

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Spirit-World.

For the Banner of Light.

PASSAGES FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A SPIRIT.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

[The following experience is given through the spirit-teacher of the medium by one who has never accustomed himself to the use of her organization for communicating. It is the experience of one whom the world knows, one who rendered himself famous by his military exploits. He will reveal his name in the course of this relation.]

PART FIRST.

The life I lived in the flesh was one of activity, of restlessness; and when I laid myself down to die I was conscious that a resurrection to a new life awaited me; one wherein I should be able to exercise the powers which I felt to be latent within me. I was conscious of my immortality, and, although beyond the dark abyss of death, I could discern no distinctly defined state. I yet felt that my manhood was destined to full development in a future state. I was of no church, had never circumscribed my religious opinions by any creed; yet I believed in God as a Universal Father, and did not disallow the Divinity of Jesus Christ, for the reason that I gave less attention to the doctrines of the Church than to other matters. I admired the heroism of one who could die for a principle, or for mankind; and my estimate of the character of Jesus was based upon his magnanimity, his untiring devotion to his mission, and the heroism with which he encountered opposition and met a cruel death. It was Godlike in him to suffer as he did; and I often compared his life with those of sages of old; who, like him, were devoted to the propagation of unpopular doctrines, but such as were eminently qualified to elevate the people. I based my hope of salvation more upon my own manhood than on the merits of any other, either God or man; for I felt the Divinity within me, and acknowledged my accountability to myself more than to any other.

When the hand of disease was laid heavily upon me, and I knew that the hour of dissolution approached, my spirit strove to penetrate the darkness which enveloped the future of man; and while struggling with the weakness of the flesh, vivid glimpses of the reality of what I had before believed in theory were granted me, which enabled me fearlessly to approach the abyss which yawned between me and the realization of my then highest hopes. How shall one attempt to portray the emotions of his mind when he, in reality, faces death? when he is conscious his last hour has come, and he is about to pass from an active existence into an untried state—one over which hangs doubt, terror, mystery, or pleasing anticipation? How the mind is crowded with visions of the past and hopes of the future! How awful and sublime to the waiting spirit seems the reality of life and the certainty of immortality! My past blended with my future, at the moment when my spirit was about to cast off its shackles and take its flight to a more congenial sphere.

When I awoke to consciousness in the spiritual state, it seemed to me that I was awaking from a profound slumber, and my effort was to recall my senses, to remember where I was and what were my surroundings. I remembered that death had overtaken me, as I believed, and now I strove to comprehend whether, indeed, I had passed from mortal life, or was yet lingering in expectancy of the change. I realized an infantile weakness and a dimness of vision, and I was uncertain whether these were premonitory of coming death, or indications that I had passed through the ordeal, and was awakening, an immortal child, in a higher state. I had not long to wait in uncertainty, for I beheld first the outlines of a human form and the halo of light which encompassed it, and then the countenance beaming with angelic sweetness which was the first announcement to me of the realization of my hopes of immortality. My mother's countenance, beaming with joy as she lovingly bent her gaze upon me, and motioned me to silence and trust, was the first object that became distinctly visible to me, and upon this I gazed as if spell-bound for at least an hour. I watched her countenance with suppressed emotion, being conscious of her desire that I should remain quiet and composed while she was performing certain operations about my head. As I gazed upon her face I could realize that she was motioning with her hands, as it were, fanning me, and with every motion I seemed to realize an increase of strength and a clearer vision. Her mien was majestic, but most motherly. She was an angel, I knew, for surrounding her was such a halo of glory as I believed only invested angelic beings. As I grew stronger I turned my gaze upon others, who, like my mother, were fanning my person with their hands, and clothing me by each motion with new strength. They were all near relations who had passed from earth years before, and all females. I observed a male stranger who seemed to superintend the operations around my person, although he was not with the group that surrounded me, but further off. Each attendant seemed to know what she was to do, yet the stranger was most intently absorbed in the operations, and I could observe that every gesture of his indicated some movement or operation which was performed by my attendants. I observed this as I was quietly and silently watching the operations around me, and awaiting what was to come. Having once been assured of renewed life, I was confident and expectant. I realized no impatience as hour after hour passed, and I was yet watching the motions of my attendants, who all the time were most assiduously engaged in instilling into my form the strength it so much needed.

At length I was informed by my mother that I was ready to take my departure for the spirit-land

—“my celestial home,” as she termed it. I was reclining on her bosom, with the bevy of attendants as closely surrounding me as possible, when we commenced our journey to the land of which I had not heard as a thing so real as it seemed now so likely to be. We trod a pathway of light, and our speed, it seemed to me, was that of light, although I was conscious that we traveled more slowly than many others whom I noticed passing to and fro on the same great highway. I observed what was passing around me as my mother called my attention to it, or as my mind seemed directed by its own impulses. I felt my weakness, and like an invalid I restrained my gaze from much that would have been intensely interesting to observe, had I been strong and in full possession of my faculties. I did not fail to comprehend the naturalness of all that was passing around me from the time I first awoke to consciousness, and it seemed to me as though death had not been, but that only renewed life had been granted. I gazed upon my form, and although it was more ethereal, it was apparently the same I had always possessed. The forms of my friends were the familiar ones they had worn of old, though glorified by the process of death. I had waked to a life as real as the one through which I had passed, and as much more glorious as the countenances of my friends appeared more divinely radiant than when in the earthly form. This I felt, and I glorified God in the depths of my spirit as I had never done before.

I was grateful, and so conscious of the Fatherly care that was being exercised over me in this my hour of weakness and dependence, that I had not one lingering fear concerning my future. I trusted implicitly the Power that was so manifestly exerting itself to restore me to strength and place me where I could begin my life on the plane to which I had attained.

Over the “shining way” we hastened onward until I became exhausted, and my attendants paused with me until my strength was renewed, when we proceeded until we came within view of a land which appeared so unlike that I had left, I had only sufficient strength or consciousness to realize the one idea that was a land, and was natural and home-like; so exhausted was I by my journey thither, I tried to observe nothing more, and submitted myself to the care of those who with such tenderness were guarding me, and who, I was assured, would again restore me to strength.

When I was again sufficiently revived to exercise my strength in looking about me, I found myself reclining upon a couch in an airy apartment, closely surrounded by my attendants, who were engaged in impelling into my system the magnetism which was to vitalize it thoroughly. I had not been unconscious since I revived from the unconsciousness attending death; but I was weak, and felt inclined to shut my eyes and remain quiet until my strength was in a measure restored. I felt impressed that my weakness was the natural consequence of my new birth; and it was to me like a revelation of a holy truth to witness the labors of my attendants to restore me to strength, to clothe me with the necessary elements to constitute me a man in the spiritual state. I beheld in this a likeness to the method by which Nature tenderly provides for the newborn infant in the physical state, and I conceived a greater reverence for the parental relation and the offices of friendship when I learned that they were, in reality, exhibitions of the Divine Love which, I then realized, only exhibited itself through Nature by her various methods which are everywhere observable. Had I expected that God would minister to me, when I awoke an immortal being, by the hands of his ministering angels, I found the realization of this belief when I beheld my mother and other near friends lovingly ministering to me, who was as powerless to aid myself as the newborn infant. A flood of light upon many important questions illuminated my mind as I lay quietly witnessing the operations of my friends and listening to their conversation.

I recovered my strength by degrees. As time is reckoned by men in the flesh, it was but a few days before I was strong and able to look about me and seek a solution of all the questions which were crowding into my mind concerning my present position, the state upon which I had entered, &c. I was in the home of a near relative, and it was a home emphatically. It was a mansion furnished as refined individuals in earth-life love to furnish their homes. It was embowered in a garden of flowers, with trees, fountains and singing birds to enhance the loveliness of the situation. How wonderful, thought I, is it to find things so natural, and how unexpected! It seemed like a fairy dream, too delightful to last.

I was a self-dependent man, and sought no explanations from my friends, and they attempted none. I was not thoughtful enough to suppose that I had been introduced into such a heaven to remain a mere idler; to admire, but not to seek to understand. I was thoughtful and yet joyous. How could I but be joyous, who from a prison had been transported to a paradise? Shall I reveal to the sorrowing sons and daughters of earth how to me, who in utter loneliness had lingered for years uncheered by the voice of love, untouched by the hand of affection, to whom love was as necessary as his daily bread, or the air of heaven, were restored the loved and lost of other years? Shall I tell how my heart leaped with unutterable joy as I clasped in my fond embrace her whom, of all I had ever known, I had most loved and trusted and most abused? or how I greeted one whom I had dandled upon my knee in his babyhood, and with whose young life perished some of my fondest hopes? I had no child of my own to greet me on the immortal shore; but there were many children, gray-haired men, men in the prime of life, and men in the vigor of young manhood, besides prattling babes who had passed away, who had called me father, had loved me as a father, and these were the children that gathered around and

welcomed me to my new home and the scenes of an active existence in the higher state.

I was a public man, and for many years had exercised an influence among men. I had led armies to battle, and beheld my followers, by tens of thousands, stretched dead upon the battle plain, their forms mangled by the cannon-shot, the musket ball, the sword, the bayonet, the hoof of the war-horse and the heavy wheel of the artillery wagon. I had noted all this as a man, though as a leader I was compelled to exhibit a carelessness which was unnatural. My character was understood by my soldiers, and they loved me as few leaders are loved; they esteemed me as a father, while they called me such. All these children, the victims of war, looked to me as they found opportunity, claiming recognition and calling me father still, when it became known that I had become an inhabitant with them of the second sphere. What a resurrection! I thought I. What an army of noble men have resorted hither from scenes of battle plains, scattered from the frozen north to the far sunny south! I hailed them all as children, and felt their equality with me as I had not felt it when I led them on to battle “as sheep to the slaughter.” I felt that to these men I was accountable, in some sense, although I had not yet learned to what degree, or how I was to account to them. Many of these had preceded me to the spirit-world many years, and some of these had become wise in that wisdom in which I was a babe. Such were men whose intellects placed them on a par with myself. These were comparatively few, while the many were yet children in the knowledge of the second sphere, being babes in intellect.

It was not only those who sought me to bless me that I met. It was mine to meet many, very many, who bitterly reproached me; many for acts and motives of which I was innocent, and many of others of which I was guilty. I was a man of blood. This was charged upon me by the victims of war—men, women and children whose lives had been blighted by the scourge which they believed had been wielded by my hand. What wonder if my thoughtful mind was saddened, my conscience awakened, and all the powers of my being set at work to fathom the extent of my responsibility for the human suffering that had attended my career on earth?

PART SECOND.

I have anticipated somewhat, in giving a narration of my experience during the first part of my life as a spirit. As my strength and vigor returned, I was taught to exercise, in the use of my spiritual body and the elements, or all matter and forms about me. I learned to impel myself by will-power over the magnetic surface of the sphere as other spirits did, and to exercise my will upon the ethereal substance which composed the surface and all surface forms of the sphere, for the various purposes of life.

I studied the law whereby all spiritual substance existed; whereby I myself was born from the physical into the spiritual state. This was the alphabet of my education as a spirit. I could make no progress in any proposed course of study until I had first mastered the rudiments of the laws of spirit. I found myself as a child and in need of teachers, and I gleaned what knowledge I could from closely observing all that was passing around me; besides there were near friends, as my parents and others, who attended me frequently as instructors in those things which I stood in most need to understand.

My self-dependence did not cause me to spurn such teachers as these, or to reject the services of one who professed himself as my teacher in those things of which I was most anxious to know—the deep things of Nature into which I was beginning to look as I was gaining my rudimentary education. This one none would have rejected who had a spark of manhood within him that could appreciate true greatness or nobility of spirit. To look upon him was to reverence him, and to listen to his counsel was to heed it; as majesty and authority—such majesty and authority as are born of wisdom and experience—entroned upon his brow. I felt assured that I should not want appropriate instruction, and resolved to bend myself to the task of solving the problem of life under the instruction of this noble teacher. I had yet to learn that the office of teacher signified something more than that of instructor in certain principles by the method I had seen practiced in earth-life. I had yet to learn that this teacher possessed the power to control me, as I believed before none but God could. The subtle influence which he possessed over me was revealed to me by degrees, as my spirit writhed and bent, like the deep-rooted tree before the tempest, before his psychological power, exerted upon me the more speedily to cause my spirit to emerge from the darkness in which it was shrouded for a season.

I looked upon this teacher, at first, as one commissioned to guide me in the path of knowledge; for I knew from what I had learned of society in the second sphere, that there was order in the sphere, and such order as provided for all who were ushered into it. I had conceived that God was the fountain of government, and that order was heaven's law; and consequently I looked for a higher development of government and order in this sphere than had yet existed upon earth. I learned by experience and observation what the order of society was in the sphere, and was satisfied that God's wisdom was more clearly displayed in all the arrangements of society, inasmuch as it was possible for it to be so; men in the second state having arrived upon the plane where order could be elicited out of confusion; where the true ends of government could be comprehended as well as the true methods practiced.

