

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**TIME AND I.  
A BIRTHDAY LETTER.**

BY E. A. HOLBROOK.

My ever dear wife, I will try to rehearse,  
In a kind of jumbling metre and verse,  
As I cannot affect a more stately way,  
What silly things the old patriarch, Time,  
From his shadowy throne, hath said, in rhyme,  
On this fiftieth round of my natal day.

Said he, with an impudent voice, and bold,  
"You are fifty years old, sir, fifty years old;  
Fifty years of your life are sped away;  
Your brow is wrinkled, your eye is dim,  
Your breath is short, you are weak of limb,  
And your locks are getting quite thin and gray."

How many more of my years will you crave?  
And how many more do you think you will have,  
In which you may play your useless breath?  
Beware! or I'll give you a sense of my power;  
Perhaps in a day, or a single hour,  
I will send you my faithful servant, Death."

And then did he smile, and he ogled his eyes,  
As if he had caused me a grand surprise;  
But, falling, he frowned as a flashing storm;  
And before my eyes there did seem to pass  
A spindle, an urn, and an hour-glass,  
The Fates with their shears, and a skeleton form.

Then said I, "Father Time, pray how can this be,  
That thus you should think to astonish me,  
And disturb my thoughts in their deep repose,  
When you know that I know that you know full well."

That I would regard as a trickster's sell  
Your threats and your frowns and your stage-  
play shows?

What do I care for the fifty years gone?  
Are there not fifty more still coming on,  
And fifties of fifties yet to abound?  
That circle, where is it—that emblem of yours,  
That shows that the course of the years endures  
Forever, in slow but unceasing round?

And death! what is death but the passing on  
To a higher life, when this one is done,  
My burden of sorrows and cares laid by;  
When I can look back to the years that are passed,  
And say, "Good-by; I am through at last,  
And I'll go to my better home on high."

I stand on a poise as I think of life;  
I shall leave a true and devoted wife,  
And children three, and I follow your call:  
They will need my love in their earthly home,  
They will need my care in their years to come,  
They will need my strength that they may not fall.

But then there are other three above;  
Perhaps they will need like my love,  
Perhaps they will need my equal care;  
Oh happy that hour, and blest will it be,  
When those beautiful ones again I'll see,  
When the loved and the lost shall all meet there.

Some friends indeed I should leave behind,  
But many more there as true I would find,  
Parents, and brothers, and sisters dear,  
And many a one whose kindred I claim,  
The best of humanity, Learning and Fame,  
Souls, hearts and heads, bright, warm and clear.

And that spirit-realm—'tis not far away;  
At will, no doubt, I could hither stray;  
Perhaps some heavenly charm I could bring,  
To sanctify pleasure, to mitigate sorrow,  
To brighten the hopes of a better to-morrow,  
To buoy up the soul as a bird on the wing.

As I think, when the spirit's strong wings are un-  
furled,  
I shall range as I will from world unto world,  
In the path that leads upward and onward for-  
ever.

Pray speak not of Death as a terrible king,  
Nor the shears of the Fates as a dreadful thing,  
Nor the end of earth as a dark, cold river.

As the river but bears to a brighter shore,  
And the shears cut the thread that I need no  
more,  
And death takes a weight that is ready to fall,  
All bringing a better, and never a worse,  
I'll give them a blessing, and never a curse,  
When my mission is done, and I hear your call.

As life at the best is burdened with tears,  
And Time, thou, an endless circle of years,  
The better before, and the worse behind,  
You may drive on your car as it suits you best,  
Either fast or slow, for I deem myself blest,  
In a soul ever young, to no limit confined."

And when I had spoken, Time came more near,  
A charming presence, and said in mine ear,  
"As he placed his hand gently upon my brow,  
"The terrors of death are the childish fears;  
Of those who divine not the march of the years;  
I shall call for you sometime, but not just now."  
Chicago, May 21st, 1868.

THE AIR.—The quality of the air we breathe,  
and its influence upon health, are the first in im-  
portance of all the sanitary considerations to  
which the attention of mankind can be given.

This will not be disputed, when it is remembered  
that no man can live more than three minutes  
if wholly deprived of air, and that to maintain  
the blood in perfect purity, every person requires  
an average of eighteen pints every minute, which  
is equal to about sixty horseheads full every twenty-  
four hours. If the air inhaled contains any im-  
purity, or is in a degree deprived of its natural prop-  
erties, an immediate evil effect is produced; and  
to no single circumstance is the great number of  
diseases by which mankind is afflicted, or the  
brutality of human life, especially of infants, more  
directly attributable than to impurity of air.

## "NO MORE METAPHYSICS."

BY EPES SARGENT.

The metaphysicians seem to be in a bad way. If we may believe all we hear, they are soon to be an extinct species, found, like the Ichthyosaurus, only in the deposits of the past. The late M. Comte denies their right to be; and his followers say hard things of them with all that confidence of impunity which human nature is apt to show toward the antagonist who is down and has no friends.

It is claimed that to physiology belongs the only possible science of mind—that all psycho-  
logical and metaphysical methods are abortive. A materialism aggressive, vigilant and acute is manifesting itself on all sides. In France it has many able representatives. In England and America it is by no means silent. In Italy, if we may believe Mazzini, it is the eternal ally of despotism, recognizing no higher formula than the necessary alternation of vicissitudes, and condemning humanity to tread perpetually the same circle. But it is from Germany, the land of philosophy, of Leibnitz and Kant, that now proceed the most contemptuous attacks on all speculative systems.

"The German philosophy," says Dr. Buchner, author of an atheistic manual of materialism, entitled *Matter and Force*, "now inspires a legitimate disgust in men both learned and illiterate. The days are gone by when pedantic jargon, metaphysical quackery and intellectual legerdemain enjoyed popularity."

According to Dr. Moleschott, the ablest leader of the Materialist school in Germany at the present time, the natural and positive sciences have superseded all philosophical systems. He proclaims a physiological materialism founded on experience. In a work entitled *The Circular Course of Life*, a fourth edition of which was published in 1863, he maintains the hypothesis of an indefinite circulation of matter, passing on unceasingly from the world of life to the world of death, and vice versa; and he exalts what he calls "the all-mightiness of the transmutations of matter." His central axiom is, "Without matter no force, and without force no matter." Thought, he tells us, is a movement of matter, and there is no thought without phosphorus—a consideration which surely ought to make us look with more respect henceforth on lucifer matches.

Another German writer, Lowenthal, goes beyond Moleschott, and reproaches him with being a follower of Comte; but this he repudiates in the most distinct manner, and in doing it he rather under-estimates, we think, the influence of Comte in England. In his doctrine of theological necrosis as the final result of religious inquiry, Mr. Spencer is in accord with Sir William Hamilton, and does not differ widely from the Positivist school.

Our experience Mr. Spencer regards as the sole origin of our knowledge. Inward and outward things he considers alike inscrutable in their ultimate genesis and nature. Insoluble mystery in all directions—in science as well as in philosophy. He acknowledges a real basis in human nature for the religious sentiment, but is of opinion that "Negation of absolute knowing contains more religion than all dogmatic theology."

There would seem to be an inconsistency in his doctrine of the relativity of all knowledge. Our knowledge, he tells us, is relative, and the relative has none of the characteristics of the absolute. But how can he maintain this, if, as he says, the absolute is utterly unknown and unknowable? How does he know, then, but that the absolute and the relative are in many respects alike?

Again, if Mr. Spencer claims to know one thing absolutely—this, namely, that the absolute is inaccessible to our knowledge—then his doctrine of necrosis no longer has the universal axiomatic authority he assigns to it.

Mr. Spencer declares that the dispute between Spiritualists and Materialists is "a mere war of words," and that both parties are "equally absurd."

Many kindly heads in the realm of thought must be disconcerted if this be unconditionally so. But the absurdity of the disputants depends upon what they mean by their "words." We grant that they are absurd in disputing if they mean essentially the same thing—if they mean that the soul, call it spiritual or material, survives the dissolution of the visible body. But if the Materialist means annihilation where the Spiritualist means continuous life—if the Materialist means that this "sentient matter," as he chooses to call it (but which, through all the flux and transmutation of the particles of the body, has been the conscious individual, the ego, the sense of identity, the power which has said, *I did, I do and I will*), must perish forever or dwindle into the life of a vegetable or a reptile, then we do not admit that the dispute is a mere war of words, and we think that the absurdity is Mr. Spencer's in so characterizing it.

The Spiritualist will not object to your giving the name of *matter* (in the sense that things are made of) to what he calls *mind*. He will not even insist upon the incompatibility of the two in certain senses. You may make mind assume certain attributes of matter, or you may refine matter into a modification of mind, capable at once of thinking, of feeling and of being seen—of feeling and of being felt.

You may adopt, if you please, the language of that accomplished Pyrrhonist, Edmond Scherer, which we here translate: "Matter, in certain conditions, produces light and heat; yet in other conditions it feels, wishes and acts; in other conditions, finally, at the superior degree, it manifests itself as thought; it acquires consciousness, it arrives at the spiritual life."

This is certainly the least offensive form in which the materialist theory can be presented; but it amounts merely to saying that in so far as

of reason. Furthermore, the Church Universal itself has many times condemned in clear terms the proscription of the reason; and has declared that 'by the power of reason we may with certainty prove the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul and the liberty of man—that faith is posterior to reason.'

But the hardest by that has been dealt at the metaphysicians' hands is their own theory of metaphysics themselves. According to Sir William Hamilton, the only use of philosophy is to teach us that there can be no such thing as philosophy; not to deal of it is a last infirmity of noble minds, but all infirmity: like Ixion, we embrace a cloud or a divinity in thinking we have arrived at a satisfactory system. A learned ignorance, therefore, the most difficult acquirement—perhaps, indeed, the consummation of knowledge.

"There is no difficulty in theology," says Sir William Hamilton, "which had not previously emerged in philosophy."

To which the obvious reply has been made that if it is a difficulty that cannot be surmounted, why attempt it in theology any more than in philosophy? Why not admit that true wisdom would then lie in putting up our books and keeping quiet, as much on matters religious as on matters metaphysical?

Mr. Mansell, one of the most eloquent of the disciples of Hamilton, undertakes to rescue certain theological tenets from the objections of reason, by contending that the reason is as incapable of conceiving God as it is of conceiving the Trinity or the Atonement. He finds as many difficulties in the hypothesis of incredulity as in that of faith—as many in natural as in dogmatic theology. But, under this view, his only legitimate course would be not to try to establish beliefs by denying ideas, but to take his faith out of the field of dialectic altogether, and to claim for it exemption as something not to be reasoned about. A French orator, Charles de Rémusat, has well exposed Mr. Mansell's inconsistency in this respect.

Those persons who would subordinate reason to faith may find comfort in conclusions like those of Mr. Mansell; but the Hamiltonian philosophy is a two-edged sword, apt to wound the wielder, inasmuch as it may be used as confidently and dexterously in the service of unbelief as of belief.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has many readers in the United States, and from whom some of our contemporaries are sometimes claimed as a follower of Comte; but this he repudiates in the most distinct manner, and in doing it he rather under-estimates, we think, the influence of Comte in England. In his doctrine of theological necrosis as the final result of religious inquiry, Mr. Spencer is in accord with Sir William Hamilton, and does not differ widely from the Positivist school.

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Many kindly heads in the realm of thought must be disconcerted if this be unconditionally so. But the absurdity of the disputants depends upon what they mean by their "words." We grant that they are absurd in disputing if they mean essentially the same thing—if they mean that the soul, call it spiritual or material, survives the dissolution of the visible body. But if the Materialist means annihilation where the Spiritualist means continuous life—if the Materialist means that this "sentient matter," as he chooses to call it (but which, through all the flux and transmutation of the particles of the body, has been the conscious individual, the ego, the sense of identity, the power which has said, *I did, I do and I will*), must perish forever or dwindle into the life of a vegetable or a reptile, then we do not admit that the dispute is a mere war of words, and we think that the absurdity is Mr. Spencer's in so characterizing it.

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matter becomes what we understand by spirit, it is no longer what we understand by matter.

You may call in the aid of Dr. Moleschott, if you please, who tells us that "the times are past when spirit was assumed to exist independently of matter."

Let us pause here a moment. What Moleschott seems to regard as an ancient assumption was, until the appearance of Des Cartes in philosophy, in 1637, wholly foreign to the prevailing mode of thought. It was Des Cartes who introduced so widely into philosophy and theology the notion of the essential heterogeneity of body and soul. The dogma of the immateriality of the soul, in the extent of its adoption, is eminently a modern "assumption." The ancient philosophers, for the most part, regarded spirit as something more subtle than the matter of our earthly bodies, but by no means incorporeal. Plato himself, while he makes his soul-substance indivisible and not subject to change, does not deprive it, in other respects, of the ordinary properties of bodies. Of the Christian Fathers, hardly one of any distinction, with the doubtful exception of Augustine, entertained the notion of the soul's immateriality. They looked upon spirit not as something amorphous and incorporeal, but as having a common substratum with matter—and as being a space-filling entity.

"Unprejudiced philosophy," says Moleschott, "is compelled to reject the idea of an individual immortality and of a personal continuance after death."

This is merely an indirect mode of insinuating that the philosophy of Dr. Moleschott is the only one that is not a philosophy of prejudice. But the conceit is a harmless one, and we let it pass. If, as he says, thinking be a purely material phenomenon, a mere movement of matter, then you must either regard the matter as *sentient*, thus admitting as much as the sagacious Spiritualist would care to have you admit for his purpose, or you must resort to a *petite principii*, and assume the very point in dispute—this, namely, that the properties of matter, outside of man, suffice to explain the whole man, including the thinking principle.

This is what Moleschott practically does; and it is a salutary and convenient though not a scientific mode of overcoming difficulties. He undertakes to establish between a physical and a mental fact—a relation precisely similar to that which exists between two purely material facts. Any shadow there be of begging of the question, *petitum sub titulo*,—in other words, that mind is not the result of matter alone, nor of motion alone, but of the union of the two. Have we any firmer footing here? If matter and motion are the sole authors of mind, then must they create it out of nothing, since neither of them had it, actually or potentially, already; and thus we must resort to the absurdity of investing them with a power which we do not accord to God himself.

"But why," asks the late Thomas Hope, "since God is the author of matter as well as of mind, may he not have fraught matter itself with the attributes necessary to develop into mind?"

If you adopt this question, even putting the word *Nature* in the place of *God*, you abandon the whole ground of Materialism, and are driven to the admission that mind must come from mind, the finite from the Infinite Intelligence. If *Nature* can do God's work, then *Nature* will be God, call it by what name you please.

The "absurdity" of the dispute between Materialists and Spiritualists would seem to depend, therefore, a good deal upon the meaning they attach to words. The language of Mr. Herbert Spencer is as follows:

"The Materialist and Spiritualist controversy is a mere war of words, the disputants being equally absurd—each believing he understands that which it is impossible for any man to understand. In all directions his investigations eventually bring him face to face with the unknowable; and he ever more clearly perceives it to be the unknowable."

But would it not be more "absurd" to dispute about the knowable than the unknowable? If a thing may be known as we know that two and two make four, what is there to dispute about? We should hardly be roused to dispute with the man who should deny that there is such an art as photography.

