stood high in the estimation of all for the purity of his character and the amiability of his disposition; for his charity to the poor and liberality whenever opportunity offered of doing good. He cared not for fashion, nor did he bow to wealth, but regarded every one according to his moral worth. He died at an early age, and left me possessed of considerable property.

Few men have seen more of life in all its phases than myself. I have mixed with all classes of society, and know how little of truth and honesty is to be found even among the highest in the land. How contemptible would many appear could all their false glitter be brushed away and others could see them as they really are.

You are expecting me to give my name. Excuse me; I have relatives here who would be pained to see this in print. Gain what you can from my unhappy history, but cast no stain, inflict no sting upon others. Let my own guilt rest upon my own head.

I was seventeen years old at the time of my father's death, and deeply did I lament his loss. After a few years, becoming weary of a life of idleness, and eager for anything like excitement, I joined an expedition to Tennessee, then a wild country with but few white inhabitants, and they scattered far apart from each other. The Indians were peaceable, but as immigration flowed in, they moved on, and many of them went to Florida.

You know how reckless and improvident young men are, caring for nothing but present enjoyment, had enough for any deviltry, and brave enough to venture anything.

Having continued with them a couple of years, I became weary of such a life, and left for New Orleans, that sink of all wickedness; but my companions remained, and many places in Tennessee are named for them.

New Orleans then was very different from what it is now. Its inhabitants were chiefly French, and its size quite limited, compared to its present enlarged proportions. I endeavored to become acquainted with the most respectable part of the community, and the social position I held in Baltimore made this quite easy; but unfortunately I became acquainted with a man of pleasing address, but corrupt to the very lowest degree. There is no kind of wickedness that he did not make me familiar with; and I may say, that previous to my knowing him I was rather exempt from the frailties common to young men. But gradually he extirpated all seeds of virtue that may have been implanted within me by my beloved father, and I began to look upon life as one grand panorama in which all had to perform their allotted part, and each one to follow his own destiny. Religion I considered a cheat, and the clergy impostors. All respect for law, except to avoid its perils, found no place within me, and to enjoy life in every possible particular was the sole object of my existence. I thus lived from day to day, ready for anything that would give excitement or afford pleasure.

But there were some gleams of brightness amid all this wickedness, showing that I was not utterly depraved, notwithstanding what the Church may say to the contrary. I will relate a scene I witnessed in a gambling-house. It was kept by a man who had known better days, and who had filled places of trust and honor, but drinking, gambling, and other low vices had brought him to his present condition.

I was there one evening when a man came staggering in much intoxicated, and laid down his money at the faro bank. It won. He let it lay until the pile accumulated to a considerable sum. He could not realize this at first, but gradually the thought seemed to enter his brain, and he kept on playing until the bank had no more money to bet. He gathered up his winnings and started for home, but there were a couple of men

present who had witnessed the whole affair, and as he left by one door they departed by another. I saw this, and knew there was mischief brewing. Hardly had the door closed upon them before I, too, was out. The poor fellow was staggering along, little thinking of what was about to befall him, when the two men came alongside and offered to assist him home. He had so little sense that he neither accepted or declined, but kept joggling on as if alone. Presently he was seized by the back and brought to the ground, but I was upon them at the same instant, and a severe struggle we had; but being a man of great physical strength I obtained the mastery, and handed them over to the police. I often think of this as one of the bright days of my life.

You are doubtless aware how unhappy is the condition of one given up to vicious habits, and how difficult it is for him to change. But a wonderful change was wrought in me by the master passion, love.

One day in coming from church I saw before me a young lady, certainly the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. The most intense emotion instantly overwhelmed me. I watched her footsteps until she entered a large house on the outskirts of the city, belonging to one of the dignitaries of the land; a man of great worth and wealth. I laid my plans to make his acquaintance, and obtained letters of introduction through my relatives in Baltimore. After this I was most assiduous in my attentions, and soon won the heart of my enslaver. We were married, and all of earthly bliss was mine.

Although corrupt as I have described myself to be, yet my reputation was untarnished; the world had learned nothing yet of my secret haunts, and I determined it should not do so. From the day of my marriage all former places of amusement and dissipation were abandoned, and their associates I no longer knew. The society of my wife and her family was all I cared for, so thorough was the change wrought in me by this most happy event. Many a man has thus been drawn from the purities of vice and dissipation by a virtuous marriage.

I now commenced an active life; bought a plantation about ten miles above New Orleans, and was never so happy as when absorbed in business. But my life was checkered too with adventures, one of which I will relate.

On my way to the plantation I had stopped at a house on the roadside to get a drink, and soon after my horse balked. While examining into the matter, being entirely alone, as I thought, a man sprang and caught me by the collar, but being powerful myself, I quickly threw him off, when another came to his aid, and I had two to deal with. Exposed at all times to sudden broils, I ever had a pistol in my pocket, and with this I soon brought one to the ground, when the other immediately fled. My assailant proved to be a German, one of a band who had been notorious for some time, stopping travelers on the road, and killing when resistance was made. My ball entered his head, and he lived but a short time.

My wife was terribly alarmed when I related to her my escape, and begged me not to go again unless in company.

We lived together in great harmony for several years. A more lovely being, both as to personal charms and exalted character, never fell under my observation. Oh how she was loved and admired by every one who came within her influence, and how she was wept over and lamented when disease hurried her to the tomb.

She left me one daughter, the express image of herself. All the love I had borne my dear wife, and all the affection I had ever felt for our child, was now concentrated upon her. No words can express it unless we call it idolatry. She grew up adorned with all the graces that the highest culture could give.

Man is the creature of circumstances, and his happiness depends more upon his surroundings than himself. Give him affluence and agreeable associations, and what should lead him astray; but let his lot be cast among the poor and depraved, and let pinching want be his constant attendant, and why wonder that vice and crime are his companions. I was now freed from all such conditions, and my days glided smoothly on.

When Anna had reached her eighteenth year, admitted by all to be the most beautiful girl in New Orleans, there came a gentleman from Baltimore who brought letters from my relatives, and was at once received into our society. An intimacy sprang up between him and my daughter which ripened into love, and marriage was the natural consequence.

A month after the ceremony they left us to spend a few weeks in Baltimore, where they were received in fashionable society, and kept in daily intercourse with the first in the city. A month was thus spent in festive enjoyment, when they set off on their return by sea. The ship foundered, and all on board perished!

Let me draw the veil over those crushing moments when overwhelmed by the news of her loss. Life seemed to me a curse, and I am now astonished that I did not at once solve the problem whether there be another world or not. But I lived on, gaining nothing by bereavement but bitter tears and bitter remorse for the life I had once lived.

As time rolled on a better frame of mind gradually stole over me, and after a few months I returned to my usual avocations. I was then about forty-one years of age, in good health, and capable of any amount of fatigue.

I had a cotton plantation, as I have already said, and there I spent a great part of my time, engaged in agricultural pursuits. Bad as I had been in early life, I had now become quite a different being, and a blessing would it have been had death taken me away.

A strange affair occurred to me about this time, which I may as well relate:

I had gone up the river on a flat boat, for

steamers were then unknown. I had lain down to take a nap, when suddenly there sprang up a breeze, which caused the rickety thing to take in water. The hands became alarmed, and ran to wake me up. Seeing the danger we were in, I advised them to run ashore; but this was easier said than done, for the current was very strong, and the rude vessel altogether beyond our control. Nothing was left for us but to float with the stream and trust to Providence as best we might. More than two hours were thus consumed in vain efforts for our safety. At length the wind died away and we resumed our course, hoping to reach the landing before sundown, but night came finding us still many miles from the place of destination. The thought of spending the night on the Mississippi was to me by no means agreeable, but there was no alternative, so folding myself in a cloak I laid down, hoping to bury thought in sleep.

Among the hands was one whom I had formerly employed as a clerk, but had discharged for dishonesty. He had ever since owed me a grudge, and now, thought he, is a good time for revenge. Creeping up softly, supposing me to be asleep, with knife in hand he was about making the blow that would have settled all accounts between us, when his foot tripped across a rope that fastened the band to the sweep, and flung him almost overboard. The noise awoke me, and I saw at a glance the whole affair. There he lay with knife in hand, guilt and fear strongly depicted in his countenance. Instantly I drew my pistol, and made him fall upon his knees begging for mercy. The whole crew hastened to the spot, and being convinced of his guilt, tumbled him overboard without the least hesitation. I can never forget his haggard look as he went over the side.

Daily I found my reward in a course of virtue and good conduct. We lived a quiet and peaceful life. I was active in the management of my estate, and so pleasantly did day after day pass on, that I scarcely marked the course of time, except when Christmas reminded me that another year had gone. Cards and chess occasionally beguiled an hour, and nothing was wanting to make me completely happy, but that the memory of my lost child brought its sadness along.

One day there came on a visit one of my former companions, but not the one who first enthralled me. Our conversation naturally turned upon the scenes we had witnessed together, and a desire sprang up to again mingle among those revelries, which he urged upon me with all the eloquence he could bring to bear. I hesitated for awhile, but he at length prevailed, and I took leave for the city, contrary to the advice of all my friends. There I soon became the admiration of a circle of ruined gamblers, debauchees and finished scoundrels. Rapidly did I descend from the plane of rectitude on which I had stood for so many years, and soon became as reckless, as depraved and corrupt as any of my associates.

In reviewing my past experience, no part of my life brings up such remorse as the two years after I left the plantation. It was filled with all of crime and wickedness, save only that I shed no man's blood; but many an innocent girl had cause to weep that ever she fixed her eyes on me. Every kind of vice had become familiar, when at length my health, which had ever been robust, gave way, and thus a check was given to my hellish life. A year rolled on before I could join my companions and again partake in all their scottish vice, when another attack brought me nearly to death's door.

I now saw that this could be pursued no longer; but unwilling to separate from my associates, I concluded to sell my plantation, convert all my property into cash, and open a faro bank. Crowds came about me, and mine became the most fashionable resort of the kind.

Few have had the advantages I possessed of seeing life in all its various phases. At my table might be seen every rank in society and every profession known; for the spirit of gaming seems to be universal. The rich merchant, not satisfied with his accumulated store, must come there to increase his gains. The young man just come into possession of a large estate, and looking around on every side for enjoyment, lingers in the saloon, and a few months finds him a beggar. The clerk, with a salary merely adequate for his support, and anxious perhaps to marry the object of his choice, lays down his trifles, doubles his winnings, and for awhile all seems bright and cheering; but luck turns, he tries again, is perhaps successful, and goes home in an ecstasy of delight with a considerable sum. He is now completely infatuated, and nothing can save him. All his possessions is soon gone, and then comes crime. His employer's store suffers in goods and money—detection follows, and death often ends the scene.

Even the clergy are not exempt from the fascination of play. They generally come in disguise, but no disguise could screen them from my penetration. I have been astonished at the madness which seemed to take possession of them. No fear of detection could induce them to leave when thoroughly engrossed in play. I have read guilt in their countenance even while ministering at the altar.

And so I might go on to enumerate other classes, but one word includes all. All are subject to the baleful influence of gaming. I have never witnessed more acute agony than I have seen at my table, and more than one suicide has been the result. I could mention many heart-rending details, common to all gambling halls, but let one suffice.

There came one evening a young man, merely from curiosity. He kept aloof from the table until his companion asked him to bet a dollar. He declined at first, but at length complied, and his dollar won. He let it remain, and won again. Thus he continued until his dollar had gained a considerable pile. Great was his astonishment, for the whole affair did not occupy ten minutes. He gathered up his money, and I saw no more of

him for a week, when he came and again made his bet. Again fortune favored him, and this time he carried off one hundred dollars.

His visits now were more frequent, and still luck continued, and in the course of a week he must have won five hundred dollars. I am sure that he knew nothing of gambling. It was the strangest case I ever knew. Few could attempt this and succeed, for the advantage is always with the dealer. It caused quite a sensation among the regular visitors, and all desired his acquaintance, as though there was some secret attending his success.

After awhile his luck began to turn, and fortune was no longer his friend; but the demon of play now enthralled him, and he could not resist the temptation. Night after night was he there; at times winning, at times losing, until gradually his money slipped away, and not only his own but also a large sum he had taken from his employer. Never can I forget the haggard countenance, the blood-shot eye, the despairing look he gave as he rose from the table. He staggered out of the room, put a pistol in his mouth and dropped a corpse!

This caused quite an excitement, and for awhile I had to close the door; but in a week it was forgotten, and things went on in their usual course.

Can you conceive of a man such as I have described myself to be, living under constant excitement, witnessing many harrowing scenes with comparative indifference, and yet happy? I cared for nothing but the present moment, and that engrossed all my attention. Gambling gave me sufficient excitement—each day was the copy of that which preceded.

But a great change came over me after the death of that young man. The shocking scene was continually before me, and I could not help accusing myself as the cause of his death. I have been told since I came here, that he dogged my steps from day to day.

And yet such was my innate goodness of heart, if you will call it so, that I lost no opportunity of doing good to others. There was a man in New Orleans who had been active in ferreting out the gambling houses and lodging information against them. He had been told repeatedly that his life was not safe, but he heeded it not—in fact, he laughed at it. I am certain that he had been dogged for some time by one he had informed upon.

One evening as he was returning from his wonted cruise, he was struck from behind by a billiard ball and felled to the ground. He made some noise in falling, which was heard by myself and one of the police, and before further injury could be inflicted we rushed to the spot and arrested the assailant. Since I came here I have been told the man was not killed, and finally recovered.

About this time a man came and offered to take the saloon off my hands. I agreed to his proposal, and falling in with one going to Baltimore, I joined him, and we journeyed on together.

Traveling then was not what it is now. From New Orleans to Baltimore was long and tedious, requiring several weeks to accomplish the distance. I could have gone in half the time by sea, but that would have brought up continually before me my daughter's death.

On reaching Baltimore I called upon my nearest relative, and was shocked at the cold reception he gave. I asked for no explanation, and we parted, but I soon learned the cause. The wildest reports had come from New Orleans to my prejudice, and I found myself excluded from all genteel society. Maddened at this I cut loose from all restraint and plunged into every kind of dissipation. I had determined on a very different course from this; had made up my mind that to be truly happy one must obey the laws of morality and good conduct; had seen enough of vice to know that no peace of mind, no real enjoyment, belongs to him who is its slave. I therefore resolved to become a changed man, and but for the course my relatives pursued, I should have been so, but their treatment of me turned my heart to stone.

I am but a walf upon the troubled waters of life, drifted about by every adverse wind and rippling current; having no choice in the matter—a mere child of destiny.

Yes, I am certain I should have become a better man had my relatives extended to me the hand of kindness. I needed no assistance from them, for I had sufficient property of my own; but I could not bear up against such unfeeling conduct. I became reckless and indifferent; cared for the opinion of no one; and again launched into the gulf of perdition. A few years found me shunned by all respectable people, the companion only of sharpers and gamblers. I again opened a faro bank, and was soon stripped of my last dollar.

Now comes the darkest, blackest part of my life. With property in abundance, I was spared the temptations that attend those in need. I was now often without a dollar, and knew not where to get one. It was in vain for me to seek reputable employment. I was too well known. Pain would I have become the attendant of a gambling house, but I could find none who wanted one. I was often actually in distress for food. At length I took to cards, and few knew better how to handle them.

Thinking I might do better elsewhere I went to Savannah, but knowing no one I soon spent what little money I had, and took passage home on board a Yankee schooner. The Captain was a surly, ill-natured fellow, and was hated by all on board, while he in return did nothing but walk the deck and quarrel with the passengers.

One day he gave me some abuse, which I answered by knocking him down. He rose in a towering passion, threatening to have me punished for mutiny. I answered that by knocking him down again. He lay prostrate for some time, pretending I had killed him, but as I took no notice of that, he got up and made for the cabin.

On arriving at Baltimore, he lodged a complaint

and had me arrested. I summoned the passengers to give an account of the fray, and they all testified in my favor. He got nothing by his suit, but had the costs to pay. He was a man of very vindictive feelings, and this aroused in him the most determined spirit of revenge. He watched his opportunity as I was coming from the theatre, and dealt me a blow from behind that felled me to the ground. I lay insensible for some hours, and even when consciousness was restored, it was some time before I could realize what had occurred; but then I well knew from whom the blow had come, and I too determined on revenge.