My manner of life was that of a student. I entered upon a course of discipline as soon as I attained strength and independence sufficient to enter a home of my own. Could I have surrounded myself, as I desired, with the loved ones who were, in a sense, restored to me, my home would have

been a heaven; but this was not permitted me. I was assured by those I most trusted, that it was for me to win my way up to the position where I might enjoy the society of those I loved best. If I had been accustomed to sway others at my will, I was now away by the will of others—those who were competent to judge what was best for me. I submitted myself to the judgment of my superiors in the wisdom of the higher life upon which I had entered, and whose realities I was beginning to experience. I was not entirely deprived of the society of those whom I called my own, and whom I was striving to win back to me; for these were given me as occasional teachers and angels of consolation to cheer me as I was warily winding my way through mazes of darkness and perplexing doubts into the clear light of celestial wisdom.

My task was to cultivate my own nature. All the discipline to which I was subjected was for this purpose. But first, I was to study my nature—learn what I had to do. For this purpose I must needs scan closely my whole past life; I must weigh in the balance of justice every act, every motive, as far as I could understand my own motives. To spur me on to this careful revision of my past life, it was given me to be hailed by my admirers and taunted by my enemies, as though I were yet a prince and a partisan warrior. It was given me to be greeted as father, by multitudes of people who had owned my sway as a prince, and who had admired my qualities of statesmanship and as a military leader; and also to listen to the words of scorn of many people who reviled me as a despot, an ambitious tyrant, a murderer of millions, and a destroyer of the peace of empires. I was human, and was moved by such demonstrations. I sought not to be recognized by the people, as I desired neither their commendations nor anathemas. Yet there was a power that impelled me on to visit the localities where the different nationalities dwelt, and that also impelled crowds of people to flock to the temples that I visited; and thus it was that I came in contact with so many with whom my name and fame were familiar.

If I was moved by the taunts of the multitude of strangers, how was my soul stirred when I was reproached by trusted friends for a great wrong I had done to my wife, the sharer of my throne, and the idol of a great people! Napoleon Bonaparte succumbed to these mild reproaches as he had never before to any power that had been exercised to crush his spirit. When kings combined their forces and crushed my power and sent me an exile to the Island of Elba, I was able to calmly face my misfortunes and gather up my powers to endeavor to thwart my enemies and compass my plans; and when again defeat overwhelmed me, and I was powerless in the hands of my bitterest foes, my spirit was buoyant still. Even when I lingered a hopeless exile at St. Helena, I would not suffer myself to despair, but calmly faced my misfortunes, resolving that the world should never have occasion to change its estimate of my character. It was my nature to be brave to encounter whatever befell me; and I left, as a legacy to mankind, such an example of firmness and heroism in the midst of the deepest misfortunes, as might prompt some to dare to do noble deeds, even though disaster to themselves might result. Now I had become a dweller in another sphere; and as I was a man possessing powers of intellect to place me among the wise as soon as the dross could be eradicated from my nature, I was to be exercised by the strongest emotions it was possible for my spirit to bear; which exercise was to be the means of speedily elevating me—of bringing me to repentance for my misdeeds, that regeneration might follow.

The philosophy of suffering I studied as I advanced, and learned what I had never thought of before, that it is the saviour of man from the degeneracy of his nature. I learned that God's love is as much displayed in the misfortunes which befall men as in their prosperity; that all things that befall men are for their good, and the experiences of life are to them precious lessons which are to be studied in the future life, item by item, as the student consults his lesson.

I was made to feel the enormity of the act of divorcing my faithful wife, as others felt it all over the world. If I had reasons for this act, which to me were sufficient, and which prompted me to sacrifice myself as well as Josephine, they dwindled into insignificance when I viewed them and the act in the light of a higher wisdom than that which I possessed in earth-life. I saw that my reasons for this act were the extreme of folly, being born of my short-sighted ambition to transmit the throne of France to my posterity. I was made to understand that to the struggling people of France belonged the authority of choosing my successor, rather than to myself or any other one individual. I realized how happy it would have been for me could I have contentedly wielded the power I possessed, taking no thought for a future successor.

From the first hour that I met my loved Josephine, I perfectly understood the wrong I had done us both in putting her away and taking to my bosom another, who could never be to me a wife after having known Josephine. My spirit revolted at the crime I had committed when I undressed the true relation of husband and wife, and that the relation is eternal. It needed not, as it seemed to me, that my friends should reproach me with what I so keenly felt, and yet it was necessary that fuel should be added to the flame of my remorse for this act. Her only reproaches were the words of affection she always had in reserve for me when we met, and the forgiving spirit she exercised now, as of old, for wrongs that had crushed her spirit and sent her to a premature grave. “My husband” were the words with which she greeted me when we first met, and my own response to these words were, “My own Josephine!” I would wear a mask no longer; I would unburden my soul of the love it still bore her, and again claim as my own her

whose image was graven on my inmost soul, and whose name had been last upon my dying lips. But, alas for my expectations! I was only permitted to enjoy her society for brief intervals, for years, while I was atoning for my sin and rendering myself worthy to be the companion of one so pure and exalted as she had become.

While remorse and grief swayed my spirit, as I thus contemplated on my past acts, I could but view myself as an instrument in the hands of the Power that sways the universe, to do as I did—to shake to their foundations the despotic thrones of Europe and stir up the people who were stagnating, as it were, under the power of despotism. I was impelled, resistlessly impelled in my course, I know; and yet I was conscious that, individually, I was responsible for my acts in the same sense that all men are. Justice to myself was justice to all mankind; of this I was sure, and it remained to me to study what would have been strict justice to myself under all the circumstances of my life. It was of comparatively little consequence how men misjudged me, but it was of the utmost importance that I should judge myself justly. Was I ambitious? or of what? Did I covet empire? and for what purpose? Did I misjudge the people when I believed that a monarchy was better adapted to them than a more liberal government? Did I use every effort to qualify myself as a judge of what the people needed? Did I thirst for blood, or was I careless of human life and suffering as I raised army after army and sent them to battle with the hosts of the surrounding nations who arrayed themselves against me, deluging Europe in blood and causing the wall of widows and orphans to resound in the ears of distant nations? Was I the aggressor when I deliberately planned the Russian Campaign that seemed so unjustifiable in the judgment of many of mankind? On the other hand, was I not conscious of my powers as a governor of the people, and was not my ambition justifiable in view of the plans I formed for elevating all the people over whom I could obtain the ascendancy? What if I did misjudge, from my standpoint, the real wants of the people? Was it not just in me to desire to do for them what I believed would benefit them? Was I not justified in seeking to cripple the power of those rulers who were bent upon thwarting my designs, and who were continually harassing me and disturbing the peace of Europe and charging it upon me? Such interrogatories disturbed my mind and swayed it to and fro until I was able to answer them all.

I found myself wanting in many respects, as I weighed my acts and motives in the balance of justice. My insatiable ambition was unjustifiable, inasmuch as the powers of my nature might have been expended for nobler uses than subjecting unwilling people and wresting crowns from sovereigns whose right to them, in the eyes of mankind, was superior to my own. Self-aggrandizement entered too much into all my plans. Although justice exonerated me from the charge of tyranny, I loved the people and labored for them; so said an enlightened conscience; but I overestimated my own ability to form a perfect government—one which should be exactly suited to the condition of those over whom I might gain authority. I loved the military profession and military renown, and I loved power both for itself and the opportunity it gave me of putting cherished plans into execution. I was as selfish as I was magnanimous. If I understood human nature, I overestimated my own powers. If I was a statesman, I misjudged as to what was the best method of elevating the standing of my country among the nations, and placing the people upon the highway of progress. If I was mainly I was yet soiled, in that I coveted vain honors and attached undue importance to empty titles, and exacted that servile homage from men that was unmanly, and that I felt was beneath myself to pay to any. I allowed my over-estimate of my own importance and the importance of the success of my cherished plans to harden my heart to human suffering. I could behold plains deluged in blood, cities laid in ashes and provinces desolated, because I deemed it important that I should succeed and found an empire that should be a pattern for the whole world and for future ages. I forgot to note the finger of Providence that was forever pointing me to France as a field of operations for my genius. When the angry nations were combining to stop the progress of my arms outward from this centre, had I paused I should have been invincible. My restless ambition did not permit me to see this, and I scattered the forces which, if concentrated, would have wrought wonders in regenerating my country. What though I was the ordained instrument of heaven for scourging the nations? and what though a resistless fate impelled me on to do what I did? This fate was the natural disposition I possessed, a disposition that could be wielded as it was. God uses the pestilence and the famine wherewith to scourge the nations. He used a Calagula to scourge Rome, a Tamerlane to scourge the East, and a Bonaparte to scourge Europe, because there were in these men the elements of destruction, as there is in the pestilence. He must needs destroy and scourge that He may create and make whole, and He uses the instruments at hand to fulfill these purposes. My nature was unclean, unregenerate, or I could not have done what I did and what was necessary to be done at the epoch. Had I been as disinterested as a Washington, or as benevolent as a Howard, I could not have been made the instrument I was.

As it was, my deeds were the instruments of my regeneration. I lived over my life again and again; retracted my deeds, until their significance and effects were fully appreciated. I saw my advancing columns of brave men, endowed with all the attributes of humanity, swept away, mercilessly, by the sweeping cannon shot, trodden down by the cavalry charge, plunged into the sweeping flood, or down the abysses of the Alps, as distinctly as though these scenes were now

being enacted; and with the memory came such a realization of all the causes and consequences of this, as overwhelmed me with wonder and regret that I had been so short-sighted and so careless. I traversed old battle-fields, and exhumed the mouldering bones of scores of thousands of men—friends and enemies—and visited the desolated hearth-stones, and the forsaken outcast children of the brave hearts that once animated these mouldering remains. I recalled the scenes of the Russian campaign; read the unwritten history of the hundreds of thousands of brave men that left France full of high hope, following the fortunes of their trusted Napoleon, but who perished amid horrors too great to be recorded, and left no traces of their burial-places. It is not too much to state that I suffered what those suffered, having pictured upon my mind in the most vivid light their sufferings, the horrors through which they passed, and which engulfed them. I counted the martyrs to my policy, who were stars of the first magnitude in the galaxy of great minds, by scores. I remembered how one faithful, bosom friend found his grave in Egypt; another upon the field of Marengo; another on Wagram; another here, and another there; faithfully following my fortunes, when in following peaceful pursuits they might have been benefactors of mankind, and left names more revered among the people than could be those of any who had made war their vocation for the honor of another.

I listened again to the adulation of flatterers, witnessed the self-devotion of friends, and heard the taunts and threats of enemies, and understood what it all signified, as I had not before. I watched the fortunes of my son—that child of my folly, but on whom I centered so many hopes—with that solicitude which only a father can know who has yearned for a son as I did, and who loved one as I did, when at last one was granted. I marked how futile had been my efforts to accomplish what was not to be, in the order of heaven. I also marked, that instead of a legacy of an empire, which I had hoped to bequeath to this son, I had left only a legacy of sorrow, of misfortune. I saw him perished before his time, a victim to the jealousy of kings, because he was my son. I remembered his mother as one whose hopes had been blasted through my influence. I viewed her as a young bride usurping the place of another, by no fault of her own, but by mine; and I deplored her as an exile from her kingdom, a dependent upon the bounty of her husband's foes—the sorrowing mother of a youth whom she felt was marked for destruction, as soon as his father was deprived of power.

I lived over the days of my exile. I saw the stern rock of St. Helena as it, for the first time, loomed up before me in the waste of waters; and I recalled my emotions when I remembered the distance which separated me from mankind, and the stern hatred of enemies that were powerful to inflict upon me a destiny so much worse than death. With tenfold force, yea, sometimes with a thousandfold force, were all these emotions awakened in my mind, until I considered myself a martyr to a fate the most terrible that could befall a human being. My teacher, by his psychological power, caused me to recall past scenes to my memory according to his will; and he caused me to suffer in reviewing these scenes as my spirit was able to bear, as he presented them to my mind in all the varied lights in which they could be viewed. "My sufferings are greater than I can bear," I often exclaimed, when the waves rolled over me, and I seemed about to be engulfed in the mighty sea of trouble upon which I was sailing. It was not that I was worse than other men, that I was caused thus to suffer; but because, as to me "much had been given, much was required." Great responsibilities had been mine, as great capacities of intellect were mine, and I must suffer until that intellect was purged of its dross, and capable of comprehending all the lessons of my life, which were such as are given to few men to study.

I emerged out of darkness into light by degrees. By degrees the shadows departed, and light came upon my pathway. I blessed the hand that afflicted me, all the while that deepest darkness beset my way. I knew, in my inmost soul, that a Father's hand held me, that I could not fall while the chastening rod was applied until I should be regenerated. When I was reunited to Josephine, it was after my nature had become so changed that I beheld in the light of the superior wisdom of the higher circles of the second sphere the true object of wellock, and the true relation of the sexes. She had advanced, as it were, side by side with me, and I no longer arrogated to myself the superior position as the male, as I was wont to do in earth-life, when I underestimated the female character, and gave to woman a subordinate place.

