



The Lecture Room.

Compensation and Retribution.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels closed her engagement, and the course of lectures at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, April 20th, by an address on the above subject. The audience was large, notwithstanding the severe aspect of the weather, and the appreciative feeling manifested by it on the occasion was all that could be desired. We give below a synoptical report of her remarks: It had been said by one (Theodore Parker) who for many years ministered in our present place of meeting: "I never had a sorrow in my life that I could spare." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—"Bible." "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may."—"Shakespeare." "Allah is just, and he standeth between utter darkness and too dazzling glory, that his children may behold him in his works."—"Koran." Philosophy, Religion, Science, Morality, Art, all conspired to make up the sum of the balance of Nature. No philosopher or man of science would presume to dispute the proposition that every part of the universe was equal in degree to every other part, and all were properly balanced by the great law of cause and effect which stood between chaos and absolute centralization. Neither would he deny the fact that even the finest ray of light or infinitesimal particle of matter had its duty to perform, and was as subject to law as the grandest sun or the mightiest formation in the material world. Man's great desire in all ages had been to find this centre of life—the power by which these things which make up the cosmic universe were held in their places. And in the religious world, as well as in the material, he had toiled to discover the secret governing the punishment of sin or reward of good deeds done in this life. However vast and unexplored this field of labor for knowledge, there was a fact evident to the careful student, that for every balance there was a degree of opposing power. Mechanics, science, and all the subtle array of mathematical philosophy, point to one rule which formed a predicate from which to judge of the truth of this assertion; we could not doubt the need or truth of balancing and opposing forces, for by their demonstration there was a law for all—a system of causes—so interwoven and blended that one could not act without the other, and thus all results in Nature were but the effect of action and reaction. Vainly did we strive to understand the full weight and depth of these mysterious processes, but it was a fact that every particle of matter had its own appropriate work to perform, and from the beginning of its existence was clearly distinct and worked onward and upward to full perfection. Did it matter to those particles whether they ripened down beneath the sea, or were spouted up by the snorting volcano, or breathed abroad in the perfume of the flowers? They still preserved their individuality, for they bore and shadowed forth an immortal germ within. But to speak within the limit of natural science, it was known that mathematics formed the keystone of the arch of all knowledge, demonstrating that no result could be greater than the cause. Those who by its light were ready to admit the truth of the proposition that the shortest distance between two points was in a straight line, or that two bodies could not occupy the same space in the same time, were led in time to acknowledge that for every effect there must be a visible or invisible cause. To them all the phenomena of the material universe were capable of solution; the mystery of the rainbow or the blade of grass was plainly demonstrated. They knew there was as much use for the tempest as the calm. They knew there was a provision in the great law for the simoon that swept remorselessly by, bearing destruction on its wings, though caravans and travelers were in its path; a cause for the cyclone roaring over the Indian sea, till navies and islands were swamped in the foaming brine! When the earthquake shook smote into crumbling ruins cities which had been the work of ages, and human nature shrank appalled, they could say with abiding faith, "We have not the arrangement of all this, but we are assured that it is well." The ancient stole so accustomed himself to the cringing of all tender desires and loves on earth, that no trouble could cause a shadow to pass across his countenance. But this example was not well to copy after in this world. We should not stifle our feelings, but we should strive to apply to all the rules of trusting faith. When the convulsions of Nature wrought their changes before our eyes; when the lightning's forked sword shivered in fragments the giant oak, and pierced the lamb who took refuge at its base, we should see good and use in it as much as in the sunshine. For all were bound by the law of Nature to each other, and to complain of one was to complain of all. The world had been brought to its present perfection, by powers which would have appalled the minds of to-day. But the volcano and earthquake were only its safety valves. A steam engine understood properly became the great interchanger of commerce but improperly managed was a fearful instrument of death and destruction—it was a power only applicable when understood. So all the forces of Nature were alike a blessing and a curse, and only when by mathematical science we learned to weigh them in the balance of right could we see reason for the compensation and retribution attending them. So much for the material world. The same was true of the moral. One thought shot out from that world was of more power than all the atoms of the material universe. We should bear in mind that its laws were as binding and its results as certain as any that existed in matter, and they were mistaken who thought any punishment was the result of a direct personal influ-

once. The truth was that this search of reward for good and punishment of evil arose from ignorance. There was nowhere in Nature a punishment or reward for actions producing results. The law of compensation and retribution was founded on eternal principles, from which there was no escape. It was the fact of its reputed capability of evading the consequences of natural law that had divorced religion from science. If birth and death were alike—neither the subject of control or destiny; if life was full of proper duties that belonged to life; if storm and sunshine were alike understood by the outward world, and were known to be but the outgrowth of natural laws, then would there be no need of compensation or retribution—they would come of themselves. And the influence of human souls united would be the great motor power which should rule the ages. There was a subtle influence in that religious system which made God a scapegoat (or a mediator), or manufactured a burden-bearer in the shape of a demon of darkness, upon which to pack the iniquities of his saints. (?) But the idea originated in, and was yet unpurged in its nature from, the crude notions of antiquity which placed the earth on the back of a tortoise, who in turn rested on a serpent, who floated at pleasure on a sea of milk; the teachings which declared the spheres to be composed of solid glass, and all the stars subservient in their varied tracks through the heavens to the puny earth's command! And in the metaphysical world of to-day there was the serpent and sea of milk on which minds rested and floated hither and thither, never striving to examine into their faith, or bring their ideas down to individual experience. We should not murmuringly inquire why we were called on to suffer the various afflictions of life. There was an answer to our question in the very fact of their existence, and the new-born babe looking up with a wealth of trust and love into its mother's face was the representative of the soul looking up into the eye of Infinity. There was no vacuum in Nature. If there was an empty space then forces were put in motion to fill it, and the convulsions of storm and thunder and whirlwind were but the legitimate effect of efforts in that direction. Flowers died, but from their commingled ashes sprang up other forms of loveliness and grace. Beautiful scenes and sights disappear, but were there not beautiful sights and scenes in embryo which stepped forth to fill the vacant place? The limestone in the rock had neither use or attractiveness, but when absorbed into vegetable and animal life became carbonate of lime, which composed the tissues and bone of human existence. It might have been waiting for ages to be absorbed, that it might become the habitation of an immortal soul! If vegetable and animal forms had never died where would have been found the materials from which to fashion this tabernacle of the spirit? Winter, so cold and dark—the seeming realization of death—was but the silent prophecy of the spring-time, with its newly awakened flowers. Nature kept on her work—there was nothing lost. Bird, beaver, otter, bear, wolf, all fulfilled their allotted fate in Nature, even if it was to prey upon one another. The wild woods echoing to the scream of the panther were but the precursors of that state of animal and vegetable surroundings which should better answer the uses of man—giving him fields to cultivate, and the horse, the ox and the varied tribes of domesticated animals to aid him (directly or indirectly) in so doing. There was nothing which could be dreamed of in Nature which had not its use and purpose. All things fulfilled their mission. Was the soul less than these? Had the spirit which was above all these no power, no compensation and no retribution? The answer must come from the inner nature of the mind, that tread what path we may there was a compensation in the treading, and our souls should be duly thankful therefor to our Great Father. The bankrupt hopes of millions of earth's children would find no other solace for all their agony than was contained in the assurance that no human being ever had a sorrow which was not necessary to its ultimate good. To doubt this was to doubt existence itself. This brought us to consider the religion of the world, which had sought to shrink from the vast responsibility resting on it to proclaim the truth, and had striven to satisfy its believers by promises that in some way, by a system of bribery, it could save them from the effects of their misdeeds. Let us draw away the curtains of error, untroubled by the thunders of Sinai or the severity of Mosaic Law, unallured by the seductive offers of Mahomet, and learn the fact that there was in the heart of each a voice proclaiming the necessity for the unswerving rule of cause and effect. Could we spare our individual sorrows? Yes, answered some, we would have no more grief, less of care, more health, and no death. We would have no pain or injustice in the world. Then they would have the unprogressed atom instead of the perfumed flower—dark earth instead of the brilliant sun—the state of absolute nonentity in place of the immortal soul! They would have no struggles, no toils, to ripen and expand the mental powers. If there was no sickness, then there would be no knowledge of the laws of health. Pain prompted man to search for the art to heal it. When natural laws were fully understood there should be no more pain, but until that time it was necessary as a spur to the perfection of knowledge. If there were no death then there would be only ignorance, for they could have no life. The very flowers which adorned the sepulchre had sprung from death; and should we be less than they? Only the outward casket decayed; were it not for death there could be no arisen spirit to inherit the glories of eternal life. Without death and pain there would have been the wonderful systems founded on laws of progress, upon the elaboration of which students

had consumed the midnight oil, and bleeding hearts tolled through lives of want that their efforts might bring forth good to man? Without battles there would be no truths. For just so sure as natural powers combated in the fulfillment of the laws of the universe, so in the world of man the rapid advance of ideas was attended full oft with the strife of material weapons. Better that thousands perish than that there should be no ideas of truth. Along the ages could be seen the sweep of God's right hand pointing to unflinching compensation for all these woes. But in narrowing down the sphere of this compensation to the ego—I—oftentimes we are led to exclaim, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!"—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." But it is ourselves that say it, and not Nature. There is not an hour that has not left its impress on our lives. Let us toll on then with the goal in view; from pain we learn patience; from adversity, kindness; from sin, pity for others; from error, an understanding of truth. If death comes, through its gates we may catch glimpses of glory. We need not fear death, it alone is true. All things of earth may seem to us filled with treason and dishonor, but death is constant and sure, and leads us to our loved ones gone before. It alone, of all the ministering angels, is faithful at the last. We may waver in life's pathway, we may mask our real intents, but death shall prove us all, and we know the end it brings us is not the end of life, but the end of falsehood, shame and disgust, and brings us to the gate of the glorious city immortal. Often a cloud arises in the mind when we see the apparently flowery path of the wicked, and the crowns glittering on the brow of error, while the disciples of truth are poor and full of sorrow; but there is no rest for crowns so placed, neither is there so much agony as there might seem in the hearts who wear the compensating whippers of angels. We wear our garments of purity or shame—death is the great equalizer—and all go to their appropriate place. Were these few hours on earth all there is of existence, even then the relation between compensation and retribution would hold true. We defy any one to show from history that the good which has borne the cross has not ultimately worn the crown. In the field of political, military or moral effort, the ambitious and bigoted have gone down at last, while the names of good men and true have been caught up on the waves of memory, and from the martyr's funeral pyre has streamed a glory down the centuries! And though darkly and deeply rolls the tide of fate, we know that every human soul shall be borne ultimately to the great haven of eternal rest. At the close of the address, another spirit took control of the medium, and in sweet and melodious cadences breathed forth one of the finest poems in our language, replete with rare beauty and excellence, thrilling the audience, who listened in breathless silence:

THE SPECTRE SHIPS. INSPIRATIONALLY GIVEN THROUGH CORA L. V. DANIELS. Adown the swift stream of Time's darkened dream Float the Gonsalons of Fate; And borne by its tide two strange spirits glide, In wonderful power and state. One strange, fearful bark, beareth banners all dark, With crosses of human bones! The other is bright with pure ensigns of white, And moveth to music's low tones. As they float along, a quaint old song Is wafted o'er turret and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small." The dark vessel draws near a grand temple austere, Where Justice and Mercy are found (?) Where each crime hath a name, and each sinner a shame, And "God's image" in Irons is bound! Amid those of loss worth one wretch is brought forth: "Thou hast stolen and murdered," they say, "The proofs are all here—though the laws are severe, You must die. So make ready and pray." Yet forevermore as they pass by the shore, Moans a voice over dungeon and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small." Yet one Judge so staid hath his country betrayed, Another hath sipped a pure name! Every juror hath sold his fair honor for gold, Or bartered his goodness for fame, While the fiend-hoasts await to convey to his fate The victim who bows low his head— The Spirit of Light pauses there to indite: "His poor babes were starving for bread!" And forevermore, as they sweep from the shore, Groans a voice over prison and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small." Now the ship's near the shore, where a miser so hoar, Clutches ill-gotten hoardings of years! Coins cast in the dies of the lone widows' sighs And stamped with the pale orphan's tears; The dark ship doth hold the old man and his gold, And they float in the blackness away, While the Spirit of Light, from the vessel in white, Waits to hear a poor, lone mother pray! And forevermore, as they pass the bleak shore, Sighs a voice over cottage and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small."

Now the dark ship doth wait where a maiden too late In the trying bower hath stayed— For with false vows and snares the perjured one boars The fiend's trophy—a young heart betrayed. The dark spirit doth send all his crew to attend, To place her on shame's burning scroll; But the Master of Light sends an angel in white, Who rescues the maiden's pure soul! And forevermore, as they pass by the shore, Sounds a voice over garden and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small." Where a king with his crown tramples myriads down, And his minions fawn low at his feet, While the sick and the poor pause in vain at the door, Or famish for bread in the street— Lo, the dark soul doth glide to the proud monarch's side, And the dark ship roars sullenly there, While they fill its black hold with a cargo untold, With curses and blood and despair! But forevermore, as they wait near the shore, Shrieks a voice over palace and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small!" When the trumpet of war sounds its tocsin afar, And the nations for freedom contend, Where a small, fearless band, joined in spirit and hand, Raise a war-hymn to Liberty's Friend, Then the tyrant's grim host see the battle is lost, And the serried ranks scattered there; For the Spirit of Light leads the martyrs in white, And remembers the patriots' prayer, And forevermore, on that blood-stained shore, Peals a voice over cannon and ball, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small." Ever floating along, with a groan or a song, Where one saileth the other must beg; Pressing close, side by side, till they enter the tide Of the sea named Eternity, With a plunge and a bound, lo! the dark ship is found— A wreck upon Time's blackened shoals! All its cargo of woes to oblivion goes, But the life-boat in white saves the souls! And forevermore, where the waves break and roar, Sounds a voice over castle and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small." Thus down the swift stream of Time's turbid dream Sweep the Gonsalons of Fate, And the strange, fearful bark, with its banners so dark, Is the Spirit of Human Hate, While the vessel of light, with its ensigns of white, Like an albatross doth move; And it floateth afar, like a bird or a star, And its name is the Spirit of Love, While forevermore, as it speeds from earth's shore, Sings a voice over turret and wall, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but They grind exceeding small." Isn't it So? A correspondent sends us the following: The one thing which is presented irresistibly to the mind of every temperate and close observer, is the alarming inroads upon the health and happiness of our manhood and youth intemperance is working. Spiritualists who desire to act upon scientific principles in their dealings with life, are ready to forsake all that is injurious to sister, brother, or self, to follow that pure and healthy course which blesses, most of all, the actor. As Spiritualists, we desire to see man the equal of woman in all that is pure and elevating. If my brother man desire his sister woman to be sweet, free from contamination, he cannot conscientiously present himself at her holy shrine with that pernicious atmosphere which results from the habits of liquor or beer-drinking and the use of tobacco; the latter at least the equal in its immoral tendency to any other one bad habit. Millions are the unconscious criminals, and millions the conscious, innocent sufferers. Thousands are, day by day, wearing their lives and health away, as well as that of those to whom they are the most intimately related. Nothing short of woman's voice in thunder tones in protest of this incalculable wrong, will succeed in reforming young men and youth in this particular. The time is not far distant when woman will declare herself in favor of man unadulterated as she, and the choice will be at this standard, and none other. It was a stroke against purity when the noble efforts to express these claims at the National Convention of Spiritualists were crushed, although only for the time being. Spiritualists, who are unfortunately victims, must not shut their eyes to the light, nor imagine they work no evil by their influence and example. Reform should begin with self. See to it that you labor for the physical development of the race. De Toqueville says of the newspaper: "A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment. A newspaper is an adviser who does not require to be sought, but comes to you without distracting your private affairs. Newspapers, therefore, become more necessary, in proportion as men become more equal individuals, and more to be feared. To suppose that they only serve to protect freedom is to diminish their importance; they maintain civilization."

