

under the above title, with articles of association and by-laws, looking to systematic and orderly action in unity, without creating the least obligation, except such as is positively interwoven in the nature of each individual, by the great law of eternal fitness of things. While there have been and are still a goodly number of the citizens of this city and vicinity (say two hundred) who have avowed a consciousness of the divine truth of spirit intercommunion, and the demands of this sphere of life and those arising from the "Mount of Transfiguration," beyond the "vale of death," owing to causes common to almost every neighborhood of early investigation in this newly opened vista of Nature's realm of human aspirations, powers and possibilities, only a mere "handful" could be prevailed upon to join in this new movement for the upbuilding of a scientific temple of religious truth.

But while we are few in number, we hope and feel that we are strong in determination; while peculiarly weak, we hope that earnestness of purpose, energy and perseverance of action, will enable us to surmount all obstacles while steadily marching forward toward the accomplishment of higher and yet higher attainments of good.

The history of the past of Spiritualism in Adrian would be its history in very many localities where early excitement from phenomenal manifestations run its fires through the dry mass of decaying theology, and the serene and yellow leaf of science, followed by occasional lectures, progress, intermittent and spasmodic in its struggles for life and vigor, since its first gush of fervor it has steadily declined, and finally settled into a positive state of congestion; out of which, fresh forces of electrical power have so recently awakened.

The officers of this organization elected for the ensuing year, are Dr. J. K. Bailey, Pres.; Mrs. Lucinda Chandler, Vice Pres.; Mrs. L. H. R. Longshore, M. D., Sec.; Mrs. Mary Martin, Treas.; William C. Hunt, Mrs. N. L. Rowley and J. N. Chandler, together with President and Secretary, compose the Executive Committee and board of trustees.

We have, at present, twenty-nine members, and are steadily gaining in numbers. Of finance, no report—except that a plan of operations is not yet fully perfected, and being mostly composed of a membership of "the poor in this world's goods," we expect a "struggle for life," in this direction; but a determined and earnest progress, final triumph, and a not distant status of permanency. No library, lectures or Lyceum to report; but we look for the speedy inauguration and gradual development of each and all.

Amendments are pending which look to an immediate compliance with the requirements of the laws of this State, so as to secure their protection and reap all benefits thereby accruing.

Our meetings, at present, are a Conference at 10 o'clock A. M., each Sabbath, and occasional evening addresses, volunteered by those in our midst—thereby encouraging the development of "home-talent." A recent vote of the Society directs arrangements for a winter course of lectures.

By contribution we have raised two dollars and sixty cents, which is hereby tendered, as our "mite" offering toward the expense of publishing the annual statistics suggested by Bro. J. G. Fish, whose proposals have inspired this action upon the part of our Society, provided such publication is ordered by your action.

We, the undersigned, officers of the above named Society, hereby certify that the above address to the National Association of Spiritualists, in Convention assembled, was this day submitted to the regular meeting of this Society, duly approved and adopted, and ordered to be transmitted, together with the money therefor named, by the delegates of this Society, and delivered to the proper officers of your Convention, upon the conditions therein set forth.

LUCINDA CHANDLER, Acting President.
MARY MARTIN, Secretary, pro tem.
Adrian, Mich., Aug. 25th, 1867.

The amount of \$2.60, above mentioned, was handed to the Treasurer.
Adjourned till afternoon.

THE OLD CRADLE.

BY MRS. C. A. K. POORE.

'Neath the mouldering roof, where the dark shadow lay,
Where the pure, golden sunbeams but fitfully play,
And the bat, undisturbed, wheels its purposeless flight
In a silence as deep as the hush of the night,
Stands no rich gem of art, with its workmanship rare,
But a dingy old cradle, unpainted and bare,
With its scarred, battered sides time-worn and dust-strown;
It seems to our vision a thing senseless and lone.

For little we know of the hopes and the fears
Garnered up in its depths in the long buried years;
When fair infant forms to its pillows were pressed,
And a mother's sweet lullaby soothed them to rest,
And our mortal ear, with its dull, muffled strings,
Catches not the soft rustle of angelic wings,
We see not the bright forms of the radiant band,
And the old cradle moved by a shadowy hand.

For a mother's love clings to the babes that she bore,
Though her footsteps may tread on eternity's shore;
And full oft she doth linger around the low bed,
Where she laid in soft slumber the innocent head,
Though the bright, household band, once cherished,
May be broken, scattered and severed by land and by sea,
Yet a mother's eye notes them with tenderest care,
And follows each wanderer with blessing and prayer.

Oh, mother's love! best, noblest and truest of earth!
Thy undying power speaks thy heavenly birth;
For thou surmountest the fetters of death and the tomb,
To dispel from our spirits their darkness and gloom.

And thy strength and devotion remain still the same
Through darkness and sunshine, through glory and shame,
And when we falter or faint, still thy gentle hand
Is pointing us upward to a far better land.
Hammonton, N. J.

HUMOR.—Humor is not so distinct a quality as, for the purpose of criticism, it is commonly regarded, but is allied to every faculty, even the divinest. The familiar and cheerful conversation around every fireside, when analyzed, will be found to be sweetened by this principle. There is not only a cheer-falling, pleasant and earnest humor kept up there, embracing the domestic affairs, the dinner and the scolding, but there is also a constant run upon the neighbors, and upon Church and State; and to maintain this, in a great measure, is the dinner provided and the fire kept burning. There will be neighbors—parties to a wedding, a genuine and even romantic friendship—whose whole audible salutation and intercourse (abstaining from the usual cordial expressions, grasping of hands and affectionate farewells) consist in the mutual play and interchange of a genial and healthy humor which excepts nothing—not even themselves—in its lawless range. The child plays continually if you will let it, and all its life is a sort of "practical" humor of a very pure kind, often of so fine and ethereal a nature that its parents, its uncles and cousins can in no wise participate in it, but stand aloof in silent admiration and reverence even. The more quiet, the more profound it is. Even Nature is observed to have her playful mood or aspects; and even man seems sometime to be the sport. *Californian.*

When the Hindoo Priest is about to baptize an infant he utters the following beautiful sentiment: "Little baby, thou enterest the world weeping while all around thee smile; contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles while all around you weep."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 23,
Station D, New York City.

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

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. VIII.—THE TWO VOICES.

Aunt Prue sat in the crimson light of sunset at her back door. The great hill in the distance loomed up in its purple shadow like a wall of defence. She looked at the range of mountains that circled to the southward, and sang to herself:

"As the hills are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people. And we are all his people," she added, "yes, all. There's Rosa, gone back to her slavery, hard life, and the Lord let her. 'No, no, Aunt Prue, it was you that let her.' So I did. But then I am old—growing older every day. I got tired easier than I did. I sometimes wish for a little quiet, and what could I do with Rosa if she stayed here? It would be twice as hard to take care of Nela. But then, Nela is no real care, and Rosa don't want anything but love. There those little chicks were the other day contriving how to mend Rosa's dress, and they really prospered finely in their work, without any help of mine. Sometimes I think I'll let Rosa come and live here, for if—if they should send for Nela, then I should have some one to keep my heart from breaking."

A frown came on Aunt Prue's face. She shook her head, she rubbed her eyes. Any one that knew her would say that something was going wrong with her.

"Fie on you, Aunt Prue," she continued. "A selfish thought like that is just like putting a great black cloud into this sunset. If I take Rosa, I'll take her because of the love I feel for her. But then, if I do take her, only to think of all the trouble; and winter will soon be coming again, and like enough Nela will, after all, love to be with Rosa better than with an old body like me."

A little tear gleamed in Aunt Prue's eye. She could not satisfy herself. There were two voices contending within her. She looked again at the crimson light and the grand mountains.

"Well, one thing is certain. If the Lord was round about the Jews he is round about us, and Rosa, too; so I'll not settle this matter myself, for there's a little bit of a tempter at work in me that will try to lead me into trouble. I can't exactly see my way clear, so I'll just wait for the moving of the spirit."

Lucy and Nela came with light steps, and resting each a hand on Aunt Prue's shoulders, looked with her at the glory of the western sky. Lucy gave a little sigh, but Nela laughed a low, sweet laugh.

"Don't that look like the morning-glories that we found this morning? Do tell me, grandma, what makes the purple and the gold shine up so, and how do the little flowers find the red and the yellow, down in the ground?"

"That is a great question for such a head as mine to answer. I've read that it was all arranged by chemical process, but I'd rather believe that it all is given to us to teach us the glory and beauty of the All-Beautiful—to let us look through flowers and sunsets straight to heaven, and to lead our thoughts to the Father, who is to our hearts what sunlight is to the sky and to the flowers."

"I wish I knew if Rosa could see the sunset," said Lucy.
"Of course she can't," said Nela. "She has all the supper dishes to wash for ever and ever so many people, and she has to do it in a dark closet where she can't see anything pretty; and when she gets through she's so tired that she goes right to bed, because has to be up before light and cook the teamsters' breakfast."

Aunt Prue shaded her eyes from the golden light.

"Tell me, grandma, if the Father up in heaven makes such beautiful things as flowers and sunsets, why he can't make all the little girls in all the world happy?"

Aunt Prue lifted her face, and a light shone out of it brighter than the glory that rested upon it.
"My child, let me tell you why I think it is. The love of God has to shine on little children and all who need it, through the love of the angels, and through the hearts of men, women and children. It is we who must help those who need help, and prove that the love of God is within us."

"Well, then, grandma, don't you—don't you think—"
"Speak it out, my little one."
"Don't you think that it is meant that we should let Rosa see the sunsets and the pretty things that we see?"

"Yes, I do," said Aunt Prue, with emphasis.
"I think if we do not let the beauty and love into every child's heart, and bring them into the daylight of our kindness and care, we cannot say that the love of God dwells in us."

As she said this she rose, and a smile so sweet that angels might call it sunshine, illumined her face.
"Children, look at that grand mountain, and the glory that rests upon it, and remember what I say. Two voices have been speaking within me. One came from the hard selfishness that is in all our natures, and is like that mountain. The other came from the light and love of God, which is also in us, and is like that glory above the mountain. One voice said, 'Aunt Prue, you are getting old and don't want trouble and care.' The other said, 'As your day is, so shall your strength be.' One said, 'The winter will soon be here, and how much work there is to do.' The other said, 'Take no thought for tomorrow, but do right to-day.' One said, 'Let Rosa stay where she is; she will do well enough.' The other said, 'Take her to your home and heart.' Which voice shall I listen to? Tell me, little ones, for out of your pure lips shall come the law that shall be obeyed."

"Oh, grandma," said Nela, "if you could, oh, if you could let Rosa come, I'd do all the work, and we'd help you ever and ever so much, and we wouldn't let you get tired, and—"

With the tumultuous gladness of her heart, she jumped up and down, shaking her curls till they looked like a crown of light on her brow.

"And what says Lucy," said Aunt Prue.
"I was thinking the light on the mountain was much prettier than the sunset; and I'd rather go up into the gold than down into the shadow."

"An angel's answer," said Aunt Prue. "You have asked the question; when God and his angels speak, Aunt Prue knows enough to keep silent. But, as bed, and I'll write the letter which will bring Rosa home to her work."

There was a soft hum of voices, and of a brook murmuring, from the bed-room, and

Aunt Prue sat in her chair listening instead of writing, until the stars looked in at the window. Tears and smiles rested on her face: "Oh God, I thank thee that I have yet an ear to hear thy voice, as it speaks to me from flowers, from stars, from sunset glory, and from the pure lips of little children. Let my ear never be hardened that I cannot hear these voices through which thy goodness is uttered."

Aunt Prue took her pen and wrote her letter. At Maplewood farm, old Mr. Graves sat that same evening looking also at the sunset light, and watching its changing hues. Tony had just come in from the barn; on his face rested the glow of health and pleasure.

"Well, sonny, I've had a comfortable time here for the last hour. I've been up and down the Mediterranean several times in that sky there. Just look and see how like a sea of light it is. See the islands, the straits; look at that cloud to the starboard—that'll do well for Malta; then there you have several groups, or rather you can imagine them. Tell me the names of those islands that we ought to find there. Wasn't that the lesson I gave you to-day?"

"But then, grandpa, I had the chickens to feed, and the old hen to set, and the pig to get out of the garden, and the oxen to drive to be shod, and then—"

"You liked play better than study."

"I s'pose I did, grandpa. I sat down in your room, but I could n't see anything but bears, and birds, and what grand hunts you used to have, and think, and wonder how they stuffed them, and all sorts of things but just the lesson you gave me; and then it's so lonesome all alone! I'd rather go to school."

"But there is n't any school to go to now."

"Well, I want somebody to talk to."

"But boys don't talk in school."

"Yes we do—talk with our eyes; but I'll get my lesson to-morrow, really I will grandpa; so good-night." And in five minutes after, Tony was fast asleep, for he was full of healthy, active life.

But the old man sat quietly watching the stars come out.

"Just so I've seen the lights come out along the shore—beacon lights, when we were near the land. I feel as if I was near the shore—over sixty, an old man—I get tired easy. Wonder if I had better bother about Tony's lessons. Says he wants to go to school. Suppose I make a school here; the children hereabouts need what I could give. But I've had rough and tumble enough. It would spoil all my tramps off alone; all my study at home; guess I won't do it. There are those fishes' eggs—I want to watch them; and then I am trying to find out the habits of the humming-birds. But then children are better studies than birds. Why didn't I ask Tony about it? I'll go now."

Tony, in his sweet unconscious sleep, lay like a lily bud on the lake; no ruffle of the water gave him a dream.

"I say, Tony," said the old man, shaking him; "look here. I say, had we better have them come? I mean to school."

Tony, half unconscious, roused himself, calling out: "They're coming; let them come."

Mr. Graves sat quietly by the bed looking at the sleeper.

"So they are, my boy," he half-whispered. "What is life for but to do good in, and to gain from? Once in Brazil I was sailing up one of its mighty rivers. I remember well the day we came to a spot where the river seemed to divide. It was hardly possible to tell which was the real stream. One looked to me as much like the river as the other. Yet I knew that one would lead us far up to a country rich and beautiful, while the other would only bring us misery—the morass, the thicket, the wild swamp, disease, starvation, probable death. Yet with all this seeming danger, there was a sure way out. If we could find the current that set to the ocean, we should know the stream. A little straw might tell us that. So I set one afloat, and when it went steadily downward, then I knew where to go upward. There is a current to our lives, always setting to the good and the true. Sometimes it is hard to feel it, sometimes it sweeps on strongly. If we get on the wrong track in our lives, a little thing can lead us aright, if we will trust to it. Yes, I will sail by the current; I will do good, and let the rest follow as it will. I'll have a school."

With his usual promptness old Mr. Graves started out the next morning to invite Nela, Lucy and Rosa to join Tony in a class, not for hard study but for story-telling, verbal history, the grammar of every-day speech.

"You see," he said to Aunt Prue, "I don't believe in making children eat the burr and shell of the nut for the sake of the good meat inside; but I'll crack the nut and take out the sweet meat, and they'll think it's a pleasure to digest it."