My mission now is to point men to the path of progress, and to warn them of the nature of the experiences, the discipline through which individuals must pass in spirit-life, in order to obtain salvation from the depravity incident to human nature, and which inheres in some natures much more than in others. I would have them understand that it is possible for regeneration to commence in earth-life, and that the sooner it is commenced the sooner is the spirit destined to emerge into the broad light of heaven. The spirit-land is a heaven of beauty. Its lovely landscapes, its perfumed atmosphere, its balmy breezes and its sunny skies, are for all to enjoy. God sendeth his rain, his dew and sunshine, upon the just and the unjust, and thus he compels the love and gratitude of all whose minds are not so beclouded that these emotions cannot be elicited from them. Yet his judgments follow men into that sphere of beauty, and his justice will not let them go until they are redeemed from the corruptions of the flesh—until his image shines through them and they are fitted to be teachers and leaders to their children behind them. Let none imagine that they are to rest in the spiritual state with their imperfections upon them, but let all remember that inasmuch as man is created in the image of God, there will be no actual rest for him until that image is fully wrought out.

The little I have stated of my experience during the years I have been a spirit, will suffice for an example to mankind of the method which is pursued with individuals by the wisdom which rules in the second sphere. I remarked that none are uncared for in this sphere; I reiterate the remark; and add that mankind in the flesh have, as yet, conceived nothing of the method, the order that reigns universal in the second sphere, and by which it is possible to care for all, and accomplish the development of all. As the spiritual state is higher than the physical, so is the order in that state higher than that possible in the physical; until the race becomes spiritualized and approaches the plane wherein this spiritual order is developed. Order is the universal law in all Nature, all spheres, high and low; and yet, as there are high and low orders of spheres—to use terms as men in the flesh use them—so there is Celestial and Terrestrial order; and the Celestial is more Divine, in that it more nearly approximates to the perfected central principle of the universe.

As a man I dwell among men, and labor with

them for the advancement of the cause of truth among men in the flesh and in the lower circles of spirit-life. I sympathize with my fellowmen as only one can who has passed through the experiences which place individuals in the high circles of this sphere. My ambition now is to conquer ignorance, prejudice, and all depravity with which I know men are tainted who have not been redeemed in this sphere. If I marshal hosts to battle now as of yore, they are hosts who bear the banners of Truth and Progress, and whose arms are the glittering diamond-pointed truths which pierce the hearts of men, and whose armor are robes of sincerity and righteousness. With such armies I march to the conquest of Error, and I never know defeat. The crown I wear is a crown of righteousness, set with gems of wisdom; and the homage I claim and receive is that which is due to true greatness. I glory in my existence, and regret nothing, knowing that as I was born, so I was, and nothing remained but for me to pursue the way which would soonest lead to my redemption from the inherent depravity of my nature; and in this path I was led by the wisdom of the All-Wise, through his agents, my spirit guides. What remains to me is to pursue my progressive way; and while I point my fellows forever onward, I keep my own eye fixed on the star of my Destiny, and bend the energies of my nature to attain it.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

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

UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

"Here we are at last, in this beautiful field," said Mr. Silver. "Look off there toward the east and see that line of hills, and over there is a hill that only wants a grander name to be a mountain. I want to show you where I found joy enough last June to make me good for several years, if it is true that joy is a golden strainer through which our virtues flow, leaving the dregs behind. It was in this field, in the fresh green grass, that prince of song, the bobolink, built me a nest."

"Do you mean that he really built it for you?" said Esther.

"I believe that all the pleasures that we receive, and that we make our own by feeling that they bless us, we may say are given to us. It seemed to me as if that pretty bird, filling this field with melody and waking the sounds that found an echo in my heart, was a missionary that knew just what I needed. He sang to my heart and to my understanding; that is, I felt and understood his joyous trust in the universal good that kept his little life."

The *Emberiza Oryzivora* is the hard scientific name for this sweet warbler. The familiar name is the rice bird, or rice bunting. His winter residence is as far south as the Amazon, or Mexico, from whence in great numbers he migrates as far north as the river St. Lawrence. In April they may be found in Georgia, in May in Pennsylvania, and about the twentieth of May they are to be found here.

If you have never heard one sing, I cannot give you an idea of their wonderful melody. Their notes flow forth with such rapidity, and whirl and turn about with such strange combinations, that it seems as if half a dozen birds were singing together. While the female is sitting, the male is particularly merry, and pours forth the rich jingling sounds, as if his joy was too great for steady utterance. His notes seem rioting in a sort of joyous delirium, unlike the singing of any other bird.

The nest is fixed in the ground, and usually in a field of grass, and is composed of dry leaves and coarse grass, and lined with fine stalks of grass. The female lays five bluish white eggs, with spots of a blackish brown. There is one peculiarity about this bird: the male changes his plumage greatly from spring to summer. His spring dress is black and yellow, shading from cream color to brown. In the month of June he becomes like the female—brownish yellow, streaked with brownish black. This change has made some confusion among naturalists. I like to think that the bobolink is so devoted a lover, that, like some men who love devotedly, he gradually becomes like his mistress.

As soon as the nights begin to be cold they disappear from our latitude, and are to be found in Cuba feeding on the grain that gives them their name.

I have a mind to tell you a fairy story, children. It is one that I dreamed out one summer's day like this, in the midst of the singing of birds and the sweet, soft sounds of the leaves, the grass, and the west wind. I had been thinking how people coped with each other because they were not all alike in their tastes and judgments, forgetting that as there are millions and millions of blades of grass, and no two are alike, and as there are innumerable leaves, and not one is formed just like another, so there are not two individuals that think and feel precisely alike, and that there is as great a diversity among men as among the leaves on the trees. I remember that old Mrs. Krampor had been whining about me because I would not go to her meeting, and she had been having a free time calling me a dreadful sinner, and I had also heard some boys in a great quarrel, because one insisted that the best way to fly a kite was to run against the wind, and the other to stand still and unwind the cord, and so I sat down in a quiet place and began to dream, and this was my dream:

There is a great kingdom, almost hidden from mortal gaze, the kingdom called Causes, and close by is one named Circumstance. A great many little people inhabit these kingdoms, and they are very industrious workers. I saw whole regiments dressed in blue, green, lilac and brown, and they all seemed as if going out to some great contest. And I saw, too, little women, eager and earnest, all intent on some great enterprise.

How shall I find out what all these people are about? said I to myself, and I had no sooner said it, than I seemed to be one among them. I appeared to myself to be dressed in a little coat of buff, with trimmings of black, and I wore on my head a little cap, with a drooping black feather. I immediately made a low bow to the people about me, and said, "I have come among you quite unexpectedly, but do not let me surprise you, for I really am wondering what it is that you are trying to accomplish. You all seem to be bent on something of great importance."

"Most certainly we are," said one of the leaders. I remember he had on a purple cloak with a scarlet feather. "There can be no work so great as ours. Didn't you know that we all of us have something to do in the great world above us?"

"What! you little creatures? Why, you are not any of you, larger than a grain of wheat."

"Now let me inform you, little things are of great importance. You see, we are all helping to make men and women and children out of the little bits of things they call babies, for a baby is not really half as large as one of us, because it is not half as strong and powerful, and, you see, we are determined that no two babies shall grow to be just alike, because that would spoil everything."

"Nonsense," said I; "that is just what we all want. Nothing can be better than to have people all alike."

"Why, my dear sir, if that could be possible, everything would be ruined. Every mortal soul and body fits into its place, and that is what we are doing all the time—making them fit."

"Do tell me who you are, then," said I, a little impatiently.

"I can best tell you who I am by telling you who others are. There is that little woman there with the stern eyes; she is the leader of a great company of women. They come from the kingdom of Causes, and each one has something to do with a little baby that lies in that house up there. And that great crowd of men there with scarlet jackets, they are from the kingdom of Circumstance, and they, too, have something to do with that same little baby. That next company is going to care for another little one, and so on. It takes many millions to take care of every little baby that is to breathe the breath of life. Now do you suppose that I am going to have my company do just what another compels him to do? No, no. We are all going to do different things; we are all going to bring a different gift, and what is more, each one takes just what we bring. Now come with me and I will show you something."

I then seemed to float back to earth and hover over a great crowd of children. Some were among the poor and some among the rich, and we watched them as they went to their homes. Into one little, poor hut, went three children, to listen to the sharp, cross words of a step-mother, and to be beaten by a drunken father. Into another home, humble but neat, went a little fair-haired girl, to meet the loving caress of her mother. Into a house, grand with its brown stone and its columns and porticoes, went a little boy and girl; and into a house, chaste yet simple, I saw several others going with glad steps.

"Don't you see the difference in the homes of those people?" said I, a little no.

"Of course I do," said I; "no two people live exactly alike."

"That's just what I told you; and those little fellows from the kingdom of Circumstance take care to have things different for each. Ah! don't you laugh when we see people fretting because others will not do or think exactly as they wish? Why, I tell you we will not let them all think or act alike. And now I will whirl over ten years of those children's lives, and you will see what we have done for them."

Like magic I seemed to see the whirling years, and I stood again in sight of the lives of those children. From out of the poor hut had come children ruddy with health, but with minds little trained. They saw only the outside of the things of the world, for they had not been taught to look any deeper. How could they love the little flower, the birds, the sweet sights of cloud and sky, when everything had been turned to hate within their own homes? But if they had not tender hearts they had strong wills, and were just fitted to do the great rough work of the world. I was glad that they had their places, and I felt like making a low bow to the little folks from the kingdom of Circumstance for their persevering labor for the good of the world.

The little girl with tender eyes, watched over and cared for by a strong-hearted mother, who toiled for love's sake, what a noble woman she was fitting herself to be! From her home of poverty came experiences so rich and full of use, that I wondered why everybody was not poor. Then I looked for the sons and daughters of the rich.

"Do tell me," said I, to my little instructor, "why you have made such a failure here. These people do not seem fitted for anything. How helpless they look!"

"Tell me," replied he, "how the world could move without such as these. If we want workers we must have others to be labored for. If we have people who are great inventors, we must have those that the inventions can serve. These people are just fitted to spend the money which is to pay those others, and if you think they don't work hard you are mistaken. The rich toil to bless the poor, as well as the poor the rich. I can assure you it is so, for we know the thing through and through. Just think how beautifully one class fills into its sphere. And then all are alike in this: each one is aspiring for something better, and so each one toils to gain something."

"But is it not sad to think of those children born in misery and nurtured in the midst of poverty?"

"There is nothing so sad as to see people that can't be blessed by all the gifts that we bring them. Dear me! to think of that family over there that threw away all the beautiful gifts that a thousand industrious workers from the kingdom of Circumstance brought!"

"But I thought you said that each one was obliged to take his gift."

"So they are; but I call those thrown away that come to a lower use. We work hard to make our gifts beautiful. Let me tell you about a little boy that we took in charge one beautiful summer's day. He was strong and handsome, a noble little fellow, and he grew to be ten years old, and then we brought him some sad gifts. We made him sick and lame, and put him in a close room, and kept him there, and he came out a cripple; but oh what a soul he had! He kept growing and growing, and he came to be a great thinker. He moved the world with his eloquence. Everybody looked up to him. Don't you see that it was only the way he took the gifts of Circumstance that made him so great and noble? But I shall show you no more. I advise you to go home and think over what you have seen."

My little friend vanished, and I awoke with a start to find myself lying in the green field, with a bobolink singing his rich song in the tree above me.

"Happy circumstance," said I. "I will never forget this beautiful gift. How humble I am, and yet how exalted! for all things are working to make me fitted for my own place in the Father's kingdom."

"Uncle Silver," said I, "I don't understand your story, and so I don't like it."

"Well, little one, it has a very simple meaning. It is this: We ought not to condemn any one. The one who has made the circumstances of his life. Supposing you had been born up here in the country, in a quiet farm-house, would you have been just the girl you are now? Supposing you had been born in a poor hut with no beautiful things about you, would you have known all you do now about birds and flowers and pictures? It was not you that formed the circumstances that have made you what you are. Then you have looked up to him, and you would have felt only pity for him, and not to feel yourself any better than others who live under different circumstances."

"Just look at that nest that Esther found in the grass. See how beautifully it is built, and how exactly it suits the pretty birds that build it, yet you could not make an oriole live in it, or a wren. Each little bird works in its own way, and sings its own song, and does its own beautiful work. Look at a good work, and you would have people only pity for them that had their own good work to do that is given them as their own, and that no one else can do it half as well."

Written for the Banner of Light.

WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. F. THORNDIKE.

Woman, standing by the portal
Of a new, purer life,
Grander far than all preceding,
With a world's wide purpose life;

Weaving thoughts that strain and quicken,
Soaring forth to realms afar,
Searching out the hidden meaning
Of each brightly beaming star;

Sounding depths by man unfathomed,
Reaching where the angels tread,
Where the olden seers and prophets
Have by fast and prayer been led;

Waking strains that lead the ages,
Striking chords that sweep the heart,
Pointing to a bright o'ertide,
Where ye, too, shall bear a part—

God's own children, sorely fettered,
Wake to higher, nobler life,
Break the bonds that long have bound thee,
Rise above the sordid strife!

Gods are with thee; angels hasten
To unbar the pearly gate,
Letting in a flood of sunshine
O'er the twilight sea of hate.

In the nation's resurrection,
Thine's the greatest, noblest part,
Leading up your sons and brothers,
With a brave, heroic heart.