Original Essays.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. BY G. M. GOULD.

For a period of nearly two thousand years, the bulk of the so-called civilized world has been worshipping a man, a god, God, or a principle, (which it is we are unable to discover,) whose attributes and historic life were all kindness and love—as it were one simple yet grand and mighty effort to introduce into the world, by practice and teaching, the glorious idea of good returned for evil. For nearly two thousand years it has looked back to the earth-life of this (called) man, as being the highest practical example of moral goodness ever displayed on earth. Men the world over have dubbed themselves his followers, worshipping him in their adoration—yes, deifying him in their enthusiasm to do greater reverence to him and his teachings. What were they? One would suppose that looked on as he is, men would try by every means to pattern after his bright example, honor his teachings by living them out in their own every-day lives, and at least faithfully obey his expressed commands. The facts? Open and carefully read the history of the Nazarene generally considered the most truthful. How do practice and law to-day of Christian nations compare with his practice and precept? I would limit myself to one particular, to which I have been heading; it is the broad one of Capital Punishment. American law says hang a man if he commit a certain crime. The laws of the nation are virtually made and enforced by the people. The people are a Christian people, pretend to follow on Christian ideas—leastwise believe in the Christian code of morals. Without its repetition we all know well enough what it is in relation to this question. And now I ask, where the discrepancy? Was Christ wrong, and is the world to-day right? or vice versa? Why is it at the end of eighteen hundred years we find such decided opposites? Do we dare to call ourselves MEN, worship and pray to one whose very life itself was a sacrifice of the good for the evil, and yet in our every-day life practice always the opposite? Make, support, and enforce law which has for its foundation—and superstructure, too, I might add—the damnable idea of evil for evil, wrong for wrong? Are we such moral cowards that we cannot live out our beliefs and convictions? Or—here 's the rub—are these out real, true convictions of what our duty indeed is? Ask a man does he believe the rules of life which Jesus laid down the best standard to practically live to; he answers, certainly. Ask him again, does the murderer deserve death by our hands; and nine times to one you'll receive the answer, "Why most assuredly he does." Again, did not Jesus pray, "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do?" In viewing this topic from its theologic standpoint these questions arise and demand settlement. It is not for me to attempt it, but I only ask the Christian citizen, in name, to be more Christian in spirit, and, with more consistency, to act as he thinks or thinks as he acts. But the religious arguments are not, by far, the weightiest ones against this barbaric institution. Let us look at it from the broad field of human well-being on earth; look at it in connection with ourselves placed on this planet, subject to the invariable law of progression, under which law we are to work out our own salvation; for however so much we may rely upon Divine aid and interposition, still the indubitable fact faces us of to-day, that no providential hand will open the waters for us, that we may pass over from darkness and barbarism into a higher life and light. The world must be its own redeemer. This being true, it will be plain to every mind that the highest interests of humanity, the advancement of civilization—promoting the inaugural of mind-government—demand the abolition of this world's curse. In opposition, and answer to, all the arguments for the non-use of capital punishment, the world brings but the one reason for its use, which the thoughtful man soon sees to be most timely. It is this: Owing to the partial spread of knowledge and a resultant amount of ignorance, superstition and evil, the immoral and sinful surroundings, there are a class of persons who prey on society, supporting physical existence by crime and sin, and the every tendency of their minds is to evil. Now if we allow these persons unrestrained freedom, if for a murderer we do not hang the murderer, thereby stopping this crime by keeping constantly in the eyes of the people the rewards of such a course—if in fact we do not keep the fear of the law and punishment before such minds by such spectacles of punishment, how can we hope for the safety of our property, money, our families, or our lives themselves? The argument appears good and the question seems settled. Let us once more get the facts. Hope for safety! Why, that is all we do now, and live hoping. Has your remedy for the evil cured it? Are your lives and property, oh Judges, a whit safer for the real and supposed criminals you have condemned to punishment, murdered, albeit under cover of the law, legally? Oh I ask you solemnly, ye who know the noble heart of humanity by heart, has not this course produced the very thing you would have killed? Instead of the slayer of evil, has it not been the father of it? Has not the bitter condemnation and vindictiveness of the punishers of a crime been very often the direct cause of the re-entment of that very crime? Cast your loaves upon the waters; they will return again, though it be after many days. Compensation is the great law of life. Whatever ye give, that ye are bound to take. If ye hate, ye will be hated; and, too, oh remember this! If ye love, ye too will be loved. The vindictiveness and hate which we load

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upon the criminal, and with which we sentence him and carry out the sentence, is more to be lamented than the bad remedy itself. If we must have, let it be the sin, not the sinner.

Overcoming evil with good, is a thing men vaguely dream of as perhaps feasible. Never having made a trial of it, they of course do not know it to be so.

Go to the root of the evil. Cease for humanity's sake to doctor effects longer, and remove and stop the causes. If your cistern leaks, would you attempt to cure the defect by bailing the water back into it again which runs away? Or would you not stop the leaking place?

You do not remove or kill the evil by removing or killing the physical agency which at that particular time is working and carrying out its design. You augment it by giving it greater freedom and fields of action.

The world must learn this, before it can ever be comparatively free from crime. The physical or other means by which an evil mind effects its desires may be changed, may be obliterated, yet the cause, the mind itself, rankles still, and will find other means.

The same, but in a more restrictive sense, of the prisoner, confined though he be in his cell from the light of day. The psychologist well knows his hate goes forth into the world of effects, and finds other agencies to operate through.

NATURE AND SPIRIT.

BY A. C. NICHOLS.

EDITORS BANNER—For the last eighteen months I have been a constant reader of your sheet, and through the previous years an occasional reader; am called by my neighbors a Spiritualist. If to be a Spiritualist means one who recognizes a spiritual world or sense, I think I have reason to feel satisfied in that I am so understood.

If now I may presume to speak from my own experience, I should state that any person or number of persons who break away from the admeasurement of the ecclesiasticalism of to-day, and so push from shore adrift upon the sea of free thought, must or will find themselves mainly occupied by negations—denying this and that, expressing disbelief. Within these negations, as kernel within shell, lies the slow forming gestating affirmative.

Thus the world's symbolic history—the Life's Word—is repeated in small, in every manifesting personal growth or thought growth in any company of persons. The pages of our Spiritualist newspapers (so far as I have been able to observe at least) show forth in full point the above termed Pagan remodeling. And as I have said, this is but the manifest of a normal order of growth; you may ask me to be patient with that patience mentioned in the last Banner (No. 20) in E. S. Wheeler's able address, while in that very address Mr. W. asserts immortality as a "fact."

Some six months ago or more, I found the Banner remarking the same of photography—that it was a spiritual process. And thus, my friends, you seem on the threshold of asserting that the air is spiritual, as it is not an object of vision, however much it may engage other of our senses five. Now if I apprehend rightly the cause of these misapprehensions, it is nothing more than the belief or notion everywhere prevalent that Nature and Spirit are defined thus: Life this side literal death is natural; beyond, spiritual—the realm Nature at the grave, closed or left, and the spiritual entered upon.

Thus communications returning the presence of our deceased friends must be from the spiritual world, or are spiritual in character; hence the supposed legitimacy of the terms Spiritualist and Spiritualism.

Now for a lift suggestive at the opposite assumption. Let the reader turn attention to that department of Nature denominated inorganic, as all that portion not recognized as animated or thus organic. The scientist here observes an ascension by gradual variance from solid to liquid, thence aeriform, thence onward to what are termed the subtle fluids or forces. But does he ever dream he thus passes Nature's bound? These subtle forces are, by common consent, as instinctively posited in Nature, as much as though they could be seen and weighed.

Study as much as you please, work your brains to their utmost capacity, but see that you do not rob them of the rest derived from sleep, and which is so indispensable for healthy and long-continued intellectual labor. If you neglect this warning, be sure the time will come when you cannot sleep, and then you will be in danger of losing your reason.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

(Original.) NUMBER SIX.

"I say, Uncle Oliver, isn't it mean?" said Reuben, as he headed the children, who all, greatly excited, pressed forward to listen to what seemed of the greatest importance to them. "I'll never forget it, no, never. Just wait till I grow up to be a man and see what I'll do. Just because I'm not as big as he, he thinks I must bear it; but I'll not forget."

"You have forgotten that I do not know what all these flushed faces mean, and what it is that is so very pleasant, that you do not mean to forget it."

"Pleasant! it's anything but that. I've been flogged at school, and I was not bad at all, and it wasn't my fault. All of them will tell you that. If I had done anything wrong I would not care. I would have let it pass; but the boys and the girls will all tell you that there was no fault of mine."

"There was n't, Uncle Oliver, I am sure," said Mary, "and we want to know if you think whipping is right anyhow?"

"One thing is certain," said Reuben, "I'll never forget it. I'll grow up and give it back."

"Let us talk a little more calmly," said Uncle Oliver. "The trouble is not in the blows, but in the spirit that the blows raise. You are whipping yourself terribly every moment that you feel such anger and hate. That is the real punishment. If you suffered wrongfully, then the blows are nothing, unless you suffer the revengeful spirit in return to master you. If you do, then indeed you are harmed. We can all bear a little smarting of the skin if there is nothing besides."

Let me tell you one of my true stories. In the days gone by, it was considered quite necessary to flog boys into good behavior. No boy was thought to be well disciplined who had not been thoroughly through the process of whipping. There was one favorite maxim of your ancestors: 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' I believe I used to think that when my children got a little older I should begin their needed discipline, but I was spared the mortification of unpleasant memories, by a keen sense of justice that compelled me carefully to weigh and measure right and wrong, and I could never convince myself that I had a right to strike another.

But what I wish you to see is this: that the spirit that blows create is the real injury. Now Reuben feels revengeful and bitter, and thus he is punishing himself ten times as much as the master has punished him. If he could forget the blows with the smart, and feel grand in the sense of having suffered a wrong courageously, then his whipping would have really ennobled him."

"But weren't you going to tell us a story?" said Susy, her eyes brimming over with tears, at the distress she had experienced.

"Yes, a real story. About seventy-five years ago there was an old Scotch teacher by the name of Hackett, who thought the birch a more powerful assistant than the spelling-book or grammar. He whipped without mercy, and invented modes of punishment to which a common threeding might be called boy's play. He had among his pupils some members of distinguished families. Thomas Lord and Henry Erskine were among his pupils."

Reuben looked a little relieved to think a man of note had been whipped when a boy.

"But no family distinctions could help a boy; he must take his chances; and those chances did not depend upon his good or bad behavior. The whipping was simply a drill."

Among the pupils was a boy whose real name I don't know; we may call him Smith. He was sent from a distance to the charge of Hackett. Being far from his friends, and possessing a thoughtful, quiet manner, these severities of the teacher had the more effect upon him. He dwelt upon the great injustice done to himself and others, and created there a feeling of such intense bitterness that he became miserable. He determined secretly to revenge himself. But it was impossible for him, a boy, to satisfy his revenge, and so he bound it up in his soul, solemnly declaring to himself that he would never forget the wrong and the injustice.

At an early age Smith was drafted into the India service, and remained away from his native land twenty-five years. Through all the exciting scenes of those years he forgot not his purpose. No stormy battle, no raging pestilence, no deprivation, no success made him forget his resolve.

He came home at last to remain and to enjoy life, but he must first destroy this enemy to his peace, this desire for revenge. He went to the town where Hackett resided, and found that he still lived, a hale, hearty man, though no longer a teacher. Smith sent a polite invitation to the old man to dine with a former pupil at the inn. It was an event of some importance to the teacher, and he dressed himself, in his best costume for the occasion. His ruffled wrists, his silver knee-buckles and his silk stockings, all showed his great precision and care. He felt a thrill of gratitude that so great an honor had been bestowed on him, and wished to express it, therefore he planned a neat little speech for the occasion.

He was ushered into a room where the table was spread for dinner. Soon a gentleman entered, closed the door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket. He then went to the mantel-shelf and took down a good sized whip, and planted himself before the old man.

"Do you remember me, sir?" he said. "No," said Hackett.

"Then I will see to it that you never forget me hereafter. My name is Smith, and I am one of the boys that you thrashed so unmercifully. I have never forgotten a blow. For twenty-five years I have remembered them all. I never for one moment have allowed myself to forget them. Now I am fully prepared to satisfy myself. Strip, sir! resistance will do you no good. India gold has bought all who might have come to your help. Nothing on earth will let you escape me now." The old man had some interior tremblings, but he was shrewd and had studied human nature for many years.

the same to you, let us have the dinner first and the loking afterwards. Shall it be so?"

Smith was not quite prepared for this answer, but assented to the proposal, yet still adhering to his long cherished purpose. The dinner was excellent, and the old man grew enthusiastic as he talked of the boys, his pupils. He told so many anecdotes of them that Smith was, spite of himself, amused. Then he gave a history of many of them, for they seemed to him as if, in some sense, of his family. His interest was so great in them that Smith saw that the old man was really proud, as a father of his sons, of all those who had made a mark in the world. Gradually he drew Smith on to a narration of his own life.