About a month after this I fell in with him at a drinking house. He turned pale the moment his eye glanced upon mine, and quailed before me; but I pretended not to recognize him. He could not feel easy, however, and soon left the room. I followed him at a short distance until we came near a vacant lot. Here was now my chance. At a single bound I was upon him, and before he could utter a word, my knife was in his heart. The affair made quite a noise at the time, but not the slightest suspicion was cast on me.

Soon after my return I went to Washington, hoping to find employment, but the same ill luck attended me there. While returning in the public stage, I found with me a lady whom I had known in New Orleans. In the course of conversation she told me she had been deceived by a man I knew well, and who was then in Baltimore. I determined to make him marry her, or else expose him before the world. I told her of my intention, but that she was not to speak of it.

As soon as I reached Baltimore, I went in search of the man, whom I found in a tavern. He tried to make me believe he did not understand me; but I told him flatly that I knew all, and it was in vain for him to deny it. He then acknowledged the whole affair, but said she had deceived him, for although she made great professions of love, she did not care a straw for him. I asked what proof he had of this; he gave none and I saw clearly that he was tired of her, and did not intend to keep his promise. I then told him what he had to expect, and gave him one day to think about it.

He had rich relatives in Baltimore, and he knew that such a story to get out would ruin him, especially with an old aunt who intended leaving him her property, and who was a devoted member of the church.

I called on him the next day, and found him completely changed. He promised to make her his wife before a month had elapsed; went immediately to see her, and continued his visits every day. They were married, he inherited considerable property, and one of the first families in Baltimore sprang from that union.

I had intended giving an account of my eventful life, but death prevented. I was a striking example to what depth of degradation a man can fall by intercourse with bad company. I began life with every advantage which wealth and social position could confer, and there was no office to which I might not have aspired. My first downward step was when I left for Tennessee with a party of reckless fellows. Then was sown the first seed of corruption, which sprang up and rapidly matured in New Orleans; was checked for awhile, but again became rank and exuberant when temptation was thrown in my way.

Month after month rolled on, still finding me helpless and in poverty. By no means could I earn a support; when driven by necessity I penned a letter to my uncle, informing him of my condition and begging for assistance. Having kept it a month he returned it, saying he desired no intercourse with me. Still I looked about for something to do by which I could earn my bread, but all in vain. Becoming desperate, I resolved to bear it no longer. Getting on board a ship bound to New York, I fell overboard and was drowned.

I have already told you that I had no belief in a future state, but thought that when we quitted this world there was an end of us. How long a time elapsed before consciousness came I cannot say; but think it was but a few hours. My first impression was that I had gone into the country looking for employment. All appeared so perfectly natural. Here were trees and rocks and streams, just as I had often seen them, but not an individual did I behold; and wondering where the people were, I resolved to keep on till I could find some one to inform me of my situation.

At length I discovered in the distance, through an opening in the trees, some dark object, and kept on, hoping at last to find out something to relieve me of my perplexity.

As I drew near there lay before me a wretched plain, extending as far as the eye could reach. It grew more dismal as I advanced. Oh, how can I describe the picture of desolation that now fell upon my bewildered vision? Stretched before me was a barren plain; not a shrub or spear of grass could be seen; rocks and precipices on every side; dark and murky was the air; a profound stillness prevailed that filled me with awe. Fear came over me as though something dreadful was at hand. I could see but a short distance ahead, and the gloom seemed to thicken.

At length I heard a rolling noise as though coming from a multitude of voices. Then burst upon my astonished view an immense throng of people—men and women mingled together, all shrieking at the top of the voice, and impelled, it seemed to me, by some irresistible power. I fell to the ground, hoping they would pass on without my being discovered. But no; they came upon me, yelling and shrieking, caught me by the hair, and dragged me till I became insensible.

How long I remained in this condition I know not; but on opening my eyes I beheld crawling toward me an immense serpent, covered with glistening scales of all colors, with fiery eyes and a tongue that seemed dripping with blood. Horror took possession of me, and I could do nothing but close my eyes and submit to my fate without a struggle. He came and folded me in his slimy

embrace, licked me all over, and one by one I heard my bones crack beneath his crushing coil.

Again I lay insensible. When reason was restored I felt a moving mass about me. For a while I lay quiet, wondering what it could be. At length I felt something crawling over my face, and then discovered it to be lice. I sprang up and began to brush them off, but all in vain. They were in countless myriads over and around me. I set off to run, hoping to leave the place, but it was all one place, with lice everywhere. Exhausted, I fell to the ground, and was immediately overwhelmed by the disgusting mass into forgetfulness.

My next trial was to find myself struggling in a deep morass, filthy beyond description. All effort to extricate myself was in vain; it seemed to engulf me the more. Still I struggled on, until deep, deep I sank into unconsciousness.

The next was wading through a wide river. The beautiful shore seemed to recede as I advanced, and although I used every exertion, I could not perceive that a single yard had been gained; my position was ever the same, and, after plunging about for a long time, I sank down from mere exhaustion, gaining but little from my experience.

You are already acquainted with the actual condition of a corrupt spirit on his entrance here. Copy what I said on a former occasion.

[This appeared in the BANNER, Oct. 7, 1865, as follows:]

"What I have just given, you are to suppose was all reality to me, and to imagine yourself witnessing what I have described. It caused me to suffer all the same as though these events actually took place. Such is the experience of every bad man and bad woman that comes here. It is precisely what one suffers in *delirium tremens*. The suffering is intense, but you know the imagined horrors have no reality. All that I have described was during a sleep that I was subjected to; and on waking all these terrible scenes were gone."

[As pertinent to the subject, and corroborating all this, I here copy from my journal part of a communication received from my grandfather in August, 1863. I inquired of him the fate of a sinner on entering spirit-life. He replied:]

"When a dark spirit first enters the spirit-land he is thrown into a deep sleep, in which he sees all the most horrid sights that can harass upon the soul. He sees beasts of the most terrific and disgusting kind, heards, snakes, creeping things, and all because he corrupted his mind with vices that corresponded with such animals. All these visions are realities to him. He continues in this sleep for some time, in length according to the degree of his corruption. When awake, he finds himself in an extended plain filled with dark beings—all as dark as himself. They soon discover him to be a new comer, and rush upon him, dragging him by the hair, yelling, shrieking, howling. Discord reigns everywhere, till he finds himself almost dead with fright. Before he can be received into the society of these devils in human shape, he must become as great a devil as any one of them. After awhile he becomes ready to torment all that come from earth as dark as himself, and soon becomes that damned soul that seldom feels a moment's peace.

Time rolls on, and he comes to his senses, begins to feel some pang of remorse, becomes penitent, and cries to God for mercy. Directly an angel comes to him, causes his garments to become less dark, and hope finds a lodgment in his breast. After he has been some time earnestly seeking God, more light is given, and gradually he progresses to happiness.

Every resting place is a sphere; in every sphere are seven conditions, and many states of development, and in every development different stages of progression. We are all developing to a higher grade, and every position places us beyond our former state, always developing higher, and never ceasing to advance."

[To continue the narrative:] "With those depraved creatures I continued for some time, delighting to torture all who had lived corrupt lives like my own. Daily did I meet with some whom I had known on earth, and with the hate of a fiend did I wreak my vengeance upon them.

After roaming about for a considerable time, I became so hardened in every kind of wickedness that none but the most abandoned wretches would associate with me. Day by day I became worse and worse, until scarcely the semblance of humanity remained. My chief delight was to torture the new comers, and often have I known sweet revenge when one of my former companions fell into my clutches.

I once came upon a man who had bereft me of some property by fraud. The moment he lifted his eyes upon me a death-like feeling came over him, and he fell to the ground in extreme terror. Then came my triumph, and well did I repay him for his treachery. He spoke not a word, but resigned himself to our will. I had with me a band of as desperate creatures as myself. We caught him by the hair and dragged him for hours, until life seemed to be extinct, and then we left him. I could relate many such scenes.

Our band once fell in with a man who had lived in New Orleans, the keeper of a billiard-room. He left no means untold to ruin all that came under his influence. Daily could he be seen standing before his door, inviting all to come that would. Many a young man fell a victim to his arts, and suicide itself was not unfrequently the result of his machinations. At last he died, and on his coming here the first he encountered was our band.

There were among us two who had been his victims. One had lost all his property at billiards and other gambling; the other had also committed suicide. He seemed paralyzed the moment he saw us, for he knew that no mercy was to be expected. We sprang upon him at a bound. He shrieked in great agony, but in a few moments he fell bereft of all consciousness. That man is now one of the most active in torturing others. Such is spirit-life among the lower orders!

Years rolled on without any change in my condition. All that I could think of was the extreme folly of my life; and remorse filled my soul with anguish inconceivable to you. You have been told of liquid fires smoking with sulphur, into which the damned are plunged. That would be heaven compared to what we suffer. Gladly would we make the exchange, especially if after ages of perpetual burnings escape were possible. But the teachings of the church have their influence even here, and all believe their condition to be eternal.

You can imagine nothing so dark and dismal as the scene around us. The light, if it is to be called such, is so obscure that it is with difficulty we can find our way. The ground is bare of everything like vegetation. We see no laughing child at play, no cheerful face, no guileless smile, no one free from care, no peace, no quiet; but despair seems fixed upon every countenance, a general gloom prevails, and all appear driven by remorse to walling without hope of end.

But although dark spirits, we are not altogether bereft of the common feelings of humanity; we are not totally depraved. We even sometimes do good, if at the same time we can derive amusement from it. I will relate an instance that occurred not long since:

There lived in the State of New York a man in humble life who earned his support by cutting wood. He had a straw of a wife, who made him very unhappy by her constant vituperation. He

could not please her, do what he would. This came to the knowledge of a band of dark spirits, and they resolved to give her a lesson, and that she should remember their visit to the end of her life on earth.

One night they began by lifting up the bed till the couple fell out; and hardly had they got back before they were out again. This was repeated several times, until they became terribly alarmed. Noises were heard, too, all over the house, and the different articles of furniture changed places in every direction. Nightly did this continue, till they were almost distracted.

At length when they were ready to leave the house, a message was brought from a distant part of the country telling the wife why they were thus annoyed, and threatening to treat her still worse if she did not make her husband happy. This had a good effect, for from that moment not a happier couple could be found.

I could fill volumes with accounts of our devilities. I have been often in saloons where men assemble to drink and gamble, and there met with those I formerly knew and associated with. Little did they suspect me to be so near, and I had my revenge by stimulating them to still further excesses. Many a brawl and fight, and even many a murder, have thus been brought on by evil spirits.

A man is not dead because the breath has left his body. He is possessed of the same feelings, affections, passions, likes and dislikes he ever had, and some of them even more intensified. Every dare-devil act that thrills the community with horror, is generally the work of evil spirits. Every reputable person will call to mind how at times he has been urged to commit some act of folly at which his soul had ever revolted. This is the whispering of evil spirits, and let them but once get the advantage, and that man has no security for the future.

After many years such as I have described, a spirit came to me and asked if I would like to improve my condition; giving me to understand there was a way of escape. I thought at first he was trifling with me, for such a thought had never entered my mind; but there was a look of sincerity gleaming from his countenance that soon dispelled such an idea, and I fairly quailed before his honest face, nor could I fatter a reply.

He spoke again—told me there was no revengeful Being, but a loving Father—no eternal fires, no everlasting burnings of a guilty conscience—no implacable God, but one ever ready to hear the penitent's cry; no perpetual sorrow, but a calm reliance upon the Father's love—nor should I fear to pray, for prayer is but the uplifting of the heart to God for mercy.

I said not a word in reply, for I could not drink in such a thought—it overwhelmed me; and when I looked upon the wretches that surrounded me, and knew that they had been a long time in that condition, the thing seemed absurd. Yet to doubt his sincerity was impossible, for there he stood, in glittering array, truth beaming forth from every lineament. He bade me reflect on what he had said, promising to come again. I did reflect, but the thought made no lodgment within my breast; I was too corrupt.

He came again, bringing with him a bright spirit, whose first glance threw me into inexpressible emotion. It was my child. She waited for me to speak, but I could not. At length she said: "Father, it is I, your dear child. You will believe me, I am sure; I come to lead you from this horrid condition, and assist you in your upward progress. This dear friend has told me all about you, and I cannot be happy till I see you so. Let me instruct you, dear father, and know that you are a child of God, as am I, and that you can become as bright a spirit as any that chants the praises of God."

Then spoke her companion, and said: "You must no longer despair, my friend. Know that we are sent to proclaim freedom to all, to every child of God, however laden with sin. Know that all your crimes can be obliterated by repentance, and that even the painful remembrance of them will pass away. No longer mourn then over the past, but lift up your heart in fervent prayer to God, and be assured you will be heard."

Is it not wonderful that such an appeal did not reach my heart? So hardened was it, and corrupt, that but little impression was made. Yet I could not banish it altogether from my mind, and often those words came upon me with great force.

I inquired who was my first visitor, and learned that he bore your name—he was your son. This was several years before I made your acquaintance. My daughter came often after this and renewed her entreaties, but to no purpose. I was too much enthralled by the vile wretches among whom I first was thrown, and by their influence was I kept in the same dark condition until I met with you; yet often thinking of what your son and my child had said.

Thus it was, when, more than three years ago, I made your acquaintance at your sister's in Northampton. I come at first merely for amusement, and thought of nothing but to tax your credulity and make fun. You could not conceive of such duplicity in the spirit-world, because your experience hitherto had been only with your bright friends. I saw where to touch the tenderest spot—I knew the secret grief that weighed you down, and on that I brought all my efforts to bear. How flattering were the hopes excited, and how poignant the disappointment. Never have I witnessed more acute mental agony than when first the cheat was discovered. And this was followed by another and another deception, but inflicting not the like pain, for distrust after this was ever present.

I am not so dark as I was then. Your instructions have done more to enlighten me than all else beside. Be not surprised at this. You would naturally suppose that bright spirits would have far greater influence; but it is not so, as all dark spirits will testify. You are nearer to our plane than they. When you speak it comes as though from one of us, while bright spirits are so far above our comprehension, that what they say makes but slight impression. They talk at us, while you speak to us.

At first your conversation fell upon me as idle words, but not so with all who heard you; and you cannot imagine what crowds assembled when you gave one of your lectures to dark spirits—pressing against each other to catch every word; and at each lecture the throng increased, until it numbered thousands. How astonished will you be, on coming here, to find yourself attended by many, very many spirits whom you never knew on earth, or even heard of. These were once dark spirits who have profited by your instructions, and who attribute all their present happiness to those lectures.

You ask, have I not too been benefited? I have, but not to the same extent as others. I have eagerly listened, and anxiously desired to drink in every word, but there is something about me which I cannot fathom. Intellectually, I believe in your truth, but it does not reach my heart, so that I can do the good I see it has done to others. Yet I am a better man, by far, than when first I came,

The patient endurance you manifested under such persistent persecution, did more to rouse within me better feelings than all your teachings; and often when I thought of practicing another deception, your calm and earnest appeal turned me away.

There is one part of my conduct for which I cannot forgive myself. You were doing a good work in those circles, but I put a stop to them by telling you that it was all folly to suppose that spirits could be benefited by anything you could say, and that it was only a subject of meritment to them. At this you became disheartened, and no more circles were held. Many curses have been thrown upon me for this, and I reproach myself exceedingly.

Let me explain why it is so difficult for us to progress. We are constantly attended by groups of spirits who form a little community. Every thought is known as soon as it finds lodgment in the brain, and if teachings such as you have given, or such as we receive from bright spirits, should make any impression, all around are excited, and no peace can that spirit know until he manifests his indifference by some great act of devilry.

But there are exceptions. Recently I came across a spirit who had been attending your circle, and your words had made a powerful impression. He kept aloof from all society, and took no pleasure in the scenes he formerly delighted in. As soon as this was known, strong efforts were made to bring him back, but all in vain: he stood firm as a rock. Months rolled on, as you compute time, and I lost sight of him, until recently he came as a minister to dark spirits, and the change I witnessed in him was beyond all description. He had laid aside his dark garments, and now appeared clothed in bright array. But the greatest change was in the expression of his countenance; it fairly beamed with love. I give this as a remarkable instance, although I must admit that I have known many such. His name was Andrew Addison.

Occasionally one turns aside to his meditations, but not long is he alone, for soon a bright spirit is at his side, whispering words of consolation; and I have never known one who had taken the first progressive step, whom I did not afterwards see in bright apparel, come to instruct us.

Thus, my friend, I have given you an account of my eventful life, both on earth and since I have come to the spirit-world. It is full of instruction, and should be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, for the benefit of others. You can avail yourself of the hints I have given to ascertain the truth of every word. I died at the advanced age of 65, on the 5th of July, 1835.

