

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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DE PROFUNDIS.

GIVEN INSPIRATIONALLY BY MRS. COLE L. V. DANIELS, AT THE CLOSE OF A LECTURE IN CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY-EVENING, OCT. 4TH, 1868.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Throbbing down through the mystic spaces,
Like the giant pulse of the ocean throbbing,
Like the wind o'er the midnight waters sobbing,
Like beating stars in their orb'd places,
Boating with plumed hearts of fire,
Restless with throes of untold desire,
Gleaming in light from the planet's faces—

Swelling, rising from out the ocean,
Cradled with Neptune—God of Waters—
Rising when Phœbus his fire-darts scatters,
Rising and heaving with deep emotion,
Heaving and bending the white waves lowly,
Bowling the snow-crested waves so holy,
In swelling surges of pure devotion!

Bending, dividing the matted thunder,
Dividing with lightning sword so flashing,
Lightning and thunder maddly crashing,
The armored clouds are shattered asunder,
Shattered and torn, the blue vault gleaming
Beyond the chaos, like heaven in dreaming
Beavolved to a mortal's rapturous wonder!

Bursting in beauty from every flower,
Beautiful rosellas proclaiming its presence,
Roses and lilies all telling its pleasure,
Telling it, violets, every hour,
Hours and moments of summers all golden—
Summers swift-winged, like love-lites beholden—
Swift-winged, fleet-footed, but thrilling with power!

Floating, breathing from rare exhalations,
Trembling, breathing in musical numbers,
Perfumes of music, dreams of earth's slumbers,
Shining revealed in blest incarnations,
Revealed in morning's purpurial splendor,
Purpurial, golden as thought, and as tender,
Grand, golden and glorious inspirations!

Throbbing still, this all-giving sweetness,
Spaces feel it, and answer fully,
Worlds and systems obey it wholly,
Obey and respond to its wondrous meekness,
Wondrous in spirits of men and of angels,
In spirits and men, its chosen evangelists,
De profundis est Deus—Completeness!

The Lecture Boom.

What is Spirit?

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Dr. J. B. Ferguson, of Tennessee, lectured on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18th, at Music Hall, Boston, on the above topic. The occasion was the opening of a second course of Spiritual Lectures, under the management of Mr. Lewis B. Wilson.

The lecturer remarked, in commencing, that he was about to ask and discuss a question common to this age and to all ages and times—a question which, in one sense, he said could not be answered: "What is spirit?" He presumed he was addressing an audience of those persons commonly denominated Spiritualists—a name which had a different significance now than it had three or four hundred years ago. At least the majority of those present might be regarded as such, and the rest were interested in the consideration of the subject. The fact that they were before him was proof of that. He intended to discuss the question he had presented, above and beyond the significance generally attached to it by even Spiritualists themselves. This question had been brought out before the world in a higher form than ever before, by modern Spiritualism, and its discussion was, therefore, of the deepest importance. What is spirit? What is meant by it? The expression was in the mouth of all priests; it was the pabulum of literature; it was at the basis of all thought. Now what did it mean? By spirit was it intended to convey the idea of some phantom born of a false state of mind, or the conditions surrounding the body; was it supposed to represent some apparition from a roaring hell (the audience must pardon such language—it was our sad inheritance, not our choice), or did it picture to the mind an idea of some immortal, eternal state of being which every human heart sometimes acknowledged?

Spirit was Divinity. What then was Divinity? Divinity was Power. What then was Power? Power was something which was at work at all times, making itself manifest in all things, everywhere. That was God.

The lecturer was not about to discuss anything on arbitrary authority, still he would assert that the highest idea of Christianity was centered in God as Spirit. The philosophical minds before him had probably, ere this, decided on the utter impossibility of defining this question. And some very philosophical minds, (and he said this not sarcastically,) by swinging a little too far in their new-found freedom from restraint in belief, had touched the materialistic side of the question and decided that there was no such thing as spirit. By such a statement Nature was bereft of God; but he (the lecturer) would not hold up holy hands in horror at this assertion, for the God he feebly worshiped could afford to be denied by the honest doubter without damning his feeble children forever.

Spirit could not be defined because it was the definition of everything else. It was the philosophic answer to all queries, and he who studied it thoroughly would find it the solution of all mysteries. It was undefinable, not because it came down to us from Levitical records, not because its existence was kept a secret, for the knowledge of which the neophyte was called upon to pass initiatory years, but because it was the definition of everything else. There was not a motion of the human frame, the plants beneath our feet or the rolling orbs of heaven, neither was there an emotion or thought of the heart, or anything which could be accounted for on the basis of cause and effect, which did not acknowledge spirit as its interior power. From spirit to spirit—this was the

course of all. Socrates had said, and truly, that no man was fitted to be called a scholar even, much less a teacher, who had not learned one thing—that there was an Infinite. Now if there was an Infinite it could not be defined. Why? Because to define was to confine. No man or set of men could ever define their God without losing him. However they might measure him, when they lost the consciousness of his immeasurability the thought of his Godhead was blasted. God was infinite; the finite, therefore, or the defined, was less than God.

In support of this proposition, that to define was to confine, the lecturer related an incident occurring during a conversation he once had with a high dignitary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, wherein they agreed to forget that they were ministers for the time being, and to talk as men. The Bishop asked, "Do you believe in the Apostle's Creed?" to which the lecturer replied that if he were to meet one of his (the Bishop's) church-members in the street, and was asked the question by him he should, in all probability, (if in a hurry), answer, "Yes," but under the present circumstances he would answer the Bishop of the State, "No." "What part do you disbelieve?" inquired the Bishop, and he proceeded to recite with reverence the creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth," asking, "Do you believe that?" "No," replied the lecturer. "Then," said the Bishop, "I have no exclamations to make at this assertion; you evidently believe something more. Tell me what you do believe." The lecturer then stated to him that the man who wrote that creed—which for the sake of argument he would allow might have been an apostle, (although he did not believe it), and have been under the highest inspiration when he wrote it—evidently thought the sky over our heads and the earth under our feet were all God's universe; but he (the lecturer) believed in a God, the Maker of boundless worlds and suns, and why should he suffer—with that truth in his heart—the conformity "Shibboleth" of the church?

Spirit could not be defined because it was the definition of all. Now how was this to be shown by tangible proof? If he lifted his handkerchief, how was spirit exhibited in the act. The physiologist would say the brain moved the nerves, the nerves the muscles and bones, and the handkerchief was lifted. "The handkerchief was lifted," the wind—that was spirit. Thus you must go back to spirit, after all. There was not a motion, even, without spirit.

Perhaps some person before him might deny the existence of God. He would prove that existence. To such an one he would say, You believe in birth, do you not? Its evidences are scattered around you; you yourself are an exemplification of the fact. You also believe in death, or the passing out of the interior essence from its material covering—the ceasing of man's body from the earth? That you see daily occurring around you. Now all that precedes birth and succeeds death is spirit. God, Nature, Eternity, all express the same idea—the non-defined because never confined. Herbert Spencer would say "the thought is unthinkable."

The human mind was able to apprehend what it could not comprehend. The question was not What is God, but What is He not? When this question should be answered, all the systems of the past would totter to their eternal fall. Did any one believe in a Devil? The spirit animating such a creation must come from God. Did any one believe in the total depravity of the human race? All this evil must come from God, or he was not omnipresent. Define your God as you would; place him on a gorgeous throne, surround him with all the glories of oriental imagery, and that moment when he was clearly pictured you would lose him. That which located and defined all things was the spirit. Spirit was immeasurable; every soul drank at that fountain. This was no abstract idea—he would give nothing for anything considered in the abstract—it was an overruling certainty, and one which concerned all. Then where was to be found the idea that any should be excluded? It was impossible, for none could be excluded. The power which worked through all must have all to work through—it was a part of us; each individual was an atom of the grand total; thus in the freedom of his own heart, he could say as truthfully as did the Nazarene, "I and my Father are one." Nature was speaking in its own language; should not we in ours?

In falling to define spirit we found what we sought—God! In connection with this proposition there came another. We had found that God was spirit and could not be defined. Now if God was spirit, then all spirit was of God. Where then was the cruel law of eternal wrath, where the deserted son of a universal and loving Father? Let those false guides who teach of an angry deity answer this question. Where was the forsaken son or daughter of humanity, when it had been shown that nothing could be done, nothing exist without spirit, which is God? But some might say, there are the bad ones, the devils, the prostitutes, the murderers. Yes; their existence was a fact, and he had no apologies to offer for their acts, but he could not see that these crimes had power to cheat an immortal soul of its birthright. If spirit was above form, right was above wrong, and must ascend above and triumph over all that is less than itself—less than spirit—less than God. Life was a mockery without this consciousness, and should any dare to presume it lost by reason of acts done in the body? He (the lecturer) would not answer the question, but would leave it for the consideration and deliberation of his hearers.

If all spirit was of God, if man was alike all over the globe—formed anatomically and physiologically the same—if upon the tangible plane man seemed to be alike everywhere, why did he raise the instrument of death against his brother? Yet such was the case even at our day. The

highest hymns of praise were dedicated to the fame of those who were great in the field of courage—the conquerors of mankind. This question he would answer, but not in this lecture. If God was spirit, then spirit was of God, and the practical result of this was that there was hope for every human being.

In this connection he (the lecturer) would make another assertion: Spirit as it ascends holds subordinate all conditions through which it passes. This could be demonstrated on the tangible plane to which he proposed to limit the present lecture. He was once an infant, and in that early stage of being the spirit within could but poorly express itself, and give only a faint show of power, such as some movements of the hand, &c. By-and-by childhood came on, bringing with it a power in addition to that of the infant, while it did not take away what it found on its arrival; consequently the child could do all the infant did, and more. Then he reached the period of adolescence, receiving additional powers beyond childhood; thus being able to do what the infant and child performed and more still. After the state of adolescence came that of manhood, the culmination of physical growth, and brought the capability of doing all the preceding stages of being were able to accomplish, together with its own inherent powers born of higher conditions. Who should bar the progress thus attained, and declare that another state in man's existence should rob him of all that had gone before? The manifestations in all these cases were of the same spirit but different in degree. If, for the sake of argument, it was allowed that a man died, but was immortal in a spiritual sense, would the dead man have less power than the living? Would he not rather have more capabilities at his command? It was the result of these causes combined, which, centered in spirit-life, was demonstrating that the dead man was more powerful than the living, and produced those physical manifestations which to-day were astonishing the world. There was no reason for the surprise so manifested; the key was to be found in the facts he had just stated, or in the idea conveyed by the words of Aurora Leigh: "My dead father is greater than the living Caesar." There was no man dead who was not more powerful than the so-called living.

