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The Lyceum.

THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

BY W. E. SMITH.

[The following address was delivered before the Children's Lyceum, of Portland, Me., by Mr. Smith, on his assuming the conductorship. We give it a place in our columns, for it will interest the children in other Lyceums as well.]

Fellow Officers and Members of the Lyceum—Perhaps I ought to apologize for taxing your time and patience this morning, by inflicting a few of my own thoughts upon you; but as you have kindly honored me with the conductorship of this Lyceum, I feel that it is due to you, and perchance creditable to myself, briefly to address you. In coming before you at this time, I do not wish to presume upon the office of teacher, but rather desire to be considered a student with you. We are all learners, the young and the old; age is no exemption from the acquisition of knowledge, and in our intercourse with the young, we are living our lives over again, and from their guileless minds we drink the sweet waters of truth, and the pure wine of the soul. Let us then deal gently with them, remembering that their plastic natures readily receive impressions—and are indelible when once made. In the consideration of the subject that I shall present, I desire to bring it to the comprehension of all, and earnestly hope it may be of benefit to some soul.

The Actual and the Possible, is my theme; and in the outset allow me to say that I am fully aware of the vastness and importance of the subject, and therefore I do not propose to enlarge upon it at this time, but apply it to the occasion and the hour, that it may be comprehended by these young minds before me.

The Actual is what we see and perceive around us; the Possible is what may be in the future, by growth and development. Every little boy and girl before me has seen an acorn. Most of you have been under the grand old oaks, and amid the forest leaves have gathered your winter's store of the ripened fruit, with as much joy and pleasure as the miner seeking for gold; and more precious in your eyes were the heaping piles of brown nuts than the gold of El Dorado. In the acorn we see the actual; yet enfolded in that little shell lie infinite possibilities. The oak, with its towering trunk and wide-spreading branches; its beautiful foliage of leaves and blossoming fruit; its thousand forms of uses, that minister to the wants and necessities of man; the huge ships floating on the ocean, freighted with the commerce of the world, visiting every land, and plowing every sea; the furniture that adorns our dwellings, ministering to our taste and comfort; and a plentiful harvest of just such acorns, from which can grow millions of oaks, and properly cultured, would cover every acre of land on our globe—all these, and more, are the possible that is hidden within the actual—the acorn in our hand. So with all the seeds we plant in the soil; the kernel of wheat is the actual, but the possible is waving fields of the ripened grain, converted into millions of barrels of flour, to feed the hungry inhabitants of the nation.

In all the forms of life and being about us we behold the actual; but who can tell us the infinite possibilities that may grow out of them, when developed and unfolded to their highest use.

To-day I see before me a number of boys and girls. They are but the actual boys and girls to-day; but who knows how many of them may be distinguished in the world's future history, as poets, sages, philosophers, statesmen or heroes; how many of these boys are to be the future Washingtons, Franklins, Hamiltons, Clays, Websters, Lincolns, Farragutes, Grants, Beechers, Chases; or how many of these girls are to be the future Joans of Arcs, Florences Nightingales, Jennys Linds, Harriet Beecher Stoves, Mrs. Brownings, Miss Southworths, and a host of others known to fame, too numerous to mention? These are the possibilities of each one, and perchance, (in embryo) we behold in one of these little ones who comes up on this platform with hesitating steps to repeat his little piece, the future President or Chief Justice of our land.

It is related of Napoleon the First that when a young child, his mother found him in the garden, during a severe thunder shower, with the pelting rain, the rattling thunder, and the lightning flashing around his bare head and youthful form, enjoying the scene from which most children would have fled with terror. That was the actual, Napoleon the boy; but the possible was the greatest military hero of modern times, leading his armies over the snow-clad Alps, across the burning sands of Africa, and amid the trackless snows of Russia, to the palace of the Czar, achieving unparalleled victories, and lifting the French nation to power and position among the people of the earth.

Over four hundred years ago, in a quiet village called Domrémy, in the south of France, lived an obscure maiden, with golden hair and saintly mien, the embodiment of purity and goodness, inspired by the angel-world to go forth and rescue the young King from the beleaguered city of Orleans, and restore to him his Kingdom of France—for she was alone in her garden near the church, when she heard a voice as if from the air calling her by name, and encouraging her to the performance of her mission. She obeyed the voice, though a young and tender maiden, and was endowed with superhuman power, inspiring the soldiers with her own indomitable spirit, and wherever she led the way victorious upon her banners, and France was redeemed from English rule. In the language of her biographer, "She seemed to have been a being by herself; a woman in all gentleness, tender yearnings, and fortitude sublime—a man in intellect, noble daring, and loftiest aspiration. Next to Jesus she seemed to have been the grandest medium of

divine communication, sent from a higher sphere to buoy her countrymen upwards. Her inspiration was a summons from the spirit-world, reverberating through a whole people, and concentrating its power in the exaltation and agony of a single soul."

All the little girls before me cannot become heroines like Joan of Arc, and from obscurity arrive at such like possibilities, but they can achieve victories greater far by subduing their passions, controlling their temper, and cultivating all the divine qualities of their natures; "for he who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh a city."

In the winter of 1620, a little band, just landed from the May Flower, stood upon Plymouth Rock. They had left their Father Land to seek these shores for religious freedom. Before them was the waste, howling wilderness, and the untamed savages; behind them the unrelenting waves. Viewed in its actual condition, the prospect seemed dark and forbidding; but could they at that hour have beheld with clairvoyant vision the grand possibilities of our country to-day, a psalm of praise would have ascended from every heart, and all their hardships and dangers would have seemed light, nor the wealth and luxuries of kings would have tempted them from these shores. Plymouth Rock was the actual; this vast continent is the possible, the home and refuge for the oppressed of all nations, with its populous and wealthy cities, its fertile plains, its colleges and churches, its free schools and academies, its halls of learning and its temples of art.

But to come down to our own time and day, we have an example in Abraham Lincoln; the boy, the actual, in the woods of his native State, splitting rails by day, and studying by night to acquire the rudiments of knowledge, enduring hardships and toil, and by persistent effort mastering the intricacies of law, whose possible was the presidential chair, the highest gift of the people, the emancipation proclamation, whose blessings to humanity can only be measured by the generations that come after us, and whose tragic death enrolls his name high on the scroll of martyrs. Who could have predicted such glowing possibilities for the ungainly boy, laboring with his axe in the western wilds? This is it ever that the actual is only visible, while the possible is hidden from our view in the womb of time. We measure things by their seeming, forgetting that hidden beneath all substances there are germs waiting only for development to be a blessing to humanity.

I might go on, had I time and your patience would permit, to cite numerous instances in support of my theme, of the discoveries in mechanics, art and science, the attraction of the heavenly bodies and their revolution round the sun, the wonders and appliances of steam, the electric telegraph, flashing thought along its wires from city to city, girdling the earth with its tongues of flame, over land and beneath the sea, speaking in the ears of kings and queens across the distant oceans, annihilating time and space, and bringing the ends of the earth together—all these were small in their beginnings, their actuals, but who can estimate their mighty possibilities? Let us take courage, though we are weak and feeble to-day. Let us not despise the day of small things, for our very existence is a prophecy of future growth.

So in the realm of spirit, who could have foretold that from the tiny raps, in the city of Rochester, twenty years ago, at the lowly home of the Fox girls, would have resulted such grand things for the emancipation of mind from the chains of the past? The raps were the actual, but the possible are the rending of the veil that has so long hid the immortals from our view, bringing messages of love, on the electric wires of thought, from the departed mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and husbands, demonstrating that we live after we have laid aside these worn-out bodies. Oh the glory and beauty of the possibilities of the spirit! Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glory that awaits us when we pass beyond the river called death, and take up our being in the world of souls.

A few years ago Andrew Jackson Davis, a spirit seer, beheld in vision the gathering of a Lyceum in the Summer-Land, and he resolved to gather the children of New York into groups, and form a Lyceum, corresponding to the one he saw in his vision; and from that actual, small in its beginnings, have grown hundreds of similar gatherings, and its grand possibilities for the blessing of humanity are still in the future, embracing as it does all the children of the land, and lifting them up from the old forms and dogmas of the past into the clearer skies and purer air of moral and spiritual freedom. Oh ye who are workers in this glorious Lyceum cause, truly, in the language of another, "ye build wiser than ye know"; for here are the actuals, to be molded and fashioned into beautiful and blessed possibilities; here are the foundation stones, and ye are the builders of the future, for the hope of our spiritual faith is in the future. "The mills of God grind slow, but very sure," and soon will old Error be crushed out, and Truth be ushered in. And when our children shall take the places we now occupy, it will be with a larger experience and a clearer view of the duties and relations of life, and a closer communion with the spirit-world.

The author of *Poetis* has truthfully said, "Beginnings are alike; it is the ends that differ. One drop falls, last, and dries up, but it is a drop; another begins a river, and one thought settles a life—an immortality." Far up the mountain's side is seen a silver thread of water, glistening and flashing in the morning sun. "This but small in its beginnings, its actual, and can be stayed by a child's hand; yet it flows on, gathering strength and power, and from a little stream becomes a torrent, leaping and foaming from crag to crag. Rushing with increased velocity, it

flows a mighty river, turning vast machinery, setting in motion thousands of looms, weaving costly fabrics, and giving employment to the hosts of industry on every land. Still flowing onward, it mingles with the ocean, on whose broad bosom floats the wealth and power of the nations.

The art of printing, discovered and first brought to practical utility by John Gutenberg in the fourteenth century, is another and perhaps the most striking illustration of my theme. Its inventor labored through hardships, difficulties and discouragements, enough to have crushed any other man. At length he laid the foundation for the mighty possibilities which have followed and are still to follow in the pathway of the printing-press—the greatest moral lever of the world; and from the rude types and rudimentary presses of the days of its beginnings, (viewed in its mechanical aspects,) have flowed the improvements and perfections of the present; but viewed in its moral aspect, its grand possibilities cannot be weighed or measured.

Every moral reform that has blessed humanity, in its beginnings was crowned with thorns, reviled and persecuted, despised of men, till the glorious possibilities of their advent became known and appreciated. Temperance, anti-slavery, universal salvation, Swedenborgianism, and last, though not least, Spiritualism, were all born in the manger and crucified, even as Jesus of old, till their guiding star, truth, rose high in the zenith, and mankind beheld its unfolding rays.

We vainly gloriously think that we have arrived at all truth, that the books are closed, and we have mastered all their hidden mysteries, while we stand but on the threshold of that vast temple whose overarching dome is God's illimitable space, and whose avenues of knowledge are as eternal and unfathomable as the infinite. To-day, as Spiritualists, we are but children playing on the seashore, gathering here and there pearls, while the whole unbounded and unexplored ocean looms up before us. The angels have but just lifted a portion of the curtain that hides the immortals from our view. We see but dimly and darkly, in this rudimentary state, the glories of the future. Our actuals are small and feeble; but who can measure the grand and glorious possibilities of the soul in man, when the coming ages shall have developed and rounded him into beauty, symmetry and harmony? Each one of these little ones before me to-day will shine resplendent as an archangel, when Time's finger shall have pointed the index of departed centuries.

Oh, what a glorious thought is this, and how reverent we should bow before God's image, enshrined in these living temples, whose watch-fires have been kindled for all the incoming ages! Oh, blessed thought! to know that we live, that we have a being! Though small in our beginnings, and as worms of the dust, we know our possibilities are far forward and onward, from star to star, from world to world, from thought to thought, from the finite to the infinite, and we feel to-day to lift up our voice in a song of praise, and exclaim in the language of the beautiful inspirational poem of Lizzie Doten:

"Oh thou whose love is changeless,
Both now and evermore,
Source of all conscious being,
Thy goodness I adore;
Lord, I would ever praise thee
For all thy love can give,
But most of all, oh Father,
I thank thee that I live!"

Beginnings and ends are far apart. The actual and the possible are world-wide asunder. They have no relation to each other. To-day we crawl in the dust, but to-morrow we may stand on the mount of beatitude, transfigured and glorified. That spark of divinity within each soul, though buried beneath the rubbish and ruin of the lowest condition, will sometime and somewhere assert its supremacy, and lift that soul upward to the divine, its parent source, its Father God. We are all children to-day, though some are of a larger growth, yet children still in knowledge and experience, in the alphabet of spiritual unfolding and spiritual possibilities; our eyes are weak; we are not able to bear the light; we but just catch a glimmering of the wondrous and enchanting scene that lies hidden from our view by a thin and shadowy veil, but the angels are day by day unrolling the curtain, and the inner glories are being revealed as fast as we are prepared to receive their life-giving beams.

In conclusion, then, let me urge upon you, oh ye leaders in this Lyceum army, to be faithful to your high and holy trust! Labor in all patience, charity, forbearance and love, that these young lives may not be blighted with the fear of an angry God and a dread hereafter; but rather teach that their possibilities are high and noble, if they will but labor to attain them.

And to you, dear children, let me say, in the language of Jesus, the medium, "Love one another." Adopt this beautiful motto as yours, "Each for all, and all for each," and then you will be a happy and harmonious band, marching onward to the Father's mansions.

Childhood is the promise or prophecy of manhood, as the acorn is the prophecy of the oak; and if ye would be, ye must aspire to be; let your aims be high and noble, and resolve to reach them, and you will be successful. Nothing is accomplished without persistent effort and diligent toil. Do you desire to make your mark in the world, and leave your footprints not on the "sands of time," but on enduring marble, commence now in your youth, for infinite possibilities are before you, if you will but labor, for no sluggard wins in this race.

"For ye build the ladder by which ye rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And ye mount to its summit round by round."
"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

And though you may be weak and feeble in your actuals, you can become grand and noble in your possibilities.

The Lecture Room.

Glimpses of the Millennium.

On Sunday afternoon, April 10th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels lectured on the above subject, at Music Hall, Boston. The audience was large, and great interest was manifested in the remarks of the speaker. We give below a few of her principal points:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." Rev. xxi. 1. And there should be a new heaven and a new earth! Oh transporting reality of heaven! Poets and seers had seen it in their living dreams, and imaged it faintly forth as its loveliness glowed before their vision! Too long had Error hovered over the vast majority of earth's people, like a Polar night, rendering them blind to this glory and deaf to the voice of those by whom it was proclaimed; but now the strokes of a dawning were visible, a dawning that should roll back the clouds of darkness, and bid living forms of light abound where desolation so long had reigned!