Time wore on. The old man was so cheerful and sympathetic, and entered so fully into the events of Smith's life, that the gloomy spirit gradually gave place to one of kindly feeling. Whenever a thought of the whipping came up it seemed such an absurdity that it was banished at once. The neatly-dressed old man, so friendly in manner, so bright and sprightly in conversation, was surely not a fitting object for spite and ill feeling, even!

Yet he could not forget those twenty-five years, and tried hard to forget instead the pleasant voice that so constantly chatted to him. But whenever his brow became gloomy with the old thoughts a fresh, witty story drove the evil away.

At last it staid away entirely, and the hours wore away into the late evening in really delightful intercourse. Smith escorted the old man to his door, and as he returned to the inn he found himself a changed man. The spirit of revenge was banished. Life had nobler objects. He thought of a happy, genial companion in place of the injuries of long ago.

Now, Reuben, we can but hope that if you should cherish your feelings of bitterness until you have grown up, they would vanish in as kindly a manner, leaving no worse consequences than did those of Smith. But I know you will say that it would be far better to bid the evil depart now. There can never be anything gained by holding on to an evil. It is like keeping some troublesome, injurious disease. Banish all that can harm you, and keep only that which can bless."

"Well, Uncle Oliver," said Reuben, "I begin to feel ashamed of myself now. I don't like the whipping any better than I did, and I still think it mean; but I see the blows did not amount to much, because I did not deserve them. But I want to do something. I want to express myself."

"I'll tell you," said Mary; "let us go and sing that pretty song we have learned right under the master's window. He'll know your voice from all the rest, and that'll make him dream it all out right, and who knows but he'll say he's sorry."

"Not he," said Reuben.

"There are more ways than one to say, 'I am sorry!' 'I beg your pardon!'" said Uncle Oliver. "An act often tells more plainly than speech what one means. A hearty shake of the hand often means, 'I have done wrong.' To be sure, it is rather a cowardly way to express an apology, but some people can't act bravely. I quite approve of your plan, Mary. Sing your sweet song, this lovely moonlight night, five minutes after the master's light goes out; and that he may be sure that no insult is intended, I will wrap myself well and go with you."

"Oh, how good you are," said Susan. "It's all as nice as a story. I'm in such a hurry to have it begin."

"To have what begin?" said Reuben. "The story began with the whipping; that was the tragedy which I intended to keep performing for a series of years; but now we'll have the happy ending. Oh, Uncle Oliver, you save us boys from so many mean scrapes that I don't see what we ever did without you."

As the company left the cottage to prepare for the "happy ending," Uncle Oliver looked out of his window. The snow had lodged on his white rose-bush and was bending it to the ground. "To-morrow's sun will thaw it," he said to himself, "and the branches will spring back to their places. I bless the power that keeps my life and lets me be like the sun to these little ones, to thaw what the harshness of life may bring to them. They shall not bend or break! I can help it."

THE TEMPLE OF DREAMS.

Sometimes I wander through enchanted halls, And linger, tranced, beneath the mighty spells Of visions flashing from the mystic walls; Awe'd by the antique imagery, which tells Of inspirations that dull Time defies, And claim their kindred with Eternity.

There scepter'd prince, and doughty warrior mated, Spell-bound for ages by an art sublime, Wisdom serene, and Loveliness unvelled, Look calmly on me through the mists of time; Here History waits with Romance at his side, There reveals Love, with Beauty defied.

Here regal genius bids the seasons wait; Grey Winter with his icy diamonds crowned, Young, bright Spring, in robes of green elate, And fervent Summer with her visage browned; Here tempests gather, and there sunshine glows Of fruitful Autumn, and eternal snows.

One Titan spirit waves his potent wand Above the terrors of the Alpine storm, Grasps the launched bolt, and holds with giant hand The chariot of the thunder. A dread form, The mist-veiled avalanche stays its descent, Frowning and vast—a spectral battlement.

There War's dark angel thrusts his sickle in; And reaps the harvest of the crime's plain; There Vengeance holds its carnival of sin, And dying Martyrs, by the bigot slain, In robes of fire ascend to realms untrod; There patient bows the thorn-crowned Son of God.

Thus do I wander where the Goni keep Their guarded splendors, and their trophies bright; In haunted chambers, fraught with charms that sweep Like star-gems scattered from the crown of night, Drinking the spirit of their lustrous beams, A captive in the Temple of old Dreams.

THE MARRIAGE OF COUSINS, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—There can be no mistake at all about the fact that the tendency to have defective offspring is greater where parents are defective than with others. But here is a point that leads people into error. It does not follow because a person is defective in his hearing the defect will take that form in his offspring; it may strike somewhere else. The child may be defective in physical strength or mental capacity. But there is the defective germ, and it will manifest itself in the next. I know of thirteen blind children, in a neighboring county, the descendants of one blind man who married his cousin. In the first generation there were no blind children. You would look round and see these children all happy, all enjoying the blessings of sight, and say, "It is all moonshine, this idea about defective people marrying." In the second and third generation came thirteen blind children (from the intermarriage of a blind man with his cousin). I think six of these have been in our institution.—Dr. S. G. Howe.

THE PASSIONS.—Hold not conference, debate, or reasoning with any Lust; it is but a preparatory for thy admision of it. The way is at the very first flatly to deny it.—Fuller.

Notes from S. J. Finney.

DEAR BANNER—A few thoughts have been pressing on me for utterance, for some time, relative to Lyceum equipages, to mediums, and a great misconception, or at least a great misstatement regarding my position toward mediumship. And, if you will be kind enough to consent, I will occupy a little space in your columns relative to these topics.

And first let me say I notice that many Lyceums, in order to save first expense, have gotten up by hand their equipages, flag-staffs, target-staffs, etc.; and in all such cases that I have seen, the staffs are too large and clumsy, and ill fitted to the size of the flags and the ages of the respective groups. And, also, that the staffs in such cases are eight square instead of round, which looks badly. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," says Poor Richard and common sense. And where the object is, as in the case of flags, etc., to give pleasure to the senses by objects of grace and beauty, large and unwieldy articles are a kind of burlesque which excites ridicule and not the aesthetic sentiment, as intended. I have seen a "Guardian's" banner staff as large or even larger than the largest double-handed pitchfork staff, and a good deal longer, looking like a pole, and not a staff at all, a load for one woman to carry.

And I have seen a Fountain Group of precious little tottling holding staffs large enough for hoehandles, and long enough for Liberty Group. Think of a good-sized hoe-handle, with a little flag fit for a four-year-old dangling from the top of it, staggering around a room with the child at the lower end of it.

Now I love the heroism which, in spite of poverty, will have a Lyceum at any rate; and I admire that true economy which will consent to waste nothing; but there is a false economy "which saves at the spigot and loses at the bung." And an awkward, home-made set of staffs for a Children's Progressive Lyceum is of this sort. They will have, sooner or later, to be cast aside for a better set; start as you will, the better set will have to come at last; and so if you start with the poor set, you have to pay double for one good set. This is not economy, but the reverse.

Start at once with a good set of equipages. Nor can a good set be made except by some establishment which is rigged for the business. Machinery if necessary; knowledge of artistic work is necessary; and many other facilities are indispensable, which none but a manufacturing establishment can have. There is one such, and only one such, in the United States—that of E. Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y. This firm, at the urgent request of friends of the Lyceum movement, has fitted up for this work, and all their work is finely done. This firm supplies the whole equipage necessary for Lyceums. It is certainly the cheapest, in the long run, to send to them for equipments. I do not at all write in their financial interests or at their suggestion, but purely in the interests of the Lyceum. And yet a good work of this sort ought to be sustained.

And now as to mediumship and myself: There is, I find, in New England—or rather in some portions thereof—a report that I am opposed to mediums and to mediumship; that I do not believe in the "trance," etc., etc. Allow me to say, once for all, such reports—come from whom they may—are utterly false. I am a medium; I have been a medium for at least nineteen years, and a publicly advertised one at that. I began my public career as a speaking and inspirational medium, and have continued it as such for nearly nineteen years, openly and aboveboard. No person can truthfully assert that I ever denied my own mediumship. I never did lose my consciousness fully, as some persons call it, before an audience; and yet, in the midst of my lectures, I have held communion on other topics than those in my lectures, with my spirit-friends, especially with my little boy, who comes sometimes to me in a tender and sweet manner, and, putting his arms about my neck and laying his cheek against my own, utters his musical "Papa" in my soul, till earth and its surroundings are forgotten, and the golden fountains open upon me.

I set forth, in the very dawn of modern Spiritualism, in my public work under the direct instigation, and often control of the spiritual world, as a medium, and I then pledged myself entirely to this work, while the spiritual world pledged me its guidance and support. And I never really faltered but once, and then only for a short two months or so, and that in consequence of being reduced nearly to beggary for want of any remunerative pay for services among the Spiritualists of this country. But never for one instant have I ever denied mediumship, or turned a sneer upon any true medium in the land.

It is true that I hold mediums to the same laws of moral rectitude as I hold myself, or my fellow-men; and when I find a clear case of fraud, fairly exposed, I say fraud, just as I would of a counterfeit bank bill. Justice, Truth and Righteousness know no favorites; we are amenable alike to them, whether we be mediums or millers. Nor do I know of any reason why trickery in our ranks should not be as unparadingly exposed as trickery in any other religious society in the land. He who will knowingly cover up trickery is a party to the fraud; and of all classes, Spiritualists least need deception. And bogus mediumship—intentional deception under the guise of spirit-communication—is of all frauds the most profane; it robs the dead of their character, and steals the livery of the most sacred fellowship to serve low and selfish ends. Exposure is the only justice for it.

There is a certain percentage of tendency among us to harden into a stubborn and dogmatic defence of all so-called mediums, no matter what their villainies or deceptions; but I am glad it is not general. But among spurious mediums, when one of their number, like Fay or Von Vleck, gets exposed, there is a foolish cry raised that nearly all are spurious. On the other hand, this one-sidedness excites the opposite tendency among us; and then if a real exposure take place, those who make it known are accused of being "enemies to mediums," enemies to mediumship even, etc., etc. Either extreme illy befits an honest mind. All truth has its counterfeits; there are false mediums; there are true mediums; but which the false, and which the true, can be determined only by an examination of each specific case. No sweeping statement can divide the true from the false; no class of manifestations can be pronounced totally genuine or spurious, on the examination of any less than the total number of single manifestations in that class. And so of course in the case of any class of mediums.

These are my views. I ask no one to endorse them; I do not think in a class, by numbers, or by committee, or through any delegation whatever, nor in the voice of Convention. I think in and for and by myself. And by study, by thought, by reflection, by aspiration, I am trying to become a better medium for the utterance of the Spirit of Nature. I have long since learned that contented ignorance is a poor basis for exalted inspiration. I am most cordially yours for the triumph of the Great Spiritual Movement. S. J. FINNEY, Troy, N. Y., 1868.

Spiritualism in Virginia—Jottings by the Wayside.

(The following correspondence should have appeared in our paper months ago.)

Thinking probably that a few lines, giving an inkling of the progress and present condition of Spiritualism in the "Old Dominion," might not prove unacceptably to your numerous readers, I herewith transmit a few items which may be of some interest. As Richmond, the capital and crowning headquarters of Secession, is my permanent residence, my remarks shall pertain more to that portion of the State than to any other. At present I am engaged in the goodly task of assisting to reconstruct my native State, so that she may once again occupy that proud position filled by her so well in days of yore; that of a prominent member of the Federal Union, and which has so often can never be destroyed, and which has so nobly stood the test of a few years' desolating and devastating war. I am fortunate enough to be one of the few citizens of Virginia appointed by Gen. Schofield, our military commandant, to act as conductors of the registration of voters, in pursuance of the Reconstruction Acts of the last Congress. Being able conscientiously to take the oath of office, never having voluntarily given aid to the Southern cause during our late national struggle, I was appointed registering officer at large for Scott County.

In this connection I desire to state that during a sojourn with the justly celebrated C. H. Foster, in New York, about six weeks ago, he informed me, under test conditions, that I would get the position I had applied for and would be very successful in it. After proceeding to Richmond and having had several interviews with the Appointing Board, they giving me scarcely any hopes of success, I had given up nearly all idea of obtaining the appointment, and had come to the conclusion that the spirits speaking through Mr. Foster were much mistaken, when, at the eleventh hour, I received my appointment, thus verifying Mr. Foster's prediction. This is one more of the innumerable instances of Mr. F.'s remarkable mediumistic powers, concerning which so much has been published.

This County (Scott) is romantically situated in what is called Little Tennessee, in the southwest corner part of the State, some three hundred and sixty miles from Richmond. It is a mountain chain and ridges, belonging to the Alleghenies, intersect the county in various portions, tending to render the climate pleasant and salubrious, devoid of that excess of heat so marked in the more easterly sections of the State.

The village of Estillville is surrounded by mountain peaks on every side, rendering the scenery picturesquely grand, seeming to inspire the mind with more exalted ideas and imaginings of the vastitude and splendor of the works of Father God and Mother Nature. From this locality these disconnected thoughts are penned, and any lack of beauty and elegance discoverable there should be attributed to the feeble powers of the writer, and not to the want of suitable surroundings, for they are such as to expand the intellect, enliven the imagination, and give scope and vigor to the higher powers of the mind.

In regard to the spread of Spiritualism in this State, not much of a very encouraging nature can be truthfully said. There is a little band of workers in Richmond who continue faithful to the work, so far as my observation has extended. Spiritualism has hardly gained any foothold whatever.

For six years, from 1859 to '64, I was, so far as I was aware, the only believer in Richmond. There may have been a few others, but they have never been discovered by me. The people knew nothing about Spiritualism, and such is the case generally throughout the State. Since the cessation of hostilities, a few Spiritualists from the North have settled in Richmond, and some of the precursors of the New Dispensation. There appears to be a spirit of inquiry prevalent among the people concerning it; all whom I have heard speak of the subject desire further knowledge, and seem open to conviction, could the truth only be impressed upon their understandings. Virginia presents a great field for future missionary labor in the Harmonical harvest, and I have no doubt when our National difficulties are adjusted, and everything resumes its normal aspect, as before the late war—and the Southern people have more time to examine and consider such matters, that Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy will be joyfully received by hundreds and thousands now closely bound in the chains of mythological theology and atheistical skepticism. May that day speedily dawn, is the earnest prayer of every true Spiritualist of the South, many of whose hearts may be seen to anticipate the springing up throughout the country of those glorious harbingers of incalculable good—Children's Progressive Lyceums. The great want of the South is education, but little provision having been made in the past, for that laudable object, by the State; but under the new regime what giant strides will education make! The amount of ignorance prevailing in the South is woful to contemplate; the more interior counties of Virginia and North Carolina (with which States I am more familiar) present a sad aspect as regards this subject, but, thank be to kind Providence, a better day dawns. More expansive ideas are liberalizing the hitherto contracted minds of the people; new thoughts, new aspirations, new institutions more in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age, are gaining ground; and may not the purifying, harmonizing influence of Spiritualism also play its part in the great drama of the education and consequent elevation of the South? Our Lyceums also will play a conspicuous part, in the development of the dwarfed and cramped minds of the children, expanding their reasoning and intellectual powers, inculcating better and more harmonious views of themselves, their fellow-creatures, and of Father God.