What was the great difference between the idea of the nineteenth century and those of preceding ages? It was a grand idea which such a question called up—how was it revealed by steam and talked by electricity; how the broad fields of Nature and art gave up their treasures to the seeker as never before. But these were not the distinguishing features of our age. The true characteristic was that we had learned that the subtle was the great. If we looked back through the shadows of time, we should find that in the past man's idea of power was centered in size and immensity. Thus to the Jews the high, "big" hills were the mountains of God, but the little ones were of no account whatever. Historians of those days loved to record the numbers of the armies, or the slain in battle; "so many" was their standard of power. But the science of the nineteenth century had demonstrated that the subtle was the great; that the electricity in the mountain was greater than the mountain, as was proved not long ago in South America.

If we could conceive of a dead man coming into contact with a knowledge of those principles by which flesh, bones, bodies are made, and thus being able to make a body for himself at pleasure, we should have a faint idea of the powers of the emancipated spirit. He (the lecturer) had studied the subject of Spiritualism in all its bearings for twenty years, and his belief was founded on indubitable proof. Spirit was power, and could command form. How else could we account for the wonderful phenomena every day occurring—such as the placing of iron rings around the necks of media when the diameter of the ring was less than that of the head over which it passed; or the removing of clothing from the person when the subject was so securely tied as to preclude the possibility of movement on his part? It was true, and could not be denied with success, that spirit ascended, and that in its ascension it commanded all the subtle agents of Nature. As man rose in the scale of knowledge in this particular he should find it still the same—the bulky commanded by the lesser. The time might come when we should learn that caloric, electricity and magnetism were only different names for the same thing. For aught he (the lecturer) knew, the privilege of being born on this earth and passing through the grosser plane thereby involved, might bring with it to the spirit the privilege of being all over this earth when we passed from the mortal form. If we could see by electricity as we now do by light, we could see into China as readily as we now looked across the hall. Who should say such was not possible in the world of spirit?

Spirit was divinity, undefined, undefinable. We were parts of that divinity, and possessed of a spirit which was continually ascending. We could learn by the record of ages that that spirit lost nothing of power by passing on, but rather received additional force by the transition.

Such were the propositions he offered for the consideration of all. Above and beyond political or social teachings shone the fact, "I am," which gave the assurance of a power greater than the individual. Science demonstrated that nothing was annihilated in the world of matter—why should it be so in the world of spirit? If the shadow of Socrates stretching down the ages could reach to Boston and enter Music Hall, as the mention of his name called up the material record of his earthly existence, should not the real Socrates have a like power? Was the substance less than the shadow? Was it possible for man to perpetuate a name and not the spirit? Did any suppose that while the record of Isaiah, Mahomet, Jesus, lived on earth, their real selves did not also live with added power? No; the dead were more living than the living; we were

burdened, but they were free to follow the path of progression throughout an illimitable futurity.

The lecturer stated that while the majority of Spiritualists denominated all angel visitants as spirits, he preferred to denominate them as intelligences in spirit. Spirit was as universal, and spirit-communication as natural, as the air we breathed.

What could be more unreasonable than the unnatural condition of the faith of the Church to-day? Its teachers, falling to progress with the times, still labored to inculcate that superstitious dread which led many to whistle, while passing a graveyard in the dark, to keep up their courage. This same Church declared to-day that if any had lost father or mother, sister or brother—those whose last breath on the mortal shore was expended in blessings on their sorrowing loved ones—and such relatives should return bearing messages of love from the blessed realm of immortality, they should be rejected as demons, and their communications as the offspring of the devil. Yet in a few years, all, whether church-members or those without the fold, would become those very spirits which they so much feared.

The soul had an allied power; there was not a thought or motion of the mental machinery which had not a corresponding power. If science had taught the correlation of forces in the natural universe; if it was true that every particle of blood and bone was related to every other particle, so it was also true that thought was related to thought. Hence, all thought was spiritual; we could not think without a consciousness of filled power.

Man, universal man, was the child of the eternal; an infant, constantly ascending to a greater capability of reception of spiritual truth; and all our thoughts were in the form of a dialogue, in which higher influences held converse with our earthly powers. The past, therefore, was ever in the present, and the present with the past.

The lecturer closed with an eloquent passage, summing up in brief the facts already stated; that spirit was universal and undefined; that man was a part of it, ascending forever to new powers; and that no child of God would ever be deserted, but that as time advanced and man was able to appreciate it by unfoldment, he should recognize the great truth of a universal brotherhood under God the universal Father.

Original Essays.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

BY J. HOYNSTON.

The following is my idea of what Spiritualism is, or if embodied in any creed or set of rules, should be:

1st, Spiritualists believe that, connected with all material organisms, be it a man, a tree, or even a crystal, is another spiritual organism, not subject to the laws of what is called matter, but still subject to laws, the nature of which we are just beginning to investigate upon a scientific basis, and by the inductive system.

2d, The operations of these occult laws have been noticed in all ages, and their manifestations have been wondered at by thinking men, and seized upon as a foundation for all of what are called the "religions" of the world. The selfishness of man has made them subservient in controlling the ignorant, and in building up systems of preterit, which, like the scientific theories before Bacon's time, have prevented a reasonable inquiry into their real nature, and all that the world now has to show for the immense amount of bloodshed and every other evil connected with this priestcraft, is a few doubtfully authenticated accounts of the manifestation of these laws at various times in its history.

3d, Not until within the last twenty years have these laws been studied on a basis of rational scientific inquiry; and this study is the science of Spiritualism.

Throwing aside all authority, except what is based upon well authenticated fact, the Spiritualist commences like a schoolboy to learn his lessons, and goes on step by step studying the natural properties of spiritual matter just as we have heretofore studied the natural and all other properties of physical matter. Whoever is doing this is a Spiritualist; and he may be a neophyte who has not yet found out for certain that such a thing as spiritual matter exists, or he may be a doctor of the laws which govern it. I presume, however, there are but few who are yet worthy of a degree in any department of spiritual science.

It is, therefore, in my opinion, folly to attempt to embody the doctrines of Spiritualism in a creed, as much as it would be for Prof. Agassiz, for instance, to publish a creed on natural history, or Lyell on geology. I presume either of these men know more facts in their particular departments of natural science than any Spiritualist knows in relation to his science. A creed is of no use unless it embodies all truth; and who knows all truth? It is a blind and a snare if perchance it contains a lie. As it has taken the world many centuries to learn that most of all the old creeds are lies, and will take many decades yet to make those that do know it acknowledge it, do not let us after this experience try to fasten the beliefs of man within the bounds of the present, no matter how much they have been enlarged.

A spiritual convocation should be conducted upon the same principles as a scientific Convention. If any one has a new fact to present, let him bring it forth, and let all others consider carefully the basis upon which it rests. In this way only can a religion be built up that will give any satisfaction or comfort to the future mind of enlightened men and women.

There are many people in the world who have a natural faculty for believing. The more incomprehensible a thing is to them, the sooner they adopt it as an article of faith.

I am sorry to see that in the great effort which

is now being made by the mind of man to throw off its old shackles, thousands who have turned their backs upon the rush-light on the church's altars, and have gone out into the darkness, are chasing ignes fatui through the swamps and quagmires. Instead of this, let us fix our eyes upon the stars, and patiently watch their courses, till we have discovered what is immutable and unchangeable.

All that is necessary for man to know (that is, an honest man) as a system of moral duty, I hold to be a matter of self-consciousness. Nearly all of Christ's teachings were efforts to get men to throw off the jacket of the Church, and open their hearts to a perception of what was in themselves alone. Confucius and Socrates and Christ in this respect stand on the same ground, but Christ taught one other fact, as a matter which he knew to be true, and that was the immortality of the soul. Beside this he taught nothing which cannot be found in every teaching of every age. But this was a great fact, and the chief object of Spiritualism during the present age will be to verify it. Not one-fourth of those who are called "professors" of Christ's religion yet believe it, or rest upon it, or act in any way as though they know it is true—this life after death.

It is generally conceded that mankind has already mastered most if not all the great principles of physical science. Nothing more can be done but to polish up, as it were, the rough diamonds dug out by the great delvers, and if man's mind is not to become inactive he must have new worlds to conquer.

Spiritualism is opening a new world, as yet obscure, but still accessible—so we believe—and to study its laws, its geography, its natural history, and every other science connected with it, is our business, after knowing all there is to be known about this, and obeying what we do know of the laws governing our relationship to both.

So let Spiritualists come as students to such fountains of light as may be opened for them, and while fighting freely, never let them say, "We have enough, let us now go and build as a creed in which we may live forever."

WOMANHOOD.

BY ELVINA F. THORNDIKE.

Events more important than any that have graced the theatre of American affairs are just before us, sounding the knell of a greater than African slavery; that which comes nearer this people and takes a stronger hold upon the institutions of the land; a slavery that is polluting every avenue of civilization and dragging humanity down to the level of animal life, without its natural and normal condition. It is none other than the degradation of woman, the mother of the race, the fair pillar of our republic, lying prostrate in the dust, shorn of her bright proportions and serving only as a stumbling-block to bar the progress of the ages.

Look abroad and behold her in all the departments of life; first, the fashionable lady, prostituting her God-given attributes upon the shrine of folly and show; then contrast with her the overworked daughters of toil, then the poor, degraded child of crime and sensuality. But, it may be asked, are there no honorable women, wives and mothers, over all the land, to redeem this fearful picture that hangs like a pall upon the walls of our American structure? Ah, 'tis of these we would speak to-day! Are they filling the true places designed by the great Architect of the universe? Wives they are, 'tis true; mothers they must be per force, not often by their own free will, or what means the fearful crime that follows so closely on these relations? For it is alarmingly prevalent in so-called married life, and not confined, by any means, to those outside of conventional marriage.

