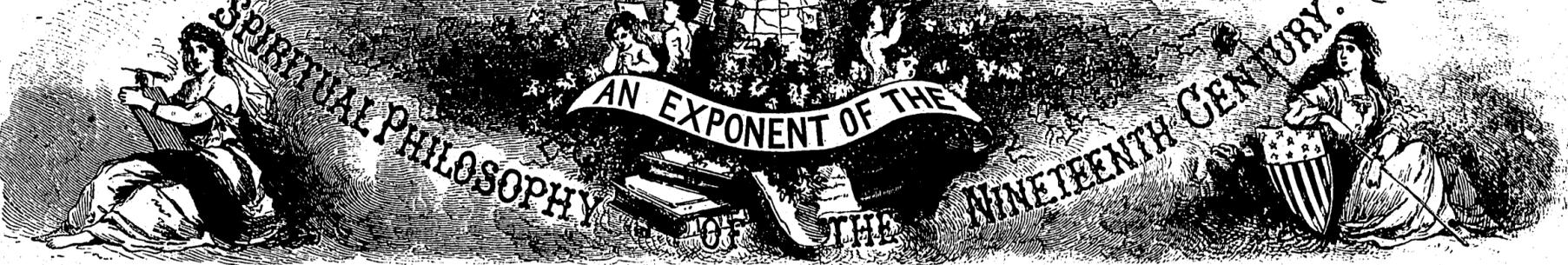


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE BROKEN HEART. BY A LATE PHYSICIAN.

There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about the town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to the successful Continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory; all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party.

Mrs. Sutton, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the eclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute to the evening's amusement. A young lady, of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favoring the company with the favorite Scottish air, "The Banks of Allan Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured than shared the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present that Miss Bellew was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the Continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

"Return to claim his blushing bride,"—but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives that she was prevailed on to be seen in society, at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him "who seeth in secret," and "whose are the issues" of battle.

As, however, Miss Bellew's rich contralto voice, and skillful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so that the poor girl was absolutely pelted into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy corals with an air of reluctance and discrepancy. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of "The Banks of Allan Water." The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, "like faint blue gushing streams," on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,"

when, to the surprise of everybody around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the color faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence.

Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped toward her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavored gently to rouse her, and said, hurriedly, "Anne! Anne! what now is the matter?"

Miss Bellew made no answer; but in a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

"Sister, sister! Dear Anne, are you ill?" again inquired her trembling sister, endeavoring to rouse her, but in vain.

Miss Bellew did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—she's ill—run for some water. Good heaven! how strange! What a piercing shriek!" &c.

At length Miss Bellew's lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by-and-by those immediately near her could distinguish the words, "There!—there they are—with their lanterns! Oh! they are looking out for the *de-a-d!* They turn over the heaps. Ah! now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see! they are turning them over, one by one. There!—there he is! Oh, horror! horror! horror! right through the heart!"—and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless in the arms of her horror-struck sister.

Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present but was blanched with agitation and fright on hearing the extraordinary words which she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took

their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their service to the young lady; and a servant was instantly despatched, with a horse, for me.

On my arrival, I found her in bed (still at the house where the party was given, which was that

of the young lady's sister-in-law). She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralyzed her. By the use,

however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded at length in restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with

tear-drops from the capes of Virginia. Upon the customary reckonings, and heaving the lead, and finding no ground at an hundred fathoms, they set the watch, and the captain turned into bed.

The weather was fine, a moderate gale of wind blew fair for the coast; so that the ship might have run about twelve or fifteen leagues in the night, after the captain was in his cabin.

He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three hours, when he awoke again, and lay till he heard his second mate turn out and relieve the watch. He then called his first mate, as he was going off from the watch, and asked him how all things fared? The mate answered that all was well, and the gale freshened, and they ran at a great rate; but it was a fair wind, and a fine clear night. And the captain then went to sleep again.

About an hour after he had been asleep again, he dreamed that some one pulled him, and bade him turn out and look abroad. He—however lay still and went asleep again, but was suddenly re-awakened. This occurred several times; and though he knew not what was the reason, yet he found it impossible to go to sleep any more. Still he heard the vision say, "Turn out, and look abroad."

