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The Lecture Boom.

The Union between Human Intuitions and Scientific Demonstration.

DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1868, AT CAMBRIDGE HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND,
BY REV. DR. J. B. FERGUSON, LL.D.

[This address was listened to with profound attention, and called forth repeated and hearty applause. It was delivered extempore—as are all Mr. Ferguson's addresses—in London, England, before a very large and highly respectable audience, immediately after the outages attempted upon the Messrs. Davenport in the cities of Liverpool, Leeds, &c. The following forms a good abstract of the ideas and facts presented.—REPORTER.]

Members of the Spiritual Lyceum—Ladies and Gentlemen: Rest assured I appreciate the courtesy, not to say partiality, you have extended to me, on every occasion of my presence in your interesting and instructive meetings; and I trust I have, at least in some degree, manifested that appreciation in the extemporaneous addresses you did me the honor to call forth. But I meet you to-night under new and strangely ordered circumstances. Having for five months stood up daily, and sometimes twice a day, in the presence of the audiences of the Metropolis, the private drawing-rooms of the nobility and gentry, the free conventions of the Spiritualists, the select and carefully guarded scientific committees, and the rather tumultuous assemblies of the principal provincial towns of this realm—I come to you to-night, from the scenes of passionate strife, which culminated in three organized mobs, which in this venerable and peaceable kingdom destroyed our property, menaced our lives, and in some degree have prostrated the interests of those it has been my sacred duty publicly and privately to represent. The "cabinets," from which we demonstrated the allied power of human organizations and their spiritual capabilities, and from which you witnessed the marvelous facts of supra-mundane evidences of intelligence and power, so clearly and unmistakably presented to this generation, have been broken to atoms. But strange to say, no secret springs, no clandestine machinery, no mechanical arrangement have been found! A mob believed that what you and they both saw and heard and felt, was produced by some secret mechanical arrangement in our cabinet, and they rushed upon and broke it into hundreds of pieces. But the mob found nothing but a plain array of boards and glue—and a mob has been confounded!

The exhibition of the wondrous phenomena, signaling our age and time, has been violently interrupted by overpowering brute force, and some of our proposed public engagements have for a time been forcibly suspended; but the facts presented to the British public remain the same; and the power originating, directing and guiding still lives, uninvaded and unassailable as the sun in these heavens, as fresh, as perfect, as immortal as the sources of our being and the destiny of our kind. Friends of truth and freedom, what have brutal mobs demonstrated? A failure in the manifested or manifesting power? Why, a jackass may stop a railway train, and thus cause desolation and destruction to life and property. Is there, therefore, no such power as steam? or no such necessity of conditions as an unobstructed track? What do we realize but what every man of thought and reflection knows, viz: that all power, call you it power of God or man, spirits or mechanical forces, can only be manifested in its legitimate and appropriate conditions.

We have now met upon their own proposed terms your men of science, your men of letters, your men of distinguished practical skill—men known and honored in all departments of human research and achievement, and their verdict may be left to time and her maturing decisions. They have in every instance borne their testimony to the actuality of the phenomena, and the absence of all design of fraud or imposition. They have given you no explanation, and it is not incumbent on me to give you one that will not compel them either to deny the evidence of all their senses, or admit what we claim. At last, we have met the mobs infuriated by appeals to the lowest passions of the ignorant and credulous, and even they have announced they discovered no fraud, and the newspapers that applauded their wondrous feats, as at Liverpool, have awarded to you "extraordinary good temper and manly forbearance!"

True! failing to find their anticipated proofs of fraud and deception either in our unpretending "cabinet" or insignificant instruments; unable to disprove what their leaders ignorantly or presumptuously denied; unwilling to see and judge for themselves, in the exercise of the inborn right of every man to seek truth for himself, they have sought, by brutality and violence, to remove what they, in unbroken thought, could but denounce. But thus it ever has been and ever must be when men reject what they will not investigate. They will affirm with a pertinacity and positiveness only equalled by their ignorance and determination not to be enlightened. I have no complaints to offer. Sincerely, courteously, nay, often deferentially, in view of the habits of education and conventional fear, I have at every risk to reputation and personal gain, demonstrated the most important facts ever recognized by man in any age of the world, and I stand to-night erect as a man, knowing no wrong to any, and fearing no evil, in the calm, grateful, ay, unutterable consciousness of truth, gained by patient and unremitting devotion to her altars, and of duty performed where the boldest of my friends trembled for my life; and I rejoice to bear my glad testimony to the fact that truth and honor are nothing less than the signals of God upon the heart of humanity, in and out of mortal forms and recognitions; and to the felt presence and power of that host of invisible guardians of all

true human progress I owe and hereby acknowledge our preservation. And I am ready, as heretofore, to reflect to you or to any my humble measure of realization.

Linked to no party, sect or creed, I rejoice in the free expression of thought on any and all subjects; willing to hear and be heard in all that tends to secure the good of all men of every country and clime. Our attainments are not so great that we can afford to despise any, even the least, nor is the sum of individual or collective happiness so full that we can afford to ignore any unfolding attribute or capacity of our common nature, no matter when or how presented. Even the mob is natural, and reveals a power that cannot be despised, however we may deplore the ignorance and misconception that inspire its misdirection. I am, my friends, therefore, neither intimidated nor discouraged by the unwelcome events that now must bring the state of your public mind to the door of every well-wisher of his kind among this people. Truth is still the same. It is never made less by our denials or violent resistance to those who would honestly, however feebly, prevent it. We may be dwarfed in its recognitions, driven, for a time, from its most benign bestowals, but its immortal birth, its eternal power, its indispensable bests, will reassert themselves amid more auspicious unfoldings of reason and judgment, and its inscriptions will be read as in the light of the open day, when the chilly mantle of old and desolating superstition shall be laid aside. No counterfeits but what will attest its genuineness and value; no violence that will not extend its knowledge and the benignity of its influence.

With these preliminary observations, called forth by the breath of the circumstances in which we are called to act, I shall now apply myself to an attempt to show you that the evidences of immortal hope you have so fully and joyfully recognized in the demonstrations that call forth this crude and violent opposition, are not at war with any known truth in the past or present recognitions of men, whether that truth receive the name of physical or psychical, spiritual or material science. I will labor to prove, or at least to vindicate the harmony between what are called the facts of science and the evidences of spiritual intuition and affiliation, as recognized by yourselves and others, and which are now, by ocular demonstration, brought within the reach of every honest inquirer.

All truth is eternal in divinity. What we often call truth is only a transitory manifestation, dependent on given conditions. Here arise the differences in human estimate and the oftentimes angry conflicts of opinion with men equally sincere. Indeed, the differences that mark or distinguish one man from another, one country from another, one age from another, are simply the differences of recognition or realization in the eternity of truth. With laudable zeal we go over what we call the history of the past, or the sparse record of human endeavor, and bestow honor here or there, as our eyes are opened to see, or as our conventional, sectional, or even national prejudices will allow; and we contend in bitter strife for our estimates, till too often vainly we seek to deny what we do not appreciate, and forget that history is a song while life is a stream that flows forever on. Thus the stifled cons pass on, and the measure of our appreciation is succeeded by a higher and mayhap a juster appreciation, while the guiding hand of human weal bears all on to renewed efforts in the cause of right. These individual or sectional appreciations are arrayed one against another with such entrenchments of conventional power, that often men come to fear if not to believe that Nature is discordant; that there is some jar in the nature of things, and that heaven itself is invaded by conflicting hosts and the empire of truth divided against itself. It was an utterance of an ancient inspiration and has become a facile maxim, that a house or kingdom divided against itself must come to desolation. He, therefore, who can see the spirit of harmony in and yet above all the conflict of opinion that marks the career and progress of human knowledge, and can reveal it to his fellows, may be regarded justly as a benefactor of his kind; nay, it would not be too much to say he is a man of God, or a god amongst men.

Allow me, in my unpretending place, to call your attention to some patent facts that mark the progress of our time. And as I am in old and powerful England, I will draw my illustrations from your and not our history. Nor will I go further back in that history than the generation just lingering on yours, and scarcely yet passed away.

Good men, devoted men, men whose words and deeds called forth the praise of their times, not many years since taught religion or theology so as to leave the impression that science was its adversary; and they arrayed their own truthful experiences against those of men equally worthy and perhaps quite as useful in the walks of life. To illustrate:

It was taught by such theologians as Turretin, that to affirm the revolution of the earth around the sun was to deny the revelation of Almighty God! Scientific investigation and demonstration had nevertheless established the fact, and so clearly, that it was and is regarded as simply a vulgar prejudice to deny it. The wonders revealed by the telescope disclosed a boundless universe of worlds, and thus extended human thought and made sublime the realizations attendant upon the recognition of its disclosures. Men seemed to tremble in awe profound before the inconceivable depths and heights of a universe of which the first emotion of fear made them appear not only as atoms, but insignificant atoms, for whom the great God of all could not or did not care, or even a fabled devil did not rage to destroy. But with the telescope came the microscope, revealing in an atom or a drop a universe of manifested care, beneficent and wise purpose,

kindred in all Nature, and all-powerful for good with that which

Whereby the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong!"

Your own Chalmers—among Theologians, and after him a host of imitators or followers—had mind enough to see the unity, and in almost eloquent strains he held the cold, chaste thought of the North till it began to look without fear on atom and sun, on man of the clay and man immortal, and even dared to read the venerable Bible with clearer and more hopeful estimates of human destiny. Some day its eyes will open to see that even the Bible is but a human reflection of an unmeasured and immeasurable Divinity. And thus Nature, in her great and small, her boundless and limited, was seen to be one, and man and God eternally indissolubly the same: man in flesh one manifestation; man out of flesh, by the Bible called an angel; another manifestation of the same God in and over all. And so not only Jesus but each man may say, "I and my Father are one!" Astronomy, according to Chalmers, and man's religious nature and aspirations, were no longer at war, for he insisted that principalities and powers, angels and even devils were in sympathy with the work of his Christ. A little further opening of the souls of superstitious ignorance would indeed have revealed a universal sympathy in all Nature; and thus not only Jesus as Christ, but all Christs of all worlds would have been regarded as natural supplies for natural wants—and flaming hells before and raging devils behind the experience of man would vanish with the clouds of superstition on which the night of imagination had painted them. A God in all that is dark and forbidding to human fear was seen, however dimly, and this sight has assisted you to see the Godlike Divinity in all men!

Next came geology. Astronomy revealed more and larger worlds than ours, and thus extended our ideas of God, their maker, beyond the confines of Palestine, and all, however good or great, manifested there. Geology followed to extend our ideas of time. The world was older, as man or finite conception accounts age, than even hoary records interpreted by authority of denials could afford to allow. Its ineffaceable inscriptions on enduring granite might not be fully read; but they spoke unmistakably—not of thousands, but of hundreds of thousands of years. The war of opinion again raged less fiercely, it is true, but nevertheless raged against science and truth.

Then came Paleontology, with its handmaiden Anatomy, Physiology and Biology, to renew its old disclosures, so wisely read by a few in past ages, so rudely treated by many, even in what may be called the present age. It assured us that man was not necessarily created in a given place or time; but in every zone he came forth as the Flora and the Fauna of that zone, distinct and discriminated from every other, though kindred in all formation. Holy hands were lifted again in horror, but not lifted so high this time, not so deprecatingly as before—for wisdom is ever justified of her children—and past folly of denial had taught, at least, a wholesome reserve.

Now I wish to ask you, is there any conflict between any clearly disclosed truth of science, and any equally clearly disclosed want of man's spiritual, or, if you had rather, man's moral or mental nature? Astronomy reveals boundless worlds! His nature reveals boundless desires! Geology manifests the unity of all material substances and their indestructibility. The unfolded nature of man reveals an indissoluble unity between the dead and living, and their co-relation in and to all things! I affirm, from the most careful study, from a tried experience, of which the present is no strange part, from all I see or know or feel, there is no inharmonious anywhere save in the immature conception with which, as infants or children in knowledge, we receive any to us new disclosure! As Astronomy, by revealing a boundless universe, has not destroyed but simply extended, purified and dignified every true estimate of man as man; as Geology, while it has set back far beyond the fragmentary estimates of time and place origin, the birth of our planet and of man upon it, it has also revealed a wider scope and grander scale of unity in design in all that we see or hear or touch; and Paleontology will make known in demonstration and projected fact every intuition of every civilization has presaged or clearly uttered, viz: That man is one eternal and indivisible being; that his unity is a unity of Nature, and not of time and place origin, or of so-called creation; and that, therefore, his good, his glory, his heaven, is and must be a universal good. "No matter where he originated, or when, are we not all the offspring of God, and does not a common origin imply a common destiny?" Is the question every disclosure of truth forces upon us. Physiologically and anatomically, all men of all tribes and distinctions are found to be one. Not an atom of our flesh, blood or bone, but what has its relation to every other atom of flesh, blood and bone of the whole universe of incarnated life. And right here is the place to show you the sublime nature and eternal relationships of the spirit of or in man. As every atom in our bodies has its relation to every other atom in every other body; grows, moves, changes by the same law; so every thought, feeling and emotion has its relation, dependence and change in the law regulating every other thought, feeling and emotion in the universe of mind. Flesh and blood do not think. And thus while every intuitive recognition and rational utterance had their place and filled their purpose in all past ages, its purpose to us, whether found in the Bible or elsewhere, is to aid us to think under the light we have and the sources of knowledge opened to us. No other age will answer for us; no other generation can do our work. The evidences we have gained; the inscriptions we bear are ours to enjoy, use, and with which to bless those less favored, and all following time will answer for the result. There is no war between our spiritual recognitions and

those of an honored or despoiled past. There may be in our degree of mental recognition, but that only reveals our status and not the harmony of all truth. We must and we will go through the conflicts of inherited thought, but it is to the harmony of every recognition of an infinite bestowal upon the race. We cannot despise any, for all are of Nature to Nature, it may be, in new and higher forms. All is of God to God—Divinity and Humanity one and inseparable!

Go on, then, in your legon work. You know the unity of your own experiences. You need never affect to know nor pretend to what you have not seen. To you will ever be given, by an eternal law, all you can receive and apply. More would not be good or God. Less cannot be. Complaint not of time, of circumstances or conditions. Mobs are necessary, or they would not exist. They reveal the status of your people, and you must meet, sooner or later, the results of such a condition of your people, and it may be in something you will esteem worse than the destruction of our property or the vain and silly attempt to suppress the facts of spiritual recognition. In the freedom of your own recognitions, therefore, adapt and apply to your condition, shirking no responsibility, ignoring no duty, and by the law of God in eternal affinity like will find its own and you will receive, enjoy and ascend to renewed evidences of knowledge, happiness and power.

Harmony! where is it not? I see it in the frosts of winter and the genial smile of spring-time; in day and contrasted night; in ignorance and knowledge, vice and virtue; truth, so-called, and its opposite. The one could not be without the other, no more than you could have an odd without an even, a man without a woman, a right without a left, or any other contrast of an infinitely diversified manifestation in Nature.

But, my friends, what shall we say of that greatest of all the so-called sciences—chemistry? I say greatest of all, for, properly understood, it includes them all. It is the science of assimilation, so to speak; of affinity, and will show the unity of all things in the relationship of each diversity. We owe it much. We are indebted to it for the application of steam, which already almost bridges the oceans and quite links the country into one neighborhood of cities. We owe to it the electric telegraph, by which the antipodes of the earth will soon hold converse, literally talking by lightning—that same lightning whose undulating flame across the arch of the sky but yesterday filled the mind of superstition with terror as at the bolts of an "avenging God!" We owe to it photography, by which we hold the images of the absent and the so-called dead or departed but never forgotten. We owe to it the lights of this great, grim city, which extends the day and, as Job would say, "puts an end to darkness." From the dark deposit of the mountains we send forth a light all along the lanes and streets of busy commerce and often as busy vice. This science, then, brings the knowledge of the elements, their qualities and relations. I repeat, it is the science of affinities, showing the relation of all things and the co-relation of those adapted to each other. Much, however, as we know, more remains to be known. The tale is not half told. Daily this science is unveiling the face of Nature, disclosing new and beautiful lineaments where ignorance once only saw hideous deformity. It would be presumption for me to tell you what I expect from this science. It will yet enable us to converse face to face with the dead, so-called, and we are on the eve of this realization. If you call this presumption, you should at least remember that it is no less presumption to set limits to the progress of this science. I look with admiration to what is gained, and my hope ascends high for the future. It is from chemistry we are to learn the conditions under which these evidences of man's allied nature to the invisible intelligences are to be most effectually made known. The uses of darkness it will disclose, and another veil of superstitious horror will be rent in twain. The nature of contact it is opening, and, as it opens, the miracles of past ages are renewed in wonders indeed, but wonders not at variance with Nature's order. And all its wonders, and all so-called spiritual wonders, are already found, and will be found, in harmony with every precept or forefeeling of the soul and in accord with all the known laws and conditions of human development and elemental assimilation, and ever tending to the elevation and progress of mankind at large. And spiritual evidences and recognitions will yet be regarded as natural—yes, as natural as the air we breathe, the thoughts we indulge or the deeds we dare. There is no royal road to spiritual intuition.