This is the most vital question of the age. Womanhood is offered an unhallowed sacrifice to the demon, licentiousness, that is walking forth to-day, in all the panoply of power, within Church and State, desolating shrines where innocence and purity dwell. It is a disease whose accumulating force has been of centuries, a leprosy before whose seething influence humanity pauses spell-bound and paralyzed. We say womanhood is sacrificed, because she is emphatically the victim, and the cause originated with the license of priesthood, far back in the past. Mahometanism and Mormonism are the hot-beds where swarm and fester the emanations of the hydra-headed monster whose magnetic radiations are permeating all nations and peoples. Silently but surely it takes hold on every department of human life. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is the language of Christendom to-day, not to go abroad for multiplied proofs of this fearful malady. Woman, then, is the doomed and helpless instrument to transmit the curse to all generations, through that which was intended as the most sacred and noble mission conferred upon the human family. When will ye awake, oh, downtrodden daughters of humanity, to a true appreciation of yourself—the leader, not the led, the dictator and guardian of true motherhood, made sacred alone by its own inherent demands, based on natural laws, governed by reason and intuition, those unerring guides to which all else must be subservient.

Arise, then, oh woman, and dare be free! Upon your decision must rest the fate of Empire. Man's aggressive and propelling spirit has wrought for you no flowery bed of ease; his protection has legislated you into imbecility, above whose vortex you are being launched into a whirlpool of despair and horror, where you must awake to the cries of your suffering ones, appealing to you at last for succor. And this comes by intrusting your God-given right and heritage to your brother, regardless of the mandate, "Be true to thyself." Our nation has just passed through a bloody war, where your dear ones have been offered upon its altar. And what have you gained by the sacrifice? Look around, oh, woman, and

answer the question. Survey the two great political parties that are leading the nation on to anarchy. What are the principles won by your suffering and penance for others' sins? Ask yourselves, before God and your own womanhood, what are you doing for yourselves and your children. The same answer comes that has been heard from women in all the past: "We are looking for others to do our work! content to be subordinate when God is speaking to us, through untold anguish, to intrust our work to unskilled hands." Does your brother still offer protection? Point him to your down-trodden sister, and bid him lift her up to woman's high estate; lead him into the dens of poverty, and ask him to throw his protecting arm around her there; accompany him within the mounds of trade and competition, and there see woman sacrificed and bleeding upon that bloody altar. Where has not woman been led, content, alas! to follow out the programme engendered within an ignorant and adulterous age, whose turbid and relentless waters are deluging this fair heritage of our fathers, upon whose parchment-scroll stands, like mockery, the words, "All Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed?"

"A greater than Daniel has come to judgment, and will be heard. Yes, above the clamor of party strife and the senseless cry of demagogues, is heard the voice that speaks as never man spoke: "Ye are weighed in the balances and found wanting." "Prepare ye, for the day of God's vengeance is at hand." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me." Behold! I am leading this nation through troublous times! the seed has been sown; wonder not at the fruit of the harvest-time. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? These little ones whom ye despise will, in turn, lead you forth, oh, wicked and perverse generations!" Already appointed are they for the work, and ye must give way. Blessed are they who have their lamps trimmed and burning to light up the nation's darkness! On the scroll of after years will appear in characters of fire the history of to-day, written by the pen of inspiration, thrown backward over some of the mind shrinks now to contemplate. But fear not, oh chosen ones, for the result; thy work will culminate there, and other times and other peoples will do thee homage. Be inspired to meet the demand that is calling thee with noblest voice to the altar of sacrifice. Be calm, trusting and reliant. We know thy power and will guard thy way, though it lead to the cannon's mouth or up the steps of Calvary.

DR. HALLOCK ON ORGANIZATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS—On my return to the city, Oct. 14th, I attended the morning session of "The Unitarian National Conference." Its missionary from India had the floor when I entered. During a slight pause in the subsequent proceedings, a gentleman remarked, in a modest way, that it would be a good time to raise one thousand dollars for their mission in India; whereupon, in something less than thirty minutes, about two thousand five hundred dollars were raised—that is to say, over and above the annual contributions from the local societies—for the purpose of sending—nothing, carefully edited and beautifully bound, to the waiting Indians of Calcutta, who, by authority of several gentlemen who did not know, are thirsting for its reception, and eager to pay for it as soon as it arrives. Its missionary, sent to spy the nakedness of Europe, reported that he found the vesture of Protestantism there most disgustingly thin, and concluded his report by a resolution calling upon the conference to take immediate action, with a view to the establishment of a central missionary church in the capital of France; pursuant to which, and by way of initiatory step, one gentleman offered one hundred dollars per annum for five years in succession, for the charitable purpose of covering the aforesaid thinness of Protestant opinion in Europe with the mantle of Unitarianism.

I left that organic body of earnest workers, full of the thought that its zeal was worthy a better cause. It means work. It aims at the conversion of the world; but to what? Why, in the voluminous repertoire of sectarian Protestantism, Unitarianism itself is the thinnest and most undefinable in the whole catalogue. The best statement that it can make as a distinct effort at doctrine is, that a certain individual, born about eighteen hundred years ago, was not God, but was—was not exactly man. "All that Unitarianism claims as peculiar to itself, beyond that luminous statement of doctrine, it has stolen from the common progress of mankind."

Contrast that inconspicuous ambiguity with the solid fact and broad philosophy which Spiritualism reveals, compare the untiring energy to spread it over the world, on the part of that Unitarian organization which I have briefly and only in part outlined, with the modest efforts of the Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists to organize a broader diffusion of the realities of fact and doctrine, which lie not in the doubtful and obscure suggestions of history and scholasticism, but in the bosom of our own experience.

Pondering this contrast, the first paper that met my eye on my return home was the *Banner of Light* of October, and the first article I read was your editorial on "The American Association of Spiritualists." Its effect, under the circumstances, was not unlike that of a *douche* bath. It sounded like an echo of the "States rights" doctrine of our politics, which politicians themselves have in a good degree outgrown—a doctrine which I fear will prove as mischievous to Spiritualism as experience has shown it to be subversive of patriotism. It is for this reason, among others affecting our relations to what we profess, that I ask for a little room in your crowded columns for a brief consideration of your objections to this "National Organization of Spiritualists."

You consider it premature. You say, "Time is an element in the spiritualization of humanity." I think time is an opportunity for that work, rather than an element in it; and although, as you say, "past history shows that every great revolution of ideas has been the result of slow growth," our experience shows as conclusively that the revolution of ideas is proceeding during these years with a rapidity unknown to history; that even current literature falls behind the actual progress of the age; that thought marches to a "quick step," and that even "the millions of the gods" grind faster, as well as more intelligibly small, than ever before. Five years in our time (and it is to be remembered that this organization is the work of the Fifth National Convention) are more than equal to fifty in their richness of results, looking backward from only fifty years ago. In the light of this recognized rapidity of thought, I think we must leave events to determine whether or not this particular movement, after five years of incubation, is premature. The only event that can prove it to have been born before its time will be a want of interest on the part of professed Spiritualists in the principles which they accept and which it proposes to disseminate.

You object "That the time has not yet come for the establishment of a Central Bureau, either for

revising manuscripts, publishing books, collecting libraries, or even for the institution of a liberal college." I am not aware of any claim on the part of the most sanguine organizations that it has come. But you will not deny that "the time" naturally suggests the propriety of thinking about these things; and the Fifth National Convention was but zealous to organize a labor which should go on from year to year and from generation to generation. It did not anticipate a completion of its work this fall. If you will consult the pamphlet published by the Trustees, you will find in the second section of the articles of association adopted by the Convention, that one of its objects is "to encourage the establishment of at least one National College for the education of both sexes, on terms of equality, free from sectarian dogmas."

Now, is it premature to encourage the establishment of such an institution? As it seems to me, it is one of the pressing needs of the present hour. The twaddle that passes for profoundest learning, the dogmas which are inculcated as the essentials of true religion, the doctrine of caste, enforced by precept and example—these form the staple of highest instruction in every institution of popular note throughout the land; and our children call at our hands for speedy redemption from them.

You say, "It is the paramount duty of every true Spiritualist to sustain, exclusively, with their voices, their pens and their funds, the local organizations." I cannot impose upon the space I ask for, by an answer to your objection against the American Society having anything to do with their sustenance, on the ground of perverting their funds to premature if not useless objects. But, striking out the adjective, *paramount*, and the adverb, *exclusively*, in the sentence quoted, you will see that we are with you in word and work. The pamphlet, aforesaid, closes with an effort to aid in the formation of such organizations. And it is also the aid of our missionaries. I think you have not well considered the application of these two "parts of speech," because, directly following the article under consideration, after naming certain spiritual papers, you say, "Paramount to everything else, these papers should be fully sustained." But if it be the paramount duty of every true Spiritualist in the land, as you say, to sustain exclusively, with their brains and their funds, the local organizations, it cannot be paramount to everything else to sustain these papers. The American Association of Spiritualists looks upon these, with other great instruments of use, not as paramount or exclusive, but as *coördinate*. Its aim is to so treat them. It is not ambitious to be their dictators or their master; it would be their servant. Take one example: On the right-hand corner of the little pamphlet, (which, as to its internal, in the light of your editorial, is an incidental document that its authors ought to have known better than to have put forth,) and at the very top of the page, is flying, "The *Banner of Light*, a weekly journal, devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy," etc., which this devoted, reputed as of little wit and of untold zeal, would therefore commend to every mortal whom the twenty thousand copies of its document may reach.

We must rise, if possible, above sectionalism and jealousy of every kind. Our religion has no Jerusalem. The organization to which you object is not an organization of faith, but an organization for work, and for work alone. The only power it has, or ever can have, is the power of love and wisdom, truth and righteousness. I think, had you been present at the Convention which originated it, you would have felt, as I did, that, substantially, what it has done was expected and virtually demanded of it. It is not an unthought of experiment, prematurely sprung upon the notice of Spiritualists by that Convention of its own motion, but rather, an orderly spread however imperfect, of a long felt, widely spread and yearly growing conviction of practical duty. I have never been counted among the advocates of organization heretofore, for reasons not necessary here to state; but what little power of work and what good will there is in me I cannot withhold, in all conscience, from an organization which simply proposes to bring the aid of numbers to my individual efforts in a field of labor which has claimed my most thoughtful attention for the last fifteen years; and I think, Messrs. Editors, when you shall have widened your thoughts a little, neither can you.