The Materialist may not understand what matter is in its essence, nor the Spiritualist what spirit is; but the one may reason from imperfect and illusive analogies, we think, that since he cannot see or feel a departing soul, there is nothing in a man different from the matter he can see or test; while the other, the Spiritualist, may reason, from numerous facts, phenomena and intuitions, which he knows and feels to be true, that the soul is not impaired by the dissolution of the earthly body, but is an entelechy, for which over new bodies will, by a law of its nature, be ready as they are wanted.

To say that the Spiritualist, because he may not confound life with its finite modes of manifestation—because he may not regard the death of the visible body as the death of an invisible—chargeable with the absurdity of believing that he understands that which it is impossible for any man to understand, is, in the first place, not an accurate assertion, any more than it would be to charge a like absurdity upon him because he believes that an oak comes from an acorn, he not understanding the how or why; and, in the second place, even if there were an apparent ground for the charge, it would be tantamount to an assumption, on the part of Mr. Spencer, that what is to him incomprehensible in regard to spirit cannot furnish a rational basis of belief to any other human being. It is as if a person deficient in an ear for music should declare that there is no such thing as tune; or, wanting the mathematical faculty, should pronounce certain astronomical

"The prevailing belief is expressed by Tertullian thus: 'Nihil enim est incorporeum. Omne quod est, corpus est sui generis, sicut est incorporeum, nisi quod non est. Quia enim corpus est corpus, est, est. Deus spiritus est? Spiritus enim corpus sui generis, est, est.'"

calculations fallacious and impossible. In the very act of calling a thing incomprehensible, do we not assume a knowledge that is absolute so far as other minds are concerned? What, if there should be a spiritual aptitude which, like the musical or the mathematical faculty, may be wholly undeveloped in some persons and active in others?

Mr. Spencer tells us that the sense of justice, which seems to be inherent in the minds of well-constituted persons in civilized communities, is not known to the lowest savages; also, that there are certain æsthetic emotions common among ourselves that are hardly, in any degree, experienced by some inferior races. May it not be that there are similar inequalities among persons (otherwise nobly endowed) in the faculty of seeing or understanding spiritual facts? Though I may never have seen a spirit, is it altogether quite satisfactorily established beyond all question, even in these positive days, that Socrates, and Swedenborg, and the Seers of Prevorst, and thousands of other gifted persons, were lunatics or impostors when they claimed to have had glimpses of a life beyond the present?

We of the civilized races, as Mr. Spencer will admit, know something of justice, although a savage might call it "the unknowable"; and we may, without "absurdity," contend for what we conceive to be just. But there are persons, besides Plato, who will tell Mr. Spencer that their belief in a future life is, like their sense of justice, an *a priori* conviction—that the two have for them an equally authentic foundation.

Mr. Spencer, like others of his school, may repudiate the possibility of any such conviction; but if he will not sink the philosopher in the partisan, he will see that it is a branch of good manners, as well as of good reasoning, to stigmatize as "absurd" those thinkers who hold an opposite opinion to his own on a question which is as much an open one now, philosophically considered, as when Socrates drank the hemlock; although it is a question on which a large and growing class have, in spite of the materialism of the day, convictions as entire and serene as those of Socrates himself.

For ourselves, we confess that we feel quite as secure in being "absurd" (if you will have it so) with Socrates and Plato, and their successors of modern times in philosophy, as in being "rescient" with Mr. Herbert Spencer and his associates, respectable as they undoubtedly are.

Among the opposers of metaphysical inquiry, the followers of Comte seem to be the most active now. Comte, in venturing to the realm of phenomena all considerations of God and a future life, provided a "substitute" for Christianity and theism in his "religion of humanity."

Diderot had made the remark that all the positive religions are mere heresies in respect to natural religion. Comte says, Let natural religion go with the rest! Since man unfortunately is a religious animal, and must have a religion of some sort, let them all make way for my "religion of humanity." And so the positive school, having suppressed God, offer as a substitute for man's adoration—man himself!

In regarding man as the summit of things, the Comteans, and that division of the philosophical school of Hegel known as "the extreme left," seem to be in accord. Among the Germans the doctrine of immortality is ridiculed in gross terms by Feuerbach, the humanist-worshiper; while by Friedrich Richter the hope of a future life is denounced as "the ambitious craving of egotism." But Mr. Max Stirner goes a step beyond Feuerbach and Comte. He brands their religion of humanity as "a last superstition," and preaches *atotality*, or self-adoration. "Every man his own God," is the conclusion at which he arrives; and in this he is rather more logical, we think, than either Comte or the extreme Hegelians.

The latter, through Michelet of Berlin, Dr. Strauss and others, maintain that God is personal only in man, and that the soul is immortal only in God; in other words, that neither is God personal nor the soul immortal.

Dismissing metaphysical subtleties like these, Comte proposes the worship of humanity. This he would symbolize in statutory by "a woman of thirty with a child in her arms," as representative of "the aggregate of coöperative beings endowed with nervous systems of three centres."

He gives the outline of what he calls a "systematic cultus," and, by way of introduction to the liturgy of this cultus, he offers for the religion of the future a "Postivist Calendar, or General System of Public Commemoration." In this calendar, every month is to be associated with the invocation of some man of "the first order," whether legislator, conqueror or artist—Moses, Caesar, Shakespeare, etc. Every Saturday is to have for its patron a man of "the second order," such as Buddha, Augustine, Mozart. And finally, each day is to have a man of "the third order" for its presiding divinity, and among these Comte mentions the names of Anacreon and Rossini!

"It is thus," says the late Emilio Salisetti, "that M. Comte proposes to replace God. This grotesque Pantheon, where Dr. Gall figures as a divinity of the second order, while Pascal and Voltaire are relegated to a place with divinities of the third order, in company with Miss Edgeworth and Mme. de Motteville—this laughable assortment of gods and goddesses, such is what the positive school offers us as what ought to displace the faith of a Bossuet and a Newton!"

Notwithstanding its decidedly comic phase, this "religion of humanity" has been formally inaugurated, and churches for its promulgation have been organized in Paris, London and New York. A French Comtean preacher lately rebuked his hearers for intolerance toward their poor benighted brethren who still grope in the darkness of belief. He said, "There are still many persons who find hope and comfort in a belief in a spiritual world: let us not be unwisely severe upon them." Truly, in its unconcernness of humor, and as showing that even positivism



cannot crush out human nature, the admonition is deliciously droll.

In London a Mr. Congreve presides over a Comtean church, where services are held every Sunday, and where many distinguished persons, including Lord Houghton, Mr. Lewis and other literary gentlemen, frequently attend. To Mr. Henry Edgar belongs, we believe, the distinction of officiating at the inauguration of the first Comtean church in the United States. On Sunday, April 5, 1868, there was a gathering at the great hall of the Conservatory of Music, on the Fifth Avenue in the city of New York, to hear this disciple expound the gospel according to Comte. He told the audience that, in endeavoring to state to them the fundamental doctrines of the Comtean philosophy, he had no reservation whatever to make in illustration of his own acceptance of them.

Faustful and repulsive as Comte's "religion of humanity" may be to reverent theistic believers, it seems to have an attraction for a class of minds to which no one will deny moral elevation and superior ability. Mr. J. S. Mill has spoken some noble words for freedom, both personal and intellectual. With the true knightly spirit, he never shrinks from the utterance of an opinion because it may be unpopular. His views of a life after the present seem tinged with a Saduccean gloom. In the preface to his work on *Liberty*, referring to his departed wife, he speaks of "the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave." The expression, we are told, is not an inadvertence, but the sober and mournful conviction of a powerful mind. Mr. Mill is not often betrayed into enthusiasm; and we rarely find in his writings any warmth of language when it is only of those systems of worship in which God and the invisible world are recognized that he speaks; but he becomes unusually animated when he refers to a religion emptied of all belief in Deity, in absolute goodness and in the immortality of the soul. Of the Comtean system he says:

"It has superabundantly shown the possibility of giving to the service of humanity, even without the aid of a belief in Providence, both the psychological power and the social efficacy of a religion; making it take hold of human life, and color all thoughts, feeling and action, in a manner which the greatest ascendency ever exercised by any religion may be but a type and a forecast."

Is not Mr. Mill a trifle sanguine in this anticipation? Conceive of a sane man bowing at a shrine where Voltaire and Rosini are the saints! Think of summoning one's devotional sentiments to join in a chant to the author of *Candide*! What a substitute for Helen Maria Williams's grand theistic hymn—

"While thee I seek, protecting Power," would be an invocation to Dr. Gail, the phenologist, or to Miss Edgeworth, the amiable novelist!

In contrast to the commendatory strain of Mr. Mill, take the following from the French of Edgar Quinet, author of *Le Génie des Religions*, and not inferior to Mr. Mill either in philosophical culture or in practical devotion to all measures that can advance the freedom and well-being of mankind:

"They say to me, Well, then, worship Humanity! A curious fetish, truly! I have seen it too close. What! kneel before that which is on its knees before any triumphant force! Crawl before that beast crawling on its myriad feet! That is not my faith. What should I do with such a god? Take me back to the robes and necklaces of the Nile."

Perhaps there is as much extravagance in the scorn of M. Quinet as in the rapt admiration of Mr. Mill. But when those sacred words, religion, worship—associated as they are in the reverent mind with all that is most profound and earnest in feeling and in thought—are so wrenched from the meaning which use has given them to be applied to the sentiment which one might entertain toward beings like ourselves, frail, fallible and transitory, we believe that the impression of most men, not abnormal in their idiosyncrasies, will be one of aversion, and that they will sympathize with the language of Quinet rather than with that of Mill, and be ready to exclaim with the former, "What should I do with such a god?"

We can conceive that the man who has arrived at convictions inconsistent with a belief in God and spiritual realities may find, in efforts for the amelioration of human suffering, a partial substitute for his deprivation. There is a law of compensation, a correlation of forces, in the moral world as well as in the physical, and right acting must lead in the end to right feeling, if not to right thinking. But to compare the attitude of mind induced by the contemplation of man, individually or collectively, with that mental state to which we rise when the finite craves the possibility of the Infinite, the weak feels the necessity of the Omnipotent, and the fallible of the Omniscent—when we have, or, if you prefer, imagine that we have, spiritual promptings, intuitions, glimpses, suggesting better things than this life can offer, and which,

"Be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of our seeing."

to compare, in brief, the hypothetical "worship of humanity" with the results of that overpowering instinct of adoration which the cultivated and awakened conscience experiences, and has, in all ages, experienced, in its highest moods, at the conception of God, is to confound the palfrey with the sublime, the little theatrical interior, where clowns strut and just under the blue and gilt ceiling, with the stately cope of the universe.

We all know what Mr. Mill will reply to such expressions as we have here used in speaking of a devotional frame of mind. He will say: "I confess my utter ignorance of all such *a priori* assumptions. To you they may be real; to me they are not real." And we, with equal reason, may retort: "When you tell us of the psychological power of a religion of humanity, you indulge in an assumption quite as open to objection as any *a priori* postulate whatever."

We have seen that in Germany the worship of humanity is ridiculed by the bolder atheists as a last remnant of superstition, destined to be replaced by the worship of self:

"Now give the pulse full empire! Live the brute,  
Since as the brute we die!"

An anecdote, which may not be one of the freshest, has been told of a young Hegelian, who had found in Hegel ("where each his dogma finds") the philosophy of self-deification. A friend, calling on him one day, found him stretched on the sofa, apparently in a mood of seraphic contemplation. Blapping him on the shoulder, the friend asked, "What's the matter?" To which the absorbed youth replied: "Hush! don't be profane! I'm adoring myself!"

That extraordinary compound of the visionary and the dissepler of visions, Auguste Comte, to whose teachings much of the anti-metaphysical movement of the present time may be traced, was born in Montpellier, France, in 1798, and died in Paris in 1857. Educated at the Polytechnic School, he became one of the disciples of Saint-Simon, and, on the death of that remarkable social reformer, founded a school of his own. In 1827 he became deranged in mind, and, in a fit of insanity,

"A witty writer remarks that the attempt to form a religion and brotherhood of unbelief reminds him of the logic of the Irishman, who, meeting a fellow-countryman, asked, 'Is your name Patrick?' 'No.' 'Were you born in Kiltiney?' 'No.' 'Have you a mole under your left ear?' 'No.' 'Then come to my arm, my long-lost brother!'"

threw himself into the Seine, from which he was rescued by one of the king's guards.

We are told by M. Guizot that Comte, though single-minded and honest, was prodigiously vain; that whoever did not accept his doctrine was, in his estimation, either a retrograde fall of prejudices, or an ignorant without scientific education, or an interested and jealous opponent; that whoever lent himself to his views must become his philosophical servant, his conquest and property, or else be treated as a rebel and a deserter.

Laughed at during his life-time as an egotist and a bore, even by many who recognized his great abilities, Comte has become a wonderful intellectual force since his death. We see his influence in all the recent works on the phenomena of mind. Mr. Spencer disclaims its operation, but there is growing testimony to the fact.

The great object of Comte in his system is simplification. He would simplify all things; and he would do this by eliminating what he regards as superfluous and impertinences. This world, so complex and so various, and these elements of mystery, so manifold, both in the outward world and in the human soul, do not disturb or mystify this intrepid thinker. He tells us that the solar system is very badly arranged—"très mal classé"—and that it might, in many respects, be improved.

Theology and metaphysics he regards as two successive stages of necescence, unavoidable as preludes to all science. Psychology is the last phase of theology. We can know nothing but phenomena, their coexistence and successions; and the test of our knowledge is provision. *Phenomena* must be understood objects of perception, to the exclusion of psychological change, reputed to be self-known. The idea of causality, efficient or final, is an illusion which should be expelled from philosophy. The sciences arrange themselves logically in a certain series, according to the growing complexity of their phenomena; and their historical agrees with their logical order.

The secret which Comte has discovered, and the revelation of which is to simplify the great world-problem, and set every mind at rest, is thus stated by the late Emile Baisset, from whom we translate:

"The human race, it is true, adores God; and the philosophy which accepts this holy faith has been consecrated by the genius of Newton and of Leibnitz. No matter. M. Comte denies it. In the authority of the human race and of genius. In pursuit of simplicity he suppresses God. Henceforth no more absolute ideas in science—neither, therefore, no more metaphysics, ontology, theology! There is no science but that of Nature. Simplification first."

Nature comprehends two orders of things: physical beings or matter—moral beings or spirit. Let us suppress spirit, and keep only matter. No more phenomena of conscience; no more psychology; no more ideology; nothing but the mathematical and physical sciences. Simplification second."

We are drawing nearer to unity, but we are not quite there yet. The physical world has virtually two classes of elements: the one, comprehended by the senses, and known as *phenomena*; the other, escaping the grasp of the senses, and known as space and time, matter in itself, the essence of bodies, the causes of phenomena. Let us suppress all this second class. There will then remain only certain visible, palpable phenomena, and certain laws which will merely be these phenomena generalized.

What admirable unity! What homogeneity! hitherto unknown in the sciences, in their method, in their results! The *beau idéal* of simplification is attained. And who will complain that this incomparable simplicity has been too dearly purchased? What has it in fact cost? Only these three things—God, spirit, liberty."