Returning to Richmond a few days since from a six months' sojourn in Newark, N. J.—my first visit North—I found that a little band of Spiritualists had commenced holding circle meetings on Sunday evenings at the residence of Dr. W. Q. Mansfield, homeopathic physician, in the city of New York State. I believe, but since the evacuation a resident of Richmond. I had the pleasure of attending one of these meetings the night prior to my departure for Estillville. All its members were thoroughly imbued with the truth of our heaven-born Philosophy, and all, I think, are subscribers to the Banner. Since my arrival here I have heard nothing further from them.

In Waynesboro', Augusta County, Spiritualism was introduced a few years since by Mr. Ennis, a devoted Spiritualist. Several months since, he developed and quite a number of communications received from former residents and others, nearly all of which were recognized; but the Church fulminated its thunders against the oracles, thereby nipping the manifestations in the bud. The mediums were church members, and their pastor threatened every one who attended a spiritual circle with expulsion from the Church. The mediums being still in bondage to Old Theology, were fearful of resistance to the will of the minister. During a visit thereto last summer, I tried in vain to get the various mediums to have a sitting with me; they were afraid of clerical denunciation, and so, perforce, I had to content myself with conversation with them in regard to Spiritualism, in the course of which I gave them a great deal to think of in my explanations of our philosophy in relation to God, the Bible, and the spirit-world. Such ideas they had never heard before, and they were gladly received. A slight sprinkling of the seed of Evidencing Truth was sown, and in the course of time fruit may yet arise therefrom.

In other localities, including the one in which this is written, Spiritualism is entirely unknown. How sad the reflection that here in our beloved country, so many of her children should be wandering in the grossest darkness, mental and moral, with scarce a ray of light to illumine their gloomy pathway. This should inspire us to redoubled exertions in the cause, striving to enlighten and comfort the benighted, by the truth which we possess, and example, so that "others seeing our good works may glorify" their bodies and souls by obedience to the highest intuitions and attractions of their mental natures. Let us not "be weary in well-doing," but persevere to the end, doing "harm to none and good to some"; thus shall the bright era soon be inaugurated when the "Sun of Righteousness will arise in the horizon of universal industry, and shed his golden rays over all the fields of peace, plenty, and human happiness." Wm. E. COLEMAN, Estillville, Scott Co., Va.



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Banner of Light.

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All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Luther Colby.

The Red Man Again.

There are stories of violence by the Indians once more, in the far West, and some of the papers pounce upon the same with as great avidity as if they were in close league with the lawless and vagrant whites who are chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs with the Indians.

Last summer and fall, the Indian Commission appointed by Congress to go out and have friendly talks with the Indians, with a view to collecting the tribes on certain vast tracks, or reservations, on either side of the Pacific Railroad and its branches, went forward with their business with remarkable success; and it was confidently believed that this ugly problem, made so by our own neglect and criminality, was about to be solved peacefully.

Let us recall what the Chief Sagoyewatha said in our circle, only two weeks since, on this very subject of keeping promises, and see if the red man is at all unreasonable, or if he can be expected to keep his side of the bargain while we treacherously repudiate ours.

And once more said Sagoyewatha, "This is the last time that the warriors on the plains will listen to words from the white man. If those words are broken now they never can be mended."

This talk shows that a sense of wrong yet presses heavily on the mind of the red man, who continually promises to keep his word if we will keep ours.

This talk of fighting the Indian is stale and cruel. It is got up by selfish white men alone, who know no other way of getting a living but by egging on troubles between our government and the Indians.

We simply want our sacred word with the Indians kept, and we demand that it shall be. It is not for Congress to settle this matter, it is for the people themselves.

Church Matters in England.

The high officials of the Church of England are discussing the feasibility of bringing back the Wesleyans to the church. Some of the favorers of this scheme even propose to make bishops of some leading Wesleyans, who, they assert, would do no discredit to lawn sleeves, Episcopal churches or houses of lords.

N. Frank White gave two good discourses in Mercantile Hall, in this city, Sunday afternoon and evening, May 3d.

Spiritualism.

The Pittsburg Dispatch, publishing an article with the above caption calling upon the Spiritualists in this country for a correct estimate of the number of converts to the new faith, says: "We were told a year ago that the sectaries of Spiritualism in the United States amounted to three millions; that this was sufficient to place this newest religion in the front ranks of American beliefs, side by side with the Catholic Church, which claimed about the same numerical strength; but that this year the Spiritualists estimate the number of true believers at four millions, while a New York gentleman (Judge Edmonds) boldly puts the figures at eleven millions."

There is no sort of doubt but that a correct census should be taken. The subject was mooted in our last National Convention, and a committee appointed to inaugurate measures to accomplish the work under consideration, Dr. John Mayhew, of Washington, D. C., has the matter in charge. At what result he has arrived thus far we are unable to say; but we fear slow progress has been made.

Now we really believe, and have so asserted in this paper, that there are at least eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States at the present time—men, women and children—who know that the spirit can and does return after the death of its natural body and hold communion with those of its dear ones who still remain in the form.

Dr. Ferguson in Memphis.

This gifted gentleman, than whom we have no more determined and energetic advocate of our glorious Religion, has been putting his gifts to good service for some time past in Tennessee; and we discover in the Daily Post, of Memphis, a full column account of a series of discourses delivered by him in the Municipal Court Room of that city, which draw large and attentive audiences and left permanent impressions on the minds of all assembled.

A Speedy Return.

At our free circle, Monday afternoon, May 4th, 1868, a spirit manifested through Mrs. Conant, a few minutes before four o'clock, giving her name as Alice Stevens, and saying she died in New York, at one o'clock the same afternoon.

Church-Goers in New York.

According to late statistics New York has 222 churches and 119 missions of evangelical character, 34 Catholic churches, 7 Spiritualistic, 6 Jewish synagogues, etc., and 9 of other denominations, making a total of 419 churches of all kinds, with accommodations for 290,000 persons.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

N. Frank White gave two good discourses in Mercantile Hall, in this city, Sunday afternoon and evening, May 3d.

Organization of a "Woman's Club."

A short time ago a number of prominent ladies in New York formed an association, to which they gave the name of "Sorosis," and no little curiosity was manifested to know what were their intentions.

"We have, then, to begin at the beginning, proposed the inculcation of deeper and broader ideas among women, proposed to teach them to think for themselves and get their opinions at first hand, and so much because it is their right as because it is their duty."

"We have proposed to open new avenues of employment to women—to make them less dependent and less burdensome—to lift them out of unwomanly self-distrust and disqualifying diffidence into womanly self-respect and self-knowledge—to teach them to make all work honorable, by each doing the share that falls to her, or that she may work out to herself agreeably to her own special aptitude, cheerfully and faithfully—not going down to it but bringing it up to her."

"We admit our shortcomings, but we do feel, gentlemen, in spite of them an honest, earnest and unshaken effort toward broader culture and nobler life, is entitled to a brighter and more sympathetic recognition than we have as yet received from you anywhere; even our representatives here at home, the leaders of the New York press, have failed in that magnanimity which we have been accustomed to attribute to them."

"Some of us cannot hope to see great results, for our feet are already on the down-hill side of life, the shadows are lengthening behind us and gathering before us, and ere long they will meet and close, and the places that have known us, know us no more."

After the address, which was warmly applauded, the ladies of the club, of whom there were forty present, partook of a lunch and then proceeded to business.

No Children in the House.

The "better class" of boarding houses do not take children in now, because they are so noisy and make so much trouble. Poor creatures! where are they to go? We can look back to the time when they had happy homes and cheerful surroundings, lived natural lives, gave their parents a healthy delight and anxiety commingled, and lived in an atmosphere from which none was ever warmer and more congenial to tender natures.

The Bachelor Fashion.

In New York, the Family is running out as an institution. It is not a fashion. Young men have pretty much stopped marrying, and taken to the clubs, where they smoke their cigars, drink their wine, and while away time that would be gold and silver to be any children in New York for the next generation, they must be those of the poor, and imported either from abroad or from the country.

Poor Mexico.

Since Juarez took hold of matters in Mexico, and Maximilian paid the forfeit of his temerity with his life, matters have been going on from bad to worse in Mexico. There is an interminable list of upstart guerrilla Generals now operating for distinction in the lower Mexican States, with every prospect of an outbreak in time at the capital, or at least in the vicinity.

Changed Spheres.

Mrs. Charlotte Hopworth, (mother of the Rev. Geo. H. Hopworth) closed her earthly sojourn, May 6th, at her residence in South Boston, aged sixty-four years six months. Mrs. H. was a most estimable woman, ever striving to do something for the elevation and alleviation of others.

"Theodore Parker's Experiences in Spirit-Life," through the mediumship of Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., published in pamphlet form at this office, has been translated into the French language by Henry Lacroix, Esq., of Montreal, and will be published in France.

Children in the Spirit-Land.

If the body of "Orthodox" clergymen refuse to believe that Spiritualists know anything of the whereabouts of spirits, young and old, they at least fall into a habit of stating to their congregations what they pretend to know themselves on the subject. Mr. Beecher was inquired of, not long since, through Mr. Bonner's paper, if "mothers will know their children in heaven"; and he makes answer in a rambling sort of way, from which we quote as follows.

"But shall we know them? Why not? Where is there an intimation in Scripture to this effect? It is not positively affirmed; but it is implied that men, dropping in death all that is of the flesh, will rise into the communion of heaven carrying the same affections, sentiments, will and intelligence, that they had on earth."

An Appreciated Standard Work.

The fourth edition of "Man and His Relations," by S. B. Brittan, M. D., has just been issued by W. A. Townsend & Adams, New York, which is convincing evidence that this sterling work, illustrating the influence of the mind on the body, is finding and creating readers every day.

Works of Theodore Parker.

We observe that a complacent writer in the National Baptist argues that Theodore Parker's works are unsaleable, and therefore of no further influence on the human mind, because one or two of them for which he called were not to be had!

Fashionable Church-Worshippers.

The Post says: "Rev. H. C. Potter, of Trinity church, Boston, commences his ministry with Grace church in New York, on the first Sunday in May. This is the nob church in the gay old metropolis. The leading bulls and bears of Wall street, with the leading capitalists and eminent professional men, bow together at this altar with the ultra fashionable and confess themselves miserable sinners."

The Indians.

Father Beeson has written a long and forcible letter to the present Congress on the Oregon Indian War Claims of 1834-'35-'36, which thoroughly exposes the misrepresentations that have been made respecting the same, and shows up certain men in no very enviable light.

Removal of Dr. Willis.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, one of the best consulting and clairvoyant physicians in the land, has removed his office from West Fourth street to No. 16 West Twenty-Fourth street, near Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city.

Fitchburg, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Fitchburg are quietly moving along in their work of progress. Dr. H. P. Fairfield has been speaking there for two weeks past. Charles Holt, of Pennsylvania, is to be with them May 24th and 31st.

Dr. Moore, at Dio Lewis's Institute on Essex street, has been very successful as a teacher in light gymnastics this winter. He is much liked, and his day and evening classes have been well attended.

A correspondent informs us that there was a mistake in our paragraph in last week's issue in regard to the Cambridgeport Children's Lyceum and the "Universalists"; it should have read Baptist. The Universalists and the Spiritualists there, we are assured, are on harmonious terms.

New Publications.

SEXTON ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, implying Social Organization and Government, is the title of a stout volume from the pen of Mr. Elizabeth Osgood Goodrich Willard, which is published by J. R. Walsh, Chicago. We have before discussed the positive and distinct merits of this book, and again say that it abounds in those suggestions which apply to social life in all its manifestations and characteristics.

RAGGED DICK; or, Street Life in New York with the Book-blacks, is the title of a story by Horatio Alger, Jr., published in very neat form for the juveniles by Loring. The author is engaged in writing a series of stories under this name—the "Ragged Dick Series"—which possess the elements of a wide and enduring popularity.

"THE INNER MYSTERY" is the title of the inspirational poem given by Lizzie Doten at the Festival commemorative of the twentieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism—a poem to which all present listened with satisfied delight.

"THE CARTON" is the name of a neat paper, prepared and put forth by Dr. Howe, in his indefatigable efforts to relieve the oppressed people whom he champions, by securing for them a share of the charity and kindness of our own population.

THE RADICAL for May contains the following articles: Natural Democracy; The Song of the Captives in Babylon; Our Financial Difficulties; Moral Causes of Material Prosperity; Bible Texts; Wayfare; Letter to a Congregationalist; The Pedigree of Liberalism; Progress; Editorial Notes, and Book Notices. It is a vigorous number.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for May, published by H. B. Fuller, maintains its new reputation under the management that took hold of it last January. It is beautifully printed, strikingly illustrated, and contributed to by some of the most facile pens that in these days provide entertainment, instruction and happiness for the young folks.

We have before us the first number of a very handsome and promising weekly sheet, styled "THE CHICAGOAN," to be a miscellaneous publication. It is filled with an attractive variety, and we offer it a sincere welcome to the ranks of Journalism.

Lee & Shepard have Dickens's "SOMERBY'S LEGGINGS" and Scott's "MORAZZER," in cheap but worthy form, paper covers, from the press of the Petersons. This edition is popular with the "million" for whom it is so carefully prepared.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Charlestown the last two Sundays in May.

J. H. Powell is engaged to lecture for the society of Spiritualists in Buffalo, N. Y., during May. His address is 230 Terrace street.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic healer, will be in New York for a few weeks. His address is care of our New York Branch office, 514 Broadway.

Equal Rights Meeting.

The Second Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association will be held in New York city on the 14th of May next, at the Cooper Institute, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., to continue through the day and evening. It is earnestly desired that all those who "believe that human rights inhere in human beings and are not dependent on any accident of sex or color," will be present to aid in establishing this essential element of justice.