All the prophecy, inspiration, poetry and wisdom of earlier ages, had unerringly pointed to a time in the future when God would dwell on earth; and those who had followed their teachings in the past had caught wondrous glimpses of a higher life. Was anything more known to day? Was the Saviour, the Millennium, nearer mankind than before? All hopes were prophecies of the grand future of the race; all aspiration represented the divine possibilities in man, following the course of their outworking as the plans of God were revealed; and the utterances of hygienic poets and seers—the words that Christ had spoken—were no more to be questioned, in this matter, than were the demonstrations of science, the Golden Rule, or the beams of the noon-day sun!

Were there any who knew of this grand awakening yet to be? Yes, there were. Had any one seen, of a dark night, when the sky was overcast with clouds, a star-beam struggle through the chasms in the rifted vapor and glitter down on the bosom of a quiet lake? So in ages past, and now, were there those hearts, attuned to things divine, who mirrored forth this living ray from a world beyond, and felt by its grand assurance that the millennium was as certain to them as the morrow's dawn was to the audience assembled.

Were we nearer it? was the eager cry that rose on every hand. The time was coming; its advent was heralded by the stars and planets in the vaulted dome above; by the green carpeted earth with its rivers and streams; and we also knew it by the voice which spoke to every soul. It had been said by an eccentric divine that we could count on God; we knew he intended to bring the Millennium; there was no need for us to tell him our weaknesses and shortcomings, for he knew them all. We could count on God, but what were we doing to bring on the Millennium?

All natural and spiritual powers were slowly converging to one central solar point, and we could not doubt the ultimate joining of them all. Were the angels assisting the minds of this world who understood this question, in working it out to a successful solution? Unquestionably they were. Could mortals throw off the bonds of materiality, and tear off the covering of sin and error, and enter at once into that real world—the spiritual—they would perceive that from the earliest ages there had been a steady tendency to the bringing about of this wished for consummation.

And when the Christian world bade us pray "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," there was in it a prophecy whose fulfillment should awaken its sleeping dead to revel in the light forever.

Each advance of the race from darkness to light was one more step upward on those mighty stairs carved in the mountain of truth for the highway of the nations, whose architect was the Master Mind, whose dial marks of progress the gods and heroes of history, whose guides were angels from the upper sky. Was it too much to say that every revelation made to the nations of earth, was given as an especial instrument of bringing on this grand result? Too much that the moral world had advanced step by step on this stair of truth, as the material earth had advanced step by step from chaos to its present state of refined matter? Or as each atom had been by aggregation and segregation brought up from primitive coarseness to the transparency and beauty of the sea shell, or the many-hued garments of the songsters of the wood? Thus had the mind been let loose from the chains and darkness of its night of error, and it was now marching up the steep of truth. It was true that its advance was slow, but so was the process of forming the world from confused masses of rough matter, and bringing it by the trituration, aggregation and segregation of its varied particles, to be the garden it is now; so was animal progress slow from the period of the mastodon and other monsters of the earlier geologic periods, to that divine existence—man!

If the material world was so long in being brought to perfection, what of the mind which was the prototype of the unseen world? The coral insect, deep beneath the ocean, gave his body to form the base of vast continents; by slow deposits these works were made, yet not one was in vain, and the myriad forms beneath the sea, that never saw the light, kept surely on till their fabric, reaching the surface, became ready for Nature to finish as the abode of man. Wondrous changes had occurred in the world wrought by the giant hands of the volcano and earthquake; was that Power which made use of all these forces to bring forth its purpose, misled as to its human offspring? Had it made a mistake in man? No! the rolling world denied it—the grain of sand on the seashore pronounced it untrue, and the singing

birds held it as a mockery! We could rely on God and his purposes. If there were mistakes in the universe, we at least had not been able to perceive them; if there were accidents, it was because we were unable to understand the laws governing them.

The effect of moral movements could be predicted as unerringly as those of astronomy or meteorology, and more so, for action in the moral field was more certain than in that of the physical. Give the prayers, the aspirations, the knowledge of a nation, and its future could be foretold. To reason otherwise than this would be to array our puny mind and will against those of the Infinite.

The race of mortality wandering amid the darkness of this world as a traveler caught in a marsh at night and seeking for dry land, brought forcibly to mind the story of a vision related of herself by a lady well known in literary circles, in which she described the appearance of her surroundings as fearful, her way lost, and doubt settling over her; but as she sat down to consider the future, suddenly as by a revelation the grandeur of the scene seemed to arise before her—the tall trees waving in solemn reverence before the source of all life, the stars wheeling in the dome above, even the rudeness of the rugged earth on every hand bade her know that in seeking her way out of that wilderness she had found God in the universe. Thus was it with all in mortal; shut in by the fogs of daily life this heavenly vision was veiled from their vision; but in the spiritual realm, without the cares and perplexities of earthly existence; where men and women were measured by their true principles; where every soul was unfolded in divine degrees there could be seen the outcroppings of this eternal purpose, and they who when on earth had revealed to man but the glimpses of this millennial dawn stood where they could see its full radiance—where they could guide human actions to the acceptance of their lofty purpose—the bringing of it to the world!

Those who had not seen this truth in history, had read in vain; he who had taught from olden revelations and failed to perceive this lesson, had taught in vain; those who with one hand resting on the past, had pointed with the other to the future, were blind guides unless they saw this starry chain unwind—a connecting link for all the ages.

There (in the spirit-world) then were the seers and great ones of the past—associations of spiritual beings—all freed from material encumbrances and organized for the aid of humanity, gazing into the clear, deep space of God's law, and able to see wherein they were used when on earth as the special instruments for the bringing on of these grand results. There Moses and Elias, David and Isaiah, with poems greater and grander than Hebrew prophet ever sang, spoke to the nations of the earth; there taught Socrates and Confucius; there Plato contemplated the grandeur of that cosmic universe once veiled from his soul by the night of error; there Egypt's priests unveiled their mysteries—there Grecian oracles spoke the great things of "Peace on earth, and good will to men!" there Jesus on another than the Mount of Olives delivered anew that grand sermon of blessing to all mankind! There dreaming poets chanted their melodies to the words of truth on earth. No more up the weary mount of Parnassus must they seek the God of poetry to inspire their souls; nowhere there must Prometheus be bound and suffer under the agonies of his unending death; for there all spoke face to face with the Eternal and Everlasting Truth, and wisdom and love unfurled their banners over all that shined with glory!

Did any one suppose they were *idle* there; that all this improvement could dwell above and none of it ever be reflected below; that all this power for good would be confined afar off, and never be permitted to visit the mortal sphere? No; all were the willing instruments for introducing this truth upon the earth. God's work would go on, and that man was mad who dared to oppose its course; he would be crushed by its triumphant car, or be dragged along by it in its ceaseless march. Could we not see the unfolding of this glorious day-dawn in the revelations of practical science as they enfranchised the race from unnecessary and grievous material burdens—in the dissemination of greater knowledge among men—in the breaking of the fetters of selfishness and slavery all over earth?

Truly those who had dreamed dreams were seeing their fulfillment. Why, without any supernatural power, the track could be demonstrated and pointed out wherein the natural world would march to the millennium. We (the influences controlling) will tell you what we see. All forms of disease that now make the human body a charnel-house shall gradually disappear. Increased knowledge shall be the power for their eradication. Not the mysteries of Esculapius or the secrets of *Materia Medica* will accomplish this work, but real, wide-spread, abiding knowledge. All the miasmas that arise from the earth and depopulate cities and towns shall pass away; as light drives the darkness before it, so shall truth "make the people free." No more shall children be born in sin, but mantled by the sweet influences of harmonious ante and after-natal conditions, so that the pure spirit shall have a fit habitation on earth. We see error, the bane of mankind, and all slavery of the mind, from doubt or fear, (whose chains have been clanking for ages,) depart. We see human habitations so beautiful that angels are willing to leave their bright abodes to dwell with men. We see labor which has pressed so long and so grievously upon the children of want, that through their poverty *kings* might become rich, transformed to the handmaid of happiness; all shall toil for the benefit of all. No more the miserable hovel and gilded palace shall stand side by side, for when the laws of labor are understood, want and poverty will be the exception instead of the rule. There shall be no more penitentiaries, orphan asylums, or churches; no more

monuments of civilization; but, instead of barred windows, long rows of pale-faced criminals, crowds of orphaned forms and orphaned souls there will be temples open to all, where fountains and birds and pleasant pictures shall shed glad influences upon them, and where there shall be no man to tell them of their total depravity or of God's wrath and vengeance. The churches shall be made into asylums for the morally lame and blind; and ruled letters of love and kindness shall be given for the instruction of the soul whose vision perceives not the truth of the universe. In these sanctuaries made joyful by freedom and light, the true worship of God shall be the doing of good to his children. Teachers shall stand therein, not with stern looks (as now), to chain the children of earth in bondage, but to raise them to the glorious conception of truth.

We see governments, but not as now. Crowns shall crumble from the brows of kings, scepters drop from hands that can no longer away them, the gilded paraphernalia of courts be swept away, and happy multitudes, combined for mutual benefit, in love and justice, know no higher law than that which is enjoined by the presence of one another; for the voice of mankind shall finally rule. No more republics professing free but inwardly filled with slavery and lust of power; no more civil wars drenching the earth with fraternal blood; no more chancell houses and prisons wherein the brave soldiers of right are held in bondage; no more death with his stern voice coming to make void our pleasant places. "For all things are become new."

Slowly and gradually must these things be, but they are coming. Through the rifts in the clouds of war angel-eyes could yet see the dawning light of a new millennium. Some hearts there were on earth to-day like green oases in the desert, and the examples of these showed how the blessed day would come. In the awakening of all pure desires; the wish to benefit mankind; in labor that truth should be shed abroad, were to be seen the prophecy of holier hours. All should do their share toward bringing this millennium, for it would come just in proportion as we tried to aid by the light of good efforts its dawning on the world of man.

The voices of those who labored in days gone by, and passed to their reward, and the tones of the brave disciples of truth on earth to-day—all bid you know it is coming! Parker and Channing, Emerson, Phillips and Garrison, and all far-seeing souls alike, bid you know it is coming. Back to the shore of oblivion, from whence it came, error is driven; while love and truth give glimpses of their glory, and the voices of spirits friends heard from every star and sun bid you know it is coming—the bright, millennial morn!

The lecture ended with a fine inspirational poem of consolation to those who were weary in the contest of life, giving them the assurance that they labored not alone or in vain, but that ultimate triumph was sure.

Correspondence in Brief.

W. H. C. writes from North Scituate, Mass.: Mrs. Agnes M. Davis has within a few weeks delivered four lectures here, for the Spiritualists of this town and Cohasset. The interest and the audience increased with each lecture, and at the last one the hall was so crowded that some were obliged to stand. Her lectures are clear, concise and logical, and are just what are needed by young societies and inquirers. She is also a good clairvoyant, and a fine circle medium for answering questions. In behalf of myself and many others, I most cordially recommend her to all societies that are anxious to learn more of the truths and beauties of our glorious religion, feeling sure that when they have had her once, they will want her again.

GEORGE W. BURNHAM, WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—Miss A. E. H. H. of North Canaan, Mass., spoke in Basset's Hall three Sundays during March, to large and increasing audiences. The universal opinion of the Spiritualists here is that she is one of the best lecturers in the "faith," being much more than an average in debate and oratory. She is wholly unconscious (so to speak) while lecturing, a phase of mediumship very satisfactory to many as a test of spirit-control. Having never been advertised, she of course has not much notoriety. If a good satisfactory speaker is wanted, send for her; she will do you good, whether in town or city. Our cause is prospering here. We shall have lectures one-half of the time at least the coming year. Our Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, with a good degree of interest. We shall probably build, the coming summer, a church or a hall for our accommodation, which will give zest to the cause for which we labor.

DE GOODRICH, BINGHAM, ME.—Mrs. Clair R. De Evere lectured in our little village last Sabbath (March 28th), greatly to the edification of her audience. She is engaged in this and neighboring country villages the five coming weeks, and it is expected that she will be with us a much longer time. We feel highly honored in securing the services of this eloquent speaker. Old theology, bigotry, superstition and heathen mythology, must melt before her strong, clear, and soft female voice, accompanied with easy, graceful, enchanting and dignified manners, exhibiting literary talent, deep thought, thorough education, and every quality that go to make up a whole-souled and an accomplished speaker. At a public circle in the evening after her lecture she surprised and astonished all present with her powers as a test medium. The spirits of departed relatives and friends were so accurately described that none could doubt their presence; even in two or three cases the invisibles gave their earth names. It is time, yes, high time that Maine should arouse from her lethargic sleep, and take her stand with her sister States by organizing Societies, Lyceums, State and County Conventions, and annually report progress to the National Convention.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—Great excitement has prevailed in the town of Hardwick, Vt., for some time past, through what are called "spiritual manifestations" of the Maine children—two young men and a young woman—who perform wonderful feats. In untying ropes, beating drums, ringing bells, and the like, in a darkened room, occupied only by one of the darkened tris, securely tied. The people took sides, and the discussion ran high.

This was of words culminated by a wager of \$50 being laid by a sailor that he could so securely tie this trio with cords of his own furnishing, that they could not become released without visible aid. The time fixed for this great feat was Wednesday evening, the 18th ult., and the manner of securing them was by placing them in a box, or what is termed a cabinet, a la Davenport Boys. The sailor armed himself with a quantity of hemp rope and iron staples, and proceeded to tie them in an athletic manner known only to sailors. Four staples were driven into the floor of the cabinet, and one of the "mediums" placed in an arm chair, his limbs tied to the arms and legs of the chair and the rope passed through the staples several times and securely tied. The others were fastened in a similar manner, with the exception of the staple arrangement. The time occupied in securing them by the experienced sailor was fifty-five minutes, and they were tied in a manner that would apparently defy the power of angels or devils. The parties were released by some invisible power and walked forth free and untroubled, in the presence of a large and excited audience, in eleven minutes. The discomfited sailor with much chagrin acknowledged the success of the spiritual champions.