The ablest expounder of positivism in France at the present time is M. Littré. Master of a clear, succinct style, thoroughly devoted to the cause he has at heart, he has done much by his earnestness and ability, to commend the doctrine to the attention of cultivated people. He objects to the search of causes, first and final; and the infinity of his labors is shown in the result. Here, for some twenty-five centuries, the best intellects, whom the sublimer state of the positive sciences do not permit to see the insolubility of the problem, and who had only this way open for high speculations, have been exercising their powers in the study of causes, first and final. After so many efforts, what do we know of these causes? Nothing, absolutely nothing. And that if it were so, it is apparent. The human reason has no power to learn how things are, except by an *a posteriori* process; and the first origins and final terminations are, as they were at the commencement (if there ever was a commencement), and will be to the end (if there ever is to be an end), inaccessible to human experience."

Should there seem to be a little of the pontifical tone in this enunciation by M. Littré, let it be remembered that he is but following in the footsteps of his master, Comte, who played the pontiff during the latter part of his life in a manner to make even some of his most devoted disciples resist.

How does M. Littré know that the sequence of phenomena must always be what it has been? That no new light can ever be thrown on the problem of causation? That what always has been must be? He will probably tell us that by a law of his intellect he is compelled to believe so. But is his own experience the measure of truth? How does he know that he has arrived at a right interpretation of the law of his intellect; or that, if he has, his intellect, even under the operation of its law, points to absolute truth? He bases his whole argument on an hypothesis in which he makes large demands on our credulity—the hypothesis, namely, that the future must be always like the past.

In tracing back the links of experience, M. Littré is arrested by certain primordial and inexplicable facts, to which he gives the name of *laux*. Science, he tells us, can go no further. Hence he concludes that the universe has its cause in itself, rather than outside of itself. He is justified in this conclusion by observation, by experience? Not at all! The fact that a cause is inexplicable is no argument against causation. Here, then, is another hypothesis which this foe to all chimeras would have us accept, in order to proceed with him in excluding God from the universe!

In claiming certainty for the outer world precisely because it is *foreign* to us, and ridiculing as worthless the study of all mental states, precisely because they are *our own*, positivism merely puts on one of the cast-off robes of the metaphysics it denounces, and passes into simple idealism. Comte tells us that in order to observe, first your intellect must pause from activity. "Yet it is this very activity that you want to observe. Hence, if you cannot affect the pause, you cannot observe; if you do affect it, there is nothing to observe; and the results of such a method are in proportion to the absurdity."

All this was better said long before it was proclaimed by Comte. The obvious and sufficient reply to it is, that we are just as certain of inward facts as we are of outward—of the me as of the not me. The ultimate test of truth is not an alembic or an air-pump.

It is against the spiritualist philosophy of France, and the simple theism it involves, that the Comtean school is now waging its most active

"Among the writings of the French theistic philosophers, there are few so worthy of translation as those of Baisset. Of English works the best exposition of pure theism is that of Prof. Francis Newman in his *Tract, Doctrinal and Practical* (Boston: Adams & Co.), a work of rare power and compression."

war. We have before us a work of recent date, entitled *Materialisme et Spiritualisme*, by Alphonse Leblais. It is dedicated to M. Littré, and contains an introduction from his pen, to which the passage we have already quoted from it belongs. M. Leblais appears to be an enthusiastic follower of Comte, and says:

"It is Spiritualism which I had its way hitherto in human affairs. Catholicism is nothing but Platonism passed into a governing institution. Spiritualism is still dominant the periodical and non-periodical press. It necessarily carries with it not only those who get it living by it, but the masses; for it flatters human nature, and rocks it with illusions the most lucrative."

And, in the estimation of M. blais, what are these illusions? Only faith and the immortality of the soul. According to this writer, it is to the feminine temperament that these seductive illusions are especially due. "Woman," he tells us, in a quotation he adds, "is an animal essentially spiritualistic; man a materialistic animal. This is owing to the comparative quantity of gray and white matter contained in their brains."

Hardy and virile characters like Mr. Gradgrind and M. Leblais, who have plenty of "gray matter" in their brains, will put up with no nonsense, no seductive illusions, they want facts—"facts, sir, facts!" And so they naturally become positivists, and join the Comtean church.

There is one interesting point on which Comtean withhold its oracles. He curious may inquire: If humanity (or the aggregate of human beings, past and present) is the God of this little planet of ours, what shall we regard as the God of the universe? Comte does not appear to have anticipated this question, we can easily imagine, from his criticisms on the solar system, what would be his answer. He would tell us that the God of the universe might have avoided some awkward mistakes, if, before disturbing chaos, he had consulted the author of the *Positive Philosophy*.

The pith of the objections of the Comteans to the metaphysical method is, not outside of experience there can be nothing *divine* or *real*. They admit the data of the senses, but all primary truths, anterior and superior experience, all innate principles of the human reason, and all notions drawn from those principles, and relating to an invisible world and a soul-surviving the material body, they summarily reject.

To this the Spiritualist philosophers reply that the principles of causation and of justice are not the creations of experience. If you tell them, as Mr. Spencer does, that there are brutal savages, as well as exceptional beings in civilized society, in whose minds these principles are wanting or undeveloped, the reply is, that it is not among savages and exceptional natures that we are bound to select our examples. To the man of average intelligence the rule applies. Certain principles, not founded on experience, constrain and move him. Principles founded on experience would assume the characteristics of experience and shift with the current of events. The value of a principle so founded would be simply that of an induction. There would be occasion every day to fear that some progress in science or in human affairs might transform or annihilate justice. Is that reconcilable with man's notion of justice?

The argument, a mere outline of which we have sketched, is ably carried out by Jules Simon, in the preface to the latest edition of his *La Religion Naturelle*. He says:

"Is there any one to whom the principle of causality is doubtful, and dependent on the number of experiences? In philosophy, in the experimental sciences, in life, what is the idea that we regard as fixed and proved, unless the principle of causality is above all doubt? Of all the realities most real, of all the evidences most evident, that, at least, is real and evident—namely, that all men, without exception or reserve, believe in the necessity of a cause. The idea of liberty, and that they believe in it, is a mere illusion."

Not only do they believe in them, but they would believe in nothing else, did they not believe in these. They would not reason, speak or think. They think: therefore there is something fixed and immovable in their minds. They speak: therefore there is in all minds certain principles anterior to all communication by words. They reason: therefore do they have a point of support for the reasoning faculty. This truth admits of no more doubt for an infant than for a Des Cartes; and those who affect to doubt it, either to magnify revelation, or to reduce the human mind to the state of fixed and proved, do not see clearly to the bottom of their doctrine. Their doubt is but levity or despair. They argue against us, and would prove their point by the reason they ignore. But what is it to prove, if not to believe in a principle, and to believe that this principle being *naturally* given, they can, from it, scientifically discover another?

Oh ye denouncers of chimeras and sworn foes to metaphysics! there is one thing more difficult than to believe, and that is to doubt absolutely. You employ a dogmatism to combat another dogmatism. You deny movement, but you march. You contest the right to have principles, but you avail yourselves of principles! In so contesting, you reproach us with meeting you with words, and with not being *positive*; but the first of your pretensions is to say that the absolute is the sum of all contingents; and in your passion for absolute metaphysics, you branch the essential axioms of all mathematics!"

It is rare that we meet with anything in philosophical discussion more eloquent than this. With M. Simon's vindication of metaphysics and psychology against the assaults of the positivists, we might safely leave the subject at present; although we have hardly entered upon the threshold of a theme which, like all great ideas, expands into infinity as we advance.

We do not overlook the services which the processes of materialism have rendered to science, nor would we veil the mischiefs that have sprung from an unregulated belief in the supernatural, from anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, and from abasing the reason before spiritual authority, supposed or real.

There are times when a skeptical revolt may, under Providence, be necessary to the progress of the sciences and of the physical welfare of mankind; for a too exclusive attention to the supernatural, in unduly belittling the affairs of this life, may be an oppression and an incubus to the intellect and the heart of an age. An honest materialism might have checked the horrors of the Inquisition in Spain, or prevented the massacre of the Huguenots in France. It is to an exaggerated or perverted supernaturalism that many of the most barbarous crimes of communities and of individuals may be traced.

But, on the other hand, it is to a coarse, self-sufficient materialism, shutting its eyes to all spiritual possibilities, that most of the meannesses of men, not chargeable to natural disposition, may be attributed. Give a man a thorough and enlightened conviction of his immortal destiny, and free him at the same time from the pressure of an irrational supernaturalism, and, unless he has some traits incompatible with moral sanity, he will be solicitous to form, in this stage of being, the mental habits and affections which he believes he will carry into the next.

The contest of the Materialist is a hopeless one, "To illustrate this, M. Simon might have quoted from Comte the following remark: 'The phenomena of life are known by immediate consciousness. It is the duty of the philosopher to explain all that is not known by direct knowledge. But attention was first attracted to this curious contradiction in Comte by Mr. James Martineau.'"

for it has human nature itself for an antagonist. But the tendency of the times is not to the dangers that result from devotion to the supernatural (which may be, after all, but the natural misinterpreted). Science has relieved us from all ghostly terrors; and even spirits are, by a large class of the community, believed to come and go, and to move ponderable articles, without exciting so much alarm as might be caused by a burglar in the flesh.

Still, it cannot be disguised that, outside of the ranks of the scientific Spiritualists, the present drift is toward a materialism barren in all hope of a future life. In the great anti-metaphysical warfare which has been begun, it is not every devout Christian champion who repudiates the alliance of philosophy in repelling assaults aimed at the very foundations of all spiritual belief. Ernest Naville of Geneva, editor of the works of Maine de Biran, and author of *Lectures on Modern Atheism*, is what would be called in the United States an "evangelical believer." He holds to the great doctrines of the fall and ruin of man by nature, the necessity of divine agency in his recovery, the atonement, and the eternal condemnation of the unregenerate. This writer remarks:

"If you think the most important of the discussions of our day to be that between natural and revealed religion, between *deism* and the gospel, you have not well discerned the signs of the times. The fundamental discussion is now between men who believe in God, in the soul and in truth, and men, who, denying truth, deny at the same time the soul and God."

The great question of the day is to know whether our desire of truth is a chimera; whether our effort to grasp the divine world is a spring into the empty void.

A spring into the empty void! That is what our efforts to make a belief in God acceptable to the reason result in, if we may adopt the conclusions of Messrs. Hamilton, Mansell and Spencer. You must put up with religious "necescence," or else, without troubling your thinking powers in the matter, you must summon a blind faith and compel reason to abdicate at the feet of some one of the various forms of "revealed religion."

Dismissing all sectarian prejudice, and fully recognizing the gravity of the crisis, M. Naville gives utterance to expressions which have in them almost a sound of welcome to all theistic believers who will make common cause with Christians everywhere in defence of fundamental truths. "The unbridled audacity," he says, "of those who deny these truths is bringing ancient adversaries, for a moment at least, to fight beneath the same flag. What they would rob us of is not merely this or that article of a definite creed, but all faith whatever in Divine Providence, every hope which goes beyond the tomb, every look directed toward a world superior to our present destinies."

In another place he says: "When the question relates to God, to the universal cause, we find ourselves at the common root of religion and philosophy, and distinctions, which exist elsewhere, disappear."

This writer is one of the few faithful watchmen on the tower who are not blind to the signs in the world of thought. While others are heedlessly contending about this or that interpretation of Scripture, about Ritualism and anti-Ritualism, about Bishop Colenso and Bishop Wilberforce, Bishop Potter and the Rev. Mr. Tyng, Unitarianism as represented by the Rev. Mr. Bellows and radical theology as represented by the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Universalism as interpreted by the Rev. Dr. Miner, and the Winchester platform as upheld by the Rev. Mr. Connor—there are indications of a contest coming, when it will require the efforts of all believing men—whether Jews or Gentiles, whether formal adherents of some Christian sect or simple believers in God and the moral law—to save the rising intelligence of the age from a blank negation, or a still more fatal indifference to the spiritual world.

It is a curious coincidence that the phrase of "theological necescence," so recently coined by the Rev. Mr. Bellows, is a very aptly chosen phrase of "theological necescence."

In the approaching struggle we may be sure that there will be room among the foremost defenders of divine and spiritual truth, for those who have explored the great field of metaphysical inquiry, undeterred by what they hear of its barren and delusive character; who have studied the meditations of Plato, and Des Cartes, and Locke, and Newton, and Leibnitz, and Spinoza, and Kant, and Jacobi, and Cousin, and Hegel, and many more, their peers or their disciples, and not turned from them as the authors of so much obsolete rubbish.

So long as there exists in the human mind a consciousness which prompts the utterance of such expressions as "I will" and "I ought"—so long as there are affections in our nature which suggest the hope of a reunion with the loved and lost—so long as there are mysteries in life and in the soul which lead our thoughts to seek repose and light in the idea of God—so long is the period not yet arrived when there will be "no more metaphysics."

"A single aspiration of the soul," says Hemsterhuis, "toward the Better, the Future and the Perfect, is a demonstration, more than geometrical, of divinity."

And it is here, on the idea of God, not as presented in theological history and in authoritative creeds, but as reached by the intuitional and logical faculties of man, that the great battle between Spiritualism and Materialism, belief and unbelief, must be fought.

When we consider that natural science, at every step it takes in advance, reveals to us facts which intimate more and more distinctly that the physical itself may be but a stage or condition of the metaphysical; that even in "the stuff that things are made of," in matter itself, there are depths of mystery which may make us doubt whether, in the ordinary sense of the word, matter can be said to exist—whether, in its last analysis, it may not be a gradation of spirit, or resolvable, as Faraday thought, into *points of force*—we need feel little apprehension as to the result in any philosophical or scientific encounter between the opposing schools.

Chemistry tells us that the diamond, which to our senses is inert, ponderable matter, can be volatilized in the fire of the burning mirror, so as to develop neither smoke nor cinders. On the other hand, fire, essentially volatile, can be condensed, in the calcination of metals, so as to become ponderable. From these facts De Montlosier deduces the interesting conclusion that all the bodies of the universe might be volatilized and made to disappear in those spaces which our ignorance calls the void; and that, in its turn, what we call the void might be condensed, so that the number of the celestial bodies might be multiplied a hundredfold; and, through all this, the universe would not have changed in its nature and essence, though it would be changed in its appearance!

In facts like these there is matter for meditation which it would be well for the Positivists and the Materialists to ponder well before they enter upon the task of trying to exclude from the universe and from the heart of man the great ideas of God and the immortal life, and of the invisible world of substance and of cause.—*Lippincott's Magazine for July.*

"Consolation, in me, me cherchaient pas à se ne m'avait trouvé."—*Poésies de Pascal.*

## The Lyceum.

### Questions and Answers.

The Children's Lyceum at Mercantile Hall, in this city, is a credit to the officers who have labored so earnestly to make the undertaking a success. It is growing in popular favor fast. The children consider it almost an indispensable institution. It is pleasing to witness the interest with which the visitors, parents and grandparents watch the various exercises each Sunday.

The following are some of the questions propounded and answered by the scholars:

Ques.—Of what use is the sun?

Ans.—By Jennie Crocker, Star Group: It is the great source of light and heat, and perhaps all animal life. It causes vegetation to grow, and produces the beautiful varieties of color which so delight the eyes and add so much to our enjoyment of life. It causes the changes of the seasons, by its nearness to or distance from the earth, or rather by the revolution of the earth round the sun. It is to us the great type or emblem of the Infinite Father, the nearest spirit in power and majesty of which we know. Like him, its nature and composition are unknown; but we all alike, rich or poor, high or low, are the recipients of its blessings. It does not scorn to visit the lowliest flower, the vilest criminal, but its life-giving, cheering rays, penetrate the humblest spot, and bring comfort and pleasure. That place is indeed cheerless and gloomy where it cannot go. So God the Infinite does not scorn the poorest and humblest of his creatures. Some spark of Divine Love exists everywhere, and at certain times and under some circumstances it will shine out and manifest itself.