The captain lay in this state of uneasiness nearly two hours; but at last it increased so much that he could endure it no longer. He accordingly got up, put on his watch-coat, and came out upon the quarter-deck; there he found his second-mate walking about, and the boatswain upon the fore-castle, the night being fine and clear, a fair wind, and all well as before.

The mate wondering to see him, at first did not know him; but calling, "Who is there?" the captain answered, and the mate returned, "Who? the captain? What is the matter, sir?"

The captain said, "I don't know; but I have been very uneasy these two hours, and somebody bade me turn out and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it." Then, after a pause he demanded, "How does the ship capo?"

"Southwest by south," answered the mate; "fair for the coast, and the wind east by north." "That is good," said the captain; and after some other questions he turned to go back to his cabin, when somebody stood by him and said:

"Heave the lead!"

Upon this, the captain turned again to his second mate, saying, "When did you heave the lead? What water had you?"

"About an hour ago," replied the mate. "Sixty fathoms."

"Heave again," said the captain.

"There is no occasion, sir," replied the mate; "but if you please, it shall be done."

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being cast or heaved, they had ground at eleven fathoms. This surprised them all, but much more when, at the next cast, it came up seven fathoms!

Upon this, the captain, in a fright, bade them put the helm a-lee, and about ship, all hands being ordered to back the sails, as is usual in such cases.

The proper orders being obeyed, the ship "stayed" and came about; but before the sails filled, she had but four fathoms and a half water under her stern. As soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven fathoms again, and at the next cast, eleven fathoms, and so on to twenty fathoms. They then stood off to seaward all the rest of the watch, to get into deep water, till day-break, when, being a clear morning, the capes of Virginia and other points of the American coast were in fair view under their stern, and but a few leagues distant. Had they stood on but a cable's length further, as they were going, they would have been hump ashore, and certainly lost their ship, if not their lives, all through the erroneous reckonings they had taken on the previous day.

The Mutilation of Dogs.

Sir Edwin Landseer, one of the judges at the dog show in London, Eng., endeavored to exclude all dogs that had been mutilated by ear-cropping or otherwise. The principal reason (says a correspondent) for Sir Edwin Landseer's protest is, that the cropping of ears is most cruel and hurtful to the dog. The cruelty complained of is not in the operation; that, after all, is a small matter. It consists in depriving the animal of a defence which Nature has given to it against the entrance of earth and sand into the ears. The entrance of these into the ears distress the dog much, causing deafness, abscesses and cancer. All dogs, more or less, require to be protected from sand and earth by overlapping ears; but especially do terriers—literally "earth dogs"—the species which, of all others, is most persecuted by cropping. They go into a burrow, their ears get full of sand, and they suffer ever afterwards. Surely Sir Edwin Landseer is right in saying that judges of dogs ought not to sanction such gross treatment of the animal, and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should look to the practice. The only excuse that can be set up for the system is a delusive one. It is said that fighting dogs fare better with their ears cropped, and the exigencies of fighting dogs have set the fashion for all others. It is true that if an ear be gone it cannot be torn, but then it is forgotten that even for fighting purposes the ear is often a protection. All these fighting dogs have what are called "points." One has the way of seizing the leg, another fixes upon the throat, and yet another makes a dash at the large gland behind the ear, which in the dog is as sensitive as the most sensitive gland in the human body. Deprive the dog of his ear, and the assailant can get a good bit of it and lay his adversary low. Leave the dog his ear, and the assailant's grasp of the sensitive gland is impeded by the folds of the ear and rendered much more feeble. Thus, even to the fighting dog, the long ear is a positive defence.

More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.



MISS BELLEW BEHOLDS THE VISION OF HER LOVER'S DEATH.

clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long, deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured, at length; "why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I *must* go—yes, yes."

"Anne, dearest! why do you talk so? Charles is gone. He will soon return—he will, indeed!" sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane!" She shuddered. "Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss Bellew, you are dreaming—raving—indeed, you are!" said I, holding her hand in mine. "Come, come, you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies; you must not, indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah, me! Charles is dead! I know it—I saw him! Shot right through the heart! They were stripping him when—"

And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned.