Herid.

A little boy at Sunday-school being asked, "What was the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 30,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be it is only that we are
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LARK HORN.)

THE LITTLE BASKET-MAKER.

Being on a visit, some time since, far back among the hills of Maine, where Spiritualism is but little understood—and consequently more ridiculed than believed—I became acquainted with the incidents of my sketch.

Some few years previous, a very poor family had moved into the place, and commenced making baskets, as best they could. The parents were addicted to drink, and the children were many, consequently they remained poor. But as time passed on the two older boys were employed by people who pitied their miserable condition. Suddenly the elder brother fell sick, and died, as the good folks supposed. The younger brother was for a time almost inconsolable, but after a while he became cheerful, and as he often went out selling baskets, he gained the title of "the little basket-maker."

A little more than a year ago a "well-to-do" farmer, noticing the sprightliness of the lad, took him into his family. This was a pleasing change for little Stephen, and he soon became very much attached to Mrs. K., the wife of the farmer who had kindly offered him a home. Little Stephen frequently asked her questions, which were surprising, considering the illiterate source from which they sprang.

It was on one of these occasions that he earnestly entreated her, if he was taken sick, to take care of him. She asked him what made him think he was going to be sick, but he seemed unwilling to give his reasons. Soon the good people in the neighborhood were startled by the sudden breaking out of the diphtheria, which swept off many children, and among the rest was the little basket-maker. As soon as he was attacked by the disease, he stated that he should not live.

Conditions were such that he was obliged to be sent back to his parents' home, but Mrs. K. almost constantly attended him during his illness. He conversed freely with her, and with all others who visited him. But all who listened to his conversation were astonished at the wonderful and prophetic statements he made. For an unlettered boy, his conversations with the minister were truly surprising.

He assured all that he should be happy in the other world, for his brother Joseph had come to him and told him that, and many other things. All who looked upon this poor dying boy, were strongly impressed with the truthfulness of his story.

This was a spiritual manifestation the people of that place were not used to, and the ministers and deacons accounted for it in the easiest way they possibly could, by simply saying that "God often shows such things to the dying."

Andover, Mass. A. E. FRYE.

GOOD ANGELS.

(The following touching story will interest all our readers, old and young.)

"Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little daughters about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the worktable with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle-work.

"Papa has not come home yet," answered Ady. "No, dear, but it's getting late, and it's time you were in bed. He may not be in for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work, and left the table, and Jane closed her books, and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantel-piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments; and looking around as she spoke, she saw the children had both put on their bonnets, and were trying their warm caps close about their necks. She understood well the meaning of this, therefore did not ask any questions, although she trembled at her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said, "It is very cold to-night, children."

"But we don't feel it, mother," replied Ady. "We'll run along very quickly."

And the two little ones went out, before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward, and murmured, "God bless and reward the children."

It was a dark winter night as the little adventurers stepped into the street; the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back into the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their little feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted, but the children were not afraid; love filled their hearts, and left no room for fear. They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a considerable distance, they stopped before a house over the door of which was a handsome ornamental gas-lamp, bearing the words: "Oysters and Refreshments." It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter at such an hour; but, after standing for a moment, they pushed the green door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

"Ah!" exclaimed a man who was reading at the table, "here are those babes again."

Ady and Jane stood still near the door, and looked all over the room, but not seeing the object of their search, they went to the bar, and said, "Give us a glass of lemonade, please, and a glass of stout to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor in glasses. Has papa been here to-night?"

The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, and said in an angry way, "I do not know anything about your father. And see—don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they turned back from him, and were walking toward the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance called loud enough for them to hear him, "Come here, my little girls."

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned for them to approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Ady.

"Where did the man at the bar say to you?"

"He said that papa was not here, and if we came here any more he would set his big dog on us."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir."

"The man knit his brow for an instant, then he said, 'Who sent you here?'"

"Nobody," answered Ady.

"Don't your mother know you have come?"

"Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed; but we could not go until papa was at home. And so we came for him first."

"He is here."

"In bed?" and the children's faces brightened.

"Yes; he's at the other side of the room. I'll wake him for you."

Half intoxicated and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused. As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened, and he found Ady and Jane had grasped one of his hands, he rose up, and, yielding passively to their directions, suffered them to lead him away.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest, "that's a temperance lecture that I can't stand. God bless the

little ones," he added with emotion, "and give them a sober father."

"I never saw them before?" said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.

"No, and I never wish to do so again—in this place. Who is their father?"

"Freeman, the lawyer."

"Not the one who, a few years ago, conducted with such ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"

"The same."

"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed round the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and argued that it was a most touching scene.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him, I feel sometimes, when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," remarked another.

"But I am afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the paths he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please about it, gentlemen," spoke up the landlord, "but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject. I would not give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night."

One of them who had expressed an interest in the children, felt very angry at these remarks, and he retorted with some bitterness. "And I would think less of the man who would make their father drunk."

"Ditto to that," responded one of the company.

"And here's my hand to that," said another.

The landlord, finding that the majority of his company were likely to be against him, smoothed his angry feelings, and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down said, "I must crave your pardon before I say what I am going to say. Will you promise me not to be offended?"

"If you offer me an insult I will resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I came with a desire to do you a great service."

"Very well—say on."

"I was at Lawson's Refectory last night."

"Well?"

"And I saw something that touched my heart. I slept last night it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir; I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir! the thought of their mother who has shown in such a remarkable manner their great love for you, conjure you to rise up superior to your deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this good cause."

Half bewildered, though with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose, and, suffering the man, who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated, both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home, and, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them, he said in a low whisper, "You will never have to come for me again."

The children then lifted their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

"I will never go there again," he added, "I will always stay at home with you."

Ady and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcame with joy his face in his bosom and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the ears of the children, and their heart stood trembling between hope and fear. Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket, and threw it upon the table by which he was sitting. She opened it hastily. It was a pledge with his well known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprung to his side, and his arms encircled her, and he said to her, "You are in a fonder embrace than they had known for years. The children's love had saved their father. They were indeed his good angels!"

(Original.)

THE WHITE CLOVER.

BY JULIA A. FIELD.

"You promised, dear mother, a story you'd tell. Now here we are seated, as quiet as mice."

"To hear 'bout the fairies, or anything nice."

"Yes, darlings, I'll tell you; but what you bloom are you rapidly twisting to hasten its doom?"

"It is not a bright blossom," say Beanie replied, "but a weed that I picked by the dusty wayside."

"It is an old-maidish clover, as ugly as sin."

A low, vulgar upstart, not worth a brass pin."

Why, look at the dress of the dowdy old right, the hair, and the plain plain plain!"

"Oh hush, naughty Beanie; you know not the worth of the meek little plant that's provoking my mirth."

Wait, wait, and I know you will say 'Tis the sweetest wee blossom you have met with to-day."

"It is one of a race who are hardy and bold, Who have claims on the meadows, the pastures, the hills, And on the mountain where the fierce eagle builds. The name of this Trifolium stands high in our land, And it is the plain plant which I have chosen to tell."

Who give their green leaves to the flocks and the herds, To honey-bees and tender to the birds."

Here, look at these tender trifoliate leaves, Where beauty and use the Divine interweaves; Though complex the structure, each part is complete, And the functions of life no impediment meet. Now scent the rich odor that sweetens the field; Taste the honey-like fluid their nectaries yield, And tell me if this is a 'dowdy old right' Or is it a flower most lovely to sight?"

In Erin's green land when its people were free— Though rude their dress, and as rude as the sea— Still, the noble, its faith would implore, To the skin mantled savage, the simple of heart. The Trinity puzzle bewildered a Chief, Who doubted its truth and withheld his belief. Till the Saint stooped and gathered—as symbol, as type— A sun-loving clover, reflected and ripe.

Behold three in one," he triumphantly said, The clover, three-leaved, waving high o'er his head; The image took quickly with Chieftain and men, And 'tis said the boyhood took place there and then. The national emblem in time it became— The heart of the exile beats quick at its name; For strange as the marvel that stole Italy's Grass, Are the legends transmitted by Celt and by Gael.

This plant, that has met but derision and scorn, Of its delicate beauty so cruelly scorn, Descends from that shamrock, that spotless trefail, That budded and bloomed on Hiern's soil."

Oh list to its teachings, dear children, I pray, Let the spirit of its sweetness be with you always; Be gentle and courteous, be loving and true. Your words be of peace, and fall softly as dew.

Look not on the poor with lip-curling disdain, At robes that are scanty, ill-fitting and plain; For mock at a manner that's wanting in grace, At language unpolished, nor beauty-marred face. Fair Truth in her vesture their minds may unfold, And Wisdom give jewels more precious than gold. While the fragrance of Love from their souls may arise, Like the white clover's breath, ere it withers and dies."

Ocean Springs, N.H.

The superior man has a dignified ease without pride. The mean man has pride without dignity. —Confucius.

Everybody knows good counsel except him that hath need of it.—German Proverb.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOK.

MODERN SKEPTICISM.

The following from the Methodist Repository for April, 1868, is quite significant:

"And while, doubtless, the vast majority of the skepticism of the nineteenth century, like that of any other century, has its origin in unregenerate hearts, yet this species of skepticism is, by no means the most formidable or interesting. By far the most serious aspect is that of the awakened and inquiring intellect. It is that class—by no means a small one, and in its relation to modern society a powerful one—whom M. Guizot and every earnest and enlightened defender of Christianity recognizes as seekers after truth, who are determined to pursue the search, reckless of all consequences, and, if need be, at the price of martyrdom itself."

What an admission is here! Why should the "awakened and inquiring intellect" be the origin of a skepticism "formidable" to truth? A skepticism of more "serious aspect" than even that which has its origin in unregenerate hearts? One would naturally suppose that seekers after truth who were so determined in its pursuit as to risk even "martyrdom itself," would be hailed with joy by those who make such boasts of its possession as do modern Christians, instead of being looked upon as formidable opponents. And still the writer asserts that there is no cause to fear for Christianity. If, such doctrines as the resurrection of the physical body, vicarious atonement, etc., doctrines that his further remarks plainly show he recognizes as Christian—if these triumph, it will be at the expense of the "awakened and inquiring intellect," even to its stultification.

GOD'S PUNISHMENTS.

How it is possible for one to really love God, and still to believe that he punishes as arbitrarily as our Orthodox friends suppose he does, is more than I can tell. I was conversing with a lady not long since upon the subject of Spiritualism. She was the widow of a Methodist minister, and in her attempts to refute my positions, she gave me her own experience as proof of its evil tendency.

"You may think," said she, "that I don't know anything about it, but I do, and I firmly believe that it has a tendency to lead the soul away from God. I know that I saw my husband after his death; that he used to come to me. I used to sink into a state in which I was fully conscious of his presence, and as I came out of it I would hear him say, 'Wake up, C—,' as plainly as ever I did when he was here."

"And do you think that your husband, who was, as you believe, a devoted Christian, would come to you to lead you away from God?"

"No, not that; but I came to think of him so entirely that when I went to my closet to pray I could not fix my mind on Jesus, but only on him; so you see I made an idol of him; I worshiped him, and God punished me for it."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, I lost my hold on Jesus, and with it my hope of heaven, became insane, and was in the asylum two years."

She looked up inquiringly. "I was thinking," said I, "of the absurdity of the idea that God should punish you for loving your husband better than you did a man you had never seen."

"Oh, but he was more than a man; he was the Son of God, God manifest in the flesh."

"No more than your husband was a son of God; he was God manifest in the flesh to you."

"Horrible! horrible!" she exclaimed. "You don't know how horrible that sounds to me! It is blasphemous!"

"It is more horrible than your idea of God does to me," I replied. "What kind of a being must that be who could be so jealous of the love of his creatures as to inflict on them with insanity for two years? Why, you would despise a man or woman who would do a deed like that, despite their even to hatred; you would think they acted devilishly; and yet in accordance with your idea of God, it would be Godlike instead."

"Oh, I suppose I was diseased," she replied.

"Yes, and more in mind than in body; diseased with false theological teachings, of which your husband was trying to heal you; but you clung to them so tenaciously that your mind lost its balance, and spirits in prison—the prison of these same false ideas—took possession of you, howling out their own anguish and yours, also; and, being surrounded by those who did not understand the matter, they sent you to the asylum, where, chained down as you say you were, the difficulty was only increased. Had you been with those who knew the law involved this need never to have been."

"Well," said she after a moment's pause, "if ever any one was possessed with the devil, I was; for I knew what was going on in the building from the garret to the cellar. They called me a witch, for I had only to commence raving, and every lunatic there, whether in hearing or not, would join in the concert; and the nurses and physicians would all start for my room, knowing that if they could quiet me the rest would stop. And, further, I knew that I used to leave the body and visit distant places. I know it! I don't care who says to the contrary."

I wish I had time to give this case more fully, but I succeeded in convincing her, with the aid of her husband's spirit, who seemed to inspire me whenever I talked with her—with his aid I was enabled to make her feel that God had not been angry with her and taken away her reason because she loved her husband so well. And a happier creature I never saw than she was when she dared to believe even this. I advised her to write out her experience and give it to the public, and I think she will some day. Under the right conditions she would become a fine medium and a very useful woman.

A WIDOWER.

By the way of contrast to the above, I give the following: A lady went, not long since, to hire a hall in which to lecture—on what subject I did not learn—when the owner very politely asked her if she had a husband. "Are you a widow? If not, you have no right to ask," was the prompt reply.

WHERE'S HER HUSBAND?

This reminds me of an item in my own experience. A friend once made application for the M. E. church for me to speak in, when the first question asked was, "Where's her husband?" A few days after a genteel scamp—for such he afterwards proved himself—calling himself Dr. So-and-so, came and asked for the same church to give some lectures in, and they never asked, "Where is his wife?" but opened the doors and bade him walk in, while I, a woman, was refused for being so unparadoxically unfortunate as to have no husband to look after.

WHY WOMEN DON'T GET HUSBANDS.