By the pangs ye, too, have suffered,
Gird your bosom and be strong,
For the sullen shocks of battle
To these stirring times belong.

Blood must flow before redemption
Baths thee with her clearer light,
Earth-bound souls are still in prison,
Groaning through the sultry night.

Thine the hand, linked with thy brother,
That must "roll the stone away,"
From the tomb of bygone ages,
Where the ghosts of error lay.

Heed the mandate! Wisdom calls thee:
Clear her voice is as the morn,
And the saviour of the people
Ever is of woman born.

Rockland, Maine, 1868.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ON THE CAUSES OF TIDES, AND OTHER PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Life and matter are coequal and coeternal. Hence the inherent life of matter is as universal as space itself; therefore all organizations are based on the eternal principle of the instinctive action of particles so combining and adjusting themselves in harmony with each other in reference to the whole. The adaptation of means to accomplish ends for the perfection of such organization, with all their internal or inherent laws and forces, is evident, and therefore it must answer all the purposes for which instinctive nature has formed it. One illustration relative to instinct will suffice for my present purpose. If we place an acorn in the ground with the vegetating point downward, the shoot will so adjust itself to its natural and legitimate condition as to turn up and seek the sunlight, thus acting in obedience to its own instinctive life-principle. This fact in our globe is based on the above principle of formation; (that is) the house built without hands, and imaged in the heavens; and produces all the various phenomena we see, in consequence of its own internal laws and forces, by reason of such organization, which is complete in itself, nevertheless acting in harmony with all surrounding Nature.

With these preliminaries I proceed to answer certain queries:

First, Where do ocean tides originate, and from what cause?

Ans.—We can only reason from what we know, and draw conclusions therefrom as they appear most natural. Therefore I ask the reader's attention to the rotation of the globe on its axis, which moves with the velocity of about one thousand miles an hour, by which operation it not only gives us alternate day and night, but by its centrifugal action throws off on the bed of the ocean continuous heavy waves toward the Poles—waves urging wave onward, until they reach shall water in various places and latitudes between the Equator and Arctic circles, by reason of which shall water some portion of the flood wave, more or less according to the slope of the ground, is thrown to the surface, and is denominated flood-tide, whilst much the larger portion passes on along the deeper channels to the higher latitudes, until they finally reach the Poles, for such is their destination, as we shall see.

I will remark here that I shall use the words flood and tidal wave as synonymous terms.

Second, Why does every returning tide differ in its relative height from the preceding one?

In answering this query, I will suppose it is high water at Boston this morning at five o'clock, and again this evening at the same time; but the latter is not as high as the former, for the simple reason that the globe has rotated on its axis some twelve thousand miles since the morning tide, thereby naturally bearing the higher tide further westward with it, consequently leaving the succeeding one proportionably less; and such is the real cause of difference. I know this variation has been and is attributed to the influence of the moon, because the higher tide appears to follow the course of that luminary; but such is merely an incidental matter, for it cannot be shown that the moon has any influence on the tides at all; therefore I venture the assertion here that if the moon was scattered to the four winds of heaven, ocean tides would not be affected in the least by such catastrophe. I feel confident science will sooner or later confirm this view of the matter.

Third, Why are there no tides in the Baltic and Black Seas?

Ans.—It is because there is a natural barrier between those seas and the Equator, where the tidal wave originates. I will try to show the plausibility of this position by reasoning from the admitted fact that the bed of the ocean, like the dry land, has its mountains, hills, valleys, gorges, plateaus and tablelands, with many thousands of feet of depressions and elevations. I think this much must be admitted; then, as I shall more particularly show, in answering other queries, that the tidal wave moves in the depths of the ocean, of course it cannot ascend any of those abrupt heights; and therefore whether the tidal wave originates south of Australia, as is asserted, or at the Equator, if no barrier intervenes, should not the tide reach those seas as soon, at least, as it reaches Baffin's Bay, which is some fifteen to twenty degrees higher latitude? And yet here is a flood tide of some sixty to seventy feet in height; surely, it will not do to say those are interior seas, or that longitude has no effect, for ocean tides go round the globe, and the Baltic and Black Seas join hands with and are one on the surface with the great Atlantic Ocean.

Fourth, Why are tides higher or of greater magnitude as we approach the higher latitudes?

Ans.—Because the great body of the flood-wave continually passes on along the deep channels beneath the various floods and ebbs, which come and go between the Equator and Arctic circles, for whilst it is high water at a given latitude it is low water at another; and as the ebb is at all times but a surface current, still its depth and velocity are always in proportion to the magnitude of the flood, but never deep enough to interfere with or obstruct the flood wave in the depths of the ocean, except at such points where deep and shall waters meet, or in other words, where the tidal wave is first thrown to the surface by reason of shoal water. Therefore I think it is plain, if the flood wave does not continually pass on, as above stated, these higher tides at the higher latitudes could not be satisfactorily accounted for. Suppose I should give somewhat of a curious comparison as an illustration relative to the above position, as follows: I turn to my own organism, and there I find a miniature world within myself, apparently governed and controlled by similar laws, as above stated, the heart acting as its Equator, and by that action propelling the fluid from the centre along the deep channels or arteries to the poles or extremities of the system, which by its own impulsive force or action and reaction returns it again through the small veins, as a surface current to its reservoir, the lungs, to repeat the same again and again, without the least obstruction to the continuous flow through the deep channels or arteries.

Fifth, Is there an open Polar Sea? and if so, what is the cause of it?

Ans.—I have no doubt there is an open Polar Sea, both at the North and South Poles, and their use most in importance to the rotation of the globe on its axis. The open Polar Sea is caused by the flood wave meeting at the Poles as a centre from the opposite sides of the globe, but still the question recurs, do they meet there? And if they do, how will that prove there is an open Polar Sea? I will try to furnish the proof of an open Polar Sea, and the cause of the same also. In proof of my first position, namely, that the tidal wave originates at the equator by its centrifugal action, I shall reason from admitted facts in attempting to confirm the truth of my theory, and from those admitted facts deduce others as natural results. First, then, it is admitted to be the same distance from any and every part of the Equator to the Poles, namely, six thousand two hundred and fifty miles. Second, that it is high water at the antipodes at one and the same time. Therefore I maintain that the tidal wave originates at a centre; if not, how shall we account for such results as above stated? Then as the globe can have but one grand centre, it can be no other than the Equator, which itself signifies centre. Third, see Maury's Ocean Chart, which is admitted as good authority. He says, "Near the Equator, at the depth of seven thousand and five hundred feet, the water has a temperature of a little over thirty-nine degrees." The same authority affirms that at latitude seventy the same temperature is found at the depth of four thousand five hundred feet. Therefore I claim the tidal wave has been reached in both instances; but whether or not, is of little consequence, as will appear in the conclusion. And here I submit the question, if I have shown that the same temperature continued from the Equator to the seventieth degree of latitude, is it not a natural sequence to conclude it would continue a few degrees further, until they would meet at the Poles as a centre from the opposite sides of the globe, and by their conjunction throw the water to the surface, as a natural result of such conjunction, still maintaining the same temperature? Surely this would be the natural result, but perhaps it will be said I take it for granted this warm temperature flows toward the Poles, if it flows at all. Not so. For the same authority assures us that at about latitude fifty-three this same temperature rises to the surface and flows on to about the seventieth degree, where it appears to sink. Then if it continued to flow after rising to the surface, is it not evident it flowed in the depth of the ocean before it rose to the surface? Nor do I believe it sinks again at latitude seventy, but only obtains the temperature of its surroundings in flowing that distance.

Sixth, What is the cause of the Arctic current? I must here substitute Polar current.

Ans.—The Polar current is caused by the continuous influx of the flood-wave at the Poles, as a centre from the opposite sides of the globe, as before stated, which by their conjunction throw the water to the surface about the nineteenth degree, retaining the same temperature found at the seventh degree, and causing the water to flow back from this centre, north and south, as a surface current, until it reaches the ice boundaries of this open Polar Sea, where by its own pressure it forces a current back toward the Equator, beneath or between the ice and the influx wave, which I denominated the Polar current, which by its continuance is the Arctic current, and finally becomes the great Atlantic current. The fact is, all ocean currents and counter-currents, so-called, are all endless chain of currents dependent upon three main causes for their perpetuity, as follows: First, upon the rotation of the globe on its axis as a propelling power; second, upon the action of the Polar Sea as a repelling force; and third, upon the projecting land into the ocean as a guiding or controlling power. Thus we perceive how beautifully and harmoniously the divine laws of Nature operate and cooperate to maintain this equilibrium throughout her domain; for here we see the Equator and the Poles are continually and mutually exchanging their waters with each other. Thus cause and effect, action and reaction, give and take, is Nature's balancing power. And now I think the reader will be able in some measure to perceive the necessity for an open Polar Sea, and judge of the vast volume of water required to reach the Poles, as an antagonistic or repelling force to the centrifugal action of the Equator, and also a further confirmation of the cause of higher tides as we approach the higher latitudes.

Seventh, Can the sun and moon theory of ocean tides be sustained in accordance with natural law?

Ans.—I think not, for its advocates assert that the sun and moon exert their greatest influence where they are most directly over or nearest to any given portion of the ocean. If so, how is it, then, when they are in conjunction, that the water is not elevated the most on that side of the globe where by their joint action they exert their greatest influence? Surely this would appear natural. And again, when the globe intervenes between these luminaries, should there not be something like equal tides everywhere? But such is not the case. Again, it is asserted that the moon has the greatest influence, and elevates the surface of the water as she passes over it. If so, and her greatest influence is where she is most directly over, or nearest to it, how can she elevate the water on the opposite side of the globe at the same time, so as to produce equal tides at the antipodes? And again, if the sun and moon influence and control the tides by attraction, should we not expect the highest tides within the tropics, to which those luminaries are limited? But instead of this being the case, we find here the most diminutive tides, hardly ever exceeding more than from two to five feet in height, whilst at Baffin's Bay, latitude seventy, thousands of miles beyond the immediate influence of those luminaries, the tide rises from sixty to seventy feet. Thus again is proven that the flood-wave passes continually on beneath the various floods and ebbs which come and go between the Equator and the Poles. I could multiply objections, but what is the use? Therefore I will conclude by saying if this outline of my theory of ocean tides will be the means of hauling down the old Egyptian flag and running up the "Stars and Stripes," I shall be content. Whether or not, let wrong instructions cease to be given the rising generation. I should have been more explicit on several points, but space being an object I have been as brief as possible. Philadelphia, Pa., 1868. Y. S.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Fair youth, too timid to lift your eyes
To the maiden with downcast look,
As you mingle the gold and brown of your curls
Together over the book;
A fluttering hope that she dare not name
Her trembling bosom heaves,
And your hand is stilled when your fingers meet,
As you softly turn the leaves.

Perchance you two will walk alone
Next year at some sweet day's close,
And your voice will fall to a tender tone
As you liken her cheek to a rose;
And then her face will flush and glow
With a hope that trembles, dreams,
Out-blushing all the flowers that grow
'Neath in the garden bed.

If you plead for hope, she may blushful drop
Her head on your shoulder low,
And you will be lovers and sweethearts then,
As youths and maidens go.
Lovers and sweethearts, dreaming dreams,
And seeing visions that please,
With never a thought that life is made
Of great realities!

That the cords of love must be strong as death
If they hold and keep a heart;
No daisy-chain, that snap in the breeze,
Or break with their weight apart;
For the pretty colors of youth's sweet morn
Fade out from the noonday sky;
And blushing loves bloom the roses born,
As with roses die.

But the faith that true love is past,
Tender and true survives
Is the faith we need to lean upon
In the crisis of our lives;
The love that shines in the eye grown dim,
In the voice that trembles, speaks,
And sees the roses that years ago
Withered and died in our cheeks!

That sheds its halo round us still
Of soft immortal light,
When we change youth's golden coronal
For a crown of silver white;
A love for sighs and tears, for health,
For rapture and for tears,
That will live for us, and bear with us,
Through all our mortal years.

And such there is: there are lovers here,
On the brink of the grave that stand,
Who shrink across the hills beyond, and walk
Forever hand in hand;
Fray, youth and maid, that your fate be theirs,
Who are joined no more to part;
For death comes not to the living soul,
Nor age to the loving heart.

CURIOUS.—That a hard shower should make
807/2 water.

school; that are never in a school at all, is
presented, to impress the friends of the cause
the importance of extending their efforts.

The Missionary Work, &c.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th, I lectured for the State Organization at Clinton and Groton Junction.

At Clinton the audience was good, and after a few who had come expecting to hear a woman talk (Mrs. Agnes Davis, who was sick) had retired, I was listened to with marked attention. I gave a brief *resumé* of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, inviting discussion. No discussion came off, however.

On Wednesday, previous to reaching Groton Junction, I visited several of the weaving factories in Clinton, and was glad to see a very marked difference in the dress and feelings of the girls employed, compared with the factory girls of England. It would be interesting to go into details on this question, but I fear encroaching upon your space.

My lecture at Groton Junction was delivered in the Unitarian Church, a fact worth recording. I spoke of the liberality of the Unitarians of that place, and said that their good example might be imitated with profit. The audience, too, was good, and most attentive. I don't think that I ever lectured before more eager listeners.