By Alice D. Temple Group: A complete statement of the uses of the sun known to learned astronomers would probably fill several large volumes, and the uses unknown to human science might fill we know not how many volumes more. The sun, no doubt, has its influence in preserving the balance of the material universe. It is one of the so-called fixed stars, in contradistinction from the planets, which is the Greek for "wanderers." But who knows that all the fixed stars that our telescopes can reach, our sun included, may not be revolving together around some common center, so distant from this earth that we cannot see it? and that if any one of them were moved even a hair's breadth out of its place and course, the whole would not instantly be hurled into confusion and chaos? The sun certainly is the centre and chief balance-wheel of our solar system. A charming picture of the sun, showing the sun's surface all round this dark terrestrial ball. That will do for poetic license. And as "Mrs. Saffrey Gamp" says, "Apparently they do," but really and in perfect order the planets, satellites, asteroids, meteors and comets revolve around our sun, the earth in three hundred and sixty-five days and some odd hours, the other bodies in times varying from a few months to thousands of years. A most interesting volume might be written upon the physical geography of the sun, the nature of its light and heat, their effects upon the mineral kingdom and upon all the vegetable life, how its rays cheer and fructify the earth and the hearts of men with a diviner affluence than was afforded by the famed and fabled nectar that Jupiter sips; but as I am not writing a treatise on astronomy, but only an answer to a Lyceum question, I will close by saying that if those who have eyes to see the sun, and hearts to witness its glory as it arose and the loveliness of its beauty when it set in an Italian or a New England sky, were not melted to tenderness and gratitude, and inspired to admiration and adoration—if its rays have not reached and penetrated each heart as with the divine light, the very life of God's countenance, nothing can reach or move them; they are incapable of appreciating any "thing of beauty," any "joy forever"; there is neither poetry, eloquence, nor music in their souls; with them, life, or rather existence—for they cannot in any proper sense be said to live—is only a monotonous humdrum round of affairs; they eat, drink, toil, enjoy a few animal delights, and die; with them, the sun is a great stupid illuminated wonder that lights their pipe, dries their coat, and ripens their crops; to be blessed or cursed as he beams with mild effulgence or with heat too hot or cold, but is chiefly prized by them as a great saving of fuel and candles.

By Fannie F., Temple Group: It is difficult to say what I could exist without it. There could be no animal life. The smallest insect and the largest animal are warmed by its rays. The plants, shrubs and trees derive their life from it. The color of every leaf or flower, in all their varieties, is given by the solar rays. The vapor of the air is supplied by the sun's action on the water. Should the moisture of the atmosphere be removed, rain until all is removed, and no sun to restore it, the air would be as perfectly calcined as unslacked lime, and no life, of vegetable or animal, could exist. Again, the sun, by its power of attraction, holds the planets in their respective orbits, each planet performing its duty, and a hindrance from any other. What relation the sun holds in the great system of suns, to balance, so that all fill their own uniform spheres, is perhaps at present beyond our comprehension. The use of the sun, then, is to give light and life, magnetism and attraction, that animal and vegetable life may exist, and order in the planetary system.

Q.—How can we attain the highest good?

Ans.—By Lottie H., Temple Group: Good and evil are comparative terms, and at no point can we say that all is evil, and good all absent, or "totally approved"; neither can there be good where evil is entirely absent. The term "evil" we use as a condition that makes unlikeness. The angelic nature is possessed by us, are sources of unhappiness to others, and theirs also to us. Our disagreements, habits, deportment and language are to others a source of unhappiness and unhappiness, while theirs may be also to us. Many things are different from what are desired, and they are called evil; we complain of them, yet they may tend to a higher good. There is a constant complaint about the weather; it is too hot or too dry, too hot or too cold, and these conditions are necessary for the ultimate that Nature requires. The fact is, we must have experience combined with education, effort combined with desire, and energy combined with judgment, to accomplish the object desired. The scholar considers his lessons a task, and wishes a release from them, yet his task is necessary for future prosperity. The golden ore has to pass the crucible to become the valuable gold; the round, smooth pebbles on the seashore have become so by constant friction with each other, moved by the ocean waves. Barley is freed from the outer skin by the constant rubbing of a body of stones; friction removes the rough coating and all angularities, and makes a smooth kernel called "Pearl Barley." Good is attained by using all the seeming evils for the perfecting and maturing, for refining and enlightening, and if we use them as lessons of instruction, they become only servants for good. He that would attain the highest good, does it by bearing his own trials with patience, and distilling the balm of consolation to others that need. We need not do evil that good may come, for it will come should we try to do the best, because of our imperfect nature. Let it be said of us, "When I was sick and in prison you visited me; when I was hungry, you gave me food; when I was thirsty, you gave me drink; naked, you clothed me." Then will the evils to others be the means of developing our good. He who lives for the good of his fellow-men is a servant of God, and attaining the highest good.

Q.—How can we best promote harmony in the Lyceum?

Ans.—By Jennie Crocker, Star Group: By obeying our Guardian and Leaders, and by keeping good order while marching, for "order is heaven's first law," and by taking an interest in speaking, all trying to do their best, and listening to the beautiful speeches of visitors, and most of all, by answering the Lyceum and Group questions. By doing this, we can best promote harmony in the Lyceum.

ABSTINENCE.—Of all strong drinks, *abstinence* is said to be the least palatable at first, the most subtle in its immediate effect, the most fascinating in its continued influence, the most absolute in the bondage it enforces, and the most fearful in its results. Yet the Parisians are becoming more and more addicted to it. Its ravages are increasing every year, and are seen in the growing lists of idiosyncrasy, lunacy, furious madness and suicide.



## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address care of Dr. F. L. Willis, Post-office box 29,  
Station D, New York City.

"We think that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Ourselves as they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
LUCIA HARR.

## MINNIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR AUNTIE—It is a long time—four days—since I wrote to you, and now I have such a nice story to tell you. Mr. Ames told it to me, and it all happened here in New York. I got him to write it out for me. Wasn't he kind? I copy it for you:

"One day there was a little boy going along the streets of this great city, and he was wondering about many things, and he talked to himself: 'I wonder what I'll do when I'm a man. I guess I'll be a merchant and get rich, and build me a house just like this one, with its brown stone front, and I'll keep a horse and carriage. I've decided to do that. It's the best thing to be done.'"

Well, he went along past all the fine houses, until he came to a cross street. Here a great many poor people lived. It was a very cold morning, and the boy was well wrapped up in a thick overcoat with mittens, and a fur-trimmed cap. So he hardly knew that it was cold, only his nose tingled and his cheeks felt the stinging wind.

The street into which he entered was covered with snow, but it was so black and filthy that one would hardly believe that it had fallen in its purity. Boxes filled with ashes and frozen refuse, made the street more uncleanly. Old carts were tipped up close by the side-walk, and the ragmen's carts seemed to have fallen back for a rest from their wearisome and monotonous labor.

There were not many people astir in the street, for it was too cold, and the few that ventured past with heads bending forward, as if hurrying to some sort of comfort. As the boy went along he began to contrast all this with the fine mansions he had passed but a few minutes before, and he began to think.

"Yes, I was right. If I get money, I shall not have to live here. The very best thing I can do is to build a fine house."

As he said this, he came to an alley that led up through frozen filth to some sort of a court. He saw stiff, frozen clothes, swinging in their dinginess, and a half starved cat. Coming down this alley was a little child, so small and dwarfish that she appeared to be only two or three years old, but her face looked old and care-worn. She had on no warm, or even comfortable clothes. A mud-colored dress hung about her, coming to her knees, and she was barefooted; her legs looking so pinched and hardened that they seemed more like sticks than flesh.

The boy stopped, and stood wondering at the little figure that tottered down the alley.

"By Jimmy, that's bad," was his not very gentlemanly exclamation. He waited until the little figure reached the street and turned to go in the same direction with himself, so he followed at a little distance. He wondered if the little one had any object in her journey on the cold walks. She stopped before one of those baker's shops where the bread looks as if it had a history, not very unlike that of the community—as if it had seen decidedly hard times.

But the child danced up and down, either to keep her feet from freezing to the walk, or at the delight that her eyes received through the frosty window panes. The boy stepped up to the window, too, but he looked down on the little face, with its eager look.

"Would you like a cake?" said the boy.

"Can't have one," said a little thin, sharp voice.

"But would you like one if you could?"

The little head nodded.

"Then you wait here a minute, for I'm going to see what these cakes taste like."

The little eyes, pressed up closely against the panes, watched the figures within doubtfully; so many disappointments had come to that short life, that they were looked for at any moment. And she did not expect to see the cake or the boy while she stood there.

But the door opened, and not only was one cake in her hand, but as many as she could carry. The surprise seemed so great to the little girl that she did not speak a word, but only looked down upon her treasure with a wondering delight. In a moment she started and ran as fast as her feet could carry her, not toward the alley, but in an opposite direction. The truth was, she meant to hide herself with her treasure, lest she should lose it.

But the boy ran too, and found her devouring a cake underneath some steps.

"Do not be afraid," he said, "they are all yours. Was you very hungry?"

The head nodded.

"And what you could?"

A nod again and a little shiver, as if the thought had caused a chill in the midst of her enjoyment.

"See here," said the boy, "I've got a dollar. Let's buy some shoes."

The girl looked down to her feet and to his.

"Yes, I mean for yours; won't it be jolly? Just as soon as you have finished your cakes we'll go."

They walked along together, this brave, large-hearted, well-dressed boy, and the little ragged, dirty girl. He was a little ashamed to be seen beside her, as any boy might have been, and he kept hoping that he should not meet any of the boys that he knew. He calculated all the chances of thus meeting an acquaintance, and felt very glad that he was going every step further and further from such chances.

But as he walked along he noticed the child's step was feeble. She could hardly keep up with him, and so he took her hand. It was a little thing to do, but it had a great effect upon him. What a chill struck him as he touched that little puny hand! for he had removed his mitten. It seemed to him also as if something was drawing on him, something taken the life out of him.

He found a shoe shop, and the little foot was fitted, and the shoes carefully laced, and they went out again.

"Isn't it good fun?" said he; "I have a quarter more; now let us buy something else. It shall be a scarf, that you can tie about your neck or wear on your head."

A merry laugh broke out from the little girl's silent lips, and a smile crept over her face and rested there, and she began to talk.

"You'll come and live with us, won't you? I've got a mamma, and she's ever so kind, and a little bit of a baby that cries most all the time."

What the little girl said seemed to belong to a person so much older than herself that the boy wondered.

"How old are you?"

"I'm six years old, and I can spell; want to hear me? c-a-t, cat."

"Now I must go," said the boy; "it's almost time for school."

The smiles left the face of the little girl, and the eyes grew moist but shed no tears.

"Do n't cry; I'm real glad I saw you, and I'll come again. I was going to buy a sled with that money, but I am jolly that I did n't."

So they walked back, and parted at the entrance to the alley. The little girl watched the boy down the street, and then with a skip and jump went up the dark, dingy entrance to her home.

And the boy went on slowly and thoughtfully by the same way that he had come. He passed the same brown stone front house, and he paused before it again and thought:

"There's something better than buying and building houses, and I am glad I've found it out. I'll never forget it."

And he never did. As he grew older he found out the full pleasure of blessing others, and he never wanted a fine house, and he never got one, but he kept building the house in the spiritual kingdom, every stone of which must be bright and smooth by some good deed well done."

Well, auntie, I could wait no longer. I'm afraid I was not very polite; but I said:

"I do wish I knew who the boy was, and what became of the little girl."

"The little girl died before the winter was over; and when she was sick she wanted the shoes put on the bed that she might see them, and she said a prayer every night for the boy as long as she lived."

But, auntie, as soon as I said anything about the boy, he began to talk of something else, and so I believe it was himself; for they say he has always given away everything he could gain to the poor, and Mrs. Ames says he's crazy, and that he'll make her daughter miserable.

Mr. Ames knows all about the poor people, and how they get a living; and he's going to take me to ever so many places that I want to visit.

But, auntie, do you think anybody ought to be sorry to live in a handsome house, and to have a plenty of fine things? I can't help thinking it's beautiful, though I suppose there is something better.

Mrs. Van Nyke says we ought to be thankful for everything we have, and if we are really thankful, that we shall get more. But if Mr. Ames knows about it, it must be that it is nothing to be thankful for—I mean having fine horses and carriages, for he says they are only just so many shadows that keep out the light, and pass away; but that doing good is something more secure than the shining of the sun, and that the only way we can know anything of God, is through our own goodness or godliness.

I heard all this at the Sunday's dinner, and I thought I'd write it to you. Oh there's one thing I'm so sorry about: Mr. Ames says that it is very unwise to give to beggars in the street. He did not tell me why, but I mean to ask him all about it. I never wrote half so long a letter before, and I am tired; so good-by. From

MINNIE.

DEAR AUNTIE—There is one thing I don't like here, at all, and that is you have to wear your best clothes so much, it isn't at all comfortable. The ladies that call here have on their nice silks, and do n't seem to think anything of it, and I am all the time obliged to be careful where I go, lest I find some soiled spots on my dress, and how I go, for fear I shall find a great tear. Mrs. Van Nyke says it isn't proper to race through the house.

I walked in the Park to-day with Mr. Ames, and he told me about the trees and birds; he loves to know everything. He said it was so good to think that everywhere there were beautiful things, to help us to understand how good God is. I didn't like to ask him how we could know anything about God in the trees and birds, and so I said I supposed God made them all.

"That is not the reason they make us know him," he said, "but because all beautiful things speak to the spirit, and show us within ourselves those thoughts and feelings that are God-like."

You know, auntie, I remember words well, but I didn't understand anything he said, so I kept very still, and he went on:

"If a poor, tired child comes in here, and feels the fresh air, and hears the sweet sounds of the birds, if it is only the chirp of the sparrows, he feels a gladness that is somewhat like what he would feel if he had a kind indulgent mother to take him in her lap and soothe and comfort him. The trees bend so close as lovingly over the poor man as over the rich. The shade is as sweet to the ragged beggar as to the richly dressed lady. All the beautiful things of the world do us good only as they make us more benevolent, more loving, more tender to the suffering."

So, I said, "Mr. Ames, do you love that little dirty girl there as well as that pretty one that looks so nice?"

He said, "I am glad you asked me. I believe that the good Father in heaven may love the poor one best, because it may have the most unselfish, loving heart, but I am afraid I should like the pretty one best until I know. So, you see, I am not so loving or God-like as the trees."

Then he went up to a little girl that looked as if she had been sick, and he led her to a seat, and talked with her and gave her some little pieces of white sugar—he says it is healthier than candy.

Next week he is going to take me to see where some of these people live. Isn't he good? Won't you tell Mr. Prussy that I think of him very often? And won't you stroke pussy for me, and tell me if the frost has killed all your flowers?

Oh they have such beautiful ivy growing on the churches here. I have a little slip rooting for you in some water. If you root it in water, and then put it into a small pot, it grows finely. I went into a lady's parlor the other day, where it was growing as high as the ceiling. Oh it looked so beautifully.