So it was all decided that after a week and Rosa had come that the children should devote three hours of every day to their books, studies and Mr. Graves's yarns, as he called his instructive stories.

"Now, Nela," he said, "sit down here while I tell you what I saw on my way down here. It was a little blossom of the lily of the wood—the Trillium. It had come up just under a dried twig, upon which rested a mat of dried leaves. Of course the plant was bent all out of shape; it forced itself out with a great hump in its back. It wanted the sun, it wanted the air, it wanted the dew; so it kept growing, but it could not grow in beauty because of the great load that rested upon it. I lifted the withered twig; I carefully laid aside the mat of leaves, and then I sat down to look on. The little plant, while I sat there, lifted up its head, slowly but surely, and its white petals unfolded more and more. It was a little thing for me to do, but no doubt it was a great thing to the flower. Now I am going to just lift all that's in the way of your growing out of the way, and let the sunshine in upon you; and that's all the school we are going to have. So don't look so very sober about it."

"And shan't we have great long runs, and to find out ever so many places on the maps?" said Nela.

"I left Tony feeding twelve chickens, and he said he should give them three spoonful of dough apiece, and then he should give the old hen twelve kernels of corn, and the old rooster ten. You see he favors the females, like a true knight. Now I want you to tell me, when I come back from looking at your morning-glories, how many spoonful of dough there were (though I think he wasted some), and how many kernels of corn."

Nela laughed, and sat moving her fingers for a few minutes, and then ran out to the garden with her answer.

"Now that's arithmetic, Nela, and quite a little sum."

"Oh, that's fun!"

"Then come to our school to learn fun."

Aunt Prue sat down in her arm-chair after Mr. Graves had gone, and mused thus: "If one does right, how quick it turns everything to gold and beauty. I do believe, the Lord, could answer my prayer, because I left the dreary world, self-interest for the path of loving duty. Now Nela

will not be growing up wild, and I can keep her a little longer, and not harm her for the life she will have to enter."

[To be continued.]

Miscellaneous Enigma, Containing 28 Letters.

My 1, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 8, 18 is an adjective, superlative degree:
The sun, moon and stars will express it into thee.
My 18, 23, 21, 15, 3 is a household utensil; I will not tell the name;
If you cannot guess it, pray who is to blame?

My 1, 12, 2, 3 are industrious little colonists as ever yet were seen;
Their weapons, too, of warfare, you will find very keen.

My 7, 8, 9, 11, 3 is a personal pronoun in the possessive case;
If you fail to guess it 't will be a great disgrace.

My 22, 23, 10, 17 is a quadruped—guess it if you can—
Noted for an appendage that appertains to man.
My 19, 26, 27, 17, 25 is a tract of barren country, I have heard people say,
Where travelers get bewildered, and sometimes lose the way.

And now, my dear young friends, I must bid you
23, 28, 14, 26, 4;
May your progress in learning be rapid and true.
Stop! Do you wish to know my whole, the secret of my plan?

It's a saying, I've been told, of an energetic man.
P. C.

Answer to Anagram by "P. C." in our last.

In whatever region my life-line is cast,
In whatever country I roam,
No place have I found in the present or past,
So dear as my New England home.

The mountains, the hills and the rocks are all dear,
And the brook where the speckled trout played;
The cot where my forefathers lived I revere,
And the place where their bodies were laid.

LETTER FROM FORT KEARNEY, NEBRASKA.

BY LITA BAINEY SAYLES.

My husband and myself passed Sunday, Oct. 13, in Cleveland, Ohio, (where many of us spent a profitable time at our late Convention,) and had the pleasure of listening to E. S. Wheeler, of Boston, to whom the people of Cleveland took such a liking at that time that they are keeping him through this month. I learn from some of the friends there that he has given universal satisfaction. His lectures are always very instructive and interesting, but I certainly never listened to a better one from him, or any one else, on the subject of "Love, Marriage and Parentage," than I heard Sunday evening. It was much too good to pass only into the air and people's ears, which are only a degree removed in retaining impressions, and should be preserved in a more tangible form. And I am quite sure, when I express a wish that he should elaborate his ideas still further and publish them in a book form, to add to our Lyceum and Spiritualistic Library, I shall be warmly seconded by those who were fortunate enough to listen to him that evening. It elucidated the very points with which the young mind should become cognizant, and of which it is invariably ignorant, and I should welcome the advent of such a publication in our family, as the education of no youth is complete until he or she has learned to "know themselves."

From Cleveland, by Southern Michigan, we went to Chicago, a splendid city, the growth of only a few years, but sturdy even in its youth, alive and growing on toward manhood, wonderful in its actualities and capabilities; the great New York of the present West, the Central New York when, in 1870, the Union Pacific shall have reached its iron hands over the Rocky Mountains and shaken a good morning with the Golden Gate, and, if it continue to increase in anything like its present ratio, before many years a greater than New York now is.

A fresh, new city, just set up into place, there was novelty in it to my Eastern eyes that was extremely fascinating. You feel there the progressive spirit of the age actualized and set up before you in mammoth blocks, magnificent churches, school-houses and depots, and in the constant bustle of an enormous trade. A block that has been built ten years is one of the old buildings; and if one has stood fifteen years it is antiquated indeed. It is no wonder that our Western people have large ideas. Look at the rapid growth of their cities, at their out-stretching prairie-land, far as the eye can reach, teeming with such abundance, waving in the golden harvest time, their grain sown and reaped and threshed, measured and loaded into vessels, all by machinery! Surely it is a "Great West," and the inhabitants thereof can but be a great-souled people! I understand the Society and Lyceum to be in good condition.

From Chicago the ride through the Garden State to the Mississippi was very pleasant; and desiring to become acquainted with its general appearance, we traversed it during the day, leaving Chicago at 3 P. M. As soon as the shades of night gather around us, the broad prairies are dotted over with fires that are invisible by sunlight, encircling us for the time, and sometimes bounding the whole plain and reaching up into the sky. In the timber, too, the stumps that had been burning all day, light up well the hours of the night; and sometimes an upright tree-trunk will be aglow with the destroying element, which shall surely prostrate it at last. We cross the Mississippi with its four or five broad channels at Fulton, and are in Iowa, and compose ourselves for a nap in our comfortable beds in Pullman's sleeping car, to awake in the morning and find ourselves coming to Boone, on Des Moines River, and see signs of a coal region—for Iowa is finding herself possessed of considerable treasures beneath, as well as within her fertile soil. We traverse this State until 4 P. M. We arrive at Council Bluffs, the flat that bounds the Missouri upon the east, and taking omnibuses, are ferried over its turbid waters on a boat that comes up to the shore anywhere, for there is no sign of a wharf, and which leaves us anywhere, and we drive off and go about our business to the city of Omaha, the capital of Nebraska, and five hundred miles west of Chicago.

This is another new city, situated on the western bluff of the Missouri, that strange river that changes its channels about every freshet. On the Nebraska side it rode through its channel of last year, it having appropriated this Spring a part of the Iowa lands on the east, furrowing out an entire new one. One farmer, who was resident in Iowa last year, was admitted into Nebraska this, by the aberrations of its majesty, the Missouri, his whole farm being out from the former by its muddy waters. We speak of this as "being new country," and it is certainly new, by the shifting uncertainty of its rivers, and, as yet, to be in a state of infancy, and ignorant of its true place or position. The waters of the river had sometimes sink away, and, edging through a bed of

sand, come out again to view beyond it. When the river is full there is no estimating the width of some of them. The Platte, for instance, is often six miles wide, and last year overflowed the whole Platte Valley and run over into the Elkhorn, flooding the Pacific road, which was in process of construction, and gullying away large portions. Three years ago you could walk dry shod over the Platte, anywhere above Leup Fork. The great trouble of railroading here is the instability of the banks of rivers, and even driving piles seems of little or no use. There is no bridge across the Missouri, and it is thought by residents here that it never can be safely and strongly bridged, though I do not know what is the opinion of the civil engineers. The soil along these rivers moves almost as easily as the water itself, and is a delusive and unstable affair.

This city is rapidly emulating her Eastern sisters, having sprung up by magic, in two years, as we may say, it being but an insignificant place until the Pacific Railroad has endowed it with life. It can never be a Chicago or New York, however, for its river at most seasons of the year is so certain to be uncertain in its navigation, that it cannot be depended on as much of an aid. We wished to go down to St. Joseph's, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles by land, but three hundred by water, and found we might get there in twelve days or so by boat, and concluded we would n't try boating at this season. The channel has to be constantly felt after, the first thing you know you are on a sandbank, and no tide coming in to help you off.

From Omaha, two hundred miles west on the Pacific Railroad, in a special car, (or coach, as they denominate them there,) kindly put on for our small party by Superintendent Snyder, who telegraphed to Fort Kearney for us, so that on our arrival at Kearney Station we found a four mule ambulance and escort waiting to take us there, a distance of seven or eight miles south, across the nine channels of the Platte, which we forded, Wm. Henry Bradley, Post-Surgeon, and Capt. Wyman, on their horses, being our escort; and we even had the good fortune to secure a nice bit of antelope on our way, which meat is very sweet and desirable. We have spent two days at this fort, agreeably entertained by A. J. Dallas, a nephew of our old Vice-President Dallas, and Major-Commanding here, and by his good lady; and also by Dr. Bradley and lady, and start for Omaha to-night. We went buffalo hunting yesterday and to-day, and have taken four of these enormous animals. The ladies go in ambulances, and the gents on horseback. Herds of buffalo, numbering from twenty to two hundred and fifty, are seen. Antelopes, wild geese, ducks and prairie wolves (beautiful pets!) abound.

Fort Kearney, Nebraska, Oct. 21, 1867.

A Three Months' Tour.

I am not much in the habit of preaching Lois and her labors, but as I requested you to drop my address from your columns for awhile, as I was going to itinerating, perhaps it will not be amiss to tell your readers that I am alive, and still believe in that portion of Scripture which says that "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Three months ago to-day I left Minnesota, going first to Cresco, Iowa. I gave three lectures there, two at New Oregon, three at Lime Springs, and two at Howard Centre, and then came to the Cedar River Valley, and have given forty lectures, commencing at this point, and going South about seventy miles. My appointments have been from four to eighteen miles apart, and I have given from one to seven lectures in a place. Have been well received, had good audiences, and have also been well paid; but in most cases the expense has fallen upon a few; so few, that they do not feel able to keep up lecturing any length of time, but are glad to welcome an itinerant, if not called upon too often, of which there is but little danger at present.

At five of the points I have visited—Waverly, Shell-Rock, Janesville, Webster's neighborhood, and Jefferson, and also West Fork—Elder Warren, of Chickasaw, has been dividing his Sundays for eighteen months or two years past, and he and his companion are faithful laborers, approved by spirits, both in the form and out. We had a two days' meeting while I was at Waverly, October 12th and 13th, and in addition to Bro. Warren and myself, had J. L. Potter, of West Salem, Wisconsin, with us, and had a good time indeed. I said that at most places the expense had to be borne by a few, and they did not feel able to keep up meetings all the time. For the most part it is true that they are not able, but with some it is only the *feel* that is in the way, and were their hearts as large as their purses, they could give largely; if not for constant local labor, to help supply those places where they are willing to hear, but not yet ready to pay. In one place where I went, a man who is counted worth thirty or forty thousand dollars, and a poor man, whose only dependence is his daily labor, both Spiritualists, paid alike, or nearly so. I believe in the final settlement there were fifty cents in favor of the rich man, he paying that much more of twenty-five dollars that had to be made up by some six persons. "Blessed are the poor."

But in reference to the Cedar Valley, and these forty lectures. I could go ten miles east of here and down through the country to the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, put in forty more at country school-houses and small villages, and then ten miles west of the route I have now taken, and in going back north to the State line could put in another forty with good advantage to the cause, for I should get hearers, and if they did not like what I said, they would get ideas into their heads, and like the Baptist brother is Minnesota, they could not get them out. That is what he said; he had been out three times, then stopped going and forbade his wife going, for said he, "I have got ideas into my head now that are not doing me any good, and I cannot get them out."

Yes, I could put in that amount of labor in the small portion of country I have named, to good advantage to the cause, but for the most part I pay would be too much like five of the lectures I gave just before I came to the Valley, six dollars and thirty-five cents for the whole five; three dollars of this for traveling expenses. Oh, when will our people wake up to the economy of the sustaining the missionary enterprise? I say ECONOMY, and I mean it; for that amount of labor upon these new fields would more than twice pay the expense, even in money, in two or three years time; and were it a railroad speculation, or something of the sort, there would be enough to see the point; but "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Yours ever, LON WAINBROOK.

West Mitchell, Iowa, Nov. 2, 1867.

The happy people of this world think that the unhappy ought to perish before them, with the same grace as that which the Roman populace accorded to the gladiators.—*Quintus.*

The "room for improvement" is the largest in the world.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HYMN.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

Heavenly Father, wilt thou hear us,
While to thee a hymn we sing?
In thy majesty be near us,
Thou, the light, the life, the spring!
Thou hast opened wide the portals
Of thy shining courts above,
To the race of "dying" mortals,
And baptized us with thy love.

Let us feel thy presence nearer,
While we sing our humble song;
To our hearts thy cause be dearer,
And our confidence be strong.
Have we faltered? Oh restore us
To a perfect faith in thee;
Let thy shadow hover o'er us,
Let us here thy glory see!

Let our yearning hearts be lighter,
While we view thy glorious laws,
And the dawning day grow brighter,
As we labor in thy cause.
Guide us by the light of reason,
In the path that leads to peace;
Keep us safe from blighting treason,
Daily let our strength increase.

Oh redeem us! oh redeem us!
Save from Error's fatal night!
Darkness illy doth beset us,
Who have basked in heavenly light.
Let unerring wisdom lead us,
Safely from all mortal strife;
Wilt thou heed us, Lord, and feed us,
Feed us with Eternal Life?

Original Essays.

INKLINGS OF MORAL TRUTH.

ARTICLE FOUR.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

The evolution of Good in itself, or Happiness according to specific gradations of sentient capacity, is the immediate object of all mentality. But this object is attainable by rational beings, and so by the better portion of mankind, only in the event of its general realization; that is, in Heaven. It is all-important to the purpose of the present writing, to see the verity and logical bearing of this statement.

My definition of Happiness as an uninterrupted series of pure enjoyments, that of enjoyment as a coalition of gratifications, and that of gratification as the conjunction of want with its object, though strictly true and pertinent to the results of conceptive analysis, represent respectively, not the whole of any single reality thus implied, but only those similitudes thereof which belong to a class of many-sided truths. Want, as well as its object, is as multifarious as the constitutional aptitudes of sentient being. These are its bases, without which no species of gratification, and therefore no measure of enjoyment, is possible. Their diversity, and still more the variety of their objective counterparts, is the procuring cause of diverse gratifications as the elements of distinctive enjoyments, the varying consecration of which makes Happiness a perpetual novelty.

Now, an uninterrupted series of pure enjoyments can never occur to any mind without a speedy gratification of every sensible want; for want is the precursor of gratification only on condition of being presently supplied with its object. If this event be long delayed, want waxes prurient and painful, and finally becomes a source of misery.