INFANTS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

In the beautiful poem, "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," by Rev. Edward Henry Dickerson, of England, occur the following charming passages bearing upon the future life of infants in the spirit-world, and the meeting of parent and child:

"A babe in glory is a babe forever,
Perfect as spirits, and able to pour forth
Their glad hearts in the tongues that angels use.
These nurslings, gathered in God's nursery,
Forever grow in loveliness and love."

They have never forgot the light
Nor borne the heat and burden of the day,
Nor staggered underneath the weary cross.

But straightway,
Or even I could utter words of praise:
Voices familiar as my mother's tongue,
Fell on me; and an infant cherub sprang,
As springs a sunbeam to the heart of flowers,
Into my arms, and murmured softly,
"Father, dear father, and I have not forgot
My knees and faltered the same name of power."

The one who, nestled in my breast, had seen
All of earth's year except the winter snows—
Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams had smiled
On her. Eva—or Iying—was her name;
A bud of life folded in leaves and love;
The dewy morning star of summer days;
The golden lamp of bright happy hours;
The little eye-lamb nestling by our side;
The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts;
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise;
The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy.

The storm
Fell without warning on our tender bud,
Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drenched
In tears; the lamp burnt dimly; unawares
The little lamb was faint; the weary dove
Covered its young head beneath its drooping wing;
The chord was loosened on our harp; the fount
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry;
And in our souls we heard our Father saying,
'Will ye return the gift.' The voice was low,
The answer lower still, 'They will be done.'
And now, where we had often pictured her,
I saw her one of the beautiful;
Eva, our blossom, ours forever now,
Unfolding in the atmosphere of love.
The star that set upon our earthly home
Had risen in glory, and in purity shined
Was shining; and the lamp we sorely missed
Shed its soft radiance in a better home.

And now, who looked on her could choose but say
Eva, sweet angel, God be blessed for thee!"

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk—give her education with this actual world with its transpiring events—urge her to read the newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our trade. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world—to know what it is, and to improve the condition of it. Let us have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain a conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times—see that each other's feelings, and thoughts, and actions are pure and true; then will our life be such. The wide pastures are but separate strips of grass—the sheeted bloom of the prairie but isolated flowers.

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."
—LIZIAN MARR.

UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

"Did you ever think, children," said Mr. Silver, "how much of the good that comes to us comes from pleasant little surprises and joys that cost others nothing? I remember one of the gloomy days last fall, when I felt all the chill of a great disappointment, that a flock of snow-birds lighted on the leafless branches of our elm out there. They twittered and fluttered about, satisfied in the sweet joys that came to themselves, not caring for me or my happiness or grief, and yet full of their own gladness, they all became so many little preachers to me.

I remembered how, almost two thousand years ago, the good and great teacher was looking also at some sparrows, and their glad, free life spoke to him, and he saw in them the testimony of the love of the great Father. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' and yet not one of them shall fall without our Father's."

The snow-bird is a species of the sparrow, and comes to us with its friendly advances and its joyous life, very much like a sunbeam through the clouds. It is known as *Fringilla Hudsonia*. I often see it on the borders of the road, hiding itself under the low bushes, crossing my track with a timid, hesitating movement. As the cold weather approaches, it comes nearer to our dwellings. It will alight on the fence near the door, and with its little cooing it becomes quite familiar. Its body and wings are a dark slate, and the lower part of the breast is pure white.

They are remarkable prophets of the weather, for if you see them fluttering about, and very full of active life, you may be quite sure of a storm. "Now, Uncle Silver," said Beth, "you do not suppose they know anything about the weather, do you? My father says it's all nonsense that birds can tell more than we can."

"If you and I found that our breakfast depended upon the state of the atmosphere, we should be pretty careful to note all its changes. Now this little bird wants a full stomach when a storm is coming on, and so, feeling the change in the air, he bestirs himself to be ready. He finds it better to hurry in his supplies than to be left without any. I beg those of you who live in the country to notice the signs that these little birds give.

And now I am going to weave one more story for you out of the web of memory."
"Goody good!" said Linnie.
"Buddy bad!" added Esther, "because he says one more, just as if he was going to stop."

"And so I am, for the present, for two reasons: I am going away on a journey, and shall have to leave off story-telling for a time, and my other reason is this: I want to find out how much real interest you have had in what I have told you. I want you to collect as many forsaken nests as you can, and make minutes of the places where you found them, and when I come back I will help you to distinguish each one as the residence of some one of our little favorites.

And now for the story. It all winds about that little text that I repeated, of God's care of the sparrow.
Down over that hill, there used to be a little brown cottage. A *tiny* little place it was, though very humble. Everybody that had ever seen it, remembered it, because it made such a pretty picture in the landscape, with its smoke rolling up to the clouds, and its two open windows that never were shaded by curtains, but looked like open, friendly eyes.

Little Ruthie Summers was born in that house, a tender-eyed, winsome little thing, with a simple mind and a loving heart. People used to say she was daff, so queer was she in all her ways. She did not seem to know how to do anything, but just to breathe God's fresh air and live in his sunshine.

When she was six years old her father and mother both died, and there was only left her grandfather, an old feeble man, who sat in the corner, and sung old songs in a low, humming tone. Everybody said that Ruthie and her grandfather must go to the poor-house, and so they told him. For years he had seemed to have no ideas, save those that came with the morning and noon and evening meal. Give the old man his breakfast, and there was nothing more to be done for him until dinner. A cloud settled over all his senses, just as you saw the mist hang over the mountain this morning.

But when they said 'poor-farm' to him, the word struck on some nerve that led to his pride, and he raised his eyes from the ground and shook his head, that was all. But when he and Ruthie were alone he moved his hand toward her and she came up to him. She laid her little delicate, thin hand in his—a little hand that had never done any work, and had only served her simplest wants.

"Ruthie," said he, "I've been asleep a long time, most ever since you were born—hey, Ruthie? Well, I've waked up. I know you; you are my own daughter—my Ruthie."
"No, grandpa. I am your grand-girl."
"Hush! hush! Ruthie. I know."
"Yes, you know, grandpa."

"Well, then, Ruthie, you and I are here all alone, are we?"
"Yes, grandpa."
"And we are both hungry?"
"Yes, grandpa."
"And we do not know anything about supper's being ready?"
"No, grandpa."
"Well, I tell you somebody does."
"Does there?"
"Yes, sure, and I'll tell you who it is; and he bent his face down to her ear and whispered.

"I'm glad," said Ruthie.
"Then you just do all I say. I've been in this chair about fifteen years, nigh all the time, and I've dreamed miles of dreams. But I remember way back behind them all, to when you was a little girl."

"That was my mother," said Ruthie.
"Hush, child! do not I know? Well, the Lord took care of us then, and won't he now? I remember, Ruthie, all about it. You take the little basket with the handle and go out, away off; do not stop around here—remember that, child—or they will tell you of the poor-house. Did you ever see a little sparrow, Ruthie? Well, the good Father in heaven takes care of them all, every one. He don't forget one that hops on our doorstep, or flies off into the wood; and if he takes such good care of the sparrows, will he not take care of my Ruthie?"
Ruthie looked straight up into her grandfather's face and heard every word, and when he closed his eyes she went to look for the basket.

The old man sank again into his long sleep. He had wakened to preach a beautiful sermon of faith, and to set a light before the path of the little one that was to travel alone the clouded way of uncertainty. And when they found the old man next he was breathing his last breath, and then the house was left desolate.

But little Ruthie had gone. Hearing her grandfather's last words she took the basket and went out. She left the broad road and went into a little by-way, as if to seek the path her grandfather had pointed out. Here she saw little birds eating the ripe blackberries, and she remembered her grandfather's words and stopped and picked them, and then she traveled on. She came to the woods, and her eyes danced with glee at sight of the fresh moss, the green shrubs and the scarlet partridge berries. On, on she went, as if, indeed, there was a light before her. But there was no way for her out of the forest. Continually the pretty pictures of ferns, hanging vines, and leafy grotesques, repeated themselves, and new pleasures continually tempted her little feet.

"This must be the way grandfather meant," she thought, "for it must be that the good Father takes care of everybody here, it is so pretty, and here are all his birds."

And so when the shadows crept through the thicket, she laid herself down in perfect trust and fell asleep. It was early morning when she awoke, for the birds had roused her by their morning concert, and she knew not even that a night had passed. She ate some of her berries and began again her journey. She had no hesitation as she followed the birds, for did not her grandfather say the good Father cared for them all? All day long she kept on her way, finding the sweet berries, resting on the cool grass, drinking the fresh water, and when night came she laid down to sleep with ever the same dutiful thought that she should return to her grandfather after a little rest.

Thus she passed six days and nights. There was no one to look for little Ruthie, or care for her now; no one but the good Father that cares for her now. Yet how gently his angels cared for her, and led her on day by day, and put their sheltering arms about her at night. The stars even seemed to think they had something to do, and shone every night undimmed, and the sun rays seemed to know that she must not be chilled, and they sent down their brightest beams to warm her. And the little birds cheered her, and the cows looked gently on her, and the horses in the pasture turned their heads to watch her gentle steps.

On through the green pastures where the blackberries ripened, into the woods green with moss, over the hills that looked off to some land yet nearer to the blessing she was seeking, down into restful valleys, went the feet of little Ruthie, and everywhere the angels of the Father watched over her and guided her.

On the seventh day Farmer Knight was going through his pasture to look after some sheep, when he spied little Ruthie getting her breakfast of the blackberry vines beside the wall.
"An early start you have, my little one; who sent you out in the dew and wet?"
"I'm going to grandpa; he wants something to eat."

"And where does your grandpa live?"
"Just under the hill there."
"And what is the name of the town? I don't think you belong hereabouts. I know every girl in town."

"Grandpa lives just under Blue Hill, and I'm after his breakfast."
"Blue Hill! Why, that is sixty miles from here; you must be daff!"

"The good farmer looked into that sweet, young face, and his heart was touched. He took her home to breakfast.

"Now, wife," said he, "you know you and I have prayed to know if we ought to take some child into our home, and here she is. She has walked all the way from Chester, on those two dear little feet, and the angel of the Lord went before directing her way."

Little by little they learned the history of that journey, and how some loving power always brought the little one safely through all her dangers, to the beauty and comfort of her new home; for the good farmer and his wife took Ruthie to live with them, and cared for her as they would have cared for one of their own. Her queer ways seemed sweet and natural to them, and she lightened up their house with new joys.