I don't forget anything you tell me. And I think of you every day. Your own MINNIE.

IMPORTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.—1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back, and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their always being at hand; if not, a pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drillings," or melted butter, or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobweb, flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; the handkerchief loosely around, near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, and twist it around until the blood ceases to flow; keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, between the wound and

the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant until the physician arrives, so as to give the blood time to coagulate or cool off the hardening blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames; it is not extinguished on great headway gotten, lie down on the floor, and roll over and over; or better, envelope yourself in a carpet, rug, bed cloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

7. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If the action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile, drink largely of cold water or hot tea, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up until things are righted; this suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives yearly, in this hot and muggy country.

9. The three best medicines the world, are warmth, abstinence, and repose.—*Ill's Journal of Health.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

## TRUTH.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

The tree of Truth is too immature, It bears no perfect fruit. Or let me say The world's not ripe for Truth. It may not yet

Expose its heart to that clear, searching sword. Men nibble round the edges of the Right, And eat the worm of Error culling close, That palms itself upon their blindness, as The purest, soundest food.

Society Is but a babe; not strong or wise enough To grasp the liberty, and power and light, That shall make future ages glorious, And yield to man true harmony and bliss.

For give it but the key to social truth, In this its crude and untutored infancy, And lo! men open wide Destruction's gate, And leap with laughter into Ruin's arms.

Be patient, soul! the golden day comes slow And surely on, in which the tongue may tell, And pens may write, a sure, safe antidote For discord and disorder; but if now Truth's unadorned, pure relief,

Were offered to the sick, mistaken world, Self-wrecked we perish.

From California.

[Correspondence of the Banner of Light.]

MISSISSIPPI EDITORS—Six years ago I did not know of a single individual in this village who dared to proclaim him or herself a Spiritualist, except your humble correspondent. At that time I commenced holding circles at my neighbors' houses, my wife being a strong opposer.

One neighbor after another would, by strong importuning, drop in, out of curiosity. In the course of six weeks we had a goodly number of mediums. I then could confidently write all who would come, so by that means, and by loaning them the *Banner of Light*, I have been able to make not a few good Spiritualists. I invited Mrs. Emma Harding to come among us and deliver lectures; and she did so, and she has been next invited Mrs. Cuddy to lecture. Both ladies were greatly admired, and drew large audiences, and made a host of friends to the cause of Spiritualism; many of our most influential business men and ladies declaring their faith in the philosophy of the Immortality of the soul.

Mrs. Stowe, of San José, has been here twice, and lectured to full houses.

This last winter, Mr. Benj. Todd, of San Francisco, delivered ten or twelve lectures; and under his teaching many were convinced of the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. Mr. Todd at present announces a great breaking-up blow, with a sub-roller attached, which he says will go to the "bed rock," and sometimes below the bottom!

No believe that we are in this city five hundred persons who are "in the spirit," and many of our wealthiest merchants, including one of our bankers, have declared their intentions. Last fall we organized a Society, and called it "The Society of Progression"; elected as President, Thomas Lloyd; Vice President, John B. Ridge; Secretary, John P. Skelton. About thirty members joined at the time. Now, to carry out our plan, we want first-class test mediums, and we have not one in this great place. Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye was with us twice, but her charges were so extravagant that but a few of the rich could employ her. I think mediums charge too high to do much good.

Respectfully, AARON DOW.

Grass Valley, Cal., May 9, 1868.

Great Barrington, Mass.

If you will allow me a small space in the *Banner of Light*, I will give a brief history of Spiritualism in Southern Berkshire. It was introduced by a funeral director, delivered by Mrs. Nellie J. T. B. in August last, and has since been followed by a course of lectures by the same lady in December following, such an interest having been awakened by the sermon and her beautiful ideas and modest dignity of manner.

In February Mrs. August A. Currier lectured here, and drew a great many remarkably tests, which caused a still greater interest to be felt by the people, and a desire to know more of what appeared so great a mystery.

In April we had A. E. Carpenter. He delivered a good address, which gave great satisfaction to those who heard, and a lecture on Spiritualism before, and needed just such sound argument and lucid explanations of perplexing questions as he gave. He also advocated organization, and since then a working organization has been formed, and although we are in its infancy, it resulted in our organizing Mrs. B. Chapman for the month of May and June; and such has been the advancement made since her first advent here, that the demand for her in towns adjoining has been so great that she could not possibly accede to all, and could not at the time for two months, as she was so much engaged by other engagements. As a speaker, she is looked upon as faultless, and is valued very highly as a friend. The title of our organization is "The Liberal Association of Great Barrington," and it has already a goodly number of members on the subscription list. The following are the names of our officers: President, E. J. Hood, Secretary, General Committee on Arrangements, Correspondence, &c., Oscar Fellows, Mrs. J. Sisson, Wm. Gorham, Mrs. Wm. Gorham, C. C. Crane, Mrs. J. Nicholson; Committee on Finance, Horace Holmes, Mrs. Oscar Fellows, Robert Weeks, Horace Holmes, C. C. Crane, Treasurer.

Yours fraternally, O. F. FELLOWS.

Great Barrington, June 22, 1868.

Aid for the Needy.

DEAR BANNER—Once more permit me to reach the public eye through your columns, to answer some of the inquiries which have come in from various directions pertaining to the sewing machine enterprise.

Respecting the character of the machine, "Whether it is a lock or chain-stitch, double or single-threaded" I will say that the machine in embryo cannot now be fully described, because the patent on it is not yet secured; but it is to be a lock-stitch shuttle machine, entirely new machinery, very simple, strong, easy to manage, embracing many improvements never yet brought out, and is, in fact, a series of inventions pertaining to every part of a machine.

2. "Is it a cheap machine?" Will it come within the reach of the poor? This will depend on the purchaser, not honest and liberal-minded men can be induced to make and sell it. The best machines in market cost not more than twenty-five dollars, yet cannot be bought for less than sixty.

3. "The working-woman does not want a cheap, worthless machine; she deserves something far better. Nor does she ask for charity. Is it too much to place her on an equal footing with the rest of her race who work for and are deserving of reasonable wages?" Nay, is it too much to

stop robbing her, or to place her in a situation where she can demand half her just dues? 3. It is asked, "What do you wish to do?" I wish to produce a better sewing machine than has hitherto been presented, and I shall be made and sold as already proposed; otherwise I care not to bring it out at all. There are already good and costly machines enough to supply the rich, and cheap and worthless ones enough to humbug and swindle the poor.

CITIZENS THOMPSON.

St. Albans, Vt., June 22, 1868.

Ministers' Salaries.

In this age of revolution, it is well, perhaps, to place on record facts appertaining to those who especially claim the high prerogative of expounding the teachings of the "meek and lowly Nazarene." We therefore copy the following article from the *New York Sun* on the high salaries paid to ministers of the gospel:

"Those who serve at the altar shall live by the altar," said Saint Paul. But the good saint had probably said the faintest idea how well some of his successors might manage to live in this way. It is stated that the Rev. J. A. D. Wingfield, of Petersburg, Va., has been called to the Church of the Holy Saviour on Twenty-fifth street at a salary of \$15,000. The call is loud and clear, and the reverend gentleman will be unusually neat if he does not wear it at that figure. Dr. Potter, a nephew of the Bishop of New York, lately accepted the care of the souls of those who attend Grace Church, for the consideration of \$5000 and a small white marble palace on Broadway. Dr. Hall, of the Presbyterian Church, corner of Nineteenth street and Fifth avenue, has come all the way from Dublin to feed the flock that worships there, which he consents to do for the modest pittance of \$10,000 a year in gold, and a handsome parsonage. The doctor has the old country notion about currency; he does not understand greenbacks, but prefers to pay in solid metal. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity, receives \$12,000 and a house; while the more popular preachers go up to much higher figures. Dr. Chapin receiving not less than from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars salary, and the results of outside literary works; while Henry Ward Beecher's income reaches from twenty to thirty thousand from like sources. On the other hand, our Catholic clergy are underpaid, and have to contribute a good part of what they receive among the poor of their parishes to the support of their churches. All are poor Judge Edmonds and Robert Dale Owen, who not only have to minister to the Spiritualists for nothing, but get abused for it by the rest of the world."

Popular Reading.

Dr. H. S. Brown, 500 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis., has issued two large pages of closely written matter, treating upon the subject: "Have good moral principles a just scientific basis?" The following extracts will give a good idea of the argument to show the "deformity of Christianity":

"As the chemist must be free to use all his senses, reason and ingenuity in making his experiments to gain knowledge and experience, so the moralist must have the same freedom, or the moral principles cannot be fairly understood by him or the people. When such freedom is not allowed, only the visionary alchemist and the still more visionary theological moralist, are permitted to make experiments; the one to find the philosopher's stone to turn dirt into gold, the other to produce a religion that will turn depravity into total purity. The name of Christ, the son of the Great Jehovah, God by Mary, was selected by Christians, but after a reign of a thousand years it is seen that he is not even as successful as was Jupiter, the son of the great Saturn, God by Zeus, who he believed that he had been years previous. He was the son of a mortal woman, and he was not allowed, only the visionary alchemist and the still more visionary theological moralist, are permitted to make experiments; the one to find the philosopher's stone to turn dirt into gold, the other to produce a religion that will turn depravity into total purity. The name of Christ, the son of the Great Jehovah, God by Mary, was selected by Christians, but after a reign of a thousand years it is seen that he is not even as successful as was Jupiter, the son of the great Saturn, God by Zeus, who he believed that he had been years previous. He was the son of a mortal woman, and he was not allowed, only the visionary alchemist and the still more visionary theological moralist, are permitted to make experiments; the one to find the philosopher's stone to turn dirt into gold, the other to produce a religion that will turn depravity into total purity. 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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Banner of Light is issued and on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

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ROOM NO. 3, 1<sup>ST</sup> STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH.

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

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

### Mr. Beecher on Liberty.

We always admitted outspoken believers, in a world of men who are continually skulking and cutting off corners. Mr. Beecher has shown boldness for him, and his boldness gives proof of continually increasing. But now and then he seems to go under a cloud by reason of the ecclesiastical darts pecking at him in such numbers, and is still. When he again emerges, however, it is with a new enthusiasm of faith, if not an increased indignation at all forms of wrong. We recognize him as no more than human, yet he appears at times to wield even more than the power of an ordinary human being when he breaks forth into one of those impulsive bursts which is like the destruction of a dam rather than the powerful movement of a deep river.

In a recent sermon in his pulpit, he remarked as follows on the fear of public opinion, or prejudice, under which so many men labor:

"I hold that men are at liberty to form and hold their religious opinions, unwhipped of the law, and unwhipped of public sentiment; and that the infliction of moral penalties for differences in belief is as really persecution, and in our day as cruel as any persecution that was ever inflicted."

That is very true, and very well. Now let us

give another extract of the same purport, but on the topic of "Churches and Creeds." Let it be

borne in mind that all this is a part of a discourse recently pronounced by him in his own pulpit.

Mr. Beecher said he did not believe in churches, nor in creeds; nor in special forms of divine worship,

except and only so far as they or any of them might make better men. He could not find in the Gospels nor in the writings of the Apostles any command that places of worship should be

adorned with highly finished works of art or painted walls or stained glass windows and all that sort of thing. With regard to churches and the various forms of creed he expressed himself as totally regardless. Some of those churches had good men in their communion, and not better than they ought to be, and the creed and organization of any church should be estimated as to worth according to the number of good men in its communion. The church that produces the greatest number of the best men was the church to which he would give the meed of his approval. Human institutions were of no avail in divine worship except in so far as good men resulted from their teachings. Organizations should be regarded as instruments to be applied for the improvement and the raising of men to perfect manhood. The institution of fasting was a mere instrument. It might make a man better, or it might not; it might make him a worse man if enforced under penalties, but whatever makes a man better and higher in the scale of true manhood was commendable.

Now that is plain talk and honest, and we sincerely respect the man who can make it. Mr. Beecher, in his own way, is doing as great and good work as any man can do. He is engaged in stripping off the old-time delusions; knocking down the respectable superstitions; sending sunshine into hearts that have long been kept as graveyards; and awaking dead natures to the real life. Let his ecclesiastical brethren ponder well what he has to say so frankly, and meet his statements if they can.

### A Strange Superstition.

We have before us a curiously complicated curl of feathers, taken from an ordinary feather bed, which was placed under the mattress of a person who sickened and died some time ago in New Orleans. Any one, on seeing this snarl, would say it was oddly worked up, and think no more of it. But these appearances among the feathers at the South are reckoned, by many persons there, as omens and premonitions. Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels accompanies the taken with a letter of explanation, some of whose points we present as follows:

This matted bunch of feathers, taken from the bed of a gentleman in New Orleans who was long sick of the dropsy, and whose physician pronounced his case incurable, was regarded by the people who saw them and others like them as positive evidence that he was about to recover. The Doctor one morning found the family of his patient radiant with a newly found joy. On inquiring into the cause of the sudden change, they bade him "look"; and in the sick-room he found the feather bed in complete disorder, entirely emptied of its contents, and as many as two hundred of these circular wheels, or rosettes, formed of feathers. Still he was at a loss to connect the general delight with the odd discovery. The wife of his patient finally explained, "We have found out the cause of his illness now! My husband has been 'vaudeoud' (voodooed). Now he will get well!" The Doctor smiled with incredulity, but the lady, and even the sick man himself insisted that it was "witchery," or "vaudeoudism," and that he would recover. Every one in the house firmly believed the same thing. But the patient in three days was dead.

These were intelligent persons otherwise who subscribed to this superstition, and it is found to be extensively prevalent in the South. Now what can there be at the bottom of it? Will not Spiritualism search down to the depth of all such social mysteries, and bring together fact and faith in harmonious relations? That there is a means of clearing up all such mysteries we confidently believe; only let the key be discovered whose use is to do it. Is not spiritual science and philosophy capable of it? Will it not some day penetrate through all these shadows and mists which involve the common sight, and make life and its many mysteries as clear as day? Priestcraft cannot do it, and would not if it could; for that is responsible for far more cloudiness and doubt than it has ever been able to cure. There is no mystery in life without some meaning; and even what we regard as common superstitions may yet be found to be the slender lines of the web which are to draw us on steadily to the light of our true destiny.

### Taxing Mediums.

In reply to a note of inquiry from Mrs. A. M. L. Ferree, of Washington, relative to the justice of the tax proposed in Congress to be levied on mediums, Gen. Butler writes thus: "A spiritual exhibition for money as a business ought to be taxed as any other business. A religious belief ought not to be taxed unless one uses it as a means of making money, and then why not tax it as any other business machinery on its profits?"

This is as good a specimen of the writer's reputed "sharpness" as any he will be likely to exhibit. To tax mediums, when their work is fundamentally a religious one, and so he believes it to be, would open the door logically for taxing the preachers of the various denominations, "as any other business machinery on its profits." Everybody knows that what a minister styles his "work" is his design and desire to "build up a parish"; that is, to proselyte and secure followers. Some do it to secure a better living for themselves, and others from motives perhaps somewhat modified. But "profit" is the worldly consideration that enters into it far more than it does into mediumship; for there is no medium in the country paid as some of the more popular preachers are. And when it comes to the question whether mediums are less or more believers in the religious character of their vocation than ministers are, we beg leave to remind such as Gen. Butler that the law in this yet free country has no right whatever to approach it. To perform even a religious service, a medium must have money for the prompt discharge of his expenses just as much as a minister.