At home and abroad for over twenty years, alone and in the most sacred of human associations, in doubt and in faith, in ignorance and some degree of knowledge, I have seen the most marvelous of so-called spiritual displays of power, interest in human affairs and intelligence—but I have made no real progress, save only as I have been true to the common nature we bear, and the natural conditions of all with which or whom I have been brought in contact. And I see no truth in these, to us, wonders, that is not in harmony with every other truth I know in any department of science. And it is the living consciousness of this harmony that gives me to-night my confidence before you, and my hope for the ultimate harmony of all human intents, no matter how much or how legitimately they may be contrasted by tribal, clanish, lingual, governmental or national designations. I see inharmonious nowhere but in immature human conception, my own or that of others. All true science tends to the spiritual, as you may see without wading through the cumbrous pages of Herbert Spencer. In it we find what he seems not to have found, viz: that we may apprehend what we cannot comprehend, and thus think his unthinkable. In the spiritual, in other words, we will find the harmony of all contrasts, and contradiction will be heard of no more. God is one; but manifestation is diverse and diversely indi-

nite. Nature is one; but Nature is more than form. Law is one; but conditions of law are not law, however scientifically so-called. Unity exists, or is? But there is no unity save in diversity. The unity of my body is in the capacity and exercise of every limb thereof; not that one member is another, but that the free function of each makes the unity of the whole. Unity there is in humanity; but humanity is more than is seen; nay, the seen is ever the less, and each part or individual has its indefeasible claim and right, and will assert them, either in life or what we misname death, so that the whole will recognize the just claim of each in everlasting harmony: Away then with the ignorant conception of war between intuition and knowledge, science and religion, spirit and form, life and death. We live by dying. We die by living, and no condition, call it by what name you will, can measure an infinite law of which we form a part. All the sciences are one, but not one in the sense of destruction to the parts. All religions are one, but not one by the vain and brutal attempt to destroy each other. Science and religion but reveal the status of men, of natures, of the world at large, in their attainment in an Infinite Good or God! All governments are one; but no one can destroy another. They come forth anew, for they are made up of the individual drops which make the life-flow of all that constitutes the nationality. And all exist beneath the mighty hand of progress that aways all time, and sooner or later, in life or in death, opens the ascending flame that burns forever in each human breast. All conceptions of God or Nature, of life or forms of life, are legitimate, but no one is final, or man and Nature and God would cease to be.

Hence, my friends, we come not to destroy, but to fulfill every legitimate hope and trust of man individual, in the recognition of man universal. Each one stands for his own day and time. All are connected to him, but no one can take his place. He is a distinct entity, no matter whether considered great or less. And the affinities which he bears are to spirit, to life, to God, as true, as indelible as any other entity, no matter how conventionally estimated. No one can say, God is in this, and Enormity (or the devil, in vulgar asinine) in that, only as revealing his existing conception, and no finite conception can limit an Infinite claim. As well then chide the frosts of winter because they are not the genial rays of summer, as chide any condition of humanity because it is not yet what would be to us a more congenial condition. The life is infinite, and in each is ascending, and the recognition of this order of Nature in man will irradiate with hope the darkest recesses of human erring, and bring to every man's door the consciousness of his immortal kindred in all that ever made the charm the glory of his being.

Spiritualism the Saviour of Mankind.

A LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA F. J. BULLENE.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Mrs. Emma F. J. Bullene lectured at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., on the above subject, on Sunday afternoon, March 20th. The announcement that the theme would be selected by the audience called out a full house; several questions were given by those present, and the medium, after stating that they all tended in one direction, proceeded to answer them all in the course of her remarks, a brief sketch of which we give below:

What was the significance of this word Saviour, which, under the name of Christ, in the past implied so much of happiness to many, and so much of continually to many more? This wonderful word which formed a part of that "LANGUAGE" which we had heard of, which gave utterance to a sentiment broad as the universe, eternal in its duration as the great I Am?

Spiritualism, to its believers, was a jeweled casket which mirrored within itself the forms and faces of the loved ones who had passed the silent river to the other shore, and by which they were able to establish a grand telegraphic system which kept earth's children aware of all things in the better land—that land of eternal blossom and perfume—whose entire riches were composed of the glorified powers of the human soul. Spiritualism came to all by the exercise of sympathy; it was the golden key to unlock the hidden mysteries of the life to come, and give us a reflex of that wondrous kingdom of light and immortality.

To the common mind Spiritualism presented only one sentiment, one idea—viz: the establishment of communication between the higher spheres of spirit and the lower plane of earth; but to those who had deeply investigated it, it became of greater significance, unfolding to view more and more of its hidden meanings, till we found it our Saviour—the one who interceded for our spirits at the great throne of Nature! In it we should one day find the power which would unveil the celestial system, as also that of the earth-planets on which we were to dwell. Day by day, by its teachings, we felt the inflow of a diviner presence and influence from the fadeless gardens of the Summer-land.

Was "LANGUAGE" employed in spirit-life for the conveyance of ideas? Was the same word-clothing necessary for the embodiment of thought? Yes. To become conscious of the several parts, and organic proportions of thoughts, it was there, as here, necessary to clothe them in appropriate diction. But the language of the spirit-world was far more refined than that of the flesh-world, whose eye and smiling cherub lips told us we were loved, although they expressed it without earthly words. This was the most potent language, for it was that of spirit to spirit, soul with soul.

What of "EMPLOYMENT IN SPIRIT-LIFE"? And what were the occupations of its inhabitants? Every occupation which existed on earth had its counterpart in the world of spirit. Although it was true, for instance, that it was not necessary to prepare material food, by cooking, or that no one was compelled to drive horses in the higher life, yet the woman whose lifetime was devoted wholly to cooking, and who never gave her spirit time to rise above the fumes of her kitchen fire, would find kitchens represented for her in the world of spirit; and the man whose affections were represented solely by the horse he drove, would surely find some good fellow on whose fast horse he could take a ride.

Every avenue of human aspiration and "EXERCISE" would be found opened up in a grand or sense in spirit-life. There, science, whether of

the astronomical or otherwise, could stretch forth its hands to grasp the sun, and attain its goal, and the culture of flowers had been on earth a pleasure and delight, would find them in the better and holier land, for the spirit of the flower was immortal. Each employment in that life would accord with the spirit plane of the person concerned. To those who could master abstract principles on earth, the higher life would bring the power to more fully apply those principles to human existence, for no river could separate them from their duties on the earth plane, and their employments, though of varied kinds, brought invariably all into communion with earth's children. These influences could not forget that the bread of eternal life could only be handed down to mortals through the far-reaching power of Spiritualism.

What of "Woman and Her Mission"? Spiritualism, more than any revelation of this or any other age, brought a lesson of truth for the sphere of woman, and illumined her head with a coronet of glory which she could not lose. It placed her on the throne of God himself, and the chief jewel in that crown was her maternity, which shone with the greatest potency, and the brightest, purest ray. By it she was taught that it was no longer necessary for her to be the slave and inferior of the opposite sex, but that she stood rightfully by his side; that she was an equal in life—and had also a mission to perform: she was to be a mediator between man and his God. Her mission was to be the embodiment of the spiritualizing power which was to transform mankind, and make their outward acts the fitting representatives of the immortal spirit within. The star of woman's maternity, throwing off its scintillations of glorious fire, should in coming time lead the race to perfect purity by pure and after-natal conditions.

It was not to see that women who believed in Spiritualism were still content to sacrifice their holiest aspirations, content still to be fed on chaff and husks, when the whole heaven was ringing with the cry for them to embrace a higher form of life, that they might indeed represent the faith they professed—a faith which should lead them to become the Saviors of man. It was their duty to extend the elevating charities and loves of their nature not only through their own households, but to those children without parents, and to those parents, too, who blindly considered they were discharging every duty to their offspring when they fed them and clothed them and sent them to a common school to learn an education. Woman's mission was to reform man by the force of example; to live so strong in purity that no one of the opposite sex should ever dare cross the threshold of impurity thought in her presence; that no man should ever represent a sister to her as being less pure and spotless than she might have been had circumstances been more favorable to her.

The glorious influences which should elevate the race, came not alone from the world of disembodied spirits, but from every corner where a soul wherein was the spark of God. Every spirit who met with gave us some little cadence from the great song which the angels were singing. And the lesson to be gained from all these influences, was for us to see the good in others, that we might imitate it ourselves, and thus make the best use of passing time. Spiritualism revealed the truth that in all things by which we were surrounded from morning to evening in our daily lives, there were influences which properly used would bring us blessings. But little good we could do, but little back to earth to tell of glories beyond, unless mortals would make the best use of their powers in this sphere. We should see to it, then, that our influence was for the good of those around. If we entered into business copartnership with another whose sole tendency was to increase the number of dollars in the firm, we should endeavor to see that our influence was calculated to replenish the spiritual coffers of our partner. Endeavors for the benefit of the world should not be founded on selfishness, but in the cultivation of individual respect. All were immortal—each child of earth was a miniature God, and if he yielded to temptation of whatever character, yet he could by good use of his highest faculties rise again, and it was the mission of Spiritualism to become the glorious Messiah to proclaim this truth to him. Then let the believer, if he have Spiritualism in his heart, go forth as a Saviour to his brother man; let the skeptic investigate this divine philosophy, and learn that the path of happiness was the path of progression.

It might be urged by some that there was as much suffering among Spiritualists as among any class of the community. This was true—and why? Because of the discord caused by the re-awakening of those powers which had slumbered so long in the tomb of Orthodoxy; powers which the Church forbade to be thought of, even, as the manifestations of the great God. The past had been a knowledge of good and evil, but that evil of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

It was the duty of all, under the teachings of Spiritualism, to make the best use of all their faculties; this was the second coming of Christ which was so earnestly looked for by the established Church. But Christ should come not in the reproving spirit it looked for; he should be seen in the fallen by the grace of God, as he did in the ages ago: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

The spirit-world was around us, with its countless throngs seeking communion with those of earth, and by their efforts Spiritualism should become a Saviour to the race, because it alone could give the demonstrable evidence which could allay sorrow and demonstrate the utility of the afflictions by which we were surrounded. Education, however, must not be held as unnecessary, for by the use of the past and the future led to make grand discoveries for the benefit of the race.

Twenty years ago modern Spiritualism was born, not in a manger, but amid the surroundings of humble life, and to-day its believers are numbered by millions. In these twenty years since the coming of this great Messiah, mankind had progressed further in free thought than in an hundred years of the past. And when the children of to-day should grow up to manhood, and another twenty years should pass away, man and woman would be ready to take their Saviour by the hand, and recognize then as a mass, not as a few isolated ones, that Spiritualism did indeed embody the prophecy of the second coming of Christ. The lives of our great ones, as Washington and Lincoln, bound together in golden and immortal circles the intervals of time that stretched between them; only once in an age did a spirit arise holding within itself the components necessary for a Saviour of the people, but in the centuries the influence of each individual spirit flowed unceasingly, bearing the truth that earthly acts, whether for good or evil, as angels of light or demons of darkness, were undestroyed by the waves of separation, and should in the spirit-world be a crown of light for the door, or place him on a lower plane.

Spiritualism was indeed an Immanuel, clothed in a spotless mantle of charity ample enough to embrace the whole human brotherhood. It taught that holiest lesson, which is all potent in salvation from error, that we were watched over constantly by the dear departed who had gone before us; that they were unchanged toward us, though they had passed the shadowy gates of the Summer-Land; that all their affections, their loves, were with us still. Those little ones, whose music seemed to die out of our households, were only transplanted to the old homestead in the better land, and by their station from our souls were purified from the dross of earthly cares, and our thoughts elevated to the regions where our treasures were laid up in store.

The lecture closed by an inspirational poem.

HAYMARKING.—As the season for making hay is approaching, we have the following discreet advice to farmers, from the Ohio Farmer:

"Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee-maker would say, 'Don't burn your coffee, but brown it,' so we say, 'Don't dry your hay, but cure it.' Our good old mothers, who relied upon herb-tea instead of 'potheary medicine,' gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is dried, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter. Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there is danger of 'heating in the mow,' put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 28,
Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

MINNIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR AUNTIE—I know you are in ever so much of a hurry to hear from me; and I have so much to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. We got here all safe, though I came near losing my shawl, and we had a fright in the night and imagined the boat was on fire, but it was nothing, and here we are. Oh it is splendid! I never dreamed of anything half so fine; but yet I'm ready to cry now, I want to see you so; but I must not tell you of tears and sorrows when there is so much that is bright and pleasant.

Mrs. Van Nyke is such a fine woman; she dresses in silk every day, and has such a way of carrying the trail to her dresses; but oh, dear auntie, I can't love her as I do you, I am sure. I promised to tell you just what I thought of everything I saw; and so the first thing I have to say is that I can think of nothing but your bee-hive when I look out in the streets; everybody is hurrying somewhere, and I can't understand what it is all about.

I begged Mrs. Van Nyke to let me go out on the street a few moments, just to get a little air. The first thing I saw was a little bundle of rags moving along, that I discovered to be a little girl with a basket, and she soon stopped in front of our door and picked over the ash barrel for little bits of coal. She looked so pitiful that I went up to her and asked her if I could help her; she held out her hand, and was n't it lucky? I had that half dollar you gave me to buy a ribbon for my hair, and I gave it to her. I never saw anybody look so surprised; she never stopped to say "thank you," but ran away as fast as she could go. I looked after her, for I was going to ask her name, and why her mother didn't get her a new dress.

I had n't gone but a few steps before I met an old woman, all bent over, and she had a basket, too, and she reached out her hand, and I had n't anything to give her—was n't it too bad? So I ran back to ask Mrs. Van Nyke what we could do, and she merely shrugged her shoulders and shook her head; so the first chance I got I asked one of the girls what was to be done about the poor woman; she laughed, and said they were as thick as bees in a tar barrel, and if you helped one you would have a colony in a week, and be eaten out of house and home. But I have a little bundle for her; you know I don't need my old sack here, or my brown apron; and I shall watch for the poor old thing to-morrow morning. I put on my brown dress to-day to go to church—you know we thought it was an elegant fit, but Mrs. Van Nyke looked as if she did n't; and she pulled me here and there, and I was as red as a beet, and I am afraid a little out of patience, and I tried to remember what you said about not minding what others thought of me. I can't write any more this time, because I am going to church this evening to hear the Rev. Mr. Thorpe. I love you more and more every hour I am away from you.

Your own MINNIE.

Oh, auntie dear, if you could have been to have seen what a splendid time we had at church. To be sure, I don't know anything about the preaching, but it was such a pretty sight to see the dresses and bonnets; why, they were gay enough for a party! I could do nothing but look at them, and wonder how they were made, and how many yards of lace and ribbon it took for one. There was a girl who sat in the pew front of me, who had a bonnet all made of violets. I never saw anything so lovely except that patch in our woods, where the blue and purple violets bloom in such abundance.

This young lady came home with us. She is a great friend of Mrs. Van Nyke, and she is going to be married in a fortnight to the young gentleman who called with her. I wish you could have heard her talk. I could think of nothing but the steamboat we came on in. If I was to tell you what she said I should not stop writing all night. She has sixteen silk dresses all made up for her bridal outfit, and she is to have five more, and her husband that is to be is a book-keeper. Her parents don't like the match, because they think he is n't rich enough. He looks like Will Stearns, and speaks just so softly, and as if he would n't hurt a fly. But he was ever so polite to me, and asked me how I liked New York. I remembered what old Mr. Prussy said to me, "If you want people to like you, praise the place where they live and their children." So I said I thought it was charming, and so I really did.

The young lady's name is Agnes McIvor, and the young man's name is Nathan Ames. If you could see her walk out of the room, you would think she was a queen. I have been thinking if I could not take some of the ribbon off my hat, so as to get enough for streamers to hang down my back. Don't think I am silly, auntie, but my things don't look a bit like Agnes's; and I think it is a shame to tell you so, for how you worked your dear fingers half off making them; and, auntie dear, I love every thread in them, and sometimes kiss the dear little embroidered roses you put on my collars, because I can't kiss you. You will never feel badly, I am sure, if I tell you just what I think.

I was going to tell you about the meeting. I suppose I ought to say church. I almost thought I was in a theatre. The minister had on such an elegant silk—dress I called it, they told me it was a robe, and he had such a little hand and held it up so gracefully that I could n't think of a word he had to say. It was all as pretty as a picture; and then the light through the stained windows was so lovely in the daytime, and they looked so like the fairy stories I had read of by night, that I had more than I could well think of without heeding the preaching. I feel as if I was in a new world and had to begin at the beginning of everything.

Sometimes a little flutter of my curtain takes me back to the dear little chamber where I imagine you are sitting. How is Tabby? Do you think she misses me? Don't let anything forget me, and be sure to love me more and more, just as I do you.

Your own MINNIE.

You complain that I don't date my letters, dear auntie, so let me tell you it is October the eleventh, and just five days since I wrote to you, and now I have five times as much to tell you as I had before.