A writer in Putnam's Monthly for March has an article on the difficulties in the way of matrimony, in which the weakness of the writer's argument is only matched by his cool impudence. In fact, he practically says, "Do, dear ladies, try to make your expenses such that it will be cheaper to keep a wife than a mistress, for, if you will, we will marry you." But hear him:

"Now if matrimony is to become more and

more difficult, who will suffer most by such a state of things? It must be women. . . . If man does not marry her, she will use her and trample upon her; he does it now in Paris, in London, in New York. She will be his mistress if she is not his wife."

But what is it that is making matrimony so difficult? Why, woman's extravagance of course; and to prove it he quotes the remarks of a bank clerk of two thousand a year, who says he cannot support a rich man's daughter who has no fortune in her own right, and then goes on to mourn because the habits of rich men's daughters are such that it unfit them to become good wives for men with no fortunes. Well, are there not poor girls enough—girls who know how to work, and are willing to do it, girls who are neither coarse nor vulgar, but every way fitted to make a sensible man happy?

Ah, but these, of course, are not to be thought of by our aspiring clerks! They must remain in single blessedness, or become rich men's mistresses, while rich men's daughters must curtail their expenses so that their husbands can have the same luxury, or share a like fate. Bah! If this is the result of man's protection, better give her the ballot, and let her protect herself.

But to make his position still stronger, he ascertains what "A few of the very richest people in New York think it best for their daughters to have when they marry." He learns this by going to one who has charge of such outfits, and then gives the cost, item by item, thus telling the gaping world just how many chemises, night-gowns, drawers, under-skirts and pairs of stockings a New York lady gets for her wedding outfit. All right this for a man to give these details to the public; but for a woman to vote would evidence a want of womanly modesty.

"O wad some power the glesie gie us!"

Yes, he gives the items, sums them up as to cost, and a large amount to be sure, but forgets that things are large or small only by comparison; for the man who has six hundred a year income and gives fifty for his daughter's wedding outfit, gives almost double to the man who has six per cent. income on three millions, even if he should give "nine thousand seven hundred" for the same purpose; and who does not know that a few of the very richest in that metropolis of America are worth more than that?

REGARDING HUMANITY.

Within the reach or scope of man's knowledge in the mundane sphere of existence, there can be no greater or more important question than that relating to the varied phases of our common humanity, our earthly inheritance. The theme is limitless and vast, majestic and multifarious; filling the realms of time and space with its boundless proportions, and as unsolvable to our finite minds as the invisible intricacies of any of the forces of Nature. The time when man appeared on this planet is entirely beyond the possible knowledge or even conjecture of the most learned, or the profoundest researcher of the world has yet produced. But as the fog and clouds of ignorance lift and vanish before the ascending sun of progressive and more exalted intelligence, the innumerable difficulties and mysteries everywhere present with us may find an easy solution and a grander harmony than our imagination has conceived of.

PROGRESSIVE HUMANITY.

How noble and rich the prophecy, how laden with the choicest endeavor of earth's brightest and best souls! To-day an army of teachers stand up in the strength and beauty of manhood and womanhood, giving forth the highest interpretations of all the accumulated and most evident truths that have been gathered from the past and analyzed in the present. These are Spiritualists; as pure minded and free as the disjoined and artificial condition of society will admit of. Contrast these with that other army of the reverend clergy, and what do we behold? But it would be idle and profitless to trace out the wide and constantly increasing difference; it is self-evident to every one who has laid aside the theological harness, and lifts the head in the broader and clearer light of the freedom of manhood. Nor should there exist any strong and zealous indignation against the practices and teachings of the benighted past, only so far as we are assured of positive hypocrisy and double dealing. Sweep- ing and unqualified declarations of severe censure, are as unwise as uncalled for; and wherever used, tend to diminish rather than strengthen argument in the estimation of the clear seeing intellect. There have been noble and unselfish souls all along the lines of the past ages, battling with error, and ignorance, and superstition, very many of whom paid the forfeit of their lives for their sublime devotion to what appeared to their minds absolute truth. While we reverence and venerate the memory of such, and by comparison with what we know of the workings of humanity, sympathize with their sufferings, let us wear with becoming meekness the broadest mantle of charity for their blindly bigoted persecutors, who, for aught we know to the contrary, might have acted from pure and conscientious motives; and who so learned or wise as to asseverate that that gloomy and dark phase of humanity bore no seeds or fruits beneficial to the present race? If we stand in the broad and beaming light of a brighter and clearer day than fell to the lot of our progenitors, feasting and luxuriating on the precious things emanating from their devotions and laborious sufferings, shall we therefore deny them the eternal and divine equities bound up in the great law of compensation? Perhaps no other monarchy on the globe has been so favored with rulers as Great Britain, or the people thereof, with their spiritualized Victoria, and her genial and spiritual-minded consort. May we not feel assured from the analogies, and a logical course of reasoning, that the British people, who love and deeply venerate the memory of the departed Queen, of the gentle and humane living Queen, will, even in the present generation, become imbued and indoctrinated with the spiritual philosophy of these highly cherished and beloved rulers? And may we not with some degree of certainty prophesy that when the present head of the English nation shall be laid in the quiet resting place, beside her beloved husband, and her truthful biography widely spread before the masses of the people, whose deep love and veneration will increase in volume with the lapse of years, find themselves sympathizing with and measuring lives of those they looked up to as ruling by the legitimacy of (supposed) divine right?

I therefore predict that within the short period of one generation, from the present year, and without aid of any kind from abroad, the great majority of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Great Britain, now Protestant, will be open and avowed Spiritualists; and their church organization will exist only in name. And what of these United States of North America, and the present States and Territories of the Pacific Coast? Does the face of the globe present to view a spot so free, and full of the elements of human greatness? Here are none of those old and honored institutions of the past, to which a people are wont to cling, and tenaciously no line of progress is a myth and a fiction; no line of back upon which, no great church establishment fostered by government, with its overshadowing wings darkening the sunlight of efficient freedom and unfettered individualism; no perpetual endowments or military life-lease; no government of royal or aristocratic rights or laws of entail and primogeniture to discourage the honest, faithful and enterprising. None of these drawbacks or hindrances stand in the way of the grandest achievements of humanity, in the not distant future, that the combined faculty of man can look upon. And yet, with all the knowledge and wisdom, and refined experience gathered from those who have lived before us, with the full blaze of the intellectual, of the auspicious present shining brilliantly upon us, and the richest prophesy of the future rising heavenward through the mists of the coming day, we find none even among those claiming a close communion with the philosophy of Spiritualism, zealously declaiming against the existing condition of humanity as universally corrupt, debased, and retrograding into barbarism. To such the unchangeable law of progress is a myth and a fiction; the evidence of the growth of broad humanity a fable; and the advocacy of a brighter and better future vain and idle clamor. How dull the eyes, and heavy the ears, of all such teachers; their birth-time seems unreasonably late. Nor is the status of those who teach that all the sad and discordant elements around us are positive and absolute evils, irrevocable and eternal, in better condition. The only true and logical conclusion, that no point or part of all that ever has or ever will take place in the world comes through a fixed law of necessity, immutable as the law of life, never once entered the mind. No circumstance, no event, no result, could have been omitted, in all that pertains to the globe we inhabit, with more safety to the whole, than the omission of one of the diurnal revolutions of the earth on its axis. How extremely futile, then, the constant cry against that which is far beyond the limited power of man to alter or amend. Burns, in his poem, "Man's Inhumanity to Man," states concisely the following:

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food for the mind, with little encouragement in the needed supply of official and zealous teachers.

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San Francisco, Cal., March 10, 1868.

The Law of Seven-Fold Series.

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In 1860, while playing on a violinello, drawing the bow across the (largest) C string, stopped at D, I noticed that the D string, open, vibrated as much as the string upon which the bow was drawn. This attracted my attention, and the first thought was that the string vibrating in that way which was not touched by the bow would produce discord; but by experimenting I soon learned that what might be termed sympathetic vibrations were only produced when the first, third and fifth members of the scale of the seventh were sounded. The first and third vibrations cause the greatest vibration of strings of the proper length and tension to produce its reduplication either in the ascending or descending series; the fifth member of a series does not respond nearly so readily to the first, and the third will less. Reasoning from these facts, soon led me to the consideration of the numerical relations of the vibrations, and the reasons why some harmonized and others did not. The hypothesis adopted was, that the waves of air produced by the vibrations of the three concordant members of the seventh, or main scale, are so constructed that they vibrate in contact they readily mingle together, the crest of the waves being so formed that they glide through and through each other without repulsion, thereby producing a pleasing sensation to the ear which we call musical harmony, while vibrations producing waves not in contact, and which do not contact they readily mingle together, the crest of the waves being so formed that they glide through and through each other without repulsion, thereby producing a pleasing sensation to the ear which we call musical harmony, while vibrations producing waves not in contact, and which do not contact they readily mingle together, the crest of the waves being so formed that they glide through and through each other without repulsion, thereby producing a pleasing sensation to the ear which we call musical harmony.

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Familiar Letters from "140 East 15th Street."

LETTER THE FOURTH.

It is to be regretted that the biographer of the English Mrs. Partridge (whose memorable attack upon the Atlantic Ocean with her broom stands forth as the crowning glory of her life) has not informed us whether or not that dauntless heroine "left Isaac."

Perhaps he took it for granted that the world would know by instinct that the genius which flourished that immortal broom directly in the face of the impossible, could not die—that, however the name of Partridge might be merged in the Lackwits and Lumberheads with whom it would naturally mingle in holy wedlock, the practical wisdom—the essential Partridge—must live on in an endless line of progeny whose thoughts and deeds would be a faithful reflection of the ancestral heroism.

It must be so; because, in Harper's Monthly for February, sandwiched in between a cheerful ditty commemorative of "Valentine's Birthday" and a quartette of "Courtships Combined," there is a "Warfare of Modern Religious Thought"; in other words, an effort to keep the ever-rising tide of common sense out of religion, which could proceed only from a genuine Partridge in whose blood time has wrought no taint.

It appears that the particular "war of troubles" against which the hero of this conflict has raised his broom is the flood of "Skepticism" which has entered the church to an extent that scarcely any words of sound medieval Christianity is to be seen above the desert of waters. Hear him: "Skepticism is not now a mere outside antagonist, surrounding the battlements of the church, and threatening with banal words to subvert its foundations. Among the professed friends of Christianity—men who claim to love its discipline, and who hope to be saved through the transforming agency of its spirit—are found scores who speak of the 'fiction of an external revelation'; who declare that the 'apostles and evangelists' were equally inspired in their writings and their lives, and in both received the guidance of the Spirit of Truth in a manner not different in kind, but only in degree, from ordinary Christians; who demand 'a philosophical rendering' of the 'Scriptures,' and who assert, moreover, that 'neither have nor can have any evidence of a Deity working miracles,' in so far as that evidence is in Nature and from Nature, by science and reason."

Against the steady encroachment of this "skepticism" our knight of the broom brings forth some sweeping arguments curious to behold. But the tide, I fear, has risen too high to be turned back by a mere flourish of assertion that Jesus of Nazareth is worth nothing unless we accept him as a God; that the so-called miracles derive their entire value from the fact that "God, our Father, came forth from behind his laws to unfold in front of them the glory so long hidden"—the glory, namely, (to say nothing of the example of setting the said laws at defiance in order to their performance; that Christianity is rational for the reason that it defies ratiocination; that it magnifies its divine office as an expression of infinite truth by flatly contradicting every other truth in the universe, and that it demands an unconditional surrender of the world's faith solely on the ground that it is an insult to the world's understanding.

Since the days of the lamented Partridge did mortal magazine ever record such sweeping as this? To fill seven of its pages with religious reasons why reason is not to be used in the examination of religion, looks as though it were intended to excite the mirth of the reader, rather than deepen his faith.

Seriously, "the warfare of modern religious thought" is not a warfare between assertion on the one hand and philosophical conjecture on the other. A third power has entered the lists—the only power competent to conquer a peace; the power, namely, of fact and deduction; in other words, the power of "Modern Spiritualism." A man must be a very Don Quixote in Orthodox enthusiasm, to suppose that he can lay lance in rest against the "skepticism" of this age, with any hope of victory, armed merely with old time creeds varnished over with modern rhetoric. Any one but a Partridge might know that to flourish a Bible in the face of this generation, with any new effect of fear, is simply ludicrous. As between church orthodox and church "skepticism," the Bible is not a weapon to fight with, it is the "bone" to fight about. The aspects of the field show on the part of authoritarians that no new power is to be derived from its sacred book. Its translation has been revised and corrected over and over, and its doctrines, long ago condensed into creeds, have had commentators by the score; and the authoritarians warriors must be stone-blind not to see that their antagonists of the rationalistic type know as well as the Pope of Rome, or any other advocate of authority, what these creeds and commentaries teach, and that, directly in their faces, and treating their fulminations as so much Chinese thunder, they are resolutely determined to do something in the way of commentary on their own account. Hence, he who thinks he can write a better "Life of Jesus" than the ancient Matthew, sets straightaway about it, and no more dressing up of superannuated dogmas in the style of modern magazine writing will prevent it.

He who looks upon this strife from the standpoint of a spiritual experience, alone can see that neither of the parties to this "warfare of modern religious thought" are able to conquer peace. The Orthodox Christian and the rationalist Christian—the one, when he declares that the facts which give special prominence to the Old and New Testament are miraculous in the sense of being contrary to natural law; and the other, when he undervalues or denies them for the reason that he cannot explain them—like *beg the question*, and can never settle it.

To quote the Bible by way of martial weapon, or what is still more futile, to launch a scholastic creed at those who make open proclamation that they hold both Bible and creed subordinate to their own judgment, is simply a heavy joke; and the place in Harper's Magazine for such an effort, should be among the diurnal contributions to the "Editor's Drawer."

To the Spiritualist this "warfare" is of interest, mainly, in that it incites a deeper reverence for the truths which the spiritual world has put into his possession—truths which make him invincible, as against speculative creeds on the one hand, and speculative opposition to them on the other. The Spiritualist rescues the Bible out of the hands of both parties by authority of the natural law which gives the truth to him who can use it, and takes it away from him who abuses it. History, to the Spiritualist, by authority of his own observation of spiritual facts and laws, is the spiritual world teaching by example. And with him, of all the race of Adam, is the true significance of the lesson.