I have no objection to give you, in confidence, the name of my father, B— I—

[Before you go, please explain, if you can, how it is that you have impressed me with all this—given, I am sure, in your own words—now as great a mystery to me as ever.]

"When I wish to impress you with certain words I first fix my thought firmly upon them, and then breathe them upon your brain; immediately the impression is made. At times I am at fault; this is because I did not sufficiently intensify my thought, and I have to try again. Sometimes the difficulty is with you, when you suffer your thoughts to wander, or your attention is attracted by other influence, but you are the best medium I have yet found."

Baltimore, Jan. 18, 1867.

*One of the first families in Baltimore.

CONSOLATION IN SPIRITUALISM.

The warblings of the captive canary arrest the attention of the nursing infant, the calyx of whose soul is just beginning to open and to disclose the embryo bud of that rare and beautiful flower, reason. With what seeming eagerness and wonder he grasps after the sunbeam that finds its way through the half-closed blinds into the nursery. "Too bright for your tender sight," says the fond mother. Everything that surrounds him is an influence that tends to develop into a higher and more perfect understanding, till the blossoming mind ripens into the fruit of intelligence. And then what follows? Do we find him still listening to the voice of Nature till her varied accents have a meaning and become as familiar to his ear as those variously modulated tunes of his mother's voice? No; we find his soul embalm'd in prejudice, wrapped about and as impervious to surrounding influences as the mummied form of a long buried Egyptian. The hand that shielded his first tender sight from the too glaring sunlight, shaded his mental vision also from great truths; sitting herself in the shadow of darkness, the same reflected upon him. Later, the world took him into keeping, and it said, "Here you find paths wherein are the footsteps of ages; walk ye therein." They are overgrown and shaded by the parasite century plants of old thought and superstition; milestones of what has been hedge the way, and he plods as others have done, not daring to let a glance fall beyond the posts, for the great Cycloplan eye of the world is upon him, and what would it say if he should launch forth to set a few new stakes? yes, what has it said, and what does it say? Why did Columbus's aspirations meet with such rebuffs? Why was he called a fool and a maniac? And why did Galileo's scientific investigations bring upon him the condemnation of death? And why, in every age, coming down to our own day and generation, have men been persecuted who outgrew the awarding creeds and opinions of their ancestors? It is because they have appeared in the horizon, a star in the east, indicators of new truths, before the world has fully ripened to receive them.

He who refuses to accept inexplicable theories thrust upon his understanding, but who claims for Nature immutable laws fixed by a higher intelligence, is set aside as a fanatic, or worse, and it is only from a spirit of compassion that he is tolerated in so-called good society. You scarcely storm the citadel of thought nowadays, but to find within a wrestling against Orthodoxy. Men and women keep up a continual strife with reason, rather than open the doors and windows of their understanding to let in the searching truth of God's own light, which alone can convert this desert world of doubt, of fear and illiberality, to a garden of revealed evidences that will arouse within us a consciousness that we are akin to angels, who guide, guard and sympathize with us.

In this staid Quaker city, of uniform red brick blocks, with unadorned white marble steps and white board window blinds, turned back, having the appearance of so many tablets set in the walls, as if awaiting the coming of the recording angel, upon which to write the deeds of men, I am the guest of one who grieves under the burden of sorrow, caused by the recent departure of her mother to that sphere of existence where the spirit is free to set unfettered by the clogs that made it, here twin sufferer with clay. In relating to me incidents of her last days on earth, she says, "My mother was not a Spiritualist, and never gave heed to any of her *spiritual* opinions; but there was

something very singular connected with her illness. For months she was almost wholly confined to her own room, and when I would insist upon having some one remain with her, she would say, 'Oh no, I am not alone; two forms are ever by my side.' And when her weeping daughter stopped to catch the accents of her scarcely audible voice, "weep not," and turning her head from one side to the other, smilingly she said, "They await to bear me hence." There was no longer speech, the spirit had fled.

"And now," adds the daughter, "I sometimes hope that she lingers near me. I feel her presence, and my interrogatories to her seem to be answered. She reassures my grief."

Ah, how sweetly comforting would be these seeming evidences of an angel mother's presence, if she could accept them as realities, and could be convinced that heaven is not so far away but that our souls may hold endearing commune with those that go across the placid stream before us. How we long to see these fettering bands of *isms* broken, that hold enslaved the soul, staving the outgushing expression of all that is in us worthy a relationship with the Divine. When creeds give way to truths, and the prayer book to the utterances of the soul, then shall we live toward the perfecting of a higher existence, where longings for more life, more light, more love, are satisfied. Philadelphia, March 11th, 1867. M. J. S.

RURAL SUNDAYS.

BY J. DOMBER, JR.

'Tis sweet to hear the mellow bells Ring on the Day of Rest.

'Tis sweet to hear them softly knell O'er sparkling wave and hill and dell, Till their faint notes with Echo dwell, Like whisperings of the blest!

Churogging bells! churogging bells! Thou art pathos to the ear!

When o'er the hills we love so well, Thy symphonies in beauty swell, Apollo strikes his tuneful shell, And wakes the holy teal!

'Tis on a quiet Sunday morn In balmy month of May,

When cattle with the crumpled horn Delighted scent approaching Dawn, And blushing, rosy-fingered Morn Speeds smiling on her way.

The prudent wife with pious care Hides Tommy's toys to-day,

While good granddame in easy chair Doth comb the quirming urchin's hair, Which makes the youngster almost swear At being kept from play.

Deep in the chimney-corner snug Is grandmère stowed away:

With feet upon the homely rug, In easy reach the cider-mug, The old man doth his Bible hug And puff his pipe of clay.

'Neath well-sweep, just across the way, Old Tige lies in the sun;

Young Hopeful, mindful of the day, Unto the barnyard wends his way, To scare the chickens from their "lay," Till Monday has begun!

Screened by yon fragrant hay-cock's height— Sub rosa lies the pledge—

Are scapegrace sons of Parson Trite, And Deacon Jones, and Widowsmilt! The young scamps puff in huge delight Pipes, short and black; and all unite In game known as "Old Sledge!"

Adown the road in solemn state Slow rides the godly Deacon;

Little cares he if he is late— He knows the choir will for him wait; So, wiping sweat from ruddy pate, He cries "Hud up! Hud up, old Kate!" And jogs along to meeting.

By yonder creek, I'm grieved to say, With boots down at his heels,

Lurks trout bait on Sabbath day! Good Lord! what would the Deacon say, Should thirity nag take him that way? No doubt he would the youngster flay, Who slyly bobs for eels!

In yonder house with steeple tall The saluts have met to pray—

Or doze. We hear the parson draw, "In Adam's fall we sinned all." "Thus saith the Lord, and thus St. Paul," And, "Fourthly," hear of his "last call" To Heaven lands away.

While in the gallery, hid from view Behind the singers' screen,

Or, haply, in yon silent pew, Laughs graceless lad, who graceless throes Those beehnuts at the Deacon's cue! Woe, woe, young lad! woe unto you— When he wakes from his dream!

Fond mothers in the churchyard stray, The morning service o'er;

They wander 'mong the tombs to-day To sadly weep, or silent pray, Or prune the rosebush o'er the clay Of loved ones, gone before!

Rest, rest, my Muse! Keep silent here! Let heart-incease arise

In holy thoughts of those yet dear! Thy loved ones surely linger near, Though faintly comes "my title clear" To mansions in the skies."

Look up, bereaved ones of earth! Thy clouds with brightness blend!

Freed from this world of little worth, We'll meet them round a Heavenly bench, Joint-heirs to an Immortal Birth, Whose Sabbath ne'er shall end. St. Albans, Vt.

Infant Damnation Doctrine.

The Watchman and Reflector, referring to Rev. Mr. Chamber's article in the Universalist, conclusively showing that Orthodoxy has taught the doctrine of infant damnation, says: "no one read in dogmatic history would think of denying that many theological orthodoxy have taught directly or by implication, the doctrine of infant damnation, some as a logical deduction, or as a loose inference, from their creed at one point and some at another. The denial of it by any one is sufficient evidence that the person, however popular as a preacher, or prominent in general denominational matters, is not an authority in dogmatic history; and to catch up the loose *dicta* of such, and then overthrow them with a parade of learning, is to say the least, far from scholarly. It is only an opinion somewhat, if it know, from whence the denial came. Nor do we think the learned clergyman who made it, will very much thank the Watchman and Reflector for the compliment. Dr. Beecher, once denied it, and was repelled by a Unitarian minister. Perhaps Dr. B. was no authority in dogmatic history. The Watchman and Reflector, then, acknowledges that the doctrine has been taught by Calvinistic writers.—The Universalist.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON WAGES.

NUMBER TWO.

Q.—After all, what would the laborer do without the capitalist?

A.—The question is answered by another question: without the surplus of product taken from the laborer, where would have been the capitalist?

Q.—Ah! but if the capitalist does not employ—

A.—Let us go back to first principles: without labor there is no wealth. If the capitalist, who has accumulated by opportunity and unjust laws made in times of oppression, withhold from the laborer, even wherewithal to barely live, he menaces his own fortune, which is absurd—besides doing a wrong.

Q.—In what manner?

A.—Suppose an extreme case. If all capitalists followed the same rule and could leave the people without employment, within a given time the great mass of the people would perish; the greater number of the middle class would then be reduced to ruin by the want of purchasers of their goods, and finally the richest men would fall and perish.

Q.—Could not the middle class (traders, &c.) be sustained by the rich?

A.—It is the millions who buy to eat, to clothe themselves, to procure shelter, warmth, comfort, to travel, to obtain fair prices, who support the traders, merchants, manufacturers, &c. The rich man spends more in proportion than a poor man, but chiefly in the way of luxuries, and much of his extravagance is less directly beneficial, as it is a means of supporting artificial and even demoralizing industries.

Q.—And yet a vast mass of our goods are purchased only by the rich?

A.—If we go back no more than a hundred years, we shall find that many things are common among the laboring class now, which were exclusively enjoyed by the rich of that time.

Q.—What has caused the change?

A.—Two things: improved mechanical skill, enabling us to sell such luxuries and necessities at a low price, and improved condition and intelligence of the laborer, which enables him to procure better wages, and requires him to live more like a man.

Q.—Then we get back to a former statement, that the nation is more prosperous.

A.—Certainly. The more people are employed at good wages, the more money is put every day in circulation, and the more the demand for good workmen of all kinds is increased, by everybody being able to aid in the operations of doing more business and interchanging more money.

Q.—Then you place the rich in the second place in a country?

A.—For the reason that, without the millions whose heads and hands change the raw materials of nature into articles of food and raiment, &c., they could have had no existence; further, because, in sustaining our markets by what they personally consume or use, they necessarily do very little.

Q.—Yet we regard them as the very life and soul of a nation?

A.—An eminent Catholic Bishop in the twelfth century, says: "Only two classes are recognized in a nation, the clergy who pray and the nobles who fight." The people, he says contemptuously, "are not reckoned in the State." Do we still "reckon" the laborers of so little importance? Or do we not overrate the social position of the children of opportunity?

Q.—Then what is the true position of the merchant or trader?

A.—They are a sort of middle-men—the farmer who raises crops—the manufacturer who weaves goods—the miner who digs for metals—the laborer of every kind, both of head and hand, who by his industry creates a useful, saleable article, is not always able to sell for want of time and occasion; he therefore disposes of or trusts his goods to the middle man, who for a commission or per centage, in addition to the original price, undertakes to find purchasers, or transports them to places where they are required.

Q.—But this operation may not be very beneficial to the laborer?

A.—He, the creator of the wealth, holds the lowest position. In the first place, the land is claimed as the property of a rich man; he lets to another, and he probably sublets to a third, who, speculating on the necessities of the many who cannot get foothold of land or right in the material, employs them at the lowest price—the middle men and the proprietor, who do nothing but own, requiring the large profits which impoverish the workmen.

Q.—But who is to blame in all this?

A.—No one in fact. The condition in which the people of the twelfth century were, (being slaves,) did not allow of much improvement for many centuries. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, some of the worst features of slavery were modified; but not only laborers, even clerics, traders and merchants, were regarded as having no rights that the superior classes need respect.

Q.—Then our social and class prejudices are only a modification of ancient barbarisms?

A.—Undoubtedly. The savage in man is not yet conquered, and therefore all those who have the opportunity think themselves justified in profiting by it.

Q.—Supposing our rich recognized the source of their wealth, and resolved to make the laborer a fair sharer with him, would he not be ruined?

A.—That is hardly possible. For if the effect of it was at once to double the amount of wages, the result would be necessary to an equal increase in the business transactions of the country, and consequently a larger remuneration to every well-to-do man.

Q.—How so?

A.—If ten millions of dollars a week have been paid our laborers, and the amount was suddenly increased to twenty millions a week, or a thousand millions a year, the capacity of the workers to buy in the market is doubled. And as each dollar is capable of being the vehicle for many purchases or exchanges—each one who receives such a sum of the rights of man were very slowly but surely developed, until even those most unjustly treated and despised came in for a share of the blessing. Thus justice works itself out through the selfishness of man. The wrongs exercised toward individuals have excited reflections which have resonated out to the rights of all. And hence the oppressed, whether noble or priest, merchant, poet or philosopher, in laboring for their own cause have labored unknowingly to break the yoke of the tyranny of bad habits, and sow the seeds of a more peaceful and prosperous future.

Q.—Then the progress of civilization is mostly due to the recognition of the rights of the laboring classes to a fair equivalent for the work produced.

A.—Exactly so. In the conflicts of classes, in the antagonism of interests, in the struggles for power, in the eagerness for place, the great fundamental rights of the rights of man were very slowly but surely developed, until even those most unjustly treated and despised came in for a share of the blessing. Thus justice works itself out through the selfishness of man. The wrongs exercised toward individuals have excited reflections which have resonated out to the rights of all. And hence the oppressed, whether noble or priest, merchant, poet or philosopher, in laboring for their own cause have labored unknowingly to break the yoke of the tyranny of bad habits, and sow the seeds of a more peaceful and prosperous future.

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 in that way... About our hearts, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

(Lionel Hunt.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Crocus Vernus.

The spring crocus has sent up its delicate blossoms, pushing them up through the rough soil as if in too much haste to utter the beautiful prophecy of summer to wait for the coming forth of the leaves and stalks.

In walking through the busy streets of a city, all sorts of life was to be seen. Here were gay young ladies after their spring bonnets, and young men hurrying to their business.

What a beautiful illustrated margin to this great book of life and death! These little blossoms were ever dear to me, but now they seemed dearer and tenderer than ever.

It is laid in ancient fable that Crocus and Smilax loved each other. But for some reason the course of their love did not run smoothly.

These little flowers are very much like the lives of some people, nothing but bloom and beauty. They make me think of a little family whose history is written down by the angels as an illustrated margin to the great black letter book of New York City.

Oh what wretchedness can be found in one avenue of a great city! Who would ever think there could be any blossoming of beauty there? In the midst of all the filth and misery, in a wretched tenement house, a father and mother were both dying.

When all was over and the little ones had cried until there were no more tears, and the baby had been quieted with a little plain fluid that is called grocer's milk, there came a gleam of sunshine into that darkened room.

"Bless your hearts! and do n't you know Margery, dearies? It's no one else, sure."

And she caught up the baby and covered it with kisses, and patted Mary, the oldest, on the head, and drew Frank, the round-cheeked boy, who could thrive on a crust and a drink of cold water, close to her shoulder, and laid Jennie's head down on her knee.

When all was over, and the few little things that belonged to the father and mother were collected, Margery began her new life.

"I can do with little sleep," she said to herself. "I'm strong and hearty, and I feel so comfortable looking at the dear little creatures sleeping close by me."

"I'm strong and hearty, and I feel so comfortable looking at the dear little creatures sleeping close by me. I've looked up at the picture many a time, and I'm sure that the eyes look at me, and the head nods."

And Margery crossed herself, and then gave another look to the blanket that covered the baby.

But cheerful as Margery was, she found it getting some work. She had to be up early and get the breakfast ready, and everything prepared to leave.

At first Margery thought she must have meant every day; but that would not do, it cost too much; so she saved that for her Sunday's luxury, and she managed to keep the children healthy on other food.

What a busy life she had. Up early in the morning, sweeping, dusting, caring for the baby, getting breakfast, leaving the dishes for Mary to wash, and she was off by seven o'clock to her day's work.