Mrs. Van Nyke took me in her room on Monday and told me all about my mother, till I cried. She loved her like a sister, and she wants me to think of her as such, and so she wants to do all she can for me. Isn't she good? She says she sees my education has been sadly neglected. I am sure she doesn't know how hard you have

tried to teach me everything, and I did n't tell her I had been half through Olendorf's French Grammar. She said if I improved as she hoped I would it was very likely she could make a match for me. She did n't know I was only fourteen last August. I am as tall as Miss McIvor. But I did n't care for what she said about that, for she told me that she wanted I should have a good time, and that she would leave me free to do as I liked the first part of the day, for she enjoyed her morning nap. So she has given the servants—they don't call the girls that do the work help, as we do—orders to get my breakfast at any hour I might choose, but that she should claim my time after three in the afternoon. I thought it was so lucky, for there are so many things I want to do all by myself.

Well, I got up early the next morning, and had my breakfast all by myself, and then I put on my brown dress and hat, and went into the street. Oh, it was such a piece of good fortune! I went just at the right moment, for there stood the veritable old woman; I knew her by the old shawl she had on. It was all in rags, but she did not wear it like a beggar. I remember you said we do everything to express just what we are. I ran back and got my old sack and apron and put them in her hands. She looked as if she did not believe I meant them for her, and then I asked her if I might go home with her, for I wanted to see where she lived. I should n't have thought of doing it, only old Mr. Prussy said to me, "Be sure and not think you have seen New York when you have seen Mrs. Van Nyke's house. Do you go to the homes of the poor. Go and see where they live." And he made me promise I would. So I thought this was a good chance, and I followed the poor woman slowly along. We had got down to some out-of-the-way street, when all at once she disappeared. I could n't see her anywhere. I believe she thought I meant some harm to her.

But oh I saw so much. Dear, dear me, what do people live here for in such miserable places, when there is all the broad, beautiful country for them, and a plenty to do? I intend to ask some one about it as soon as I can. Well, I was disappointed about the old woman, and so I did n't feel like doing anything. Isn't it queer that when we don't do just what we want to do we won't do anything. I came leisurely on my way back, when I was delighted by the tones of a hand-organ. It played that pretty air that we heard Miss Smith sing. It was, "I'll pray for thee," and I have thought of it so many times since, that it seemed as if at last somebody had answered my prayer, for I had wished so much to hear it again.

The organ-grinder looked like a gentleman in disguise. He had on a cap a la Turk. The long tassel almost touched his shoulder. His clothes were all poor, but not common. His eyes were so handsome that I could n't help looking at him, and I fumbled a long time for a penny to give him, and when he received it he touched his cap as if he had been a prince. I felt to wondering how it could possibly happen that such a man should become an organ-grinder, and I wished I knew just how he lived. I read a pretty story once about an Italian noble who had all sorts of trouble and had to go about singing for his bread, and I wondered if this was not a noble. And then I thought how the great Martin Luther went about from house to house, singing for what people chose to give, and it was sometimes not enough for his breakfast. So I am determined I will never despise a person for the labor he does; though it is a great mystery why all these men go about the streets crying, "Rags, rags," when there are no rags ever bought, as I can see.

But, auntie, I mean to find out all I can about all these people. I must not forget to tell you that since Sunday Agnes has had a dreadful time with her father, who says she shan't marry Nate, and Mrs. Van Nyke says she will help them all she can and take them to board. Won't it be nice? for then I can describe to you all twenty of the dresses. But I was so sorry for Agnes, for she cried, though she said she would n't have cared so much, only she meant to have her own way—she always had and she always would.

There is a dear little girl next door who is deaf and dumb, but they say she knows more than her sisters. She has been to the asylum, and Mrs. Van Nyke says she will take me there. Oh all the girls call Mrs. Van Nyke Mrs. Van, and she tells me to call her Aunt Van. It do n't seem quite respectful, but it will be home-like.

There is a fine tree in our yard that I can see from my window, and what do you suppose I think when I see it? "Poor tree, all alone, just like old Mrs. Dussen; but what a deal of good you do. She gives all the boys and girls cookies and candy, and this tree gives them thoughts of the woods, and then they go to thinking of chestnuts and squirrels, and so a great lot of nice thoughts, just like the cookies, get in."

I remember you said it did not make much difference where we were, we should always think good thoughts if we were good, and noble thoughts if we were noble, and that everything was written in the soul, whether it was a great river or a little flower, or only a piece of candy. So I mean to get lots of good writing on my soul. I should n't have remembered all that you said, only I thought how funny it would be to see one's soul all painted over, just like a map.

Now I am going to ride in Aunt Van's fine carriage, and I will tell you the rest when we get home. She is having a dress of hers made over for me. Isn't she good? Though I rather think it was as much for her sake as mine, because, you see, I did n't look just to suit the carriage. But I am ever so glad. Yours, MINNIE.

A Unique Marriage Ceremony.

Henry Ward Beecher performed the marriage rite recently in a manner which is rather an innovation upon the Orthodox-dread style of doing such things. The Independent states the matter as follows:

"Brig-Gen. Llewellyn F. Haskell, of New Jersey, was married at Orange, on Thursday, June 4th. This young soldier, who fought in the first and in the last battle of the war, who entered the army as a private and came out as a brigadier-general, who was one of the earliest officers of the colored troops, and whose record of heroism is in the history of twenty-one pitched battles, surrendered at last to Miss Emma A. Gilmore. The marriage ceremony was unique and beautiful. It was performed in Llewellyn Park, under an ancient pine tree, just after sunrise. As both groom and bride held extremely liberal and distinguished views from Orthodox religious views, they requested the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who officiated, so far to respect their conscientious independence of churchly ordinances as to omit from the service any form of words based on these. Accordingly, after the young couple had presented themselves on a moss-carpeted spot, and were circled at a close distance by their friends, the groom clasped the bride's hand, saying, 'I take you, Emma, for my wife'; the bride responded, 'I take you, Llewellyn, for my husband'; and Mr. Beecher added only these words: 'In behalf of the sentiment of the community in which we dwell, and of the laws, I declare, in virtue of what you have now done, that you are husband and wife. May the love which has thus been declared be strong as these evergreens [throwing at their feet some evergreens and flowers] to endure the storms and winter of life, and as fragrant and tender as the flowers of summer. May God bless you!'

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

BY WILFRED WILLEYS.

Long have men sought, the world around,
To find out truth, nor yet have found
The path that leadeth to her bound.

"Lo! here the truth!" the people cry,
And with Hosannas rend the sky;
Their truth turns out a gilded lie.

In churches old, in halls of state,
In seats where wise men long have sate,
Amongst the wise, the good, the great,

My wandering feet have hopeful trod,
In search of Truth, the child of God,
Yet have not found her blest abode.

"Here!" cried the Jew, with voice of pride,
"With Moses' law does truth abide,"
But Jesus set that truth aside.

Beneath cathedrals gray and old,
While kingdoms fell and centuries rolled,
For ages has the tale been told,

Through columned aisles, 'neath vaulted dome,
As generations go and come,
That truth is found alone with Rome.

But Luther's voice, resounding wide
Above the Papal thunders, cried
His stern rebuke to Roman pride.

Then came, in after times, a throng,
With zeal as fervent, faith as strong,
Who claim that Luther's way was wrong;

How through the ages, dim and vast,
Has come each stout iconoclast,
To break the clay of eras past.

The truth that all accept to-day,
To-morrow, searched by Reason's ray,
A naked falsehood flies away.

And so, amid the clouds of doubt,
Truth's rays still seem past finding out,
So thickly set with toils about.

For falsehood comes in cunning guise,
Deceives alike the weak and wise;
So much like truth she greets our eyes.

Alas! what hope for you and me
From Error's snares to struggle free,
When wisest doctors disagree!

The Pacific States.

LETTER FROM LAURA DE FORCE GORDON.

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT—"The spirit" has "moved" me to write you many times since our exodus from the city of the Plains, Denver, but as often have I resisted the spirit, waiting for a more favorable opportunity, which does not seem to arrive, so I have decided to improve the present, however unpropitious. Most of your readers will doubtless expect an account of Spiritualism on the Pacific coast, a task I am ill able to perform, having visited but a very small portion of the vast extent of country lying west of the Rocky Mountains. Still, as far as I am able to give them an idea of our glorious cause and the interest felt in regard to it in the few places I have visited, will gladly do so.

From the glowing accounts I had heard of the great liberality and generosity of the people of this coast, I had, perhaps, formed too exalted an opinion of both the country and its inhabitants to have them realized. Though I must confess to a great disappointment in regard to both, still I am not displeased with them, and hope that when circumstances are more favorable to a better acquaintance between us, my memory shall be stored with pleasant reminiscences of my visit to this far-famed land, when I shall have returned to beloved and fondly remembered New England and the East.

In justice to other lecturers who may contemplate a visit to this coast, I will submit a brief history of my visit here to their consideration. From the time of our arrival in Colorado (two years ago) till we left there, I was in receipt of letters from various parties, in different parts of California, urging me to continue my journey westward to the Golden State, which included a letter from the Society of Friends of Progress in San Francisco, offering me two hundred dollars per month for six months, and my expenses from Denver to San Francisco in addition. Another offer was, if I preferred to lecture independent of an engagement for a specific sum, the Society would furnish a hall, a choir, advertising, &c., free of expense to myself, and I could have the collections, which latter I accepted, and arranged to start as soon as the traveling would permit. In the spring Indian hostilities delayed us two or three months longer, and we did not start till August. Judge of my surprise when, on our arrival at Salt Lake City, a letter reached me from the parties who had made such fair promises to meet by the Friends of Progress, stating that the organization had disbanded; had given up their hall, suspended the Lyceum and meetings indefinitely, and of course could not fulfill any of their promises.

My husband had given up a lucrative and increasing practice in Denver to accompany me to San Francisco; and still undaunted, but not entirely satisfied, we continued our journey. In a few weeks, after a tedious ride of more than four hundred miles, we reached Austin, Nevada—the first village we had found in all that distance. My reception there was such as makes glad the heart, and gives one a new lease upon a belief in the innate goodness of human nature. God bless the noble souls at Austin.

From thence we went to Virginia City, about two hundred miles by Prairie or rather "Mountain Steamers," called by the ignorant or uninitiated Easterners, "coaches." There we found more independent, thinking men and women, than in any other place of its size it has been my fortune to visit. I gave a course of twelve lectures there, and two at a contiguous village, (Gold Hill), to as intelligent and enthusiastic audiences as ever complimented me with their attention. The hall was crowded to overflowing, and after the committee thought proper to charge a door fee, in order to accommodate those who always paid but had to stand during the lectures, the decrease in the attendance was scarcely perceptible.

Mr. Todd and Mrs. Ada Foye had preceded me, and created a great degree of interest, which remained after I left, until a society with one hundred and forty members was organized.

Next came "Grass Valley," a beautiful little mining town, located just over the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, where we found roses in full bloom in the gardens, three hours after we left Cisco, near the summit, where there was seven feet of snow on the ground. Here we were welcomed by a noble band of Spiritualists and liberal-minded inquirers, who had been ministered to from time to time by Mrs. Cuppy, Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Todd. From thence to San Francisco, not inaptly termed the "shaking city" by the Nevadaans, in consequence of the earthquakes there. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Foye, and Mr. Man-

ning (of the Banner of Progress), who were exceedingly anxious to have me lecture, and to begin at once. Three days of the week remained, and having paid fifty dollars for rent and twenty-five dollars for advertising, a lecture was arranged for the following Sunday evening. The weather was favorable; i. e., it did not rain just as hard as it could, and did for eight Sundays afterwards, with but one pleasant one. The Opera House was well filled with people, with an admission fee of twenty-five cents. The subject was "Spiritualism," as were the four succeeding ones in the same hall, the subjects on the above occasions having been selected by the audience, worded a little differently each time, but bearing directly upon our glorious Philosophy. The continued rainy weather warned me against incurring such heavy expenses with not a single person to offer a cent above the beggarly two "bits" at the door (which was never exacted of those unable to pay), toward paying expenses.

I had invited (at my first lecture), the cooperation of those interested in the lectures, to obtain a place in which to hold meetings at a less expense, that the lectures might be free to all. For five times there was no response, so I procured a hall at a less rent, on my own responsibility, and continued the lectures to fair audiences, despite the location of the hall and the rainy weather. Then, finding the Spiritualists of San Francisco indisposed to take any part in the support of the lectures, I concluded to leave the city, in response to invitations to revisit the State of Nevada.

The traveling over the mountains being still very bad, I decided not to be idle while I remained in the city, and accordingly rented the Metropolitan Theatre for fifty dollars per night, taking all the responsibility myself, and gave four more Sunday evening lectures, making fourteen in all. The subjects were, 1st, "The Religious Creed of Thomas Paine," not his Life, as a correspondent of the Banner has stated. The next, by request, was on "The Pulpit and the Stage." The 3d, by request of several members of the "Working-women's Co-operative Union," was upon "Woman's Position as a Worker." The concluding one was "What Good can Spiritualism do?"

I am thus particular about the subjects, as a correspondent in the Banner of May 9, which came to hand since this letter was begun, states that Mrs. Gordon did not lecture upon Spiritualism, and he missed giving a truthful rendition of two subjects out of three.

Please indulge me, dear Banner, with a little further space to state a few facts in connection with my visit to San Francisco, that will bear directly upon your correspondent's representation of my own work on this coast, also his declaration in regard to the great desire on the part of the people of California to hear something upon the subject of Spiritualism. My Sunday lectures in San Francisco, as elsewhere, have been entirely upon Phenomenal and Philosophical Spiritualism, with the above exceptions. If any one can progress to be a Spiritualist and yet be so liberal as to say that lectures upon the above subjects are not comprehended by Spiritual Philosophy, then I presume they must be considered exceptions, or entirely beyond the scope of Spiritualism—a religious philosophy which I have always had interpreted to me, by the spirit-world, as comprehending everything that can possibly pertain to the welfare of mankind.

Mrs. Cuppy and Mrs. Stowe, of whom your correspondent did not speak, have devoted their time, strength, energies, and often at the sacrifice of health, to the one great and good work, Spiritualism. The lecturers upon this coast have worked hard, and with a degree of devotion to the truth of Spiritualism that but few eastern lecturers have ever dreamed of being exacted of them. I mean by the fatigue of traveling over mountains and deserts, by coach or cart, (I rather think Mr. Todd has had to walk miles to meet some of his appointments), stop at hotels, paying all their own expenses, and often expected to lecture "without money and without price," because it is a truth the world ought to have free; always forgetting that the world sells food and raiment to lecturers and mediums not a cent less than to those who are to be the recipients of their (i. e., mediums) services free.

In regard to the "great desire of the people to hear something upon Spiritualism." With six months residence upon this coast, I have received but three invitations to lecture upon the subject in California, i. e., where there was a willingness to defray the necessary expenses, counting out all personal remuneration, entirely.

I have heard the same statement from other lecturers here, and know whereof I affirm, when I say to those lecturers in the States contemplating a visit to California, "You must expect to engage in the most thankless, soul-wearying work of your life, if you look to 'professed' Spiritualists for aid, encouragement, or appreciation, with a few noble exceptions."

There are as good people in California and as practical Spiritualists, God bless them! as I ever met anywhere, but the majority entertain those Apostolic ideas of a free gospel—but the sacrifice is ever expected of the lecturer.

Mr. Todd has done a good work in the cause of Spiritualism upon this coast, and having his paper, the Banner of Progress, to aid him, he can and does visit places throughout the Pacific States, going for the first time mostly upon his own responsibility; but to expect women with families, with a beggarly share of this world's goods, to do the same, is absurd.

To conclude, I think the liberality of the people upon the Pacific coast, taken as a class, has been sadly overrated, and in justice to other lecturers, I must say that the supply fully equals the demand, so far as lectures upon Spiritualism are concerned.

From San Francisco we returned to Virginia City, Nevada, via Grass Valley, where I gave several lectures, as also at Nevada, to large and appreciative audiences.

The Banner of Light is taken and read extensively in whatever places I visited, and with the Banner of Progress is doing a good work.

Yours for truth, broad and comprehensive,

LAURA DE FORCE GORDON.

Virginia City, Nevada, May 30, 1868.

SUNSHINE.—The country-houses of Great Britain are by no means shaded as our own; and the most considerable piles of buildings, such as Eaton Hall, Blenheim, Dalketh and Burghley House, have hardly a noticeable tree within a stone's throw of their walls. The flower-streets and the garden-fronts of those magnificent homes you walk through walls of blooming shrubs. But the full flow of the sunshine upon the window is a thing coveted. Allowing for all difference in climate, I think there may be a question if we do not err in this country by overmuch shading. A cottage in a wood is a pretty subject for poetry, but it is apt to be uncomfortable. And there are village streets with no play fairly upon the roofs or fronts of the village houses from June to October. A summer's life under screen cannot contribute to the growth of roses at the door. There is no provision against agues—whether moral or physical—like a good flow of sunshine.—Rural Studies, by Donald G. Mitchell.

MORE BEYOND.

BY MARY LOUISE.

"Ne plus ultra," the bigot may say,
As he hugs his old creed and pursues his old way,
Shutting his eyes to the light divine
That ever has shone and ever will shine,
For all who have eyes to behold the light,
And hearts to receive the truth and the true
Will everywhere find something useful and new,
And treasures of knowledge, though long concealed.

To the earnest seekers will be revealed,
For in Nature's vast inexhaustible store
There is more beyond, evermore, still more!