But it is notorious that mankind are subject to artificial as well as natural wants, and that the gratification of the former is offensive to the latter. The only expedient in this case is discipline. All but natural wants must be rooted out, before happiness will be possible; and these are to be gratified only in harmonious ways. In other words, Happiness consists in the consecutive gratification of all congenial wants.

This, then, is the reason why a well-developed human being cannot be happy whose neighbors are in any wise wretched. It is because human nature is sympathetic, so that even misery loves company. But this saying is more largely true of grateful minds. Pleasure makes one gracious; and if one ever delights in pleasing others, it is in the moment of complacency. And how it smothered joy to learn of another's grief. Benevolent minds regard with pain the suffering even of brutes; though these are often strangers to pity, ignoring each other's wants and violating each other's rights with moral impunity, I mean without remorse. Thus a well-fed brute, especially of the lower species, is as likely to be happy alone, at least for a season, as in company of its kind; happy, that is to say, as brutes may be, whose prerogative in this respect is due to their lack of rational endowments—a condition in no degree provocative of human envy.

To go to the root of this matter, the Author of all finite being sees no better reason for the happiness of one than of another. As the Infinite Exemplifier of Justice He must have provided for the ultimately equal Happiness of all his rational children. And this benignant design of Our Heavenly Father is indicated by the philosophical fact just adverted to. Man is so constituted that he cannot be happy in selfish solitude; neither can one be helped against the interest of another. Moreover, Society is the birth-place and cherished home of every rational soul; and in consequence of this arrangement in Nature, the Happiness of each must follow the Righteousness of all. A proper conception of this truth is the beginning of human wisdom, if not of moral character. Heaven is the prospective issue of its adoption by all human spirits embodied and disembodied.

Even from this oblique and partial view of the constitutional grades of mentality, the intelligent reader can hardly fail to infer that rules of conduct apply only to rational beings; that what is loosely called accountability depends also on other attributes of personal character. But I would caution the honest investigator against being carried away with the common notion that this induction has anything to do with moral science, or that from which rules or conduct are properly deduced. Respect for such of these as have become conventionally established, is the vulgar criterion of Virtue, than which nothing is more fallacious. Merit and demerit also are purely personal qualities, not altogether suppositions. But however this may be, the sentiment of either should not be allowed to mar the conception of real Righteousness. Nothing but the seeming choice of right or wrong ever elicits the award of praise or blame; whereas good or evil, as the sequel of moral action, follows the desert of its agent. In the light of Reason, Righteousness savors as much of Interest as of Duty. It is the Art of Living, of which experience is the best of all teachers. As an art, it is long, too long for the projected scope of my

pen. But, like every other art, it has its basis in a relevant science, the evolution of which is the natural harbinger of its practical reality. And this science is comparatively short, short enough to be embraced by the programme of this discussion; but not without an occasional break in its process. The hypothetical interest of now and then a reader must yield to the undoubted complaint of many against lengthy articles which they never read because they are dry, in favor of whose rarely questioned immensity the completion of my essay is still deferred.

INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF THE SOUL.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

The mind of each person is his own kingdom, secure against foreign intrusion, an unapproachable sovereignty on its legitimate throne, glowing with electric fire derived from its great author. Love and poetry are diffused in its innermost recesses, for it delights in whatever is great and good, beautiful and divine. It renders man a progressive being, and is perpetually employed in enlarging and improving his condition. This soul-life pervades all things, finding alike in the interior, as well as exterior, inexhaustible subjects for adoration. Universal is this divine faculty, this intellectual gift to man, though individuals differ in the greater or lesser intensity of genius, education and capacity. It supplies materials for historians, poets and all scientific productions, whether of religion or politics, for the revealing of valuable secrets or ingenious inventions.

This principle is active, and becomes a guiding light in dark places to gladden the hearts of men in the agonies of death, cheering them when smothered under bitter persecutions, casting overboard the veil of mercy woven by God for all his children; or it is used to corrupt the virtues and strengthen the arm of the assassin, for soul-life shapes itself to the mold into which it is pressed. Like a mirror, it reflects symbolically its attributes. To some it is a blessing; its teachings divine. It enables them to bear poverty and all earthly trials with patience; to view death as the portal of eternal joy; teaches them to forgive injuries; removes discord; joins men together as one brotherhood.

Soul-life gives a certainty of a future existence, and that each pilgrim is entitled to reward, according to his deserts; that this temporary abode is but for the polishing of the gems required for the Father's temple; that the earthly workshop is designed but to cut and prepare the jewels required for the Master; here our shape and value are determined, and we differ in brilliancy and value as much as the mineral kingdom, from the coarse granite up to the delicate gem. Through all manipulations and discipline many remain opaque, rough and ungainly during the process of cultivation; others frail and unstable; but few obtain the intellectual polish and refinement whose value can be ascertained by the light of benevolence and just principles that shine forth in every direction in deeds of virtue and justice. "As one star differs from another in glory," so do human beings.

Intellectual soul-life teaches the knowledge of physical organization, and that perfection can be acquired by care of the body; that disease and deformity can be avoided; brings forth the methods of collateral reform that will develop hidden powers, that only require a little devotion to the laws of health and morals to show a race of strong and pure-minded men and women, whose moral purity will outshine even their personal comeliness. Each self-denial elevates the soul, calls into existence the true divinity of our natures, and obtains for us a glimpse of heaven. Acts long since forgotten, flash out at intervals from the soul. Each thought or deed stands out like stars in the darkness of memory. The man who has reached extreme old age will retain the recollection of each incident of his childhood. Happy is he whose charitable and Christian-like attributes shine out clear when all else has perished. We look up to the gifted ones among us with reverence for their massive intellects and cultivated genius, whose virtues throw a halo about them that even the tomb cannot hide, whose soul-life overpowered the animal and viewed every subject in true light, rendering them good citizens, reliable in social and domestic relations, leaving the world better for their sojourn here, as intellect is prized before any other gift.

BROTHERHOOD.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

How imperfectly do we comprehend this great idea. How feebly is it developed in human institutions, and in our intercourse with each other. We talk loudly of "fraternity" and the "rights of man"; we use the hallowed name "brother" or "sister," yet how lightly does it fall from our lips—how cold, irreverent and careless is the tone in which it is spoken. How seldom do we embody in action that pure, earnest, unselfish affection, which alone can sanctify such a relationship.

One cause of this indifference may be found in that superficial, irreligious spirit which imprisons us in externals, and makes so many homes mere dwellings of transient and heartless frivolities, instead of sanctuaries where the holiest affections may unfold in freedom and harmony. Intimacy too often degenerates into lawlessness and indifference to the rights and happiness of those so nearly connected, who often act toward each other with an entire disregard of all the sweet, genial courtesies of life, reserving for strangers the shadows if not the substance of those refining influences.

Nothing can change this unnatural condition, so prevalent in our social order, or rather disorder, but a recognition of the sacred individuality of every human being, a reverence for the higher claims of the spiritual nature, and a generous appreciation of those minor duties and simple offices of love which enter so largely into our every-day experiences.

Beautiful is that home where the diviner germs of our being are carefully nurtured by the warmth of domestic affection, and called into harmonious action by a true and inspiring culture. There we behold the realization of the poet's brightest dreams; the practical working of the highest teachings of the philosopher and the moralist; the heaven which the devout soul is apt to look for afar off, rather than within and around him.

Our holy and sublime religion is adapted to the wants of society as well as individuals. It has been revealed to us, not only to answer intellectual inquiry after truth, not merely to assure us beyond doubt of an immortal hereafter, but to spiritualize all life—to impart to us here and now that fervent devotion to humanity, that reverential love of holiness, which are ever recognized through the deeds to which they give birth. Yes, our religion manifests itself to purify, to bless, and elevate every thought, word and work; to ennoble every duty, however mean it may appear to the worldly eye; to glorify the humblest lot; to change the dry, prosaic details and little cares which sometimes so oppress us, into elements of power that educate and exalt the mind as if as-

pires after a nobler growth. Those who are satisfied because for them the problem of immortality is solved, and who do not make the certainty of that sublime conviction the center of the present, are as yet learning but the alphabet of Spiritualism—its loftier teachings are reached only by the uplifted and obedient heart.

While accepting with gratitude all the evidences of the immortal and imperishable that come from those who are permitted to approach us from the invisible world, may we remember that to desire this knowledge simply for our own peace of mind is, after all, a kind of selfishness, none the less so from its eternal significance, if we do not permit the great truth to crown us with moral as well as intellectual freedom, and transform our earthly existence into a spiritual reality of disinterested and consecrated self-devotion to humanity.

May we, then, as we acknowledge our mutual duties and dependence, as children of one Infinite Parent, endeavor to cultivate those purer affections and more refined aspirations which draw us nearer to Him, while they attract us to each other. As in a family where spiritual companionship is unknown, we witness rude familiarity and false independence of behavior, so in the larger family of mankind, if the bonds that unite us are formed only of the coarser materials of our nature, we shall experience much friction and harsh pressure in our vain efforts after unity and harmony, and like the inmates of a discordant home, the more intimate we become the less spiritual we shall be. Freedom and intimacy, based upon such a union, will degrade rather than exalt our faculties, rendering us, before we are aware, incapable of an elevated and fraternal friendship.

Not so with the true disciples of our faith. They yearn to actualize the aspirations of their noblest hours, and all their thoughts and affections are bathed in the clear sunlight of purity. They hear in every soul pleadings, however faint, of a kindred humanity, but from communion with those whose interior lives breathe forth the heavenly melodies to which their own being responds, they experience a celestial peace, a holy reverence that chastens each deeper feeling, a delicate regard for the individual soul that makes impossible to them any intrusive form of speech or action, even in their most joyous moments, or when freed from all outward restraints. Every emotion is attuned to a divine harmony and blended with the silent blessings of invisible presences.

"Brother! sister!" Sacred ever be those words, shrouded within the "holy of holies," in the heart's inner temple, where the dear name of the All-Father is uttered in subdued accents and with hushed reverence, and where His spirit broods over us with tender and unchanging love.

The Work in Connecticut.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF BRO. FOSS.

Permit me, through the useful columns of the Banner of Light, to say a few words to our friends concerning the mission which I am attempting to prosecute.

I have been three months in the work, and have met with unlooked for and gratifying success. Our friends have almost universally received me with kindness and with words of encouragement. They have cheerfully labored with me in the good cause, and my success has, in no small degree, been dependent upon them. It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to them, and I hope continually to be laid under similar obligations.

At the end of the first quarter the mission has been more than self-sustaining, leaving a balance in favor of the Treasury of twenty-six dollars and eighty-three cents.

I have met with some rich experiences, two of which I will relate. While lecturing in Forestville, my faithful friend, Dr. Bodley, informed me that the Rev. Mr. Griggs, of Bristol, had on a recent Sunday taken occasion to denounce Spiritualism in the following terms: "Of all the low and miserableisms that have visited our world, Spiritualism is the meanest and lowest." I immediately wrote the reverend gentleman a kind note, saying I supposed he felt himself able to make good those words before me and the public, and I would ask him to do so in public and friendly debate. He immediately wrote me a note of inquiry, asking if I was the same gentleman whom he once knew as an anti-slavery lecturer, and whom he aided in getting some meetings in the town of Millbury, Mass., and if so, he thought I must think as contemptuously of Spiritualism as he did. I replied that I was the same A. T. Foss whom he knew, as he had stated, somewhat revised and improved, and renewed my request for the friendly debate; but no answer came. The reverend gentleman, however, stated in his next Sunday service that he had received a challenge from a "gentleman"—the italics are mine—with whom he had been formerly acquainted, and of whom he was pleased to say he had a high estimation; but he, who might have done much good, had gone over to that worst of all delusions, Spiritualism. "And you know, my hearers, what that is. You have heard of those disgraceful scenes which occurred in Boston."

Our friends now felt that it was time for me to come to Bristol. As soon as I could arrange matters, I went, and my first work was to see Rev. Mr. Griggs. After talking over old acquaintances and discussing Spiritualism and Old Theology for a while, Dr. Bodley inquired as to what Mr. Griggs referred in his remarks about that disgraceful scene in Boston. He said it was something he saw in a Boston paper. I asked what facts were stated to sustain the charge. He did not remember that any facts were stated at all. The papers only said "it was a disgraceful scene."

I spoke four times in the place to large and appreciative audiences, and the subscriptions and collections amounted to forty-seven dollars. Bro. Griggs, though he did not intend it, did our glorious cause an excellent service. I would beg to receive similar attentions from the clergy in Connecticut, and will promise them that such attentions will be at once acknowledged and improved. Our friends in Bristol feel that our cause is in a revived and hopeful state. Sure we are that some are upon the "anxious seat."

The next scene which I will mention occurred at Mystic Bridge. My first meeting was held in a small hall, which was well filled with a very intelligent audience. As is always my habit, I desired any one in the audience to ask any questions or offer any remarks they might desire. Col. Appelman asked some questions, and made some remarks in criticism of my lecture. He rejoined, and it was a very interesting time. The Colonel in his last speech remarked that he had not time to say all he desired. I immediately seized the opportunity to ask for debate. My challenge was accepted, and the next Wednesday evening was appointed for the debate. Handbills were thrown into all the houses, announcing the debate and the question to be debated, as follows:

Resolved, That the Spiritual Phenomena, so-called, of the present day are sufficient to ground a religious belief upon, and to prove that disembodied spirits hold intercourse with human beings. The evening was a good one, and a great crowd

came to hear. I spoke first, and went over the evidence on which rests our glorious assurance of the truth of spirit existence and intercourse. The Colonel squarely denied that a ponderable body was ever moved by invisible agents. I urged that this denial destroyed all human testimony. If, as he said, men could not depend upon the evidence of their senses in these cases—if what appeared to be the movement of ponderable bodies was only hallucination, then he had made his last brief. He could never try another case, for however credible and direct might be his testimony, it was, after all, but hallucination, and no evidence at all. It was a rare opportunity to publish to those who otherwise would not have heard at all the blessed doctrine of "Life and immortality brought to light."

In conclusion, as elsewhere, Spiritualism is not known. "It is in the world," but as yet the world has not known it. It is the object of this missionary effort to reveal its evidence, its character and its tendencies, to the people; and when they know it, sure am I that with a joy to them unknown they will embrace it. And what I may do to reveal to my fellowmen its power to save the world, that I will do with unceasing labor and devotion untiring.

Thine for the immortal life, A. T. Foss.

Stafford, Conn., Nov. 5, 1867.

Rev. E. H. Chapin on "Social Forces."

The following synopsis of Dr. Chapin's lecture before the Mercantile Library Association in this city, on "Social Forces," will be read with interest:

The lecturer began with a fine picture of the Alpine glaciers, which, though seemingly stationary, are in fact moving forward with slow but resistless power. So it is with all things. Motion is the law of the universe; the corporate human mind as well as do its units, and society moves on with signs that are palpable to the eye, and with signs that are palpable to the soul. The subject was his character and what there is of good and learning as well as of evil, namely, mind. But if we look at mind in its agencies, we find them various. And this suggests the division of the subject of "social forces" into mechanical, intellectual and moral.