After a while she told how her grandfather had talked to her of the sparrows, and the good Father who took care of them.
"Bless the little one's heart!" said the farmer; "and bless the Lord for this sweet lesson of faith. Truly the God that cares for the little sparrow will forget none of his children."

Ruthie is now one of the most useful and kind-hearted of women; always ready for acts of love, and waiting to be led into the paths whither the Divine Spirit bids her enter.
And now, children, I must go, for I have many things to do to prepare for my journey."

"Oh, Uncle Silver, what can I do without you?" said Esther.

"You will not be without me, for if you remember only a little that I have told you, in the work I have given you to do, you will feel as if you were near me. You must collect all those pretty nests and find out all you can about the builders, and the time I am away will seem short for all you have to do. And how do you think that I shall find myself near you while I am gone? I shall be seeking to get some good to lay up for you. In all I see I shall find some lesson that will seem to me like a beautiful gift that I can lay up for you. Let me tell you something that I have learned about these good things that we gather, these lessons from all that is around us; if we lay them by they grow rusty and tarnished, like a piece of silver set up in a closet; but if you seek to give forth those lessons for the blessing of others, you keep them fresh and bright and gleaming with their own radiance. Now I must leave you, for Mrs. Silver will have many things to say to me before my departure."

ANGELS AND THE SUMMER-LAND.

What myriad angels through the azure sky,
And oh how bright and beautiful they seem!
If these are dead, 'tis beautiful to die!
No more of shrouds nor coffins will I dream,
Immortal life will be my future theme,
And those bright mansions, where love's anthems swell,
Perched by a power that is supreme,
Unlike the Christian's heaven, unlike his hell,
Are those bright spheres where the departed dwell.

The angels call their home the Summer-Land,
It is so bright, so beautiful and fair;
Their spheres, ascending, brighter and expand,
Which, like eternity, no limits bear,
We'll shake the shining hands of angels there,
If with our fellow-kind upon time's shore
We seek with loving hearts our gifts to share,
And seek with them God's wonders to explore,
Aspiring on and upward evermore.

There is no good in preaching to the hungry.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations in Portland, Me.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If you deem it worth while to present to your readers a few extracts from my diary of the doings of the Invisibles during my recent visit to the Forest City, in company with Charles H. Read, the celebrated physical medium, you will please find a synopsis of events in that line:

The steamer "John Brooks" landed the writer and the medium on the wharf in Portland, at daylight, on Sunday morning, Oct. 11th, and from thence we proceeded to the residence of Edwin Dow, Esq., 31 Brawn street, the home selected for us by James Furbish, Esq., President of the Spiritual Association holding meetings in the Temperance Hall, and a home it proved indeed, both Mr. Dow and his helpmeet striving to make our stay pleasant and agreeable.

Our first introduction to the public took place in the afternoon, and again in the afternoon, at Temperance Hall, when Mr. Furbish made a slight mistake, supposing the writer to be S. H. Morse, Esq., of the "Radical," and announced the fact. I beg leave to assure the gentlemanly proprietor of the *Radical* that I felt much flattered by the error, and conducted myself as well as I knew how until I had an opportunity to correct the misunderstanding.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 11th.—Our first séance took place at the house of Mr. Blanchard, United States Pension Agent, and was attended by a very pleasant company, who were greatly mystified and surprised at the strange doings of "Samson and his Confrères." The tying up was done by myself, supervised by the entire company, and the rings and other articles were used as have been described in former articles. I noticed one individual, who kept close to my side during the entire séance, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Monday Evening, Oct. 12th.—The Mechanic's Library Room was the scene of our labors this evening, and we gave very good satisfaction to the audience; but on Tuesday evening, in the same place, it was objected to my tying Mr. Read, and as soon as the audience was seated, I called for a Committee to perform that duty. Three persons came forward, among them the individual whose pertinacity in sticking to me at Blanchard's house I mention above, and Mr. Thompson, and a Mr. Douglas, from Cape Elizabeth. After twenty-five minutes arduous exertion, the committee retired, with the exception of Capt. Marr. Before he left the little stage, I called the attention of the audience to the fact that twenty minutes had elapsed since the committee commenced the tying; and I then asked Mr. Marr if he was satisfied with the tying. To my surprise, he answered, "No, I am not."

Mr. Read then desired me to untie him, and get some one to tie him who would be satisfied with his own work. On this, Mr. Marr sneeringly said, "Oh, if it makes any difference, I will say that I am satisfied."

During the process of tying, Mr. Read states to me that this individual made the most insulting remarks, *sole voce*, to him, such as, "Oh, you are smart! nobody can tie you so you cannot get out. How nicely you have got your ropes greased," and other like insinuations.

These served to excite the medium, so that no manifestations took place, and then Mr. Read was untied, and stood up, in what is called the holding position; and here let me state that while parties stand up with the medium, every time a touch is felt from spirit hands, a corresponding touch is felt by the medium, so that he frequently requests the visitor to remain silent while he describes the events which take place.

In every instance where he has done this, every one of his statements has been verified, on the spot; yet Mr. Marr stood up and denied that he felt anything, while Mr. Read was touched on the hands, face and body, and patted so loudly that the sound was distinctly heard ten feet from the platform.

Very indignant, Mr. Read ordered him to take his seat, and from that time to the close of the séance, from the rear of the hall, came a continuation of sturring remarks, evidently emanating from the personal admirers of the very conscientious gentleman.

Still the spirits soon went to work, and demolished the skepticism of the audience; but on the whole, the matters went more slowly than usual. At the close of the séance, I invited all who felt dissatisfied to step up and receive their money back. Not one came.

The next afternoon we gave a séance to the ladies, at Mr. Dow's house, and there we had the pleasure of seeing John Neal (he objects to the "Esq.") and his son, John Pierpont Neal, who were delighted with the manifestations; and on the following day the former came again, bringing his wife, daughter and another young lady, with Mr. Hurlburt, of the *New York World*, and at this séance the spirits made their hands and arms visible, while bearing the instruments around the room.

Our next séance took place at the rooms of Dr. Newton (at Falmouth House) who was on a flying visit to Portland to see some of his old patients, and a most interesting evening it proved, the great healing medium serving as a perfect magnetic battery, while his genial welcome to those who came with us made everything most perfectly agreeable.

The following afternoon, while seated at home, we were visited by two young gentlemen of the medical profession—Dr. Green and Dr. Gerrish. The former, had, I am told, filled the professorship of Surgery in a college in Massachusetts, and he proposed to pay ten dollars for a séance. His earnestness carried the day, and the sitting was had; and it was as amusing to us to see the surprise manifested by them, as it was to them to observe the changes made by the invisibles.

The next day Dr. Green came again, with his lady and a young gentleman, his brother. It was at this visit that Dr. Green asked and obtained permission to place adhesive plaster around the fingers of the medium. This made no difference with the manifestations. If any change took place, it seemed as if everything was done with more than usual rapidity. At this séance, too, the hands and arms were visible.

Our next séance was held at the residence of S. A. Nash, Esq., a Custom House officer. A very numerous company assembled, including Mr. Foster, of the *Portland Press*, the former partner of J. B. Hall, Esq., whose articles concerning the "magnetic transfer" in the case of the boy medium, "the Allen Boy," have attracted the attention of the readers of the *Banner of Light* during the controversy concerning his mediumship, some time since. If I remember right, Mr. Marr was the person who blackened his hair and the musical instruments used at the Allen Boy's séances, and Mr. Foster and John Neal had a great deal to say on the subject; in fact, I think the latter gentleman was the one who decided the case against the medium. I send you the letter

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

The Indian Question.

For centuries our Government and people have blundered in an attempt to solve that great question, and even at this late day a number of our prominent officers, with quite a large army, are in the field hunting down a few thousand Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches, waging against these Indians a most unjust and dishonorable warfare, which a little common sense and love of justice could easily have prevented.

The Commission did not meet the hostile Sioux in council until the present year—a treaty not yet ratified by the Senate of the United States—yet the Sioux nation, numbering in the aggregate some thirty thousand souls, are at peace, and congregating on the territorial reservation set apart for them on the Missouri river, north of the State of Nebraska, over which General Harney, U. S. A., is in command.

A broken promise, pertinaciously persisted in, has involved this Government in an Indian war, costing already the lives of nearly a hundred of our own people, and we know not when it will end.

It is frequently asked, how it is that in Canada they have succeeded for so many years in keeping peace with the Indians, while we have had so much trouble? How is it, while during the last fifty or sixty years the United States have expended nearly a thousand millions of dollars in Indian wars, that the English Government for more than a century have not expended one shilling?

among themselves, or with the whites. Order was long ago established and peace maintained. Equality under the law is the secret of it all, if an eternal principle, a truth that fills the universe and is everywhere expressed in nature and in history, can be considered a secret.

The Cheyennes, while in camp under our protection and in our employ, are attacked, and some hundred and twenty men, women and children are assassinated and mutilated in the most horrible and disgusting manner; and to this day our law has not punished the author of this infamous crime.

"Black Kettle" was encamped under the American flag, at the request of military officers, to watch the roads for them. Of his one hundred and fifty warriors, two-thirds were absent—many of them specially to notify stages and families of their danger.

This fight lasted seven long hours, attended with a loss to Chivington of ten killed and fifty-two wounded. About twenty afterwards died of their wounds. His ammunition was exhausted, and he could not follow them for two days, and the Indians escaped.

When the French first settled in what is now Canada, they sent their missionaries among the Indians to teach them agriculture and some of the mechanic arts, preparatory to teaching them theology, always respecting the religious belief of the red men and rarely, if ever, making fun of or denouncing what they considered the true worship of the (to them) "Great Spirit."

These governors were also commanded, by royal mandate, to secure the same protection for the Indians as afforded to other subjects of the Crown, which from that day to this has been faithfully carried out.

In this connection we desire to call the attention of our readers to a letter of Bishop H. B. Whipple, a gentleman of the highest culture, who has resided among the Indians of Minnesota and Dakota many years, and by whom he is much beloved and trusted.

"GENTLEMEN—I write to you freely, as to a Commission appointed by the nation to examine and record the wrongs which have been inflicted upon the Indians, who are the wards of the Government. Your Commission was appointed at the earnest request of Christian men who have vainly attempted to secure justice to the Indians."