But all the weariness of toil departed when she was at home again with the baby in her arms, and Jennie by her side. Supper over—for Margery would go through all the forms of getting a good supper when she had only bread and a bit of tea without any sugar—and the children at last asleep, she began her night work, which consisted of patching and darning in a clumsy way, for Margery had never been used to nice sewing, and it took her a good while to do a little.

She never went to bed until twelve, but patiently strove with her sleeplessness, that she might keep the children decent.

And in all this hard toil she was never sorry that she had it to do, and never wished that she had not begun it. It could not be supposed that the children would be altogether a comfort to her. The baby, left to hands that did not love it, and to poor milk and such food as the other baby got, was often cross, and had half-waking sleep.

At last that greatest of all trials to the poor came: they were sick. And now Margery had to leave her work, and watch and nurse them by day and night. The little money that she had saved for their clothes must be taken to pay for medicines and a doctor.

"But if it dies you would have less care," said some one.

Margery was angry. She want less care! She want to get a little more comfort by such a loss! No, no. And she prayed and watched, and carefully nursed the little ones into life again, and then went back thankfully to her work.

One day Frank seemed to be really lost. The corner groceries could give no account of him. He was not to be heard of in the baker's shop; the alleys and ash barrels gave no trace of him.

"Never you mind, he'll turn up," said one. "Such troublesome fellows always come round."

"Troublesome?" said Margery, bridling up, "and where's a better boy than my Frankie? Didn't he kiss me this morning, and say he'd never be a bit of trouble more?"

"It's all because I was thinking to myself that I was tired and wanted a little rest. I'll never do it again, if only the blessed Virgin will bring him back."

Perhaps you will think this is a homely sketch, but it is true to life. The last I knew, Margery was toiling on in cheerfulness and hope, glad in every care, and willing to perform all her labors for those she loved.

But her life is to me like the beautiful bed of Crocuses. From out that hard, rough life, those beautiful blossoms of love are springing up. There seems to be no growing up to bloom, but a blossom out of the soil—beauty right out of the roughness of that coarse life.

I often think of Margery, and wish I knew just how she was getting on, and whether Frankie runs away, and the baby creeps yet. But how time flies by! The baby is another Frankie by this time, and even Jennie goes to school.

How glad the angels must be as they watch her patient, lovely life! Do you not think they find blossoms about her path, bright bouquets of love that they can gather and bear to heaven?

INSECTS' WINGS.

The buzzing and humming of insects proceeds from the motion of their wings, which move very rapidly. An ingenia instrument has been invented for the purpose of ascertaining the rate of vibration of any sound.

loste and thin, that fifty thousand placed upon the other would not form a heap more than a quarter of an inch high. And yet in each one circulates the life and flows the living power of the insect.

GUESS WHAT I HAVE HEARD.

BY MRS. FOLLEN.

Dear mother, guess what I have heard! Oh, it will soon be spring, I'm sure it was a little bird—Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green That peeps out from the snow As if it wanted to be seen— 'T will soon be spring, I know.

And oh, come here, come here and look— How fast it runs along; Here is a cunning little brook, Oh hear its pretty song!

I know 't is glad the winter's gone That kept it all so still, For now it merrily runs on And goes just where it will.

I feel just like the brook, I know; It says, it seems to me, "Good-by, cold weather, ice and snow; Now girls and brooks are free."

I love to think of what you said, Mother, to me last night, Of this great world that God has made So beautiful and bright.

And now it is the happy spring, No naughty thing I'll do; I would not be the only thing That is not happy, too.

(Original.)

FLEUR-DE-LYS, OR FLEUR-DE-LUCE.

The early kings of France had an emblem on their crowns and sceptres which was quite singular. Some supposed it to represent the three petals of the Iris; others thought that the original emblem was three toads, which was gradually changed to look like no particular object and called Fleur-de-Lys.

Answer to Enigmas in our last.

There are deep vales, wild hills and thorny deserts, And stony wastes, for mortal feet to cross, Ere souls may sit in Gain's eternal presence, With garlands crowned, victorious over Loss.

Reply of Dr. Horton.

My attention has been recently called, by my niece, Mrs. Bradford, a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT, to an article in the issue of April 6th, under the signature of "N. M., Roxbury, Mass."

The writer says, "If I comprehend his mental condition, testimony will not satisfy him, and testimony is all that can be furnished through your columns to satisfy such wants as his."

Now lest I should be thought querulous, I think proper to confirm the statement made in my first communication to your paper, Jan. 6th, viz., "that I am willing and wish to be convinced of the truth of spirituality. Now all I ask is for such testimony as shall convince my understanding—such evidence as shall not require me to ignore all former experience—such evidence as shall not cause me to stultify myself by laying aside judgment and reason to believe the ipse dixit of any man."

To the main objection presented to my mind, and stated in my second communication of March 9th, I have received no response. I made the assertion that matter can and does think—that is to say, matter organized by Dely; that the mind, soul or spirit commenced to be formed in early life, through the medium of the senses; that the soul had not a previous state of existence; or if it had, we, in our present state, had no consciousness of such existence; and therefore it was no concern of ours. The conclusion arrived at from these premises was, that it would be a legitimate deduction to say that that which had a beginning must have an end; that when the body ceased to exist, as an active organized being, the soul, consequently, which had its beginning with the body and was dependent on it, must also cease to exist.

When I said, "Man is a religious animal," I stated an acknowledged fact. Most nations have some kind of religion. I think not all; for the Japanese are Atheists, and have no religion. Why it should be so, I suppose it would be wise for me, as well as for your correspondent, to reply, Nescio—I know not.

When your learned correspondent undertakes to explain the reason why man is such, his reasoning becomes incomprehensible to my limited understanding.

I do not comprehend the meaning of "intuitive faculties," "inner senses," "these inner senses work in most persons; they witness or they sense and testify to such that lies outside the reach of the external senses." This is all Greek or Hebrew to me. I do not understand it.

Again, "one-half the world is feminine; that half is said to reason with the heart, or intuitively." Now I am willing to concede all possible goodness to what is commonly called the heart of woman; but when I find a grave philosopher undertaking to prove the truth or falsity of a proposition by the reasoning powers of a woman's heart, I am inclined to think that he is hard pushed for an argument.

And again: "Is it well, is it right, is it indicative of mental acumen and mental nerve to ignore the

capacities for visions and intuition, and shrink from grappling with the forms and facts which they bring forth?"

That crazy man John (commonly called a saint) had a great capacity for visions, but I have seldom found a sane man that could comprehend his visions. Dr. Adam Clark, who wrote a learned commentary on the Bible, when he got to the Apocalypse said, "I do not understand the book."

I never had much veneration for what is called intuition. I have never met with a great mind from intuitive genius. Great and correct knowledge is only to be acquired by patient study, deep research and calm investigation. To speak of the intuitions of the heart is nonsense, unless heart is used metaphorically for brain. My heart can no more think than my hand. Females claim great credit for their goodness of heart, and we are willing to accord to them all they claim; but after all it is the head whence the goodnes arises, and is conveyed through delicate and sensitive nerves to regulate their finer feelings.

When I shall be able to comprehend the visions of Spiritualism, I shall accord to John, of the Apocalypse, all he claims for the monstrous productions of a disordered mind; and to Baron Swedenborg his visions when in a cataleptic state, which he mistook for realities.

W. L. HORTON, M. D.

Lynnfield Hotel, Mass., April 24th, 1867.

AFTER THE STRIFE, VICTORY AND REST.

BY WILFRID WILEYS.

Why are you downcast, oh my brother, treading With steps sublime the weary march of life, While round your way the evil fiends are flaunting With bloody hands the crimson flags of strife?

Dost deem, to-day, that Heaven with brazen arches And windows closed, o'erhangs the way ye tread?

Dost weep, heartsick, that all your toilsome marches Seem but to lead to valleys dry and dead?

Whilst struggling hard with life's besetting evils, Whilst battling hard with life's low aims and ill, Dost deem it all a mirage, demon painted, The lovely greenness of the far-off hills—

The far-off hills that ever rise before you In emerald glory, mocking the estate Of treeless wastes, and valleys rude and stony, And sandy deserts, wide and desolate?

Faint not! Faint not! the brazen skies shall open, Oh! footsore toiler on the sandy plain; And earth grow green, with more than emerald raptures, And joy shall greet your mourning souls again.

There are deep vales, wild hills and thorny deserts, And stony wastes, for mortal feet to cross, Ere souls may sit in Gain's eternal presence, With garlands crowned, victorious over Loss.

But yet—trust God—there is a realm Elysian, Where rest will come to all our wearied feet; Where, after strife, the war-scarred soul reposes Amid the joys of that divine retreat,

Whose emerald hills entranced our pilgrim vision, With bowers of balm that scent the cloudless air;

Th' abode of souls that crossed the flood before us, Whose victor palms are beckoning for us there!

Spiritualism in the M. E. Pulpit—An Extract from Dr. Fisk's Sermon.

It was my privilege and pleasure quite recently to listen to a sermon from the Rev. Stephen Fisk, M. D., LL. D., of New Albany, Ind., one of the most eloquent and learned preachers in the West. The Doctor's text was (Exodus xxiii: 20), "Behold send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." He said that the doctrine of the text was, that God provides the Christian with everything necessary and useful for his pilgrimage through this world, and that he has prepared for him a resting-place at the end of his journey. God sends angels before the Christian pilgrim—spiritual messengers before him—to keep him in the way and to bring him into the place which he has prepared. God, he said, has use or employment for all the creatures he had made; for every saint on earth, for every angel in heaven. He would that none be idle. He has a mission for every one. Man's duties are revealed in the Bible, but angels and the spirits of the just, who live in the light of his divine countenance, go and come at his bidding. He speaks and they obey. Angels and archangels, cherubims and seraphims, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and reformers, and all the holy hosts of heaven, are his ministering spirits, frequently dispatched to minister unto the strangers and sojourners of earth. He sends forth these spirits to guide and guard his contrite children through this wilderness world to their promised place at his right hand.

Oh, consoling doctrine! Angels are around us. The spirits of the departed good encamp about our pathway. Who knows how many times the sainted spirit of Paul has been our guardian-angel, protecting and defending us from the ingenious stratagems of Satan, leading us on in the path of duty, and enabling us to bear with patience and fortitude all the ills that checker the scenes of our mortal existence? Who can tell how often Marah's humble spirit has surrounded our thorny pathway, stroving it with heavenly flowers and the golden fruits of the tree of life, and perfuming the atmosphere we breathe with celestial fragrance.

Who knows how frequently the sainted spirits of Benson and Watson and Clark have hovered over our minds, directing them to the sound doctrines of the Gospel of Truth; and how often has the fervent spirit of Wesley inspired us with zeal, and the spirit of Luther with holy boldness to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. And how often has Bunyan's blessed spirit lingered around our path, to lead us on to God. And who knows, brethren, but it is the inspiring spirit of the flaming Whitefield, or Hall, or Chalmers, that sometimes sets on fire our stammering tongues with heavenly eloquence, as we feebly try to preach the Redeemer? We beloved brethren, our dear Redeemer sends an angel—a holy convoy of angels before his saints; to keep them in the way which leads to his saint; but as soon as they arrive at its vestibules and pass the golden gates of glory, and have taken possession of the harps and palms and crowns, he commissions them back again to earth or to some other region of his vast universe, as his ministering spirits.

Christians, have you a dear companion in heaven, a father, a mother, a son or daughter, a

brother or sister, a wife or husband in glory? Behold! they are this hour crowding around thee—going before thee—keeping thee in the way. They loved thee on earth; they love thee not less in heaven; and hence they wing their flight through the trackless ether down to the earthly atmosphere where you dwell.

"To guide and guard your doubtful way Up to the realm of cloudless day."

My friends, I have a child in heaven. I have a little infant cherub whose spirit this moment is wandering in a cloud of glory, through the aromatic gardens and over the delectable mountains of the blest. She spent here below a few days of sorrow and disease, but now she plucks the fragrant flowers and the delicious fruits of Paradise, leans her lovely head upon the bosom of Jesus, and sweetly slumbers in a beatific vision of the throne of God. I have often fancied, in the hours of darkness and despondent gloom, that her glorified spirit lingered around me, whispering words of consolation and hope. I have imagined that it was the echo of her lute which made sweet music in my heart, the hallowedness of her presence that drove far from me the tempter with his wicked doubts; and the rustling of her wings of glory which seemed to pavilion me around with star-lit irradiations from the eternal throne.

Yes, I have a daughter in heaven! I have one golden chord which transmits the electric spark of divine love from the throne of the Lamb to my poor, unworthy heart. Glory to God we have dear friends in heaven! Parents, husbands, wives, children, brothers, sisters and associates have all gone before us, and they are now looking down upon us and watching over us with the deepest solicitude; and I sometimes fancy I can hear them sing as they fly down from the vestibules of glory,

At God's command from heaven we fly, To guard the bed on which you lie, To shield thy forms by night and day, And scatter all thy fears away.

Letter from the Translator of the Works of A. J. Davis.

(Translation.)

BRESLAU, Jan. 23, 1867.

MR. A. J. DAVIS—My Venerated Teacher: I am happy to lay before you my German translation of your Reformer, Vol. IV, Great Harmonia. Years of toil were necessary to bring out this first production of my love of your Harmonial Philosophy, which, as you remember, I hoped to have printed "with golden types on silken sheets."

That my labors have thus been crowned by so happy a result must principally be attributed to the influence of your own spirit, which was felt at the seeming boundaries of civilization, far out in Russia's deserts. There the spirit of a man was awake from the night of dogmatism to the light of Harmonial Philosophy, willing to lend his powers to the grand task to disseminate those heavenly teachings. And to this man you will find my translation dedicated.

All that is spiritual ever throws off light. The treasures of spiritual gems which were placed under my guardianship could not be kept in the dark. The various efforts made for years in your country and in mine to accomplish the German publication of your works, had disclosed my name to many of your admirers, and here and there in German periodicals it was mentioned in connection with that of my venerated friend, Nees Von Esehörk, as co-laborers in the glorious field.

Thus, by a happy chance, as many would call it, the eyes of my Russian friend and patron, Alexander Aksakow, were directed upon me. This gentleman is a descendant of a high-standing family, and is a successful writer and translator (of Swedenborg) himself. Without his ample means, and over all without his advice and influence, it would have been impossible for me to succeed, even if my exertions could have been increased.

In consequence of my first steps to find a publisher, my best MSS., viz: the "Staff," "Revelations," "Physician," "Teacher," and "Seer," were at that time in the hands of a publishing house in Bremen, which, expecting pecuniary help from American friends, delayed the actual printing of the "Seer." When I met my Russian friend first, I had but the "Reformer" ready for the press. We did not wish to lose any more time, and it was resolved, therefore, to print the "Reformer" first. Meanwhile I did the necessary steps to recover my valuable MSS., in which I succeeded after months of hard labor, and only by paying fifty dollars indemnity, and were refunded by Mr. Aksakow. *Alca est jarla!* The first die has been thrown; the others must necessarily follow! The printing of your "Staff" has already begun; next shall come the "Divine Revelations," and then all your other works in chronological order.

It seems to be a fortunate incident that we had to begin for Germany with the "Reformer," for just this volume handles themes of paramount interest for us. The German way of looking at and judging things may be somewhat different from the American one, where the actual facts of Spiritualism are more accessible.

At first I was inclined to begin with the "Seer," which seemed very well adapted to teach our material and sensual philosophers, so much estranged to all spiritual perception. But in place of the "Seer," your "Staff" will be a very interesting and popular substitute.

Unfortunately my MS. was badly spotted and interpolated in Bremen, so much so as to require partial re-writing.

All my end and aim is to finish the task which was begun, and to translate completely all your writings before going to any other spiritualistic work, the translation of which might seem judicious. I must keep my whole energy concentrated on one task. To fully succeed in it, it would be very desirable to have my worldly circumstances eased, more so than they actually are. I hope that some pecuniary success derived from the publication of the Reformer will help a little to this end, and that I then will be enabled to fully come up to all that remains to be done.

In order to facilitate the sale of the American edition of your writings, I added to my Prospectus an English Catalogue, hoping thereby to add another mile toward the dissemination of the Harmonial Philosophy and the realization of the beautiful dream of your beloved mother.

Many other points which I have to omit in this letter, can be talked over between you and our mutual friend, H. Sibirbaum.