Dedication of a New Hall.

Our friends in Danielsonville, Conn., have erected a new Hall during the past winter, and propose to dedicate it to "Spiritualism, freedom and eternal progress," on Friday, May 15th, and invite all who can to be present. Andrew T. Foss, Wm. Burgess, and other good speakers will be present. The services will commence at 1 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.

Gone to California.

Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, an excellent inspirational lecturer, in company with her father's family, sailed for California in the last steamer, as we have before announced that she intended so to do. We trust she will be well received by our California friends, for she is worthy of their confidence.

Meetings in New Haven.

The First Spiritualist Association of New Haven, Conn., having been recently reorganized, solicit correspondence with lecturers with a view to engagements. Communications may be addressed F. L. Miles, Secretary of Lecture Committee.

A judicial murder was perpetrated in Haverhill, N. H., May 6th. Samuel Mills was hung for the murder of George Maxwell in 1866. He confessed his guilt, and after a consultation with his spiritual adviser, said "he was happy," for he believed he "had made his peace with God." Two fatal errors, theological and judicial, committed at one time!

Rev. J. S. Nathans, D. D., will commence a course of eight lectures, in this city, on "The Talmud," on Tuesday, May 12th.

Second Volume Principles of Nature.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Dear Sirs: Yours of the 24th inst. is received. You say: "A correspondent in Scotland desires us to ascertain how soon a second volume of 'Principles of Nature' is to be issued, and what the price will be," &c. A similar letter from England was received not long since, and doubtless there are many nearer home who would gladly be informed on this subject; and I would take it as a favor if you would publish this reply in the Banner.

In answer to the above inquiries I have the satisfaction of saying that the second volume has been ready for the printer some two months; and the third volume is now undergoing a revision, and is also nearly ready; but when either will be published is more than I can tell, at present. I had hoped to be able to publish one or both volumes this spring; but continual ill health, and the failure in making certain changes to procure the means, leaves me powerless and entirely unable, at present, to say when the next volume may be expected. Is there not some one who has the means and the heart who will come forward and undertake to publish these volumes? The most liberal terms will be given to any such.

As to the price of the second volume, I will say that the book will be somewhat larger than the first, but will be afforded at the same price, if possible. The third volume will be about the same size as the first, so that each of the series will, probably, be sold at a uniform price.

Yours truly, A. J. KING, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

According to figures given by the Methodist, there have been six hundred thousand persons connected with the M. E. Church, on probation, during the last ten years, who have failed to come into full membership. And if they continue to grow in wisdom, they will never cramp their souls by fettering creeds of any kind.

In the year 1724 a woman was burned at the stake in Palermo, Sicily, for heresy, in expressing her belief in certain astronomical scientific truths, now universally admitted, but which the church had decided to be contrary to the Bible! In addition an annual fine has been levied on her family, which they have paid for one hundred and forty-four years, or five generations. They now ask the Italian Parliament to remit it. The bigoted belief in the infallibility of the Bible is fast waning, and as a consequence cruel persecution for opinion's sake.

Ambition is just as valid a proof of a strong and sound mind, as gourmandizing is of a strong and sound body.

The spirit of a woman killed on a railroad is haunting her residence in Illinois; and what is very singular, she brings with her a shadowy locomotive and train, and goes through the motions of being run over.—Ez.

A figure picture, "The Old Oaken Bucket," by Jerome Thompson of New York, is on very successful exhibition there. It will come to Boston in a short time probably, and revive interest in Samuel Woodworth's well known song.

The elegant marble monument erected to the memory of Andrew Carney, in Forest Hills Cemetery, is one of the finest pieces of sculpture we have in our cemeteries.

Mrs. Jane M. Jackson's friends and correspondents will please address her in future, East Sixteenth street, between Second and Third Avenues, New York.

A bill has passed both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature for the appointment of a board of female advisers for the Industrial school for girls at Lancaster.

An English writer says, "An ultra High Churchman, who practices the confessional and all the follies of Anglo-popey, has been appointed bishop of Gibraltar. The see includes the English church stations, chapels, &c., in the south of France, in Italy and Spain, and therefore is of much interest to travelers and others. Things cannot well be worse than they have been, without being popish in name as well as in fact."

Those who desire to be provided with everything the market affords, cooked in a superior manner, should visit the dining rooms of C. D. & I. H. Presko, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue.

Henry Ward Beecher has been selected to preach the annual election sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, of this city, at their June celebration.

"Charlie, I was very much shocked to hear you singing, 'Pop goes the Weasel' in church." "Well, mamma, I heard everybody else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."

Among recent inventions is the folding gate, for carriage ways and general farm use. It can be opened and closed, by means of horizontal handles, by a person in a carriage or on horseback.

PRACTICAL.—Napoleon once entered a cathedral and saw twelve silver statues. "What are these?" said the Emperor. "The twelve apostles," was the reply. "Well," said he, "take them down, melt them, and coin them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their Master did."

ODD FELLOWSHIP.—From five hundred members the organization has increased, in twenty years, to five millions, and has, during this year, spent \$700,000 in charity; in Massachusetts, \$30,000.

SIN AND SEX.—There is one point upon which female superiority is admitted, even by those who do not admit all their "rights." The average of women are unquestionably better than the average of men. Even a curse, to be effective, must take the masculine form, and is spoken of as a male-diction.

The Toronto Globe of April 30th, after giving an account of repeated attempts at suicide of a young woman living "in the family of Dr. Campbell of that city, says the young girl has been for some time past attending revival meetings conducted by the Rev. Mr. Caughey, and when able to speak after her throat was sewn up yesterday, inquired if she was 'still in the flames.' Her case seems to be one produced by over religious excitement."

Prince Humbert, heir-apparent to the King of Italy, has just been married to his cousin, the Princess Margherita.

A minister, traveling through the provinces some years ago, asked the old lady on whom he called, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh, I think it a good doctrine, if people would live up to it!"

The ritualistic war has extended to Philadelphia. A bitter contest in St. Mark's Church, between the High and Low Church parties, has just terminated in the success of the latter, at the Easter election for vestrymen.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

The Banner of Light is the oldest and best spiritual journal published in the United States. It is a weekly, eight-page paper, and contains communications from those living beyond the grave. It can be obtained for one year by enclosing three dollars to the publishers. Address all letters to Publishers of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.—Sentinel, Kingston, Mo.

It is said that the late King Louis, of Bavaria, left eight coffers, the contents of which are a mystery. One is to be opened in 1893, and another in 1918! At that date it is more than probable that the present generation will have joined King Louis.

The Missouri Legislature has just passed a law to punish by fine or imprisonment any husband who, without good cause, abandons his wife, or falls or refuses to maintain her or his children under twelve years of age.

An English advertisement calls the attention of confectioners to the fact that the advertiser has charge of the sweeping of all the metropolitan theatres, and has for sale several cwt. of orange peel, in good condition. It has probably been made up before this into marmalade and plum-cake.

The man or woman who has never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY. WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Very Large Assortment of Spiritualist Books. Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, nineteen cloth, three paper; Nature's Divine Revelations, 9th edition, just out. 5 vols. Great Harmonies, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Star, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Star, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrals, Harbinger of Health Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providences, Harmonical Man, Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progress, Occult Manual, Arbuta, or Divine Guest, and Stellar Key to the Summer-Land—last two just issued, and most highly interesting and invaluable. Whole set, twenty-two volumes, \$28; a most valuable present for a library, public or private. Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 20c. 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 Standard, edited by J. Burns, London; price \$3.00, postage 20c. "Ideal Afloat" is being republished in this magazine as a story, but not including the year's volume. Nature's Divine Revelations, published monthly, and devoted to scientific and other special subjects 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 book, "The Book of the Dead," very old, and very interesting. "Young England," full of interesting and useful information, (a good library book), which can be had for \$3—cannot be sent by mail. This is a good bargain. Call soon at 544 Broadway, or it will be gone.

Popular Medicines. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Dr. H. B. Storey's preparation of Dodd's Nerve, (61 per bottle), Neuraphic Balsam, (50 cents and \$1), Ring's Ambrosia for the hair, (61) and an invaluable medicine for coughs and sore lungs, Dr. Chase's Balsam of Longwort, (50 cents per bottle).

Secularism.

That there is a growing spirit of toleration and even friendship between Christian sects, no one conversant with Christian history or Christian literature can deny, even including Roman Catholic, which owing to its wicked and vindictive persecutions of the early Protestants, was for a long time held outside the pale of common sympathy by all Protestant sects, even after it had lost the keen edge of its hatred in consequence of losing its power to persecute and execute its victims.

That this spirit of toleration and friendship is in part and in the main owing to the general progress of civilization, of education, of refinement, of commerce and the more intimate relations of life in business, is also equally true. But in addition to this cause there are other reasons for the marked changes recently manifest in sectarian Christianity, by which some writers already seem to see a tendency to a common cause and perfect Christian union and brotherhood, probably on the Roman Catholic basis mainly, as that is the oldest, broadest and deepest in its hold on the world, and far the most difficult to move or amend. Some alterations may and no doubt will be made, while the more pliable and easily revised creeds of other sects can be made steadily to approach and at last to emerge into the old church from which they sprang. We do not mean by this to endorse the belief that all who are or will be Christians, will take this backward course and return to rest and die in the common Christian homestead, but we strongly incline to the opinion that this old church will, at no very distant day, be all that is left of Christian sects, and will contain all that is left of Christianity in an organized and legally established form of sectarian devotion. The more liberal and progressed portion of Christians will first outgrow their narrow sectarian garments, as they are rapidly doing in this country in most of the sects, and lastly outgrow Christianity entirely, which is only a broader religious sect among the religions of the world, and holding the same relation to other religions that Methodism does to Protestant sects. It is on this outer platform of world religions that Spiritualism stands, if it has a name and existence at all among the religions of the world. It is not Christian, although some of its advocates who are not yet free from the Christian shell from which they were hatched do doubt believe it so, and would only have it free itself from all other sects and set up housekeeping for itself inside the great mansion and under the great Christian dome of religious protection.

But this cannot be accomplished; the spirit-world, which has a share in this movement, is inhabited by Indians and all other races and nationalities, as well as all religions, and no effort to confine communications or sympathies on either part to Christians can succeed. If Spiritualism is a religion at all, it holds the same relation to Christianity that it does to other religions, and does not recognize that common bond of fellowship by which the name CHRIST binds together all the sects, even though some of them recognize their Christ as a God, others as only a man, and others as an impersonal being, or no being at all. We stand on the broader platform of the World and Human Race; our life and religion are found and founded in Nature. Arbitrary creeds and artificial ceremonies have with us no sacredness. We worship no Jewish and no Christian God. We make no sacrifice of beasts and herbs with the Jews, no offerings of prayers and praises with the Christians, to their Gods. We acknowledge no right or authority in either to bind us to even the recognition of their Gods; by constitutional or statute law, in this country of Washington, of Jefferson, of Paine and of Adams, as well as of all nations and races of men. This is the common home of all religions, not exclusively of all Christians. It will not much longer be even a Christian country or nation—if it ever was.

Christianship itself is sectarian in its aggregate name, as well as in each of its creeds, and neither honesty, morality nor religion is in any way confined to it. The Indian, the Mussulman and the Chinaman are also religious, and have a right to the respect and protection of our Constitution, our country and our laws. Spiritualism, as a religion, is nearer the natural and simple beauty and purity of the Indian than it is to the barbarous doctrines of the Christian sects. It is our mission, as Spiritualists, to free religion from all forms of sectarian worship, even though we encounter the combined prejudice of all Christian sects; and when they have abandoned all names but Christian, and all creeds but a modified Catholicism, we shall be no more ready to join and unite with them than in Methodism. "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight"; our plan is to stand aloof on the spiritual platform of nations, races and worlds.

May Day in New York.

This year, was the pleasantest day thus far in the year, and for working men and women, as well as horses, the busiest, and perhaps to a very few the gayest and most joyful. Moving, overhauling, and tumbling out and over old furniture was the main business of the transient residents. Moving up town, moving down town, moving "cross town," and moving every way, with a hope, but with very little chance, of cheapening rents and bettering conditions. The thousands who

moved to Brooklyn probably gain something in cheapening rents, but loss in travel and business facilities. Rents are enormous and constantly rising, although the concerted efforts of landlords this spring did not effect much in New York, by reason of the surrounding towns and cities, which have largely provided for those who must be crowded out by rents beyond their incomes. Every May Day must witness a still greater emigration from New York, or it must be piled higher into the sky and dug lower into the earth each year for its surplus bodies.

Complimentary Benefit Concert.

The friends and pupils of J. Jay Watson, learning that he has accepted an invitation from Old Bull to visit him at his home in Norway, propose tendering Mr. Watson a complimentary benefit concert, previous to his departure, at Dodworth's Rooms, 806 Broadway, Thursday evening, May 28, 1898. Some of the most distinguished musical artists have kindly volunteered their aid, and the occasion will be a most interesting one. Tickets to all parts of the house, one dollar each. Can be procured of P. E. Farnsworth, Dr. O. R. Gross, Warren Chase, Esq., 544 Broadway, Hall & Son, 513 Broadway, and at Brunton's Book and Music Store, 92 Fourth Avenue, between 10th and 11th streets.

Prof. Watson will be recognized by our friends in New York as the eloquent artist who has several times so generously given us the pleasure and benefit of his remarkable native and cultivated skill, which compels the instrument to talk music to our ears, and not only to our ears but to our souls also. We can assure our readers that this will be a rich treat, affording an opportunity to see and hear some of the finest and most celebrated musicians in New York, who have engaged to take part in the entertainment. We hope our friends will not forget and neglect the occasion.

State Convention of New York.

There will be a State Convention of Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers held in Buffalo, N. Y., on Thursday and Friday, June 4th and 5th, in Lyceum Hall, corner of Court and Pearl streets, commencing on Thursday, June 4th, at 10 A. M. Each local organization of Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers in the State is requested to send two delegates, and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members. The business of the Convention will be to elect officers for the ensuing year; to appoint delegates to the National Convention for the State at large, and to take into consideration a plan of Missionary labor for the State, and to transact any other business which may come before them, and connected with the great and growing cause of Spiritualism. By order of the Committee, WARREN CHASE, Pres.

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. WHITE, Pres. GEO. A. BACON, Cor. Secy.

A Card.