Looking at the first head, we find that external nature plays an important part as a social force. We see that a grave influence the physical geography of countries has upon their life and civilization. Greece and Rome illustrate this truth, and so does Egypt, to whom the Nile brought culture and learning as well as rich harvests, while the desert behind kept the neighboring nations barbaric and ignorant. The "honey-combed shores" of Europe and America play their part in making our greatness. We see the influence of Nature upon character through its external agencies, and through the laws of climate and appliances which it lends to human endeavor, for tools are only Nature turned into force. In machinery there is "a mysterious implication of mind and matter," which does not allow the operation of the former to be entirely free and untrammelled. If we perceive a difference between the greatness of Shakespeare and of Watt as social forces in favor of Shakespeare, it is because we feel that Watt does not really invent, but only puts what Nature gives him into right positions. Tools and machinery are but Nature turned into force.

And this power—the power of machinery and mechanical appliances—the lecturer said was beneficent, as all great things are beneficent. "Nature is democratic, and always votes the people's ticket." Mechanical appliances condense life, and concentrate thought. They save us from bodily labor, and while they are working for us, we have time to think. Their power as a social force may be clearly seen in the effect of the invention of gunpowder, the mariner's compass and the printing press.

Touching the second division of this subject, the intellectual forces that move society, the lecturer said that there were three stages which marked the apprehension, the diffusion, and the adoption of abstract truth. Abstract truth was first intellectual apprehended by a few, then came public recognition, and finally, education. Truth, Mr. Chapin said, was to be regarded as integral. He who discovers a new truth, only discovers one new link in the great chain.

But it is often hard to tell who first apprehends some great thought. At certain epochs the course of a great idea is like sheet lightning. It seems to begin everywhere at once. Luther was not the reformer; nor would the discovery of America have failed to be made if Columbus had not been born. Yet in such men the real beginnings of civilization, progress, and the foundation of law, were to be seen, just as the ocean and the mighty river grow from the gentle dew and rain upon the hills.

Public confession, Mr. Chapin said, was not to be confounded with mere public opinion; for public opinion varies with all the conditions of the life of States. By public confession he meant the concentration of the wisdom of all time. This was a mighty power; of this it might be truly said: *populi vox Dei*, and he must beware who would affront this. But abstract truth becomes public opinion through education, whose agencies are countless—from the little red seed bulb of the school-house, to the grand lesson of experience taught by the progress of events and the history of nations. Abstract thought was taught only through incessant contact with concrete things. For this reason, though never immortal, are often terribly long-lived. The greatest result and true end of education is to quicken the capacity, and its aim should be not to accumulate facts but to make the mind capable of commanding facts. "Do not ask a man," said Mr. Chapin, "if he has been through college, ask him if a college has been through him."

A true system of education will multiply varieties of mind; it will stimulate difference and promote individuality. And the last and highest result of right education is the increased conviction of the universality and beneficence of law. In beginning his discussion of the moral forces of society, the lecturer repudiated the theory of Mr. Buckle, which negatived their influence because moral truth was said to be stationary. Moral formulas were one thing, but moral motives were another; and it is the moral nature of man—made up of his conscience, will, affections and passions—that makes these formulas powers. Not only that which moves is a force, but also that which draws.

The last quarter of Mr. Chapin's lecture was directed to a recent discussion of the reciprocal action of the moral and intellectual powers in character and in society, and to an exhibition of the dependence of the one upon the other. And in the course of his remarks upon this connection between moral and intellectual life, Mr. Chapin spoke in true and fitting words—born of the moment, as he stated—of the character of Governor Andrew, "whose intellect always moved in the wake of his great and noble heart," each informing, enlightening and purifying the other.

CURE FOR CANCER.—Mr. Thomas Anderton gives the following recipe for cancer, which he says has been of great service in several dangerous cases: "Boll fine Turkey figs in new milk, which they will thicken; when they are tender, split and apply them as warm as they can be borne to the part affected, whether broken or not; the part must be washed every one or two times a day with some of the milk; use a fresh portion night and morning, and at least once during the day, and drink a quart of a pint of the milk the figs are boiled in, twice in the twenty-four hours. If the stomach will bear it, this must be persevered in for three or four months, at least. A man aged one hundred and five was cured, about six years before his death, with only six pounds of figs. The cancer, which began at the corner of his mouth, had eaten through his jaw, cheek, and half-way down his throat; yet he was so perfectly cured as never to show any tendency to return. Should it ever do so, the figs should again be applied. The first application gives a great deal of pain, but afterward each dressing gives relief. A woman cured by this remedy had been afflicted ten years; her breast bled excessively; ten pounds cured."

Correspondence in Brief.

M. Moulthrop, writing from Rock Island, Ill., Nov. 6th, says: I am requested to say, through the columns of your paper, that Samuel Smith, of Rockford, Ill., will visit Philadelphia, N. J., his native town, in December next. He will hold circles and answer calls to lecture in the neighborhood while there. Mr. Smith has been a medium for speaking during the past seven years. He speaks in various languages, as well as in his native tongue, and communications are also given through him in writing. Those wishing his services will do well to give him a call.

A NEW TEMPLE.—A correspondent at Bartonville, Va., Nov. 6, writes: Yesterday, at 1 o'clock P. M., the Spiritualists of this place and vicinity laid the corner-stone of their edifice for worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences and common sense. A goodly number were present, and the services were conducted with solemnity and zeal becoming the occasion. Two mediums were present and took part in the exercises, their remarks being appropriate for the occasion. It is said to be the first temple of free speech or liberty hall in New England, and therefore of great interest to all those who believe in freedom of religious opinion and progression. A Miss E. L. Morse, a young lady of seventeen, was one of the speakers. I have listened to her three times recently, and in my judgment her reasoning and eloquence will compare favorably with Chapin and Beecher.

Mrs. H. C. Thomas, FRIDONIA, N. Y.—The glorious truths of Spiritualism are slowly but surely unfolding in our midst. The good yet accomplished is small, in comparison to what remains to be done, and to what we hope to effect ere long. Around us we feel the influx from the purer, higher life, and some day we shall have a glorious record of progress to give you. We have many bitter prejudices to battle against, but with our own efforts and those of our angel friends, with the sword of truth and justice—we shall defeat them; for truth must stand foremost and pre-empt. We are recipients and promulgators of the great American religion, Spiritualism. Dr. E. C. Dunn, of Rockford, Ill., has been with us for three weeks past. He is a young man of possessing appearance, and a whole-souled, noble-minded man. As a clairvoyant he is unsurpassed, and as a physician success crowns all his efforts, as many can testify. His discourses are lucid, highly instructive and right to the point. His present address is Pen Yan, N. Y.

ALEXANDER KING, AMERICA, GA., writes: A short time since I got my friend, Mr. Wells, of 380 Broadway, New York, to purchase from me Branch House, in that city, a copy of "The Harbinger of Health," by Andrew Jackson Davis, and I feel that I shall be doing a good deed to write you a few lines commensurate of this highly interesting and instructive volume. I have read it fifteen years since a reader of the Water Cure Journal, by Dr. Trail, The Laws of Life, by Miss Austin, and various other good books on the subject of health, but Mr. Davis's book is one that is entirely different from anything that I have seen, and I am confident that a copy of it could be placed in every family in our little town (and I hope yet to be glorious and happy) country, that sickness would soon disappear, and health and happiness be the result. Mr. Davis has been working long and faithfully in the field of reform, and in devoting the best energies of his noble mind to the cause of progress, and to the improvement of his fellow men, and I hope he may be eminently successful, and be amply rewarded, both pecuniarily and spiritually.

A. UNDERHILL, AKRON, O., asks: Is or is not the life of any reform its free platform, its self-sacrificing itinerant public advocates, and the living of the principles upon which it is based? Would or would not locating its advocates, giving them a fixed salary, taking them from the itinerant's field, tend to conservatism, to an endeavor to bring all to their standard, to wish to sit in judgment upon others, and finally arrest the reform, and fall back upon the old customs and ordinances, if not rituals, and thus rob the reform of its vitality and progress?

Should or should not those in the form assume to control spiritual manifestations or spiritual mediums, and declare who are and who are not controlled by spirits, thus assuming to sit in judgment upon others and their doings, taking to themselves what rightfully belongs to those on the other side who inaugurated this spiritual movement, with its phenomena?

Do or do not such, directly or indirectly, say to the spirit-world, "We are more capable of directing and managing the greatest developments ever unfolded to mortals than you are; therefore please let us dictate what manifestations shall be permitted, and what shall not; you get up senseless and foolish things—we will not?"

DR. H. B. BROWN, writing from Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 4th, says: Our Brother A. J. Fishback wrote to me yesterday in his usual eloquent manner, as he always does when speaking of the Harmonial Philosophy and the angel-world. For the three Sundays previous we have been taking testimony regarding spirit communion and the reliability of medium. Much interest has been manifested. Confessions have been attended, yet no one has testified that the Fays, Edlys or Davenport have deceived in their presence. Such testimony may be had, I repeat, but we have not got it. But much testimony has been given and spiritists told the deeds that they presumed to, in the presence of these men, as well as others. When the interest in this testimony flags, we intend to take testimony as to how the spirits of persons who have left the form are situated in the spirit-land. And after that, what we should do individually, in society, and in government, to gain the best success in this world. This last testimony is the most important. We hope all societies will engage in taking testimony on these points, from Christians, Infidels and Spiritualists, so that State and National Conventions may have the profitable work on hand from the societies represented, of the facts and reasons of our scientific religion.

JNO. R. ANES, NEW YORK.—I desire to present to the readers of the Banner the opinions of one of the great men in science on Spiritualism. I refer to Prof. John William Draper, of the University of New York. He says, on page 513, in his work, entitled, "Human Physiology," as follows: "Elementary instruction, so far as reading and writing go, does not lead to the diminution, but rather to the increase of crime; a very important conclusion, more particularly in the United States, in many portions of which this kind of education is chiefly patronized by Government. It is, in addition, to a certain extent, of that which is of a higher grade, and which serves to correct this important defect. Moreover, superficial education makes the mind a ready receptacle for every kind of imposture; and this has been the cause of the rapid spread of many modern delusions, such as Spiritualism and Homeopathy."

The above is a very wise conclusion of a very wise man, in his own conceit! The learned Professor will realize that the above delusions, as he terms them, are gaining ground very fast, not only in the United States, where superficial education is patronized by Government, but throughout the world, and the learned as well as the ignorant are falling into the ranks of progress. I hope that the Professor is not so ignorant as to charge Homeopathy with being a delusion supported by men of superficial education, when many of its best physicians received their education and graduated in the Allopathic Colleges. Do we not, also, have some of the most profound scholars in the ranks of Spiritualism? While Professor Draper dwells on the surface, the Spiritualist goes further into the world of matter, and it is not for his Orthodox prejudice, he would have the cobwebs brushed from his eyes, and then he would behold a world of life, activity and cause, compared with which, the world in which he exists is a world of darkness, superstition and ignorance.

"Blue pill, madam? Stuff and nonsense, madam. You can't want more blue pill; take exercise, madam, not blue pill," cried an honest doctor to a sluggish patient. "Take exercise. It's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." Which reminds us of our old friend Abernethy, who, after listening to a long list of ailments, detailed by the anxious mother of a languid daughter, growled out, as he put on his hat and returned a shilling of the fee, "Buy her a skipping-rope."

Address of a Spirit Indian Chief.

(The following address, by the spirit of the Indian chief, Sagoyewatha, (Red Jacket), in relation to the Indian Commission and the Red Man, was given at our public free circle, through Mrs. J. H. Constant, on Thursday, Oct. 24th.)

The Great Father at Washington has sent his children that they may talk peace to the red man. A great council has been held, and it is finished. The white men have talked peace, and the red men have heard their talk; and the red men have written their promises upon their hearts, and if the white men have not written theirs upon dry reeds that are easily broken, then there will be peace. But so sure as the promise of the white man is broken, so sure the hearts of the red men will grow hot, and they will know no rest till they find it in the hunting-ground beyond the river of death—for they will fight till the last red man has gone to sleep. The Great Father's children—the white—have asked that the red men become like the white men; that they have a government of their own; that they embrace the arts of civilization; that they abandon their Indian pursuits; that they bury their clubs and their arrows; that they wash the war-paint from their faces; that they become red men in white blankets. This they will never do. The war-paint they will wash from their faces, and their war-clubs they will make into calumets of peace, but they will be Indians still, hunting their game and worshipping the Great Spirit, not as the white men worship him.

Sixty-three years ago the white man sent his missionaries to Sagoyewatha and his people, and he tried to force the white man's religion upon the Indian. But I told him then the Great Father had given us a religion of our own, and we are satisfied with it, and we shall worship the Great Father by it, and we tell him so now. The Indian does not want your books, where your religions are written. He can worship the Great Spirit in the wind, in the water, in the falling leaves, in everything in Nature, and he wants not your books; no, he will not receive them.

Sagoyewatha would say to the Commission, Carry no books to the Indians, for they are useless to them. But give them that which will aid them in sustaining themselves in their own Indian life—no white man's blankets, but such as the red man will recognize as belonging to himself. And when the talking paper from the Great Father at Washington is filled out, Sagoyewatha hopes that it will be written not upon that which can be torn up and thrown to the winds at will, but written deeper, deeper than the ocean is deep, in the hearts of the white man. He asks that they will respect their vows, and he promises, in behalf of the great nation he represents in the land of spirits, that those here upon the hunting-grounds of the West will keep their vows, and there will henceforth be peace between the white man and the red.

Four moons ago—four suns, Sagoyewatha should have said—Sagoyewatha sat in the Council where the white men from the Great Father at Washington were speaking to his people, and there were those among his people who could see him, and not only him but the great band of warriors and chiefs that were with him, and they said to him, "Go, Sagoyewatha, and tell the white men what we will do, and seek to wash the Great Father's heart at Washington from all that would send out deceit upon the people."

Sagoyewatha heard their wishes, and he has come here by the command of the Great Spirit, who has willed it, and the sun shines in token of his blessing to-day. And he asks that you white men, who you pray that the Great Father may crown you with riches and with blessings, may forget not your red brothers in the land of the setting sun, and when you send your chiefs to the Great Council at Washington, send those who have hearts for the red man as well as for the white. Then your squaws and papposes will go through the great prairies unmolested. Then your young braves will not sleep upon the prairies without their scalps. But while you practice deceit, and give to the red man, in return for his furs, your fire-water, and those trinkets which cannot serve him well, you must expect that, in return, when he learns you have deceived him, his heart will grow hot against you.

To the white brothers forming the Commission, Sagoyewatha would say, The great band of chiefs and warriors in the upper hunting-grounds are satisfied with you. You have answered their call. Your hearts have been soft, and your promises have been good, and made in good faith. They are satisfied; and while you continue to act in accordance with the voice of the Great Spirit as he speaks justice to all his children—while you do this, the many warriors in the upper hunting-ground that attend upon you will work for your good; they will follow upon the trail of your squaws and papposes with blessings. But beware how you forget your vows! For the Indian in the upper hunting-ground, you should remember, is the Indian still, and he never forgets.