Let me soon have a few lines from you. Let the glory of spiritual truth shine brightly from your spirit over all the world. The latter is deeply buried in darkness, and needs strong beacon lights to find its way to the bright springtime of love, and to the golden harvest days of wisdom! Truly bound to you in spiritual harmony, I remain your devoted friend,

GREGOR CONSTANTINE WITTO, No. 18 Bültner street, Breslau, Prussia.

What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Still.

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...

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

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

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

Invocation. In the name of the Holy Trinity, the glorious Spirit of Faith, Hope and Love, the Past, Present and Future, we are here assembled. And even as these beautiful gems of the floral kingdom...

We know, oh Holy Spirit, that thou art leading thy children through many paths of human experience, nearer and still nearer to thee. And we know that thy wisdom is sufficient for all, thy mercy is large enough to encircle all...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will now enter into a consideration of whatever queries you may have to propose.

Ques.—By J. F. Sulpea, Richmond, Va.: In reply to my third question, on Monday, 24th, whether the spirits that "tear" (or seize) men now are similar to those devilish spirits which Christ cast out, you said, in effect: "There are no 'devilish spirits.' We believe in none such. There are no bad spirits, but they are good, and the lesser good..."

Ans.—All the revelations of religion appeal to every individual soul differently; therefore there can be no two souls who can understand precisely alike. What is evil to one may be positive good to another. The ancients were in the habit of classing all undeveloped spirits or intelligences within the category of devils, demons, benighted spirits, who had wandered from the Kingdom of Heaven, and were damned by the King thereof.

Ans.—I am happy, I am satisfied. I am determined to work, and I pray God more zealously, for the good of all humanity. When I was here, I worked for the Church to which I was attached. Now I know no Church, save that which is found in the heart of humanity. I am Bishop Fitzpatrick.

Daniel McCook. I would like to find some way by which I can have a good social chat with my brother Aleck—Major Aleck McCook. I am not very well posted in this new way of transmitting one's thoughts over a telegraph like this; but I am in the way of being informed, provided there are any teachers to be had. Now, my good sir, what course would you advise me to pursue in the case? [Ask him to procure you a good medium.]

external structure of things; turn within and behold the spirit thereof, and talk face to face with thy God.

Q.—By the same: Again, on Tuesday, in reply to my first question, you affirm that "angels and spirits were synonymous." Then I repeat the advice of Paul, "Let no man beguile you in worshipping of angels" (or spirits).

A.—The wisdom of Paul is beneath the wisdom of God. The record concerning Paul has not grown, but the spirit of Paul has grown. Parchments do not extend beyond a certain point in life. But soul, or the spirit thereof, is ever growing. Now may it not be possible, were Paul to return teaching in this age, that he would ignore and overthrow many of the teachings that belonged to his age? We believe he would, because we believe he is not exempt from the law of progress.

Q.—By J. Williams: Your answer to our question, "Can a spirit in the earth-form leave the earth, and speak through another organism in the earth-form?" being in the affirmative, leads us to ask, if the spirits of departed friends, speaking through mediums here, leave their spiritual bodies in this way unconsciously, what becomes of our individuality in the spirit-world, if the interview held, as stated, is by an intelligence of which individually we are not cognizant?

A.—It is not necessary that the spirit who has been unclothed of the flesh should absent itself from what your correspondent is pleased to term the spiritual body, in order to control a physical body. On the contrary, that spiritual body is ever present with the spirit. By that organ the spirit manifests itself. Mind, if it manifests at all, must manifest through organic life. Therefore without the organized spirit-body, there could be no manifestation. When the spirits of your mediums and seers do become so far released from their physical bodies as to manifest in other places, they do not leave their spirit organisms behind with their physical bodies, by no means. They carry with them what they are a part of their spirit-life, and if the spirit acts at all, it acts through that life.

Bishop Fitzpatrick. I am as yet in the infant life of my new home in the spirit-world. I cannot act as the strong man would act, for my spiritual faculties are somewhat enfeebled by the circumstances which belonged to my earthly existence; but I am kindly cheered on my way in the great highway of life; and I receive all due assistance from that countless throng of intelligences who have passed on before me. And as nearly all those intelligences have come up through the experiences of error—many of them have wandered through midnight darkness—so they cannot any one of them cast censure upon the human soul when darkened by the shades of a future experience.

The glorious feature of law that men call charity, is most abundantly displayed in the second sphere of life. And if I am able to judge of the matter at all, I must believe that the very unhappy experiences of human souls on earth are guides leading them toward the Kingdom of Wisdom.

I have received many most urgent calls from those minds who have dared to look beyond the Church; who have dared to hope in the communion of departed spirits on earth. If it is possible, will I return? Will I give some statement concerning my home in the Kingdom of Heaven? I can only understand that my home there is made up of the experiences, the thoughts, the deeds of my earthly life. It is all I could expect, it is all I ought to have. It is just what my soul has need of. It is a home fit for such as I was in all respects, and I am satisfied with it.

It is true I was astonished, disappointed, and I stood like one in wonder, asking of the powers by which I found myself surrounded, where am I? and what is to come next? But I heard from all sides nothing but encouragement. I heard the sweet songs of an angelic choir, singing praise to God for all his mercies. I felt that I was in the presence of the holy and true, and that my spirit was safe. There was a certain sense of relief, a feeling of repose, and yet an earnest longing to know still more of myself and my surroundings.

I have learned that there is no line that divides the material from the spiritual world. I have learned that mind in the body is ever in rapport with mind out of the body. I have learned that the earth has now grown large enough in spirituality to be able to sustain here manifestations that are to some souls so vague and mysterious. I have learned many things, yet I am but as a little child.

But if I were to advise those I have left at all, my advice would be exceedingly simple. Seek first for knowledge, and all things else will be given you. Seek to understand your spiritual nature, and all these external manifestations will be made plain to you. I am happy, I am satisfied. I am determined to work, and I pray God more zealously, for the good of all humanity. When I was here, I worked for the Church to which I was attached. Now I know no Church, save that which is found in the heart of humanity. I am Bishop Fitzpatrick.

Daniel McCook. I would like to find some way by which I can have a good social chat with my brother Aleck—Major Aleck McCook. I am not very well posted in this new way of transmitting one's thoughts over a telegraph like this; but I am in the way of being informed, provided there are any teachers to be had. Now, my good sir, what course would you advise me to pursue in the case? [Ask him to procure you a good medium.]

Now, then, if my brother Aleck will procure me one of these persons through whom I can speak, and if I am able to control such an one as he provides, I think I can give him advice that will be of great value to him. I'm very anxious for him, and I am quite sure he would gain all he desires, if he only pulls the right string. But if he happens to pull the wrong one, the top of the building will be very likely to fall in. I was not in the habit of getting thwarted when here. I had power at times to discern which was the right way when I was here. And I have that power at times now. I am just as sure—if my brother pursues the course I'm inclined to think he will, if he does not have my advice in the matter—that it will be disastrous to him. But if he pursues a different course he will be victorious; and that, I suppose, is what he hopes for.

My brothers Charlie and Robert have both been here; and as they were so very successful, I had thought perhaps I ought to be doing something in that direction. [Were you present when your sister was here a short time since?] I certainly was here, but was not able to speak as I do to-day. This is the first time I have been able to speak through any medium, save the medium of my own body. [She seemed anxious to hear from you.] Yes; well, that is very satisfactory to us. It is not very pleasant to work without any reward; not very pleasant to be using all the powers of your being to get back to your friends, and when you get there have the door shut in your face. [We think your sister will aid you.] Oh yes, I feel confident of that. [You want your brother to try another medium, if he does not receive a satisfactory communication?] Yes, if he does not get satisfied with the first medium, or in other words, if I cannot use that one as I hope to, try another.

I'm obliged to you, sir. Good-day. [Your name?] Daniel. March 28. James A. Peckham. Be kind enough to say that James A. Peckham, of Newport, R. I., is desirous of communicating with his friends. March 28.

Annie Prince. I am here to give a message for my grandmother; yes, sir. She is very anxious to come back and give Aunt Eliza the test she promised she would if she could come back. She had no belief that spirits could return this way after death, but she said if God permitted her to come back to her children, she would repeat certain words which she then repeated to them. Well, grandmother wishes me to say that she has tried many times to do just what she wanted to, but has failed. She could do so through this medium, but she says there's always such a crowd around her she can't like to attempt it. She could do so through Mr. Foster, but he's a man, and she don't like to go there. But she thinks when he comes here again she will. She will forget altogether about what she was to say, soon.

She sends a great deal of love to all the children and grandpa. And she says it makes her very happy to know that John—that's my father—is so spiritual-minded. She used to tell him he was mistaken, but she knows now that he is right. And she wants him to go on, and praise God in the way he has commenced.

She wants all the children to remember she is their mother still, and that she is watching over them, and loves them dearly. She was very much surprised when she found she was fully in the spirit-world, away from her body. She could scarce believe it at first. But when she was fully aroused, she found she was free from her own body. And when I asked her, "Grandmother, would you want to go back and live in your old body again?" "No, indeed," she says; "no indeed; and I hope it isn't true that we shall some day return and inhabit our former bodies again." And then I told her, "Grandmother, it isn't true. It's all false." And she was delighted to hear it.

I have been with her, or she has been with me, a great deal in the spirit-world; because I knew about returning to earth, for I used to come to my father when I first went away; so I knew about returning this way, and she very naturally came to me to learn her about coming. And so I did. I am "Hope" in the spirit-world. That is what my angel teachers call me. But my name was Annie when I was here—Annie Prince. And I want this message from my grandmother to go to my father and mother, and to all her children. Good-day. [Where do your parents reside?] In East Boston, sir. March 28.

Michael Sweeney. How do you do, sir? I think, sir, if I can come back under the wing of the Bishop, I'm all right. I've been waiting something of a little while to know whether it was best for me to try these things; but when I see such ones as he coming, I said, if they can go over the bridge, it's very safe for such as me to want.

Now, sir, what I want is some way to get into the track, so I can open communication between my folks and myself. I suppose what I may have to say to them is not of so much account as what some others may have to say, where there's a great deal pending, but it's of account to me, anyway. Yes, sir, I've been waiting ever since the battle of Seven Pines to see if I could come to this place and speak. I somehow had an idea that this was a trap the devil had set to ensnare human souls; and as I was pretty well off where I was, I did not want to get into it.

My name, sir, is Sweeney—Michael Sweeney, and I want some way to find—I don't know how—so I can come to my friends. If they're not afraid to go to a medium alone, why, let 'em take a priest along with 'em, and I'll take care of the priest and themselves too. Now that I know it's all right to come, I'll push ahead. You see there's some things that are not just right going on with those I've left, a thing that is troubling me. Then I'd like to straighten them out in that. And now I want them to let me come and talk, and I'll see what I can do for them. [Who do you refer to?] Well, sir, I refer to my wife; that's exactly who I refer to. I do not care to say anything about the case, only that it's a thing that is troubling me. I'm very well off where I am. I'm satisfied, and I'm only troubled about them. [What regiment and company did you serve in?] I went out, sir, in the 39th Massachusetts, Company I. I was kind of unhappy when I first came to the spirit-world, but I've got over that, and I like much. But there's a something that is dragging me back, so I want them to let me help them. I can do it, I can make them better off, if they'll only let me come to them in this way. I only want to help them, that's all. I've got along fine since I got to the spirit-world, and I have no notion of going back, anyway.

[To the Chairman.] You publish me, like as you do others, I suppose? [Certainly.] I'm very much obliged. I can't do anything any more than that now for you. Parker Emerson. Be kind enough to allow me to say, through your paper, to an old friend of mine, Charlie Hiscok, if he will go to Mr. Foster, when he comes to the city, I will tell him all about that ring, and a great many things beside. This is from his old friend Parker Emerson. He'll understand. Good-day. March 28.

Mary Anderson. I want you to tell my mother I come. I'm Mary Anderson, and I live in Centre street, New York; yes, and my mother is a medium. [Does she get out paper?] Yes; and she told me to come here; yes, and she told me to say how old I was. I was six years old; the day I went away I was just six years old. Father's dead, too. He's—he had his arm cut off and he died. I had a sore throat, and that's how I died. I got cold.

What's your name? [White.] Yes, you're the one she told me to come to. [Did your father lose his arm in the war?] Yes; he was in the war, and he had his arm cut off, and so he died. [What was his name?] Augustus. He's here. [But mother did not think he could come, because he said it was "d—d nonsense." He did not like her to believe we would come. He's sorry now; wishes he had not. But she did not ask him to come. She asked me to. She said get any money, and you must not ask her anything. [We will not.]

Won't you tell her I'm going to get her some money? I'm going to California to get her some money. And won't you tell her that father's sorry he did not leave her any? [Yes.] And tell her I do come every night; every time she calls for me I do come. She thinks perhaps I don't, when she wishes for me. But I do. Don't you ask her anything, will you?

Can I go? [When you're ready. Have you said all you wanted to here?] I would've said it all, I would not have said I desired to if my mother was here. But she ain't. [You would have said more?] Yes, I would. [Can't you control your mother?] That's great long word; she says it ain't so what's that yes long word?—satisfactory; that's it; she should be so glad, ever so much, if I come here. I can, because there's good folks to let me.

Don't forget to tell her father's sorry, will you? He used to say she's always in the clouds. [He did?] Yes; that's my mother. She wasn't, but he said she was, because she used to talk with dead folks. He said she didn't; it was all nonsense. Don't you ask her anything, will you? because she ain't got anything to pay you with. [We should prefer to send her some money.] Would you? Well, you're real good. If I tell her to send to you for some, will you? [Yes.] How much? [You must leave that to our generosity.] Well, I will tell her. [You go home and tell her.] I will; and if she writes you, you'll send it, won't you? How much do you think you'll send? [Enough to pay for her letter.] Won't you any more? I'm glad I come. I knew I should get her some money some way. Now I'll go. March 28.

Scéance opened by Father Henry Fitz James; letters answered by Andrew Lincoln.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Monday, April 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Helsey Houle, of Sandwich, Mass., to her son Joseph; William Cummings, N. H., to his mother; Mrs. J. W. Perkins, of Caryville, Va., to her mother, sister and brothers; Lillian Barnes, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., to her father, in Hamilton, C. Tuesday, April 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: N. P. Willis, of New York; Annie Mears, of Philadelphia, Pa., to friends; Samuel Davis, to his mother, and Andrew Jackson Davis, of Orange, N. J.; Mary Ann, of Lowell, Mass., to her sister Mary; Mary Sullivan, of Boston, to her mother. Wednesday, April 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Julia V. G. to her mother; Julia V. G. to her mother; an address, to Lizette Robinson and others; Charles Sherburne, to his Aunt Olive and friends in Exeter, N. H.; Rufus G. Brad, formerly, to his daughter, Lydia Florence Stevens, in New York City; John Burke, to his wife, formerly residing in New York City; to her father, in Jamaica, N. Y.; and Charles Freeman, to her father, in Charleston, S. C. Thursday, April 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Geo. Schneider, of this city, to her parents; Charles Hall, of the 10th Maine regiment, to friends in Augusta, Me. Friday, April 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Moore, of Portsmouth, N. H., to friends; Willie Short, to Levi B. Short, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edward O. Eaton, Professor of Music, who died in Memphis, to his father, George Eaton, who died in the Asylum, to her husband, William H. Tappan. Saturday, April 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Martin Minton, to his children; Olive Truesdale, to Samuel Truesdale, of this city; Johnnie Joice, to his murderer. Sunday, April 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sarah Jane Ayers, who lived on Sea street, Boston, to Rev. Nehemiah Adams; Capt. George Ayling, to George A. Sawyer, Principal of the Mercantile National School in New York; Miss Lucy Wood, in Vermont; Eliza Lyons, formerly at the National Home, Boston, to Mr. Colby. Monday, April 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Murdoch, an actor, to his friends; Mary Emerson (alias Mollie Stanton), lost on the Evening Star, to her friends; Mrs. J. W. Perkins, to her mother; and friends in Maine; Eddie Scriber, to his mother, in New York. Tuesday, April 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Virginia Stark, of Lexington, Ky., to her parents.