The Spiritualist Organization of Woburn Centre beg leave to tender their thanks to those gentlemen who so kindly lent their aid for the benefit of the cause in our town. J. P. PEASE. May 6, 1898.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] C. B. L.—\$3.00 received.

Business Matters.

THE CRISIS.

A crisis has at length been reached. In our political affairs; Despite what ministers have pruned, And notwithstanding all their fervent prayers, Disorder is the order now; Throughout our country's wide domain; Some say we are in such a row We never shall have peace again. We say we are in such a row, But wish that men like could be, As well as BOYS who FENNO'S throng, When NEATLY "DRESSED" they wish to be.

THE FACILITY WITH WHICH nervous diseases are removed from the system, and the toning and strengthening effect produced on the whole nerve structure by the curative properties of Dr. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL, render it the most effectual remedy for the cure of NEURALGIA, nerve ache, and nervous maladies that can be adopted. Apothecaries have this medicine. Principal Depot, 126 THEMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Those of our subscribers having occasion to change the destination of their papers, should, in order to save us trouble, and insure the requisite change, be very particular to name the State, County and Town to which the Banner is sent. Without this guide, it is a tedious job for our clerks to hunt through the thousands of names upon our subscription books for the one to be changed, and perhaps then fall to find it.

DR. E. F. GARVIN has removed his office and residence to 142 W. 10th St., near 6th Ave., where he will continue his successful mode of treatment for all pulmonary, heart, throat and catarrhal diseases. A few patients can be accommodated with rooms for treatment. M16,4w.

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

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. M16,6w.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 112 Broadway, between 27th and 28th streets, New York. M12,4w.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed 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. Enclose \$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.

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

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

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

Special Notices.

THE HAIR AND SCALP.—Dr. George W. Babcock, 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 remedies for each case. Send for circular. 4w-4p-23.

Every town, city and village in the UNITED STATES, (including CALIFORNIA, the PACIFIC STATES, and TERRITORIES), CANADA, and NEW ENGLAND, should have a Sentinal male or female, for the sale of Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders. Sole Agents of one or more townships, or of a County, given. Terms reduced, and in all cases Free. Spencer prepares the postage, expressing or cost of transportation. Send for circular. Address PROF. FAYTON SPENCER, M. D., BOX 5017, NEW YORK CITY. Feb. 5.

DR. BACON'S HAIR DRESSING.—The State Assayer recommends it. No other preparation so safe, so good, or so cheap. Price One Dollar. Sold by Druggists everywhere, and by Dr. George W. Babcock, Scientific Dermatologist, 28 Winter street, Boston. 4w-4p-23.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agate type, twenty cents per cent, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

JUST READY.

WHERE IS THE CITY?

ISAHAEL KNIGHT, a young man just approaching his majority, opened his eyes at Ezekiel's 38th and read: "And the name of the city from that day shall be 'The Lord's There.'" Reflecting upon this, he said: "Oh! that I might find the city with that name!" The fact that, somewhere there is a church, a peculiar people, whose name is rightly "The Lord's There" was impressed upon his mind, and he determined to search for it. In his way to the City he relates his experiences from the Bible, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopals, Quakers, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Universalists, Unitarians, and how he finally found the City, with the name "The Lord's There." The author writes in a very forcible and popular style, giving many "hard hits" in a god-natured way. This will secure him a large circle of readers, especially with all who are looking toward a visible unity of the Church. In one volume, to match those popular books, "Ecco Homo" and "Ecco Deus." Price, \$1.50.

JEAN INGELOW'S NEW STORY BOOK.

Comprising seven stories under the title of A Sister's Revelations. To match our excellent "Stories Told to a Child," and "Stories for Stories," by the same author. Price, \$1.25. Sold everywhere. Mailed, post-paid, by the Publishers, May 15.—1w HOOKER & BROWN, Boston.

SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, IMPLYING Social Organization and Government.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Osgood Goodrich Willard.

IS the title of a new work of the most important to any citizen in his present condition; containing the most deeply important philosophical truth, suited to the comprehension of every intelligent mind. The most fundamental, vital, truth is always the most simple.

The nature of this work is an explanation of the causes, and the laws of the human generation, and the connection between the solar and human systems, showing their perfect correspondence with each other and with the laws of social organization and government.

Its object is the revolution and reform of society, in conformity with natural sexual law; giving woman her true place in her government, and showing the true nature of the laws of Nature as explained in this work settle the conflict between the laborer and the capitalist to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

One vol. large limbo. Just received and for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 135 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Price \$2; postage 2 cents. Mailed, post-paid, by the Publishers, May 16.

VALUABLE BOOKS.

JUST republished, "THE SYSTEM OF NATURE," or, Laws of the Moral and Physical World," by JACOB D'ROUACH, author of "The Laws of Nature," &c. A new and improved edition, with Notes by Diderot. Two volumes in one. Price \$2; postage 2 cents.

THE LIFE OF JESUS.—Essays and Treatises on various subjects, by DAVID HUME, Esq., with a brief sketch of the Author's Life and Writings, to which are added Dialogues concerning the Natural Religion, &c. Price \$1.50; postage 25 cents.

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Invocation. Our Father, we would turn our faces toward thy truth, thy justice, thy wisdom, and be warmed by thy love. We would stand apart from the coldness by which human life seems to be surrounded...

Q—Did God create the world? If so, when, and how long was he in doing it? A—The Christian Church says he was six days, and got very weary, and was obliged to rest...

Q—What is the law of classification in spirit-life? Is nationality the distinction, as on earth? In other words, are we distinguished as English, French, German, &c.?

Q—Are we subject to changes in spirit-life similar to death in the earth-life? If so, what is the length of a spirit's life up to that change?

Q—What is the language of spirit-life? Surely if spirits have vocal organs they must have language.

Q—The language corresponds to the needs of the spirit. In the spirit-world sight is changed to perception. Language, to a very great extent, is bound to the law of perception.

Q—You say there are sounds in the spirit-world. Are they echoes from the earth, or are they caused by spirits in the spirit-world?

Q—There are echoes from the earth, by no means. Sound also has its spirit, its pure, its more glorified part, and it is that that the spirits make use of.

Q—You say that spirits make use of the spirit-world proper, or in that condition of life which follows the change called death.

I have been waiting for a chance to come for a long time. You see, I was taken prisoner, and got such rough treatment I did not get along very well, and I was sick at the time—no disabled, but not well—and come to go on to learn far and such treatment generally as I got, I went into—I don't know—consumption, perhaps, but I was the worst looking chap you ever see. I was exchanged, but it wasn't of any account. I died just before I got home.

I don't know, but I suppose I am here because my folks, some of 'em, have heard about this coming back, and they say that I did give the world to know something about my last sickness. No they wouldn't. They don't know what they ask for. I am not here to say anything about that. I am only here to say I am alive and am well. I do not feel so here, but I do in my better state. I am well.

I was on my way to the New England Rooms in New York, they said. I got into the city, but I died before I got to the Rooms—died on the way. As it was known that we were to be brought there, my mother and brother and sister Clara were there to meet me, but I was gone.

They are from Utica, sir. I am Edward F. Rogers, of the 171st New York. I come to my old mother, to my brothers Addison and James, and sister Clara. I have a sister Jane, but she didn't come. I want them to know that I live. That is better than all the rest. And if they want to know anything about my death, and after I was taken prisoner, they must wait till they get where they can hear it better. I've thought of it enough, but not think of it any more. My mother was crazy about seeing me. I had bones and skin, and that was about all. I couldn't talk so you could hardly understand me. I was exchanged, and thought I might live to get home. I wanted to go, anyway. I didn't want to die there—anywhere except there. Oh it's a horrid place.

You print, do you? [Yes.] That is right. I went to learn the printer's trade once, but some of the night work did not agree with me. At any rate, I abandoned it. I don't want my folks to think I am always as weak as I am here. I can't help it. I did not know anything about it when I come. I shall get over it, they say, next time.

If there is any one of these folks that my folks can get hold of anywhere, I want to come and talk to them. I want to get used to it. Don't forget my name—Edward F. Rogers. My ancestors are from Connecticut. I was in the twenty-eighth year.

Sagoyewatha. Sagoyewatha would not weary you with words, but he comes because he has something to say. His white brothers, whose hearts are true to the great justice that flows like a river from the Great Spirit, are waiting for the Council to determine concerning it, and their hearts are sometimes in hope and sometimes in fear. But Sagoyewatha comes to tell them that they should hope, and without fear, for so sure as the Great Father Spirit in the upper hunting-grounds has permitted his red children to return here working for those that are left, so sure the bill will pass. They who have any doubt lay stones under the wheels. The great council of warriors and chiefs in the upper hunting-grounds will watch the course of the bill like a little stream, now like a mighty river, and a few thoughts cannot banish it out of existence. The Great Father has destined it to live. And Sagoyewatha comes to tell them that their hearts may rise in hope, and that fear may be put under their feet, and that their eyes may turn upward and forward, and that while they go forth for justice and right, seeking to benefit those who have been so long oppressed, the warriors and chiefs comprising the great council will go with you, and their arrows will be straight; their right arms are not weak, and their paddles are never to be broken. Their canoes will sound over eternity's waters, and its shores shall greet them with a kiss.

White man, (referring to the Chairman,) Sagoyewatha bears to you the thanks of your council for your kind words through your great talking paper. And while your heart goes out in kind thoughts and kind deeds toward the red man, they who make up the great council, you cannot but will watch and vote, and your interests will be their interest; and when you enter the hunting-grounds of the unseen, your feet shall find pleasant places, and your tongue never want for cool water.

And to you, oh white man, to you there are words of thanks to be spoken—thanks from that hunting-ground which you cannot see—for your kind thoughts and your kind deeds which have gone out in mighty aid to the red man beyond the shadow of the Great Spirit's beneficent hand. Your soul will go forth more mightily in your deeds, and the red man will speak through you more perfectly and more grandly, and your own heart will link in great, grand embrace with the hearts of those who will work through you, that the white man may understand that the red man has virtues as well as vices.

Daniel Gage. I am rather inclined to think that my rights have been infringed upon; but I suppose it is all right, anyway. You see it is like this: I understood that I was booked for that particular occasion that the red-skin has used as his own. It is all right, but I happened to stand so near that I rather got deluged with something more than I bargained for.

Well, sir, I'm from Minnesota. I didn't entertain a very exalted notion of the red-skins when I was here, but I've changed some. It's a good thing to get placed where you can see the thing on all sides—very good indeed. When I was here, I saw only one side. Traders told their story; agents told theirs; settlers told theirs; but we never heard the Indian tell his at all. It is all a one-sided affair. But since I've had a chance to hear both sides, I've come to the conclusion that the red-skin was not quite so bad as he had been represented. So when I got shoved out, or set one side—as the rebellious States are by a red-skin, I concluded it was all right. He had been set one side by us long enough, and we might expect to take our turn.

My name is Gage—Daniel Gage, and I am from St. Paul, Minnesota. I did not know much about these things—this coming back. But we never know how to understand about a thing till we make the effort, and get acquainted with it, do we? [No.] I don't always get acquainted to anything or anybody, if I never tried to get acquainted.

Since I've been learning about the Indians, I have thought a good deal about how hard some of my folks are on them, and I thought it would be a very good thing to say a few words to them in that direction. I have a brother who is a trader. He is probably as deep in western mud in that direction as anybody else. He has no doubt made a good deal of money out of the Indians. At all events, I've been looking the thing fair, the face, and I have to report against him. And will it not be just as well to say a little something to him? [I think so.] I will say this much: "Since you have every reason to believe that God is on the side of the oppressed, isn't it about as well to surrender now as any other time?" [It strikes me it would be better.] I strikes me so, too; and if it do not strike him so, I hope he will get struck again and hard enough to knock under—that's not a word very well, but it means a good deal of money out of them. I've done the same thing myself; and if ever I was ashamed of anything in all the course of my being, I am ashamed of that. I am ashamed of it! It is like this: The red-skins—some of them—value a string of beads more than we value a ten dollar gold piece. Well, we let them value it just as high as they are a unit to, and they give us—well, a hundred per cent. more than the things cost us almost always.

Government has got the traders and the agents the means to make themselves rich out of the red-skins. It seems so to me. I should like to talk with my family. I should like to talk with my brother, and with a half-brother I have there, and with all the folks I used to know. You see it has come now to this: All of us who learn we can come, and who are willing to brave the obstacles thrown in the way, we are very earnest, and we are very honest, and we do not know how to come simply for the sake of doing ourselves good, but for the sake of doing those we come to good. Now you see all my folks have got to die, just as I did; not in the same way, perhaps, but they've got to die. They can't be sure they are going to live ten minutes longer—can't

Alice Clough. I come to find my father. [What was his name?] Charles Clough. [Where did he reside?] In Boston. I was very small when I died, and I have been away thirteen years. I don't know if I am unhappy somewhere, and he wonders, if this is true that spirits return, why those he loves cannot return with something to cheer him. I am Alice. I died thirteen years ago.

There is a spirit here whose name when here was William Madagan, and he tells me to tell you that my father was a printer. Do you know him? [I think I have seen him.] He was a lame man. [Yes. I have not seen him lately, but I think I know him, and will find him.] And will you tell him that I come? [Yes.] I have a mother, too, but she has not called for me. I have received from her no wish for me to return, and I am sure my mother and my father are separated. I don't know how or why, but I know it is so. Will you find my father? [I will try to.] Mr. Madagan says inquire for him at the Herald office. He is somewhere in the universe, and, and I want to find him. [Do you think he is in Boston?] Yes. [Mr. M. whom you speak of once worked for me. I am not sure, but my father did, either for me or in the building where I was. It was some fifteen years ago, if it all.] Well, tell him that little Alice has come, won't you? [Yes.] And tell him I try to watch over him, but I can't do as well as I wish I could. [You are able to go to him?] No. [Do you desire to?] I do; yes; and Charlie, my brother, is here, too, and he wishes to. [You will be able to go to him as soon as you leave here.] I don't know where to go. [Think of your father, and you will be drawn directly to him. Your coming here will give you the ability. How old were you?] Six years old, Charlie was younger. He was not more than four; he was not four. I've been away thirteen years. You won't forget? [No. Did your father have a middle name?] No. I say so; perhaps he did; I was too small to remember. I would not have known what I do had it not been told. Will you inquire for him? [Certainly; I will aid you all I can.] Feb. 10.