140 EAST 15TH STREET.

An exchange says that it has been found by experiment that pairs do not keep well in a family jar.

The Work and the Workers.

DEAR BANNER—After many months of steady labor I have succeeded in securing a few days of much needed rest in my Connecticut home, and am enabled to look back over the ground of my last autumn and winter work. I can assure you that I feel, in retrospect, that the work has been given me the assurance that our beautiful and glorious belief is fast taking hold of the hearts of the people, and what is better, becoming a solid reality with them, taking the place of the dim, hazy and unsatisfactory faith of the past. I have found, of course, the same number of unprofitable professors of the belief, but I mean by that, those that released from the fear of eternal perdition, contented to sit down in their own-found ease with folded hands, and with no idea of work to be done. I have found, too, the usual number of self-satisfied ones, loath to let the little mite of knowledge they have found, that for them there is nothing more. I hear, also, of increasing thousands rejoicing in stolen hours of free communion with the departed, yet hiding here and there behind the feeble breathings of church organizations, and, for a worthwhile reason, putting, however their divine birthright, but I have found everywhere, true, noble, earnest souls, ready and fearless workers, both publicly and privately, and my soul has been strengthened by communion with them.

In Worcester, Springfield, Troy, Providence and New York, where my Sundays have been spent since I wrote from last, and in Putnam and Dayville, Conn., Webster, Mass., Morrisville, N. Y., Williamsburg, Greenpoint, and, last but not least, Northport, Long Island, I have found a host of these noble workers, and on every side there is nothing but signs of encouragement. I confess that I went to my grave engaged in New York, in November, with considerable reluctance. I had heard and read that the New Yorkers were inhospitable, and I had fearful visions of cold, chilling receptions, with distrustful dreams of boardings, and, in my anxiety, I had, in a hotel, longed for a warm, friendly reception, but my warm reception by my audience on Sunday, and my after home with good Dr. Parker and his good wife, with the host of excellent and well-meaning friends I found in the Masonic Hall Society, made my November stay seem far too short to me, and I have left a place where I am, and again the five Sundays to me passed like a pleasant dream, far too rapidly. My cordial reception by the society, and the many pleasant hours spent in the company of those dear New York friends, will make me a frequent visitor, and I must to the roughness which must of necessity pertain to a life of itinerancy. I can never again be induced to believe the New Yorkers are inhospitable or cold-hearted. Our good brother, Dr. J. P. Bryant, so well and favorably known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and a gentleman wife, made me welcome, through the month, in his large and comfortable home, 308 West 34th street, and no want was supplied. Many other homes were open to me. In fact, I was at home all around.

Bro. Anderson and his dear wife are just as good and kind as ever; and many, very many readers of the Banner know what that means. They have also brought a beautiful house, No. 204 East 42nd street. Long may it stand, a paradise of ease to weary souls. Applications for pictures continue to pour in upon them, and they are giving, as usual, general satisfaction. For many, fondations, and Mr. Foster in his, are each doing a great work, daily and hourly. Skeptics are confounded by them, and are almost universally compelled to confess their skepticism utterly overturned.

Mrs. Kane, formerly Margaretta Fox, is again sitting for many foundations, and the same of our good brother and sister, David Holmes, and wife, No. 763 Sixth Avenue, and many are availing themselves of the opportunity offered to communicate by the "raps." There are many other excellent mediums in the city, both test and healing, all of which I am happy to say at my headquarters, dispensing the printed gospel to hungry souls; and I think there never was a time when there was such a general desire to investigate. The people to-day, it appears to me, not only desire to demand light, and if Spiritualism would only combine and offer to do so, they would be ready to demand, a great work to be accomplished.

Having a day to spare, I accepted, while in New York last month, a call to speak one evening at the home of our good brother, Dr. J. P. Bryant, on the north shore of Long Island. The hall—a large one, by the way—was filled, and I never spoke to a more earnestly attentive audience, although the subject, to most, was entirely new. All seemed desirous to know, and I deeply regretted the impossibility of giving another lecture, owing to a previous engagement. I have promised, however, and hope soon, to go there again. Now I believe that town is only a fair representation of hundreds of towns in every State. The people are waking and anxious to know the truth. Shall we, having it, fold our hands and leave them in darkness? No. We must work, and work earnestly, and without faltering. I, for one, have buckled on the armor for that purpose, and good angels helping me, will not lay it off, if I am sometimes compelled to halt and rest by the way.

I had thought I might go West the coming fall, but shall be obliged to say to IV. I expect to see you are urging me in that direction, wait one year more. I cannot close up my work here until then. I have concluded to arrange from next September until the following July in the Eastern and Middle States, as the friends shall desire my services. I will, of course, by the way, say that my application will be responded to, as it will assist me much in arranging my circuit, and I shall announce at once when the year is filled. I will also say, as I have said before, the friends in the vicinity—that is, within a hundred miles—of my Sunday engagements, are to stand upon as far as possible, calls for week-evenings, for one or a course of lectures, if arrangements are made somewhat in advance. If they will remember this, after my Sunday appointments are published they will be in time to secure my services, and save themselves much trouble in waiting for me. When I want to work, I mean it. Friends everywhere, let us see what we can do this year. Let us unite for an agitation that shall purify the stagnant and corrupt pools of theology.

Yours for progress,

N. T. FRANK WHITE.

Seymour, Conn., April 10, 1868.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

FOURTH QUARTERLY MEETING.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves lecturers and lecturers to promptly notify of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list, and the lecturer be unable to attend, he should so inform, as the column is intended for Lecturers only.

J. MASON ALLEN, Principal of the Industrial Institute, Andover, Mass., will speak in New York on Sunday at the Institute and at places within easy reach.

C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Madison Hall, New York, on Sunday, April 12th, at 10 o'clock, in the afternoon.

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Mrs. D. CHAMBERLAIN, trance speaker, Vineland, N. J., box 177.

Mrs. LARA CUPP, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. JAMES COOK, Holiston, Mass., will lecture and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. MARIETTA F. CROSS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. J. W. CARTER, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. M. H. COOPER, trance speaker, Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. ANNA H. COLE, trance speaker, Lowell, Ind.

Mrs. THOMAS COLE, Holiston, Mass., will lecture on organization.

Mrs. LIZZY DODGE, Fredonia, N. Y., will lecture on organization.

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J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE,
LITURGY COLBY.
ISAAC H. RICH,
CHARLES H. CROWELL.
For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.
LITURGY COLBY, EDITOR.
LAWIS D. WILCOX, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Good of Spiritualism.

It has been a common question to put concerning Spiritualism: What good does it do, or has it ever done, for the soul of man? The other and lower inquiry respecting worldly, or physical, benefit is for the time waived. For ourselves, studying the matter continually with the profound interest which may be supposed to inspire us, we are in the way of collecting together a great many pregnant proofs of the noble and abiding work of our glorious religion. But as all cannot at once be presented to the mind of the reader, we have never relaxed in our industry to set forth, from time to time, the various benefits and advantages which have been made visible in society from a faith in the doctrine of intercommunication. One time, they make themselves known in the form of remarkable cases of healing. Again, they restore the mind and spirit of man to its rectitude. At another time they lift a person out of the slough of temptation, and give him a new and strange strength to assert and keep his manhood. Then they bring back men, lost goods and fortunes—which are services usually performed by spirits for mortals only for accomplishing at last the far more exalted spiritual purposes.

But there is one benefit already wrought among men by faith in Spiritualism, which, as an argument against its opponents, if nothing more, deserves very careful attention. It meets the enemies of our faith on their own ground, and challenges them to combat with their own weapons. In looking over again the account in an unbelieving and carping New York daily journal, in whose columns appeared at the time an account of the Festival in this city on the 31st of March last, we discover, with other matters, so pointed an allusion to this one fact on which we desire to dwell, that we should not pardon our own omission to mention it in this connection. The journal alluded to makes this remark: "The progress of this comparatively new faith presents certain phenomena worthy of record, and of these the strangest is that Spiritualism has made distinguished converts among those who, a generation gone by, were the disciples of Tom Paine, or infidels believing in no Deity and no after-life." And so forth.

Now here is a religious fact; a fact that cannot be gainsayed by the remark that it is a "trick," that it is done by "collusion," that it is the work of "superstition," that it is a result of overworking the "nervous system," or any twaddle of that sort. The so-called Christian churches have been at work for years, trying to get back into their fold the "infidels" whom they were guilty of originally driving out. If they could only reclaim an infidel they would rejoice far more than over the ninety and nine sheep which went not astray. They have tugged and toiled at these infidels because they needed one of them occasionally for a trophy, to keep up the proselyting spirit to the operative standard. But so far as no purpose. If, therefore, they admit the great desirableness of winning over this class of persons, they must perforce admit the superior character and value of that religion by which the thing is finally done. If they cannot convert infidels to a religious frame of soul, and Spiritualism can do it, then, as they are sincere in their purposes, they must give open and generous acclaim to the faith that possesses the power to do such a work.

But do they offer any such thanks or praise? Do they manifest any such delight over the "salvation" of these infidel sinners, as they would certainly have confessed if they had succeeded in accomplishing the task themselves? If not, then they stand convicted of obeying a very different motive from the purely religious one. If not, then they admit that it is their ecclesiastical organizations, and their binding and cramping creeds, which they care most for; and it is perfectly right that the work should be taken out of their hands, and entrusted by heaven's own agents and angels to those who have no other desire or aim in what they do than to glorify the rule of Divine Truth wherever the heart of living man beats.

Here, then, is one of the "good" purposes which Spiritualism has thus far subserved, which we beg may not pass out of sight. Here is a fact actually accomplished, which the creeds have for years confessed themselves unequal to. Here is such proof of the powerful agency of Spiritualism as should be equivalent to positive miraculousness in the eyes of those who believe in works of such repute. Let revilers and ridiculers pass by everything else which Spiritualism has done, and come straight to this single evidence of its effectiveness. This should establish its claims permanently in their minds. It has shown itself capable of doing precisely what the churches have failed to do, although they have confessed it to be well worthy of their highest effort.

Significant.

Spiritualism is gaining in favor rapidly among skeptics. By-and-by those who have opposed us without stint, will boldly declare they have been Spiritualists for years. The sun is surely rising; the clouds are already fast losing their sombre hues. The press has in a great degree ceased its ridicule of our beautiful, scientific religion. True, now and then such one-sided, weak papers as the "Boston Journal" and the "World's Crisis" repudiate the incoming glory of the New Dispensation. But these examples are rare. On the contrary, the most talented sheets are at least treating us respectfully. Hear what the "Wide World" says, for example, in allusion to our late Festival: "Tuesday, the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism. Now don't 'pooh!' Two-thirds of creation do not understand what 'Spiritualism' means. They think it an 'ism' of any diabolical tendency, and blindly disguise their perception of its pure, holy, harmonious nature. They think it the creed of an outcast sect, like Mormonism, Free-Loveism and the like, when in fact it is the essence of life—the inner religion of all humanity, the foundation of all church creeds, but not a creed in itself."

Thanks to John A. Logan and D. F. Butler, M. C., for public documents.

Close of the Music Hall Meetings.

The course of lectures on Spiritualism in Music Hall, in this city, which have been given during the past season, came to a close Sunday, April 26th, with the impressive discourse and fine poem delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels. (The lecture and poem will appear in our next issue.) A large audience was present at these closing exercises. Before commencing the discourse, the controlling intelligence said it was not improper at this stage of the services to tender congratulations in behalf of the spirit-world, first, to the public of Boston on the increased advantages which had been afforded them for the investigation of truth by the course of lectures then about to close; and, secondly, to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, for the rich feast they had enjoyed so long. It was not so much a subject for congratulation that they met together to receive the truth, as that the truth was given them, and that they received in answer to their tacit petition the inspiration of angels.

Another teacher, she said, was soon to appear on the scene—other lessons were about to be presented for consideration than those which words expressed: Nature, in the opening Summer-time, would ere long be preaching her sermons in flowers, and leaves, and murmuring rivulets. But let all remember that these silent sermons could be truthfully interpreted only by pure hearts, attuned to the harmony of things divine. It was the duty of all to cherish the memory of the truths which had been here taught. Properly applied, they would prove to be the keys to unlock the natural and spiritual problems of life. Then, turning to the Chairman, the speaker thanked him for his courteous and harmonious manner of conducting the meetings.

It is but justice for us to state that to Mr. L. S. Richards, the Chairman of these meetings, is chiefly due the admirable manner in which this successful series of discourses has been conducted to its close. Some of the best lecturing talent in the ranks of Spiritualism was secured for the attendants on this course, and all have unmistakably testified their gratification and thanks. He expressed to the audience at the close of the services on Sunday his gratitude for the courtesy that had been extended to him, and his confident hope that the same signal favor would be extended to his successor. He said that, owing in part to his health and in part to his business engagements, he would be unable to take charge of the meetings another year; a remark which the large audience present heard with regret.

The effect wrought by these meetings on the public mind is plainly visible. Throngs of people, believers in Spiritualism and others, have experienced such positive and permanent good from them as on no consideration would they consent to part with. They have listened to some of the ablest lecturers which the cause could produce, and gone away satisfied with their instruction. With so favorable a result to chronicle, it is but natural to look for a repetition of the course another winter, with a new arrangement of speakers, and without doubt a much increased body of listeners and believers. The total expense of the course of lectures, for the seven months, was \$1074.50. We have pleasure to announce that the Committee have decided to resume the meetings the coming season.

More Subscribers Wanted.

In order that the BANNER OF LIGHT may grow and expand with the rapid growth and expansion of SPIRITUALISM, it is absolutely necessary that it have a large addition to its subscription list. It should be constantly borne in mind that we issue many copies free to the poor, and many more at a discount from the regular price. Our friends should also take into consideration that the public circles held at this office are free, in consequence of which we are subjected to a very large outlay. It is true donations are occasionally made by friends, for which we are grateful; but the amounts do not cover one-fourth the expense. We therefore desire our friends in all sections of the country to use every effort possible to extend our circulation. They should bear in mind that they have a double duty to perform. By exerting their influence in extending the circulation of spiritual literature, they not only benefit themselves, in the consciousness of having done their duty through the great enlightenment they have received from the world of spirits, but they also become instrumental in lifting humanity up out of the ignorance into which they have been plunged by the false teachings of old theology.