Could we fathom the sea and its depths explore,
Could we grasp the whole of its boundless store,
Could we trace the deep to its secret springs
And know all the hidden and beautiful things
That lie concealed in the depths below,
Where the pearl, and the coral forests grow,
And the myriad myriad living forms,
That everywhere in its bosom swarm,
The countless tribes that have lived and died
In the ebb and flow of its ceaseless tide,
Still a voice would answer from shore to shore,
"There is more beyond, there is more, evermore!"

If we could interpret the hieroglyphics
Engraved by Science on the rocky cliffs,
With mind enlightened to read aright,
The lessons God brings to light;
Could we read, engraved on the earth's broad
page,

The historic records of each past age,
And trace the relics of monsters vast,
The Saurian tribes of the old, old past,
Whose skeleton forms in the rocks reside,
And we only know that they lived and died
As links in Nature's stupendous plan,
Before the earth was prepared for man;
Still further yet would the mind explore,
Far more beyond, evermore, still more!

In a cloudless night, when we look above,
Where the stars in harmonious order move,
Those glittering gems in the crown of Night
Ever shining on in their living light,
Forever running their endless race
Through the boundless ocean of infinite space;
Could we know their names, and that every one
Of those countless orbs is the central sun
Of a system of worlds as bright and fair
As our own dear world and the planets are,
And could we know that those worlds immense
Are the happy homes of intelligence;
Could we know the laws that direct, control,
And ever govern the mighty whole—
Still higher yet would the spirit soar,
And find more beyond, evermore, still more!

Could the infinite Universe be explored,
And the boundless wealth in its bosom stored
Through all past ages, to light be brought,
The infinite treasures of mind and thought,
Could we grasp all its beautiful mysteries,
And know what intelligence really is;
Could we fathom its depths, and explore its laws,
And rise from effects to the highest cause,
Still more, still more would the soul demand,
For, with each new truth, would its powers expand.

And higher still it has strength to soar,
Finding more beyond, evermore, still more!
If our spirit's depths we could fully sound,
What infinite treasures would there be found?
What powers and capacities lie concealed
Still undeveloped, and unrevealed,
Which the finite, known, the finite spark
Which the finite, known, the finite spark
Which the finite, known, the finite spark
Which the finite, known, the finite spark

It is truly the Infinite Father's child,
And it claims, by right of its royal birth,
The right to all truth, in heaven or earth.
Ever onward, and upward, no power can bind
Or limit the scope of the infinite mind,
Still upward and on, till it grasps the vast
Eternity of the ages past,
And onward through eternity
Of the infinite ages yet to be—
Forever thus would the spirit soar
Finding more beyond, still more, evermore!

Connecticut.

DEAR BANNER—Having met your welcome
presence in many families the past winter
and spring—in cities, towns and villages, and finding
that all persons who are progressive or reforma-
tory, devour your contents with a zest that shows
that the food which you supply answers more
what the demands of their natures, and knowing
that they search your columns for information
concerning the whereabouts of lecturers and me-
diums, I have for your folds a few thoughts which
I feel impelled to write.

Since the three Sundays spent in Willimantic,
I have felt somewhat indisposed, but whilst there
are such revelations waiting to be received, and
so much to be done yet to prepare the way for
their acceptance, none should be idle.

I have just returned from a lecturing tour in
Bristol and vicinity, where I found a good degree
of interest, in comparison to what existed one or
two years ago. Mrs. L. A. Bodyfield, a very suc-
cessful clairvoyant physician, I found located
there, who has in two years built up a good prac-
tice, and established for herself a reputation that
will make her hereafter sought as a healer, and
who will not fail to benefit those she treats. I
would also make mention of the worthy doctor's
name, who is an electrician, and who is an able
associate and helper of this truly gifted lady.
Unlike many of their profession, they are not
afraid to openly avow their faith in Spiritualism,
nor to be identified with its movements, but freely
open their doors to all speakers and mediums
who may happen to come that way. I wish also
to say that with increasing means they lose none
of the spirit of accommodation, (with which they
are largely endowed,) which, I am sorry to say,
is the case with some after it becomes no longer
a necessity as an available means of support.
Hence I would say to all that may wish to call
upon them, they will be sure of a welcome and a
hospitable entertainment.

Passing from there to Hartford, I had the pleasure
of listening to a very able evening's discourse
from Mrs. English, (formerly Susie Hutchinson),
who, I learn, is permanently located here, and is
doing a good work, as she is the principal one
upon whom the friends depend for speaking, at present.

Other small places I have visited where they
had not organized Societies, but were anxious to
hear and know the truth, and were turning from
the husks upon which they had been feeding and
asking for the true bread of life, which is broken
to them by angels, and which seems to be the
only method by which they can become calmed
in their present unsettled state.

E. A. HINMAN.

Falls Village, Conn., June 11th, 1868.

A LIBEL ON AMERICAN WOMEN EXPOSED.—
Dr. Albert D., the Superintendent of the Bingham-
ton (N. Y.) Inebriate Asylum, has written a
statement in reply to an inquiry respecting the
assertions of temperance lecturers, to the effect
that the asylum was overrun with applications
for admission from wives of clergymen and pro-
fessional men, and females generally, in which he
says that such allegations are as far from the truth
as anything could be. There has never been a
female patient admitted to the Asylum. There
have been fifteen or twenty applications for the
admission of females during the past year, but
most of these were opium cases. The per centage
of drunken women in this country is very small
indeed.

The Three Great Problems of the Nineteenth Century that are to culminate in the Millennium by the Expiration of the Twentieth.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may."

First, in order of time, stands *African Coloniza-
tion*, which was commenced about fifty years since
by a few liberal and far-seeing men, whose de-
clared object was to "Colonize in Africa, with
their own consent, free people of color of the
United States." Was this then a noble work, they
still "built wiser than they knew."

Paradoxical as it may seem, war and irruption,
attended by colonization, have ever been the great
civilizers of mankind. To this rule there has
been one exception. A hundred millions of
men existed in the tropical regions of Africa
wholly beyond the reach of civilization, for the
reason that the climate would not admit of the
lengthy sojourn of any other than the negro race.
In the order of Providence, a small portion of
these were expatriated by violence from their
native country, and forced to become slaves to
civilized races in America, where, like the He-
brews of old, they have for centuries, amidst op-
pression and tears, been gradually acquiring a
knowledge of the arts of civilization. The time
has come for their redemption, and is close at
hand, for their emigration to the fatherland by
hundreds of thousands and by millions. And
vain will be all the efforts of selfish men, whether
friends or foes, to prevent it. They will
mostly leave the cotton fields of the South to be
cultivated by other undeveloped races, and go to
the land of their forefathers and brethren, and
assist in building up a "United States of Africa,"
the foundation of which is already permanently
laid in Liberia, that before the close of the twen-
tieth century will extend from sea to sea, and
rival in extent, in all the useful arts of civiliza-
tion, in social and religious culture, and in the
benevolence of its government, the "United
States of America."

The next great problem, in the order of time, is
"Modern Spiritualism," the cardinal foundation
of which rests upon the tangible communication
of spirits (of all grades) out of the flesh, with mor-
tals. Its revival (for it is not claimed to be any-
thing new in the world) commenced about twenty
years ago, and has been its progress, that those
who now acknowledge its fundamental
truths are numbered in the United States alone
by millions. It is a religion to be inculcated, doctrines
and precepts are similar to those of the divinely
inspired Jesus of Nazareth, but which were too
far in advance of that hero-worshiping age to be
received and practiced upon in their true spirit
and meaning. Now that mankind have so far
progressed that tyrants and bigots can no longer
hang, burn and torture "spirit mediums," under
the sanction of civil or ecclesiastical law, it is
very certain that another century will scarce
elapse before the influence of "Spiritualism" will
so pervade the whole earth that both bodily and
mental slavery will be numbered with the things that
were.

The third and last, but not least, problem in
progress, is the movement now on foot to obtain
for woman her natural rights, of which, through
the universal prevalence of the law of force, she
has always been unjustly deprived. Man is, and
ever has been, by nature, a savage in disposition;
and, apart from the influence of woman, a brute
in manners. Under his sole administration the
world, for thousands of years, has writhed in
darkness and agony. The best codes he has ever
yet devised, have been but compounds of lies
written in blood, and forced upon the acceptance
of his fellows with the threat of the sword. Hav-
ing no confidence in his own goodness, the male
law-maker has never evinced any in that of others.
His appeals have ever been made to the in-
stinct of fear rather than to the nobler sentiments
that elevate man above the commission of crime.
Every line of his jurisprudence, ferociously roars
"believe or be damned!" Do or die! Not a word
even whispers anywhere, "neither do I con-
demn thee! Go and sin no more."

The experiment of masculine rule has been
tried long enough. Six thousand years of war,
bloodshed, hypocrisy and crime have pronounced
it a gross failure. It is high time that the femi-
nine element be called to its aid. God and Na-
ture have designed that the two should work to-
gether. Man exerts woman in intellect. Woman
is far ahead of man in intuition. The intuition of
a woman correctly reaches results at a glance,
without an effort of the mind, that a man will be
weeks in comprehending through the tortuous
workings of his intellect, and then more likely to
err than she. Of any two married men—every-
thing else being equal—the one who consults
with a faithful wife will ever be the most suc-
cessful in his undertakings. Let woman's voice be
heard in affairs of government, and the result
will be equally salutary. The delicacy of her
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Warning to Spiritualists—The Free Religion Delusion.

EDITORS OF BANNER—I read yesterday, in a late number of the "Revolution," of another of those meetings being held in New England, for the purpose of organizing what the parties choose to call a "free religion."

I once before, in a few lines in the *Banner of Light*, protested against Spiritualists taking any part in such a movement. I hereby protest more strongly than before.

The movement in itself is false, and the name Free Religion is a delusion. Under the shield of modern civilization no religious sect is yet proscribed. Each organization is run with the full intent of proselyting mankind. A vast system of ecclesiastical machinery is in full force. Churches are built, schools and institutions of learning are organized and endowed, and missionaries sent to heathen lands, and no one at home or abroad lacks for Bibles or religions, for they are FREE—free to all, without money and without price; and they are cowards and belie the facts and set up a delusion who clamor for a free religion.

Reverends Collyer, Frothingham & Co. claim to be reformers; but like the snakes who pass the winter storms, and in the more genial season shed their skins, and unfortunately come out blind, these would-be reformers, who see the fruition and the blossoming in the nineteenth century of all the earnest aspirations and struggles of the race of man, step forth into the ranks of the vanguard; but just before securing an irreversible triumph of reason over error, the effulgent light from the celestial spheres seems to dazzle their vision even to blindness, and they turn away from that immortal source of inspiration, and teach "after the manner of men."

Let no true Spiritualist be deluded by these abortive aspirants for place and renown.

How stands the case? Spiritualism, distinctively considered, is the religion of America. Its believers form the broad, front rank in American reform. It outnumbers any church. It is fully recognized all over the continent with that consideration due to a strong and popular movement. No organization can submit a platform more free, and none more truthful.

Years ago, men of science, although skeptics in phrenology, admitted that its defenders had by their investigations and untiring labors made valuable contributions to ethnological science, and contributed vastly to the enlargement and correct understanding of mental science. Such is the admission to-day in the religious world to Spiritualism; there is recognized in its beneficent influence, and the power of truth. Its literature glitters with gems from the spirit-world. All its interpretations of human life and creation are fresher and more natural than any heretofore given to man.

The anti-slavery sentiment of the country has received more aid from Spiritualism than from any other source. All the humanitarian and reformatory movements have been more than doubly strengthened by its liberal and TRUTHFUL teachings.

In physical culture it teaches the sum total of all that the most advanced and best writers of this or any age have submitted for human improvement. To the marriage altar it brings the most truthful interpretations of Nature's laws that have ever yet been applied for the happiness of the loving man and woman.

In morals it teaches the absolute necessity of a pure and healthy body to insure a pure and truthful mind, and consequently the greatest happiness for individuals, communities and nations. In religion its philosophy unites two worlds in one, and thus establishes the full importance of a true life in the first by affirming the truth of the higher and immortal life of the second.

Viewed as an anthropological system of philosophy, comprehending man in all his relations to creation, existence and destiny, when rightly understood it is seen to be the grandest, the deepest, the broadest, the highest and most all-embracing philosophy that man can possibly conceive of.

In short, Spiritualism is philosophy, and philosophy is Spiritualism; and "its religion is philosophy and its philosophy is religion," and as for me, I am not ashamed of the gospel of Spiritualism, and I will be content to surrender this physical to the spiritual, and I will be satisfied when I awake into immortality.

Let no Spiritualist surrender now. There is nothing in the name to be ashamed of. It is a name that belongs wholly to the spirit-life, and is as old as the race of man. He or she is a coward that shrinks from duty now, for the victory is ours; and, like Aaron's rod, Spiritualism is destined to swallow up all the other isms, and thus redeem the race from ignorance and misdirection.

Free religion is a humbug, a delusion, set on foot by those who never were Spiritualists, and are only unfledged reformers.

Another five years will show the most wonderful progress on this continent that the sun has ever shone upon, and in the midst of that progress will develop many reactionary movements, social, political and religious, which will pass away during the next succeeding five years, and with their removal events and institutions will begin to assume shape for the great coming continental and world struggle between Catholicism and Spiritualism. The conflict will be the inevitable result of an "irrepressible conflict" between truth and reason on one side, and authority and institutionalism on the other side. Let none be deceived. There are but two sides—Spiritualism on one side, denying the validity of all ecclesiastical authority and miraculous revelation from God; Catholicism on the other side, founded upon and defending all ecclesiastical and miraculous authority, and holding men and nations subservient to it.

Let all Spiritualists stand firm on the side of truth and human reason, and with the noble host of great leaders, both men and women, that are now and will come, the victory will be ours.

L. U. REAVIS.

Lyceum Picnic Notice.

The committee chosen by the Lyceums to make arrangements for the Grand Union Picnic, have partially succeeded in making their arrangements with the Eastern Railroad Company. Said picnic to be held at Stanley's Grove, Beverly. Full particulars in next week's issue.

A. H. RICHARDSON, Secretary.

At a recent dinner of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, Dr. Washington L. Atlee, of Philadelphia, spoke eloquently of the rights of women in the medical profession. He severely rebuked those who pronounced woman incapable, or unfit, or ill adapted for the profession of medicine, or those who pronounced her inferior, but who had made all they were by their mothers. The language used in the Convention against women, he said, had disgraced the society.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is on her way to this country, and will probably arrive at New York this week.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENGLAND.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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LUTHER COLLYER, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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The Value of Obstacles.

As happiness is said to lie right in the road, while we make long journeys all around the lot in quest of it, so it is true that our opportunities are concealed in circumstances which we take great pains to avoid. None of us know what is best for us. We are as much like children in this regard as possible. We shun what turns out to be for our substantial good, and run after that which works us only harm. If we learned nothing more from the general result, we might at least learn not to be so over-confident in our own preferences, and to leave some little margin for the Divine arrangement over our heads.

After a person has got through his or her troubles, obstacles particularly, he feels such a sense of mingled pride and satisfaction as no other triumph could possibly impart. His individual strength of character has been called out, and found to be reliable. His best faculties have been put to their test. His native energies have been stimulated to a pitch he would have lost the enjoyment of altogether, if it had not been necessary for him to make the effort. In a word, a revolution has run through his whole nature, breaking up the sod of sluggishness and slothful ease, throwing his torpid tendencies into confusion, tearing down the barriers of a comfortable conventionalism, and throwing his character naked upon the rocks of sharp circumstances and bidding him live or die as he preferred.

Few are in fact acquainted with themselves until after they have had opposition put in their path. They not only get in this way a knowledge of their strength and their resources, but of their interior spiritual nature, which is the moving spring of the whole. What imparts the life to a man's action is the secret which he comes nearer to finding out than he ever did before. The bare knowledge of this is of not so much importance as its realization. It is a great thing in life to feel sure of the possession of depths beyond depths in the character—of resources that can never be wasted by the most lavish using—of an undying and ever increasing power that is sure to stand him in good stead as long as he may have obstacles to overcome.

The weak men are generally those who have not been practically and even rudely tried. They lack the source—resolute effort—which gives such a relish to the enjoyment of life. What comes they take; but they reach out for nothing, they wrest nothing, they give themselves no sort of trouble about possibilities not yet assured. Such men are apt to give birth to thin and wire-drawn theories of every sort; did they have a sounder judgment of what was practicable, as human nature stands and human life goes, they would theorize to a purpose, and their wisdom would have an edge to it capable of cutting and shaping things. As it is, without the discipline that comes through struggles, doubts, courage, faith, and efforts often continued in blank darkness, they are aimless in their speculations, blind guides for other people and incapable of managing a rudder even for themselves.

It is only sturdy plants that endure. That special quality, best interpreted by the English phrase of "hearts of oak," is not so incompatible, either with grace and pliancy, with pensile fragility and spiritual sensitiveness. If it were, it certainly would not be desirable. Alpine mountains yield the fairest and most delicate flowers on their rugged sides. The spring leaves of the gnarled oak tree are as tender and as faintly dyed as any that break out from the gummed envelope buds of any other tree, however frail. In point of fact, the strength that is in a nature imparts of its own vigor to every part of that nature. It is a perennial spring that keeps fresh the roots of every green blade at whatever distance. Ruggedness need not be rudeness. When accumulated as a distinct power, and kept as a sort of reservoir for contingencies, nothing helps more toward making the nature healthy and preserving it sweet.