Before retiring for the night, I undertook to cure the lady at whose house I was entertained of a slight lung affection. Her voice was husky and feeble—in less than five minutes she spoke in her ordinary voice, and declared herself cured the next morning.

Everywhere I go I find an interest in Spiritualism. At Clinton and Groton Junction I am satisfied a good work may be done. The Missionary field is ready for the plow—the friends of Spiritualism should not beiggardly with their contributions. The State Organization needs funds, and the Missionaries are not too well cared for.

I wish to say to all my friends, that I have removed to No. 1 Grant's Court, North Mead street, Bunker Hill Square, Charlestown, where I am using my healing power. Those desiring my services in magnetism or inspirational speaking, will please direct as herein stated.

J. H. POWELL.

Spiritualism in Chelsea.

That the brethren here are somewhat lax in their enthusiasm and labors, as a body, to forward the great and glorious cause in their midst, is too true.

For the last three weeks, however—thanks to J. H. Crandon, who "run the machine" on his own responsibility—yes, like Coriolanus,

"Alone he did it."

N. Frank White stirred six full audiences with his thrilling eloquence at Fremont Hall. Now we are in a lull, waiting for the moving of the waters. There is money enough in Chelsea among the brethren, but it wants some master mind to draw it out. One seems waiting for the other. There was some thirty dollars collected for the National Spiritualist Fund, we hear; but charity, we think, should commence at home, for there are many here that are hungry and thirsting for the bread of life as found in Spiritualism. So, brethren of Chelsea, awake! arise! girl on your armor, fight the good fight of eternal truth against error and superstition.

"And give each Hydra in his head to know
You buy no favor and you fear no foe."

Bring out your best mediums and let them give light and joy unto your souls.

"From the divinity that stirs within them."

Then shall the people say amen, and your children arise and call you blessed, and peace and joy dwell in your hearts, both here and "over the river." CYNON.

Mrs. Porter's Medium Powers.

I notice in the *Banner of Light*, of Oct. 10th, the advertisement of Mrs. M. A. Porter, 8 Langrange street, Boston. Unsolicited by and unknown to her, I crave permission to write a few words of her. Possessing a good knowledge of medicine, and naturally clairvoyant, her powers are intensified by the excellent intelligences around her. Added to the fine, clear seeing control of her guiding physician, is a young Indian girl, (Winnie), who has a wonderful facility for introducing herself into magnetic life almost everywhere, thus rendering her business communications active and prompt, and considered by those who have consulted her, reliable. Personally I have been very much benefited by her remedies, and know her examinations to be thoroughly correct. I have had occasion to recommend her from various States to her, and have thus far received reports of pleased and continued satisfaction, both in medicine and business, and I know of many cures of severe cases by her treatment. I deem this statement but an act of simple justice to one of the many workers in the field of angel dispensation. Rest assured that whoever accepts her valuable services will find an honorable and pleasant medium and lady, and will, I think, never regret employing her. There is work enough for all such, and may they be multiplied and blessed, wherever and whoever they are, is the heartfelt prayer, wish, and work of
C. FANNIE ALLYN.

New York City, Oct., 1868.

A New Grammar.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Through your kind notices of my teaching from time to time, a large number of your readers, who are interested in educational matters, have written to me for a grammar. I wish to inform them, through the medium of your very influential journal, that I am at present engaged in preparing one for the press. This grammar, like my class-room instruction, will enable any person to become a good, practical grammarian in a very few hours. I am making all possible haste with it, consistent with its extent, correctness and completeness.

Please allow me, also, to say that I have reserved every Tuesday evening, from my classes, for a public lecture of grammatical instruction to the people; hour of commencing, half-past seven o'clock. I remain, gentlemen, yours, &c.,
D. P. HOWE, Prof. of English Science.

Tremont Hall, Boston, Oct. 12, 1868.

CHANGE.

The wind grows cold, and autumn's breath
Doth whisper of decay and death;
The fleeting summer's beautiful reign
Has changed into a sad refrain.

The summer's sun, the winter's snow,
How oft they come, how quick they go!
Like misty dreams they fit away,
While shorter seems each season's stay.

And thus our lives—of moments made—
Like waning summer, too, must fade;
Yet death and change will surely bring
A grand, eternal, joyous Spring.

PERSONAL.—Joshua P. Blanchard, the well known contributor to the religious press, and for many years an active officer of the American Peace Society, recently died in this city at the age of eighty-six years. Thirty years ago he was a bookkeeper in the Eagle Bank.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Common Bond.

On the title page of every soul is written by the hand of Nature a knowledge of Divinity. Creeds and dogmas, self-interest or ignorance, may cloud the record, but in every breast at some season, whether in the midnight of reflection or amid the glare of active duty, it shall flash forth as a revelation from on high. This spontaneous, involuntary faith in a hereafter, circles the earth, is found in every tribe and nation, and is in itself the highest argument which can be produced in favor of the existence of a life beyond the fleeting shores of time.

The Hindoo devotee, mangled by the car of Juggernaut, in days gone by, had faith that his soul should rise in immortal bloom in a land above, even as the perfume of a crushed flower rises to the giver—God. The sacred fire of Persia typified the wisdom of China's sages declared it. Grecian philosophies and Judean prophecies proclaimed the all-pervading thought:

"These shall resist the empire of decay
When time is o'er, and worlds shall pass away.
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warms it once shall never die."

However the atom or materialist may strive to contend with his inner consciousness, he too must yield at last. It is related of Col. Ethan Allen, that, believing in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, he declared he should become a white horse at his death. His wife, who held to the doctrine of progression hereafter, rather than retrogression, strove to undo the effects of his teachings on the mind of their daughter. But the sainted mother passed on; and when, some time after, the old patriot stood beside the death-bed of his cherished child, and saw her look of anxious inquiry as she waited by "the silent river," and heard her feeble voice say, "Father, which shall I believe?—what you have told me, or what my mother said?" the stern soldier gave way—cold philosophy vanished—Nature triumphed, and amid coursing tears he exclaimed, "Believe what your mother has told you!"

And thus, when brought to the test, does every human soul own the sway of an inner force, powerful as the solemn voice of conscience, which points eternally to a higher state, even as the guide-board points the traveler's way. The songs of earth's most gifted poets, the utterances of a thousand pulpits, and the echoes of the daily and weekly press all over our land, have but one burden, (unconsciously or indirectly expressed at times, perhaps, but still true to Nature), "If a man die he shall live again; and, living, he shall love and visit the friends of long ago."

We give in this connection two examples (which have come under our immediate notice) of this involuntary declaration of the secret belief of all, and which are but a few of those to be found in the ocean of periodical literature, foreshadowing the yet to be, even as the strange sea-weed which floating in the track of European voyagers gave proof of a land yet unknown—the America of after years. The *United States Journal*, of Philadelphia, Pa., gives, under the head of "From the City Dailies," an obituary notice of the demise of Mr. John Wallace, which after referring to the high standing of the deceased, in a word of consolation to his daughter (now afflicted by the departure of both father and mother) thus gives utterance to the common faith of all:

"The good Father, in whose arms the bereaved body consoled, will be her shield and guide; and gentle guardian spirits, from the angel home, will oft in the quiet hours of day, and in sweet visions of the stillly night hover near, whispering to her aching heart words of brightest hope of reunion and eternal life in a realm where no tear shall be wept—no parting hour shall ever come."
Be this her consolation—that the revered and honored dead have bequeathed to the age in which they lived a reputation untainted with every vice, and that "to die is gain"—that there is a higher life beyond for all, where the rainbow never fades—where the flowers of immortal amaranth, like beautiful islands in the sea, shall wait their fragrance; and where the precious ones that we have known and loved and buried shall be regained, and stay in our presence forever.

A Connecticut paper contains the following:
"Exchanged his poverty for eternal riches, and his rags for a crown which fadeeth not away—at the Winchester Poor-house, James C. Smith, aged 67. The pall-bearers were few on this side—not so many, perhaps, as they that waited on the shining shore, and went up with the old man to his Father's House!"

No Evading the Law.

There is sufficient reason for the shocking murders and suicides which make up the daily record of the papers, without a doubt. We were foretold this identical state of things in society when our civil troubles themselves were foretold. A general outbreak of violence was of course enough to beget a contagious tendency to violent practices everywhere. The fighting in the field very naturally left its legacy to those who brought home with them again the spirit which war always begets. Thus violence was to be apprehended on this ground, which is sufficiently established by the history of the human mind. But there are other cases of violence—murder and suicide—which are the fruit of different causes. Such, for instance, as from over-tasking the brain with business. We are forced to read the details of some most shocking occurrences, proceeding from this one habit of modern days. Nature will not be cheated, it seems. She has set her limits and they must be respected. If a man will, from ambition or greed, give his life itself to the accumulation of a fortune in money, he may certainly count on the coming of a settlement day sometime, when nerves and heart will give way before the gathering forces of a nature that refuses any longer to be so outraged.

Philadelphia Lyceum.

Mr. Dyott is making arrangements for an exhibition of the Children's Lyceum on a grand scale at the close of the sessions of the Lyceum National Convention. It will be worth going many miles to witness.

The Harvester.

Is having a good sale, and is universally liked by those who have read its liberal pages. A more taking book has not been issued of late.

The Unitarian Roll.

We are better able to get an inside view of the Unitarian Church than we ever were before. The sharp discussion that transpired during the session of its recent Conference in New York let in a great deal of light on certain points of difference in the denomination. So warm became the debate before it closed, that threats were openly made of secession from the Conference, on both sides. A proposition was made by James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, to amend the Constitution of the Conference so that any and all churches of the denomination should be at liberty to cast off everything like creed or ecclesiastical habit, and become really free. The proposition instantly provoked the most intense excitement. So many were struggling all at once to make themselves heard, the President found it next to impossible to preserve order for some time. The proposed amendment was supported by such leading men of the denomination as Mr. Frothingham, of New York, and Mr. Collyer, of Chicago. On the other hand, it was vigorously opposed by the conservative wing, led by such men as Dr. Osgood, of New York, Dr. Bellows, of New York, Dr. Lothrop, of Boston, Dr. Gannett, of Boston, and others. A compromise—if such it can be called, which leaves both parties in the same state of open antagonism as before—was at length effected by adopting a proposal submitted by Mr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, in substance absolving the minority from any obligations to the declarations of the majority, even to the extent of the authority of the Constitution itself; but leaving every church to assert on its own account the rules and doctrines by which it will be governed.

Substantially, this accommodation between the Radical and Conservative wings of Unitarianism is but an adjournment of the discussion to a wider theatre. It remands the case to the arbitration of the people again. So it seems to be viewed already, the report going abroad that there was certainly to be a split in the organization, the radicals taking with them the better part, or rather the larger part, of the body of Unitarian believers. When the amendment that caused the outbreak was first proposed to the Conference, Dr. Bellows closed an excited speech against it by saying that if it was adopted he should feel obliged to withdraw from the Conference. To which Robert Collyer, of Chicago, responded in a scarcely less excited manner, that he should withdraw if the amendment was not adopted. There it was, the sword's point betraying itself. Upon the basis of these very plain and precise declarations, it was perfectly natural that the debate following them should be warm and emphatic. Never has the Unitarian organization been so shaken, even to its foundations, as by this simple but broad proposition. The seed sown by Theodore Parker is at last bearing fruit. The radicals—that is, the advanced wing of the denomination, appear to be too strong for the Conservatives; or at least their aggressive spirit is one which the Conservatives find it impossible to tame.

The details of the debate are interesting in more ways than the one which we have specially instanced. For example: Dr. Mayo, of Cincinnati, in supporting Dr. Osgood's amendment to the amendment which precipitated the trouble, said of the proposition to unsectarianize the Conference that it was an attempt to convert it into a Free Religious Association. If the attempt was successful, he feared in his heart that "next year we might have Spiritualists, Jews and Socialists in the Convention—anything but Christians." He poorly understands Christ's own spirit, if he is unwilling to let in these "Gentiles," or let back these "Jews." The fell shadow of Church authority—marked authority—is plainly to be seen in such a remark. Rather let all go—says Dr. Mayo, and those who agree with him—than break over these rigid, these cast-iron rules which make us a denomination. We are rejoiced that the high tide of liberal belief has finally come up to the walls of such an ecclesiastical bigotry, and is making ready to undermine and wash them away. The excitement in the Conference reached its culmination at this point, which it well might. This was the flood at its height. The signs proved propitious, and then it was that, to save the very appearance of the denominational structure, the so-called compromise of Mr. Hale was submitted and adopted.

Spiritual Culture.

This term means the culture of race. It is used in connection with the newly taken resolution of the Oneida (N. Y.) Community to abandon their long tried experiment of celibacy, and come back to the old accepted theory of increase and multiplication. The new determination is formally announced in the "Circular," which is the official organ of the Community. For twenty years the rule of singleness and celibacy has been carried out, and now on a sudden there is a complete revolution in the opinion of the society. So remarkable a change is not to be chronicled every day; nor would it be possible to account rationally for it except by referring it to that strongest of all human passions which was implanted for a wise purpose in the nature. Some ascribe the past abstinence of the Community to the fact that it has hitherto been engaged in a struggle for existence, and is now for the first time able to set up a nursery of children for the enlargement of the race. The new enterprise is to be undertaken—so it is given out—on scientific principles; and the "Circular" asks "all who love God and mankind that they may succeed."