Sagoyewatha is done, and therefore he goes. Good-moon.

Spiritualism.

From the London Correspondent of the New York Times.

It is some time since I have heard much of Spiritualism in England, where it has an obscure underground, and probably not a very vigorous growth. I see, however, that Rev. T. L. Harris, who has been here for some months in secret incognito, has brought out a brood of three books before leaving for America. One of these is *The Great Republic, a Poem of the Sun*. This poem, which describes the scenery, people and institutions of the sun, is said to have more human interest than the other three poems by the same author, which are considered by many persons as among the finest ever written. More important, perhaps, is the just-issued third volume of the *Arctura of Christianity*, which treats largely on the marriage question, industry, peace, union, and the social problem, which is the duty of the Church to solve; for "the Church which cannot solve every social problem," Mr. Harris thinks, "is no Church; for the test of a Church is that it brings salvation." *The Breath of God with Man* is a thin volume, which completes the inspirational triplet. Mediums in England, compared with our prolific and wonderful land, are rare; but all I hear is true, there must be some good ones.

At a Mrs. Marshall's, tables, untouched, rise clear from the floor, and in dark scenes "John" and "Kate" talk and shake hands with visitors. One of my friends has held repeated conversations with them, and has no doubt that they are spirits, and the same he heard and felt in the presence of the Bros. Davenport. There is also a Baywater medium, in whose dark circles flowers and plants, cool and fresh with dew, are brought into a closed room and distributed to the guests, with many such like wonders. Mr. Home Lyon, if he still keeps the adoptive name, is patiently waiting the decision of the Court of Chancery, into which has been paid the full sum of over \$300,000, which he received from the old lady who adopted him as her son and now wishes to repudiate the relationship. The Davenports, after leaving Russia and Poland, came to Saxony, where they were patronized by the Crown Prince and the nobility of the court. The last I heard of them they were in Vienna, expecting a good time if the Police had no objections.

The Zouave Jacob has been imprisoned, ostensibly for breaking barrack regulations; of his cures I have had some remarkable statements. Mr. Chisholm, an English gentleman with whom I am acquainted, says it is in contemplation to buy Jacob's discharge, and perhaps induce him to come to London. He writes that he has just

seen one of his cures, a child eight years old, paralyzed, deformed and half-wild. "She is now," he says, "perfectly well, and healthy in mind, and exceedingly lively and happy; and there are hundreds of such instances." What surprises me is that so methodical a Government as the French did not have the matter investigated at once, and thoroughly, all the cases examined, the results recorded, and the whole matter put in its proper light and beyond contradiction. But if Jacob is ever canonized, all the testimony will be forthcoming.

I ought, perhaps, to mention "in this connection," a circumstance that happened a few days ago in Derbyshire, a strike against a ghost. A workman in a colliery declared he had seen a ghost. The news spread through the pit; the colliers trooped together with horror-stricken countenances, demanding to be taken to bank. When those who were below had thus left work and had come to the surface, they met the "day shift" preparing to descend. The story was told, and as the news spread from mouth to mouth, a similar horror to that which had prevailed below seemed to be communicated. The day men refused to go down, and all the colliers thereupon returned to their homes. In this way nearly two hundred men and boys have "laid themselves idle," and the ghost presumably holds possession of the pit. A collier was accidentally killed in one of the workings a few days ago.

In the old times the priest would have been sent for to lay the ghost with bell and candle, but as priests, at least Anglican priests, in these days believe in neither ghosts, angels nor spirits, I see no way but to send down a medium, and let him hold a dark séance at his leisure. Mrs. Harding, who is said to have inspirationally stumped California for Lincoln some years ago, has engaged to deliver a series of Sunday evening discourses at the Polygraph Hall, near Charing Cross. She is considered by William Howitt and others as the most remarkable orator or oratrix in England, but the *Saturday Review* does not wholly coincide with the praise.

MONADNOCK.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS D. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Indian Treaties.

As matters at present stand, the Commissioners on the part of the Government to treat for permanent peace with the Indians, have succeeded beyond the common expectation with their plans. Five of the principal Southern tribes have met them, numbering from five to six thousand souls, and terms have been agreed upon that promise to satisfy all the demands of the Government. Three of these agree to go and take possession of an ample reservation of land, lying between the Red River and its North Fork, containing some six thousand square miles, or three-and-a-half million acres. This reservation includes the Southwestern corner of the Indian Territory, and a small piece of Texas. On this land they are to be furnished by Government with agricultural implements, an agency-house is to be built, a warehouse, and a schoolhouse, while dwellings are likewise to go up for a miller, farmer, teacher, physician, and other necessary helpers in their new locality. The tribes are also to have one suit of clothes annually given to each member, beside thirty thousand dollars annually distributed in presents. The names of the three tribes that have entered into this arrangement are the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches; and they have promised to do what they can to induce the Texan Comanches and the Arizona tribes to join them in the new plan.

The other two tribes of the five already named, with whom it was necessary to make a separate arrangement, were the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Some eight or nine thousand square miles were set apart for their occupancy, lying between the Arkansas River on the east, Cimarron on the south and west, and the State of Kansas on the north. The same provision in clothing is to be made for them which the other tribes have, and thirty thousand dollars worth of necessary articles are likewise to be annually distributed. An agency house, schoolhouse, mill, farmhouse, and all the other dwellings named for the other reservation are to be erected, and instruction in the fundamental arts of civilization is to be given them if they desire. It is said that the chiefs of these tribes manifested no desire to be aided by these instructions, preferring to hunt and procure their livelihood as they have always done. The Commissioners were obliged to concede to them the right to hunt buffalo and other game within ten miles of any fort and road to the north of the Arkansas and south of the Platte, but the Indians are under a solemn pledge to come no nearer than that, to withdraw all opposition to white settlements, railways and wagon routes, and keep the peace with white men generally. To conclude the proceedings, about one hundred thousand dollars were distributed in presents, which gave great satisfaction.

Now that this vexed matter is so far adjusted, and adjusted on fair terms and in a peaceful spirit, it is fit to give an extract or two from the speeches of the chiefs who were present before the Commissioners. There was Satauta, the old chief of the Kiowas, who said to them, among other things, as follows:

"I come to say that the Kiowas and Comanches have made with you a peace, and they intend to keep it. If it brings prosperity to you, we, of course, will like it the better. If it brings prosperity or adversity, we will not abandon it. It is our contract, and it shall stand. The Kiowas and Comanches will now make no bloody trail in their land. They have pledged their word, and that word shall last, unless the whites shall break their contract and invite the horrors of war. We do not break treaties. We make but few contracts, and then we remember well. The whites make so many that they are liable to forget them. The white chief seems not to be able to govern his braves. The Great Father seems powerless in the face of his children. He sometimes becomes angry when he sees the wrongs of his people committed on the red man, and his voice becomes loud and the roaring winds. But like the wind, it soon dies away and leaves the sullen calm of unheeded oppression. We hope now that a better time has come. If all would talk and then do as you have done, the sun of peace would shine forever. You have not tried, as many do, to get from us our land for nothing. You have not tried to make a new bargain merely to get the advantage. You have not asked to make the whites smaller; but, unasked, you have made them larger. You have not withdrawn a single gift, but voluntarily you have provided new guarantees for our education and comfort."

Said "Buffalo Chief," a leader of the Cheyennes, after hearing the pacific words of the Commissioners:

"I ask you if it is as you say? Have you come

from the Great Father with these good words? Are you to make peace with me? If so, I take you by the hand. And my soldiers also shall take you by the hand. Here you are chiefs. You sit in the front, your soldiers at your backs. Here I stand chief, and my young men are all around me. You spoke about the railroad; we will hold it together. We will both have a right in it. I believe that you are sent by the Great Father to make peace with us."

And he added, with other remarks, advice to the Commissioners to tell their "young men who guard these roads to behave themselves." Civilization rebuked by a savage!

We also call particular attention to the communication of the great Sagoyewatha, through our medium, published in another part of the Banner. It is as impressive and distinct a specimen of natural eloquence as could be cited. He recites the history of these Indian wrongs in brief, entering into details which no one will read without profound interest. From the spirit-land, he expresses the satisfaction which the braves there feel with the proceedings of the Commission, and their gratitude for what has finally been done for the tribes. He lays all the troubles of the past to deceit and treachery, to the spirit of violence and cupidity. Let us hope and pray with Sagoyewatha and the invisible braves who surround him and for whom he speaks, that we have seen the last of this injustice and these wars.

From the beginning, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have counseled and spoken and labored for the very result which we behold wrought out to-day. It satisfies us, because it satisfies the spirit of right, of justice, of peace. It is an open question if it would not be better still to draw these tribes of red men nearer to us and our civilizing methods, instead of putting them away into separate locations; but as we set up teachers and examples of industry in their midst, and thus quietly but steadily invite them to learn and emulate, perhaps the best is being done that under the circumstances can be done. We at least show the Indian that we are his friend and brother, and with that profession we can lift him up to a higher and better condition.

Music Hall Meetings.

The success attending the effort to carry on spiritual meetings in this city, in so expensive a place as Music Hall, is attracting general remark, not only in our city but from friends abroad. Large audiences, gathered from among the most intelligent and respectable people of the city, continue to fill the hall nearly every Sunday afternoon. The lectures thus far have been very satisfactory, and judging from the talent engaged for the remainder of the course, the interest is likely to increase rather than diminish.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 10th, Mrs. A. A. Currier gave her second lecture, which claimed the attention of the audience in a marked degree. The theme was one that all, more or less, feel an interest in, namely, The relations existing between mortals in earth-life and the inhabitants of the second sphere in spirit-life. Of course, the views expressed were from the spiritual standpoint of the one who gave birth to them, for it was evident that Mrs. Currier was speaking under spirit-control. The true conjugal relations, as well as the mismatches existing in society, were dwelt upon pretty plainly at some length. The speaker casually remarked that often there existed inharmonies between affianced souls in earth-life, needlessly caused by one party or the other unwisely giving way to their feelings when fits of ill temper were upon them. This true affectional nature at such times lies dormant, while the useless verbiage flies off.

The elucidation of the more subtle affinities that bind souls together in the realms of eternal life, was nicely argued. In the early part of the lecture, where the speaker adverted to the innumerable hosts of human beings who had passed to spirit-life in all time, saying "they were not lost nor annihilated, but all were there, living, immortal souls," a shower of tiny rays was distinctly heard on the platform around the medium. As Mrs. C. and the Chairman were the only visible persons on the platform, it created a decided sensation among the audience.

Next Sunday, Nov. 24, we are happy to announce Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham as the speaker. Mrs. B. has never lectured in this city, we believe, although there have been many attempts made to secure her services, but her engagements have always been made elsewhere too far ahead. In Washington and Philadelphia, where she is an especial favorite, engagements have been made for her a year in advance. She is a beautiful speaker, and in social life a noble, pure and true woman. As she can remain but one Sunday, friends who wish to hear her must embrace this opportunity.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels.

We were called upon to chronicle the decease in New Orleans, by the ravages of yellow fever, of the husband of this estimable and popular lecturer. Now it becomes our painful duty to state that her only child has passed on by the same malady. May she be upheld by the same power which has carried her so far safely on the journey of life, and her precious life be prolonged to comfort and bless many thousands more by her inspired teachings. Mrs. Daniels herself was for a long time prostrated, but has sufficiently recovered, we are informed, to start on the journey homeward. She needs no assurances that her numerous friends and sympathizers throughout the North, and here at the East, will welcome her back with hearty delight, and rejoice to learn, if she will consent to it with the renewal of her strength, that she is to appear once more in the lecture-room. The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity would flock to hear her by thousands, and we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that she will in due time make her appearance among us.

Meetings in Williamsburg.

The Society of Spiritualists in Williamsburg, N. Y., which have heretofore held their meetings regularly every Wednesday evening, in Continental Hall, have changed to Temperance Hall, on Fourth street, corner of South Second street. This hall is more spacious, and will better accommodate the growth of the Society, for the present at least, but larger quarters will undoubtedly soon be needed. Rev. Henry Blanchard delivered the first lecture in the new hall, to a crowded audience, and gave great satisfaction. His theme was the "Religion of Science." These meetings are supported by voluntary contributions. If the friends are liberal, the best speakers will be engaged as heretofore.

Bread Riots.

A cable dispatch from London, dated Nov. 9th, says disturbances have again broken out in Devonshire. There was a bread riot at Barnstable on the 9th, which exceeded in ferocity and destructiveness the riots at Exeter. The mob broke into the butchers' shops and bakeries, plundered them, and then set them on fire. The police and military were obliged to fire upon the mob.

Rev. Mr. Towne on Theodore Parker.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 10th, Rev. Ed. O. Towne gave the second lecture of his course on "Theodore Parker and Christianity." Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, the audience was not so large as the subject merited.

The lecturer commenced by stating that were he to present one by one the objections urged against Mr. Parker by Evangelical adherents, they might be deemed as never having been made; it was necessary for him, therefore, to find some regular standard from which to operate, and to select from the various critics some one whose writings (from his position among his fellows,) were entitled to be regarded as an exponent of the views of Orthodox Christianity. Such an one he found in the person of Dr. Lincoln, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. This writer, while he made the most flattering allusions to the knowledge and attainments of Mr. Parker, and his undeniable influence among the masses, declared "that the scholar was subordinate to the man, and that his example would have been a good one but for his lack of creed." Parker's influence was more widely felt than that of any cotemporary minister, and why? Because of his deep earnestness. Beecher was amusing, but his creed taught him that only the few in the vast congregations he addressed would be saved. Parker believed the great principle of a universal, glorious immortality, and, therefore, his precepts were more sharply defined.

According to Dr. Lincoln, "Mr. Parker owed his power among men, not to his education, which would one day become an uncertain tradition, not to his creed, which was vague, or to his philosophy, which was unspiritual, but to the LOVE OF MAN, which pervaded his example and utterances." It would be remembered of Theodore Parker that when the social forces of the land, like the priest and the Levite, "passed by on the other side" and heeded not the cry of the oppressed, when law and commerce alike cried: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," when the Evangelical Church bowed the knee to the Baal of Slavery, he was the chosen apostle to the Higher Law, and that to him New England owed that education of conscience which finally culminated in the triumphant close of the late sanguinary struggle which he prophesied long ere his death. To give some idea of Mr. Parker's influence, it was only necessary to state that he had on his private list seven thousand names of those who looked up to him as their pastor, their teacher in the way; and it had been estimated that ten thousand persons were wont to take from him their religious food, as communicants of old time theology partook of the bread and wine. In moments of prayer he was full of the Holy Ghost, and it was often said of him at those times: "Such must have been the characteristics of the presence of Christ."