Let any one question himself closely, and answer truly if the best chances of his life have not come of the obstacles that piqued and baffled him just when he was nearest his good fortune. It is a way with Nature, first, to keep her favorite children secreted until the demand is heard, making for their appearance, and, second, to hide the good fortune she is about to present us just when she most surely means to bring us into our possession. There is a wise design in this, which our childish natures still render necessary. If we fall in the direction our desires take us, still it is not failure; if something else has not been gained, then we don't happen to have discovered it. No effort is ever lost; it bears sure fruit and abundantly.

The last to doubt in this matter should be Spiritualists. Their faith ought assuredly to make them whole. Not only should they bear up in fullness of hope against opposition and obstacles, but they should court and covet the same, realizing that real results are reached only after paying the full cost which is demanded. We are tried by adversity, in the furnace of affliction, by the scourges of cruel disappointment; and yet these are our better angels, the friends whose timely succor we could not have done without, the companions we shun even while they are trying to do the most for us.

A Scientific Discourse on Spiritualism.

We have the pleasure of placing before our readers this week a very able discourse delivered in London, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, LL.D., on "The Union between Human Intuitions and Scientific Demonstration," which we hope will receive careful perusal. Dr. Ferguson is one of the ripest scholars in this country, as well as one of the most eloquent speakers. We learn that efforts are making to secure him as one of the lecturers for the Music Hall course the coming season.

Russia sent 14,000 persons to Siberia last year.

Cheating the Indians.

In spite of the persevering labors of men who make haste to chronicle in detail every "Indian outrage" on which they can fasten their attention, there is a visible reaction in the popular faith on the subject of these outrages, and reasoning men are everywhere beginning to declare their determination to look into the matter for themselves. Hence such public meetings as the one not long since held in Cooper Institute, attended by gentlemen of the first character and prominence, but which was only an earnest of what is yet to come in the same direction.

The belief is gaining ground with fair-minded and reflecting persons very rapidly, that unless the Indians were shamefully deceived, and outrageously cheated and robbed, they would never have caused us any serious trouble. And circumstances are continually corroborating that view. Bad as the red man may be thought, even in the low estate to which commerce with the base whites has reduced him, he is not ineradicably evil; no human being has any authority to charge that upon another, and certainly no race against another race. When we cease to do unjustly ourselves, and learn to do right, we shall have some warrant for criticizing, but none even then for condemning others. Have we exhausted simple justice as yet with the Indians?

The gigantic attempt to defraud the red men of the Osage nation, has just been brought to the attention of Congress, the charge being openly made that the members of the Peace Commission connived at it—a statement extremely difficult to believe. Yet the fact stands out that a gross fraud has been perpetrated on the Indians, which it was attempted to complete by the action of Congress. The Osages were induced, it seems, to part with their reservation of upwards of eight millions of acres, at the bare nominal price of eighteen cents an acre; and the parties figuring in such a base and thoroughly fraudulent experiment have been endeavoring to procure a ratification of the treaty from the Senate, and a subsequent appropriation from the House, which always votes the money. The lowest Government price for reserved lands is a dollar and a quarter an acre; and as this reservation is all eligible territory, and within reach of the great highway now opening to the Pacific, it would of course average at least that amount per acre, if not a good deal more. But at that minimum price there would be a profit of over a dollar on each acre, or upwards of eight millions of dollars in all—to be divided up among a set of harpies, called "ringers," who, no doubt, would call out loudest for the Government to send out more troops to slaughter these very Indians after they had first cheated them.

We observe, further, that Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, has introduced a bill into Congress, having for its object the turning over of the Indian affairs to the War Department, with intent to throw it under the same management with the Freedmen's Bureau. This is nominally humane, but really cruel and mean. Here are men who are finally obliged to admit their utter inability to manage the Indian Department. They cannot make a treaty, because they have such loose notions of the way in which it should be kept. In order, therefore, to get rid of all trouble, they undertake to give over the business, in the very crisis of its treatment, to the hands of the War Department. We all know beforehand what that means. It does not mean more kindness; nor a spirit of more perfect justice; nor a desire to heal old wounds; nor the determination to see that the helpless red man is no longer defrauded of his own. It does mean, however, slaughter and rapine; fire and murder; war and famine; fatality contracts, frauds and swindles. And we therefore oppose such a step with all our might and reason. It is too patent to require either argument or statement. Let us watch closely and see how this plot will finally come out.

Let us close these comments with a pertinent article on the subject from a California journal, which paints the whole picture of an Indian war in its true and living colors. It reads like the sketch of a reporter:

"A month ago there were evident signs of another Indian war on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. These signs of war upon the border are unmistakable. They are always heralded by repeated chapters in the local press, of horrors either done or impending, by sneering satires on the 'Reds' and hints thrown out that his room is so much preferable to his company that it might not be amiss to wage a general war of extermination on all the tribes. These hints the rough borderers are not slow to act upon. Many of them have personal wrongs to revenge, either imagined or real, and others have friends to avenge. Humanity is no part of their education when dealing with savages. In many parts of our backwoods country the white man is as cruel, if not as unscrupulous, as the Indian—with this thing to be said in favor of the latter, that he is fighting for his home and to preserve the only means given him for subsistence, his game—and that he is, nine cases out of ten, not the aggressor, but the wronged party. The contractors, the great freighters, the speculators grow rich whenever there are large bodies of troops to be employed on the plains in moving columns. Then there are thousands of petty vagabonds and camp-followers—the hyenas which trail after armies—and innumerable speculators in town and country in-out-of-the-way places, all of whom have direct or indirect interest in hoodluming on the Government to an Indian war. They each make their large or small share out of the grand total of bills which the Treasury has to foot to cover expenses. They have, therefore, an interest in magnifying the crimes of the savage, painting him more bloody and cruel than he is, and in covering up the greater crimes of the whites which almost invariably lead to Indian retaliation.

The present action which has been taken by Gen. Sherman and August to press the threatened outbreak in Dakota and Nebraska, by treating with the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and inducing them to agree to go upon reservations, will flank the efforts of this motley army of border speculators to bring about a renewal of hostilities on the grand scale of last year, and save many millions to the Government, besides hundreds of lives of honest settlers, who, without any crimes of their own, are generally the first victims of an Indian war. Red Cloud, the most implacable, because the most wronged by borderers of all of the Sioux Chiefs, has expressed a willingness to treat and go upon a reservation. What terms Gen. Sherman has offered him we are not advised, but they are doubtless liberal and just, for Sherman has shown a high-souled sympathy for the Indian and a keen appreciation of his sad condition. It will be cheaper and far better for all concerned, if \$1,000,000 a year has to be spent in teaching the Sioux and Cheyennes the habits of civilization and humanity, than to fight them in the interest of the speculators and semi-barbarians ready to enlist in a war of extermination at a stated price per scalp."

We have just received a letter from Col. Tappan, a member of the Indian Commission, who speaks in the warmest terms of praise of General Sherman, who he says is the right man in the right place. Formerly the General was for using force to "regulate" our Indian affairs. Now, after having looked into the question fully, he is satisfied that the best policy the Government can pursue is to treat the Indians justly; that this is the only course that will preserve peace on the Western border and save to the country millions of treasure.

Thanks, "Aunt Betsey," for those bouquets of beautiful flowers. They are emblematic of your future life.

Mr. W. M. Wilkinson.

The Vice Chancellor had the grace, in his decision in the case of Lyon vs. Home, to exculpate Mr. Wilkinson, one of the legal friends and advisers of Mr. Home, and known as one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing men connected with Spiritualism. Mr. Wilkinson's character both as a man and a lawyer was too high and irreproachable to be affected even by the prejudices of the Vice Chancellor, and the latter wisely avoided any attempt to implicate him in what he had called a "fraudulent" attempt on Mr. Home's part; and yet, in exonerating Mr. Wilkinson, he, with a strange and blind inconsistency, indirectly exonerated Mr. Home, whose friend and adviser Mr. Wilkinson had been from the beginning, although his influence was used to make Mrs. Lyon weigh carefully the step she was taking, instead of hurrying her on to its accomplishment.

For years Mr. Wilkinson has contributed of his time and his means most liberally to make known to the world, through the pages of the *London Spiritual Magazine*, the great facts and phenomena of Spiritualism. He has done this so wisely and so well, at once with so much boldness and good judgment, with so much ability and liberality, that he has entitled himself to the lasting honor of all to whom the fundamental truths, revealed by Spiritualism, are precious. In his recent correspondence with Mr. Tyndall, the scientific "nob," who would set aside the most momentous facts in human history by a sneer and a covert imputation, borrowed from the late Mr. Faraday, Mr. Wilkinson has admirably shown his good sense and courage as a defender of the truth. Well does he say to Mr. Tyndall, in regard to these great spiritual facts, now accepted by millions, both in this country and in Europe, "Even if you should authoritatively pronounce that they do not happen, they would be found to occur notwithstanding. In fact, it would be seen that your saying a thing was impossible, would be no bar to its happening. I have known of such cases before in the history of science." The quiet irony of this is better than a page of argument.

In another letter, referring to Mr. Faraday's absurd programme of conditions, before he would "concede" to investigate the phenomena through Mr. Home—which conditions Mr. Tyndall now adopts—Mr. Wilkinson pointedly remarks: "If he (Mr. Tyndall) insist on having as one of his preliminaries an answer to the question whether what he is about to investigate 'can be of any use or value to mankind,' I shall require him to answer whether the *cut bone* has been introduced into science as a bar to inquiry, and if so, when?"

Throughout these controversies in regard to Spiritualism, and Mr. Home, as well as throughout this affair with Mrs. Lyon, Mr. Wilkinson has borne himself with admirable discretion, and in a manner to increase our estimation of his perfect integrity, candor and high sense of honor.

The Abington Picnic.

A happy party of nearly a thousand had a fine time on Thursday, June 18th, at Dr. Gardner's picnic at Island Grove. The threatening weather in the morning disheartened thousands, who wished they had attended when they found what a pleasant day it proved to be at the grove. Some excellent speeches were listened to by those who preferred to enjoy the intellectual rather than the lighter entertainments offered elsewhere in the grove. Isaac P. Greenleaf caught the inspiration of the occasion, and poured forth noble thoughts that blessed speaker and hearers. Dr. Gardner was so wrought upon, that he found in Mr. G's speech a text for quite lengthy remarks on the scientific developments of Spiritualism. Mr. Wetherbee's remarks took a wide range, but many good points were made. While he was speaking, a gentleman, whose theology did not tally exactly with Mr. Wetherbee's, cried out, "If you don't like the old Orthodox God, why don't you get a new one?" Miss Doten, who seemed to be filled with living inspiration, made a grand speech on the old and the new, suggested by the above question. Mr. Gurney, Mr. Gilles, Mr. Harris, Mrs. Ladd and others, made fitting remarks. Mr. J. H. Atkinson, of San Francisco, was present, and also addressed the audience.

The next picnic was announced by Dr. Gardner to come off on Wednesday, July 22d, at the same place. It is pretty sure to be settled weather by that time, and we may expect to see thousands in the grove on that occasion.

Mrs. Cushman, the Medium.

This excellent medium, of 14 Lexington Avenue, Charlestown, through whose magnetic agency very satisfactory physical manifestations are given, acknowledges with pleasure her encouraging reception in Reading, Mass., where she recently held a séance, by skeptics as well as believers. We understand that the medium has been engaged to hold circles there again. The manifestations in Mrs. Cushman's presence are said to be very interesting, especially to skeptics, as, near the close of the sances, the guitar is played and a reveille is beaten upon the drum by the invisibles, in the light—thus completely setting at naught the argument of the unbeliever, that these manifestations are bogus, because darkness is always required to produce them.

People in the country towns in this State, whether skeptics or believers, would do well to get up clubs, arrange preliminaries, and send for Mrs. Cushman. No doubt she would readily respond, if sufficient inducements were offered. Her charges would be moderate. Open correspondence with her. These wonderful manifestations of spirit power should be investigated by everybody. They are as necessary to the inquirer after truth as the alphabet is to the child.

Massachusetts Missionary Work.

Our friends in the towns where they cannot maintain lecturers should send for Mr. A. E. Carpenter, State Agent. He is ready to visit such places, and should be kept busy. His recent visit to North Granby is thus spoken of by H. W. Hastings: "Mr. Carpenter's pioneer labors were surely a God-send with us; the impression left was thrilling and salutary, and will be lasting. His was the first lecture here upon Spiritualism, yet three-fourths of his audience, who were from the best of our community, voted for more lectures by him in the future."

New Music.

Henry Tolman & Co., 291 Washington street, have just issued the following new musical compositions: Selections from Offenbach's Opera, La Belle Héloïse—No. 1, Amours Divins; No. 2, Jagemont de Paris; No. 3, Un Mari Sage; No. 4, Au Cabaret du Labyrinth; No. 5, Venus au Fond de Nos Amis—English words by Birdseye; La Belle Héloïse Potpourri, arranged by Albert Crane; "The Ophelia Ballad," a Grand campaign song and chorus, for mixed or male voices; "Polka Brilliant," for piano, by A. E. Warren; "Dew Drop Mazurka," by the same composer; "The Window in the Cottage by the Seashore," a favorite ballad, arranged and adapted by Edward Saxton.

A Day of Real Enjoyment.

The Children's Lyceum, of this city, made a picnic excursion to Walden Pond, Concord, June 24th. The children met at Mercantile Hall in the morning and marched to the depot with their banners and flags, headed by Bond's Band. Such a demonstration created a lively sensation among our citizens. Even the *Traveler* deemed it worthy of a paragraph, though in rather a burlesque style:

"We have often heard of 'an army (of) banners'; but never saw anything so nearly like one as was a long procession which passed through our streets this morning. It was preceded by marshals in uniform and a fine military band, and consisted of a few men and boys, a few women and a great many girls on foot; and was followed by a large job-laborer loaded with infants. Every soul of this company bore aloft a banner—large or small. They were marching with the gravity of veterans; the women with their skirts tucked up, as if they expected to see service; all waving their banners in the morning breeze. On inquiry, we learned that it was a company of Spiritualists going on a picnic. We hope they are having a good time on this pleasant day."

On arriving at the grove, a party, including the Fitchburg Lyceum, were in waiting. The two Lyceums, formed in line, marched into the grove, where they went through the usual Lyceum exercises. The recitations were particularly good. The children were again marshaled, and proceeded to an open space, where a fine display of field evolutions was witnessed, winning the admiration of all. The regularity of the movements was scarcely inferior to the organized military, and creditable to the officers of the two Lyceums. The dinner hour was passed in a truly social picnic style. Then a few hours were devoted to speaking, which drew the attention of the elder portion, while the younger found pleasure in rambling through the grove, sailing on the water, swinging, etc. It was a new feature to have a clergyman preside over a gathering of Spiritualists, but, on this occasion, Rev. Charles M. Barnard (of the Warren-street Chapel, Boston), officiated as Chairman. To the surprise of many, however, his speeches disclosed the fact that he not only sympathized with us, but was a firm believer in the Philosophy of Spiritualism. Mrs. Davis, Mr. Gilles, Mrs. Symes and Mrs. Taber made brief but pertinent addresses. Isaac P. Greenleaf made a more elaborate speech on the beauty and use of Spiritualism, which must do good to skeptic and believer. Miss Doten followed, and held the close attention of the audience for over half an hour. She narrated some of her personal experiences of mediumship, interspersed with facts, argument and sound philosophy that carried conviction with them.

A few minutes past five o'clock the party started for home, where all arrived safely. Perfect order and harmony prevailed throughout the day. No accidents, but universal enjoyment seemed to reign. The company was very respectable, and numbered about nine hundred. This was the first Children's Lyceum picnic from Boston, and proved a complete success, which augurs well for all such future efforts.

Walden Pond is a beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal, of great depth, and always cool. Thoreau has immortalized it in his works. The grove around it is far superior to any in New England. The proprietors have recently purchased several adjoining acres on the south side, and will unite them with the grove by a bridge which is now being built over the railroad track. This grove is a favorite place for picnic parties.

Yet Another Spiritual Paper in the Field.

We regret exceedingly that it is not in our power to notice the first number of the new paper just started in Michigan, under the auspices of the State Association of Spiritualists, entitled *THE PRESENT AGE*. The second number is before us. It is a fine looking, good sized sheet, issued weekly at Lyons, Mich., under the direct management of Col. D. M. Fox and L. B. Brown, Esq., gentlemen fully competent to the task they have undertaken. Price \$2.00 per annum. We shall take the liberty to ask our friends to extend to our brothers that patronage that shall remunerate them for the arduous duties they will be obliged to perform. The mighty cause in which we are engaged demands that all the spiritual papers should be sustained fully; and if Spiritualists sincerely desire the great work before them to ultimate in a grand success, they should see to it in season that those who are willing to sacrifice their time and comfort to enlighten down-trodden humanity, are not obliged to surrender for lack of adequate support. We hope and pray that success peculiarly, as well as spiritually, will crown the efforts of our brothers in this their new enterprise. We shall cordially cooperate with them.