Spiritual Manifestations.

Our faith in Phenomenal Spiritualism is unwavering, for we have repeatedly witnessed and been the subject of tests the most skeptical have failed to controvert. It has the positiveness of absolute knowledge. But while we rest with the utmost confidence upon the sublime and soul-satisfying realities of Spiritualism, we are equally certain that a large proportion of so-called "mediumship" and "manifestations" are unqualified impositions upon human credulity.—*Ohio Spiritualist*.

Yes, for every "fortune-teller," every "sleight-of-hand" performer—in fact, all those whose souls do not reach beyond dollars and cents—who are bound to gain a living without work, now call themselves clairvoyants, healers, etc. These are indeed impostors—and their name is legion. But this does not in the least detract from bona fide healers and clairvoyants—who are doing a great work all over the land. Spiritualism is no more responsible for the quacks who make professions of faith to gull the flats out of their money, than was phrenology, when it made its first advent, responsible for the lazzaroni who visited barrooms and examined heads (blockheads) at ninepence apiece, representing themselves phrenologists! We have no fears that the chaff will do any permanent harm to the wheat that is yielding so abundantly in the spiritual field.

Tracts for the Million.

We have for sale a large supply of those excellent tracts on the Spiritual Philosophy, written by the talented Lois Walsbrook, which should be circulated broadcast all over the land. Friends, send for them. See advertisement in another column for prices.

The Church Conventions.

The Two Conventions recently held in New York—the Unitarian and Episcopal—have attracted a great deal of attention, and very justly. Of the former we speak in another article. The Episcopal Convention is a national affair, called but once in three years, composed of two distinct Houses—of Bishops, and Clerical and Lay—and embracing some of the most distinguished and worthy men of the country. The Episcopal Church, cautious and conservative as it notoriously ever has been, is forced to confess the presence of the new spirit in its midst which rules the age, and the chief interest attaching to the Convention alluded to grows out of this very fact. The points of discussion are these: the interpretation of that General Canon under which Messrs. Tyng and Hubbard have had their trial for inviting ministers of other denominations to preach in their pulpits, and for going into other parishes and preaching in the pulpits of ministers not Episcopallians; the question of establishing provision councils, or in other words, of giving to the churches of the several Dioceses consolidated powers for their own government; and the everywhere mooted question of Ritualism. It is a fact that the church after the Episcopal order has become subject to the strong and searching influences of the age we live in, and the struggle for liberal ideas within its limits is going on just as it is everywhere else. Ritual and rule, authority and order, feels the powerful pulse of emancipated thought, and the elements grow more or less turbulent as the two are brought into direct contact. The Ritualists are prepared to make a strong fight for what they esteem their own rights, if they become pushed by those who seek to deploy the forces of naked authority against them; while the main struggle promises to occur over the interpretation of the canon whose alleged breach has caused so much serious trouble through Messrs. Tyng and Hubbard. We get reports that the feeling against the current construction of the canon is so determined as to threaten a breaking asunder of the bonds of the church organization, in case it shall be insisted on. This would indeed be serious work for the Episcopallians in this country; and their brethren of the Established Church in England might in that case proffer them a portion of that sympathy in return which the latter have been so freely sending across to England.

The spirit of progress, the movement of human thought, the sentiment of liberality is penetrating, covering, and inspiring all the old religious organizations, and demands to be treated by each of them with proper hospitality. The Episcopal Church feels compelled to heed it last. It will have to recognize the fact of all these things, if it cherishes the hope of keeping its footing among the men of the time.

The Spiritual Harp.

The first edition of the Harp was all sold last week. Another edition is in press, and will be ready for delivery this week. The large number of orders received during the last six days will be attended to at once. Every one who has seen this new song-book is delighted with it. Every Spiritualist family should have one.

Even the secular press can't help speaking well of it. Hear what the *Haverhill Publisher* says: "The *Spiritual Harp*—We have received from the publishers, Wm. White & Co., Boston, a collection of vocal music of two hundred and ninety-five pages, by J. M. Peabody and J. O. Barrett. This volume, embracing some three hundred and sixty hymns, songs, choruses, &c., is got up in beautiful style, both of printing and binding, while the words comprising the hymns, &c., are rich in sentiment and admirably adapted to every occasion, joyful or sad, in the choir, congregation and social circle. There is a beautiful inspiration, a cheering, hopeful feeling pervading every line, and which if more generally sung by our worshipping assemblies could not fail to elevate and purify the hearts of the worshippers. Though more especially adapted to believers in the Spiritualistic Philosophy, the sentiments of the larger portion of the compositions are such as we see cropping out daily from the writings, both prose and poetry, of many prominent authors who affect to have no sympathy with their origin. This shows that the world moves, however much the opposite idea may be affirmed. The price of the Harp is two dollars; postage, twenty-eight cents."

The New England Tragedies.

We shall notice this new twin-poem by Longfellow at length and on its merits next week. For the present we direct the reader to the single extract from its pages which we gave in a recent number of the *Banner of Light*, and which is reproduced in the advertisement of the book in another column. This specimen is characteristic of the volume, and shows how thoroughly impregnated with spiritual life and meaning the poem is. The subjects chosen by the poet for treatment are "John Endicott" and "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," in one depicting the colonial practice of whipping, cropping and banishing Quakers, and the other describing the witchcraft times. Longfellow has clothed these selected epochs of our early history with his genius, and developed points in the life and manners of the colonists, which, in their very description, will deservedly challenge the attention and the admiration of Spiritualists everywhere.

Music Hall Meetings.

The course of lectures on Spiritualism this winter commenced Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18th, in Music Hall. As our paper goes to press before that time, we cannot speak definitely of the result, but judging from the interest manifested in the meetings, we doubt not the spacious hall will be filled. The reputation of the eloquent lecturer—Mr. J. B. Ferguson—would seem to warrant as much. Besides, an excellent quartette choir, with the accomplished organist, Dr. J. P. Ordway, (who kindly volunteers his services), will tend greatly to harmonize the audience and bring it into closer rapport with the speaker and the invisible friends who hover over it, by a sweet interpretation of our spiritual songs and hymns. Mr. Ferguson will speak in the same hall again on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 25th and Nov. 1st. Let no one fail to hear him.

The Male Soprano.

By an advertisement in another column, it will be noticed that Mr. Jesse B. H. Shepard, who has attracted so much attention by his wonderful medium powers, in rendering most difficult songs in a clear soprano voice, is ready to answer calls to hold sances in the vicinity of Boston, as well as in the city.

A New Work.

"The Spirituelle; or, Directions in Development," by Abby M. Laffin Ferree, will be issued from the press this week. It is just the work needed, and answers the numerous questions correspondents are asking us every week. It is issued in pamphlet form for the low price of 30 cents; postage 2 cents.

Dr. Newton Going to Baltimore.

We learn that Dr. J. R. Newton, the healer, intends to open an office in Baltimore, Md., on the 25th of October, where he will practice for a few weeks. When last there the Doctor was besieged by suffering patients, many of whom have occasion to bless him to this day.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC FOR 1869, from Ticknor & Fields, is the second number of this truly choice and elegant serial. Of course nobody is without an Almanac. The Atlantic combines points and characteristics never before found in any similar publication in this country. Besides the regular calendar, with all the accompanying calculations, it offers a series of pleasant, instructive, and timely literary essays from the most approved American authors. The editor—Donald G. Mitchell—appears in several places, all choicely done by a pen thoroughly trained to this very service. No sketches country life to a charm. Mrs. Stowe tells us how to furnish our homes so as to make them beautiful. Dr. Brewer writes in the most chatty, yet scientific, style about the birds of North America. Dr. Holmes talks to us about our bodies—their composition and their care; and it is a very valuable treatise on the art of preserving one's health. The illustrations for each month in the year are original and striking, while the colored ones for the seasons are full-page and brilliant. The Atlantic Almanac is a feature already in our current literature. It is worth a dozen, and more, of the best of the Almanacs ever published in this country.

LEAN'S CONFESSORS is the title of a tale of whose appearance, from a San Francisco press, we made mention some little time ago. It now comes to us again from New York. A. Roman & Co., publishers. Its design is to open new fields of thought in connection with the marriage state and marriage relations. It is an experimental, or tentative, effort on a subject of profound interest to all, and purports to have been produced at the instigation and with the aid of spirit influence. There are passages in the story that will readily suggest their origin. This question of Marriage, in all its aspects, cannot be regarded by any reflective person with other than deep interest, the problem of reconciling temperament with temperament and inclination with inclination becoming greatly complicated by importing into it the rights and duties enjoined by habit and nature, and by the false and vicious notions in society that have so lowered it as an institution when, by every imaginary reason, it should have been elevated. The present book, we suspect, is but the pioneer of something far wider scope and more serious import in the same direction. As a mere tale, it is striking and impressive, and shows insight and power in the author.

THE AMERICAN OPP FELLOW: An Original Family Magazine. Published by John W. Orr, No. 99 Nassau street, New York. \$2 per year.

Among the contents of the October number of this standard monthly are: The Dying Mother's Legacy—a remarkable story of real life; The Dark Day; Practical Philanthropy; Gems of Old Fellowship; Post-Office Means; Casualties; New York by Daylight and Gaslight; An Odd Fellow Abroad; Rebekah Department; Ladies' Olio; Proceedings of the G. L. U. S.; Original Poetry; Miscellany, &c., &c.

LONGER publishes, as an addition to his Tales of the Day, a translation from the German, entitled, "Baron Leo Von Oberg, M. D., a Story of Love Unspoken." The translation is made by Jas. A. Sigmund, and the tale is one of true fascination and beauty.

THE ACTS OF KIRKS is the name of a pamphlet from Carlton, of New York, for sale by Woodworth, Alsworth & Co., of this city. Its sub-title runs thus: "Being a Biblical Narrative of the Acts of the First and Second Kings of the First Province, once Virginia, in which the doings of the 'Tycoons of Richmond' are narrated." This mixing up of Bible and Japanese is a composite which may be humorous, but to us the strain is excessive for the result aimed at. This affair is professedly from the pen of Marshall Hanna, "Associate Editor of the 'Southern Opinion'."

THE WHITE GAUNTLER, by Capt. Mayo Field—the author of a host of very exciting books for boys, none of whom ever tire of reading his adventures and wild records of experience—is a story equally worthy with its predecessors of the wonderful popularity they have achieved and still hold. It is largely illustrated, and the spirit of the cuts faithfully matches that of the tale. Love and startling adventures are described in glowing phrase, and the pages will light up many a youthful eye already bright in anticipation of the feast. Carlton publishes the book, and it is for sale in Boston on the counter of James Campbell.

FRIENDLY COUNSEL FOR GIRLS, or Words in Season, by Sydney Cox, is another product of Carlton's press, and contains a list of chapters all filled with most judicious and timely advice to the young persons for whom it is intended. It is all put in plain and direct language, whose meaning and spirit it would not be possible to mistake. For sale by James Campbell.

LONGER publishes still another of the very popular, because useful and attractive, little books of the housekeeping Mrs. Warren, the title this time being "How to Furnish and Adorn a House with Small Means." It may be relied on as a most suggestive little manual in the department it so fully matters. It is in paper covers, and is very handy to carry about.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton speaks in Fitchburg on Sunday, Oct. 25th.

Miss Clair R. De Evers, inspirational speaker, can be addressed till Nov. 10th, Newport, Me. After that, Chicago, Ill., care J. Spettigue. A correspondent says: "Miss De Evers is an earnest and faithful advocate of our glorious cause, an eloquent and pleasing speaker, and a very remarkably good test medium. She has impaired her health by over-working for the good cause, and goes West with the hope that a change of climate will benefit her."

Dr. J. H. Currier speaks in Philadelphia during November.

Miss Salome Ripley, inspirational speaker, North Leverett, Mass., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism.

James B. Morrison will speak in Ashland, N. H., Nov. 1st and 8th.

The New England Lyceum Convention.

Which meets in the Melancon, Tremont Temple, in this city, on Wednesday, Oct. 23, for a two days' session, will be an important occasion and attract a large attendance. The Lyceum system of educating young minds should be considered the movement of the age. There is no better field to work in for liberalizing the men and women who are to step into our places in the no distant future, and we hope all will give their countenance and support to the Lyceum cause.

It will be seen by the announcement that the Boston Children's Lyceum are to give an entertainment on Thursday, the last evening of the Convention. The hall should be crowded.

Convention at Lowell.

It is proposed by the Agents of the Massachusetts State Association and others to hold a Convention in Lowell on Sunday, Oct. 25. There will be three sessions—at 10; in the forenoon, 2; in the afternoon, and 7; in the evening—the first hour of each being devoted to a general conference.

Let the friends in Lowell and vicinity prepare for a good time. These improvised Conventions have proved to be exceedingly interesting and profitable occasions, resulting in much practical good to attendant and participant. Let the friends rally and make the day a memorable one.

Mr. D. D. Home.