Music Hall Meetings. Dr. J. B. Ferguson addressed a large audience at Music Hall, Boston, for the second time, on Sunday afternoon, October 25th. There was a perceptible gain, as to the number in attendance, over that of the previous Sunday.

The singing on the above occasion, by the Quartette Club, was excellent, and called forth the universal commendation of the audience. "Whisper it Softly," "Something Sweet to Think Of," and "Homeward Bound," were rendered in a beautiful and touching manner.

A Decline Admitted. One of the preachers at the late Methodist Convention, held in this city, made confession to the fact, which he of course lamented after the customary manner, that true spiritual life was fast declining in the denomination.

State Convention at Worcester. It should be remembered that the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association is to hold a two days' Convention at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, on Thursday and Friday, November 12th and 13th.

Mrs. Abby M. Burnham, the Lecturer. The society and friends before whom this lady has regularly lectured since last spring—the First Christian Spiritualist Association, formerly holding services in Springfield Hall, but now at Hall No. 8 Boylston street, in this city, propose, as a matter of common justice, to give her a benefit entertainment at their new hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th.

The Nail hit on the Head. In his very persuasive and wholly logical preface to his little monograph on "Smoking and Drinking," Parton states the exact fact which is the central one in this question of abstinence.

Jesse Shepard's Concert. Mr. Shepard, the male soprano, will give another concert at Mercantile Hall, Sunday evening, Nov. 8th. His last concert in the same hall, two Sunday evenings ago, was a great success.

The Children's Lyceum Convention. The New England Lyceum Convention held a session in this city Oct. 28th and 29th, which was well attended and a lively interest manifested in the movement.

The school population of the United States is 5,000,000, requiring 20,000,000 books.

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The admirers of Mrs. N. L. Broson, one of our best female mediums, will be pleased to hear that she is announced as the next speaker in the present course.

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New Publications. Lec & Shepard have THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PARENOTOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY, by S. R. Wells, editor of the Parrenotological Journal.

The Boston Provident Association have issued their Directory for 1868-69, together with their Seventeenth Annual Report. The Central Office is at No. 7 Temple Place.

"DOTTY DIMPLE O'Z WEAR" makes still another of this most charming series of little juveniles, from the inventive pen of Sophie May. It sets "Dotty" in the cars and takes her far out on her world's travels.

THE LITTLE SPANARD; or Old Jose's Grandson, by May Manning, is the fourth of the "Helping-Hand Series," which has proved so popular. It is well worthy of its predecessors—"Climbing the Rope," "Billy Grimes's Favorite," and "Cruise of the Dasherway." Illustrated beautifully. Published by Lee & Shepard.

SYDNEY ANDRACON; or, Trying the World—is Miss Douglas's latest story, not bulky in point of size, but full of motion, thought, description, and character. She is always faithful to the nature which she studies with so attentive a spirit.

A THOUSAND MILES WALK ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA, by Nathaniel H. Bishop, is the title of a pleasant and instructive book of travels across the lower half of our American Continent, to which Mr. Samuel, of the State House, has prefixed a timely and appreciative introduction, thus bringing the author personally more clearly before us.

"The Harvester" is meeting with warm approbation from all quarters. The Revolution compliments it thus: "THE HARVESTER: for gathering the ripened crops on every homestead, leaving the unripe to mature. By a Merchant, Boston: William White & Co., Banner of Light Office, New York: 634 Broadway. A right pretty little book of a hundred and fifty pages; printing, binding, excellent, and had our 'Merchant' been a milliner, it is doubtful if he had done his work any better, if so well. A modest page of profuse begins thus:

Spanish Affairs. A telegram from Madrid, Oct. 27th, states that the Provisional Government has issued a manifesto concerning the administration of the kingdom. After passing in review the various reforms decreed by the late Central Junta, they proceeded to argue in favor of the decentralization of the administrative power, and conclude by promising to render a faithful account of their doings to the Constituent Cortes.

Mrs. J. H. Conant's Reliability as a Medium. We clip the following question by a correspondent, and answer by the editor, (Hudson Tuttle, Esq.,) from the Ohio Spiritualist: "R. B.—Is Mrs. Conant, of the Banner of Light, reliable? If you mean whether she is a truthful, honest, reliable medium, we answer most emphatically, Yes. We answer from personal knowledge, having received several of the most startling and convincing tests through her mediumship. She is a true and noble woman, above the least deception, and esteemed by all who know her."

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.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums. Dr. P. B. Randolph has for a brief period relinquished his office practice for the purpose of visiting the West. Dr. R. will make his headquarters at Berlin, Wisconsin, whence he will accept lecture and medical engagements for three months from Nov. 15th. He will visit any Western State that calls for his services. As a speaker and clairvoyant, Dr. R. is too well known to need commendation at our hands. His permanent address will be as heretofore, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Ferree's New Pamphlet. In meeting with favor. The following notice, from a well known literary lady, will be read with interest: PROSPECT Cottage, Monday Evening. MR. DEAR MRS. FERREE—I have read your little book, "The Spirituelle," with interest and advantage—especially where it treats of the nourishing, educating and developing the spirit. It is good. It is full of light and life. There are few in this world so wise, good or happy, that they may not become wiser, better and happier by its perusal. Would that it might reach the hands of all. Affectionately yours, E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Dr. J. B. Ferguson's Book. Entitled "SUPRA-MUNDANE FACTS," contains a large amount of valuable information which every seeker after truth should possess.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL contains a very laudatory notice of our efforts the past twelve years in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism. Bro. Jones, the honor belongs not to us, but to the spirit-friends whose humble instrument we have no hesitation in acknowledging we are. True wisdom dictates that we speak but little of the injuries we have received or the good deeds we have done.

We congratulate you, Bro. Jones, in having secured on your editorial staff the services of that able and indefatigable worker, E. V. Wilson, Esq. Massachusetts savings banks have 350,000 deposits and \$80,000,000 invested in national bonds. The depositors are composed mostly of mechanics, laborers and factory girls.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

By reference to our Spirit Message Department it will be seen that a Jew presided June 20th. The message of Michael Connelly, who was formerly in the employ of our associate, Mr. White—then State printer—is true in every particular. The medium know nothing of the facts therein contained, which is a satisfactory test of the return of the spirit of the person known in the earthly life as Michael Connelly.

We have just issued a new edition of that popular work, "Errors of the Bible, demonstrated by the Truths of Nature," by Henry C. Wright. The book has been out of print for some time. We can now supply all orders.

Mrs. A. C. Latham, 292 Washington street, medical clairvoyant, is constantly receiving letters from patients whom she has cured, living in the remotest sections of our country, thus proving that distance is no hindrance to her success. She has also an abundance of like testimony from people in this city and vicinity to whom she has proved a benefactor.

Theodore Parker's works have been translated into Swedish.

A clerical diner is so addicted to scripture texts that he invariably orders, "Roast beef, well done, good and faithful servant."

The friends of women's rights have called a National Convention, to be held at Washington in December. It is expected that Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone and other advocates of the movement will attend.

Queen Victoria and Premier Disraeli think women ought to vote, if they wish.

England is only four hundred and twenty-six miles long.

Fifty years ago William Lloyd Garrison learned the art of printing in the office of the *Newburyport Herald*, in which paper, not long after, Whittier began to publish his youthful verses.

Vieuxtemps, the famous violinist, who visited this country some ten years ago, will return here again next season.

A new Catholic college, to cost two hundred thousand dollars, is in course of erection at Chicago. The St. Ignatius College will be located in the building.

An old lady on a steamboat, observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near her she accosted him as follows: "Well, captain, got a well abroad, eh?" "Yes, ma'am; always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well, that's clever!" said she. "I always dislike this nasty river water."

Lady Franklin, now eighty, has returned from Asia to France.

PULMONARIA.—Having had a very severe cough for several weeks, a friend advised us to try Dr. H. B. Storer's pulmonary syrup. We procured a bottle of this medicine, and after using it one week we were entirely cured. Having thus thoroughly tested its curative powers, we cordially recommend it as a grand specific for pulmonary complaints. Address 56 Pleasant street, Boston.

The free schools in Spain have been reopened.

L'Unita Italiana says that deserters from the Pontifical army are continually passing through Verona. The majority of them are Germans and Protestants, and they return to their country more Protestant than ever.

Manufacturers have for years been looking for a substitute for rags, as a material for paper. It is said to have been found at last in Esparto grass. Paper made from this grass is much used in England. The London Times is printed on it.

Marble has been discovered in Virginia.

Victoria's physicians say she must not live in London.

A sporting man remarked of a belle, in the habit of wearing low-necked dresses, who carried off a matrimonial prize in the shape of a rich old widower, that "she won the race by a neck!"

"No man in England thinks of blacking his own boots," said an Englishman to Mr. Lincoln. "Whose boots does he black?" Mr. Lincoln quietly asked.

Dr. Joseph Jones, of Nashville, has discovered human remains, pottery, vessels, shell ornaments and stone idols in the Tennessee mounds which he has been exploring.

Europe owns \$983,400,000 worth of American railroad, State and Government bonds.

In Charleston, S. C., the trade of this season is three times as heavy as that of any other season since the termination of the war. The jobbing merchants wear smiling faces.

There is no doubt entertained in Cuba that some speedy action on the subject of slavery will result from the change in the Government of Spain. Opinions on this subject are governed by what people believe to be their own interests. The owners of slaves hope that time enough will be left them to perfect some other labor system.

It is said that there are negotiations between the American and Atlantic Telegraph Company of New York and foreign capitalists, to lay a cable to Belgium, and that a contract may be made for \$2,500,000.

Gas has been introduced into the cars on the New York and New Haven railroad.

Dr. Holland, writing from Scotland to the Springfield Republican, remarks: "Loch Katrine is a beautiful lake, but no more beautiful than a thousand lakes to be found in the length and breadth of America. The Highlands are picturesque and fine eminences; but there is nothing about them more beautiful than about those one sees from the steamer's deck, as he sails up Lake George."

DIVORCE.—The Protestant Episcopal Convention, now in session at New York, recently adopted a resolution concerning divorce, as follows: "The minister of this Church shall solemnize matrimony in any case where there is a divorced wife or husband of either party still living; but this canon shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, or to parties once divorced seeking to be united again."

Marriage is a civil institution—a legal contract—and the priesthood should exercise no authority whatever in regard to it.