Well Answered. A short time ago we printed an extract from a letter of the Boston correspondent of the Hingham Journal, in regard to the physical manifestations witnessed at a scéance held by Mrs. Cushman, to which a correspondent of the Investigator took exceptions. In a later issue of that paper, J. M. Beckett, Esq., has an article criticising the previous correspondent's criticism, with such philosophical common sense that we cannot refrain from giving it a place in our columns:

"SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA."—In the Investigator of March 13th is an article signed "Old Musician," criticising an article from the BANNER OF LIGHT on some spiritual manifestations by Mrs. Cushman of Charlestown, through whose mediumship a guitar is played by spirits. After saying that at first the lady kept her hand upon the strings, and the music excited no surprise, the writer in the BANNER says, "but after shifting the end of the guitar beyond the strings, the same melody proceeded from it, and the same jar could be felt as of some one fingering the strings," etc. "Old Musician" says he has been to the circle himself, and ventures the remark that the lady, and nobody else, played on the guitar, and says, "Let him place his hand over the lady's hand which has held the guitar, while the music is being made, and he will find that the music suddenly stops, which would hardly be the case, probably, if it were caused by spirits."

In justice to Mrs. Cushman, I wish to state that I have also been to that circle myself, and have also witnessed and heard the music. And how a woman, without detection, could play a guitar with only one hand on the end of the guitar, beyond the strings, with full gas lights burning within three feet of the guitar, and light enough anywhere in the room to read music, and five or six, and sometimes seven, persons in the full possession of their senses and faculties looking on, and one of the spectators holding the guitar, and having her eyes within eight inches of the strings, watching intently to detect any tangible force that could produce the vibrations, as the guitar played accompaniments to several tunes, is beyond my comprehension.

And the foregoing relates exactly the condition of things at a circle in Melrose, where Mrs. Cushman was present with her guitar. There was no sign of any wish for concealment, no attempt of any jugglery, but everything was as clear as gas-light could make it. I examined the guitar to see if it could be managed—watched the medium's movements—watched the gentleman who sang, (himself an old musician)—heard the guitar play accompaniments most perfectly, and changing as rapidly as the singer could possibly change, (which he was constantly doing to test the thing), and for ten minutes under that glaring light there was not motion sufficient to snap a guitar string nor was the chair, I stood leaning over Mrs. Cushman's chair, and saw the position of her hands; her left hand being on the end of the guitar, beyond the strings, and the guitar lying in the lap of Mrs. John S. Sewall of Melrose, (on the left of Mrs. C.) who gazed intently at the strings as the music came directly in front of her face, at least twenty-four inches, if not more, from Mrs. Cushman's left hand.

If an "Old Musician" can perform by jugglery, or sleight of hand, by inclining, such a feat, as that he may call on me for five thousand dollars for half the net profits of the trick. I have mean business. I really think it would be worth that sum to be convinced beyond doubt that under such conditions as the foregoing I could not know certainly that Mrs. Cushman could not play on that guitar without touching the strings, any more than I could play on my violin without strings or bow. The fact of this playing the music had nothing to do with his right hand, field of study. Was the music produced without any tangible contact of any tangible substance with the strings? If Mrs. C. had her left hand upon the neck of the guitar, beyond the strings, and the guitar lay in the lap

a second person, who had eyes, ears, faculties, and ordinary integrity, she could not snap the strings, either by machinery, or by hand, without being detected. And the things she saw it was so perfectly broken; and demonstrated that it would excite only derision to question those who witnessed it. But supposing his hand does stop it; does that show that her hand has snapped the strings when two feet (more or less) distant, and all the company watching? It would show, indeed, that the force went from her hand to the strings, and this is precisely what the Spiritualists claim to be the source of the phenomenal force. But the mental perception, the ear to catch musical sounds, to detect with the keenness of the fittest thought the transition in the tone from a walk to a waltz, and to a hornpipe, and finally to an improvised strain, sung for the first and last time forever—and the rapid and changing volitions necessary to perfect these changes, and still keep up a perfect accompaniment—and this, too, while the medium was in a whispering conversation with one of the party—from whence come these? Here is a field wide enough for patient investigation, and if, after fifteen years of research, "Old Musician" can't "see it," I will buy him up for that rare article in America, a veritable "Know-Nothing."

Correspondence.

The Work in Minnesota. You have frequently seen it stated that the atmosphere of high, dry climates is peculiarly adapted to the manifestations of our friends who have passed into the conditions of a purely spiritual life. This being the case, we believe that in the wonderful clearness of our "Minnesota air" will be given some tokens from spirit-life that will astonish men. As yet we wait, and yet are not idle. In the future, far in the van, we see her leading in the glorious march of spiritual development, our young, fair Minnesota. To-day the ground is being broken; the pioneer-work goes on. This winter twoowers "went forth to sow" in the highways of Mankato; both meeting the usual award of those "who go forth bearing precious seed," much calumny, abuse, and misrepresentation. "Doubtless they shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them," and that not "after many days," it may be; for one of the grand characteristics of Spiritualism is the rapidity of its works.

The first in course of these two speakers was Mrs. Wabster, who has proved herself, with courage and pen, and a defence of herself and her principles, albeit she suffered under the shocking stigma of being a woman. No offence could be greater in the eyes of some proper ones than femininity, when attached to that glaring, horrid word, "public speaker." But they could find no excuse in the proprieties for refusing to turn out to hear the very live and most manly man who succeeded Mrs. Wabster. Something else must be improved to kill this dreadful "Spiritualist." Well, he began with a temperance lecture—this Moses Hull—not as a trap to draw in unwary souls, cold-hearted, as was asserted, but because it appeared to have been announced by the committee before his arrival. Mr. Hull's photograph is probably so clearly before you that no stroke of mine is needed upon it. It is not of him, therefore, I need write, but of the effect of his coming in the community, which was something like that of a good sized bomb. "Bombastic, very!" I heard one of our sour, dyspeptic editors here ejaculate.

Yes, he certainly did tell some pretty large stories. As first we Spiritualists were somewhat alarmed, but we soon found that when Moses said a thing he invariably found it was because quiet, and sat with perfect composure under his biggest "liea." At the second lecture the hall began to fill. By the fearful heresies of this "Infidel" were refuted upon the streets, and in the larger beer parlours—which we have a thriving majority in this town—and at night people came to see if it was true a man could talk so wickedly. Could it be that any man said that "Christ was a cannibal" etc., etc. To those who have watched the first coming of the Infidel of the Harcourt Philadelphia up through the "stony ground" of Orthodoxy, their perversions and misconceptions are highly amusing, and not at all alarming. A good thorough shocking—oh what an invigorator it is! There has probably been more regular deep-down thinking done in this community in the last six weeks than in any previous six years. But if it was a shock this community needed, they received it on all sides. We had our turn—we got scattering sheeps of Spiritualists here. We got a school of Orthodoxy organization after Mr. Hull left town; but I anticipate.

Mr. Hull's lectures, ten in number, were received with deep and attentive attention by large and attentive audiences. His unfolding of the hidden spirit-life within and around us opened before all new and wonderful vistas, stretching away into the dim, beautiful Beyond. Under the spell of his eloquence the old truths of the past glowed with a new and living light, and the glory of the "New Dispensation" of angel-life and angel-work "shone round about us."

As his coming to Mankato, Mr. Hull issued a challenge for a debate with me. All the circles of this region carefully abstained from appearing at his lectures (how weak must be a faith that fears to face error) with one exception. Rev. Mr. Pryse, a Welch minister, a man of considerable learning and ability as a speaker, attended several lectures, taking notes, and at the close accepted Mr. Hull's challenge for a debate. This came off with great éclat, attracting universal attention, and filling the largest hall in town to overflowing. Mr. Hull's lectures had been mostly like the uprearing of a beautiful temple for a newer, purer worship. In the debate following these lectures his work was necessarily to tear down rather than build up. The old doctrine of Bible infallibility ruled and fell again and again beneath his blows, and yet, notwithstanding Mr. Hull's opponent acknowledged that one version of a certain psalm of a certain translation read, "The Lord has a long nose," and "We praise thee, Oh Jack!" still we believe he and his kept that stern, stubborn belief in a plenary inspiration.

The last question in debate, following the first, which was in regard to the "plenary inspiration of the word," was, "Are the miracles of Christ identical in character with those of our Spiritualism?" Mr. Hull proved the affirmative of this question to every candid mind, claiming them to be the same in kind, through the exercise of the same power, in different degrees. As you know, Mr. Hull is a capital fighter. His long training in such arenas shows itself in his perfect imperturbability, his quick, sharp thrusts and rapid argumentative clinching. His marvelous at-home-ness in the enemy's chief fortress, the Bible, gives him great advantage in a hand-to-hand encounter on a dark theme.

In his stay in Mankato he performed several healing miracles which excited much comment, and some wrath, we conclude, from hearing that one of the leading ministers of this place turned away angrily and refused to look at a "withered arm made whole." "Oh Scriber and Pharisees, Hypocrites!" It is to be that, as of old, the coming of the blessed Christ power shall only rouse your rage? After Mr. Hull's lectures and discussions were completed, and he had left town, Mr. Pryse came out in a discourse against Spiritualism, and having no opponent to answer his arguments and refute his soundings, he poured forth the vitals of his wrath and vituperation unchecked. This was our shock. "We still live." It seems, notwithstanding, according to his opponents, "Mr. Hull was pulverized," they are not satisfied with the results of the debate, and Mr. Pryse has challenged him or any other Spiritualist to a renewal of the combat. After Mr. Hull's thorough and masterly refutation of every single argument his opponent advanced—when he did advance argument, (he dealt largely in old sermons, extracts from commentaries and Sunday school stories)—it seems absurd to turn round and repeat, (it seems absurd) but for the sake of further ventilation of the truth this may be done, and the second challenge accepted. If so, you shall hear again from Mankato, and from DIXIE.

Your correspondent, FRANK DIXIE, Mankato, Minn., March 25, 1867. Organization. In the BANNER of April 20th I read an article which mentions the fact that there is no State organization in New York to represent the Spiritualists in their next National Convention. I hope there never will be one. I feel the lack

of the one thing needful to stem the torrent of organization that seems to be uppermost in the minds of the friends of Spiritualism.

One of my correspondents who is in favor of organization, writes that he is "more fearful of aristocracy and favoritism than of organization; and that avarice, envy and inhumanity are more to be feared than all else."

I am once more in my dear native State, and from this beautiful city send kind greetings to the ever-to-be-remembered friends of the West and the South.

Our cause is progressing. On all sides do we hear the question, "If we die shall we live again?"

From the city papers a stranger would not know that such an individual as a Spiritualist lived. Yet there are many here, and they are growing not only numerous but strong and self-reliant.

A letter from Oswego, N. Y., informs me that the church the Spiritualists formerly held their lectures in has been destroyed by fire.

I have long felt the need of good and permanent homes for poor children. A close calculation of figures shows me that the expense of home and education per child would be but little, if any, over one-third of what it costs to support them in pauperism.

Poverty and the want of love and sympathy hardens the heart, blunts the fine sensibilities of our nature, and distorts the angel into the demon.

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, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Union School Manual" by Wm. Clark; or "A B O of Life" by A. B. Child, M. D.

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For new subscribers, with \$12 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Morning Lectures."

For new subscribers, with \$15 accompanying, we will send to one address one copy of "Burrhead Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, A. M., LL. D., including Twenty Years' Observation of Preternatural Phenomena," edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D. English edition. The price of this work is \$2.50, and twenty cents postage.

The above named books are all valuable, and bound in good style.

Persons sending money as above, will observe that we only do the premiums on new subscribers—not renewals—and all money for subscriptions as above described, must be sent at one time.

Send only Post-Office Orders or National Currency.

Radical Peace. The first Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society will be held in Masonic Hall, 13th street, between 3d and 4th Avenues, New York City, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 8th and 9th, at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M., of each day.

Obituaries. Passed from earth to spirit-life, Mrs. M. J. S. Abbott, aged 49 years, a devoted wife and mother, an earnest Spiritualist.

Passed to higher life, from Richmond, O., April 18th, Mrs. Jane Kinman, aged 56 years.

Christ and the Blind Man. When he had thus spoken, he sat on the ground, and the blind man with the spittle, he touched the eyes of the blind man with the clay.

Spiritualism fears neither facts nor philosophy. Facts are the spontaneous results of the action of philosophy; it is a correct interpretation of them.

The forces of nature are over the same, and are ever producing like results. During the ages which preceded, as well as during those which succeeded the birth of Christ, there has been a constant outcropping of phenomena, similar, if not identical with the one to which reference has just been made.

Even since the first dawn of modern Spiritualism, strange facts have occurred, here and there, spontaneously as it were, through the instrumentality of a great variety of mediums, which point to this conclusion, namely, that it is possible to impart, not only magnetic, but also spiritual healing power to various substances, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous.

I have been slow in making a public explanation of this department of my subject, because of its very magnitude and importance. I take nothing for granted, and I have not accepted the interpretation of the singular, and I can truly say, wonderful power of the Positive and Negative Powders, simply because that interpretation came through the mediumship of Mrs. Spence; but I have patiently waited and watched and analyzed, until the force of facts has made that interpretation the same as my own. I am, therefore, now prepared to present it to the public as a truthful interpretation, and as such to defend it.

I have long felt the need of good and permanent homes for poor children. A close calculation of figures shows me that the expense of home and education per child would be but little, if any, over one-third of what it costs to support them in pauperism.

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Miscellaneous. DR. HALL'S VOLTAIC ARMOR, OR MAGNETIC BANDS AND SOLES.

FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF ALL those diseases which originate in a disturbed condition of the electrical or vitalizing forces of the system, such as Cold Feet, Defective Circulation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Paralysis, St. Vitus Dance, Fits, Cramps, Weak Joints, Sprains, Contracted Sinews, Sciatica, Hip Complaints, Spinal Affections, AND

ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS. There is but one grand cause for all these diseases, viz. a loss of balance of the two (positive and negative) forces of electricity in the part or parts diseased.

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

Washington City, D. C., October 10th, 1866. PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.: Sir—I received a letter three weeks since from my mother who resides in Plattsburgh, New York. She had the Dyspepsia very bad, and has been cured by your Powders, and has cured others.

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Mediums in Boston. NEW UNFOLDING OF SPIRIT-POWER! DR. GEORGE B. EMERSON, PSYCHOMETRIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

DEVELOPED TO CURE DISEASES BY DRAWING the disease upon himself, at any distance; can examine the patient, tell how they feel, where and what their disease is, at the same time. One examination, thirty minutes to draw diseases at a distance, \$2 each. Twenty patients at a distance by letter, by including the sum, living your name and address. Address: Post-office box 122, Boston, Mass. Office No. 45 Bedford Street, Hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. (4w)-May 4.

DR. MANN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE. AT NO. 230 HARRISON 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. 12w-April 6.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM. MEDICAL CHIROPOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM. 222 Washington Street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, Dropsy of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Illnesses. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. April 12.

MRS. R. COLLINS. STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine Street Boston, Mass. 3w-April 4.

MRS. FRANCES, Physician and Business Chiropractor, treats all diseases. Has Ointment for Pimples, Face, Scrofula, Sores, &c., at 1 Winter place, of Winter Street, Boston, Mass. Hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Don't ring. 4w-May 4.

J. H. CURRIER, Medical Chiropractor and Healing Medium. Office, 199 Cambridge Street, Boston. Patients visited, as usual, at their residences, when desired. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. 3w-Mar 30.

DR. WM. B. WHITE, Sympathetic Chiropractor, and Healing Medium. Office, No. 4 Jefferson Place, leading from North Bennet St., Boston. 3w-Dec 5.

MISS F. A. JONES, (totally blind), Chiropractor and Medium, treats all diseases, at No. 33 Carver Street, Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. April 27.

MRS. L. PARMELEE, Medical and Business Chiropractor, 1119 Washington St., Boston. 12w-Mh 1.

MRS. E. WELLS, Spirit Medium, 11 Dix Place. Terms \$1.00. 4w-April 20.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard Street.) April 6.

SOUL READING. Or Psychometric delineation of Character. MR. AND MRS. A. B. BEVERAGE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, to send their photograph or a lock of hair, will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical defects; the time of death; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and the time of the marriage, if they will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be cultivated, and what to avoid. Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate. Everything of a private character kept strictly as such. For written delineation of Character, \$1.00 and red stamp. Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one or the other. Address, MRS. A. B. BEVERAGE, April 6. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

DRS. GREER & BLACKTON, SPIRITUAL PHYSICIANS, POSSESSING REMARKABLE HEALING POWERS, of their services to THE SICK AND AFFLICTED, Inviting the very worst cases, especially those considered incurable by other physicians.

DR. J. H. VOLLAND, MAGNETIC HEALER, will treat all chronic diseases without the aid of medicine. 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 Blocker and Laurens streets, third floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Offices Tuesday and Thursday evenings. April 27-6w.