"The London Spiritual Magazine for October says: 'We are glad to find that Mr. Home has been well received by his old and influential friends in Germany, where he has recently been staying for a few weeks. It is a practical and pleasant commentary on the injustice done him by the public and the press in England. As soon as the Emperor of Russia heard of his arrival in Germany, he sent an aide-de-camp to him to desire him to come and stay with him. He has already paid a short visit to the Emperor, and was to repeat it after a few days' interval.'"

WE have received a report of the proceedings of the Iowa First State Convention of Spiritualists, which will appear in our next issue.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A very handsomely printed card, done in colors and bronze, large size, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, giving price, etc., will be sent free to any address where the paper is sold, on application to William White & Co., 138 Washington street, Boston. Societies should have this card in their respective halls, and lecturers should call attention to it. Now is the time to use every effort possible to get the BANNER OF LIGHT before the public. We hope our friends everywhere will bear this in mind.

A call is issued for a two days' Convention of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists, to be held in Worcester, Nov. 12 and 13.

For list of lecturers see sixth page.

Dr. N. W. Oliver reported himself through our medium recently as a resident of the Spirit-Land. He says he is still very weak; also that he died in Portsmouth, N. H.

A practical solution of the female suffrage question has just been made in England. Thirty-three women in the parish of Ashford, East Kent, and two others in the East Riding of Yorkshire, have obtained the right to vote. Their names happened to be enrolled on the registry of voters, and the Registering Officer decided that in the absence of any objection he could not erase them.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever follows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the *teens*, he reached, at length, a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded: "Say Amen!"

A new style of shoe for men is now displayed in some of the shop windows—and a very bad style, too. The toes are very narrow, and turned up like skate-irons. It is obvious that such devices as this, like the "Grecian Bend," must cramp the proportions and produce deformity.

We go up the hill of life like a boy with his sled after him and come down it like a boy with his sled under him.

Chignons have almost entirely gone out of fashion. But "Grecian Bend" has come in. The bump has gone down!

It has been decided, by a New York court, that spiritual and clairvoyant physicians cannot recover for their services, because those services are fraudulent. What can it matter, if their patients recover? If a sick man can be cheated into health, the cheat becomes a blessing, and the cheat a benefactor of the race, who should be rewarded, not swindled out of his fair earnings. No man can be such a fool as to object to being freed from his sufferings by a quack, who is not a quack if his practice removes his patient's pain.

A town buried under lava, like ancient Pompeii, has been discovered near Chiallo, Mexico.

The Marquis of Bute, who has just come of age and in possession of an income of £300,000, has bought a stud of race horses. They will make his money fly.

A poor relation—telling an anecdote badly.

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small acts make the will.

Every time that an individual avoids doing wrong, he increases his inclination to do that which is right.

Oh give me the heart that forever
Is free from this world's selfish trust,
And the soul whose noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen men from the dust;
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friends whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's "down."

Wm. E. Ritchie, formerly editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, and husband of Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie, is not dead. The person named is George Harrison Ritchie, youngest son of the late Thomas Ritchie, of the *Richmond Enquirer*.

Better go to bed supperless than run in debt.

President Haven of the Michigan University, in his annual report, just presented to the Regents, has taken hold and emphatic ground in favor of the admission of women to all the privileges of the University, in every department—law, medicine, science and art.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

A bill has been introduced into the Mexican Congress providing for jury trials, public education and general reform.

Miss Kellogg will give two concerts at the Music Hall, in this city, on the 6th and 7th of November, under the management of Max Strakoske. In her concert here she will be assisted by Miss Topp, pianist; Signor Lotti, tenor; Signor Petrella, baritone, and other talent. Miss Kellogg will return to Europe in the spring.

Gov. Bullock has appointed Thursday, Nov. 26, as a day of Thanksgiving. This is the day selected by President Johnson for the National Thanksgiving.

Instead of sending an army to Rome, to protect the Pope, Isabella has gone to the Holy City for protection herself.

A telegram from London, dated Oct. 13, says the Spanish Junta has seized the property of the Jesuits and abolished the order. The Junta has issued another circular, urging the extinction of all religious corporations. The internal taxes on homo or foreign wares have been abolished.

New England Lyceum Convention.

The Second Annual Meeting of the New England Lyceum Convention will take place at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28th and 29th, 1898, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

It should be understood that this is not a delegate Convention, neither is it confined to New England, but all friends of the movement are cordially invited to attend and cooperate with us in the advancement of this most noble work.

Per order of Executive Officers,
DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, President.
L. DUSTIN, Secretary.

Grand Lyceum Entertainment.

The children and members of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston will give an entertainment in Tremont Temple, on the evening of the 29th inst. It will consist of the Lyceum exercises, recitations, and instrumental and vocal music. J. H. Wilcox, organist, has been engaged; also Wm. H. Lee, ballad singer, and Jesse B. H. Shepard, male soprano. It being on the evening of the second day of the Convention, it is hoped that all attending the latter will avail themselves of the opportunity to witness the work of the institution. It will be the first exhibition given in public, outside of our own hall, and it is at the earnest request of Dr. Richardson and others having the Convention matters in charge, that we give it. The tickets will be twenty-five cents to all parts of the hall. No reserved seats. "Come one, come all."
D. N. FORD, Conductor.

Particular Notice.

Subscribers who may have occasion to change the address of their papers, should invariably name the town, county and State to which they are sent, as well as the town, county and State to which they desire them forwarded, when they change their localities; otherwise, we must wait until they do so. A little care in this particular will save us a deal of perplexity in endeavoring to hunt up the names in our mailing machine, besides lessening the annoyance such subscribers subject themselves to in consequence of the non-receipt of their papers at the places they desire them sent, through negligence to conform to the necessities of the case.

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 only paper: *Nature's Divine Revelations*, 3rd edition, just out, 1 vol., Great Thoughts, each complete—*Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker*. *Mystic Hand*, an Autobiography of the author. *Penetration*, *Harbinger of Health*, answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. *Morning Lectures* (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providence, Harmonious Man, Free Thought, Censorious Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, *Arabella*, or Divine Quest, and *Stellar Key* to the Summer Land—last two just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$28; a most valuable present.

Four books by Warren Chase—*Life-Line*; *Fugitive Wife*; *American Crisis*, and *Glories of Spiritualism*. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 50 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, *Human Nature*, edited by J. Burns, London, price \$2.50, per 25 cents. Ideal Art, "being republished in this magazine as a story, but is not concluded yet. *Human Nature* is a radical and well conducted monthly, and devoted to social and other sciences as well as Spiritualism.

Send us five dollars, and we will send you mail *Arabella*, *Stellar Key*, *Memoranda*, and the largest and most complete of the author, A. J. Davis, of which we have a few yet left. To secure this liberal discount you must send soon.

Young England's "Seven Seas" but we have another rare and remarkable English book, *Calisthenics*, on Pentalonian principles, by Henry de Lancy, showing every position of the human body, in two thousand figures (only one copy, price \$5.00). Teachers of gymnastics, if not in possession of a copy of this book, would find it of great value; but as a library book it is not valuable for reading, as its 361 large pages are mostly taken up with the engravings.

The Lyceum Convention.

We regret that some words of ours in the brief review of our late National Convention, have led some of our friends to think the object and purpose of the resolution presented by us and passed by the Convention was to separate the Children's Progressive Lyceums from the guardian care, support and patronage of the American Association of Spiritualists. Any one would not infer it from the resolution, or the remarks we made on its passage, authorizing a committee to call conventions of those engaged in the Lyceum cause. The following extract from the secretary's report of the resolution, and our remarks, will set the matter right, so far as it reaches the subject, and we certainly had then and have still only the more thorough and practical work of sustaining the Lyceums in view by calling separate Conventions, on the same principle and in furtherance of the movement already inaugurated in New England, the second of which is already called to meet, following the success of last year. We have long felt that the Lyceum movement did not get its share of our State and National Conventions, and that they were not the places nor composed of the persons to adopt the necessary measures and discipline to carry on the work successfully; hence our desire to have Conventions especially devoted to the cause and interest of the Lyceums, in which we hoped would assemble those engaged to that especial work and fitted to carry it out practically, and upon adoption of suitable plans and propositions which could be laid before the American Association, and by them also adopted and executed as far as means would allow. The board of trustees have not felt relieved, nor have they relieved their responsibilities from Lyceum work, nor had we for a moment supposed any part of the actors in the great cause could feel a separation of Spiritualism, in its organic character, from the Lyceums. The separation we referred to was wholly for the Lyceums, and their interest in holding more and other Conventions beside the State Conventions, in which they are all entitled to representation, but in which they have not had a fair share of the profits, if there were any. It was the growing interest in Lyceums, and a hope to encourage it, that prompted our action and, we think, also, the action of the Convention in appointing the Committee, and the Committee in calling the friends together in Philadelphia, on the 26th of November, at which time the Board of Trustees of the American Association also meet in said city, and where, we trust, no division of interest will be felt by any one, as it is not by us not contemplated in any others.

From the published official report:

Warren Chase said: I, too, am deeply interested in this movement for the children. I have a resolution on this subject.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Children's Progressive Lyceum to form State Associations, to hold periodical sessions, and that a Committee of five be appointed to carry out this matter.

I know very well that this Children's Progressive Lyceum is the practical work—the successful part of Spiritualism. I believe it is the most important part of the movement that we have started yet, notwithstanding regard the movement of the various Societies very essential to our success. I am able to state something of the progress of this movement; they are extending notwithstanding the discouragement among some of the leaders. All the failures, so far as I have learned, are from the leaders always, and not from the children but from the adults, and it is for this purpose that I offer this resolution: that the leaders and workers in this important cause may be collected in State Conventions by themselves, so that they may lay out their plans and carry them out.

I am satisfied that there is a field for hundreds of persons to be occupied all the time in this work, and there is a great demand for persons as teachers and leaders. There is a want of system and discipline among teachers, leaders and guards; we hope that some measures will be taken, and, I think, if it is recommended by this Convention, good will result from it. And if they have among themselves organizations, they may carry forward some plan for preparing teachers, either in normal schools or by some other means. I know that the Lyceums are rapidly increasing; many are being formed in new places. I receive letters almost every day, asking for information in regard to the formation of Lyceums. I tell them to begin, and you will find assistance from somewhere; there is sufficient information on the subject. I hope that hereafter, by the encouragement of Societies and all we can do for them in our Conventions, the Lyceum will go on and accomplish its great work.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We take pleasure in placing before our readers the testimony of one of the oldest and best known Spiritualists of England to the mediumship of R. W. Flint, to which we could add that of many others who have related to us their success through this channel. Honest and faithful mediums—and there are many such—deserve the patronage of the public.

LONDON, 138 EAST ROAD, N. W., Aug. 24, 1898.
R. W. FLINT: Dear Sir—Yours of July 22, containing my sealed letter and answers to the questions, came duly to hand. I now wish to thank you sincerely for the same, and to express my admiration of your mediumship.

The questions in the sealed letter were known only to myself, and the answers to each are, "I am bound in justice to say," as astonishing as they are truthful and satisfactory! The letter had never been opened; indeed, it would have been impossible to open it without being detected. I consider, therefore, that this, "as far as concerns my letter," is a very good test of the truthfulness of your spiritual gift. I have not the least reason to doubt the possibility of our dear friends in the spirit-world being able, under proper conditions, to commune with us; but I have, unfortunately, found so much charlatanism mixed up with mediumship and mediums, so-called, that it behooves all, as far as in them lies, to examine for themselves and sift the chaff from the wheat.

I shall endeavor to make known your spiritual gift among my English friends, and trust you will meet with the patronage that you deserve from Spiritualists and truth-seekers on both sides of the Atlantic. May health of mind and body be your support in this life, and everlasting happiness hereafter, is the sincere wish, my dear sir, of
Yours in faith,
THOS. SLATER.
R. W. FLINT, 105 East 12th street, New York City.

Is the title of a good looking and mechanically well executed book, published (but unfortunately not written) by Miller, Wood & Co., of the Light street Water Cure, N. Y. We read the preface and part of the first chapter, and enough to create a surprise that any intelligent man could be found even in Oberlin, O., to be known as the author of a book, in this age of Geology, Phenology, Physiology, Psychology and Spiritualism, in which he would set forth to a reading people the old exploded dogma of the Church, that man was created perfect, and by his fall, and fall into the hands of Satan, the enemy of God his Creator, had been degenerate and depraved ever since the first man and his fall, with no hope, except by regeneration, of regaining his first and perfect estate.

There may be money to publish such books, but that there are intelligent readers to purchase them we very much doubt. Science has already gone too far in this country for any old fossil of the Church to palm off on the popular mind the fables of the Old Testament as truths.

New York State Missionary Cause.

It may be well to state, in brief, the past and present of the New York State Missionary cause, that those to whom we now appeal for aid, may fully understand its situation.

"The New York State Organization of Spiritualists" was formed at Rochester, Nov. 7, 1897.

The first annual meeting was held at Buffalo, June 5, 1898. Officers were then elected for the ensuing year, and a resolution adopted to engage in the prosecution of the Missionary cause. To assist in raising a Missionary Fund, a membership fee of one dollar was voted—pledged to that interest only.