When the nation emerges from the dark clouds in which it is enveloped to-day, as it surely will, the bright sun of spiritual truth, as taught by every true Spiritualist, will warm the hearts of down-trodden humanity with its genial rays. When that opportune moment arrives, let it not be said that the pioneers in the great work are languishing for lack of adequate support.

The Abyssinian War.

England sent out an army under Gen. Napier into Abyssinia, to release a certain number of English captives which Theodore, the King, detained against their will. It was with great toll, and after much expenditure of treasure, that this army succeeded in penetrating into the interior; but once arrived there they came up before the King's army of natives near the capital, Magdala, by name, where the first pitched battle was fought and the King's army routed and driven within the town. The next day, which was Good Friday, Gen. Napier stormed the capital itself, and fell upon the native force with cannon and the sword. Theodore was found shot through the head in the citadel of the town, some say killed by his own hand. The army was all captured, immense spoils of gold and treasure were seized by the British soldiers, and the victory was complete. Every captive held by Theodore was found safe, and instantly released. Gen. Napier was to withdraw his forces and set sail for India.

Cambridge Lyceum.

The Children's Lyceum at Cambridge, started about five weeks since with twenty-five scholars, numbers now over one hundred, and is increasing. They made inroads on the Universalist Sunday School, much to the dismay of the officers thereof. One of the teachers told a little girl, who with her sister was about leaving for the Lyceum, that if she joined that institution she would go to hell. Whereupon the child replied, "Well, my father and mother are Spiritualists, and I wish to go where they do, at any rate; so I shall leave your school for the Lyceum."

American women, of late years, dislike to have children—they consider it a crying evil, and have resorted to abortion as a remedy. One of our most prominent physicians informed us recently that the number of cases in this city, even among "respectable" married women, would not be credited were a full statement given to the public; and gave it as his opinion that the crime is fearfully on the increase, women having taken up the lucrative business of abortifacients.

Justice for the Indians.

The Secretary of the Interior has a second time made representations to Congress on behalf of the Indians, acquainting that body with the fact that they are now wanted, and all that is wanted, to prevent the threatened Indian disturbances on the Plains, is that the Government should respect its promises and pay over the funds it has solemnly pledged for their aid and support. The Secretary reminds Congress that a few thousands now will save many millions, by-and-by. It is a shame to a great and intelligent nation like the United States, that it suffers its word to be made light of in this way. The Indians who are now reported as threatening disturbance, have been solemnly promised so much assistance from the Government, to be given them within a certain time; but the time is passing, or has passed—the Indians are destitute—suffering for want of clothing and food—they have not been helped to settlements as they were led to expect—and distrust, jealousy, and bad blood are the inevitable result. Now how can we look for unbroken friendship from the Indians, if we deliberately falsify our own pledges to them? They are notoriously devoted to their word, and would die sooner than break a pledge once solemnly made. Can we charge them, therefore, with want of faith toward us, while we set the very example of which we complain to them? They should have their honest dues at once.

Since penning the above, induced by the telegrams, etc., from St. Louis, setting forth that the "red-skins" were again on the war-path, and that they "must be annihilated," we are pleased to learn that a more favorable state of things exists on our Western border. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received from Superintendent F. H. Head, in charge of the State Superintendency, a report, dated Salt Lake City, April 14th, detailing the condition of the affairs in that Superintendency for January, February and March last, in which it is stated that during that period no disturbances of any character have occurred among the Indians. The eastern bands of Shoshones have now started from Wind River Valley and are en route for Fort Bridger. Many are about the new mining camps on Sweet Water river, but no trouble has arisen between them and the miners. Mr. Dodge, agent at Mirta Reservation, was in Salt Lake City in March last, to report concerning the condition of affairs at that point. Preparations for farming are going on as rapidly as the season will permit, and the Indians evince considerable interest in the matter. At Corn Creek among the Palenotes, and at Deep Creek among the western Shoshones, and also at Ruby Valley, the Indians are putting in good crops. Considerable amounts of provisions have been issued to different tribes during the past quarter, and general good feeling prevails throughout the Superintendency.

D. A. Eddy.

This gentleman, who resides in Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the most efficient workers in the ranks of Spiritualism at the West. Writing us in regard to the importance of the late Spiritualist celebrations in different parts of the country to commemorate the inauguration of Spiritualism at Hydesville, N. Y., twenty years ago, Mr. Eddy concludes his letter by saying that "the observance of our Anniversary just passed may be regarded as the greatest event in the history of Spiritualism. It has demonstrated to the world that we are in earnest, and that we do not despise the day of small things. It has brought us out; it has inspired us with new courage, with a commendable zeal and enthusiasm. It has made us more united, and, consequently, increased our strength. It has inaugurated a day that will be observed in all future time, not only on this continent, but throughout the civilized world."

Particular Notice.

Our patrons, when their papers fail to reach the proper destination, should write direct to William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston, instead of to the editors of our Western and New York Departments, if they would have the mistakes speedily rectified. People who have complaints to make in this respect and others, should not annoy our agents with them, as the latter have and desire no control whatever over such matters. Appeals should always be made at headquarters.

Charlestown Lyceum.

On Wednesday evening, April 15th, Mr. Ripley, Musical Director of the Charlestown Lyceum, was presented with a silver pitcher and a pair of goblets by some of the leading members. This institution is in a very prosperous condition. Last March Mrs. Adams, of this city, a well known medium, gave the Lyceum a splendid satin banner, painted by Somerby. It was presented by her daughter with a beautiful inspirational poem. Mr. Tooley lectured for the society the last two Sundays in April to good audiences.

E. V. Wilson.

This veteran worker, now at the West, deserves great credit for his indefatigable exertions in spreading the truths of Spiritualism broadcast throughout the land, both by voice and pen. The Lyceum Banner says that although time and toll have whitened his hair, they have left no wrinkles on his brow. It is said he has more calls to speak than he can answer. We need many more just such efficient workers.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Hon. Warren Chase will speak in Mercantile Hall, in this city, next Sunday afternoon and evening. Mr. Chase has not been heard here for many years. He is one of the strong men in our ranks, a veteran in the lecturing field, and an able and pleasing speaker. The hall will be filled to its utmost capacity.

Dr. J. B. Newton.

Invalids are visiting Newport, R. I., from all parts of the country, and from Europe, to avail themselves of the healing powers of this extraordinary magnetic healer. He has erected a new edifice expressly for office accommodations, located at 252 Thames street.

THE CHICAGO LYCEUM BANNER is growing in favor with the children everywhere. The May number is a capital one. It is printed on clear, new type, looks as fresh as an early May-flower, and its contents are as fragrant to the mind. Mary F. Davis (bless her generous soul) takes great interest in this children's monthly, and has donated to it four copies of "Stellar Key," ditto "Arabula," and six of "Death and the After Life." In a note accompanying them she says: "Please give one copy of 'Stellar Key' to any person who will send you the names of three yearly subscribers to the Lyceum Banner; one copy of 'Arabula' for four yearly subscribers, and one copy of 'After Life' for two yearly subscribers." And so the work goes bravely on.

Moses Hull and Elder Grant.

The merits of Spiritualism and Adventism will be discussed by Moses Hull and Elder Miles Grant, in Stoneham, Mass., May 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. Both speakers are men of talent and able debaters. This discussion will prove exceedingly interesting and profitable to the listeners. Read what the Dover Gazette of April 24th says of the discussion which recently took place in that city:

"REGIOUS DISCUSSION.—During the week the Unitarian church has been the great centre of attraction, where, in presence of large and interested audiences, Rev. Moses Hull, Spiritualist, and Elder Miles Grant, Adventist, have been discussing the following resolution:

Resolved, That the spirit of man exists in a conscious state after the death of the body, and can, under favorable circumstances, return and communicate with the inhabitants of this world.

Hull in the affirmative and Grant in the negative. Rev. Jesse Mender, Ward 4, acts as umpire, and limits these intellectual giants to twenty minutes. Rev. Mr. Hull is a rapid talker, a quick thinker, keen as a Turkish scimitar, and a perfect walking Scriptural Encyclopedia. Grant is not less noted in matters of sacred writ, but, as Rev. Mr. H. says, sees through a "glass darkly." The discussion, which has been carried on thus far in an excellent spirit of good humor and fair play, will be productive of great good, as it will lead men not to take too much for granted. It will teach the people to think for themselves, and although both gentlemen thus far have thrust the lance to the hilt into each other several times, neither is inclined to cry, "Hold, enough."

Wednesday night, Grant made the bold assertion that the spirit of no man that ever lived on the earth after his death had ever returned, and that he could prove the assertion. He admitted that every spiritual communication was an intelligence, but denominated in their character. Hull cited the case of Moses and Elias appearing to Christ, and the angel of the Lord, who appeared to John on the Isle of Patmos. Grant charges Hull with a general outspoken disbelief of the Bible, and endeavors to prejudice his hearers by making the assertion. Hull replies that he has the right to reject what is irrational in his mind in the Bible and only believe what is rational. He did not believe that a son two years older than his father once reigned, and it was also hard to think that God shaves with borrowed razors. (Isaiah vii: 20.) Hull believes in a perfect God—that everything is perfect in its sphere—no imperfection anywhere. Man is omnipotent, and has never reached his ultimatum, nor found any limit to his power. Onward and upward is his motto."

New Publications.

BEHIND THE SCENES. By Mrs. Keckley. New York: Carlton & Co. This is a book, ostensibly written by a mulatto seamstress of the wives of Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln; and the revelations she claims to make respecting the private life at the White House during the two last years of her new mistress's occupancy, are such as perhaps may interest a certain class of readers and gossip, but should never have been written down. The book is of considerable bulk, being stuffed full of what she says she overheard in the Lincoln family. She scolds Mrs. L. only to praise her the more, and is a genuine admirer of the traits of the late President all the way through. We should be in no haste to commend any such book to the general perusal.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT, from the last London edition, is published by Bela Marsh. It contains all the gospels, epistles and other writings extant, which were attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, his Apostles and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. These are carefully translated, and now first make their appearance in a single volume, with prefaces and tables, and various notes and references.

"THE HEART OF MIDWINTER," by Scott, "THE HAUNTED HOUSE," by Dickens, and "THE FREEDOMERS"—a Texas story—by Gustave Almond, are received in cheap paper-cover form from Peterson & Brothers' press, through Lee & Shepard.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES, by Wm. B. Wright, is the title of a Poem which we have from the enterprising press of Adams & Co. The reader of this pretty and pleasing volume will find much to warm his feelings and excite his poetic enthusiasm.

"PSYCHE'S ART," is the title of Miss Alcott's last pretty story, told after her peculiar way, and published most attractively by Loring.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. E. Carpenter, the agent of the Association of Spiritualists, proposes to lecture along the line of the Cape Cod Rail Road, during the month of June. The friends on this route who desire his services will do him a great favor by informing him as early as possible, so that all necessary arrangements may be well perfected. Address him care of this office.

J. H. W. Tooley has taken up his abode in Providence, R. I.

J. O. Barrett is lecturing in Lowell, Mass. N. Frank White's address during May, is care of Warren Chase, 64 Broadway, New York.

Robert Dale Owen has recently delivered three able and interesting lectures before the Spiritualists of Chicago. He has just closed an engagement in St. Louis. Will our Western friends have the kindness to keep us posted in regard to his Western lecturing tour?

Fannie Allyn is, it seems, fully appreciated by the Spiritualists of New York city, as she has been engaged to speak there during the month of May, for the second time.

Mrs. A. P. Brown speaks in Swampscott, May 10th; and in Lynn, 17th and 24th.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels speaks in Washington, D. C., during May.

Mrs. S. E. Warner spoke in Rock Island, Ill., during March, and in Anamosa and Monticello, Iowa, during April. She is expected to lecture in New Boston, Ill., this month. She is an excellent lecturer.

"Dawn."

The following excellent notice of this splendid book appears in the Chicago Lyceum Banner: "Dawn" contains many grand thoughts that have been felt and understood, but never spoken, because the world has not seemed quite ready to accept them. The writer of this unique book has gone to the heart of things, and explained the laws of life. By the author's reasoning we see whence the discord, the sickness of soul, and early deaths that curse and sadden the human heart. Do not fail to read "Dawn."

For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, Boston; and at the Branch Office, 64 Broadway, New York. Price 32.

Peace Convention.

The Second Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society will be held at Dodworth's Hall, Broadway, New York city, Friday, May 16, 1868, commencing at 10 A. M., and continuing through several sessions.

The reader will find some important questions and answers in the Message Department on our sixth page.

The Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May opens with an article of great timeliness and value, on "The Turf and the Trotting Horse in America," and contains beside a poem from Whittier, entitled "The Clear Vision," a tale entitled "On a Pair of Spectacles," one entitled "A Gentleman of the Old School," and one by Rev. E. E. Hale, entitled "Did he take the Prince to Ride?" Parton goes on with his analysis of "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," Dr. Brewer writes with learned enthusiasm on "The European House Sparrow," and the outrageous abuses of modern insane asylums are described and discussed in the article entitled "A Modern Letter de Cachet." Politics and Reviews make up the number. It is a most attractive and valuable issue of this leader of the American monthlies.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May completes with this issue its eighteenth year and thirty-sixth volume. For popularity monthly in the country, or the world, surpasses Harper. The usual number of illustrated papers appears in the present issue, together with a great variety of contributions in prose and verse, all of marked merit and interest. Harper is never guilty of being dull. The most querulous taste is sure to find something on its pages to gratify its demands. It is saying all that need be said for this veteran of the Magazines, that it has achieved so ripe an age and held fast by so wide a popularity. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE NURSERY FOR MAY.—The famous little monthly magazine for youngest readers, published in Boston by John L. Shorey, will commence a new semi-annual volume in July; and now is a good time to order the work. It is having an immense success, is beautifully illustrated in the most liberal manner, and contains contributions without regard to expense from the most accomplished writers in the country, who make a specialty of writing for the very young. The terms are \$1.50 a year, or 15 cents a single number. The original drawings by Oscar Reisch, to be contained in the forthcoming volume, will alone be worth the price of the work.