A Good Test Medium. The object of this notice is to call the attention of the public to a newly developed medium, in the person of Mr. Arthur Hodges. He has given me the best test, with names and personations of spirit friends, that I ever received from any medium. He also described my place of residence and its surroundings. I should advise the public to give him a call, at 16 Salem street, Boston.

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, fifteen cloth, three paper; Nature's Divine Revelations, 30th edition, just out. Vol. 1, Great Harmonies, complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetration, a History of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Life, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Spiritual Science, Harmonical Man, Free Thought Concerning Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Address to the Living, and other tracts, all new and interesting. Last two just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$25; a most valuable present for a liberal friend. Four books by Warren Chase—Life, Lent; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.50. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$5; 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 number of the *Banner of Light*, bound in paper, edited by J. Burns, London; price \$3.00, postage 20 cts. "Great Atlantic" is being republished in this magazine as a story, but is not concluded yet. In two numbers to be published, well conducted monthly, and devoted to scientific and other sciences as well as Spiritualism. Send us five dollars and we will send by mail Arabia, Sicily, Memorabilia, and the large and elegant lithographic likeness of the author, A. J. Davis, of which we have a few left. To secure this likeness, you must order the monthly *Young England* first, but we will send another rare and remarkable English book, CALISTO, on Ptolemaic principles, by HENRY DE LARKE, showing every position of the planets in the sky, in two numbers, for the same price \$3.00. 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 a valuable one, as its large pages are mostly taken up with the engravings.

Unitarianism.

We copy the following brief extracts from a well written letter of Rev. A. D. Mayo in the *Liberal Christian* of Oct. 24. The first and last extracts contain something on which we have a few words of comment to make:

"But the eyes of Christian Liberalists, in and out of all the churches, are looking with increasing interest and longing to our Unitarian Church. To them it represents the most practical and comprehensive form of organizing a Liberal Christian faith. Every body of Liberal Christians recognizes the same. The violent disputes among the Unitarians in respect to the future efforts of the Spiritualists and reform organizations to work under our national organization and avail themselves of our historical prestige, point to the same fact.

The thoughtful and religious people of the United States already know several things about the Unitarian denomination in this country.

First, they know the names of its noble array of preachers, leaders and workers.

Second, they know that the Unitarian Church means liberalism in politics and inviolable patriotism.

Third, they know that the Unitarian body is identified with our national system of free schools and unsectarian Christian education in our universities. Every religious body in America, save the Unitarian, is opposed to the system of sectarian education. The Unitarian body has persistently wrought at the development of the people's free schools. In about every Western city the free school owes its development and organization greatly to our Unitarian energy and labors.

Fourth, they know that the Unitarian denomination is all alive with practical humanitarian zeal.

Fifth, they know the Unitarian Church, as represented in its National Convention, is the broadest Christian Church ever known in Christendom. It has no creed, save a general profession of Christianity, and it permits every man to give his own conscientious interpretation of the meaning of the teachings of Christ and the duties of the Christian man. It offers to receive delegates from every church in the Republic that calls itself a Christian Church. It offers to liberal thought and every opportunity of expression through its press, pulpit, platform, and in doing its greatest work, for self-reformation, Unitarianism is open to the world outside its limits. The only thing it persists in refusing to do, is to permit societies and organizations which will not bear the Christian name to send delegates to its Conference, who honestly attempt to make it an unsectarian body. The thoughtful and religious people of the United States, know too well the demands of a genuine Christian freedom to reject the Unitarian National Conference because it respectfully declines to commit suicide in behalf of spiritual liberty.

If Bro. Mayo thinks the Spiritualists are anxious to come under the Unitarian organization with its Christian yoke on its neck, and thus again put the heads of its members into sectarian bondage, he will be mistaken. They may invite or command us, as Mahomet did the mountain, but like it we shall not move in that direction, and we are sure to fulfill its prophecy. It will come to us, at last, by casting off its sectarian shell (name), which alone makes it sectarian, and keeps Spiritualists and liberal reformers out of its organization and working harness of reforms.

When they can recognize the nobler teaching of Parker, that man is by nature a religious being in his normal condition, and may by education be trained to accept the religion of the American Indian, the Hindoo, the Persian, the Mahometan, the Jew, or the Catholic, Orthodox, Unitarian, or any other branch of the Christian set of religious worshippers; when they can realize that Christianity is sectarian, and that to become truly liberal and rationally religious they must abandon this sectarian name, and have a world-wide philanthropy and a world-wide religion, to be found in Nature, and cultivated and unfolded there—not in the name of Christ, nor Mahomet, nor Confucius, nor Calvin, nor the Pope, but of God, in man, in all men—then the barriers will be removed, and their organization will take in Spiritualists and all practical, liberal reformers; and our religion will take them in, and we shall join in removing the evils that afflict the race, and unfolding its powers in true harmony with natural law. We shall all recognize the Godhood in MAN universal, as the Church does in Christ. When this Church unchristianizes itself and thus unsectarianizes itself, the new religion will spiritualize and vitalize its organization.

We opine that not till thus united will the Unitarian work of progression be accomplished. Every year we see them coming nearer and nearer to this consummation, and patiently we wait their action which shall give us their perfected organizations and colleges, and give them our millions of converts, and vital truths fully demonstrated of the continuation of life and work after death and the communion of souls. With these united powers we can move the world out of its sectarian wheel-ruts, which Unitarianism has been constantly filling up but still following. Trusting and hoping these brethren will get off the track of the "old Mother Church" some day and free itself from the sectarian name, as it has from the creeds of other churches, we patiently wait the events that hang in the heavens for the future, when we can greet Bro. Mayo and all Unitarians as religious humanitarians and not Christian sectarians, as they yet choose to call themselves, and by which they keep aloof from the great body of the Spiritualists.

Religion—What is it?

Bro. Seaver, editor of the *Boston Investigator*, says he defines it "as the faith in, and worship of, supernatural or unearthly or supermundane beings," and that it is derived wholly from education. That these forms of superstition, with all their creeds and ceremonies, are educational, we do not doubt, as in the expression of the human conscience, which may be so trained as to murder a fellow being without reproach, or to be horrified at taking the life of a snake or burning a bit of paper torn from a Holy Bible with supposed words of God on it. To us this does not embrace religion, even if it can be counted as belonging to it at all. If it were all there is of religion, we would give it up to the church which teaches that it is foreign, and taught and introduced first by God himself, and next by his Son, and last by the

Holy Ghost, and the priests; and Bro. Seaver claiming it is wholly educational and never innate, and denying the origin given it by the church, must suppose it was taught at first by those who were never taught, and how they got it we know not and care not, since we do not believe in anything of any power that is supernatural, and cannot remember any time when we ever did, and yet we claim to be religious though not Christian, as we are not a believer in the Christian religion as taught by the Orthodox priests. Some who have been branded as atheists we claim as eminent religious, and we have yet to find the first nation in history or the first individual in life which is not religious. To us religion is in no wise necessarily connected with fear of punishment or hope of reward, and may be entirely void of all knowledge of or belief in a future state of existence and of supermundane beings. We believe that ideas are sometimes innate, and religion always natural to human beings alone, and although we may teach a parrot to say a prayer or to swear, no one would find a religious parrot with or without education.

Among the first and simplest expressions of what we call religion, is a sense of right and wrong, or a power to decide and a conscience to determine, the expression of which may be warped into any extreme of action by education, but education does not furnish the germ; and although it can make any act appear right or wrong, it cannot give the power to appreciate that there is a right and wrong. This faculty is purely human, not existing in animals, and is natural, and we term it religious, and it is not always connected with fear or hope.

There is also another religious faculty manifest in the natural regard for, respect for, admiration of, and sometimes veneration for parents and superiors, and this in manhood often rises from parents to some real or imaginary superior or Supreme Being, and becomes veneration, and is so very susceptible of cultivation and education that it is by strong and designing minds used both in political and religious institutions to blind weaker minds into servitude, and here is where Bro. Seaver finds it, and attributes it all to education, because it is taught and twisted into the various creeds, dogmas and ceremonies of the popular religions of the world. The germ, like the mind itself, is not given in the education. The seed was there, or education could no more have made the Christian or Infidel than Nature could the tree without its seed, and to us this germ is religion, innate and natural, and if cultivated by education or not, will have an expression weak or strong in all individuals in accordance with the organs of the brain through which it acts. To us the Hindoo worshiper of Juggernaut is as much a religious worshiper as the dignified and educated Episcopal Bishop of our country; and the conscientious cannibal may be as religious as the burners of Servetus and Rogers. Religion often howls in our own country for want of an education that would make in the worshippers more musical sounds. Education disciplines religion, but does not make it—at least so we understand the subject. Christianity is idolatry gone to seed.

THE SPIRITUALISTS AT THE EVERETT ROOMS.

We attended the Spiritualist meetings at the Everett Rooms on the two last Sunday evenings, and wish to say that the crowded audiences of most attentive and intelligent listeners to Mrs. Allen were only a well deserved compliment to her wondrous power as a trance speaker. Subjects were presented to her on slips of paper by the audience like ballots, and numerous enough to secure an attention had the desk been a ballot-box and polling booth, all of which she wrote into discourse or poem in most mysterious manner. The closing poem last Sunday evening was on Death and Resurrection, which she improvised into dialogue form, and delivered with surprising dramatic beauty and power. We devoutly wish our New York's half million of adult inhabitants could have heard it. Next Sunday, morning and evening, we attend her present engagement.—*New York Revolution*.

Note from the Davenport Mediums.

DEAR BANNER—Before leaving Europe rumors from time to time reached us from this country that many of the American newspapers, taking the cue from their equally truth-loving brethren of the English press, were representing us as having "given up all pretensions to being Spiritualists," and that we simply claimed to be skillful jugglers. Now these statements, as ridiculous as they are false, were treated with silent contempt, thinking them unworthy of notice. We did believe that our career as mediums for the past fourteen years was sufficient answer to all such reports, but we find that these statements, which are being daily repeated by the press, taken in connection with the treacherous and disgraceful conduct of certain physical mediums, are having an influence not only with the general public, but with many simple-minded Spiritualists. It is singular that any individual, skeptic or Spiritualist, could believe such statements, after fourteen years of the most bitter persecution and violent opposition, culminating in the riots of Liverpool, Huddersfield and Leeds, where our lives were placed in imminent peril by the fury of brutal mobs, our property destroyed, and where we suffered a loss of seventy-five thousand dollars, and all because we would not renounce Spiritualism and declare ourselves jugglers, when threatened by the mob and urged to do so. In conclusion, we have only to say that we denounce all such statements as base falsehoods.