Was it urged by Dr. Lincoln that Mr. Parker's "creed was vague," his "philosophy unspiritual," his learning to be one day "an uncertain tradition"? In answer let it be asked, Who was the better Christian—the theologian of a better faith, who opposed the higher law and cried, "Lord! Lord!" or Theodore Parker, who went forward and acted in the spirit and power of God, and was ordained, as a flaming sword, for the eradication of unchristianized religion? It was objected that Mr. Parker was severely denunciatory in his remarks on Evangelical bigotry; that he spoke of the Devil as a good church-member, regularly attending Sabbath-school, carrying a Bible with a cross on it, (for he was not afraid of the cross as of old), liking tracts and devouring them as Job's levithan swallowed the water, fond of doctrine, but texting finally and in toto to his minister's demanding any show of righteousness from him lest the church popularity should be lost. But did not Jesus, in the bitterness of his spirit, address the equally bigoted Pharisees of his day as "whited sepulchres"? The honest critic, on reviewing his position, would find that he had substituted his narrow, creedal views as a tribunal of judgment on Mr. Parker, instead of the broad teachings of Christianity, and that if Mr. Parker presented an infidelity of belief, there was on the side of the church an infidelity of acts! Even the critic quoted was obliged to do homage to Mr. Parker's personal qualities, his "courage, honesty, earnestness, faith that saw elements of good in the most vicious," "a far-reaching love of loves." Were not these the characteristics of Christ? and were they to be found in the diabolical school of Orthodoxy?

Mr. Parker's love for the pulpit was deep and enthusiastic. He had been known to prepare sermons four years in advance. He was unsatisfied unless each Sabbath brought its effect on his hearers. He threw his body into the breach when the den of thieves broke into the house of God and the Evangelical opponents of the higher law were red with blood. When, broken down by exhausting labor, he gave up the mortal form, was his life lost? Is that treasure lost which is laid up in heaven?

It was argued against Mr. Parker that he was "more a Mahometan than Christian." It is true his ideas called for perfection of theism which the Church called rejection; he did not, like the Evangelists, proclaim a Hebrew man God, and a Hebrew book divine; but wherein did his teachings resemble those of the Koran? Parker taught of an ever-present, watchful Providence working for good in all; the Koran, an arbitrary autocrat, jealous of his power, and prompt to punish than to bless. The followers of Mahomet believed themselves but poor instruments in the hands of a God who, in the beginning, took a handful of clay, out of which he ordained that all mankind should be made, and breaking it in two, tossed half into hell, exclaiming, "This to hell, and I care not!" and the other half to heaven, saying, "And this to heaven, and I care not!" Mr. Parker expunged from his theory the system of the Meccan camel-driver, and taught love instead of the hated, scimitar. It was reserved for Orthodox Christianity to borrow the robes of Islam and preach a jealous, angry God! Was Theodore Parker to be pushed from the broad platform of Christianity, not even to be allowed a back seat, because he worshipped the All-Father and denied divinity to the carpenter of Nazareth? The distance to be traveled between the prophet of Mecca and the chosen apostle of the higher law, passed through High and Moderate Calvinism—from a God of Will to a God of Love!

The fourth lecture of the course will be delivered at the same place, on Sunday, P. M., Nov. 24, at quarter past four.

Female Suffrage Canvass.

Nothing daunted, but encouraged rather, by the recent result in Kansas, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and several prominent ladies of Kansas, members of the Suffrage Committee, will come Eastward from that far State, discussing the principal cities on the way the question of Woman's Suffrage before the people. They will be in Boston early in December. We expect the country will be thoroughly stirred up, as it should be, by the pointed and logical addresses of these gifted speakers and capable women.

"Order of Eternal Progress."

We learn from Philadelphia that the Committee appointed at the Cleveland National Convention of Spiritualists, to consider the project of a Secret Society, &c., in response to a call from the Chairman, (M. B. Dyott,) met again in the city of Philadelphia, Nov. 4th, for the purpose of perfecting the organization of said Society. The Committee, and others favorable to the idea, were in session three days, and, after due deliberation, inaugurated a Secret Society, to be known as the "Order of Eternal Progress." It will be observed that the name has been slightly changed from that suggested by the report of the Committee at the Convention in Cleveland, (which will be found in the official report of the proceedings on the first page of this issue of our paper.) The word "eternal" has been substituted for spiritual; otherwise the Society has been organized on the basis of the report just referred to, (which all can read by turning to that part of the paper).

After the adoption of the Constitution and By-Laws, the following named persons were elected as officers for the first term:

Supreme Director—M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia, Box 684.

Supreme Directress—Mary I. Dyott, Philadelphia.

Supreme Vice-Director—Col. D. M. Fox, Lyons, Mich.

Supreme Vice-Directress—Mary F. Davis, Orange, N. J.

Supreme Recording Secretary—Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Supreme Corresponding Secretary—Miss Sue G. Osborn, 917 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Supreme Treasurer—F. B. J. Read, New Jersey.

Supreme Marshal—John Mayhew, Box 607, Washington, D. C.

Supreme Guardian—Mr. E. W. Capron, Williamsport, Pa.

Supreme Sentinel—George Ballinger, Philadelphia.

The work and forms of the Order were then considered and adopted. A Constitution for "Subordinate Sanctuaries" was prepared and adopted, and a Charter granted to "Aurora Sanctuary, No. 1, of Philadelphia."

Those wishing further information concerning the above Society, can address either of the Secretaries.

Italian Affairs.

Contradictory accounts are published as to the details of the fighting in which Garibaldi was beaten. It was at first stated that the Papal and the French troops were engaged in the actions; then, that no French troops took part in them; and now we are told that the Papal troops were beaten, and were saved from destruction only by the coming up of French troops. This reinforcement consisted of 6000 men, and its arrival turned the tide of battle against the Garibaldians. Gen. Fulle, commander of the French troops, reports that the French in the fight at Monte Rotondo lost 40 in killed and wounded. The Papal troops lost only twelve men. The casualties of the Garibaldians were 600 killed and as many more wounded, while 2200 were taken prisoners. Gen. Fulle says the credit of the great slaughter of the rebels is due to the Chassepot rifle. The Garibaldians were only half armed. King Victor Emmanuel has extended aid to the families of the Garibaldians who were killed and wounded in the recent engagement. There is general discontent throughout Italy, and a state of siege is threatened in every large town. The *Gazette* publishes the text of a diplomatic note from Prime Minister Manabrea, which declares that suppression of the Temporal Power of the Pope is indispensable to the maintenance of good relations between Italy and France.

Personal.

Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, sailed for Europe last Wednesday, in the steamship Russia, from New York.

E. P. Whipple is to deliver an address upon the life and services of the late John A. Andrew, in this city, on the 27th inst.

Charles Dickens sailed Nov. 9th, in the steamer Cuba, for Boston. And he will be well received here.

Auber, the great composer, is eighty-five years old, but is very active.

James Gordon Bennett is seventy-one years old, and worth \$3,000,000.

Hiram Powers has made \$200,000 in Italy by his art.

Ellis Burritt does not intend to return to this country to live, as has been reported. His residence in the suburbs of Birmingham, England, is called New Britain Villa.

Mrs. Stowe is writing a new novel among the orange groves of Florida.

Levee of the Children's Lyceum.

The First Entertainment by the members of the First Spiritualist Association and Children's Progressive Lyceum, of this city, will be given in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, on Wednesday evening, December 4th. It will consist of Singing, Readings, Recitations by the children, Tableau, &c. Tickets will be for sale on Saturday, Nov. 23, at 30 cents each; children 20 cents; reserved seats 50 cents; and may be obtained at This Office, at Bela Marsh's, 14 Bromfield street, and may also be had of any of the members.

Dr. J. E. Newton on his way South.

We learn that it is the intention of Dr. J. E. Newton to stop at Parkersburg, West Virginia, on his way to New Orleans. He will be at the Swan Hotel, in Parkersburg, Nov. 26th, 27th, and 28th, for the purpose of healing the sick. The suffering will do well to bear this in mind, and, if possible, see the doctor.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

A good audience, considering the rain storm, assembled to hear Mrs. M. S. Townsend lecture before the Spiritual Association in the above hall, on Sunday evening the 10th. Next Sunday evening closes her engagement. Her lectures always furnish food for the soul.

Ohio Missionary Work.

We learn that the Ohio State Convention held at Clyde last week, was a perfect success. Five hundred dollars were raised for the purpose of sending speakers into the field. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock will start on that mission the first of January. A better selection could not well have been made.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

Hon. Horace Greeley delivers the next lecture of the course before the Mercantile Library Association, in Music Hall, next Wednesday evening, Nov. 20th. Everybody will be anxious to hear this most remarkable man of the age.

Strive to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so yourself.

125 cents. 30¢—N.Y.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, thou living God; thou parent of worlds and of souls; thou disposer of all events, we would fling back the giant shadows of past superstitions and stand face to face with thee. Thou art great, and we are small. Thou art wise, and we are ignorant. Thou art perfect and holy, and we are imperfect and unholy. Thou knowest all things, and we only know that which lieth within the circumstances of our being. Yet in our littleness we aspire to know thee; in our ignorance we ask for thy wisdom; in our blindness we would see as thou seest; and all the shadows that close around us, we would forever displace by the sunshine of thine undying truths. Thy greatness has been talked of through every age, and thy wondrous power every soul seems to recognize, yet no soul or class of souls has ever comprehended thee. Thou seemest to be a wondrous soul, filling all forms, and exercising thy power in the heavens and in the earth. Over all that has been, all that is, and all that shall be, thy power seems exerted. Thou art all and in all.

Oh, Great Jehovah, we feel that thou art in us. We feel that we are bound to thee, and as thou livest we shall live also; as thou hast lived in the past, we have lived in all the past also. Oh Lord, thou spirit infinite and perfect, grant that this hour the baptism of thy truth may be vouchsafed into us. Let it wash away our ignorance. Let it lead us out of the shade into the sunlight. Let it assist us up the mountain of knowledge. Oh Lord, open our mouths and unseal our understandings, that we may preach unto all souls who are in prison, whether they be on the earth or in the heavens. And grant, thou spirit of all truth, that we may minister unto them. Grant that we may be blest with a mission of joy and peace unto all thy children. Grant, oh Spirit, great and holy, that we may never be called from this holy occupation till every soul shall understand thy presence and learn to love thee without fear. Send thy ministering angels of mercy and love wherever thy children suffer. May they wipe away the tears, bind up the wounds, and teach them that every thorn is accompanied by a rose, every shadow is followed by a sunbeam, and all the sorrows of time and of eternity are but the harbingers of joy; for no day would be day if it did not follow close upon the shades of night.

Our Father, we praise thee, though thou dost not need it. We adore thee, though we can scarcely know how to adore thee in perfectness. We love thee, though in thy greatness thou seemest to be beyond our love. Yet when we behold thy manifestations, when we receive thy many blessings, we would return our thanks in the name of the past, in the name of the present, and in the name of that endless future into which our souls are wending their way. Amen. Oct. 1.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, to propound, we are ready to consider them.

Q.—If I believe the administration of the laws cruel and wrong, is it not a sin for me to support the Government by vote, or by paying taxes?

A.—All individual opinion should, under all circumstances, be sacrificed for general good. Whenever and wherever the good of the masses is involved, individual opinion should be sacrificed. Though this Government is not the highest form of government that the soul is capable of conceiving, yet it is the very best kind of government that the times can give birth to. It belongs to this age. It is the result of the growth of mind—mind in the present and mind in the past—and it holds, also, a divine relationship to mind in the future. As it is fitted to the wants of the present, as it answers the requirements of the masses, then surely individual opinion concerning it should have little weight.

Q.—In the invocations introducing the sances said to be conducted by Theodore Parker, the words "Our Father, and Mother, too," with slight variation, are usually uttered at the beginning and repeated two or three times. This differs from the prayers breathed forth with such thrilling power by him while in earth-life. The thought would be uttered once, evidently as the expression of a deep sense of God's love as infinitely greater than mortal mother's for her child, and never in the seemingly formal manner in which it is spoken by the medium through whom he is thought to speak. How is this to be explained?

A.—Theodore Parker is accustomed to being weighed in the balances of individual opinion, and it is of little matter to him who weighs him, or who holds the scales, so that the great God within himself and above himself is the balancing power. It matters very little to him whether or not those who criticize him believe him to be devout, or the contrary. He is Theodore Parker still, and his worship of the great God, the Father and Mother of all, is a worship peculiar to himself, and he alone is accountable to that Father and Mother for its genuineness. Oct. 1.

Oscar McDowell.

Mr. Chairman, it is just one year ago since I was making preparations to leave Calaveras County, California, for my home in the East; but I was called upon to part companionship with my body before I reached my home and friends. And as the way seems open to returning millions, I thought I would see what success I might have in crossing the river again that divides the two worlds. I am clearly conscious that I have a distinct individuality, as perfect and distinct as ever I had. I am conscious of the reality of the world in which I have existed since I parted with

the body. And I am extremely anxious to protect that consciousness toward the friends I have left here. Some of them are enlightened concerning the return of the spirit—some are not.

It should be understood by all that we spirits labor under many disadvantages in returning. First of all, we have not the body that was naturally adapted to us as spirits, and therefore we cannot manifest ourselves as perfectly as we could had we that body. The musician who would be a perfect performer upon the violin, might not perform as well upon the flute, though they are both instruments of music. One is adapted to the flute, the other to the violinist, showing that the law of adaptation governs them. I was aware, while on earth, that if ever I was blessed with the power of return, I should labor under many disadvantages in coming back; but I said if it were possible for the spirit to return, I would take advantage of the law, and come back as soon as I could.

I would beseech of those dear friends—and one in particular, who mourns for me almost without hope—to cease their mourning, and begin to think of the time when the shades of mortality shall fade away from them, and they, too, shall stand where I do, in the sunlight of eternity. Waste no more time in useless mourning, but be happy to receive the blessings that God gives from day to day; enjoy them, and if shadows fall across the way, try to understand why they fall; and instead of feeling that they are curses, receive them all as gifts from the Great Spirit, who knows well how to deal with all his children.

I know I am preaching what I did not practice when here. I know I am talking as I did not talk when here, but with the experience of a few months' sojourn in the spirit-world, I can well afford to counsel to resignation under all the circumstances of life, for I know that the soul will, in the future, find that peace and rest that it constantly prays for.

I shall be known by the name of Oscar McDowell. I expect my message will reach friends in Calaveras County, California, and in Maine. I have prepared the way. Farewell. Oct. 1.

Margaret Shipley.

I have many things to say, which I do not like to say here. I am Margaret Shipley. I died in Detroit, and I am here to see if I can reach George W. Shipley, who is at present in New York. I have much of great importance to say to him, but I cannot say it here. I know he will be in New York again next month—the last of next month—and then I want him to go to some of those persons where I can speak. Oh I must speak to him. I will tell him then of all the strange circumstances attending my death, and all that seems so mysterious I will explain. Many things concerning my present state, and many things concerning the last days of my life I can make clear; but have to wish to speak of them in public. I must talk to him—not here—elsewhere. I would be happy if all the circumstances of my earthly life were clear to those I have left; but they are not clear, and so I am sad. I am not at rest, because they are so dark. Good-day, sir. Oct. 1.

Mike Egan.