PUTNAM for May is bright and sparkling, as well as philosophical and solid. The articles are by such writers as Benton, Tuckerman, President Hill, Elliott, J. O. Noyes, Denslow, L. E. Chittenden, and E. I. Prime—all are of fine quality and of general interest. The stories are of a superior order and the poetry is excellent. Putnam discusses passing events with much candor and point, and maintains well the old and lasting literary flavor which gave character to its earlier series. The portrait that adorns this number is of Horace Greeley, by Thos. Nast, the well-known artist. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for May exhibits two illustrations, full page size, entitled "The Obstinate Boys" and the "Aurora Borealis." The former illustrates Dickens's story, and the latter the "Cast Away in the Cold" of Dr. Hayes. Among the taking titles for the juveniles are these: "One Saturday," "Dotty Dimple Making a Call," "The Peterkins at Home," and "How Jane found Mas-a-Lincoln."

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May is well up to the magazine standard, and offers the usual repertory of pictures, plates, designs, literature and receipts, with attractive editorial remarks and notices. The frontispiece is "On the River," and is both sweet and suggestive. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

THE GOALFEEL, No. 2, edited by Alpheus Dova, M. D., and published at Brookville, O., is devoted to medical reform, which it goes about in a determined manner that will be pretty certain to take with the people. It contains much live and able matter.

Card from J. O. Barrett.

DEAR BANNER.—Blessings on the Portland Spiritualists. They have a heart for all who love truth—a heart as large as their head. Social, confiding, encouraging, they feed you in soul as well as body, and you go on your way rejoicing. But it will not do to come here on spiritual crutches, for they will break them to your confusion, leaving you to police yourself as best you can. If you have any ecclesiastical conformity, in their presence, like starched collars in wet weather it will suddenly collapse. They are "death on manuscript lectures and sermons!" Try it, if you dare, as I did, without first counting the cost. Such a storm of barbed sunshine, pity and criticism, mercy and justice! Such a sweat! If you come here with a relapse of denominational fever, it will be exorcised, and you will rise rejuvenated—the demon cast—and you a new born man or woman.

If it is proper to divulge the password into the heart-life of those people, remember, oh trembling speaker, touched with the feeling of my infirmity, it is—"No manuscripts!"

May heaven bless the Spiritualists of Portland. Faithful, patient, charitable, forbearing, persevering, no other destiny awaits them than success, as the just reward of long suffering and fidelity. They have a beautiful Lyceum—a little heaven for all who thus love to mold the young spirits in the forms of ministering angels in our world, so full of promise for the good time coming.

J. O. BARRETT.

Portland, Me., April 27, 1868.

The Fifth National Convention.

It will be seen that several of the Vice Presidents of the National Convention have not yet signed the call for the Convention. I wrote to all whose addresses I had received, and, having had responses from more than two-thirds—all of which were in favor of the time and place named in the Call—it was deemed proper to issue it.

I was unable to obtain the address of some of the members of the Executive Committee, and take this means to reach the following persons, with a request that they write to me and say whether they do or do not approve of the time and place proposed for the next Convention: O. J. McIntyre, Alabama; Mrs. D. O. Sutphen, Nebraska; Laura Cuddy, San Francisco; Julius H. Abbot, Washington, D. C.; Henry Turner, Kentucky; James E. Merittman, Tennessee; S. J. Miller, Kansas. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LATE JOHN N. BRADLEY.—The published statements relating to the recent death of this gentleman in California, turn out to have been entire fabrications. Mr. Bradley neither died from starvation or neglect. He had been in failing health some months, but his death was quite sudden from quick consumption. He died calmly with friends at his bedside, wanting for nothing which kindness could supply. These facts are furnished in a letter from Dr. Richard Young, formerly of this city, now of California, and the many friends of the deceased will be gratified to learn of them.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Those wishing to confer with Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels in relation to the Louisiana Freedmen's Aid Association, for which she is laboring, can address her, care of box 810, Washington, D. C. Those in this city and vicinity who feel disposed to contribute to this work, can leave their donations with Robt. F. Wallcutt, Esq., Freedmen's Rooms, 8 Studio Building, Tremont street, New York.

NEW YORK THEOLOGICAL MATTERS.—Tyng, Tyng, Tyng!

Docs. received, Henry. Much obliged for the maple syrup. The essay will be reviewed at our earliest opportunity moment. Hope your trip to Yankeeedom was an agreeable one. Digby sends love.

E. A. Hubbard, of Saginaw City, Mich., is anxious to obtain the address of Prof. B. B. Williams, whom he informs us he wishes to consult on a case of much importance.

A little stir was made at the Universalist church at Chelsea, we understand, on Sunday, April 19th. It seems that the leading men, those of means, have not "bled" freely enough for the church—that is, have not put out the dollars to the extent required to pay off the debt incurred in building the new house, and, moreover, to increase the parson's salary. A severe lecture was given the delinquents, personal to some extent; whereupon one or two of the society arose and defended themselves, which was rather interesting and amusing to the mixed audience.

Henry Ward Beecher said in a recent sermon: "When men are insane, they ought not to be allowed to hang themselves, but when men are fools—there is a question."

Lola Montez's actual name was Eliza Gilbert.

"I am about to do for you what the Evil One never did by you," said a quack parson in his "valedictory" to his flock; "that is, I shall leave you."

The Sierra Nevada Mountains are crossed by the Central Pacific Railroad, one hundred miles from tide water, at an elevation of seven thousand and forty-two feet. There are in the passage fifteen tunnels, and the blasting powder alone for the rock excavations has cost \$1,000,000 in gold.

The forty-ninth anniversary of the introduction of Odd Fellowship into America, was pretty generally celebrated on the 27th of April. In this city the Order assembled in Music Hall in the evening. It was a brilliant affair. The hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who listened to speeches till ten o'clock, then partook of a supper, and closed with dancing till midnight.

The mineral spring, discovered in Milford, N. H., by a spirit-medium, proves to be beneficial to invalids. The place has become quite a public resort, especially during the summer. A large hotel has been erected there for the accommodation of visitors.

A telegram from London, April 24, says: The startling intelligence has just been received from Australia that Prince Alfred, who is visiting Sydney, was shot and dangerously wounded by an unknown person. The would-be assassin, who is said to be a Fenian, was promptly arrested. The Prince, according to latest advices, was slowly recovering. A later dispatch says, Mr. Farrell, who attempted to assassinate Prince Alfred, was duly indicted, tried, and found guilty and sentenced to death.

PROMOTION OF DEATH.—An Illinois paper gives this story: "A very singular occurrence is related by Mr. Charles Carroll, of Shelby county. A clock standing upon the mantel in Mrs. Carroll's house, which had not been proclaiming time for a year, struck on three successive Sundays before her death, precisely at the hour of two. The conclusion arrived at by the friends was that it was an omen of her death, as she was sick at the time. She died precisely at the hour of two."—Ez.

PASSING AWAY.—The First Church in Chauncy street, Boston, will probably be used for the last time as a place of religious worship on the occasion of the annual celebration of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. On the same street Dr. Baron Stowe's church has been sold for business purposes, and Dr. Nehemiah Adams's church is in the market, while "Church Green," within a stone's throw, is being demolished by workmen.

In fifteen years about thirteen thousand five hundred children have been sent from New York city to the West and placed in good homes. In that time, also, the New York Newsboy's Home has provided partially for fifty-seven thousand five hundred and seven boys, and restored four thousand to relatives and friends, and at a cost of \$65,000, of which the boys paid about \$18,000.

At a recent railroad fête, the following rather old-fashioned sentiment was given: "Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

A lady who was startled out of sleep by some one trying to enter the house, cried out, "Who is there?" "Your late husband," was the reply.

Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree, the psychometrist, of Washington, D. C., informs us that she is preparing a small book of directions for development, which will be within the reach of all who are unable to pay the full price.

A New England gentleman on a visit to Paris says: "The first night I wanted hot water, and the maid could not understand my French until, in humorous despair, I exclaimed, 'Oh, pshaw!' when she at once intimated and said, 'Eau chaude, Monsieur!' 'Out, out!' I replied, and in a minute had my hot water."

Men write over their store-door, "Business is Business," and over the church-door, "Religion is Religion," and they say to Religion, "Never come in here," and to Business, "Never go in there."—Beecher.

Motto for a journalist—"Do write, and fear not."

The eruption of Vesuvius continues, and volumes of smoke and fire now issue from an opening at the base of the mountain. The present eruption has continued longer than that of any recorded in modern times.

"The Vistulino Province" is the name given to the late "Kingdom of Poland," by the Russian government.

The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Dat may be," soliloquized Sambo, "but when dat man died de Lord did n't owe him a red cent!"

In the mud of the Nile, and near New Orleans, human remains have been discovered which, say the geologists, were buried from twenty thousand to thirty thousand years ago. With this startling fact—if it be a fact—before us we can never more bow down in speechless wonder before an Egyptian mummy only two thousand years of age.—Ez.

A three-year-old, returning from her first visit to church, asked for a cup of water, that she might christen her doll, just as the minister did the baby.

There have been several disappointments in the matter of the end of the world; but we are again advised, by a Second Adventist, that the time for the event is now fixed, beyond the shadow of a doubt! The date is October 24 in the present year. These Advent leaders—having duped many honest people—appear to be very anxious to have this goodly earth destroyed, and notwithstanding the repeated failures, they still keep figuring and fixing on the time, as though that would induce the Almighty controller of universes to deviate from his fixed and unalterable plan, to please them "just this once." Notwithstanding the "fixed fact," Elder Grant of the "World's Crisis," takes subscriptions to his paper beyond October 24.

Mr. Spurgeon defends the system of replacing the present sectarian system of English schools with a purely secular one. He says that "village laids could generally carry in a hollow tooth all the religion they receive at the charity schools."

Keep the heads of the boys and girls free from the false teachings of your religion, Mr. Spurgeon, and they will become better men and women, with souls imbued with love of God [Nature] and their fellowmen.

Theodore Parker, coming home, some years ago from Concord, which he had been to visit Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson and other literary celebrities, was accosted by a raving Millerite, who told him the world would be destroyed on a certain day, naming the day. Mr. Parker patiently heard him through, and quietly replied: "But my good sir, all this does not concern me; I live in Boston!"

A "HAUNTED HOUSE."—The people of Peru, Mo., are much excited about a haunted house in that place. One man who entered it, recently, was kicked out in a very unsightly manner, disabling him for several days.—Boston Investigator.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows says marriages between Jews and Christians are becoming common; Jewish women like Christian husbands, and Christian husbands like Jewish dowries, Jewish beauty and brightness.

Santa Anna, once reputed enormously rich, is now bankrupt. In a suit recently brought by him in Havana, he avowed his inability to give security for his part of the costs.

It was supposed that Elias Howe, the inventor of sewing machines, left an estate of several millions of dollars, but his executors found many large debts, and his disappointed heirs are not likely to get anything.

Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, of this city, claims to have discovered an entirely new science, as exact and profound as logic or mathematics, and even more far-reaching and inclusive than either of them, or than any other science. He affirms that there is, in fact, only one science, of the principles of which all the special sciences are merely particular modifications or instances. Heretofore, he says, the human mind has been a single universal principle known in positive science; and consequently science is yet in the chaotic or fragmentary stage of its development. The new science is to supply this defect, and to base all the known sciences, and indeed all possible sciences, upon a *priori* knowledge of exact scientific laws of universal application, whether in the department of matter or that of mind. Upon this new science he bestows the name of "Unversology," or the Science of the Universe. As a branch of it, he also announces the discovery, and to a great extent the elaboration of a new scientific universal language. Mr. Andrews will shortly publish a book explaining his discoveries.—N. Y. Independent.

Mrs. Judge Foote, of Washington, has no doubt that half the patents at the Patent Office were the invention of women; but, as men had the money to get up the models and loved notoriety, they had been taken out in their names.

Peabody added five million francs to the coffers of the Pontifical Treasury during a recent stay in Rome.

PROPHETCY FULFILLED.—During a discussion some sixteen years ago, between Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, and Andrew Jackson Davis, Davis prophesied that Dr. Bushnell's pulpit, then in the North church, would one day be occupied as the "theatre of free thought." On Sunday night Frank White, the Spiritualist, literally fulfilled these words, advocating from that pulpit in Music Hall the very freest conception of the Deity.—Hartford Paper.

Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists.

To the Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers of the World:

The undersigned, members of the Executive Committee of the National Convention, have decided to call the Fifth National Convention to meet in Corinthian Hall, in the city of Rochester, State of New York, on Tuesday, the 25th day of August, 1868, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and to continue in session until Friday, the 28th inst.

And we invite "each local organization of Spiritualists or Progressive Reformers to send two delegates, and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members, and each State Organization to send as many delegates as the State is entitled to representatives in the Congress of the United States," to attend and participate in the business which may come before said Convention.