Mrs. Sutton could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty we succeeded in restoring Miss Bellew once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into the other life without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss Bellew for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. Sutton had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy, for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally "come o'er us like a summer cloud," astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was again at Miss Bellew's bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening, only feebler, and almost continually stupefied. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe, but invisible stroke; she said scarcely anything, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered, at intervals:

"Yes; shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow!"

There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us a very little longer.

After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick-chamber, and sat by Miss Bellew's bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides,

something mysterious and awe-inspiring—something of what in Scotland is called "second sight"—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her; "gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me! Ah! I recollect!" she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' those cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the same while! What was the verse—I was singing when I saw"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—"

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he—
On the banks of Allan Water
None so gay as she;
But the summer grief had brought her—
And the soldier—false was he."

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never!"

She groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter, faintly, some such words as, "Oh, let me—let me leave in peace!"

During the two next days she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanor particularly noticed was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!"—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that, on the fourth morning of Miss Bellew's illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles Perivall had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence that the young captain had fallen toward the close of the battle of Waterloo? for while in the act of charging at the head of the corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol right through the heart! The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss Bellew's prediction.

How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, of whether to communicate it at all at present? The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, entrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received—that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid in her bed—convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter, which I then held in my hand. After awhile she observed it; her eyes suddenly settled on the ample coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain.

I now wished to heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command, "My dear girl—now do n't

be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you."

She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eyes assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavors to moisten them.

"This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued; "it is from the colonel, and brings word that—that—"

I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is dead!—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss Bellew, interrupting me with as clear and distinct a voice as she ever had in her life.

I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear Miss Bellew, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly."

"Doctor! tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep! Oh! give it, give it me; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she feebly, uttering the word at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—that I could weep, doctor!" She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words, "Call her—hush!" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas! I too well understood it! With much trepidation, I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!"—she sobbed, and knelt down by the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love!—darling! Do n't you know me?" she groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly.

Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer, but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne; speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started, exclaimed, "Oh, heaven! she's dead!" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor.

Alas, alas! it was too true; my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S VISION.

In the year 1664, one Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called the *Society*, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia. The vessel being sent light to Virginia, for a loading of tobacco, had not many goods in her outward-bound.

They had a pretty good passage; and one day they made an observation, when the mates and officers brought their books and cast up their reckonings with the captain, to see how near they were to the coast of America. They all agreed that they were at least about a hundred

The Lecture Room.

Science Man's Great Saviour.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON. In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., March 21st, 1869.

We give below a synoptical report of the Professor's remarks. He said:

Eighteen hundred years ago a poor, trembling jailer said to his two prisoners: "Hrs, what must I do to be saved?" And the answer they gave him was:

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

Millions since that day have been asking this same momentous and important question with fearful eyes, and the Christian teachers have generally given the same reply. Some time or other, said the lecturer, this interrogation arose in every human soul, and it would be well to consider its significance. Webster says to "preserve" to remove from injury, destruction, or evil of any kind; to remove from danger. Will belief in Jesus save us in this sense of the word? Will it protect from injury, destruction and danger? If it will, oh blessed faith! let us welcome it to our hearts and enjoy it forever! But let us see?

Ignorance is the parent of profligate ill; the ignorant father brings into the world children who never can be healthy or wise, whose lives must be a constant curse. The ignorant farmer does not know how to produce the crops by which to feed his hungry family. Ignorant presidents or kings make lands and nations mourn. Everywhere we are met by the effects of this evil; it is the fruitful soil in which vices grow and yield their baneful crops. Will belief in Jesus save us from ignorance? belief that he was born of the Virgin Mary, that he lived, or died, that he had powers superior to natural laws? This is by no means the case. Jesus himself (said the lecturer) was not the most intelligent man who ever lived on this planet; he knew but little of science; and one of the greatest expositors of the Christian faith, writing to the Corinthians, among whom he had preached, said:

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

And another believer had written:

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath but how we may escape the death that never, never dies!"

And if he thought of nothing but how to be saved by belief in Christ from a death that he was never in danger of, he must indeed have been an ignorant man.