How do you do, sir? [How do you do?] I am as comfortable as I could expect to be, considering I do not know where at all I'm going to after I go away from here. I was told something about entering another sphere, but I do not know where it is at all. So I am kinder uncomfortable-like. When I enlisted in the army, Mr. Christie said to me—he is in Chatham Square, New York—I was porter for him; that is, I took care of his luggage—carried his luggage to and from the depot—Mr. Christie says to me, "Mike, if ye gets killed let us hear from ye." I didn't know then what he meant, but I took it he meant if I got wounded to let him know if I could. But somehow it's been a ringin' about me that I got to come back. "Mike, if ye gets killed let us hear from ye." I see that's what I'd got to do, when I got all right here on this side. But it took me a long time. I've had the roughest time I ever heard tell of yet. I did, sir. I got starved out, and everything—and when I seen the chaps coming back here and not able to spake at all, I thought I'd stop till I got recruited.

I don't know why the devil he wants me to come back; I ain't got much to come back for—ain't got no wife nor children. Maybe I should, if I'd stayed long enough. But I was lucky there. Yes, sir, I was lucky there. Mr. Christie, he used to say to me, "Mike, why do n't ye get married?" I don't know—I was a thinking all the while when I got a little more money. One day I told him, "If you'll raise my pay so I can afford it, I'll get married." "Get married first," he says. "Ah no," I says; "It's all very well to say get married first, but then it isn't so easy to take care of a family on small pay." I seen 'em all round me—I got two cousins, nine children in one family—and there was a'n't a month that they was n't a comin' to me, "Mike, can't ye help us about this, or about that?" Suppose I'd had the nine children meself, now, so I'd not had a penny to help anybody else. [Somebody would have helped you, then.] Ah, but I ain't one of the kind that likes to ask for help—rather give, any day, than to ask for anything. But I seen the day down there in prison that I would have got down on my knees for a crust of bread. But it's all over now, and I ain't going to be thinking about that.

Well, now, I want to know what Mr. Christie wants. Maybe he wants to engage me over again. He did tell me I'd have my place if I got back. Faith, I've come back, and I'd like it. I don't know—I don't know how I'd manage without any body such as I used to have—oh I'd a very good constitution. I was n't sick at all. No, sir. 'T was the toughest job to kill me that ever I see. I hung on as long as there was a muscle left. They thought they would n't kill me at all. But after awhile I died.

What do you suppose Mr. Christie wants of me, anyway? [Wants to hear how you are getting along, perhaps.] Well, I don't know—I been floating around here—maybe he wants to know if I got married here. He was always talking about everybody getting married. Well, if he does, say that I'm not married at all—that Mike Egan is n't married here. [How do you spell that name?] E-a-g-a-n. I was n't no scholar myself, but I could spell that. I don't know—I can't tell anything about this spirit-world. It is very much like this one. They talk about its being so unreal and shadowy, but it's nothing at all like it. It is just as real as ever anything was in the world. And about the Catholic religion, Mr. Christie used to say to me, "Mike, who is your confessor?" "Well," I said, "I don't know; sometimes I think I'll go to confession, and more times I think I won't, and it's so long since I went, I don't know who my confessor is at all." "Well, Mike," he used to say, "the old fellow will get you if you don't take care of yourself." He was nothing at all. He was a first rate kind of man, but no kind of a religious man, you know. What I want to know is what he wants of me. I don't

know whether I'm in the market for a job, or not—I don't know. But you can tell him this much: I had a pretty hard time getting out, and had to wait a long time before I could come back—I could n't get ready. I don't think it's just right to have all your dirty clothes on the lady you are coming to spake through, as many of 'em do—come on crutches just as weak, thinking what they suffered when they was here. So did I suffer, but I said I'm going to be just as well when I go there as I was before I went in, and so I am. [That is the way.] Yes, sir, that is the way; none of your crutches from Andersonville or Salisbury. No, sir; I am in good condition. I would n't let Jeff Davis, nor any of his clique, know I was in bad condition through their means. No, it would please 'em too well. I heard about Jeff getting out, fadin' about the country, taking his whiskey by the bottle, I suppose. Oh they're the greatest set of chaps ever you see.

I s'pose it's all right letting him run, but it's a wonder to me he has n't been gobbled up before this. I'd like to know where your Yankee grit is? Where is Mr. Davis now? [In Canada.] In Canada? Well, that's where he ought to go. That's the last place the Lord ever made, for him. It's under the iron heel of England, and it's a God-forsaken place, and it's all right if he is there. Well, sir, now say to Mr. Christie that Mike has come back, and he wants to know what's wanted of him. If he says, "better get married here," all right. Tell him I have n't got a job yet, and as to getting married—I don't know whether they do on this side yet. I have n't made it my study. I don't know anything about matrimony. I been looking around all the time, getting a suit of clothes to come back here. You will understand what that means when you get here and want to come back.

[To the Chairman.] Well, sir, good-by to you. A speedy passage and a free ticket to you when you get over. Oct. 1.

William Chase.

I am William Chase. I was first officer of the bark Ann, of New Bedford. Eleven years ago in November I was washed overboard. This is my first attempt at return. I learned that the way was open shortly after I left, but I made no attempt to come in this way, because I had a certain fear that I could not succeed. But of late I have felt such a great pressure inducing me to return, that I could scarcely stay away if I would. I hear that there are places where one's friends can meet them in conversation, or where the returning spirit can write or can make use of sounds. I hear there are various ways of manifesting to those we have here, and I would suggest that my friends make use of some of the means which may be at hand to converse with me, and with others who would be glad to commune with them. Remember, sir, it is eleven years ago in November—this November—since I was lost from the bark Ann, of New Bedford. Oct. 1.

This séance was opened by William E. Channing, and adjourned by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Oh Life, eternal and ever perfect, oh Life, our Source, our Father, we behold thy presence through the glory of this day of falling leaves. We perceive thy footprints everywhere, and we hear thy voice even in the silence of the solitudes, and shall we fear that thou wilt forsake us, or that there is danger that we may wander from thee? No, oh Source of our being, we will not fear, but we will receive thy gifts and seek most earnestly to learn of thee through them, for they are the alphabet of thy being, and we believe thou art giving them unto us that we may learn of thee. There are many changes of human and divine life through which our souls are called to pass, and they all, all whisper of thee. The ocean and the dry land, the air, the flowers, all speak of thee, and we know, oh Divine Spirit, as thou hast blessed all forms with life eternal, an inner and an outer life, so thou hast blessed us also. Though in our external we may not understand thee or worship thee truly, yet in our inner lives we feel we are wedded to thee; and the worship of the soul, like the aroma of flowers, arises silently to thee, and is accepted of thee. Oh Spirit Divine, pour out the glory of thy truth upon these waiting hearts. Let them understand thee as a God of Love, as a merciful Father, as an all-wise and just Judge. Let them fear death no more, but understand that life is everywhere, because thou art everywhere, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen. Oct. 3.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Are there any persons that are more mediumistic when under the influence of liquor than at any other time?

A.—We are informed by those intelligences who have made the science of mediumship a study, that there are some mediums who are more readily brought under the influence of a certain class of spirits, disembodied, when under the influence of liquor.

The audience are now at liberty to ask any questions they may wish. They are, however, reminded that we can wait for them but a very short time. They must frame and offer their questions without delay.

Q.—Is a strong personal will an aid or a hindrance to mediumship?

A.—On the part of the medium it is a hindrance, but when exercised by a spirit who desires to gain control of the medium it is an aid.

Q.—How does the use of liquor make one more mediumistic?

A.—Under certain circumstances it reduces the power of the body over the spirit, or, in other words, it lessens the control of the indwelling spirit upon the external body, and therefore renders the body an easy prey to some other spirit who is more positive.

Q.—Can you tell us why sometimes a medium who visits another cannot get any communication?

A.—Because two negatives have met, and, therefore, the law cannot act. Two positives, when meeting, are apt to gain no response one from the other. Spirit-manifestations are governed by electric and magnetic laws—subtle forces underlying the external. Physical forces are very powerful. They are indeed the law, and whoso would receive their aid must come into communion and assimilation with them. It is very rare that one medium can gain satisfactory communication from the departed through any other, except in such instances as where the medium used by the communicating spirit is, of the two, the most powerful; but where they both stand upon the same mediumistic plane of mind and body, it is very hard for the spirit to commune with the one who desires communion.

We would remark that it is the privilege of those who question us, to repeat their questions whenever they fail to understand what we mean by our answers.

Q.—Do spirits measure time as we do?

A.—No, they do not. There is no time nor place in the spirit-world proper. If they measure

time at all, it is according to your understanding of time. It is in accordance with the rules of earth, the rules of these external forms—not with the internal, the spirit.

Q.—Is spirit the product of matter, or matter of spirit, or are both eternal?

A.—Your speaker believes they are both eternal. There are certain intelligences who contend that matter is the result of spirit, and certain others who contend that spirit is the result of matter. I believe that you cannot well separate spirit from matter. I believe that spirit acts upon matter; matter changes its forms to satisfy the requirements of spirit. The mechanic must first have the idea or the thought of the article he wishes to construct ere it comes into the objective world. Here you see spirit behind the form; and so I believe it ever is. But as spirit is dependent, for its mode of manifestation, upon matter, so matter is dependent for its existence upon spirit. The two are in concert together. One would be a nonentity without the other. This world and the world of mind are wedded together. These forms and their indwelling life are wedded together. Mind and matter go hand in hand throughout eternity, I believe.

Q.—Matter is transmitted from one form of being to another. Is it equally true of spirit? Is animal life transmitted into human, human into angelic, and thus back again into human?

A.—The spirit or essence of life, we believe, is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. In essence it never changes. It always was perfect, is, and always will be perfect. It is only the external that changes. I may influence the dog or the horse; he may obey my will, and to that extent he may become my medium, or subject through which my spirit manifests, precisely similar to that which is seen through the physical form. Indeed, the spirit has all forms by which it manifests itself to the external world. The mechanic manifests his life in constructing these objects, [table, etc.]. The artist, when he pictures his thoughts, places his life there. The astronomer, when he searches out worlds, throws his life there. The geologist, when he enters in thought down deep into the heart of the earth, throws his life there. Soul goes everywhere. Soul has dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air; over all things that ever have been, are, or ever will be. All things become mediums through which the soul manifests. You mistake when you suppose that these physical forms are the only machines through which the soul, the intelligent part, manifests itself. Look abroad throughout the universe, and you will see that you are mistaken. Mind is exerted everywhere, and you cannot exert your mind upon any one object, or in any one direction, without throwing your life there, and that life has become incorporated into the object. The artist manifests through his glorious landscape; the sculptor through the grand form of marble, which seems as though it would speak. His life is there; though the marble utters no sound, though it gives back not even a sigh to your admiration, still the artist's life is there. If you will only search into this glorious science of life, you will behold for a certainty that mind is acting everywhere; not only through these forms, but through every conceivable form that has an existence.

Q.—Do you believe that the dog or the elephant is conscious of its own existence, as a dog or an elephant?

A.—It stands, intellectually, physically and spiritually, upon an entirely different plane from the human species. There is a difference of degree. The indwelling life or essence is the same, but the manifestation is not the same. I believe that the elephant, the dog and the horse have each a consciousness peculiar to itself, and if they cannot reach out to grasp the beauty of life as man can, yet they can grasp enough to answer the demands of their being—all that they need. You call it instinct; it is simply another name for reason.

Q.—But is there not a marked difference between the consciousness of pain or joy which an animal might feel, and the consciousness of one's own existence which a human being experiences?

A.—Yes, there is a marked difference between the manifestations of every circumstance in life, whatever it may be. There is a marked difference between every thought; between every manifestation of life, whether it comes through the animal or the spiritual. No two things are alike—no two manifestations are alike.

Q.—My question is, whether it is a difference of degree or of Nature?

A.—Of Nature. I believe in her oneness; but I believe also that Nature possesses innumerable degrees or spheres of action. One is manifested through the flowers, another through the dog, another through the horse, another through the physical form, but it is all Nature.

Q.—[One of the audience.] It would be interesting if at some future time some intelligence, who is acquainted with those things, would communicate some disclosure of the most ancient Egyptian mysteries.

A.—I don't doubt if you propound such questions in a concise, clear form, you will have them answered. I know there are many intelligences, disembodied intelligences, who are in the habit of visiting those places, and would be very glad to throw light on those subjects. If you propound the queries, I doubt not they will be answered. Oct. 3.

Mrs. Sally Trill.

I have tried many times to come, that I might reach those who are here, but I have never been able to succeed well. I once was enabled to influence some of my friends to go to Mr. Foster, but he was going away and could not stop to wait upon them, and I was so dreadfully disappointed that I did not make any attempt again for a long time.

My name was Mrs. Sally Trill, and I used to live here in Boston. I had a great many things to say to the friends I hope to reach sometime before they reach me. But I don't care to say them here, because I would rather go to my friends alone; but I finally thought I would come here, and would just say if the friends would go to Mr. Foster again, and persist in going till he shall wait upon them, I am sure they will not regret it. They got disappointed, and a little out of sorts because they were disappointed, and they determined in their own minds it was all humbug; and that Mr. Foster went away because he did not want to place himself in a position to allow them to ascertain that he was a deceiver. That is what they thought; and I thought I must come here and just say that if they will only go again, and wait to see what comes, they won't be sorry.

I have been here fourteen years. It is fourteen years since I died, and I have learned many things, and if my experience has not been as extensive as some during the same length of time, yet I have learned a great many things that have changed me. My religious faith was all swept away like chaff before the wind; when I woke to the real condition of myself as a spirit, it was all

swept away. I want to tell them about that, and about our particular home affairs, and about the friends that are here with me who do not know how to come back as I have learned to. There are a great many things I want to tell them. So I hope they will think it worth while to visit Mr. Foster again, and wait next time before passing judgment—wait and see. Oct. 3.

Flora Griffin.

A strange errand brings me here. I am a daughter of Major William K. Griffin, of Louisiana. I was sent into the hospital the first year of the rebellion, to wait upon wounded soldiers, and I sickened and died. Major Griffin had four daughters and one son. The other three daughters he sent to New York, and the son entered the army and was killed; and I, as I have said, was sent into the hospital. I was always kindly treated. I never saw much difference exercised between me and the other children, only when I was sent into the hospital, and they were sent North. I then began to think it strange, and to wonder why I was not sent North with them.

I had been educated and treated in all respects very kindly, and I supposed that I held the same place that the others held toward my father; but I have learned, since I died, that I was mistaken. I was the daughter of a slave, and my mother is alive and in Louisiana, and I have come here to ask my father to settle something upon my mother, now she is free, so that she can take care of herself. At first I was wildly indignant when I learned what I did in the spirit-world; but I have become softened since. I wanted to come then, but I was restrained; but to-day they have permitted me to come; and I ask him now, as he hopes for mercy at the hands of his God, to do justice to my mother. Flora, the slave, whom he bought from Mr. J. Prince, of Georgia, was my mother. My name was Flora. I was always told my mother was dead, and I believed I was the daughter of a former marriage. But I was mistaken. I know my father will receive my message, and as sure as he pays no heed to it, no sure I will come to him day and night, wherever I am, till his heart is softened and he is made to do his duty. I love him now dearly, and would exert all my power here in the spirit-world for his good; but I love my mother also. Remember, sir, I ask my father to settle something upon my mother, so that she may not want, or be driven upon the cold charity of a world which never knows how to treat the poor. Oct. 3.