Edward F. Rogers. I don't understand this weakness. I don't know why I should feel so. [You were probably weak just before you passed away.] Yes, I was. I have been gone now most four years. I have none of it where I dwell. What is the reason? [When you come to earth you have to take on very nearly the same conditions that you passed away in.]

anybody. You may get as many assurances on your life as it's possible for you to; it don't make any difference with the powers that be. When the time comes, over you go, ready or no. So, you see, I think it's best for everybody to learn all they can about the country beyond. It's the only thing current there—knowledge. Don't you think so? [I do.] I would like to have my brother come and have a talk with me about the red-skins, and affairs in general, his business and mine. It was somewhat connected. If he don't like my views, maybe I shan't like his, and then we will be square. Shant fight, cause I wasn't much of a fighter when here, and don't think I've grown into a sinner.

You won't forget my name? I shall be known, I tell you. [Will you give your age?] Well, I was hard on to fifty. Ought to have known better than to defraud Indians, hadn't I? [Yes.] Yes, I had; but we don't always know on this side. Somehow or other some of us go through the world with blinders on. [We don't realize our positions.] No; if we did we should make a different kind of a mark, I take it; should not collect what he has to truck with. [You find it all with you?] Yes, we take it with us and it's a heap of combustible stuff that helps, I suppose, to consume our conceit and the errors of our earthly life, for it will get afire as soon as the truth comes near it, and if our clothing gets burnt off, and we are left without any, it's all the same; the spirit don't get burnt, but it gets awfully scorched sometimes. Tell you what it is, the fire of that kind of hell are enough without any old Orthodox hell you ever heard of. You ought not to let it just do what you like, you ought not to let it then go and cut your throat, and see if you don't get into a hell on the other side.

Well, stranger, good-day. If you ever want any hard work done in my line, just call on me, and I'll do all I can for you. And if the folks have anything to say about Dan Gage's coming back, tell them he comes on his own responsibility; and if there's anything to pay on it, he's ready to pay, provided they will let what he has to truck with. [You find it a good sound thrashing in the shape of a true story.] Don't forget the name, and spell it right, won't you? [Did you have any peculiar way of spelling it?] No, it's G-a-g-e; that's all; but some of your Eastern folks here have a faculty of Frenchifying a Yankee name. [We don't go to those extremes.] All right, then; spell it in plain old Saxon style, and it's all right. Good-by.

Oh, one word more before I go. It's not too late, is it? [No.] I want Mr. Clark, of Iowa, to tell me what he has to say to me. I'll be paid after my death, and if I live, I'll be paid before. I've got a good memory. [What was his first name?] Let me see; I'll give it to you in a jiff. [Never mind; your friends will know, I suppose.] It is an odd name, but they will know, and of course he knows who he is himself, and he knows very well about the bill. It's been paid. I reckon he was a little short and wanted some money, so he sent it in over again. A pretty way of doing business, especially when there's talk round the air that sees you, that you don't see.

Scdances opened by Theodore Parker; adjourned by William Madagan.

Invocation. Oh God, thou Spirit whose love shineth even in the midst of the mists and fogs of time, thou whose presence giveth life to all, thou who art everywhere present, oh may thy children who have reached here receive the holy spirit into the inner consciousness of their lives. Grant that thy spirit may fall like gentle dew upon their thirsty souls, and may those souls revive like flowers that have drooped under the heat of the summer's day. Thou art ever with us, and we know thy love, thy wisdom and thy power will minister unto all our needs. Whether we dwell in earth-life or in the spirit-land, thou art with us, and thy smile we are able to perceive, even through dark clouds of adversity that thou givest unto us all. Be of our experience of time or eternity we know, cometh unto us from the fountain of wisdom and love. Oh grant that we may be satisfied with life; grant that we may rejoice with the angels who have gone even beyond ourselves, singing praises unto thee for all that thou hast bestowed upon us. And may thine angels of mercy find a place in the hearts of thy children everywhere, and may they be able to incite all deeds of kindness and love. May the fair-weather of benevolence waft us from earth, and may every heart find room for this heavenly guest. May charity, with its ever-flowing mantle, be nigh unto thy children, and may all the Christian virtues, that are indeed such by thine approbation, dwell near, very near unto every heart. And may those of thy great family who ask to know concerning that hereafter, who ask that the veil may be rent in twain so that they may be able to face all their loved ones, oh grant that their prayers may be satisfactorily answered. Oh may a cloud of doubt disappear; may the shades of night give place to morning, and may all the darkness which they are surrounded pass away, and they be enfolded in the glowing sun of the morning of truth. The prayers of thy children rise like the fragrance of flowers, and thy great spirit will receive them. Thy love will answer them, and thy wisdom will shape them, and thy power will never forsake them; therefore, thy keeping we trust all, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, which is the past, the present, and that which is to come. Amen. Feb. 11.

Questions and Answers. QUES.—Is there a current of electricity circumscribing this world that mortal man is yet unacquainted with? A.—It is hardly possible to give a clear and definite answer to this query, because so many states and conditions of electricity that man is totally unacquainted with, that we should be very safe in answering in the affirmative, but perhaps, should we do so, we might lead your correspondent somewhat astray; therefore it may be best to answer in this wise: The earth moves in an atmosphere which is peculiar to itself. It is both electric and magnetic. Both of those elements are constantly acting and reacting upon each other, always preserving the most perfect, harmonious relations to each other. And in the sequence of their harmonious relations, the earth goes through certain unmistakable changes, periodical cycles. Upon the magnetic and electric influences surrounding the earth the seasons are dependent, day and night are dependent, and to a certain extent, perhaps to a very great extent, all the expressions of the life that exists on the earth are dependent. A very lengthy sermon might be preached upon this subject; the field is exceedingly extensive; but as our time is limited, we shall be obliged to say without going farther that this is true, and if you are ever used in that way, will you not pray to our Holy Mother for power to return, so that I may be assured that the communion of spirits, that communion that is recognized outside of the church, is true? And I said, "In the presence of holy spirits and by the blessing of our Holy Mother and all the holy saints, I will do so if I can."

Q.—If the Spiritualism is what it purports to be for the uplifting of humanity, ought not our mediums to be surrounded by the highest type of intellectual and moral civilization, so that spirits of the highest order can manifest through them? A.—That condition is certainly something to be desired, but it is not absolutely a necessity. The returning spirit does not make use of the moral law belonging to the media. It only makes use of the physical law. The physical body only belongs to the medium in the leading of the foreign spirit. But if all mediums were surrounded in their earthly lives by good influences—those that you call high and holy—then they would always attract to themselves, by virtue of those surroundings, the higher; but the lower would find it very hard to come. That which would prove such an

excellent agent for the one, would prove a most formidable obstacle to the other. A wise Providence has made selection of its subjects, you call mediums from the middle strata of life. There was found eating and drinking with publicans and sinners. So frequently was he in their company that his opponents called him a wine-bibber. He stood between the high and the low. Angels ministered unto him from above, devils came unto him from below. He preached to the one, he received from the other. If you will observe closely, you will find that it has always been thus. Our mediums are carefully selected from the middle strata of human life, for from that plane they can be made capable of doing the most good. They can receive the most, they can give the most from that plane.

There is a power behind all life which shapes and fashions all things, all thoughts, all exhibitions of mind and matter, and whether we trust it or doubt it, it will move on its mighty course just the same. Q.—In language the highest evidence that the spirits can give to satisfy the people? If it is not, what better evidence can we have? A.—That question is put in a very indistinct and vague manner. Probably our answer may be correspondingly vague. All spirits who manifest themselves to those who have not yet shuffled off the mortal coil, make use of almost every conceivable kind of form as their agents in the process of return. They are even so undignified as to slip your tables and make sounds thereon. The answer to your inquiry, in some cases, is in language, and oftentimes in many other ways. Everything becomes a medium for the spirit. He who said, "I will give you dominion over the fowls of the air, over the fish of the sea, and over every creeping thing," might have said, "I give the soul dominion over all things," and having given it that dominion, everything can be made its servant. All things are mediums, from the grain of sand under your feet up to the finest machine, the human body. Language is one of the modes by which the soul expresses itself, but it is only one.

Q.—Is the observance of the Christian and Jewish Sabbath days indispensable to man in a civilized community as a day of rest and meditation on the goodness and love of God? A.—No, it is not indispensable. It is well to set apart a certain portion of time to be devoted to spiritual purposes. If a certain part were not set aside and devoted to spiritual purposes, you would have no place for your spiritual life, and your thoroughness. The church declares that its ceremonies are a necessity to the salvation of the soul. But it is only a declaration of the church, and not of God. All days are holy days, God's days, and should be filled up with deeds that will never be ashamed of, such as you will be willing to face in the land of souls.

Q.—As there is no pardon in the law nor in Nature, how shall the sinner be saved, but by grace, or through the atonement of Christ? A.—Whenever we place ourselves in antagonism to the law, the law reads us. It makes no difference whether we understand the law or not; it acts just the same in case of ignorance as where the party is antagonistic to it knowingly. There is no forgiveness for sins—not anywhere. Whoever place themselves in antagonism to the law, must receive the penalty which the law lays upon it. The fire burns you, the water drowns you. If you pass above a certain stratum of earthly atmosphere, you cannot exist in a human form. You must be in a certain sphere in order to keep the machine in running order. You must obey the laws of life, whether spiritual or physical, in order to be in harmony with them; and if you are disobedient to them, you are punished. There is no forgiveness. You must pay the penalty, even to the very last farthing. No interposition of Christ or Confucius is needed. None can interpose in your behalf. I believed in that dogma when here, but thanks be to God I have put it away. I never see it, and I stand as it were like the figure of Michael the Archangel, with the evil under my feet. I know not alone by belief, but by long experience, that no Christ can come between us and our sins and shelter us from the law. The law will act upon us, and when its act is done we can go forth and sin again if we please, and receive another punishment, or we can learn by what we have already received.

Q.—Was not the throne, the law and Gehenna crucifixion before the earth? A.—The questioner seems to be wandering in a vagary so vague that we cannot follow him. We do not believe in any kind of creation. We believe in growth, under law, but not in creation. We deny that the earth was ever created. We deny that any kind of form of life ever was created. We know that all is a growth from law—no creation. That signifies a calling for something out of nothing. We do not believe in it. Feb. 11.

Margaret V. De Shane. I was a medium myself. I was in the Catholic Church, and at school at Montreal. [At the school up on the mountain?] Yes; were you ever there? [Yes, I was there once.] Was it on distribution day? [No, just after distribution day.] How were you admitted? [In consequence of one of my friends having a sister there at school.] There are two sisters, teachers there, who would be very glad to know that this is true, but they must conduct their investigations as things come very much differently from your own open mind. I was very much attached to them, and I was once told in their presence by one who purported to be my guardian spirit, that mediums were held as such after death, and that they were often used as messengers between different states of being as they are here, you know. [I was sick at the time. It was known I might not live long, and so I said to myself, if that is true, perhaps I shall be used in that way. And my teacher said to me, "Maggie, if it should happen that this is true, and if you are ever used in that way, will you not pray to our Holy Mother for power to return, so that I may be assured that the communion of spirits, that communion that is recognized outside of the church, is true?" And I said, "In the presence of holy spirits and by the blessing of our Holy Mother and all the holy saints, I will do so if I can."

Well, I sought in a variety of ways to come, but I found none that I could come to and be understood. It came here, and I had been here many times to learn. And he who is in guardianship to-day has assisted me, because he knows that our church on earth has need of all the light that we can bestow upon it. Now, sir, I expect that the two sisters, the teachers Clara and Agnes, will receive my message.

My name was Margaret V. De Shane. I was born in New York, and I lived there till the death of my mother, and then my father moved to Canada. I was fourteen at the time of my death, and I have been here, it is now nearly two years. It will be two years just a week before Easter Sunday. You will be particular, will you not? [Yes.] Farewell. May the blessing of the angels be with you. [Was not one of your teachers from this part of the country?] I think so. Tell me which one, and I can tell you. [It was Agnes, I think.] I don't think my teacher Agnes was from New England. There are several in the institution. Feb. 11.

William C. Merriweather. I am aware that by my return I shall create a degree of surprise among my friends, for they have no belief in these things. They are upon what I may term the dark side of Nature. But I have been weighing and measuring this thing in my mind ever since I have been in the spirit-world—which has been since '62—and I have at last determined to come and give whatever I may be able to toward identifying myself with my friends. I was able to understand all their minds, then the news of my death reached them. I was able to see that the light went out in some hearts, and there was genuine sadness. But I was sadder than they were, not on my own account, but on theirs. I felt that I was powerless to aid them, because they knew nothing of the power of the spirit to return, and I knew little of it. I was sure it was so, but I knew nothing of the law, and I was in a very poor position as to the assurance of return. And when the doors were open, and I was able to see that nearly all were in this section of the country; that is to say, the majority were here, and there were none near home where I could reach my friends easily, and so I floundered around, trying to get hold of something tangible, but made very little progress till I made up

Q.—Joseph Proctor, the well-known actor, who was present.



Western Department.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor.

Individuals desiring to be inserted in this department...

From Universalism to Spiritualism—From Faith to Knowledge—From under the Clouds into the Sunshine.

Landing in San Francisco, Cal., frail and feeble, Jan. 26, 1869, the gifted T. Starr King...

Though in a more negative and psychological condition, we were just as firm in our Spiritualism...

Born into the new dispensation, and bravely buckling on the armor, we welcome him into our fraternity...

Bro. Edmunds took equally as active a part in the advocacy of Union sentiments upon the Pacific shores...

Rev. A. C. Edmunds, a noted Universalist clergyman, spent the winter of 1867-68 in the ranks during the war with Mexico...

Upon returning to the "States," and attending the Universalist Conventions and Associations...

Below, Bro. A. C. Edmunds speaks for himself: "Rev. A. C. Edmunds, late of Newton, Iowa, is about to take a somewhat extended missionary tour...

The answer comes—I hear it from the myriad hosts around me—"WRITE," and write I must, for the spirit says "WRITE!"

The waves of light now rest in tranquil peace upon my breast; the light within is glorious; around me the circle seems complete.

Thanks to the angel-world for this. Thanks to my friends, and thank to my enemies. I am doubly thankful that my chains have fallen, and that from "priests" and "priestly creeds" I AM FREE!

The sands of my fortieth year are all run out, and I will soon be another year's march nearer home. Those years to me have been eventful indeed.

In 1835 I so far yielded to the outward influences as to resolve on entering the ministry. My father was a Universalist.

It was thus, without further investigations, that I chose Universalism. The inward monitor that pointed me to a form of truth—more liberal in its requirements, and more merciful in its fulfillment—was discerned.