MRS. M. TOWNE, Magnetic Physician and Medical Chiropractor, No. 12 Leroy Place, (Blocker Street), 23 block west of Broadway, New York. 4w-May 4.

MRS. C. E. GROFFS, Business Chiropractor and Magnetic Physician, 100 East 14th Street, New York. Call and see, without charge. 2w-May 4.

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

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for young ladies, overlooking the beautiful town of Belvidere, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. No tuition. No board. Location could be found anywhere. The buildings, which are built in the "Italian Villa" style, are pleasant and commodious, and well supplied with all the necessary appointments.

THE IMPENDING EPOCH. "To err is human; to forgive, divine!" "The proper study of mankind is Man!" A JOURNAL PUBLISHED IN ADVANCE, BY HENRY J. OSBORNE, AT 38 BROAD STREET, TENNYSON TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

LABORAL NEW-CHURCH VIEWS. ITS efforts and energies will be expended zealously in preparing all minds for enlarged Charity and Liberal Ideas, chief among which is that God can only be possible in love. It is desirable most favorable to a second opportunity of the "All Term," and all desiring to enter it this year should signify the same to the Principals, on making application for admission.

ORIENT SPRINGS HOUSE, AMHERST, MASS. THIS celebrated House has been newly furnished and repaired, and will be opened for guests on May 1st, by C. C. BEES, M. D., as stated by gentlemen who understand the value of a first-class house. Connected with this delightful place is a beautiful and justly celebrated Mineral Spring, which has given health to so many after all other means had failed—which are induced by the Faculty of Amherst College and the Faculty of the University of Vermont. The beauty of the surrounding scenery, its commanding prospect, its mountain air, and its pure water, are not equaled in this country. For further particulars send for circular. April 20-4w WILLIAMS Q. LANE, MANAGER.

THE PEN AND PENCIL. A NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. Every purchaser of a copy of this paper will receive a ticket entitling him to a chance of getting a Cash present varying from \$100 to \$1. See first number—price 10 cents, with ticket free. Sold by News Dealers. T. H. DAWLEY & CO., Publ., New York. April 20-4w.

AMER'S Celebrated Portable and Steam Engines. All sizes, and superior to all other Circulars. April 20-6w H. M. AMER, Oswego, N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month, for every where, making no contracts, and no expense of the kind. For Descriptive Catalogue address, J. R. CHAMPLIN & CO., N. H. May 4-3w

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

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, also at our Branch Office, 84 Broadway, New York. April 12.

THE EARLY PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF GREAT BOOK FOR YOUTH. Send two red stamps and A obtain it. Address, DR. ANDREW STONE, of Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y. April 6.

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

J. H. CONANT, DEALER IN PIANO FORTES, ORGAN HARMONIONS, AND MELODIANS. OF THE BEST QUALITY, and WARRANTED in every particular to be the best made instruments in the country. They are fully endorsed by the Musical Profession. Our Piano is in price from \$250 to \$800, according to style of finish. All orders for any of the instruments mentioned, are invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA, FOR RESTORING GREY HAIR. E. M. TUBBS & CO., Peterborough, N. H., Proprietors. THIS popular article, so well known to many of our readers, is having, at this season, an extended sale in the country. Hundreds of living witnesses will testify that it restores faded and decayed hair to its original color and vigor, and that it keeps the scalp free from dandruff and cutaneous eruptions. It is the best hair restorer in use for these purposes. It is, before you injure the scalp with poisonous preparations. For sale at our office in New York, 64 Broadway. Price \$1 per bottle. 4w-April 6.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS. OF the following named persons can be obtained at this Office, for 25 CENTS EACH: JOHN W. FROST, LUTHER COLBY, JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS, WILLIAM WHITE, EMMA HARRISON, ISAAC H. RICHIE, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, J. M. PEBBLES, MRS. J. H. CONANT, JOAN OF ARC, PINKIE, H. WILLIAMS, M. D., (ANTONE by Anderson), WARREN CHASE, PINKIE, the Indian Maiden; 50 cents. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

ECLECTIC VEGETABLE DRUGGIST, 64 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. ROOTS, Herbs, Extracts, Oils, Tinctures, Concentrated Medicines, Pure Wines and Liquors, Proprietary and Popular Medicines, Carcinogenic and Genitive. The Anti-Scrofulous Tonic, &c., are prepared by himself, and unparagoned by any other preparations. N. B.—Particular attention paid to putting up BOTTLES AND OTHER PREPARATIONS. April 6.

PIANOFORTES. FOR SALE, a large stock of second-hand Pianos of various makes, various makes, at very low prices for cash. For particulars, see advertisement in the BANNER OF LIGHT. A. M. LEVINE, up stairs, 289 Washington Street, Boston. May 4-3m

D. F. CRANE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, 28 COURT STREET, BOSTON. House, 12 Webster Street, Marlboro. April 11.

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

A SUPERIOR Natural Chiropractor will answer A questions on business, health, &c. Enclose hair, photograph and name of EDWARD MANTON, 65 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J. 4w-April 7.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: J. M. FEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, should be directed to J. M. FEEBLES, Local Editor, from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should be sent directly to the BANNER OFFICE, Boston. Those who particularly desire their contributions inserted in the Western Department, will please so mark them. Persons writing us this month, will direct to Worcester, Mass., till the 11th inst.; after that, Providence, R. I.

Editor's Appointments. The first two Sundays of May we speak in Worcester, Mass.—address care of Dr. C. Martin. The last two Sundays in Providence—address us in care of S. Simmons, 85 Carpenter street.

The "Death and Glory" System of Universalism.

That prominent Universalist, Dr. L. D. Robinson, Coatesville, Ind., in writing the New Covenant, gives us the pith of his Universalism in these sentences:

"In that mysterious process—the resurrection of the dead—we are cleansed of sin, so that when the trumpet is sounded, and the dead are raised, we are indeed truly and wonderfully 'changed.' We believe from the moment the spirit, or soul, of this so-called bad man, enters upon its eternal existence beyond the resurrection, that his happiness and enjoyment is full and complete."

If the Universalists have any authority, or authoritative organ, it is the Universalist Quarterly. The January issue of this periodical has an article, written by the Rev. I. G. Kuowilton, under the caption of "Death and Glory." Its statements are square—we like such. It is mainly these are his words:

"We are astonished that any Christian philosopher has ever doubted its benign efficacy. With the phrase, 'Death and Glory,' it is full of rich meaning. It is the exponent of the blessed Gospel of Jesus. Notwithstanding the contempt with which it is sometimes viewed, we believe it worthy to be placed in the page as the motto of the New Testament. Death is not a mere incident, valueless and powerless; but an efficient agency that works out glorious results!"

Again, to die is to gain exemption from sin—from sinning. "He that is dead is freed from sin." So, then, Death takes away both the opportunity and the power to do wrong. A few illustrations will render this important point sufficiently intelligible. It is a well known law that we should not over-indulge our appetites in eating or drinking, but to temperate in all things. Instead of being made stronger, the more we eat and drink, the more we are weakened. In a moment Death intervenes, the root and lowest inebriate, and puts him where intoxication is impossible."

That's the doctrine in a nutshell! Death does the work! It puts a Nero and a Knowlton through the grave into the presence of "Him that sitteth upon the throne forever." Glory be unto Death! The body is the slinger, Death the slayer! Admitting the position of these Universalists, is it not true that

"Judas, with a cord, Outstrip his Lord, and got to heaven first?" Do they not ignore all moral distinctions, so far as the future existence is concerned? Do they not dispense with the principles and precepts of Jesus and the good of all ages, the necessity of discipline, all moral growth and spiritual attainments, and virtually substitute death for that "holiness" without which "no man shall see the Lord?"

In fact, the system makes muscle and sinew, bones and nerves, the cause of all those misdirections and false relations termed sin. Accordingly from clapping your hand over a profane man's mouth, he is no longer guilty of profanity. Clip off the liar's tongue, and in a moment he becomes truthful. Palsy pugilists' arms, and they at once become peaceful as frolicking lambs. "In a moment," says the Universalist Quarterly, "death reforms the worst and lowest inebriate." This system should be dubbed, Heaven made easy without a teacher! Reduced to the last logical analysis, it is rotting into Paradise—rotting into robes of glory and the society of angels! We are pleased to note that the editor of the Christian Ambassador, and some other Universalists, the phillaphy of whose theology is similar to that of Spiritualists, repudiate the dogma.

Elective Franchise for Woman.

It must come. Destiny foreshadows—progress so ordains. It is right, just, practical. The millennium can never dawn till heralded by woman's voice, and initiated by granting her free expression at the polls. Our representative women throughout the country desire this consummation. Few men are sufficiently unmanly to oppose it. This question of female suffrage was up in the recent Congress, and also in several State Legislatures. The most intellectual men of this country favor it, and so they do in England, such as John Bright, Mill, Huxley, Goldwin Smith, and others. Petitions to this effect have been presented to Parliament. Says Mrs. M. A. L.: "Women vote already on property qualifications in Austria, Australia, Iceland and Sweden, which last two are among the best governed countries of Europe. From 1775 to 1807, women voted in the State of New Jersey, and those days were the best the State has ever seen as far as purity in the administration of the government is concerned. In 1850, Canada conferred a certain right to vote on women, hoping thus through Protestant female votes to balance the Roman Catholic power in the school system. In 1844, the women of Ireland had restored to them the old right of voting for town commissioners. In Kansas, women to-day vote for school-officers, and are themselves eligible to the office of trustee."

The London correspondent of the New York Times, in an article both racy and original, measuring and philosophizing upon this movement, writes thus:

"The Woman's Rights question is carried on more quietly in England than in America, and therefore, perhaps, more effectually. In the new class list of those who have passed examinations for the University of Cambridge are: junior boys, 1120; junior girls, 118; senior boys, 212; senior girls, 84. How many junior and senior girls have entered at Harvard or Yale? I observe also that 25 female candidates for medical degrees have just entered the Medical College of London. The women here do not give so many lectures or make so many speeches on woman's rights, but they do work and take them. Four-fifths of the work of the post offices and telegraphs is done by women. They keep a large proportion of the shops. In fact, English women are, as a rule, sturdy enough to take their own part, and do pretty much as they like and would soon have votes and seats in Parliament, if they cared for them. As it is they write their share of the books, newspapers and periodicals, and have a large influence in public affairs. Dr. Mary E. Walker has given a temperance lecture in the Fetter Lane Chapel, the one, I believe, where Swedenborg used to go to hear the Moravians, and as the medical stu-

dents kept away, she got only applause and thanks and a bouquet." Speaking of these matters reminds us of our Michigan State University. Though one of the first in the country, it has for years slammed its conservative doors in the face of every woman that plead for its educational advantages. Think of it—ponder it; the women of a State taxed to support a certain literary institution, and then denied its privileges.

During the last session of the Michigan Legislature, this University, located at Ann Arbor, applied for an increase of its endowment fund. This the Legislature granted, with a hint—aye, more, a broad invitation to the regents to open the Institution to women—otherwise the original purpose was not accomplished. Through the instrumentality of Senator J. G. Wait, of Sturgis, and others broad and catholic in their tendencies, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That it is the deliberate opinion of this Legislature that the high objects for which the University of Michigan was organized will never be fully attained until women are admitted to all its rights and privileges."

A New Lyceum in Detroit.

Gather, gather them in, the children, the little lambs, from streets, lanes and marble palaces, and educate them in harmony with Nature—the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy.

A few days since we organized a Lyceum in Detroit, Mich., under fine auspices. Though in this busy spring-time, and a week-day afternoon at that, there were over seventy present, and all fired with a becoming enthusiasm. M. J. Matthews, Esq., was elected Conductor; Wm. Walker, Assistant; Mrs. Rachel Doty, Guardian; Mrs. Watkins, Assistant; C. C. Randall, Librarian, and Mr. Woods, Musical Director. This branch of the tree of life puts out thrifty, and we shall expect rich harvest reports from it in all future time.

Mrs. S. E. Warner—Marriage Certificate.

The First Spiritualist Society of Beloit, Wisconsin, has granted our sister-worker, Mrs. S. E. Warner, a letter of fellowship, thus duly authorizing her to solemnize marriage in accordance with law. The certificate confers upon her, relative to officiating upon marriage occasions, securing half-fare railroad tickets, &c., privileges in common with the clergy. We earnestly hope she will exercise these rights, as well as continue the using of her spiritual gifts for the redemption of humanity. No sectarian priest should unite us in marital bonds, nor mumble cold, sepulchral prayers over our lifeless form. Consistency is a jewel.

Original. SPRING'S FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

The perfume blesses me; it bids the years Roll up their blotted pages, writ with tales Of life too full of failures—dimmed with tears, And sullied by the wrack of storms—of passion-blinded gales.

Spring's flowers—hyacinths and daffodils, And violets, least proud of Flora's throng— With fragrant breath recall the happy life Up which my climbing feet went cheerily when life was young.

I close my eyes: the delicate perfume, Like some sweet spirit, wanders to my heart, And voices long forgotten sound within the room, And pictures paint themselves with beauty shaming mortal art.

Correspondence in Brief.

Mrs. Horton in Seclusion.

Perhaps you would like to hear from this town, as regards the efforts of its small band of friends, in the cause of progress. On Tuesday, by special agreement with Mr. E. S. Wheeler, Mrs. S. A. Horton, accompanied by Mrs. Lucy L. Carrier, arrived at my house, and in the evening we proceeded to the Town Hall, where we found an audience numbering nearly four hundred seekers of truth. The meeting was presided over by a friend, who first called for the singing of Old Hundred, and in harmonious tones the audience responded, and it was the remark of many that they never heard it sung with better effect. Mrs. Horton was then introduced, and spoke for an hour on the subject of Spiritualism, its bearing on our present and future life, which was unsurpassed in rhetoric and words of living thought by any previous lecture heard by me—enchanting the crowded audience in almost breathless interest. A church member remarked that it was the best address he ever listened to in that hall, and bade Mrs. Horton God-speed on her noble mission.

On Wednesday Mrs. Carrier held several private sittings, giving perfect satisfaction in most cases; those that were not convinced were of that class that would not be. In the evening Mrs. C. held a public sitting at my house, which was well attended considering the storm. The séance was opened by an address, which was followed by a number of convincing tests. Mrs. Horton closed by an inspirational poem. On the whole it was a perfect success, and we think, with such workers for the cause as Mrs. Horton and Mrs. Carrier, the ancient dogmas must give way to the cause of Spiritualism and human progress.

A VISION.

In this connection I will briefly relate a vision which occurred to me a short time since; it was not a dream, as I was in a semi-conscious state when I saw it. I seemed to be riding through the town of Quincy, when over one of its high hills I beheld an arch of solid granite masonry, apparently eighty feet from its base to the ground; on the top, and nearly at its centre, grew a cedar, of perhaps fifteen years' growth; and I asked my friend how long that arch had been there, and how built. He replied:

"I cannot recollect, for a certainty, but possibly twenty years; that at first there was a scaffold built a proper height on which to commence the keystone, as I was in a semi-conscious state when I saw it. The scaffold was cleared away, and the arch, completed, remained suspended, and shortly after this tree was seen to be growing as we see it now."

While gazing at the scene I saw the base at the south give way, and the huge stones came rolling down the hill toward, but not to me, and the cedar remained in an upright position, imbedded in the soil at the top of the hill, firm and steadfast.

I leave the interpretation for others, and I would ask it as a favor from you that it be published. B. J. D. Scituate, April 28th, 1867.

Connecticut Matters.

Soon after the State Convention of last June an appeal was made to the friends of progress in Connecticut, to further the objects of the organization by sending their names and their money to the treasurer or the undersigned, to be used by the Executive Committee in prosecuting a missionary work, in lecturing through the State. I am sorry to say that that appeal was not responded to sufficiently to warrant pay for labor necessary to be performed; possibly the time had not arrived for a development of the scheme. But now, thank kind Heaven, the skies grow radiant and encouragement flatters our prospects. In the beneficence of our zealous and beloved Doctor Calvin Hall, we have the assurance that he is anxious the project shall be started; and on this resolution he has given me one thousand dollars to be expended the coming year, and is going to contribute another thousand to be expended next year. But we need much more added to it to make it available to subserve the highest interests for the Spiritualists of our State.

Now we have a sum as a nucleus to add to, leaving us no excuse for contributing because no one else has done anything.