Lizzie Doten's Poems.

The sixth edition of this fine book of poems, "THE INNER LIFE," has just been put to press by the publishers, William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston. No book in the English language has been more praised by scholars or more censured by bigots than the *INNER LIFE*. Everybody should have it. Father Pierpont, to whom we sent a copy some years since, was so delighted with it, that he wrote us a very laudatory notice of the work. He intimated that the poems, many of them, were equal if not superior, to any that Longfellow or Whittier have written. Sent to any address upon the receipt of price. The trade supplied at the usual discount.

A Discussion in Stafford, Conn.

Moses Hull and Dr. Moran (an Orthodox clergyman), are to have a discussion on the merits of the *Spiritual Philosophy*, in Stafford, June 20th, to continue five evenings. It will be an interesting affair, for it is rare that one of the Orthodox persuasion ventures to "take up arms against" an intellectual giant like Moses Hull. A correspondent informs us that Mr. Hull delivered one lecture in Monson, in this State, a few evenings since, which created intense excitement, and hundreds are praying that he may return and give them more of the same sort.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Mr. O. W. Manuel, a young man recently developed as a trance speaker, lectured before the Mercantile Hall Society of Spiritualists, in this city, Sunday, June 21st, afternoon and evening. His subjects were "Spirit Experiences" and "The Laws Governing Spirit Control." He was listened to with attention and interest. There is much promise in this new laborer in the vineyard, which time will develop.

Waterbury, Conn.

The Spiritualists of Waterbury have organized a Society, and chosen C. M. Platt, President, Benj. Abbott, Secretary, and David B. Hamilton, Treasurer. Meetings are held every Sunday in Abbott's Hall, Bank street. There are many wealthy people in Waterbury, and regular meetings should be maintained. A good test medium would do well to visit that place.

The Past called us to do service in the spiritual field in which we are engaged—the Present acknowledges the fact—the Future will reward us. So be patient, Spiritualists, and work on with a will.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate the spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly 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. 134 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), 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. Seats reserved for strangers. 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.

Invocation.

To the God who never resteth from labor or forgetteth to love, who shutteth the gates of heaven upon none, we pray; bearing out our desires unto the ear of Infinite Wisdom, and looking forward with faith and hope to the answer unto our prayers. The great book of life thou hast opened, oh our Father, and in our ignorance we are unable to decipher all its pages. Thou hast taught us to come unto thee with a lack of wisdom, to bow before thee in the throne of love and truth, asking for thy baptism. Therefore, oh our Father most holy, we come unto thee in all occasions of need, and, laying our desires upon the altar of life, we pray thee to bless them, not as we may wish, but according to thy most holy will; and if we ask for what we should not have, oh, in mercy withhold, and teach us to ask only for those things that shall lift us in the scale of human and divine life; that shall cause us to come nearer unto thee in wisdom, enable us to understand ourselves better, and our relationship to thee and to humanity better. Thy blessings are ever with us, yet constantly do we pray for more, because the soul is great in its desires—is ever unsatisfied. When it reaches one heaven it stretches out its wishes for another. When it masters one problem, it another rises before it; and so, throughout the great eternal chain of things, whether natural or divine, placing them in the scales of their own reason, and weighing according to thy love and thy justice. Then all will be well with them. Oh thou Spirit whose love is broad and deep and high, thou whose mantle of mercy is thrown over every soul, we lay our prayers upon the altar of life, asking thy blessing to rest upon them. Then, as these fair, beautiful blossoms (in allusion to the flowers on the table) send out their silent perfume to thee, asking for a change of life, so do we, in the inner life of our souls, ask to become changed from all that is erroneous into all that is true in thee; for thine is the kingdom, and this power, and the glory, forever. Amen. March 12.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, I am ready to comply with your usual custom of answering the questions you may have received.

Q.—What is experimental religion? or, in other words, what is the influence spoken of as being the workings of the Holy Ghost, for there is evidently some unseen, moving power?

A.—Every kind of religion is in itself experimental. There never was a religion that was not an experiment. Religion, that I have had, has been knowledge of whatever. This Holy Spirit spoken of by your correspondent is the power which determines concerning the particular cast and color of the religion which we shall possess, and it gives a very great variety, no two possessing the same kind of religion. A thousand persons may worship at the same religious shrine, and yet in essential individual worship all differ from each other. This Holy Spirit and this Divine Power which determines the religion, that I have had, has power that will unlock the gates of heaven to every soul individually, not collectively. Straight and narrow is the way. One soul cannot come into heaven by any possibility by any other way except their own—the way that God has marked out for them. You cannot go to heaven by my way. I cannot by yours. It is no use trying. You may try to climb up by my way, but you cannot do it; you will find we have mistaken your power. All must knock at the gates of heaven through the way of their own holy power. They can by no possibility enter heaven in any other way; and as all souls enter heaven, or suppose they do, by some religious light, so all must enter by their own particular religious light. The man or woman who is not ready for a spiritual religion and is ready for the religion of Catholicism, will go to heaven in that way, and you cannot help it. March 12.

William H. Harris.

I have some friends on earth who are believers in the return of people after death. I myself had no belief in the doctrine before death. But when I enlisted in the service of my country to assist in suppressing the rebellion, I promised, if the fortunes of war should take me to the spirit-world and I should find their theory true, I would return and acknowledge it to be true. I have had no trial over since 1863 to fulfill my promise, but have never been able to till to-day. I enlisted in the 9th New Hampshire, and hoped if I was destined to die by the war that I should die on the battlefield; but I died of fever at Newbern, and while sick I had some little opportunity of thinking this matter over and of contemplating the way of return in case I should die. One of the boys who had been wounded and was recovering in the hospital was in the habit of receiving from his friend the *Banner of Light*. I heard him reading some of the messages to a group of his who were sick near by, and explaining the thing to him. He told him something like this: "Now I've made up my mind, in case I die, to come back in this way. You had better make up yours to the same effect." So, while listening to their conversation, I made up my mind as to how I should come. I did not know then of the many obstacles in the way. I supposed one had only to knock and the door would be opened. But I find that it is not so. The door is very great, and I have been for admittance to their friends, and only one can come at a time, and each one who comes must be prepared by being in electric and magnetic rapport with the medium at the time. So if we happen to be fortunate enough to be in the right condition, possibly we may get the chance to come. If not, we may be defeated a great many times; but I believe the watchword here is "Never despair." So we get the cold shoulder a hundred times, we try a hundred more, and don't know how many times I tried perhaps not quite so many as that, but here I am at last. William H. Harris by name.

And to those of my friends who believe in this beautiful Philosophy, of course I can only say, "It is true." My coming proves that—that I do live after death, that I can come back. I believe there are millions on the earth who can testify to the knowledge they have received in this respect. They know they live; they have seen them, have handled them, have talked to them. They know they live, through their material senses, and through their spiritual intuitions; they know it every way. There are a great many thousand persons, I am told, so perfectly assured of this established fact that it is as real to them as their own existence. But I was not prepared to see it when here, consequently have labored under a great many disadvantages since death, but am overjoyed that as I am now, I can be received. My friends said, "If you do go there, and you do come back before you see us in the body, do tell us something tangible about the spirit-world. Tell us if there are flowers and trees and fruits and grains and land and water and skies and sun and moon and stars—and all about it." Well, I have only to say, what the earth has ma-

terially the spiritual dwelling-place of the inhabitants of the earth have spiritually—everything, even to the grains of sand upon the seashore. Everything is spiritualized, beautified, made more perfect—that is, there is a representation of the same thing that exists in earth-life. For instance, the rose is more beautiful with us than with you, but it is a rose after all. The time may come—its doubtless will—when it will change its form, and it will take its name from its form; it will be a rose no longer, but in the essential life it will be the same. I met with an old clergyman, who died many years ago, since I have been here. I questioned him concerning these things, and found he was a deep student in all matters pertaining to natural and spiritual philosophy, and after talking to me for what seemed a long time—and yet I was not weary—he said, "I must close now, but there is an eternity to talk about ahead." Why?

"I thought," he said, "you had about closed the book."

"Hardly opened it," he said.

Talking with one of my friends who had no belief in these things any more than I had—we were in company with those who had—this friend said to me, "Well, settle upon some password that you shall give if you happen to be fortunate enough to slip over before you see us again." I thought a moment, but could not settle upon any, and I requested him to give me something which I should be known—something that I might give on coming back. He said, "If you can only say, 'let the word you shall utter be the word, Liberty.' Well, it was not the first word I uttered here, but I have reminded him of it, and I presume that will do as well."

I understand, Mr. Chairman, that a great many of your people who return here are afflicted with a psychological influence of their sickness on earth. I am very happy to say I think I am exempt from that difficulty. (Have you not been in rapport with some other medium?) I have been here and at other places a great many times, and I can communicate, but never did before. [That is the way you have lost it.] Some one has absorbed it then. [Yes.] They are welcome to it. Good-day, sir. March 12.

Henry Leasure.

Monsieur, I am most happy to come. I have been in this country eighteen years before me. I came here with my brother, and he was settled in business in Galveston, Texas. I was in New York city. Last August my brother took the fever and died. His business was unsettled and demanded my attention, as my own was connected with it. So I left my family—two children and a wife—in New York, and I got there and the fever takes me and I go to it. I was acquainted with these things. I took the spiritual paper from my own country regularly before I left from the existence of the *Banner of Light* from my own country. So I makes up my mind, when I know I should die, that I should come back, but thought perhaps I should have to put up with much delay, so I was not disappointed. I come many times here, and find many times I was not fit to come. I go away and I wait. And now my wife Marie—that is her name—she has expected to hear this way from me. She is looking all the time to hear from me, because she knows the way, and she wants to see me. She remains where she is, and shall she put the children into a Catholic institution, for education, or will she seek out some Protestant school and educate them there? That is the way. That is what will please me. [To place them at a Protestant school?] Yes, I like that; I don't like all I see there, but I like in some respects much better than the other. She is tired of waiting for me to come this way. She goes to several media in New York; I come, but not to what I want, so you see, and so I wait till I come here. [You were not able to control there?] No, I was not. I do something, but not speak like I do here. I say here I am satisfied with what she do with the children; I satisfied with the way things be done, and I am as happy as I ought to be here in this home of the spirit. Not unhappy at all. I not live like as I did when I was here. I know it was all just as it is beyond. But then I live much better than many who think they have the key to the Kingdom of Heaven, while others have no way to get in. I have no way to get in. I was called so by some of my own countrymen and by the Catholics, who was interested in me because some of my family were in the Church. But it is all the same; matters not at all with the Great Spirit what you be at all. I was infidel to all their religions. I have the one, and that was enough for me. I talked, before I come, with my father in the spirit-world. I know that I talk with him face to face, and so I can tell him to tell me that the book was closed, or the way between the two worlds was not open. No use to tell me that. I know better. Now come here; I bless my children and my wife—I bless them, and I want them to know that I will watch over them and meet them when they come to the home of the spirit. Henry Leasure. [Will you give your age?] I was in my forty-second year. [When did you pass away?] The latter part of August last. Good-day, Monsieur. March 12.

William Trefethen.

Oh, how strange it is after fourteen years' absence I can return, so changed and yet the same. I suppose every spirit who returns here has the right to claim the name they were known by when here. [Certainly.] Then I shall claim the name of William Trefethen. I lived in East Boston, and did business myself in Boston. I was what you call here a storekeeper. I died of typhus fever, fourteen years ago. I was assisted to leave here by a friend of mine by the name of Phillips. He was a Boston pilot once, and he knew the way back. [Do you remember his given name?] I am not sure, I might not give it right. If he comes round I will furnish you with it. He had by some means learned the way these things were done, and has been for some time occasionally advising me to come back. I have a great desire to reach those that were dear to me here, but I have strange misgivings, because I can look back and remember that none of my family were believers in this thing. But since I have been able to reach me occasionally in my new abode: "If Spiritualism is true, why don't some of my particular friends come? If any of my friends should come and give anything satisfactory, I should believe. None of mine come, so I do not believe."

Now I remember distinctly what my last words were here. They were the beginning of a sentence which death prevented me from finishing. I will finish it here. The words I uttered were these: "To the Father, I leave as far as I could get. If I had, and the power I should have finished it in this way: 'Tell James to go to Mr. Brown and collect that debt.' My friends have always wished they could know what I was going to say. They know now."

I am not of that class of intelligences who are able to give a description of the locality they happen to be in. I think I should make very bad work of it if I should try. It is enough for me at my first coming to say that the thing is true. I can come and all that seems to be wanting to make the thing seem perfect and satisfactory to my friends is that they will reach out to me across the river of death and let me shake their hands so strongly that they shall know that I am alive, and not dead. We all have the power in some way, if our friends will only furnish the means—these material means by which we can reach our friends. We may try a good many times and fail, but there will come a time when we will not fail.

[To the Chairman.] I have no words in which to thank you, sir, for your kindness in opening such a way for this great multitude to return one by one. I can think of an infinite ocean of thanks, but can find no proper way to express myself as I would wish. Farewell. [Where were you born?] In Newcastle, Me. March 12.

Fannie Bullard.

[How do you do?] I am well now. I got permission to come here to tell my mother that I am trying to bring her some flowers. I don't know if I shall be able to, but I am going to—just as I brought her the bird. I am Fannie Bullard. You know how the bird come, don't you? [No, I don't remember, if I knew.] I didn't bring it alone—I and somebody else did, in the evening. We brought it to the window, and mother took it in. And it conveyed the impression to her that we had sent it. She didn't know about these things then, but we could make her think just what we wished. [What kind of a bird was it?] I don't know. It was a very pretty bird, it was a wild bird. Don't forget about the flowers, will you? [No. Where does your mother live?] In Roxbury. Good-by. [Are you in a hurry?] No, I ain't in any hurry, but I must go. [Come again.] Yes, I will. [How old were you?]

I am six years old. [You are now?] I was. I am going now. March 12.

Prayer by William E. Channing; question answered by Abraham Harrison; letters by H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Thou Holy Spirit, thou who art perfect, thou whose mercy extends unto every soul, thou whose dwelling-place is everywhere, we ask that thou wilt baptize us with thy truth on this occasion. Pour into our souls thy light; change the dark places of our being, gliding these dark, dreary corners with thy own glory. Oh, we kneel in thy presence to receive thy blessing, and we have never called upon thee in vain, for thy ministering spirits of all ages have ever wandered out and fro at thy bidding, to minister unto those who have need. Thou hast gone with us through the vale and shadow of death, and thy smile we behold in the glory of the spirit-world. And when we return still thou art with us, and thy hand of love is leading us, and thy wisdom is changing our ignorance, transforming and raising us all in our inner being, bringing us nearer and still nearer to thee; why then should we not praise thee? Wherefore should we fear thee? Why should we not send out our song of thanksgiving day after day and hour after hour in honor of him who was and is and ever shall be? Thou who art at once our Father and our Mother; thou who hast cradled us in thy bosom through all past eternity and whose love we receive to-day—oh thou great Spirit, we know thou wilt receive our praises, thou wilt hear our prayers, thou wilt lead us safely through life, and thou wilt finally bring us into thine own kingdom of righteousness and peace. We thank thee that the lines of our lot are again thrown upon earth; we thank thee that it is our blessed privilege to return cheering the down-hearted, lifting up the down-trodden, speaking peace and words of good cheer to those who are bowed by sin and sorrow. And we ask that we may long continue in this holy mission, that we may understand that thy love is with us, and that we, oh our Father, are all thy children. May our deeds be all holy and acceptable in thy sight. May every step we take in life be guided by thy holy love, by thy approbation, and may we everywhere hear thee saying unto us, "This is my beloved child in whom I am well pleased." Why should we not expect thine approbation, since thou art our Father, and we are all thy children? Why should we fear that thou wilt ever leave us, that thy holy spirit will ever depart from us? No, we will not, but we will ever proceed as a perpetual presence to-day and forever unto all thy children. And, oh Lord, as we leave our errors and gain new truths, we will present them in all simplicity and love to thy mortal children, knowing that thine angels will water them, who are better than ourselves, and that thine own glory will crown them with perfectness hereafter. Oh may our deeds lead these souls to whom we come higher and still higher, nearer and still nearer to thee, till the kingdom shall come on the earth, and the will be done in every human heart. Amen. March 12.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Please explain the phenomena in the snow, as stated in the following paragraph from a Michigan paper:

"ST. CLAIR.—At 6 o'clock on the evening of February 24, several violent claps of thunder and flashing lightning occurred at this place. The air during the whole day seemed overcharged with electricity, and the clouds were very dark and spent its force in the thunder and lightning in the evening. Hall, snow and mist fell during the day, accompanied with severe cold. The surface of the snow thus made had a very dark color, deeper in intensity toward Port Huron, and further west, and the snow itself had a bitter taste. The lumbermen returned from the pine woods since Monday report the same phenomenon there. Several theories are put forth to account for it."