ISAAC REIN, President,
WARREN CHASE, Vice President for N. Y.;
A. B. JUSTICE, " Penn.;
THOMAS GARRETT, " Del.;
JACOB WEAVER, " Md.;
A. JACKSON DAVIS, " N. J.;
HORATIO ALDEN, " Me.;
FRANK CHASE, " N. H.;
D. P. WILDER, " Vt.;
WILLIAM WHITE, " Mass.;
A. T. FOSS, " Conn.;
IMMANUEL SEARLE, " R. I.;
BREDETT O. MURRAY, " Ala.;
HUDSON TUTTLE, " Tex.;
W. T. NORRIS, " Ohio;
MARY SEVERANCE, " Neb.;
JOHN C. DEXTER, " Ill.;
CHARLES A. FENN, " Wis.;
MOSES HULL, " Mich.;
HENRY J. OSBORNE, " Mo.;
JAMES EASTON, " Ind.;
S. Y. BRADSTREET, " Cal.;
L. K. JOSLIN, Treasurer, N. Y.;
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Secretary.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Executive Committee of this Association are hereby requested to meet in the Circle Room of the Banner of Light Office, Wednesday afternoon, May 13th, at half-past two P. M. A full attendance is desired. Per order,

Wm. Whitte, Pres.
Geo. A. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

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Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line, Fugitive Wife, American Crisis, and Atlas of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.
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Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, Human Nature, edited by J. Burns. London price \$3.00, postage 25 cts. "Ideal Afloat" is being republished in this magazine as a story, but is not concluded yet. Human Nature is a radical and well conducted monthly, and devoted to scientific and other sciences as well as Spiritualism.
We will send by mail Arabian, Stellar Key, Memoranda, and Death and After-Life, all well bound, or any other fifty-cent book in place of the latter.
We have one and only one copy of a rare but valuable English book, very large, handsomely bound, gilt, entitled "Young England, Full of Interest, Full of Information, (a good library book), which can be had for \$5—cannot be sent by mail. This is a rare chance for a good bargain. Call soon at 544 Broadway, or it will be gone.

Horace Seaver of the Investigator.

This faithful sentinel on the walls of civil and religious liberty still stamps over the heat of a quarter of a century, and covers himself from the storms in the editorial folds of the still substantial but weather-worn old Boston Investigator, which we regarded in our youthful days as the only outpost in New England of religious liberty.

Bro. Seaver has grown weary and somewhat careworn in the service, but still mechanically beats his weekly round, most carefully guarding his walls from shadows and substance of apparent enemies, calling out lustily to every intruder, even moonlight shadows, to stand! hold! or fall back! Never was more honest sentinel on duty, or one who learned his first lessons better; but Bro. Seaver is still armed with the old revolutionary flint-lock, peaked and primed into shooting order by Paine, Franklin and Jefferson, bayoneted with the weapons of the French Revolution, sharpened by Voltaire and Rousseau, and encumbered with a heavy breach of English make after the pattern of Taylor, Hume and Shelley.

With this old musket, which he considers perfect, and hence repudiates all improvements and modern inventions, he is ever ready, cocked and primed for every foe to the rights of conscience and religious freedom, or rather more perhaps to every foe to the right to have no religion, a right we also hold as sacred as the religious rights of any Christian.

We have little hope of success in attempting to induce Bro. Seaver to look at some of the modern improvements with which he could so much more easily defend himself and batter down the illiberal bulwark of his enemies. We are sorry he does not use the needle guns of Beecher and Parker, and other reformed preachers; the breech-loaders of Frothingham, Emerson and others, and more especially the columbads and revolvers of Spiritualists, which, so far as defence of liberty and attacks on superstition are concerned, are all pointed in the same direction as his old rusty musket.

But what calls our attention at this time to Bro. Seaver and his noble old fortress, is that he is so often startled by false alarms and frightened by ghosts, or shadows of ghosts, in modern Spiritualism, and suddenly raises his old musket and points or snaps it at his best friends, who come as shadows of moonlight or flashes of aurora borealis, to arouse and cheer him, and amuse or quicken his perception. Bro. Seaver has been so long accustomed to seeing nothing but enemies approach, that he cannot be induced to welcome, or even admit, a stranger who has not the counter-sign of the old infidels of his school-boy days.

If Bro. Seaver would turn out of his pulpit those old worn-out arguments for and against the Bible, and "let the dead bury the dead," take the new and improved weapons, arm himself with the seven-shooters of Spiritualism, or go into the artillery with the long range columbads, for which he seems better fitted, he could do ten times the service for the cause to which he has been so honestly and so persistently devoted.

The Investigator has been, like Fort Pickens, an outpost in our enemies' country, but true to its colors. It could not be taken, and would not surrender, but its influence in this great contest of Truth and Error is not what it ought to be, and its friends are too often carelessly pointed at its friends, or shot off at random; and some of its contributors are as bigoted and sectarian as our Orthodox enemies, and seem to almost compel Bro. Seaver to war on their imaginary enemies, who are his real friends, and among the truest and boldest advocates of religious and civil liberty. Bro. Seaver will pardon us for being personal, as we are certainly a personal friend.

A New Feature in Business.

Is before long to be adopted, of great importance and security to the hundreds of thousands of people wishing to send small sums of money from one section of the country to another, and which, with all the guards, is not entirely safe through the post-office. It is to be transmitted through the telegraph office, and has already begun in a small way at our office in New York. A person wishing to send a small sum, pays it into a telegraph office, and the operator transmits the fact to the office to which it is to be sent, and on receipt of the dispatch the sum is charged to the office sending it, and inclosed in a message and sent to the party designated. This will be perfectly safe, need no insurance, and, when these companies are prepared to do the business, can be carried on at less cost than post-office orders or registered letters can do it. We are surprised that these companies have not before adopted it; but large corporate bodies move slowly.

Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.

Our brother, W. P. Anderson, has been sorely afflicted with sickness in his family, but we are happy to say Mr. A. and his boy are both convalescent. We are requested by Mr. Anderson to say that owing to pressure of business and unavoidable delays, he cannot receive any more orders by mail (or letter) for pictures, until further notice; but he will be pleased to see his friends personally, when he will do all he can to bring back the likenesses of the loved ones who dwell in the other sphere.

Barnum.

The broken and broken front of the old Museum, which still confronts our office in Broadway, has several of the old signs, names and flags still hanging to it. "BARNUM'S" still stands out

In large letters, and one equally significant still still reads, "OPEN AT ALL HOURS," and it might be added, open at the top to all winds and storms. No signs of removal or rebuilding are yet visible. Barnum has a seat in the same building with our office, but a little lower than the spiritual region, as he has long been known to keep nearer the ground and nearer the animals, and to avoid the spirits; but since he failed to get into Congress by writing letters against Spiritualism, he is quiet on that subject.

Perhaps all of our readers have not noticed that Mrs. Semanthe Mott, so long and so favorably known as one of the most successful clairvoyant mediums for examination of and prescription for diseases, has removed from Hartford, Conn., to this city, where she is still in practice at her new home, No. 20 Seventh Avenue.

Business Matters.

THE INCREASING DEMAND for DR. TURNER'S TRODOLOREUX, or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILLS, is a proof of its great efficacy in curing NEURALGIA, nerve ache, and all other painful nervous affections. It restores to a healthy action the nerve fluid, strengthens the system and expels from it all nervous diseases. Apothecaries have this medicine. Principal Depot, 130 THURMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

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Mrs. R. L. MOORE will send examination and prescription on receipt of lock of hair, \$1 and 2 stamps. Address care Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. A4,0w.

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JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers mailed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

MISS M. K. CASSIEN will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Income \$2 and 4 red stamps. 24 Wickliffe street, Newark, N. J. A4.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE (price 30 cents) and HUMAN NATURE (price 35 cents) are received regularly and for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

THE RADICAL for April is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

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

Special Notices.

Mrs. ARY M. LAFIN FERREE gives Psychometric Readings, for \$2.00. Directions for Development for \$3.00. Address, enclosing two red stamps, Post-office box 455, Washington, D. C. May 9.

THE HAIR AND SCALP.—Dr. George W. Hale, Scientific Dermatologist, 28 Winter street, Boston, successfully treats all diseases of the hair and scalp, loss of hair, premature greyness, baldness, etc. He prepares special ointment for each case. Send for circular. 4w—Apr. 25.

Every town, city and village in the UNITED STATES, (including A. & E. P. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 8

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 154 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 7 o'clock; and on SATURDAY, at 10 o'clock; and on SUNDAY, at 11 o'clock; and on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 10 o'clock; and on SATURDAY, at 11 o'clock; and on SUNDAY, at 12 o'clock. The circles commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

Circle Room—Reserved Seats.

It has become necessary, owing to the increasing interest manifested by people far and near to learn what disembodied spirits have to say through our medium, that we shall hereafter reserve three seats in our Circle Room, for the accommodation of strangers, up to within five minutes of closing the door. It is often the case that people visit from a distance for the express purpose of attending our Free Public Circles. They arrive at the office just too late to procure a seat, and are obliged to retire, wondering why they cannot be accommodated. So numerous have been these cases of late, that we have determined to accommodate such visitors, if possible, especially those who notify us in advance by letter.

Invocation.

Oh ye countless throngs of souls whose robes have been whitened in the bitter experiences of human life, draw near in this hour with these waiting mortals, entering your dear affection, and causing them to live nearer God and the great infinite spirit-land. Ye know that the earth is but a prison-house, and in obedience to the law of your being and the commands of the great Infinite Father we know you will descend, and your blessing will rest upon the hearts of mortals, giving them the assurance of a life after death, and a home beyond the tomb. Oh teach the doubting to doubt no more. Drive away the mists of superstition and error before the sunlight of your truth and your love. Enter the dark places of earth, and cheer them by your presence. Stand high upon the heights of sickness and sorrow. Whosoever is in the land of the living, assuring him that there is no death, but that life is one unbroken chain. Go wherever duty may call you; and when your mission upon earth may be ended, then shall you hear the voice of that inner spirit of truth, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over small things, and I will make thee ruler over great."

Our Father, thy blessing—though we always are prone to crave—is always with us; thy holy spirit, though we always beseech to attend us, are never without; and thy love, so great, so perfect, we know will ever be with us. And all thy family of souls that will care for thee, will come through the dark places of life to those bright scenes where the soul realizes thy presence more perfectly, where it understands itself by its nearness to thee. Thy blessing, we know, rests upon thy children everywhere, and we will not ask for it, but we will thank thee for its presence; we will rejoice in its glory; we will lift our souls upon wings of faith and love nearer, still nearer to thee, till we shall feel that thy kingdom hath indeed come unto us, and that we understand thy will. Amen. Feb. 4.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT—Have you questions, Mr. Chairman? If so, we are ready to talk concerning them.

Ques.—When a man dies, does a part of his nature die with his body? I mean his organs of appetite and passion.

Ans.—Yes, the effect of those appetites and passions dies with him, or passes with him to the spirit-world proper. Or perhaps we can more definitely state our meaning by referring you to the spirit body. A man's spirit body is that which the spirit manifests itself after death. It is made up of the circumstances of this life. It is one single circumstance through which you pass here falls off its effect in stamping an impression upon the spirit body. At death the internal, intelligent part, knowing that it must find expression through organic life, has the wisdom to gather that organic life from the human conditions by which it is surrounded. It makes up its body from the experiences of human life—that human life that belongs to the body through which it has expressed itself on earth. This being true, of course that spirit body is but a reflection or effect of the circumstances of life. All the appetites and passions are there represented, and the spirit must speak or express itself again through corresponding conditions of the earth-life. So then the drunkard carries the effects of drunkenness to another life, the thief carries the effect of his propensities there also, the sensualist carries his desires, and so on. The spirit body is a permanent product of the best spiritual organic structure. You should all remember this. Those physical temperaments that are the best balanced produce for you the very best wedding garment that Nature can furnish you with. It depends very much upon your intelligent action in this life as to what your bodies will be in the next.

Q.—What did Christ mean in telling his disciples that where two or three were met together in his name, there he would be also?

A.—Why, suppose, for instance, one of your intimate friends who was about departing for the spirit spheres, says to you, "When you shall gather yourselves together, those of you who are my friends, thinking of me, calling for me, I shall be sure to be there." Jesus said the same. He understood the laws of magnetic and electric life, and he knew that he should be able to return and become tangibly present to them by their magnetic attraction. He was the thought of him, by the love that he should carry from them to the spirit-world. It was a great highway for him, and it is such for all.

Q.—Is there a devil existing outside of the human mind?

A.—The greatest, the most perfect devil that we ever knew, had an existence in the human mind—in that portion of it that is the result of human education. The devil, as a distinctive personality, is a thing of time, a something that has been wrought out through your defective educational system. You are here educated, religiously, morally, intellectually and physically, and that portion which was defective, which runs through the whole system, is that which has produced this personal devil. It has made his horns and his hoofs, and all his various appendages, and it has called upon humanity to exercise a fear concerning him; but it is all the result of a false education. Those persons who have never been educated at all in such matters, have no thought of a devil.

Q.—Is not science one of the greatest and most important studies in the spirit-world?

A.—It is the foundation of all true educational systems. It is the only true basis upon which intelligence can rely for information, whether here or there. All spirits, when they become divested of the mortal form, and have risen beyond the prejudices incident to human life, when they begin to desire to know more concerning themselves and their surroundings, at once start off attended by science; and this attendant never forsakes them. They are never satisfied until they have demonstrated that is not truly scientific, cannot be resolved to a clear point beyond dispute. And it would be far better for our religious of earth, our moralists, and indeed far better for all classes of being, would they adopt a similar plan, and investigate therein by science. Let science be the basis of your religion; and worship at no shrine that is not a scientific shrine.

When you do this, you will seldom have occasion to look back with regret over the many mistakes you have made.

Q.—A lady is influenced to write these characters, of which she wishes an explanation, if it is possible.

(The manuscript was laid before the medium, and after touching it with the fingers the spirit answered.)

They bear a very striking resemblance to Chinese characters; we should say they were such. Feb. 4.

Deborah Pendleton.

We are taught in the spirit-land that we should go wherever duty leads us. I am willing to do so, but I am in doubt with reference to the result of my coming. Thirty years ago I died in Boston. I do not know how you have changed your names since then, but I lived on one of the hills, called "Fort Hill." I owned much property there. I say much, it was much for those times. Perhaps you would not call it so now. At my death it went into the hands of my heirs, and some who should have received were left without justice being done then. It has always troubled me. I have never been happy, and my friends in this world, in the spirit-world, have been constantly telling me I should return in order to do my duty.

I wish those persons who were known to have been defrauded by those most interested in this life, to have some kind of justice done in this life. I do not know how you have changed your names since then, but I lived on one of the hills, called "Fort Hill." I owned much property there. I say much, it was much for those times. Perhaps you would not call it so now. At my death it went into the hands of my heirs, and some who should have received were left without justice being done then. It has always troubled me. I have never been happy, and my friends in this world, in the spirit-world, have been constantly telling me I should return in order to do my duty.

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