When the Internal Tax Bill was before the House of Representatives, on the 10th of June, Gen. Butler exerted himself to the utmost to work into it an amendment covering this very principle, that mediums should be taxed. But the House rejected the amendment proposed by a considerable majority in a small vote. The matter, therefore, is settled, for the present at least.

### Misrepresentations.

We have had in mind for some time a desire to reply to Rev. Chauncey Giles's Chicago lecture, delivered not long since, on the "Relations of Swedenborg to Modern Spiritualism"; but the press of other matter prevented. However, our contemporary in California, the *Banner of Progress*, has seen fit to do so, which is just as well. Its comments are truthful and *apropos*, and we heartily endorse them. We only regret that our limited space precludes the possibility of our publishing the article entire. We extract as follows:

"Among the most virulent opponents of Spiritualism, none are more willfully in opposition to it than the Swedenborgians, or New Jerusalem Church. Professing a belief in—given a positive knowledge of—the world of spirits, the pretending followers of Swedenborg utterly ignore the spirit manifestations of to-day, which are identical with those experienced by the great seer himself, and which he commemorated and testified to in all his writings during the latter years of his life. Not content with denying that these manifestations are made by our departed friends, and asserting that they come from evil spirits, the Swedenborgians as frequently misrepresent the philosophical views of Spiritualists as do the preachers of the most orthodox sects. Rev. Chauncey Giles, one of the luminaries of the New Jerusalem, recently lectured in Chicago, on the 'Relations of Swedenborg to Modern Spiritualism,' and undertook to define the views of Spiritualists on certain doctrinal points, as contradistinguished from the belief of Swedenborgians. In thus attempting to manufacture a creed for us, he not only overstepped the bounds of modesty, but deserted the domain of truth. Spiritualists have no creed, no mere belief in regard to the future life. Our declarations in regard to the life to come are based upon positive knowledge, which supersedes faith altogether. Mr. Giles's assertions as to what Spiritualists, as a body, believe, are therefore gratuitous and irresponsible."

### "What is Spiritualism?"

Thomas Gates Foster delivered an inspirational discourse at Music Hall, in the latter part of last October, taking the above inquiry for his theme; and it gave such general satisfaction as a public discourse, and withal left such a profound impression on the popular mind, that it has since been published in pamphlet form by Wm. White & Co., for the gratification of all who were not privileged to hear the same. While treating the theme popularly, it is also a truly logical and strong effort, and perfectly sets forth the claims which Spiritualism has on the common belief. With the eloquent style of Mr. Foster—all the readers of the *Banner* are familiar; in this effort he is fully equal to the most noted ones for which his name is so widely known as an expounder of the spiritual faith. There are few, even among those who heard this effort as it fell from the lips of the speaker, but will be glad to peruse it in the attractive style in which type and paper now present it.

### Another Laborer Gone On.

We learn from a note written by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, that Dr. A. C. Stiles, the well-known clairvoyant physician, formerly of Connecticut, but resident of late years at Hammon, N. J., "has resigned all earthly practice and passed to the beautiful hills of the higher life. On Tuesday A. M., June 23d, he quietly left the clay tenement, in which for long years he has been subject to frequent attacks of most distressing heart disease, and now on liberated wing breathes the pure and loving atmosphere of angelic life."

### Knowledge is Freedom.

James Eggleston, Napa, Cal., writes: "I always detested the idea of pinning my faith upon the opinions of others without daring to think for myself. In the *Banner of Light*, which is thrown out to the breeze, I find the spirit of investigation is not only allowed but advocated to its fullest extent. I know for myself that spirit intercourse is a fact, and can add my testimony with the tens of thousands who have already confessed such knowledge to the world."

### Spiritual and Reform Books.

We have on our shelves a very large assortment of spiritual and reform books, which we sell at wholesale and retail at the very lowest cash prices. For price, etc., send for our book catalogue. Books mailed to any address on receipt of price.

### Philadelphia.

The (Sansom-street Hall) Society of the Spiritualists in Philadelphia, have rented Concert Hall, in which to hold their meetings the coming season. This hall will accommodate twenty-five hundred persons, and is centrally located on Chestnut street. This looks like progress.

### Chicago Meetings.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson has returned to Chicago, where she has been reengaged to speak through July, in accordance with a vote of the Society. Her previous efforts there were well appreciated.

We have received Reports of Conventions held in Indianapolis, Ind., and Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, which we shall soon publish.

### Spiritualism in Texas.

Mr. W. N. Bryant, of Houston, Texas, having as Secretary sent around circulars to assemble individuals who were willing to be convinced of the truth of Modern Spiritualism, despatched one of the number to the publisher of the *Galveston Dispatch*—the following scurrilous reply was made to the same in the columns of that paper by its editor. Mr. Bryant was a perfect stranger to that individual, as will be seen from the latter's wrong use of his Christian name. We give the *Dispatch* article, only to show with what sort of obstacles some of our more earnest Spiritualists have to contend. Here it is:

THE DISPATCH TO WM. N. BRYANT, SECRETARY.

Our Dear Sir—We received your kind and affectionate letter of invitation to be present on the 15th June, inst., when a special meeting will be held, at which a By-Laws and Constitution will be drafted and presented, having for its object the more perfect organization of our society.

I regret, dear Sir, that I cannot attend. The *Dispatch* does not seem to be a society, especially those which have no name, and not being personally acquainted with you, dear Sir, we would prefer to learn something more about the real objects of the society, and what the name is to be when christened. We do not care about a by-law, but a constitution such as a name. Besides, you do not invite our wife, and we join no society in this age without our wife.

Another objection to our attendance is, that your polite invitation says "the place for holding meetings for the present will be—". The place of meeting is so vague and indefinite we could not reach it in time, if we desired. We are pleased with the gentle tones of your invitation. You say:

"Hoping you to be among the number of those who have received the 'LIGHT' and desire to promulgate and disseminate the sublime truths and teachings of SPIRITUALISM, we have taken occasion to inform you that we have constituted ourselves a committee, and organized ourselves into a Society, for the purpose of promoting harmony, the more perfect development of ourselves, and for the more certain and beneficial influences such a concert of action is calculated to exert over the public mind."

The only "LIGHT" we have received, dear Sir, is daylight, moonlight, and gaslight, the latter supplied at \$8 per thousand feet, and the *Dispatch* is a milepipe on gas at that price.

We admire your modesty. You have, dear Sir, constituted yourself a committee and a society for the perfect development of yourself. Do not let us inform you that we have constituted ourselves a committee, and organized ourselves into a Society, for the purpose of promoting harmony, the more perfect development of ourselves, and for the more certain and beneficial influences such a concert of action is calculated to exert over the public mind."

You say, "I have received, dear Sir, the 'LIGHT' and desire to promulgate and disseminate the sublime truths and teachings of SPIRITUALISM, we have taken occasion to inform you that we have constituted ourselves a committee, and organized ourselves into a Society, for the purpose of promoting harmony, the more perfect development of ourselves, and for the more certain and beneficial influences such a concert of action is calculated to exert over the public mind."

On the 15th June, inst., a special meeting will be held, at which a By-Laws and Constitution will be drafted and presented, having for its object the more perfect organization of this Society. The place for holding meetings for the present will be—

You are cordially invited to cooperate with us in this noble and laudable work.

Truly and respectfully yours, (Signed),

W. N. Bryant, Mrs. Elvira A. Bryant, Miss Sallie Wilkerson, Louis O. White, F. L. Bremond, P. Emmett Dowling, Robert O. Love, Benjamin F. White, J. B. Sawyer, John W. McDonald, Geo. W. Wilkerson, Mrs. Louisa McDonald, J. W. McDonald, P. B. Bremond, Mary A. Love, W. Harrel, P. J. Mahan, Mrs. P. J. Mahan.

It will be seen that this is numerously signed by believers in Spiritualism, and hence that the *Dispatch* intended for ridicule in at least one part of its article is as pointless as possible. But we beg such men as conduct, or grossly misconduct, public journals of any character or repute, to remember that it is not possible for them to plunge into a tide of such foul abuse as this *Galveston scribbler* indulges in, without coming to grief. The stone which they reject to day is yet to become the head of the corner. Is it only for beef and pork, for pocket and stomach, that man was created and the world moves? Was there no higher or larger design in creation than that the *Galveston Dispatch* should be able to keep its head above the water, and perhaps coin coffers for its publisher? Better men by far than he have voluntarily gone to death that living ideas might triumph among men. He seems to think that the grand purposes of Providence will all have been answered, after he shall have succeeded peculiarly with his abusive paper, and earned social protection for bullism toward those who prefer to entertain convictions rather than confound immortality with beef. There are plenty of men just like him, and our strictures therefore have a general application.

But Texas is a noble field for the spread of our spiritual faith. Men's minds there are as free as the prairies swept by their vision. It cannot be, that so large and important a commonwealth is destined to be cramped and cabined by the narrow prejudices, the hateful bigotry, and the unreasonable dogmas that so afflict the older States. If we are really to have a new religion on this free continent, which shall answer to the needs of the people, it must needs be preached and practiced first where all surrounding influences are calculated to give free scope to thought and aspiration, and there is no bugbear of an old, respectable past to overshadow the hopes of reformers.

We have excellent reports of the progress which Spiritualism is making in Texas, and only trust believers are taking hold with earnestness and faith to perform the work that lies before them. Mr. Bryant we believe to be the right man among others in the field; and his efforts will have for encouragement the hearty wishes and earnest prayers of believers in other parts of the country. We bid him God-speed, and have faith in the efficacy of all such endeavors as he is making.

### What the "Age" Says.

"The first shall be last," says Scripture, and this saying has just been verified in regard to the new paper in Michigan, the *Present Age*, for we received the second and third numbers some days ago, and this morning comes to hand number one. Well, we don't see but that it is equally as good looking as its successors. The editors say—"First, in its most prominent and leading feature, we propose to advocate the claims, and to the extent of our ability elucidate the facts, philosophy and teachings of Spiritualism. We have carefully and earnestly, for many years, investigated this subject, and we have an abiding faith in its divinity and its adaptation to the wants and demands of humanity. By the revelations of Spiritualism, the continued, conscious and individualized existence of man after the death of the body has been demonstrated; and further, that this existence is not continued in some far distant and isolated heaven; but that spirits are ever near and take an active interest in human welfare, has also been clearly verified."

Here is more evidence, boldly recorded, that that we have been teaching for eleven years is true. The *Age* informs us that there are thirty thousand firm believers in Spiritualism to be found in Michigan alone; that there are over one hundred local societies established there; a legalized State Association, etc.

We again send out greeting to our friends in Michigan, and bid them God-speed in the noble work in which they have embarked.

opinions, but try to proscribe them, and bring them into contempt.

There are now eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States, and ere long I expect to see you added to the number. Ridicule the idea—but mark the prophecy.

Respectfully,  
W. N. BRYANT.

Accompanying the above letter was the following editorial paragraph, which belongs to the record we are making:

MR. BRYANT'S LETTER.—We publish a letter from W. N. Bryant, of Houston, in answer to a burlesque we wrote on an invitation we received through the post-office, addressed to the *Dispatch*, to attend a meeting of Spiritualists on the 15th day of June. Mr. Bryant is entitled to his full belief in the thing, and in justice to him we publish his letter. He is mistaken when he says there are eleven million Spiritualists in the United States out of forty million people. Eleven thousand would be too many for our statistics of sanity. To close the matter right here, we do not fear to announce our opinion that it is the stepping-stone to the lunatic asylum, and therefore deserving more pity than ridicule.

And to make this record a complete one, we now append the very proper and timely Circular of which so much ridicule is attempted to be made by the Solomon of the *Galveston* paper. This is it:

HOUSTON, TEXAS, JUNE 1st, 1868.

Believing you to be among the number of those who have received the "LIGHT," and desire to promulgate and disseminate the sublime truths and teachings of Spiritualism, we have taken occasion to inform you that we have constituted ourselves a committee, and organized ourselves into a Society, for the purpose of promoting harmony, the more perfect development of ourselves, and for the more certain and beneficial influences such a concert of action is calculated to exert over the public mind.

To this end we have pledged ourselves one to another, to meet for conference and communion among ourselves, and with the spirits of the departed, on the 1st and 15th day of each month—cases of sickness and other special providences, of course being understood as extenuating excuses for non-attendance of any member.

Those who have not received the "LIGHT," or who may desire to investigate and witness spiritual manifestations, may gain admission to our circle upon the assent of any three members, which may be given verbally at any time and place, but the members so introducing them will be held morally responsible for their good conduct, while partaking of our courtesies and hospitalities.

On the 15th June, inst., a special meeting will be held, at which a By-Laws and Constitution will be drafted and presented, having for its object the more perfect organization of this Society. The place for holding meetings for the present will be—

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Meeting of the Indian Commission.

A second public meeting of the United States Indian Commission was held June 30th at Cooper Institute, New York. Addresses were made by Revs. Howard Crosby and Henry Ward Beecher and Mr. Wolf of Colorado, and resolutions condemnatory of the unjust conduct stated to have been pursued by Government agents and others toward Indian tribes were unanimously adopted.

### Destitution in South Carolina.

We have before us many appeals in behalf of sufferers, both white and colored, in the Palmetto State. A teacher on Fort Royal, long and favorably known in this community, writes:

"The people on the Battery plantation are in a most destitute and suffering condition. They do not own any land; they have no animals, neither mules, nor plow, nor cart—nothing to do with. There are fifty people, mostly old women, widows and children, and I know there is not a peck of corn or grits, nor a pound of meat on the place; they are living on berries. Among these there are two helpless women, one young man who is a cripple, and three unable to go about. They have planted cotton and corn, but it is impossible for them to work their crops without food. Some of them have already been obliged to throw by the hoe on account of hunger. I have tried to find work for them, but there is only one white man in this part of the island, and he can get all the help he wants at half price. Unless the people work their crops what is to become of them in the autumn?"

The superintendent of the schools on St. Helena writes:

"There are on this island many motherless and fatherless children, who came with Sherman's army and were adopted by the islanders. Until this year they have been maintained well by those who took them; but the very hard times of this year make it impossible for these persons to give the children food, and they are consequently turned out. They wander from house to house in utter wretchedness. I think that if each of these children had a gift of a bag of corn, it would enable those with whom they have stayed to keep them. I do all I can to relieve them, but I have also a colony of old paupers who are utterly decrepit, and they take all my means and need more."

Another teacher writes from Beaufort, June 17th:

"The suffering is the same as when I closed my school two months ago on account of the famine. The crops are doing well, and only need care to promise an abundant harvest. But every man able to work has been obliged to abandon his field and go away to procure something for himself and family to eat. If help can be procured now so they can return to their own fields, they will soon have enough and to spare. Oh it is sad to see so much land under cultivation neglected for want of that care which the hand that planted is only too willing to give, but hunger drives away. It is true that they have berries and a few green vegetables, but these will not take the place of bread."