According to the plan then adopted, the officers of the State Organization, viz: Warren Chase, President, P. I. Clum and Mrs. A. N. Avery, Vice Presidents, Mrs. Sarah A. Burtis, Secretary, and J. W. Seaver, Treasurer, in connection with a Missionary Committee of six, viz: J. W. Seaver, A. C. English, Mrs. E. S. Loper, Robert Dygert, Dr. R. T. Hallock and Eliza Waters, form (in their association) capacity a Missionary Board, who are to devise and adopt plans for carrying on the work—the Missionary Committee to execute those plans.

The first meeting of the Board was held at Rochester during the late National Convention, and the following plan adopted:

First, Employ a Lecturing and Financial Agent to travel and solicit members to the State Organization—receiving the membership fee, take up collections at meetings, induce subscriptions, and in all practicable ways operate to raise a permanent Missionary fund.

Second, As soon as funds will warrant, secure the services of earnest, competent Missionaries—send them into all parts of the State, to continue the system of raising funds, to induce the holding of circles, the organization of Town and County Associations and Circulating Libraries and Children's Progressive Lyceums, and in all practicable ways advance the spread of Heavenly Truth.

Third, Wherever practicable, arrange circuits to be supplied by local speakers—at a nominal compensation—who are to aid in organizing, raising funds, etc., etc.

After the adoption of the foregoing plan by the Board, the Committee were left to its execution.

At a subsequent meeting of such as were in attendance at that Committee—it was deemed inexpedient, for want of funds, at present to employ a Lecturing and Financial Agent, but that their Chairman issue a Call for members to the State Organization, with the membership fee, and for subscriptions to the Missionary fund. Accordingly, in behalf of that Committee, who are representatives of the State Organization, I call the attention of my fellow laborers in this great spiritual field to the following appeal for aid:

Brothers and Sisters of the Spiritual Faith, and Fellow Citizens of the Empire State, who are in favor of freedom of thought and expression and of the progressive tendencies of the age, upon you we call for pecuniary aid to inaugurate the Missionary work in our State. Our individual interest in its success is no greater than yours. We labor for the eternal welfare of a Universal Brotherhood, to whom either of you are under as great obligations as either of us.

Our object is to secure in cash or reliable subscriptions, or both, a fund sufficient to warrant the employment of Missionaries, and to accomplish this object we bespeak your hearty cooperation.

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Third, As we wish to become more intimately acquainted with the present condition of the cause and with its workers in all parts of the State, we invite some friend in every Town and City to report to the Chairman of the Missionary Committee, J. W. Seaver, Byron, N. Y., the names of prominent Spiritualists in the vicinity, with Post Office address, also the names of mediums and speakers, also the inducements for Missionaries to visit that vicinity, with names of persons to address in relation to appointments for meetings, etc.

We earnestly commend this subject to the careful consideration of all persons interested.

The dissemination of the glorious Truths pertaining to this New Dispensation through the agency of the Missionary, has become the settled policy of its most active workers in many of the States. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and others have adopted it—some of them with eminent success.

Such labors cannot be carried on without funds. You cannot expect a Committee to become responsible for the payment of one or two thousand dollars, without some assurance of protection from loss. Therefore, let a prompt and liberal response be made to this appeal, that we may be prepared to enter with efficiency upon canvassing by Missionaries this extensive field—the Empire State—soon after the smoke and dust of this important political campaign has settled away, sufficiently to allow spiritual truth to be discerned and entertained by the masses.

We bespeak from our Lecturers an interest in this subject. We request them to cooperate in carrying out the foregoing programme, and to make reports as therein suggested.

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J. W. SEAVEN, Chairman Com.
Byron, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1898.

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GEORGE A. BACON, Sec'y.
WILLIAM WHITE, Pres.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 12th, at the residence of Mr. George A. Bacon, by Rev. George L. Cheney, Mr. William A. Copeland and Miss Westmoreland, N. H., by Rev. Jehiel Claffin, Mr. Edward B. Cunningham and Miss Emily Ann Mead, both of Saxton's River, Vt.

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Business Matters.

MRS. E. D. MUNFORD, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1102 Broadway, New York. 5w.O3.

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

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

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST-MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 13th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE (price 30 cents) and HUMAN NATURE (price 25 cents) are received regularly and for sale at this office.

DR. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at

to
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of

J. W. VAN NABEE, Monroe, Me.
W. M. ODEN, Salem, Ill.
GEORGE A. PEIRCE, inspirational trance speaker,
87, Auburn, Me. In addition to his practice, healing

New York Advertisements.

IMPORTANT FACT, AND CHEMICAL DISCOVERY!

DR. E. F. GARVIN cures Incurable Pulmonary Consumption, all forms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, and all Blood Diseases by his new chemical compound dissolving Tar with its three essential elements, for the first time. This compound has been found to have more purifying properties to the Blood than any known. After submitting it to the most rigid tests in the above diseases, also,

DYSPEPSIA, SCURVY, SCROFULA, ERIEPTIONS, HEMORRHOIDS, LIVER, KIDNEY, and PARTICULARLY HEAVY DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, IRRITABLE, FEVER SORES, PILES, FISTULA, THE POISONING OF THE SYSTEM, AND TO ALL MURKIN.

—which diseases are the seeds of Consumption of which thousands die annually—hundreds of living witnesses will testify to the efficacy of the Doctor's treatment. Having submitted his remedies to the most rigid tests for seven years, he now offers them to the public through Druggists and from the Office.

The First Solution and Compound Elixir of Tar.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle.

This is taken internally, also diluted to mix the mucus, for Catarrh, and eradicates all Humors from the Blood and System.

First Solution and Volatilized Tar, with Inhaler for 1 month's use—Package complete—\$5.00.

This carries the vapors of tar direct to the Throat and Lungs, heating and stimulating the ulcerated surfaces, neutralizing the poisons in the blood by inhalation.

First Solution of Tar and Mandrake Pills;
25 and 50 cents per Box.

This is the best Family and Liver Pill known, containing no Mercury.

These medicines are sold by druggists everywhere. If you druggist has not got them, ask him to procure them. Specimens of attention paid to examination and treatment of patients at no cost. All communications concerning medicines and their application to disease, free of charge.

Dr. E. has moved from office 462 1/2 avenue to 142 West 16th St., near Union Square, to a four story English style apartment house, where he can accommodate patients from abroad. He desires to stay for treatment. Hours from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Oct. 15th.

MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE.

A. S. CONSERVATORY OF METAPHYSICAL, MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL Science. It treats Jugglers, New York, upon the combined principles of Mesdism and Magnetism for the cure of CANCER, CONSUMPTION, RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS and other Chronic Diseases, and for special consultations on all subjects. All cases treated and guaranteed, to a cure, free for treatment and cures guaranteed, upon the basis formed by the following conclusions:

1. NO DISEASE can be cured by the combined use of Mesdism and Magnetism, when other relief upon alone would fail.
2. NO DISEASE can be treated with the positive certainty of a cure by the combined use of Mesdism and Magnetism, properly applied by Magnetic treatment at the same time, than the physical system is undergoing magnetic treatment.
3. All diseases that have not already destroyed vital energy necessary to continue life, can be cured by a judicious magnetic treatment, using vegetable remedies and scientific application of the combined use of Mesdism and Magnetism.

25 Patients who cannot apply in person may by letter.

Oct. 2, '90.

C. H. FOSTER,

29 West Fourth street,
NEW YORK. Oct. 3.

NO EXCUSE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

B. REMEDY FOR DRUNKENNESS. A tried and unfailing cure for Drunkenness. Write for particulars to J. H. BAKER, or address H. S. BAKER, 107 Broadway, New York.

Sept. 28—8w.

DIVORCES

legally obtained, desertion, drunkenness, etc., sufficient cause. No publicity, no charges. All divorces obtained. ADVISOR: M. H. HOWES, Attorney and Counselor at Law, 115 Nassau street, New York.

Aug. 12.—15w.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR,

Business and Test Medium, No. 1 Carroll Place, corner Heccker and Lauret streets, New York City. Write for particulars to B. F. M. Creates Trances and Thursday evenings.

Oct. 21—6w.

MRS. L. B. L. MOORE'S

Chloryvont Prescriber. Her patients are giving universal satisfaction. Send for particulars and book of prices with list of patients. 811 WABBS CHURCH, 314 Broadway, New York.

Aug. 21—15w.

N. B. J. COTTON,

Magnetic Healer. 351 2d Avenue, near 34th Street, New York. Call Office hours from 9 a. m. till 6 p. m. 22w—Aug. 15.

MRS. E. B. FISCH,

Chloryvont Physician, 13 Third Avenue, opposite Cooper Institute, New York.

Aug. 15—15w.

MRS. EMMA STEELE,

Electro-Magnetic Test Medium, has taken rooms at 140 West 2d street, New York.

Aug. 15—15w.

Miscellaneous.

OBED GRUDLEY, M. D.,

THE FURNISHED NATuropathic Physician FOR NARCISSISM, THYRATISM OF DISEASE, without the use of Poisonous Drugs, but by the use of the Electric Current, and the Chronic Diseases only Treated. He was born w

SATURAL CURATIVE POWERS, and for years past has been pre-paring a medicine which will cure all diseases originating from the Nation; and during which time has performed wonder-cures. Much excitement prevailing in the numerous cities and towns of the United States, he has obtained testimonials from many honorable citizens testifying to his superior skill and skill of treating disease. Dr. Gridley possesses a complete knowledge of Diseases of the Lungs, Croup, Whooping Cough, also of prescribing a remedy. The Doctor's office is to cure the sick and heal the afflicted, and like our Saviour, he cures the poor as well as the rich. He has the power of healing the nations. Dr. Gridley is endowed with such vital power for treating diseases successfully; how he can render aid to those who are afflicted with disease. He has obtained every new case adds laurels to his reputation. The Doctor is confident in stating that he can render cures of all diseases.

TERMS FOR TREATMENT—Persons pay in proportion to property or income. Consultation and Examination free. Address above from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Oct. 17.—4w*

ADDRESSED TO INVALIDS.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.
MEMBER OF THE
New York Eclectic Medical Society.

WHO has made an almost life-long study of the Constitution of Man, the Philosophy of the various forms of Disease and their treatment according to Natural and Physiological principles, is now established at

No. 7 Bruen Place, Hill street, Newark, N. J., where the subtle agents known to Medical Reformers scientifically applied.

Practice attention given to all phases of Organic Disease, Physical Weakness, Functional Inharmony, and Decay of Vital Powers peculiar to the Female Constitution.

Prescriptions from abroad can be procured, with honor, at all recent places, and at very reasonable prices, in Newark.

Send for a Circular. S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.
Office above.
Oct. 17.—3w

TO BE LET FOR A TERM OF YEARS.

The estate of the subscriber in Watertown, at the corner of Ascent and Elm streets, consisting of a large building with sixteen rooms, including bath room and appropriated and a main with stairs for four horses. The whole in first order and repair. The house is back plastered with otherwise thoroughly built and finished. There is a pump in the kitchen; a furnace in the cellar, the boiler of which is laid in cement and the cold leads. One pipe carries off the water from the roof, another from the boiler, and acres of land well stocked with fruit and apple trees and various small fruits. The house is half a mile from the brick station, and about one mile from the depot. It is about eight miles from the horse cars to Boston and the distance of George's crossing on the Watertown branch of the Fitchburg Railroad. For further particulars apply to the subscriber at his office, No. 30 Court street, between hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.
JAMES J. ACSTON
Aug. 28.—1w

MAGNETIC HEALING.

DR. MOSES QUINTBY, of West Newton, having concluded to attend upon the sick, has decided to take up his abode in Cambridgeport, where, by means of his powerful healing imparting renewed life and vitality by the powerful Magnetic Healing Power that he possesses, and in almost all cases, he has effected a permanent cure.

Office, No. 16 BEACH STREET, near Washington.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. 4w—C

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No. 2 Water street,
(First door from Washington Street.) Boston, Mass.
Fine Job Printing promptly and neatly executed
Oct. 3.

PERSONAL G. P. Andrews will continue his efforts to relieve the wants of suffering humanity, where it affords him an opportunity to do so, by the laying on of hands. His place in Roxbury, Mass., during the Fall and Winter months, will be at the residence of Mr. V. W. HARRIS, of the street is not benefited, no charge. Terms reasonable.
78w—Oc

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MADE of Black Walnut, with Pentagraph Wheels, Pencil Guard and Full Illustrated Directions. Price by mail, 25 cents. Send your money to
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CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

MRS. M. E. CHICK may be consulted professionally rooms, 245 Westminster street, PROVIDENCE, R. I., diseases of all kinds. She will also look for absent friends. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 2w—Oct

GRIDLEY & CO.,
Spectacles, apprentices, and retail estate agents.
No. 30 School street, Boston. GEORGE K. DANFORTH, Jr.
Aug. 28.

A. S. HAYWARD, "Healer," will visit
A. Sick in Boston and vicinity; assists Nature to eradicate disease. Letters addressed, East Somerville, Mass. Oct.

T San Francisco, Cal., DR. J. M. GR.
A. Heals the sick by laying on of hands. No medicines. Office 410 Kearney street. 17w—Sept