A.—It is almost impossible, during the short space of time allotted to the answering of these questions, to give a clear analysis of the subject you have presented, even if we were able to do so. It is a well-known scientific fact, that certain electrical influences, if passed over the snow, or incorporated in any body of snow, will change it to a dark color. Scientific men tell us also that it will have an apparently bitter taste. They also tell us that these conditions are brought about through atmospheric influences. The light acting upon the snow, and the electrical fluid passing between the rays of light and the snow, produce the change in color and the change in taste. These phenomenal experiences of Nature—experiences which she is constantly passing through, and occasionally exhibiting something that is to a superficial observer out of the common course, are nevertheless all in the programme. Notwithstanding it is said that snow in summer is the most common, the use we saw of it in the mouth of a fool, notwithstanding all this which seems to be wrong, it is all right in Nature and with God. Now, I believe it is the duty of every mind who has the capacity to enlarge itself upon any subject, to stretch out its powers to their utmost capacity and grasp all those experiences of Nature, bringing them in like little children to your fold of intelligence, and there making them your own. It is vain for any spirit to return overturning these seeming mysteries, and throwing them things just as fast as you are not ready for them, just as fast as you are ready to receive these truths, minds will grow large enough to take them in, and benevolent enough to give them out to the world. Perhaps the minds that are free from this life will do much toward unfolding these mysteries, but they cannot do all.

Q.—It is asserted by Mr. Davis in his last work, "A Stellar Key," that the material forming the Summer-Land is composed of refined matter evolved mainly from human bodies; that it is progressed, ponderable matter. This idea has been advanced, and thrown out by other Spiritualists, and so far as I know, generally accepted. Now what proof is there that matter—not formed does progress to higher conditions? On the contrary, it is not true that the highest form of ponderable matter which we may, for argument's sake, call the gases, can be reduced to liquids and then to solids, showing that the change from solids to ethereal gases is not progressive, but mere change of form? And is not the whole sentence of chemistry founded on the unchanging character of the simpler substances, that is, on the fact that pure iron, for instance, is always pure iron, and can progress to nothing else. Further, have scientific men ever been able to change ponderable to an imponderable, or to what is called animal magnetism, or od force? And if so, why does the closest chemical analysis find no portion lost in the form of light, heat or electricity, or od force or animal magnetism in their experiments? If the intelligence asserts that matter can pass on different, and to us imponderable conditions, will it please designate the manner of experimenting to prove it clearly to us?

A.—All forms of matter, in the absolute, are but the universal element having existence in the so-called spirit-world and here with you, finding a place in all worlds everywhere, throughout all universes. Matter I believe to be essentially the same yesterday, to-day and forever. In essence, I believe it never changes; it is only in the outward expression, in the form, in the symbol. You talk of expansion, as if it were absolute. I certainly think matter is constantly changing; it cannot be so. For if it was, it would be destructible, which it is not. So far as form is concerned, you can change it an infinite number of times. To-day it may be one thing in the external, and to-morrow quite another thing. To-day the pebble may be a hard substance under your feet, and to-morrow it may be in the atmosphere. The law of chemistry is so little understood here that it is hard to say your master, and you, what? But child in your knowledge, as I was, when brought in contact with the chemistry of Nature, are but children. It is greater than ourselves, beyond us. It carries us along with it whether we will or no, and by slow degrees we are learning of Nature, from her vast chemical laboratory which is open for all. We can all enter and make ourselves acquainted with the forms in Nature, and the soul in the form, which is the only real life that we have. That never changes. You may as well talk of God changing as of matter changing. It cannot be.

Q.—Is not the Newtonian theory of attraction of gravity contrary to the order of universal existence in Nature?

A.—Why no, we cannot so understand it. That

particular point of law is capable of proving itself, of demonstrating its own truth, and I think it has demonstrated it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Q.—Is not this earth coming nearer the sun, and will it not eventually be drawn to that body?

A.—No, I do not so understand it. I believe that the earth will continue to change in form, but not in essential matter—for an infinite number of ages. But I do not believe that it will ever be absorbed again by its great parent, the sun. By studying closely the geography of the heavens, we find that all her expressions would teach to the contrary. The sun seems to be a power giving out bodies, but we never hear of its absorbing any again.

Q.—Then you do not consider that the dark spots on the sun's disk are bodies which have been drawn thither?

A.—They are not understood to be such, by those who have made that matter an earnest study.

Q.—Is heaven any particular location?

A.—I do not understand that heaven is a location. I understand it to be a condition of mind. You can have heaven here just as well as anywhere else. Whenever you are at peace with yourself, the world, and your highest ideal of a God, you are in heaven wherever you are. It cannot be otherwise. When a contrary state exists in you, you are in hell, no matter where you are, even the fabled Paradise. Heaven and hell are states of mentality, not localities.

Q.—Are there other worlds beside this?

A.—Yes, millions of them—millions upon millions of undiscovered worlds, as well as those that have been discovered.

Q.—Do all spirits take cognizance of their surroundings immediately on being disemphed from the body?

A.—No.

Q.—Why not?

A.—It is impossible to tell why not. We cannot always account readily for this phenomenon of Nature that is presented to us; though we may master it in time, yet we may not be able to do so at once. Many spirits who pass from this sphere to a more spiritual state of being, who lay off the mortal and are clothed upon with immortality, pass through the chemical change called death perhaps under the influence of ardent spirits, perhaps under the influence of narcotics. Such are the things which are not known to us. One perceived very fully all the conditions that attend his death, and in which he seems to live, while another is very slow to perceive them. One spirit hears that the way is open to return to earth, and straightaway he comes back. Another hears of it, but his ears are not attuned to the truth of the sound; he does not believe it. It cannot appeal to him as a truth, and he does not come back for years—ages, perhaps. All are differently made up in the external, yet in the internal the human mind, the human intellect, are all the same. Now, do not fancy that you are any better than the savage of the Western wilds, for you are not. In essence they are one with you.

Q.—Does that state of unconsciousness generally last long after death?

A.—It is generally governed by the internal power, the internal capacity of the individual to throw off inharmonious external conditions. Some can do it more readily than others. It is governed by the internal state. With some it lasts only a few hours, with some, years.

Q.—In your answer to the previous question, do I understand you aright that the consciousness of the soul and the spirit, are one and the same thing?

A.—No; did I say so? Oh no.

Q.—Do not some kinds of disease produce the same effects toadden consciousness?

A.—Certainly. Whatever will render individual consciousness inactive here, renders it so in the external, yet the impression there, and time must be given it to ouster the condition here, as well as here. There are no miracles performed anywhere, not even with the great God himself. Everything is done by law. You may talk of breaking laws here and breaking laws there, but God's laws are unbreakable.

Q.—How much does learning benefit the spirit after death?

A.—The learning benefits it a great deal. It draws out the powers of the spirit and makes them strong, brings them in contact with external things, gives them that active strength that corresponds to the strength of the body, which you receive by action. How strong would you be if you were to take no active part in the external physical world? For instance, suppose you sit down, or go to bed and lie there two months, would you get up strong? No, you would be very weak. Why? Because your limbs had been deprived of their natural activity. So with regard to your mental powers: the more you use them without abuse, the better it will be for you here and hereafter. March 12.

Captain Charles R. Johnson.

This is a new thing to me. If it is not out of place, I would like to inquire if there are any boys of the 16th Massachusetts in the audience. [No one responded.] I tried to look round before I came here, and I thought I had been disappointed. Was not sure. [Did some one engage to be here?] Oh no; but I was told that they were often here, and I would be very likely to meet them.

I am so strangely impressed with what seems to me to be the solemnity of this occasion, that I can hardly proceed. I was not much acquainted with these things before death, but I often heard them talked of by some of my brother officers in the regiment, and by many of the men. It was nothing uncommon to hear a soldier say before going into action, "I am killed to-day I will report to you." I never think it very wild, and hardly believed myself that they really believed they could come back; but it seems they did.

I was killed on the third of July, in 1863, at the engagement at Gettysburg. We commenced action early the morning before. I received no wound till quite late in the day of the third of July. Then I was mortally wounded, carried to the rear, but being of a pretty strong temperament I lingered till the seventeenth; then I got a discharge from headquarters. Now, as I am quite well, I am a great problem for myself—as I was before I came here—I have solved it now. As soon as I found myself in possession of a body not my own, I knew it was all true. I have been looking round, or trying to, among the various persons who are kind enough to act as dispatch-bearers, messengers, mediums, or whatever you call them, and I find there are some I could do finely with, I think, but they seem to be engaged in a different way—are ready to allow us to come if our friends ask for it. It is a great deal harder to get them to ask for it, than it is to come ourselves. "It is easier," one of the boys remarked who had been here, "to unlock the gates of heaven, than even borrowing the key of Saint Peter, than it is to unlock the consciousness of our friends that we have left on earth, with reference to these things." They have been so long schooled in their old dead idea, that it is hard to resurrect them. The real truth is they are dead and we are alive. It is they that have got to be resurrected, while we have passed through the resurrection. It is a resurrection from the body, not one back to the body, but a resurrection and going through the purgatory of an earthly physical life. I think I should pray for annihilation.

Now, Mr. Chairman, as I am not used to making long speeches, I will wind up by asking that you, for me, ask my friends, through your good paper, to avail themselves of the means that has been furnished, to communicate with me. Captain Charles R. Johnson, of the 16th Massachusetts. They can't mistake me, because there was no other Charles R. Johnson in the regiment. I will give the names—Charles Robinson Johnson. I am a stranger here, but I suppose you will treat me as if I were a friend. Good-day. March 12.

James Ryan.

[How do you do?] Pretty well. [How do you like your uniform?] Well, sir, I don't know but I could get acquainted with it, if I stopped long enough, but as it is it is rather new to me. It is

all right, I suppose. When I was here in Boston it used to be again the law to put on women's apparel, but it seems the order of things is changed. A man can turn himself into a woman or a rat, just as he likes. Pretty good. I need to tell the old woman I wish she was me and I was her, because you see, I thought I had to work the hardest to get along, and if I was a woman, I could pay it was always Jim that was my bill to Mary used to say, "Faith, it ain't to be paid, my bill is sent." "Oh the devil it isn't," I'd say. So then times, you know, I used to say I wished I was she. But it wasn't in the order of things when I was here. To be sure, I could put on petticoats and go round the house, I suppose, but they'd take me up and put me in the station if I got outside.

Oh I tell you I've been looking round here in the spirit-world since I've been here, and I think if I was to be called back again—I don't care at all if Saint Michael himself was to call me back—I should say, "I am deaf; I don't hear." Oh I shouldn't want to come back here, where it was all the time, "Jim, you ain't paid for them cab-bages," and "Jim, the rent is due, and there's a new stove wanted, and the children they're wanting new shoes"—and it's a work, work all the time, from morning to night, and it's very poor pay a working-man gets here. Oh the devil, if I was a commander-in-chief up here, would I sit up the people that has money here? Oh yes.

Well, sir, now I don't know anything at all about coming back. One of the folks here said to me, "Jim, why the devil don't you go back? There's your family waiting to hear from you—that is to say, they don't know about it, but they need you bad enough." So I looked the matter all over, and I got Father Henry Fitz James to help me—just as good a priest now as when he was here—but I didn't know him, and I introduced myself to him, and told him I was a good Catholic. "Oh, you are?" he says. "Oh yes," says I. "Well," says he, "that's a coin that's not current here, Jim." I was down then, you know. "But it's all right," he says. "I suppose you want me to help you." "Yes, sir." "Well, what will I do?" "Well, in the first place absolve me from the sin, if it is a sin, of coming back."

"Oh," he says, "that's not for me to do. There's no sin about it, unless, if you want to come and stay away, it's a sin to stay away. Then he told me how the priests know about these things, and they keep from the common people. So then I put this and that together. The priest used to tell me to confession like this: They talk to me all about the saints, and they say—to make just the right impression on me, you know—they talk about the saints that had gone out of the family; my father and mother, and all that; and they say, "Now, Jim, if you tell what's not right, they know everything you do, and they can come and tell the heads of the Church what you do." Now what the devil is that but Spiritualism all the time? Just as good as going to confession to your father and mother come back to the priest. Yes, sir, only I didn't understand it that way at all when I was here. Well, now, I am back for a market of these things. I got lots of truck to dispose of. In the first place, got to tell Mary that the priest knows about these things, and when she goes to confession to tell him that I want to communicate with her, and for him to tell her what I say—that's it. And the first thing to be done is to look up that back pay of mine that she owes me. I don't want to owe her any more. I'll tell her all about it, only the little ones want it, and they are just as dear to me as when I was here. What business have I to come back here if I can't do them any good? I'd better stay in purgatory. [Have you been there?] I don't know at all. I've heard so many names given to the places I've been in; maybe it's purgatory. I don't know. All I know is, I'm alive just as much as ever. James Ryan—just as much alive and happy as I want to be. If I was any happier I should burst, I think.

Now you see the thing of all others that brings me back here is to tell Mary know I can come; next, I can put her in the way of getting the money; but most of all that I can come, that I can watch over her myself—take care of her and the children, which is perhaps more than I could do here. Oh it's now that the bills come to her, and it's pretty hard. She has to step into my shoes; and she has to take in washing, and all sorts of hard work—yes, sir. She is a good soul. Now I want to go to confession to the priest will get this, you know—and I want he should tell her that I come, and what I say, and then I want to go to him, you see. What the devil is the use for me to ask Mary to go to one of these folks? She go right to the priest. "Will I go?" "Oh no," he will say. Well, then, I want to talk to him, and want him to tell Mary what I say, and not keep her in darkness. You see if Mary goes to him, and says, "Oh no, they do not come only to the heads of the Church"—she not come. No, sir; not if Gabriel's trumpet was sounding in her ear, saying "Come," she not come if the priest say so. He shuts the gate on me, so I want to make a trumpet of him—that's it.

Oh Lord, if I was only back here about half an hour, if I could not trot down Broad street and settle the hash very quick. Well, sir, what's to pay for this? [It is perfectly free to you.] All right, then, I suppose I will do as much for you as you can do for me, at any rate. Don't forget my name. How many more boys are you member? Do I remember? I do then. I was thirty-one. The old woman used to always say I was four years older than herself, when the real truth was, she was five years older than me; and I come back now to tell her she was wrong, and I was right. [Do you remember the number of the house where you lived?] Yes, sir; 80 Broad street. [Is she there now?] I don't know at all. [How long since you passed away?] Ever since the fall of '63. The chap that went away the captain in the 16th Regiment went away in '63 the summer; I went in the fall. Well, sir, I went to you belong to? Well, sir, in the first place I went in the 9th Massachusetts. [Did you change from that?] No, sir; I did not change. What the devil was the regiment I joined when I went aloft? I don't know at all. Tom Cass will tell you all about it. [Ah, I knew Tom Cass.] He is dead. [You don't say so; I thought he was alive, like you.] Oh that's what you mean. I'm not going to let you steal a march on me that way. Good-day to you. March 12.

Emma Turner.

I wish to reach my friends in Bath, Maine. Oh tell them that Emma comes back. Tell them how anxious I am to speak at home. I died away from home. That is nearly two years ago. Tell

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Time—What is it?

There's much loose talking and more disjointed writing about in the world, relating to the very common term, time and eternity. The multitude usually think and speak of time as a thing *per se*, rather than as a series of conscious impressions made upon the spiritual sensorium. If time exists as an entity, independent of human experiences and the changes pertaining to matter, what is it?—something or nothing? If something, certainly substance; and if substance, what the form and method of existence? To us, time is a specified segment—the sum of all experiences cognized by our consciousness.

Take the formation of this physical earth as an illustration. In its cycles of change and unfolding, we see epochs succeeding each other in successive order, and in strict accordance, too, with what we may call law, or the divine method of action. In that very remote palaeozoic period, noted for extensive groupings of fossiliferous strata, water covering the earth, marine plants and fishes reigned the supreme occupants of this planet. And although vast changes had taken place, there was as yet no time in the history of land plants and animals.

Changes continuing, the cooling processes of almost measureless ages formed granitic incrustations; internal fires, volcanic action, produced upheavals, and mountainous lands appeared. These were succeeded by land plants, dense forests and gross animals. Further and continuous progress upon the earth's surface, developed results consistent with these changes, constituting the time or age of the globe in the aggregate, and in accordance with the sum of the changes wrought.

Finally, man appeared as the crowning mechanism of Infinite Wisdom. And now, when we ask an individual his age, what do we mean? He may reply, perhaps, fifty years, by which he means that the events of fifty annual cycles have made their record on the earthly side of his conscious being. Otherwise, he measures his life by the rotation of this planet around the sun. But by a close analysis of his answer, we shall find that these revolutions of the planet are only the general outlines of his measurements, and that the interstices are filled with all the vast category of events that have made mental indentations upon his consciousness. That is to say, his age is the sum of all the impressions ever made upon him, constituting the time he has lived; and beside such impressions there is no time to him on this side his circular being. The same is true of all of us. All the time we know or can know is the sum of our respective experiences. Your time is not necessarily ours, nor ours another's. Staying on earth is not living. Some men live more in a single day than others do in a score of years. Leigh Hunt, at seventy, was called the "immortal boy." The eminent English author, William Howitt, now in his seventy-fifth year, is healthy, hearty and joyous in spirit, as the birds that sing in his garden.