In January, 1856, I preached my first sermon. During the whole composition of that sermon I was at war with the spirit within me, which was urging, with an almost irresistible power, its claims of freedom from all superstitious forms...

Until this period, fortune had smiled upon me. I had enough to supply all my earthly wants. I had friends without number. My enemies, confined to the circles of the low and depraved, I deeply deplored and severely rebuked.

Through disappointments and sorrows, I was turned to failures. "Friends" and "flaunts" smiled upon me with the same glacial glare. The beautiful spirit-forms, or "fancy visions," as I called them, began to recede; and hideous spectres supplanted their places.

Query: which are entitled to the most credit, his then candid affirmations, or his recent denials and negations? Was he the more honest then,

from my sight. God only knows my severe struggles in these trying times. I was sincere in my efforts and struggles for the right, endeavoring to be honest with myself and those around me.

Thus I worked and toiled in my thankless efforts in the ministry of Universalism. But the burden became more than I could bear.

In this condition, I went to a spirit circle; not that I desired it, but as they would have me, being the lightless, careless and indifferent.

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In times past I looked for help from churches, societies and earthly friends. To such I look for aid no more, but as they should have done, that if my labors are worthy they will not suffer me to go cold or hungry.

There are many truths in the Bible—not because they are in the Bible, but because they were just as true found in any other book.

Outside of Spiritualism there is no proof of immortality. Therefore it should be our pleasure to strengthen the ministry of the spirits.

Oh the joy of this freedom! Tongue cannot express it. I have other and later experiences, but cannot tell them now.

As the spirit indicates, I shall hereafter write out for the benefit of mankind the most important events of my life, that others may rejoice with me in my deliverance from this "bondage of corruption."

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or now? By the way, that excellent man and very able lecturer of Laona, N. Y., Lyman O. Howe, is exceedingly anxious to hold an oral debate with the Rev. J. George, upon the comparative merits of Spiritualism and Universalism.

Rev. J. O. Barrett and the Universalists.

The following paragraph was clipped for our eye from the Universalist New Covenant: "REV. J. O. BARRETT—One of our clergymen in Michigan desires to know whether Rev. J. O. Barrett is a recognized minister of the Universalist denomination."

The above paragraph, as worded with its author's usual cunning, is very liable to lead to a misapprehension of the facts, on the part of the reader; for it seems to convey the idea that Bro. Barrett was either disfellowshipped, or was refused fellowship, by the State Convention of Illinois, which was not the fact.

We are permitted to state, upon the very best authority, that Rev. D. P. Livermore, editor of the New Covenant, and evidently author of the above paragraph, earnestly solicited Bro. Barrett—knowing him to be then a Spiritualist—to connect himself with the Illinois State Convention of Universalists.

Falling himself, he interested a lay friend to labor in the same direction, thereby hoping by a combination of influences to induce him to formally unite with the State Convention.

Still falling, there seemed a general understanding to undermine and mislead, with the usual resort to wily methods to force him into the denominational tracks for sectarian work—or blight his usefulness.

Universalists, knowing Bro. Barrett to be an avowed Spiritualist, laboring with tongue and pen for the upbuilding of phenomenal and philosophical Spiritualism—genuine spirituality of life and character—why do they studiously retain his name in the Universalist Register?

The Excelsior, published at Maquoketa, Iowa, contains a long article on "Free Speech," in which this broad and liberal stand is taken in regard to the spiritual philosophy.

The interest manifested in this community upon the subject of Spiritualism leads to the thought that there must be something of vast importance connected with its doctrines and the fruits thereof.

The people freed from bigotry saw clearly that the theories of the clergy were at war with truth; that their teaching that this world was but a "vale of tears, and a wilderness of woe," where mankind were cooped up in total "darkness and depravity," without one single ray of light or hope to direct or cheer them on their way.

But to leave the people free to follow a desire for truth, wherever it might lead them, was at war with the interest and business of the clergy of our place, who accordingly set about the work of planning and devising means to counteract its influence.

No honest or intelligent person that simply desires to impart the truth to the people fears being questioned. Yet persons have been assailed, and attacks made upon the character of a large class of persons without the least shadow of a chance for them to interpose questions, to show that the charges and declarations of the minister were false and malicious, and would not have been made were it not for the consciousness and knowledge of the fact that no person would be permitted to show the charges false; that the sacredness of the desk would be ample protection against any wholesale statements that the priest might make, no matter how false and base they might be.

Very many Quakers have become avowed Spiritualists. This was perfectly natural, considering how far in advance they ever stood—especially the Hicksites—of popular sectarians.

A number of friends gathering, in early evening-time, pleasant were the passing hours and rich the social feast. Among others was J. H. Powell, formerly editor of the London Spiritual Times; Mrs. Scott, an excellent seers—the mother of Mrs. Daniels; and Mr. A. James, whose recent oil-well successes have further demonstrated his clairvoyance and added to his previous fame.

Our English friend, J. H. Powell, addressed the Spiritualists of Rochester during the last two months to excellent acceptance. All admire his sincerity and energy. Such characteristics are sure of conquests. May angel blessings rest upon this good and faithful brother. His face is for the present turned Westward. His post office address, Buffalo, N. Y.

One of the life-lessons of the Spiritual Philosophy is, that piety belongs to all social relations in this age of selfishness. He who says in resolution, "I will rule or ruin," is a spiritual pirate who plagues in robbing the innocent, pure and humble of their heart-wealth.

How much better to draw all into the good way, by kind and gentle treatment, even though we gratify some of their egotisms, than to drive them from us, by marking out the line for each one, just as seems best in our sight. To harmonize is the greatest and best of all work. We are much afraid we shall let our brother or sister know we love them; that we sympathize with them in their labors, their many home-cares, their heart-yearnings; and thus they go on, jour-

neying through life, feeling they are not appreciated, not properly known. This, to a degree, renders life dark and dreary.

But when we meet loving smiles, encouraging words, and hear that we are truly appreciated and loved, it lightens toil, brightens every object in nature, and makes everything we behold beautiful and good. How it stimulates to renewed action every faculty of the soul!

Whenever an Orthodox society opens its church to Spiritualism, we are glad to give credit. The Trustees of the new and beautiful Universalist church in Westbrook, Me., recently admitted J. O. Barrett to lecture there.

Prof. J. W. Cadwell, conducting the séances of the Palme Mediums for spirit manifestations in Montpelier and other localities in Vermont, is meeting with merited success.

Horatio G. Eddy, remaining faithful to the truth and the spirit-world, will doubtless soon be in the field again. He is deeply mortified at the wayward course pursued by William and Mary. Sooner or later all reach their proper level; for justice is as a flaming sword in our midst.

Western Conventions. The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists held their semi-annual meeting at Paw Paw, on Friday, June 12th.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists of Mercer county, Illinois, have called a Convention, to meet at New Boston, Saturday and Sunday, June 6th and 7th.

The Indiana State Convention will assemble in Indianapolis, Thursday, June 11th; and the Wisconsin State Association meets at Fond du Lac on Thursday, June 11th.

The following is a full report of the money received in aid of the missionary work for the first quarter of 1868: Subscriptions of the Circle, subject to assessment to be taken at the discretion of the Executive Board.

C. Bronson, Toledo, 4.00; A. P. Fager, Berlin Heights, 5.00; C. H. Eala, 10.00; H. C. Gunn, 5.00; J. H. Hall, Berlin, 5.00; K. Kline, Clyde, 5.00; N. E. Marcy, Wellington, 10.00; R. Mason, 5.00; U. Pratt, Cleveland, 15.00; J. B. Richards, Clyde, 5.00; S. S. Thompson, 5.00; J. S. Dewey, 2.50; Mrs. L. M. Thomas, 5.00; J. Van Vendercook, 5.00; Mrs. J. H. Ammon, 10.00; J. H. Stewart, 10.00; Mrs. A. D. Kelsey, 5.00; R. C. Betts, 5.00; Mrs. A. D. Kelsey, 5.00; L. Taylor, 2.50; W. D. Worden, Kelsey, 10.00; Mrs. M. French, 15.00; J. H. Dunbar, Bowling Green, 10.00; Gilbert Knapp, Castalia, 10.00; Cheleman Mills, Breckin, 2.00; A. Selvy, 2.00; Mrs. J. C. Miller, Breckin, 2.00; J. A. G. Webb, 2.00; W. H. Green, 2.00; N. E. Crittenden, Clyde, 2.00; A. A. Carey, 2.00; Mrs. M. French, 10.00; Charles Butten, 2.00; G. W. Shepard, Geneva, 8.00; F. Knapp, 4.00; N. S. Caswell, 8.00; M. Johnson, 4.00; Ben. Webb, 8.00; Mrs. C. Crowell, 4.00; W. P. Olds, 8.00; Mrs. L. Babcock, 4.00; Wm. Crowell, 8.00; E. M. Eglistun, 4.00; R. P. Hatcher, Geneva, 4.00; Mrs. J. B. Baker, 2.00; C. S. Dane, 2.00; Mrs. H. P. Price, 2.00; E. P. Hatcher, Geneva, 4.00; Mrs. P. H. Hatcher, Geneva, 4.00; Wilbur P. Olds, 2.00; Adams, 2.00.

Donations and Contributions. B. Glass, Clyde, 4.00; Col. A. Cleveland, 4.00; Sydney A. Star, 1.00; Rev. C. B. Lynn, 2.00; Mrs. M. Rose, Springfield, 5.00; C. B. Lynn, 2.00; J. H. Cleveland, 8.00; Col. A. Cleveland, 4.00; Col. G. W. Shepard, Geneva, 8.00; F. Knapp, 4.00; N. S. Caswell, 8.00; M. Johnson, 4.00; Ben. Webb, 8.00; Mrs. C. Crowell, 4.00; W. P. Olds, 8.00; Mrs. L. Babcock, 4.00; Wm. Crowell, 8.00; E. M. Eglistun, 4.00; R. P. Hatcher, Geneva, 4.00; Mrs. J. B. Baker, 2.00; C. S. Dane, 2.00; Mrs. H. P. Price, 2.00; E. P. Hatcher, Geneva, 4.00; Mrs. P. H. Hatcher, Geneva, 4.00; Wilbur P. Olds, 2.00; Adams, 2.00.

Several Societies and Lyceums have been organized, on the consolidated plan, and established Societies reorganized on the same uniform basis. The State Missionary and his estimable lady have rapidly gained ground wherever they have gone, and may be safely placed among the most indefatigable workers in the field.

Reserved Fund. 434.00; Subscriptions paid quarterly. 222.00; Donations and Contributions. 155.18; Profit on books, etc. 691.15; Total. 1402.33.

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H. Orin, President. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. E. T. Whitler, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kempton, Guardian.

FRIDMOUTH, MASS.—The Spiritualist hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in Belvidere and Dickinson's Hall, 123 South Main street, at 7 1/2 o'clock. P. M. Dr. H. H. Brigham, Conductor; Mrs. Wm. B. Briggs, Guardian; Mrs. A. A. Abbott, Secretary. Speaker engaged—J. H. Fowler during May 24 and 25.

HINGHAM, MASS.—Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 7 1/2 o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Lincoln's Building. E. Wilder, 2d, Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Dow, Guardian. FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall, Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday at 11 A. M.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 24 and 1 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 1 1/2 P. M. LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in the City Hall, at 7 1/2 o'clock. P. M. Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Westbrook street, Sundays, afternoons at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets at 1 1/2 o'clock. Lyceum Conductor, H. C. Joslin, Musician, Geo. M. Robinson, Jr., Spkrs. engaged—Mrs. H. H. Fairfield, May 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. L. E. Wilson, June 7 and 14; Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn during August.

HAYWARD, CONN.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday evening for conference or lecture at 7 1/2 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. J. S. Dow, Conductor. NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The First Spiritualist Association held meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the City Hall, near Chapel, at the usual hours of worship. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. E. Whiting, Conductor.

BRIDGPORT, CONN.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. at Lafayette Hall. Dr. H. H. Grandall, Conductor; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Guardian. CONCORD, N. H.—The Children's Lyceum Association of Concord held meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the City Hall, near Chapel, at the usual hours of worship. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Wm. E. Smith, Conductor. Mrs. H. A. Humphrey, Guardian. Spkrs. engaged—Mrs. C. H. Bayard during May; Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. during September.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will hold meetings every Sunday in the large hall of the Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Third Street, at 10 o'clock A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M. P. F. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. box 5679. The First City of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening in Woodworth's Hall, 895 Broadway. Conference every Sunday at same place, at 2 P. M. Seats free. The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Lamartine Hall, 100 West 12th street, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Lectures at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Conference at 3 P. M. WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—The Spiritualist Society held meetings every Wednesday evening, at Continental Hall, Fourth street, supported by the voluntary contributions of members and friends.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings at Cumberland street Lecture Rooms, near DeKalb avenue, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. J. A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. B. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups. Spiritual Meetings for Inspirational and Trance Speaking and Spirit Test Manifestations, every Sunday at 3 P. M. and Thursday evening at 10 o'clock, in Grand Hall, Upper Broadway, at the corner of Mulford street. Lectures at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Continental Hall, corner Fourth and South Street, Williamsburg. Also, Sunday and Tuesday at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Continental Hall, Franklin street, opposite Post-office, Green Point. Contribution 10 cents.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists held meetings in Schott's Hall Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M. Sundays. Mrs. E. L. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian; C. W. Hebard, President. Spiritual Meetings for Inspirational and Trance Speaking and Spirit Test Manifestations, every Sunday at 3 P. M. and Thursday evening at 10 o'clock, in Grand Hall, Upper Broadway, at the corner of Mulford street. Lectures at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Continental Hall, corner Fourth and South Street, Williamsburg. Also, Sunday and Tuesday at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Continental Hall, Franklin street, opposite Post-office, Green Point. Contribution 10 cents.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 1/2 P. M. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. S. Doolittle, Guardian. NEWARK, N. J.—First Spiritualist Association of Newark held meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M. Monroe J. Keith, Conductor. Mrs. Louisa Keith, Guardian.

NEWARK, N. J.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in the City Hall, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M. Monroe J. Keith, Conductor. Mrs. Louisa Keith, Guardian. JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Spiritual meetings are held at the Church of the Holy Spirit, corner of Liberty and Grand streets, on the morning at 10 A. M., upon Natural Science and Philosophy as basis to a general Theology, with scientific experiments and illustrations, with philosophy, and the reading of Society Lists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 2 1/2 P. M.

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