James Post.

Well, stranger! [How do you do?] Pretty comfortable. That gal's appeal to the old gentleman reminds me of a place in the Bible, where it says, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." You see, stranger, people's bad deeds always follows 'em a good deal closer than the good ones do. I always noticed if there was a poor chicken in my flock, it was always sure to be home early to roost. So with the sins in a man's life; they stick so close that he can't get rid of them—like counterfeit money, you can't get rid of it.

While I was here waiting for my turn, and for the gal to get through, I was philosophizing, and I come to the conclusion that it's the best way to do just as well as you know how, clear up to the top chalk-mark, and then you will get pretty rough; but if you don't, why, it will be pretty rough with you sometime. Now I s'pose that gal's father knew that he did wrong when he sent the other gal North, to be safe, and chucked her into the hospital, just because she was the daughter of a slave; and perhaps the other woman was more of a slave really. So it is. You see the thing was a sin, and it's following him, and I hope it will come up so close that he won't like the looks of it, and will dispose of it. That is my best wish for the old chap, wherever he is.

Well, now, for a side glance at my folks. I am not from New England, sir—I am from the Western country. You see, stranger, it's like this: My boy and me went into the army, and got killed, and the folks that stayed to home are kind of mourning all the while about it; some of them mourns pretty tough, 'cause they said so much and did so much to help us off. Now what I want to say is that they did just right, and it's all right that I was killed as I was—and we are happy—little Jake and I are happy. We would n't come back, no way; no, no, no—it's too good a place to exchange. Now it seems to me just as if I can go to the folks at home; I don't know, but seems as if I could, and I should like to just say, if they will—what is it you call this? [Forming circles.] That's it. If they will do that, I will see what I can do. I have an idea—maybe I am wrong—that our Mary is a medium. I don't know. Shan't do any harm by trying, anyway, shall I? [No.] I don't know as I am going to accomplish anything by coming, but I take it I am—yes, I take it I am going to get rid of a lot of truck to get in the way of coming to them. It looks like it to me. I want 'em not to be afraid. Just as if they were going to be afraid if we're coming home from the war with our bodies! And what an idea to be afraid of us coming without 'em! As if we'd turned to fens by getting rid of our bodies! We want to come, and we want to be welcome. There is Jake would give all he hopes for in the future if he could only go to his mother, he would. Why, that boy would sell his birthright to heaven if he could only get to his mother and talk with her, and have her know he can come, and that he is happy, and all that, you know.

Religion has done a bad thing for folks, anyway. I tell you why. Seems to me religion has made everybody afraid to die. I know they say it takes away the fear of death. But, stranger, I'm blest if I ever see a Christian that was willing to die. I tell you what it is: I've had some of my friends die, that have been in the Church, clear in as far as they could get—good, sound, staunch members—but when they come to die, it was so—I was going to say so infernal hard—to give up, and make up their minds to go, it was worse than the going, the making up their minds. One of 'em said to me, (he and I had talked about it on this side,) "Oh, if I only knew what there is to come, I would n't fear to die." I said, "I know that world can't be any worse than this—may as well run the risk." That is what I always thought: if there is a world beyond it, it can't be any worse than this—must be better. God ain't going to shove us down the hill after he's got us up so far. He'd be a fool. Be like my running my farm to weeds after I'd got it in good growing condition. No, no. God ain't no such fool. Looks so to me. Well, at any rate you will just say this, if you will: say that James Post—that's me—and his son Jake, from Sandusky, wants to communicate with the folks that he has left. Never mind whether he is dead or living. If I'm dead, all right—can't hurt anybody. If I'm living, why, come and hear what I've got to say.

There is a man here—[To a spirit:] What? Talk up! Richard Bond? He says his name is Richard Bond, from Cayuga, N.Y. He wishes to say to his friends that he shall manifest as soon as possible to friends there. [To the spirit:] That it? Don't

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES, Local Editor, at the West Publishing Office, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo. Contributions for publication should be sent directly to the Editor, at the West Publishing Office, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo. Persons writing to the Editor, will please to mark them. Persons writing to the Editor, will please to mark them. Persons writing to the Editor, will please to mark them.

"Christian Spiritualism."

During an interesting conversation with a Universalist clergyman a few months since, he said to us distinctly, "I am a Christian Spiritualist." We may add further, he is connected editorially with a prominent Universalist periodical in one of the Western States.

The Chicago New Covenant [Universalist] recently published an article under the caption "Our Name," from the pen of G. W. Lawrence, an accredited preacher in the denomination. We quote the following therefrom:

"And I will add here, that with a true Christian Spiritualism we have no desire to have any controversy. The term Spiritualism is by no means had one; we are frank to admit that it is a good term, in the sense in which we use it in this paragraph. Spiritualism is probably as yet but little understood. Certainly there is much confusion of thought and speech in the various attempts that are made to define it. As held by many persons, it is so full of vagaries as scarcely to commend itself to less imaginative and equally thoughtful minds. We hope the time may come when the truths of Spiritualism may be brought out to the comprehension and joy of all. For one, I have never felt inclined to ridicule Spiritualists, or to pronounce them deceivers, and their belief a fiction and a humbug."

Bro. Lawrence very truthfully says, Spiritualism is a "good term"—is it but "little understood," and he "hopes the time may come when the truths of Spiritualism may be brought out to the comprehension of all." These are honorable admissions, showing a broad, noble, tolerant spirit, on the part of this ministerial brother.

As a term, or word of deep significance, Spiritualism is one of the most beautiful, as well as divinely and holiest in the English language.

Said Jesus, "God is a spirit," and spirit is the corner-stone, the structural foundation of the word "name"—"Spiritualism," that distinguishes us as a great, growing body of religiousists in America. The *et* is a suffix, implying spiritual-mindedness, purity of purpose and holiness of life. The *ism* refers to the blended phenomena and philosophy, corresponding with the inductive and deductive methods of reasoning. We are delighted, therefore, with "our name"—"Spiritualism." It is not only definite, but is rooted in God, the Infinite Spirit of the universe.

What the utility, then, of the prefix, Christian? Is there anything especially honorable in the epithet? Is there a necessity for Christianizing modern Spiritualism, to render it more acceptable to the sectarians of the age? Considering the historic associations connected with "Christian," it is a very exceptional name. Let us revert to the dust-buried ages of the past. The Biblical book called "Solomon's Song" is regarded by Christian commentators as an allegorical poem, representing Christ's love for the church. This is the heading of the fourth chapter: "Christ set forth forth the graces of the church"; and Dr. Adam Clark says this scriptural "song was written when Solomon had only sixty wives and eighty concubines."

The Apostle Paul, writing to the Christian Church in Corinth, commences the fifth chapter thus: "It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you, and such fornication as is not so much as named among the Gentiles." In his epistle to Titus, chapter third, this passage occurs: "For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another." In II Corinthians the apostle writes: "I praise you not that ye come together not for better, but for worse; for I hear that there be divisions among you when ye come together in the church. In eating, every one of you taketh before another his own supper, and one is hungry and another drunken." Now, then, while Paul by self-confession was the "chief of sinners"—while the first Christians, according to Bible testimony, were "disobedient," "deceived," "serving divers lusts," given to "fornication," "hateful and hating one another," "foolish," and "drunken," why covet the name "Christian"?

The early "Christian Fathers" were, if possible, more depraved, cruel, licentious and vindictive than the first Christians. The celebrated Christian writer, Eusebius, at one time Bishop of Caesarea in Palestine, devoted a chapter to the question as to "how far it may be proper to use frauds as a medicine, and for the benefit of those who may require to be deceived." Ambrose, Augustine, St. Jerome, were corrupted with the villanous Jesuitical Church-dogma of lying for the sake of religion. The learned Mosheim tells us (vol. 1, page 130) the doctrine "that it was not only lawful, but commendable, to deceive and lie for the sake of truth and piety, every spread among the Christians" of the second century. In vol. 1, page 183, this church historian admits that "plots, frauds and impostures were among the chief of the extension of Christianity." Books were forged, and the Christian Emperor, Constantine, was one of the most superstitious, intriguing and bloody of men. Thomas Fuller, author of the history of the "Holy War," published in Cambridge, in 1640, informs us that "the reason why Pagans were not converted to Christianity, was because of the general immorality, lasciviousness and wickedness in vogue among Christians. Immorality was everywhere preached, and pride practiced. They persuaded others to labor for heaven, and fell out themselves about earth."

The most ordinary scholar knows that during the Christian Crusades two millions perished by sword and famine in the fruitless effort to rescue Christ's tomb from the Turk; that during the Catholic and Protestant wars and persecutions, blood flowed deep in European cities; that Christians kindled the fires of Smithfield and erected the martyr's stake, in fine, in all countries, Christian steel has shed Christian blood, Christians have burned heretics, persecuted reformers, crushed free thought, and banished Quakers. Their pathway has been crimsoned in blood—their history has been the history of violence, war and death. Who wants to lack "Christian," then, on to Spiritualism?

Though our charity is very extensive, we nevertheless feel impressed to state that there are hosts of "Christians" that put Liverpool stamps on American prints; that they sugar water their syrup; place the large peaches upon the top of the basket; rent houses to be used for prostitution; drain-shops, to make drunkards; eat bakers' bread and drink grocers' wine at "communion," and then hunt "Medians," mutually sharing in the scalp-money! We ask again, who wants "Christian" looked up to Spiritualism?

That these are good men calling themselves

"Christians," we admit; so are there equally good men called and calling themselves Infidels. The brightest intellects and broadest humanitarians souls that grace the American Continent today, however, are non-Evangelical. Writing thus of "Christian" and "Christianity," we have no reference to the truths and eternal principles that stream like pearls from the seemingly stainless lips of the gentle, the divine man—Jesus of Nazareth! His life was a practical prose poem of mingled wisdom and love—a beacon light shining along the shores of the agone ages. Finally, if any feel they must have some "honorable" qualifying phrase as a prefix to Spiritualism, permit us to kindly suggest Pythagorean Spiritualism, Socratic Spiritualism, Platonic Spiritualism, Jesuonian Spiritualism, anything—ANYTHING but "Christian" Spiritualism!

Pre-existence Again.

Is it possible to blot out a single principle? Of course not. What holds the worlds in order, makes a rock, a tree, an animal? Is there not an inherent law, or life-principle, which, interfusing with matter as soul in embodiment, organizes in marriage relations all these beautiful forms? Being part of substance or multitudinal extractions of dissolving matter, the forms change, but the principle which organizes and dissolves the forms, being a unit or unparticled entity, is unchangeable, and therefore unchangeable, and everlasting. In itself principle is a species, of which the form is the manifestation. Were identity an attribute of the form only, it would die with the form. As a personality I am always the same; and yet I am physically dying and resurrecting forever. If I, the man, spirit, have not changed as a personal identity during the period of my earth-life, it certainly proves that I am a power superior to death, and therefore immortal. And just here is an immutable consciousness of identity. During all the dissolutions and reconstructions of body, I, as a conscious being, have lived. If consciously I have lived so long superior to death, I surely am a life-principle, immortal as all other principles are in the universe, and as such in essence, species and conscious identity, without beginning; for no principle is creatable. If superior to material change, I am an immortal future; I am an immortal past. If I am one, I am both; for eternity is all around, an inseparable unit. A future immortality only is not immortality; for what begins must end! As I live in the living present, essentially the same through all changes, I am past and I am future, "without beginning or ending of days."

The suspension of consciousness for awhile by no means destroys it, but in the end recuperates it. All forces must have periods of rest, and thence action. We lie down to sleep and become oblivious; on the morrow we wake, look around, feel our way back from object to object, from experience to experience, till memory fluke to-day with yesterday. When a spirit is incarnated, it must unavoidably be in a state of sleep, or a while unconscious of its past, or yesterday. A child cannot have a consciousness of its earth-relations until it spiritually descends, so to speak, into chemical co-partnership with earth's material elements. These elements in such co-partnership evolve their own spirituality, rising to meet the descending spirituality, as in marriage, when the interblending awakes the mind to a consciousness of its surroundings and duties. The data of consciousness once gained, it widens out wave like from a centre on the sea of life, impinging against all atoms, moving all, and expanding forever! Already under the light of science we are able to trace our physical bodies to their elemental constituents in the outer universe; and we are now entering the realm of spirit-causation. Can the grand wave be now stopped? Because we see not to-day, it does not follow we may not to-morrow. Be patient; the egg will hatch by-and-by, to fly over pathways once familiar, when prophecy will become memory, and memory become consciousness, and consciousness become immortality!

A. A. Wheelock and the Surprise.

The Toledo Blade, Ohio, pays a just compliment to this indefatigable worker in behalf of the truths connected with Spiritualism. "I will," was wrote wonders. Bro. Wheelock has this will-power, this energy, this soul-consecration to a purpose that is sure of success. Wherever he labors, Societies spring up, Lyceums are organized and the wilderness blossoms as the rose. The daily of Toledo referred to, says:

"A GLAD SURPRISE.—We understand that a small number of the earnest and particular friends of the Rev. A. A. Wheelock, most completely 'surprised' that gentleman and his lovely and accomplished wife, by giving them an entirely unexpected last evening at their residence, 337 Erie street, and leaving us a substantial testimony of their especial regard, nearly \$50 in provisions and money."

Mr. Wheelock is a fearless and eloquent advocate of Spiritualism, and speaks to the great satisfaction of that class of believers, every Sunday, at old Masonic Hall.

By his untiring diligence and earnest labors, quite a large and growing Society has been legally organized within the past two months, with our well known, and one of our "solid men," Calvin Bronson, Esq., for President, and also a Children's Progressive Lyceum, which commenced its work under Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock's supervision, with only fourteen, and now numbers over sixty children, in regular attendance, and is constantly attracting increased interest and attention. And thus it is—the worker ever wins."

A Gem from Emerson.

This prince among literary peers wrote in an article on the system of Swedenborg: "To what a painful perversion had Gothic theology arrived, that Swedenborg admitted no conversion of evil spirits! But the div effort is never relaxed; the earthen in the sun will convert itself to grain; and flowers; and man, though in brother or jail, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true. Burns, with the wild humor of his apostrophe to 'poor old Nickie Ben'—

"On wad ye tak a thought and need!"—has the advantage of the vindictive theologian. Everything is superficial, and changes, but truth and love. The largest is always the truest sentiment, and we feel the more generous spirit of the Indian Vishnu—'I am the same to all mankind. There is not one who is worthy of my love or hatred.'"

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The First Spiritualist Association of the State holds regular meetings at Central Hall, 25 Elm Street, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. Officers: Daniel N. Ford, President; Daniel N. Ford, Vice President; Daniel N. Ford, Secretary. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. Officers: Daniel N. Ford, President; Daniel N. Ford, Vice President; Daniel N. Ford, Secretary.

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