Writes another teacher:

"We have aged women and helpless children who have not five grains of corn for their week's consumption. The sight of whole families trooping toward the berry patch, or lying helpless in the sun, is not one of the pleasantest things I bear now. If the people who sit at home round their well-spread tables, and look into the laughing eyes of their household pets could but peep into the cabins here and see the woe-fraught faces, the empty homely pot, the sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, their hearts would melt and their charity take a practical form. Give corn for the poor cry and there are none to help. Remember that we suffer and languish for corn, corn."

There is a great deal of sickness among the people, owing in part to the want of nutritious food. From the low state of health at this early date of the summer, I have fears of some epidemic breaking out. I wish a supply of lime could be procured. I would try to have every cabin whitewashed. Should fever or cholera come, these people would be passive victims; they are so weakened already they would not have force to resist disease."

A most efficient teacher, sent by the American Missionary Association, who has labored several years on the islands, writes:

"This season of scarcity of food has developed in the colored people many noble traits. They have been severely tried, but have not been found wanting. They have shown a perfect industry, a brave and cheerful endurance. The give them toward each other, a gratitude for assistance, and, withal, an ability beyond what I have before seen. It is a great pleasure to assist them, they complain so little."

Thus writes a physician on the Main, whose practice gives him an opportunity to observe the want and woe there:

"I have never before witnessed the like; if some help be not quickly given to these people, death by starvation must ensue. There is nothing but absolute destitution, misery and want in every direction. It is a complete famine. The Irish people were not so badly off as these freedmen, and if not assisted soon, death by hundreds must ensue. I see no alternative. In fact, I believe a great deal of disease and death now is caused by starvation enfeebling the system, weakening the blood and inviting fever. The colored people are generally industrious and any help given them seems to stimulate them to work and to find their new life and strength, while without it they appear to be in utter despair."

I was born and raised in this district, have always been a friend to the colored people, and have already given them all the aid in my power, but since the war we are all poor, white as well as colored."

Thus reads an appeal signed by ten farmers and planters on the Main:

"We feel constrained to appeal in our distress to the friends of both races who have tried to help these perishing people. In consequence of the failure of the crops last year, all are now destitute; if aid does not come speedily from some source, terrible suffering from starvation, despair, and death is inevitable, and many, enfeebled by a low diet, will fall an easy prey to the ravages of malaria. Whole families have died, and the whole situation of our people is awful indeed! If charity should ever be extended to suffering humanity, surely there is need of it now."

The following is an appeal signed by four members of the late South Carolina Constitutional Convention residing in Beaufort:

"In view of the alarming destitution of food which now prevails among the freed people, in consequence of the almost entire failure of the crop of last year on the Sea Islands, we would most earnestly appeal to the good and benevolent for aid in corn, or money to buy corn, that the lives of the starving may be saved, as well as a promising crop which must be lost without a donation of food at the present time."

If it seem incredible that there should be such an amount of suffering on the Sea Islands and neighboring Main, let it be remembered that they contain a very large proportion of aged, infirm people, and little orphan children that followed Sherman's army to the sea, and took up their abode on these islands. While we extend the hand of charity to the destitute Creoles, let us not forget our own loyal, suffering countrymen. Let us at least send a little food to those brave soldiers now on their knees praying for a peck of corn to save their perishing children.

The charitably disposed, whose hearts are touched by such a picture of destitution, will bless themselves as well as those starving children of the human family, by at once contributing what they can for their relief. Donations can be left at this office, in care of William White, or with Hon. Albert J. Wright, 5 Spring Lane.

### Andrew Jackson Davis's

New works are selling freely. As the editions are becoming rapidly exhausted, it would be well for those who intend to possess without delay the latest efforts of Mr. D.'s pen, to send in their orders at once.

### Our Free Circles.

The free circles held at this office will be discontinued during July and August, but will be resumed again the first Monday in September.

"No more Metaphysics," by Epes Sargent, Esq., on our first page, will be found very interesting.



### Religious Matters.

The Young Men's Christian Association he just closed a five days' International Convent, in this place. They resolved that they could not recognize any bodies (such as Christian Unions) that do not agree with their fundamental faith. And one good brother, who had the temerity to inquire whether Christians could consistently chew or smoke tobacco, had the satisfaction of having the matter taken up and referred to the *Saviour*, and the chewer and smoker! but I fear that he will wait long for their report.

For the purpose of showing how deep a hold the doctrines of the church have on the people that fill our streets, it is only necessary to say, that while one of a "series" of open air meetings—which they hoped to make an impression on the people—was in progress on the Campus Martius, a vendor of brass jewelry mounted on a dry tree the attention of twice as many people as their warnings, exhortations and singing.

They must either bring something more attractive the next time they come, or bring better ad vocates.

SHIRAZI ALIAS

ten., June 23/77, 1898

**A Picnic.**  
The first grand picnic of the G. A. R. will take place at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, July 14th. Excursionists from all way stations will take the regular trains to and from the grove for one fare. Good music for dancing will be in attendance. In the afternoon there will be short addresses by prominent speakers. The object of this picnic is to increase the Charly Fund of Post No. 7. It is hoped the members of all the different Posts, and their friends in Boston and vicinity will be present on this occasion. Special trains leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, for the grove at 8:30 A. M., and 12 o'clock. Fare for the round trip, \$1.00. Tickets may be obtained at Room No. 6, 57 Tremont street, or at the depot, on the morning of the excursion.

G. H. GARINER, Manager.

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**Business Matters.**

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnet Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. Jy4.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for July, price

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**THE RADICAL** for July is for sale at the office. Price 30 cents.

**COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS** are for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

**JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM**, answered letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York Terms, 5¢ and four three-cent stamps.

**DR. L. K. COONLEY**, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

**THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE** (price 25 cents) and **HUMAN NATURE** (price 25 cents) are received regularly and for sale at this office.

**THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine**, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. More Hall and W. R. James, editors. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents single copy.

**THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS** for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. *Open Sundays.*  
Jy44w C. D. & I. H. PIERSON, *Proprietors*

**FOURTH OF JULY.**  
Ninety-two years ago this day  
Our fathers touch the chains away

d—Whate'er the end  
ritish rule we will

Then was a nation born,  
Since then, so mighty has she grown,  
Her greatness all the nations own,  
Her flag floats every where.  
And now, where'er her BOYS need "CLOTHES"  
They purchase them at GEORGE FENSO'S,  
AT 22 DOCK SQUARE.

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**Special Notice.**

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TO SPIRITUALISTS OF THE PACIFIC STATES.—At 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., ALL KINDS OF SPIRITUALITY AND REVENUE BOOKS are kept constantly for sale at Eastern prices. Also FRENCH'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Catalogues and circulars mailed free, and all orders promptly tended to. Address, HERMAN S. SNOOK  
July 4—2w\*

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**ADVERTISEMENT.**

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Our terms are, four dollars a line in Agents to twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents

**ly in advance**

**MRS. PLUMB,**  
**Perfectly Unconscious Physician**  
**Business and Test Medium,**  
 43 Westmont St., Boston, Mass., oppo-  
 site the head of East  
 town, Charle-  
 town, Mass.

MRS. PLUMB cures Cancers and Tumors, Fevers, Pain  
 and all other diseases that Physicians have given up, plav-  
 ing her call. Prices according to the conditions of the patient.  
 Will watch with the sick if called upon day or night. Will  
 attend at all distances at the rate of \$1 and return. For  
 Correspondent on Business, money billed letters, look for  
 or Station No. 100 and return stamp, each  
 July 11—19\*

**DR. GEO. B. EMEISON, Psychometric**  
 Magnetic Physician, developed to cure diseases by di-  
 recting them himself, at any distance. Can examine every  
 case of disease, and cure it, without the aid of medicine. Ex-  
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N. B. Will give delineations of character: also accurate  
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 street, Boston, Mass. July 11—19\*

**MISS E. C. BURTON,**  
 CHAMBERLAIN'S Intercurrent Spiritist friends accept and  
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 (on July 11) to Tremont street, Boston, Mass.  
 on July 11—24\*

the sick without medicine. Wis., also cures by

handwriting, name, residence and \$1.00. Sent for Circular July 11.

MRS. ALICE JEPSON,  
CHAIRVOYAN F Heating, Test and Developing Machine  
taken Rooms No. 55 Chambers street, Boston. Can be  
sent to N. D. W. by express. Lecture F applied to  
some can be examined at a distance by sending their tell no  
July 11.—18\*

D. WHITE, M. D.,  
HOMOEOPATHIC Healer, will continue to heal  
afflicted, in Springfield, Ill., until further notice.  
July 11.

Those wishing to know the facts concerning  
the climate, changes of lands and pleasant  
Salem, Mass., by enclosing stamped and ad-  
ding E. B. COLES, Sulphur Springs, Rhea Co. E. Tennessee  
July 11.

CHARLES L. HAVEN, M. D., Homeopathe  
No. 67 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.  
July 11.—4w\*

HATTIE E. WILSON, Lecturer and Un-  
derstand Trance Physician, Rooms 17 Tremont st.  
Boston, Mass. 4w—July

Disolution of Copartnership.  
THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm-na-  
me William White & Co. is dissolved by mutual con-  
sent.

June 12th. 1869.

The business will be continued as heretofore, under the name of William White, & Co., by William White, L. G. Colby, and Isaac B. Mich, at the old stand, 128 Washington street. 3w—June

**MRS. E. M. HOWARD,**  
WIFE of the late Dr. E. M. Howard, Eclectic and Her-  
culean cure the sick by the use of her healing pow-  
ers. Pure Botanic medicines, manufactured by her late hus-  
band furnished when desired. 2w—June

**DR. WILLIAM F. FAULKNER,**  
SPECIALIST.  
Office, 46 1-2 Howard street, Boston,  
Mar. 23.











## Western Department.

J. M. PERLES, Editor.

Individuals subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail, or ordering books, should send their letters containing remittance direct to the Boston office, 125 Washington Street. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, or long articles intended for publication, should also be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for the BANNER should be directed to J. M. PERLES, Persons writing us in July will direct to Hamilton, N. J.

## Spiritualism and the Bible.

HUMPHREY, TENN., MAY 21, 1868.  
J. M. PERLES—Would you be kind enough to answer the following questions, through the columns of the Banner of Light?

Does Spiritualism coincide with the doctrines taught in the Old and New Testaments?  
If so, state proofs.

There are a few young men in this locality who request the desired information.

With respect, JOHN T. BROWN.

REPLY.  
Spiritualism, in its broadest, divinest sense, underlies and enforces all that relates to the spiritual nature of man in its organization and dual relation—in its capacities, purposes, duties and final destiny. It further embraces all that is known or may be discovered of God—the Infinite Spirit; of the world of spirits and its inhabitants; of psychological and spiritual influences, of whatever kind, and of all the occult forces and relations that pertain to the realm of spirit and matter. In the general acceptance of the term, however, it refers more particularly to the fact of spirit-communion—that human beings have a conscious individualized existence after the death of their mortal bodies, and do under proper conditions manifest themselves to and communicate with those living upon earth. Those accepting this fact as belief, or demonstrated knowledge, are denominated Spiritualists.

The Old and New Testaments abound in references to angel ministries, converse with spirits, visions, trances, dreams, healings, gifts of tongues, and discerning of spirits. These historic records Spiritualists believe because reasonable, and corroborated by the phenomena of the present. In brief, "Spiritualism coincides" with all the spiritual truths and eternal principles taught in our and all Bibles.

As to the "doctrines taught" in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, each of the three or four hundred Christian denominations professes to find its own central dogma especially revealed therein—the Baptist, immersion; the Presbyterian, sprinkling; the Second Adventists, the burning of the world; the Orthodox, endless damnation; Universalists, universal salvation, and so on through the dubious chapter of sectarianism. But if by "doctrines taught," friend Brown means conscious communings with the spirits of the spirit-world, we have to say that the appearance and communications of angels and spirits with mortals, are taught all through the ancient Scriptures. See among others the following passages: Gen. xix: 1; Gen. xviii: 1-2; Gen. xli: 7; Acts vii: 35; Gen. xxxiii: 1; 1 Kings xix: 3; Num. xlii: 31; Dan. ix: 21; 1 Sam. xxviii: 14; Job iv: 14-15-16; Matt. xxviii: 2-3; Mark xiv: 4-5; Luke xxiv: 3-4; Luke ix: 30; Acts xxiii: 9; Rev. i: 1, Rev. xxii: 8-9.

## Departure of Alleyn G. Chase.

"Gone are my roses—gone is my beautiful dream!" exclaimed the good Kerner, when the death angel stood for a moment, in the sera of autumn, bearing the object of his deepest earthly love to the cloudless skies of eternity.

Not thoroughly illumined with the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, he hardly realized that the dream had changed to a beautiful reality, that the divinest ideals are sure to ultimate in more blissful reality, that life and death as twin brothers are only musical ripples, ever rising upon the measureless ocean of existence, and that death is but birth—the real birth of the soul, to touch and sweep new harp-strings in heaven.

In the stillness of night, June 10th, Alleyn G. Chase, in the twentieth year of his age, left the mortal for that "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The disease was typhoid fever; the sickness severe; the last words, "Good-bye, dear mother—I'm going" and the translation beautiful—only excelled by the reception of the waiting angels that welcomed him to their lycums and libraries, their fountains and fields of fadless beauty and splendor!

"Softly! softly! so! down the dead,  
For the angels are guarding the dead;  
Shadowless pilgrims among the dead,  
Radiant with light, and yet in the dead."  
On the still whiteness of his pale, calm brow,  
Let your fond kisses fall reverently now—  
For purity's seal is yet lingering there.  
Swim was the messenger; blooming to-day,  
Stricken to-morrow, dying he lay;  
Anguished the mother bent o'er his bed—  
A word—a smile, then our darling had fled.  
Trust! and look upward, for heaven's more bright,  
Radiant to chase away the darkness of night;  
Or peer'd into the dreary river  
Alleyn avails you, blessed forever!"

The residence, breathing an air of calmness and resignation on the day of internment, was draped in white. The encoffined remains, dressed in neat attire, were garlanded in the brightest, freshest flowers of June, while the festoons, and wreaths of roses encircling the form, contained the following mottoes:

"A sweet and holy soul."  
"Blessed are the pure in heart."  
"He maketh his angels spirits."  
"Life is but a day at most."  
"Man is a spirit, and the spirit is the man."  
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,  
In a man—simplicity a child."  
"God is wisdom—God is love."

Seeing the Lycum children, and the bearers—his companions—lingering around the pale shadow of the loved one, weeping, we were reminded of the Syrian scene—Jesus, Martha and Mary, standing sad and sorrowing by the grave of their brother, and of the multitudes exclaiming, "Behold! how they loved him!" We confess to the subdued pleasure of standing as we did with fond parents, the father an invalid; with brothers so tender; with a sister so affectionate, and a wide circle of sympathizing friends, and placing our hand upon the marble forehead, smoothing the soft, dark hair.

"Too may be, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."  
As one of the purest, noblest and manliest of souls, we loved him with emotions deep and fraternal; and therefore can hardly refrain from using the words of Victor Hugo:

"I bless him in the great hereafter. In the name of the sorrow wherein he gently beamed, and of the shadow he smiled into sunshine; in the name of celestial things he once hoped for, and of celestial things he now enjoys; in the name of all he loved, I bless him; in his life, in his youth; in his beauty; in his innocence; in his life and in his death. I bless him in his white, sepulchral robes; in his home which he has left; in his coffin which his friends filled with flowers and which God filled with stars."