Can the belief in Jesus save us from poverty? Poverty, so to speak, takes the backbones out of a man. Franklin says: "An empty bag cannot stand uprightly;" and it is equally hard for a man to do so with an empty pocket. Can the belief in Jesus rid us of its terrible consequences—want and temptation? Why, Jesus himself was poor; he said:

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

No poor was he, and so poor were his disciples, that when a slight tax was levied upon them, it required a miracle to raise the means of paying it; the pockets of the whole twelve could not furnish it. Christians generally (said the lecturer) were rich only in proportion as they departed from the direct commandments of him whom they professed to believe in and follow. Jesus said:

"Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life."

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

One of his professed followers, and most devoted admirers, said:

"Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

If we were to act on this principle (said the lecturer) we should be poor, and could not help ourselves. We should be dependent upon others in our old age, from having neglected in our youth to prepare for it. If we followed this principle where would be our steam-engines, our railroads, our printing-presses and telegraphs, all of which are the answers to the demands of that spirit in man which teaches him to prepare for coming needs? Therefore a belief in Jesus could not cure us of poverty. On the contrary, the more consistently we adhered to our belief, the greater would be our poverty.

Will a belief in Jesus cure disease? Disease is a great and wide-spread evil; its venom rankles in the heart, dims the eye, and palsies the hand; it has been estimated that one-half of the people on this planet are diseased. If a belief in Jesus can cure us, then welcome, Jesus! we will throw our physic to the dogs, and thou shalt be our Great Physician! But this is by no means the case; believers in him are just as liable to sickness as their infidel neighbors; in fact, more so, for as Solomon said of the coulees, Christians "are but a feeble folk," and every now and then their ministers need a ticket of leave to visit Italy or France or some other country to recuperate their exhausted energies, broken down as they say in their Master's cause. Some of the early Christians believed that they could cure sickness by their faith in Christ. James said:

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord."

And the prayer of faith shall save the sick."

In actual life (said the lecturer) it would be found that few believed this; they evidently had more faith in the pills of the physician than the prayers of the elder, and believed more in the efficiency of an internal than an external application of oil. If it were otherwise, the elders of the church would have no rest from their labors among their suffering brethren!

What will this religion save us from? What will a belief in Jesus deliver man from? Death, where told by our Orthodox friends, is a terrible curse; they say it is the ordained punishment for the sins of mankind. Can a belief in Jesus save us from death? Why, it could not save Christ himself! It does not even save men from the fear of death. Jesus cried out in the garden of Gethsemane:

"Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

But it was not possible; he was obliged to drink it to the very dregs, and in his expiring agony he cried out from the summit of Calvary:

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

If (said the lecturer) an infidel had died saying those words, we should never have heard the last of it.

Christians fear death more than any other class of people. They believe in an angry God, mercilessly bent on the unending torment of the sinner; in a personal devil ever ready to clutch the unwary soul. They believe that one single unrepented sin can shut to them the gates of paradise, and plunge them to the "abyss where all is ruin." Why should they not fear death? Who could blame them? or who would not fear under the same circumstances?

Thus by the very lives and examples of his followers, do we see that a belief in Jesus does not save man from death or the fear of death. The

lightning, leaping from the bosom of the thunder cloud, may strike dead the minister in the pulpit, and all the consolation the church has to offer is, "Mysterious are the ways of Providence."

Can this belief save men from drowning? Suppose two men are struggling in the water—a Christian and an unbeliever—who, think you, will sink first? Why, the man who can't swim!

Will this belief save its disciples from fire? Christians find Insurance Companies as great a convenience as any other class of the community, and are obliged to look after their property as carefully as to their infidel neighbors.

In what way, and from what does it save us, then? "Oh," says one of its followers, "our religion was not got up to save us from fire, and from disease and poverty, and all such trivial matters appertaining to this fleeting mortal existence, but to remove us from the power and pollution of sin, to deliver us from the wrath of God, and preserve us from final and everlasting torment in the realms of eternal death." If it will do this, we will sing hymns to its praise, and none will be more ready to receive it than we. But does it save men from sin? Jesus himself did not profess to be saved from sin. When one came to him addressing him as "Good Master," he answered him:

"Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God."

If Jesus was not good, how could we hope to be? John, the beloved disciple, says:

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Solomon, whom the Christians believe to have been the wisest man the world ever saw, or ever will see, says:

"There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not."