IRA ERASTUS DAVENPORT, WM. H. DAVENPORT, WM. M. FAY.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1868.

Yarmouth, Me.

The best manner for stockholders to increase their capital in the great bank of Progress, is by encouraging and sustaining efficient laborers, those who combine a well-directed zeal with practical teachings, and are calculated to sustain the interest in a community and build up and strengthen the society for which they labor. Eminently gifted in that respect, through her earnest controlling intelligences, is Mrs. Almira W. Smith, as her success among the staunch souls of Yarmouth demonstrates. Coming among us at a time when the spiritual influx was at low ebb, with many obstacles to surmount, she has labored with us for two years, and as her inspirations have grown more and more glowingly beautiful, so has her audience increased in numbers and interest; and that there is no diminution in the appreciation of her worth as a woman, and ability as a speaker, the full house that listened breathlessly for more than an hour to the flow of eloquence from her lips on the marriage question, Sunday evening, Oct. 25th, will abundantly testify.

Mrs. Smith requires, and is richly fitted for, a large field of labor, and although we shall deeply regret the loss of her, still we cordially recommend her to those societies that are securing their speakers for the coming lecture season, as one who will enlarge their borders and lift them morally and spiritually upward.

In behalf of the Society,

MRS. SUSAN GREENLEAF, Cor. Sec. Yarmouth, Oct. 26th, 1868.

Bridgeport, Conn.

DEAR BANNER—On Sunday, the 11th, I spoke afternoon and evening for the friends in New Haven. Their organization is now in a flourishing condition, having received a decided impetus, and much interest created among all classes, through the able lectures of Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, during the past summer.

They have a fine hall, where are held each week social gatherings, sewing society, &c., &c. The Children's Progressive Lyceum is gaining steadily in favor, and only lacks a full set of Lyceum equipments to perfect its organization.

Mr. A. French, a gentleman of energy and sterling integrity, has been recently elected President of the association.

They invite correspondence with speakers, who can address the President, No. 37 Green street, New Haven, Conn. Most fraternally,

H. H. CRANDALL, Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 19th, 1868.

A Card.

Musical directors and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceums throughout the entire country are invited to send or bring to the National Lyceum Convention, all the music, either original or selected, that they think suitable for a Music and Song Book for the use of Lyceums. We want suitable music for every song and hymn in the Manual, and as many more if equally good. The National Lyceum Convention intend to publish a Music Book for Lyceums, and need all the assistance the musical directors and friends can render. It is one of the great necessities of the Lyceums. If you cannot come, send your manuscript by mail to M. B. Dyott, 114 South Second street, Philadelphia. Do not be backward, but send your suggestions; they will be thankfully received.

M. B. DYOTT, October 21st, 1868.

Still the Light is Breaking.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—W. K. Ripley, of Foxboro, Mass., has lectured here for three Sundays, and on Saturday evening. The lectures were of the highest order and well-attended from all the different denominations in the place, which are seven. The doctor made an impression here which will be lasting. As his last lecture there was a eulogy; I afterwards asked him how he liked the doctor's discourse. His reply was: "It was good, and founded upon reason. Before the doctor came here Spiritualism was 'a humbug,' but before he left it was thought differently of. He was even followed to the depot and urged to prolong his stay, or at least promise to return again to us. So ends the beginning of a new dispensation in Fairhaven, Vt. Yours for truth,

WARREN ALLEN.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with additional, rare and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$1.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 153 Washington street.

Mrs. N. L. Bronson, of Ohio, will lecture Sunday afternoon, Nov. 8.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. Murphy, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 1W-N7.

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

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclosed \$2 and 3 stamps. N7-2w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. N7-4w

MISS M. K. CASSIEN will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Terms \$2.00 and 3 red stamps. Address, 21 Wickhite st., Newark, N. J. N7-3w

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson, editors. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents single copy. October number now ready.

JEANNE WATERMAN INDEPENDENT, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, gives correct diagnoses clairvoyantly, and heals diseases in trance state. Residence 313 East 34th street, New York. O17.

"A THING OF BEAUTY."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—bathos author said; Of me this thought our minds employ, As through life's daydreams and its treads. "A thing of beauty" may be seen. Whence we meet an honest man; Who'll never do a thing that's mean, Who'll help another when he can. "A thing of beauty" is a Boy. With bran new SUIT OF CLOTHES to wear, Whose childish heart is full of joy. Just from GEORGE FERGUSON'S, in DOCK SQUARE.

Special Notices.

In theory beautiful, in practice perfect; NEGATIVE for CHILLS or AGUE, POSITIVE for FEVER, hence Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers know no such thing as CHILLS AND FEVER, DUMB AGUE, CONGESTIVE CHILLS, and FEVER AND AGUE. O1-3.

MATHELA A. McCord, 513 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. *Banner of Light* always to be found upon the counter. Aug. 1.

Agents wanted for Mrs. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column.

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Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

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

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In a Family of Three, A SMART, trusty woman or girl, capable of assuming the care of a household; one who is not afraid of work or responsibility, and can come well recommended. Liberal wages and a good home will be given. Address, H. W. ANDERSON, Care Hon. Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. Nov. 7-3w

MRS. A. J. KENISON, Clairvoyant, Healing Test Medium, Magnetic Remedies, Sympathy, &c., can be obtained at 187 Harrison Avenue, between Lovering Place and Asylum street, Boston. Boston, Nov. 7.

MRS. G. N. BROWN, Business and Clairvoyant, at 207 Main, No. 7 Shedd street—few doors from Cook street, Charlestown. Terms \$1.00. 2w-Nov. 7.

THE SECOND GRAND CONCERT

For the benefit of the Children's Lyceum will be given by JESSE SHEPARD, AT MERCANTILE HALL, Sunday Evening, November 8th, 1868.

PROGRAMME. PART I. 1. Instrumental—The Waking of the Lion. Grand Fantasia. Original. 2. Soprano Solo—Sally Maria. Original. 3. The Barn that once thronged Robert's Hall. 4. Robert, Roi de l'Alme—Chant, Robert, Roi. PART II. 5. Instrumental—Variations on favorite airs, from Travolta, Longfellow and Tosti. 6. "From the time of Earliest Childhood," ballad, from "Martin". 7. "Ode to Voice," from H. Purcell, as sung by Jennie Lind. 8. "Aria Unica," with brilliant variations, first time. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock. The price of single tickets will be 25 cents, for this occasion only. 1w-Nov. 7.

COOK'S Wonderful Alphabetical Combination

PLANCHETTE, HAS not only proved eminently satisfactory as a means of receiving communications from spirit friends, but its great auxiliary efficiency in the rapid development of multiple communications to the public. By the use of this Planchette, mediums are greatly facilitated in their development. It is a valuable and reliable instrument, and is constantly kept on hand by MATHIDA A. McCORD, No. 513 Chestnut street, St. Louis. 6w-Nov. 7.

SPECIAL NOTICE! SEANCES EXTRAORDINARY!

MRS. JESSE SHEPARD takes pleasure in announcing to her friends and the public that the celebrated PRIMA DANCE MAMIE MALKIN, who was the first great singer that came to America, in 1825, will control his great singer gives a series of *Finest vocal numbers*, at his residence, No. 14 Broadway, Boston, on the 10th and 11th of November. The full programme will be given heretofore. Single Admissions \$1.00; Tickets admitting Lady and Gentlemen \$1.50. For sale at the *Banner of Light* Office. A limited number of tickets will be sold for each day. Parties desiring further information can address Mr. Shepard, No. 14 Broadway, Boston, Mass. 1w-Nov. 7.

MRS. P. LUMB.

Perfectly Unconscious Physician, Business and Test Medium, at the head of Eden street, Charlestown.

MRS. PLUMB cures Cancers and Tumors, Fevers, Paralysis, &c. All these and other physical ailments are cured, and give her a call. Prices according to the conditions of the patient. Will call with the sick if called upon to do so. Will examine the blind, deaf, dumb, &c. For further information, correspond on Business, answer Seal Letters, look for List of Stolen Property for \$1 and return stamp, each. Nov. 7-1w

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Have you seen the Electro-Magnetic Disc? PERSONS may be of the old of this valuable combination of the electro-magnetic disc, and all the remarkable manifestations of the Planchette are induced. The Electro-Magnetic Disc is in common use by professors throughout Europe. It can be obtained only by ordering THOMAS ALVA EDISON'S Electro-Magnetic Disc, Charlestown, Mass., P. O. Box 19, enclosing 50 cents, and 3 red stamps. Wholesale price, \$5.75 per dozen. Nov. 7-1w

MRS. E. S. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, No. 147 North Street, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., during which time she will examine, advise and treat the afflicted of whatever disease can be cured. Fees are moderate, and success is guaranteed. The spiritual community will be pleased to know that there is a new medium through whom such works are performed as to the satisfaction of a human agency, as well as prove the truth of all they need one of their best gifts. Nov. 7-1w

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Demonstrated by the Truths of Nature; OR, MAN'S ONLY INFALLIBLE RULE OF FAITH AND CONDUCT. By Wm. W. Phelps. 12mo. Paper, 25 cts. Postage 4 cts. Cloth, 60 cts. Postage 5 cts. For sale at the *BANNER OF LIGHT* BOOKSTORES, 153 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

DR. JAMES CANNON CHESLEY, No. 46 Salem street, Boston, Mass. Lectures and Magnetic Physician, cures all curable diseases, of mind and body; instructs and develops a full system of Spiritualism, the wonderful medium, Dr. P. S. Pennington, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, examines persons at any distance.

MAYMAN DE F. ST. JOHN, has a safe, the wonderful Test Medium, the spirit of a dead lady's control and talks with you to the same advantage. Examine and prescribe for diseases. Circle, Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 7 o'clock.

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AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. FOR sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., 109 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 4w-Oct. 31.

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Nov. 7-1w

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THIS beautiful poem makes 175 pages; is elegantly printed on tinted paper and bound in a substantial manner. Five thousand copies have already been sold. The true spirit of the work is embodied in the work, as the following extract will show: "Some men there are,