Therefore, friends of progress throughout the State, we again appeal to you, hoping you will feel it incumbent upon you, and that you will contribute your whole strength until you add your mite to this project as your ability will permit. Believing, as many do, that in no way can money be better used than by procuring the right persons to continually travel and lecture through the State as a missionary for our great and glorious cause, it is hoped that this fund may be contributed to sufficiently to put two persons immediately into the field—perhaps one as a lecturer and the other as a test medium, unless we can get these qualifications combined in one. The Executive Committee will decide and regulate the details. Now, to any and all, I invite you to send me your names and your money, and the same shall be acknowledged through the BANNER OF LIGHT, and when the money is received it shall be deposited in the Willimantic Savings Institute, with Doctor Hall's donation, in the name of the Executive Committee of the Spiritualist Organization of Connecticut, to be expended by them as herein set forth. GEORGE W. BURNHAM, Pres. Spiritualist Organization of Conn. Willimantic, Conn., May 1, 1867.

A Good Test Medium Wanted.

In this vicinity a good test medium could find an extensive field of labor. The harvest-field is large, and no very effective laborers. The wheat and tares are growing together, with no reaping and no separating them, and gather the wheat into God's storehouse. Humanity and our duty as true Spiritualists, demand us to arise in our God-given strength—we who have the light—and warn the souls in darkness of the impending judgments hanging over our world.

Now I will say, if this reaches the notice of a good test female medium, who is able and willing to work for the benefit of souls in the use of her gifts, who is free from imbecilities, so that she can come and stay with us for a proper length of time, sitting for tests and holding private circles about the neighborhood and vicinity, as circumstances may demand, and for her services will be satisfied with a good home in a private family, with a reasonable remuneration for her services while she remains with us, she can address Eli Curtis, Birmingham, Oakland County, Michigan. None need respond but those possessing a good moral character and true Christian principles.

A Word from Gloucester, Mass.

The "good cause" is progressing slowly but surely in our little town, and considerable interest is being manifested by persons here who have heretofore pronounced the whole subject a humbug and delusion.

A small society called "Friends of Progress" has recently been organized, with C. H. Oxtou, President, Julia M. Frier, Secretary, and A. L. Steele, Treasurer, and through their efforts we hope soon to have regular meetings.

If some good medium for physical manifestations should visit us, I think they would meet with excellent success, as no such medium has ever been here. God speed the day when the glorious truth of spirit communion shall be spread throughout the world, bearing joy and gladness to thousands of hearts now heavy with grief and sorrow. Yours for progression, JULIA M. FRIER, Gloucester, Mass., April, 1867.

Matters in Milwaukee.

H. S. Brown, M. D., writes: I arrived here the middle of March, found the Progressive Lyceum in prosperous condition, but no other meetings. I immediately called a conference to meet each Sunday at 10 A. M., (the Lyceum meets at 2 P. M.), and for three Sundays we have had evening meetings at 7. The people are hungry for spiritual knowledge, and all the meetings are well attended. I have determined to use the home talent, and see if we cannot "pay the expenses easily, and keep all the meetings going until the next season begins. The Society elected its officers in March—six months ago, and until others are elected. The following are the names of those elected, as far as I remember: President, H. S. Brown, M. D.; Vice-President, Mrs. A. B. Severance; Secretary, George Godfrey; Treasurer, Ira Brickley; Executive Committee, Mrs. M. A. Wood, M. F. Wright and N. M. Graham. Milwaukee, April 23, 1867.

Spirit-Portraits.

N. B. Starr, spirit-artist, has been with me for the last four months, and has painted fifteen spirit-portraits (in oil), all of which are recognized by their relatives and acquaintances. The pictures have not been distributed yet, and there are many persons calling to see the paintings; not only the spiritual friends but scores of the members of the different churches. The paintings are of a high order of art, and awake a great interest in our little city with all inquiring minds. Opposition to Spiritualism has ceased altogether. W. B. BARBON, St. Clair, Mich., April 22, 1867.

Illness of a Lecturer.

DEAR BANNER—Please discontinue the publication of my address in the lecturers' column indefinitely, as my health is poor, so poor as to make public speaking impossible for the coming season. If my health improves, as I hope it may, I shall return to the lecturing part of the Agency of the Spiritual Philosophy. With an earnest desire for the continuation and increase in demand for the BANNER OF LIGHT, I remain, Broadhead, Wis., April 27th, 1867. G. V. RICE.

BODY FOUND BY MEANS OF A DREAM.

The body of a man named Dennis McCarty, who was drowned on the 22d of February, was found in the water near the railroad ferry at Fall River, on Monday, April 22, under the following singular circumstances, as narrated by the News: "The body was first seen by Timothy McNulty, a brother-in-law of the deceased. Mr. McNulty informs us that last night he had a very remarkable dream in regard to the matter. He dreamed that the drowned man came to him and told him that if he would go down to the river in the morning and take a boat, he would find his (Mr. McCarty's) body floating in the water near the ferry. So strongly was he impressed with the dream, that soon after rising he went down to the river, and saw an object floating in the water just south of the ferry, and a little out from the shore. Calling upon George L. Burt, ticket-master at the ferry for assistance, a boat was procured, and the two rowed to the spot and found the body, as stated, about half a mile south of the place where Mr. McCarty was drowned."

Webster's spelling book sold last year at the rate of 5,131 copies for each working-day. The whole number printed has reached forty millions.

Notice.

A public discussion will take place in the U. Meeting House in Canton Village, Me., June 18, 1867, commencing at two o'clock P. M., by B. B. Murray, of Turner, and Miles Grant, of Boston, on the following Resolution: "Resolved, That the spirit of mankind, over whose earthly tabernacles (bodies) death has triumphed, now live in a state of consciousness." B. B. Murray, Affirmative; Miles Grant, Negative. Said discussion may continue for four sessions of two hours each, each party occupying twenty minutes at a time. ANDREW BARROWS, Canton, Me., April 26, 1867.

Committee on Education.

The National Executive Committee on Education will meet at the residence of A. Atwood, in Troy, N. Y., on the last Tuesday of May. If any member is compelled to be absent, he is requested to write and forward to the Secretary of the committee his views, plans and suggestions concerning a spiritual college and the cause of education generally, so far as prior to the meeting. Newmann Weeks, Chairman; Dr. Geo. Dutton, Secretary of National Executive Committee.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] J. N.—Document received, and will forward as you request. Columns too much crowded at present. D. E. M., Rochester, Vt.—\$1.00 received.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Received from Emma Harding, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.00; H. K. A. Bridgeport, Conn., \$1.00.

Donations to Aid the Poor.

Received from Nicholas Nichols, Lewiston, Pa., \$75.

Donations to Aid the Carder Family.

Received from Mrs. C. A. Atkinson, Boston, Mass., \$2.00.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture each Sunday afternoon in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admittance 15 cents. The Progressive Lyceum will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Lecture followed by conference at 8 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public is invited. Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 544 Washington street. Children's Lyceum at 10 A. M. Conference at 7 P. M. Circle at 7 P. M. G. H. Hines.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charlestown hold regular sessions, on Wednesdays, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Children's Lyceum, 100 N. Main street, forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speaker engaged—Warren Chase, May 5.

NEWTON CORNER, MASS.—The Spiritualists and friends of progress hold meetings in Middlesex Hall, Sundays, at 7 and 7 P. M. EARL TREVELL, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Haverhill hold meetings at Music Hall every Sunday, at 7 and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. C. C. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. E. L. Currier, Guardian.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Spiritual Society of Springfield hold meetings at the Palace Hotel, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 A. M. every Sunday. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. E. Underwood, G. W. M. Aldrich, May 19 and 26; Mrs. Emma Harding during June. Mrs. Martha P. Jacobs, Cor. Sec.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists hold meetings at the Palace Hotel, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 A. M. every Sunday. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. E. Underwood, G. W. M. Aldrich, May 19 and 26; Mrs. Emma Harding during June. Mrs. Martha P. Jacobs, Cor. Sec.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in Belding & Dickinson's Hall, 200 North Main street. Mrs. A. W. Sidney, May 12; Mrs. M. E. Sawyer, May 19.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall every Sunday, at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. TAUNTON, MASS.—Meetings are held regularly every Sunday in Concert Hall.

TAUNTON, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, at Essex Hall. SALEM, MASS.—Meetings are held in Lyceum Hall regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, free to all. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, 700 Weybosset street, Sunday, at 3 and 7 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 1/2 o'clock. Lyceum Conductor, L. K. Joslyn; Guardian, Mrs. Abbie H. Potter. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. E. Underwood, May 12; J. M. Feebles, May 19 and 26; Miss Nettie Colburn during June.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 11 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10 1/2 in the forenoon. Meetings are held in Pioneer Chapel every Sunday. Speakers engaged—A. J. Davis, May 12; Henry C. Wright, May 19 and 26; Rev. S. C. Hayward, June 2 and 9; Miss Lizzie Doten during July.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall, 808 Broadway. Meetings are held at Ebbitt Hall, 334 street, near Broadway, on Sundays, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lecturers should address H. S. Brown, M. D., at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lectures at 10 A. M. during May; Dr. George Dutton during June. Children's Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. every Sunday. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; M. B. Burt, Guardian; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—The Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Wednesday evening at Continental Hall, Fourth street, supported by the voluntary contributions of members and friends. BUFFALO, N. Y.—Meetings are held in hall corner of Main and Eagle streets.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Meetings are held at the residence of Mrs. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian. C. W. Hebard, Pres. Board of Trustees and Sec. of Lyceum.

MORRISTOWN, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M. OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near the City Hall. Meetings are held at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. All are invited free of admission fee. The BANNER OF LIGHT and SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC are for sale at the close of each meeting. Philadelphia, Pa. Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Conductor, Mrs. Rahn, Conductor.

The meetings formerly held at Sanson-street Hall, are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Fifth and Spring Garden streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The morning lecture is the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock, the lecture commencing at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7 1/2 o'clock. The Spiritualist Agency of Philadelphia hold regular meetings at No. 337 South Second street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., and on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addresses delivered in Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Spiritualists." Meetings are held at the residence of Mrs. Watson, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets immediately before the morning lecture. Conductor, Mrs. Fugh, Conductor.

CLEVELAND, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock. M. J. A. Lovett, Conductor; Mrs. J. Eddy, Guardian. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Conductor, Mrs. Rahn, Conductor.

The meetings formerly held at Sanson-street Hall, are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Fifth and Spring Garden streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The morning lecture is the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock, the lecture commencing at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7 1/2 o'clock. The Spiritualist Agency of Philadelphia hold regular meetings at No. 337 South Second street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., and on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addresses delivered in Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Spiritualists." Meetings are held at the residence of Mrs. Watson, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets immediately before the morning lecture. Conductor, Mrs. Fugh, Conductor.

ward, at such places it can be reached on Saturday, and return on Monday. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritualist and Reform Books.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will answer calls to speak in New England through the summer and fall. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass. DR. J. H. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address, 199 Cambridge street, Boston, Mass. ALBERT E. CARPENTER will speak in Foxcroft, Me., during May. Also plans particular engagements for establishing new Lyceums and laboring in those that are already established. Would like to make engagements for the fall and winter in the West. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. JENNETT F. CLARK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in the town of Wrentham, Mass. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn. DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Mo., will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Miss LIZZIE DOTEN will lecture in Mercantile Hall, Boston, during the month of May. Will make no further engagements. Address, Pavilion, 67 Tremont street, Boston. GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., will lecture in New York during June. Address, Rutland, Vt.

Answered JACOBSON DAVENPORT can be addressed at Orange, N. J. Mrs. F. Foss will speak in Lowell, Mass., May 6 and 13; in Portsmouth, N. H., May 19 and 26. Will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H. Mrs. MARY L. HENSON, inspirational and trance medium, will answer calls to lecture, attend circles or funerals. Free circles Sunday evenings. Address, Ellory street, Washington Village, South Boston.

DR. H. P. FANFELS, Greenwhich Village, Mass. DR. F. FISKE, Andover, Mass. J. G. FISKE, Red Bank, Mouchmouth Co., N. J. ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will lecture in Chelsea during May. Address as above, or Kennebec, Me. Mrs. LAURA DE FORBES GORDON will receive calls to lecture in Colorado Territory until spring, when she designs visiting California. Friends and friends of the cause who desire services as a lecturer, will please write at their earliest convenience. Permanent address, Denver City, Col. Tr. Mrs. C. L. GARD, (formerly Mrs. Morris), trance speaker, Tr. Mrs. F. GARD, (formerly Mrs. Morris), trance speaker, N. S. GREENHAY, Lowell, Mass.

DR. L. P. GRIGGS, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays during May and June. Address, Fort Wayne, Ind. Mrs. EMMA H. HANDLING lectures in Cincinnati, O., during the winter care of Dr. W. Pugh, P. O. box 2185, in Worcester, Mass., during June—address care of Mrs. Martha Jacobs, Worcester, or care of Thomas Ranney, 68 Federal street, Worcester, Mass., during July. Returns to Europe being delayed until the 28th of July next, she will be happy to speak in the East during the two first Sundays in that month. Address, Boston, Mass. DR. M. HENRY HOUGHTON will remain in West Paris, Me., until further notice. Address as above.

W. A. D. HOWE will lecture in Putnam, Conn., May 5 and 12; in Springfield, Mass., May 19 and 26. Address as above. LYMAN C. HOWE, inspirational speaker, New Abdon, N. Y. Mrs. MARY H. HERRICK will speak in Putnam, Conn., during May. Address, 101 Somerset, during August, in Cleveland, O., during September, October and November. Will receive proposals for June and July. DR. C. HAYWOOD will answer calls to lecture, and organize Churches of Christ in the West. Address, 101 Somerset, in Cleveland, O., during September, October and November. Will receive proposals for June and July.

DR. C. HAYWOOD will answer calls to lecture, and organize Churches of Christ in the West. Address, 101 Somerset, in Cleveland, O., during September, October and November. Will receive proposals for June and July. CHARLES A. HAYDEN, 88 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged for the present. Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt. Mrs. F. J. HUBBARD, Boston, Greenwood, Mass. Mrs. F. O. HYZER, 60 South Street, Baltimore, Md. Miss STEPHEN M. JOHNSON will lecture in Havana, Ill., during May. Permanent address, Millford, Mass. W. H. JOHNSON, Corry, Pa. O. P. KILLOOG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co., O., will speak in Monroe Centre the first Sunday of every month.

GABRIEL P. KERRISPORT, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Lynn, inspirational and semi-conscious trance speaker. Address, 567 Main street, Charlestown, Mass. J. S. LOVELL, trance lecturer, 179 Court street, Boston. Mrs. F. A. LOGAN will answer calls to awaken an interest in, and to aid in establishing Children's Progressive Lyceums. Address, Station H, New York City. DR. B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D., will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hammon, N. J. MARY E. LONGDON, inspirational speaker, will receive calls to lecture in the Eastern States until May 1st. Address, 69 Montgomery street, New York City.

MR. H. T. LEONARD, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H. Miss MARY M. LYONS, inspirational speaker—present address, 88 East Jefferson street, Syracuse, N. Y.—will answer calls to lecture. DR. LEO MILLER is permanently located in Chicago, Ill., and will answer calls to speak Sundays within a reasonable distance of that city. Address, P. O. box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, P. O. 725, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. SARAH BARKER MATTHEWS will speak in Weston, Vt., during May, in Westport, Me., during June, San Jose, Cal., 2 Address, East Westmoreland, N. H.

DR. JOHN MATTHEWS' present address is 80 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J. He will answer calls to lecture in the West until September. Mrs. MARY A. MITCHELL, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism, Sundays, and week-day evenings, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri. Will attend circles when desired. Address, care of box 227, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Lawrence, Kansas, one-third, twice one-third, and Sunday one-third of the time during the summer season. Address as above. C. NORWOOD, Ottawa, Ill., inspirational and inspirational speaker.

A. L. E. NASH, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y. J. W. VAN NAME, Monroe, Mich. GEORGE A. PIERCE, Auburn, Me. Mrs. J. PUFFER, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass. L. JUDD PARSONS, Philadelphia, Pa. LYDIA ANN RABALL, inspirational speaker, Dileo, Mich. Mrs. MARY ANN RABALL, inspirational speaker, San Jose, Cal. DR. J. H. RIPLEY, box 95, Foxboro, Mass. DR. F. W. R. RANDOLPH, lecturer, care box 5332, Boston, Mass. Mrs. H