Suppose, good reader, you had never existed in the mortal, could time be logically affirmed of you? Neither could it of any of us. The inference, then, is that time, as usually spoken of, does not exist. Would it not be more philosophical, then, to measure life by the number of good deeds wrought, and by the importance of events crowded into human experiences, rather than by the revolution of the seasons? Some individuals of stirring habits, active minds and finely attuned sensibilities, during hours, days of spiritual exaltation, are entirely oblivious to those artificial measurements called time. They live, but their lives are so closely related to essential spirit, to infinity that knows nothing of time or space, that they do not cognize the passing hours. Do we not see with what intensity some enjoy music, the fine arts, theatrical representations, the revolving seasons, and even the common pleasures of domestic life, while others seem almost insensible to their influences? The summing up of these respective lives reveal vast differences in their totalities. Those live longest that live best—that see, comprehend and appropriate the most of knowledge, wisdom and all the divine qualities of life. Spirits live more in deeds than words. Angels take no note of time, only the good they do, immortality being to them, the synonym of eternal youth. Time, then, not a thing abstractly, not any portion of creation, is simply the sum of all changes in matter—the sum of all conscious impressions upon sentient life.

The Vedas—When Written?

"What are the Vedas? How many of them? And by whom written?" inquires a young man. The word *Ved* signifies learning. In Sanscrit, *Veda* means knowledge, wisdom—the name by which the ancient Hindus designated their sacred writings. There are four of these Vedas—revelations from Brahma—though *Christina* mentions only the first three.

The scholarly Brahmins contended in their commentaries that the Vedas existed from remotest antiquity. The celebrated Sir William Jones thinks they were not written prior to the Noachian flood. But Sir William was writing in the interests of the priesthood, for which there must be made due allowance. The distinguished Mr. Dow, after labored research, contends that these voluminous books, containing the moral and religious codes of Brahma, were written six thousand six hundred and fifty-six years ago. Even Sir William Jones quite unwittingly admits that the principal worship inculcated in the Vedas is that of the solar fire, emblematic of the Infinite Fire, the Infinite Life of the universe, God. In his discourse on the literature of the Hindus he says:

"The author of the *Dabistan*—Persian books describes a race of old Persian sages, who appear from the whole of his account to have been Hindus; that the book of Menu, said to have been written in a celestial dialect, and alluded to by the author, means the Vedas, written in the Devanagari character, and that as Zoroaster was truly a reformer, in India may be discovered the true source of the Persian religion." (*Asiat. Res.*, Vol. I, p. 349.)

The Vedas, in style oriental—symbolic, florid, poetic—teach the worship of God, purity of life, immortality, and rewards and punishments. They treat of the *Devas*, good angels, or subordinate celestial beings, of the *Danas*, evil spirits, and of the *Deity*, universal Spirit. The *Rig Veda*—the seven wise men of India—were the same nearly as the seven wise men of Greece, the same symbolic seven that threads the histories of all nations.

The very learned and candid Godfrey Higgins says, speaking of the Vedas and the wisdom of the Brahmins:

"Christians of the present day, with minds enfeebled by the prejudices of education, look upon

the Brahmins, their learning and religion, with contempt. This they have inherited from the Greeks and Romans; but let me remind them what the scholarly Brahmins say to this: They say, and truly, that in their Vedas may be found all the logic of Aristotle and the philosophy of Plato, and among their sectaries may be found the doctrines of Epicurus and of the Stoics, and it is no more just to despise them on account of the present corruptions of their religion in India, caused by foreigners conquering their country, than to despise the religion and philosophy of the Western nations because of the corruptions of the Greek and Latin churches. The Brahmins further say: If Europe had its Spinoza, they had their Vyasa, and that with regard to religion we Christians have no right to say a word, because ours is radically the same as theirs, only that we to a good degree have corrupted theirs, besides forgetting or losing its first principles—our *Christ* was their *Christ*."

India was the cradle of the historic religions, as Egypt of some of the earlier phases of civilization. The two countries were closely interrelated. This religious channel of thought ran from India to Egypt and Persia; from Egypt and Persia to Greece; from Greece to Rome; from Rome, with many side-stream accumulations, and through modern Europe. It is richly interesting and profitable to trace these religious currents of thought; for there is no "dead past." The past helped to mold and now lives in the present, as the present will live in the future.

The Cost of War.

The International and "Permanent League of Peace," pursuing assiduously its noble work, by the use of tracts, pamphlets and lectures, shows, in a very able paper treating of contemporaneous wars, that from the "Crimean expedition up to the present date in European wars, including those in our own Northern and Southern States, there have been 7,743,491 men killed, and 9,566,000,000 francs expended. An official statement in the *Confidential* shows the cost to France of four foreign expeditions during the present empire, besides the Crimean and Italian wars:

Occupation of Rome from '62 to '66..... 3,778,228 fr.
Expedition to Syria ('62 to '61)..... 1,406,317
Expedition of China and Cochin China ('62 to '61)..... 26,132,334
Expedition of Mexico ('62 to '65)..... 20,682,751

Total..... 51,999,629 fr.
besides all the material of the arsenals consumed and which had to be replaced."

Not naming the material costs, nearly eight millions of men—our brothers—"killed" by war during these past few years, saying nothing of the crippled for life, the poverty, the orphanage and moral degradation resulting therefrom. Think of it—eight millions killed since the commencement of the Crimean expedition! Truly, is not war the "sum of all villainies?"

Christian nations, professing the followers of the "Lamb of God"—the "Prince of Peace"—the "meek and the lowly," have uniformly excelled heathen nations in murder and devastating warfare. Russia abounds in Greek Christians, France in Catholic Christians, England in Protestant Christians; and in the Crimean war they gave the world a practical illustration of their conceptions of Christianity. The present Pope of Rome, pretended viceroy of Jesus Christ on earth, is kept upon his tottering throne to-day by glistening bayonets. The clear-headed, kind-hearted F. J. Amy gives us the following apt bit, relative to Pope Pius IX, from the French of Victor Hugo:

"Divinely elected one, by God himself,
And whom the lowly Christ himself appointed
To speak to all the loving words of grace:
Thou who wert brother of the human race,
Priest of the Lamb and guardian of the Dove,
Whose heart should be all gentleness and love;
Half in the holy rest, half in the tomb,
Soon to be summoned to thy final doom;
Snow-browed successor of the Mild and Meek,
Vicar of him who 'turned the other cheek';
Oh thou of parsons the most liberal sower!
What most delights thy bosom at this hour?
In that dark land where Truth would preach her tenet,
Is, lo! a gun that kills twelve men per minute!"

Being Brought to Light.

The *Paris Monitor* states that the town of Edicmadzin, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia, the residence of the Patriarch, contains a splendid library, composed of three thousand Armenian manuscripts of which the literary world was hitherto quite ignorant. A catalogue of the collection has now been printed, and presents a vast field for researches into the religious and political history of Central Asia. It reveals the existence of unknown works by the fathers of the church, and of fragments of Diodorus Siculus, and of Aristotle. The Armenian Patriarch states in an official preface, that these manuscripts, which have been kept secret, will be, for the future, not only open to examination, but that extracts may be taken for learned men in all parts of the world, if they pay the cost of copying.

These and kindred discoveries must necessarily deeply interest every student of mental science, of religious culture and aspiration. Investigation in this line will demonstrate that all the dogmas and ceremonies of the Old, all the precepts of the New Testament, were either begged, borrowed or stolen bodily from nations older, wiser and more cultured than the Jews—more solid than the Greeks of even Homer and Hesiod's time.

Asiatic cities, long buried beneath the drifting dusts of Syrian skies, will yet be exhumed, and media in Europe and America, entranced by the original dwellers in these cities, will reveal their true histories, their manners and customs, their arts and sciences. In like manner, will a better translation of Egypt's hieroglyphs, and that profound wisdom hidden under Oriental symbols, with the correct historic status of the New Atlantic's Isle that went down in ocean burial thousands of years before Plato's age, all be brought down to broaden and gladden the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Indiana State Missionary.

I wish to say to our Spiritualist friends in Indiana, through the *Banner of Light*, that I have been employed by the State Association of Spiritualists, at their recent Convention at Indianapolis, as their missionary for the ensuing six months, commencing July 1st.

Among the objects we desire to accomplish in the missionary enterprise, are the organization of local Societies and spiritual Lyceums, the distribution of our literature, the circulation of our weekly journals, and the practical cooperation of our friends throughout the State in the glorious cause of Spiritualism.

It is thought advisable that our labors commence in the northern part of the State, though we shall endeavor to be impartial in the distribution of missionary work. It is hoped the friends who desire the services of the missionary will open correspondence with L. D. Wilson, Sec., at Indianapolis, or Byron Reed, Chairman of Executive Board, at Kokomo, stating the needs of their several localities, the kind of labor they desire, and time for its performance.

As many localities will be visited where little attention has been given to Spiritualism, and but few of our books or papers have been circulated, we shall keep with us for sale the principal works on our Philosophy, and solicit on all occasions subscriptions to the *Banner of Light*.

I shall commence my labors as missionary immediately, and have thus far arranged my appointments in the following order: June 28th, at

Brush Prairie; July 5th, Angola; July 12th, Grove meeting at Clear Lake, Steuben Co.; July 19th, Lagrange; July 26th, Kendallville; Aug. 2d, Elkhart. I shall also expect to make week-evening engagements in the vicinity of Sunday appointments.

If the friends in all parts of the State will heartily cooperate with their State Agent, we are confident glorious results for our cause will be achieved.
Clyde, O., June 19, 1868.

A New Translation of the Bible Needed.

A Rev. Dr. Wychoff is among us, and is addressing our Christian people on the importance of obtaining a more correct translation of the Word of God. He says the copy of the Scriptures now in use is very defective, and to such an extent that the souls of some that might have been saved have been lost. He said that the King of Siam looked so favorably upon Christianity as presented by the translation into his language directly from the originals by the missionaries, that his conversion was almost assured; but when he came to see our English translation, which he could read, and found it so much variant in meaning from their version, he returned again to his Paganism. And he was but an example of many others the world over. This was the fault of the church, and it must be removed. Some had called it a *fraud*, but personally, he did not care to use that epithet. This had caused infidelity in times past, and was producing it, in these days of scholarly criticism, to a much more alarming extent than ever. He said that they had discovered three thousand errors, and their work was but begun. He called upon all Christians to support the *Bible Union*, whose object was to procure a perfect translation of the Sacred Scriptures and to circulate them through the world.

It appears that, on this proposition, the church-people here are divided—some joining the Union, but others pronouncing it a *bad cause*.

How and it is to think that the Word of God, which has been given for the salvation of men, should be so perverted in their hands as to minister to their destruction; and that, too, by the ignorance and persistent folly of those who assume to be its chosen guardians and evangelists.

Do not these questions naturally arise, on such a presentation of this subject?

If God at any time revealed to man, through plenary inspiration, and in some certain language, special rules of action, on the reception of which, and on the understanding of which, depended his eternal salvation, it was certainly befitting the subject and as important that he should watch and protect his revelations, that they should not be lost or perverted by man; now then, if he has not done the latter, which is admitted, we might well infer he had not done the former.

If God exerted a special miraculous power to effect his revelations, and gave them only to one small remote people, while they were intended for and were necessary for all, of different languages, we might well suppose that he had exerted his miraculous agencies so as fully to effectuate his designs, and by inspiration as plenary had guided the hands of those who translated, as well as of those who acted as his amanuenses at the first. If, then, he has not done the latter, which is admitted, how does it appear that he has done the former?

Souls lost through errors made in the translation of the word of God! Alas for the poor King of Siam! When thousands of years have passed over him in perdition, he will still be lamenting—"Oh, if those earnest but careless and unlearned missionaries of the Christian religion had not committed such errors in their translation, which I, though an ignorant heathen, discovered, I might have been saved!"

That the word of God—"the pure word of God"—every word being by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit—"in the language of the reverend gentleman, should be perfectly revealed and written and understood and practiced, no one will deny; but is that to be found in any spoken or written language that can be easily perverted and cannot be fully expressed nor understood alike by different persons of the same dialect, much less translated so as to convey the same meaning in different languages and to different peoples? Much better is it to seek the word of God in the laws by which the universe is governed, infinite and infinitesimal in their extent, consistent and harmonious in their operation, unchanged and unchangeable in their continuance—in no wise subject to the will of man, his language or his translations, and which, in their wisdom and their goodness, as shown by their ultimates, bespeak to the head and the heart of all men a Great First Cause—a God worthy of all admiration and love, of all confidence and faith, everywhere and in everything, in time and through eternity.

Chicago, Ill., June 17, 1868.

Spiritualism at Washington.

A year has passed since the organization of our Spiritual Society in this city; and on reviewing the events of that year, I rejoice, and feel my spirit moved with deepest gratitude to the dear All-Father and our angel friends for the marked success which has attended us, and the prosperity which we now enjoy. Commencing one year ago with about forty members, we now number one hundred and fifty. Our lecturers have all had homes with us in our family circles. About thirteen hundred dollars have been paid for lectures, rent, &c., and the Society owns about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of property in the furniture of our hall. This has all been paid for, and the close of the year finds us out of debt. Have we not cause to rejoice?

Yet our path has not been without its difficulties and perplexities. Though strewn with roses, we have found that they had thorns. Certain discordant elements which could not be brought into harmony have wounded us occasionally, but still we hope by perseveringly exhibiting a forbearing and fraternal spirit, that sooner or later they may be entirely with us.

Many of my friends in the East and West are hesitating about the formation of Societies, fearing that they may fail. But I beseech them not to give way to such fears. Make up your minds, my dear friends, that you will succeed; be willing to make personal sacrifices to attain the desired end; let nothing turn you from your purpose—then the lovers of truth will cluster around you, and the angels will help you, till success will be yours. I am glad to understand that many Societies have arisen and are in successful operation since my last letter, urging the necessity of united, energetic action.

During the month of April we were privileged to listen to the inspired teachings of the angels through the mediumship of our beloved sister, Alcinda Wilhelm. The great satisfaction of the public was evinced in her constantly overflowing audiences, vast numbers leaving, not being able to gain an entrance to the hall.

Sister Daniels fed us with the bread of life dur-

ing the month of May. The lofty grandeur of the divine utterances of the angels by her lips, and the practical bearing of her discourses, are too well known to need any comments from my pen. All that she has been in the past, she still is, and more. The great minds who inspire her will speak plainly, and chastise without faltering where they see it is needed, and even from those who are reproved she commands respect, esteem, and love. At the close of one of her lectures a beautiful poem was given, entitled, "The Beautiful Land." Sister Daniels's ministrations concluded our lectures for the season.

Our Lyceum has prospered finely, under the able conduct of my esteemed brother, George B. Davis, and I hope during the coming year will perform its work for good very extensively among the children and youth of our city.

Bro. A. E. Newton has visited the Lyceum once or twice, to become acquainted with its operation, and I hope will adopt it in his sphere of labor.

On the last Tuesday in May our Society elected their officers for the coming year, as follows: President, John Mayhew; Vice President, George White; Secretary, Julius H. Pratt; Treasurer, K. Meyenberg; Collectors, T. B. Caldwell, Mrs. Dr. Rowland; Janitor, Jared Sparks; and five trustees.

For the summer months the Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet in our hall on Sunday at 10 A. M., and Conference will be held at 12 M. The Platonic School recommences its sessions the first week in July, to meet each Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

We are making our arrangements for next season's lectures, and will send you notice of the same as soon as completed.

Yours most sincerely for truth and humanity,
JOHN MAYHEW,
Pres. of First Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

An outcry was raised against those persons who disfigured the rocks and stones at Niagara, Genesee, White Mountains and other places, by painting advertisements on them, and how some religious society is having texts of scripture inscribed all over the country in the same way. These fanatics (for such they must be) forget that the mighty page of Nature is filled with texts more profound even than inspired words can express, and that they are turning the sublime into the ridiculous when they apply white paint to natural scenery. Some men's minds are so narrow that a painted shingle is more beautiful to them than a gorgeous sunset, and they have a right to their shingles if they do not pin them to the rocks and stones. But if they insist on thus displaying their shingles, the penitentiary is the place for them to be.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette*.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Mercantile Hall, 32 Summer street, every Sunday afternoon and evening at 7 and 9 o'clock. Samuel F. Towle, President; Daniel M. Ford, Vice President and Treasurer. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Searborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed to Miss Susan M. Fitz, Secy, 65 Warren street.

THE SOUTH END LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 10 A. M., at Springfield Hall, 50 Springfield street. A. J. Chase, Conductor; Miss Susan M. Fitz, Guardian. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 72 Springfield street, opposite the City Hall.

CHICKS every Sunday evening at 423 Washington street, opposite the City Hall.

East Boston.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. L. F. Freeman, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Searborn, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, July 5, and 12; Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, July 19 and 26.

CHARLESTON.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charleston hold regular meetings at Central Hall, No. 100 E. 1st street, every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian.

CHICAGO.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Fremont Hall. L. Dustin, Conductor; J. H. Grandon, Assistant Conductor; E. R. Dodge, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. J. H. Grandon, July 5, and 12; Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, July 19 and 26.

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MOORESBURG, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meet in Sutter's Hall Sunday and Thursday evenings every week. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. James Lewis, President; E. C. Colby, Secy. Children's Lyceum, Treasurers: E. Woodhouse, Secretary. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Wright, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

OWASCO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. B. L. Lyceum, Guardian.

THOY, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. L. Pool