The gathering at the house very large, our remarks, in spirit cheerful, in tones tender, softened with sympathy and sadness, were comparatively brief. Such was his desire. And then there was no unnecessary display, no dark procession to tolling of bells, or gloomy faces of unconcealed sorrow, no passage to the cemetery. The burial hour was evening; the ceremonies connected with the Order of Eternal Progress, conducted by

Bro. Dyott, were impressive and imposing, and the singing by the members of the Lycum touching and beautiful.

Alleyn Chase was no ordinary young man. Brimming with high purposes, and full of aspiration, he had painted gorgeous pictures upon the rosy sky of the future. As a son he was dutiful; as a brother affectionate and manly; and as a friend, true and faithful, he was the star of the social home-circle. To know him, was to love him. In business prompt; in the Sunday Lycum as Assistant Musical Director he was all sunshine; in the exhibitions eloquent as a speaker, and in the moral characteristics of practical life stainless. A young gentleman friend of his, preparing for the profession of the bar, said to us on the morning of the funeral:

"I have known Alleyn six years, and never knew a young man of such pure habits; of such a sunny nature and firm adherence to principle. He may have had faults, but I confess I never saw them."

Could language pay a higher tribute to genuine worth? Though a dweller in the higher life, he will not descend to family and friends, delighting to be a ministering angel to the loved—all the loved of earth; for pure love is immortal, and souls in their heavenly abodes are governed by the divine laws of attraction. Blessings upon him. His good deeds, his kind words, linger as odors and incense in our midst.

"Hearts where the brother's head hath lain  
Doth by love's shining light;  
Doth brighter a ray in the Summer-Land?  
Oh, he waits for us with an angel band,  
Over the starry way!"

The following were the remarks at the funeral by M. R. Dyott, Conductor of the Lycum of which Alleyn G. Chase was a member:

How mysterious and devious are the ways through which we are called upon to pass during the brief period of our existence in this primary school of being. Beginning in infancy, passing through the various stages of life, some attain to manhood and some to a ripe old age; yet when they review the record of their lives, a useless blank, or perchance the manifestation of ignorance and crime have so blackened the history of their earth-life that it were better to have never been born. Whilst others in the flower of their being, just budding into life, beauty and usefulness, are cut down by the unsparring hand of death. Youth in its beauty and harmlessness, manhood in its vaunted vigor and pride of its strength, are no more exempted than decrepit and tottering age from the fixed laws of being, that dictate all that is mortal to decay and death. It is oftentimes said, "The good die first," or of those who are called to a higher stage of existence when young. "They were too good, too pure, too beautiful, to battle with the storms and vicissitudes of earth-life." But did it ever occur to you, my friends, that the disembodied state of being, but a continuation of this life, and if so, must it not be composed of young and old, grave and gay, good and bad, of infancy, childhood, youth, maturity and advanced age? What would heaven be were there no children there and how shall the heavenly spheres be peopled with youth and beauty if not transplanted from this and other earths to people the boundless realms of the Infinite?

Viewing this change called death in the light of our glorious philosophy, we have met to-day to celebrate the birth of a noble, a pure, a beautiful spirit into the realm of life and beauty, a higher stage of being. Another step in spirit-hall advanced along Progression's path.

We say he has gone to heaven. But where is the heaven to which he has gone? Is it in some far-off planet, where naught but strangers dwell? Or is it not rather where his affections are centered in the companionship of those he loves on earth? Is it not in the bosom of his family and friends? Is he not the beloved Alleyn still? Could it be heaven to him to quit the scenes of his life, the memories of those he loves? We think not.

If we take not our loves, our affections, the inner characteristics of our earth-life, with us across the Jordan of death, then is annihilation a fact and immortality a fable. But no! Bright spirits from the Summer-Land have spanned the Niagara of death with a rainbow bridge, over which they have laid the telegraphic cable of love, and united the two worlds in a bond of indissoluble union. We say, therefore, to you who are watering this newly made grave with your tears:

"Weep not for those who have passed from this sight,  
For they are not gone, are not gone;  
"Bountiful" they hover about in light;  
They are not gone, are not gone;  
For they wait of you, and you of them;  
Seeking to guide them where you may, or where,  
Striving to lead them to bright shores above;  
They are not gone, are not gone!"

Our beloved brother was one of the first members that constituted Liberty Group when the Children's Progressive Lycum in this city was first formed. He continued a faithful member for several years, then filled with fidelity and honor the position of Co. Adjutant, and at the time of his death was Assistant Musical Director, a position he labored assiduously and faithfully, until called from the duties of earth-life to the upper Lycum in the glorious Summer-Land.

He was a dutiful and affectionate son, a loving brother, a faithful friend and companion. He was a model of purity, goodness and manliness—one of the noblest specimens of God's greatest handiwork.

He died as die the brave, without a murmur, without a fear. His last utterances were, "I am going. Good-bye, mother; then fall asleep. If there be any here within the sound of my voice who ask the oft-repeated question, 'What good does the philosophy of Spiritism do?' What good and what are its consolations in the trying hour of dissolution?" I would say, Go stand by the dying bed of the true believer in its glorious teachings, and the question will be answered. It is the inestimable knowledge of a glorious immortality, an eternity of progress, a ceaseless man to meet death without fear or amazement. It enables him to view death as a white-winged messenger of love, who opens to his enraptured vision the flower-enriched door, and shows him those he loves. It says to the mourner, "Cease this anguished weeping; cease your tears. Behold the evidence of immortality! Still live, and stand beside thee." Such were the teachings of this young man's life. How glorious, how triumphant, were his last moments! He lived a true man, he now lives a glorified spirit.

The remarks I have just made apply to our brother as a member of the Children's Progressive Lycum, and as he was a member of Excelsior Sanctuary No. 2, and of the Supreme Sanctuary of the Order of Eternal Progress also, I now propose to say a few words to the members of our beloved brother's Lycum.

Brothers and Sisters of the Order of Eternal Progress, Children of Light—We have assembled around this newly made grave to deposit within its silent chambers the mortal remains of one who has walked in innocence the paths of life, has realized the fruition of his hopes, and now treads the heavenly streets of a glorious immortality. He has given the password at the Supreme Sanctuary in the upper spheres, passed the vestibule of existence, clothed himself in his appropriate regalia, and gained admittance to the secret chambers of the Children of Light on the other side of the silent river of death.

This, my friends, is a trial through which we all shall ere long have to pass; and may we, like him, be as well prepared for the change. May we, like him, pass the portals of the tomb, and gaze in fearless admiration upon the beatific vision that shall then be presented to our enraptured sight. The lesson of to-day is one of no unmeaning significance. Man appears upon and disappears from the stage of life as waves meet and parts upon the troubled waters. Let us so improve this lesson that we may be prepared to meet that change which leads to life eternal, and crown us with a glorious immortality.

"Remember! What is immortality?  
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth from  
The song of our great immortal Father."  
Oh Infinite and Eternal Presence, our Father and our God, Supreme Ruler of the Universe, we humbly beseech thee to bless and comfort those upon whom this bereavement has fallen. Bury them under this affliction; sustain them against despondency, and pour down thy blessings upon their heads.  
Oh Heavenly Father, bless the brethren and

sisters here assembled. Imbue them with the wisdom of thy love, and draw them unto thee with the chords of thy ineffable love. Impress them with thy love to each other, as members of one family, and their obligations in the various relations of human life.

And, oh God, we humbly beseech thee to bless the work in which our Order is engaged. Let the lessons of this hour sink deep into our hearts; strengthen our resolutions; increase our love and charity; enlarge the sphere of our affection; expand our hearts into an all-embracing love for all God's children, of every form of belief, nationality, tongue or climate; make our organization broad and comprehensive as the universe; and finally, bless our beloved Order throughout the globe; preserve its principles and purposes from innovation; sustain it from the shafts of enmity; protect it from self-immolation, and shield it from all evil. And to thee we will ascribe the praise, forever and forever.

## A Step Backward—Rev. E. F. Abbott.

It has been common in the past for Universalist clergymen to become Spiritualists, leaving the denomination, as in the cases of Fishbough, Brittan, Ingalls, Prime, Harris, Averill, Plumb, Swan, Hayford, Gill, Parrett, Fishback, Connor, Edmunds, and a number of others. This was natural; a healthy "growing in grace"; a going "on unto perfection"; a step from faith to knowledge; but the Rev. Mr. Abbott, of Maine, has gone from Universalism to Congregationalism—a step backward, certainly! Among other reasons offered for the change, the Congregationalist parades the following:

"During the fruits of this preaching (Universalism) not a single known conversion, and always stupidity and indifference to spiritual things, at length appalled him, and he began seriously to inquire whether he had not wandered into a fundamental error." He recalled the fact of his own coldness of heart and neglect of watchfulness and prayer which just preceded and accompanied his adoption of Universalism."

Miraculous conversions, so considered, are only psychological effects, while the old fossil dogmas of total depravity, vicarious atonement and endless hell torments, are rapidly dying into merited oblivion; hence the surprise to learn of a Universalist clergyman's conversion to Congregationalism.

## D. White, M. D., Springfield, Ill.

In another column may be seen the advertisement of Dr. White, who in addition to being a thoroughly educated physician, has strong mediumistic and magnetic powers. This accounts for much of his remarkable success as a practitioner. Mrs. White, not only gifted with vision and trance, is an excellent clairvoyant, describing spirits with great accuracy. We trust at no distant day she may be induced to enter the lecture-field, gathering in the golden sheaves.

## E. B. Coles—East Tennessee.

Friend Coles recently returning from Rhea county, East Tennessee, states that the people through that productive region are becoming deeply interested in Spiritualism. It is to be his future permanent home. Those wishing to know of prospects, prices of lands, &c., can address him in accordance with his advertisement in another column.

## The Presence of Spirits.

"It is a hard matter to deal with men who do verily believe that God Almighty and his angels creep around about them," &c., &c.—Hon. Thos. C. Hoar.

What mightier prompting to good or stronger restraint from evil than the thought of loved friends departed watching near us, divining our every purpose, and sifting to the gaze of our own hearts the motives of action? Who, with the knowledge that the pure spirit of a mother was hovering about, would dare to commit a wrong, and in the presence of the hosts of the invisible world be unjust to his own higher nature? Then, for this consideration alone, the restraining influence which Orthodox Christians have preached vainly for, our beautiful Philosophy should be tolerated by our enemies. Yet for one step over the circumscribed limits of creed, for the exercise of liberty of thought, we must be unrecognized. Like the lowly Nazarene, we have advanced to the high standpoint hoped and prayed for, but for our opposing brethren, prematurely, therefore, but a few noble ones must rise and carry forward the standard of progress. From what ranks of society shall our support come? Are they of wealth and influence who eagerly drink from the fountains of inspiration? Do we number by scores those who are skilled in science and learned in many tongues? Nay, may we have truly this treasure in weak vessels, that the excellency of the power may more manifestly be of God. In weakness shall our strength be perfected. The stream of inspiration waxes stronger, lengthening and widening as it flows. Sister and brother, 'tis by united faith and harmony of purpose we shall hasten the day when all shall know and appreciate the beautiful lessons of spirit-communion.

Al, could we foresee that the pain which so rends in blessings returns to our head,  
The grief of to-day we should welcome with joy,  
Nor think of the future with dread.

Clouds thickly and dark may obscure from our path  
The sunshine of those cherished fond;  
But the spirit, unfolding, will brighter more far  
Reveal an unbroken bond.

Al, no; when ye sever the life from the soul,  
Then may we, engulfed in despair,  
Bow low when the loved ones are stricken from sight,  
Revolving the thought, Are they there?

But when to your bedside you see hovering o'er,  
Familiar in form and in voice,  
Those long gone before to the shores of the blest,  
Your heart then may leap and rejoice.

The weight of your grief fades swiftly away.  
The object of sorrow perishes.  
You eyes do behold, your ears, too, have heard;  
The heart rent in twain, doth believe!

Cincinnati, Ohio. L. J. S.

## The Work of Physical Mediums.

The great object earnest believers ought to have, in any good doctrine or belief, should be to propagate as rapidly as possible among their fellows the proofs of the truths and doctrines they entertain. Notwithstanding most of the human family are skeptical and slow to believe anything contrary to their preconceived notions or opinions, still stubborn facts always carry weight, and when followed up lead to conviction. Theories amount to but little; speculations are cheap, and within the power of any ingenious mind. Absolute facts and uncontested truths, coming before the mind in a tangible form, must soon be acknowledged by all rational and unbiased persons. Columbus theorized for years before the wisest courts and assemblies of Europe, without absolutely convincing any one of the correctness of his ideas; and more perhaps on account of his importance than anything else did Ferdinand and Isabella give him his meagre outfit. But when the bold discoverer returned with evidence their physical senses could appreciate, no one was found foolishly enough to disbelieve.

So is it with the proofs of spiritual communion. Tangible evidence is stubborn; theoretical arguments amount to but little; one hour of honest, intelligent physical demonstration is worth more to convince a mind searching for light and knowl-

edge than a hundred lectures filled with either eloquence or cant, rant and theory. This is especially true in the West. Here we want practical demonstrations. I have noticed some fault found with this section for its lack of sympathy with and support of lecturers and mediums. If there has been any reason for this accusation, it cannot be because the West is not appreciative; it must be from some other cause. The pure strings of the West are not niggardly held. Like all new countries, however, we have few palatial residences. If means have not been lacking, time has, for the making of the permanent home with its thousand accompanying comforts and conveniences, so that visitors from the East must not be surprised at the apparent rudeness of most of our dwellings and surroundings. At no very distant future, however, we will be all right, politically, morally and socially. We are making a great effort to extend the right of suffrage to all regardless of "color or sex." The enfranchisement of woman, in my opinion, is the great step toward the "millennium."

Would you spread the knowledge that spirits of the supposed dead can and do communicate with mortals left behind, increase the number of reliable physical mediums, and send them forth to demonstrate to the world and to teach others to demonstrate. Show every village and hamlet how reliable mediums can be developed in their midst. Do this, and your theories will take care of themselves. I speak from an extended knowledge in this particular. Send reliable test mediums here, and they will be liberally supported and cared for.

To use a common expression, "pretty talk" is pleasant to the ear, and may bring the *clat* of the moment, but startling facts and naked truths—no matter how simply or roughly shown—bring with them earnest, honest, lasting conviction. Of the two, give us always the latter.

Those claiming to be reformers should be careful to have no "beams in their own eyes," while they are declaiming against "the mote in their brother's eye." Yours for TRUTH.

Kansas, 1868.

## Discussion.

A public discussion will take place in Phillips' Hall, Richmond, Ind., commencing Sept. 1st, 1868, and continuing for five evenings, between E. V. Wilson (Spiritualist), and Rev. W. D. Moore (Campbellite).

The subjects of discussion are embodied in the following resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That the Bible sustains modern Spiritualism in all its phases.  
2d. Resolved, That the teaching and phenomena of modern Spiritualism are essential to the happiness of man here and hereafter.

E. V. Wilson affirms; Rev. W. D. Moore denies.

We expect a good time, and all within reach are invited to come. Yours truly,

SAMUEL MAXWELL.

## SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings every Sunday at 2 and 7 o'clock. Samuel F. Towle, President; Mrs. J. A. Jones, Secy. and Treas. The Children's Progressive Lycum meets at 10 A. M. John W. McQuinn, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Newburn, Guardian.

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