Where, then, are the people who are saved from sin? Are they offered up Sabbath after Sabbath? "Oh God, our Heavenly Father, we have done that which we should have left undone; we have left undone that which thou hast enjoined upon us to do, and the truth is not in us; we wander like lost sheep; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, we are wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores, and there is no health in us. Oh God, have mercy upon us, miserably sinners!" And all the people say "Amen!" Why do they say so? Because they feel that it is their duty, exactly, and they want God to have mercy upon them. Where are the saved, then? Even the sinner does not profess to be saved, according to his own admission. Jesus taught, and his followers, some once and some two or three times a day, are wont to repeat:

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Thus they admit daily that they are sinners. Where, then, are the saved people? We read:

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

We have (said the lecturer) in Boston many saved people; people who think they are going to heaven, while the poor sinner is to be shut out in everlasting darkness. Now, is there among them all one who never lies, never deceives, is absolutely honest? a man who puts as good apples in the centre of the barrel as at the ends? a man who is never angry or sulky, who never refuses to help the needy, who is temperate in all things, and whose conscience absolves him at all times? If there is one who says he does let us question him; and then call up his life, and question him line upon line, and look about for a better. But what makes God angry? The answer of the Christian is that it is sin. "God is wrath against the wicked." But cannot you see that you are committing sin every day, according to your own confession? You are as wicked as your wicked unbelieving neighbor; if your religion does not save you from sin, it cannot save you from the wrath of God, if sin makes him angry?

"Ah!" says my friend, "it saves me from eternal torment!" So you get religion as a sort of insurance policy against eternal fire! But is there anything in Nature that tells of eternal torment? Can you trace it to a single atom? Can you see splendor upon the galleons and the church spire? In the moon, whose silver radiance looks through the prison bars as kindly upon felons and convicts, as it does through the windows of the palace upon kings and queens? In the rain, that falls with equal blessing on the just and the unjust? Not all Nature gives the lie to this Orthodox fable, and tells us there is no such thing as eternal torment. Therefore a belief in Jesus cannot save you from that which is not!

But it might be said by some that those who followed Jesus would be saved, while the rest would be left outside in utter darkness, to pay the penalty of their wanderings. But since all Christians are found in their eternal attainments to acknowledge that they did not follow Christ, it could plainly be seen that their belief could not save them from such a place of darkness and torment provided it existed. So we could see that the plan of salvation failed everywhere. There was not one evil which belonged to the lot of humanity which did not fall with equal severity upon the Christian and the unbeliever; there was not one of those evils from which a belief in Jesus could save mankind; if so, he (the lecturer) would like to have some one point it out.

But we were followed by evils as numerous and bloodthirsty as the mosquitoes of August. What must we do to be saved from them? Were we always to be so? No! We are to-day freed (said the lecturer) from many evils which troubled our ancestors. Go back and see the condition of the people who once lived on this planet, as revealed by archaeological research; naked, with no houses, abiding in hollow trees, or caves in the rocks, with the ice of winter forming around them, till the breath of spring sent them forth like hungry wolves to satisfy their deadly appetite. What has saved us from the condition in which the race once was? Science? which is man's great Saviour. Science taught man to weave and to spin, that comfortable garments might protect him from the cold; Science put into his hand first an ax of stone, then an ax of bronze, and finally one of steel, and taught him to reared the first rude hut, then the frame building, and in the process of ages the stately palace in all its magnificence. Where now a thousand civilized beings obtain the comforts of life, an hundred savages would have starved to death in the olden days; the land covered with the snows of winter, the game all fled, imagination could follow the hunter as he waded the snowdrifts; and after days of wandering, we could see him return without food to his hollow-eyed wife and children; and one by one gaunt famine seized them, death despatched them, and when spring again came the prevailing wolves picked their bones! What made the difference between the savages of the past and the man of the present? Science, knowledge, intelligence! By their light man became possessed of the information necessary for tilling the ground, sowing the seed, and reaping the crop, till the bread of the world waved in every harvest field. By them he was taught to lay by the surplus produce against a time of need. Science had saved us; knowledge had delivered us!

There was once a time (said the lecturer) that when a savage wanted to go a hundred miles he must go every step on foot, and after days of laborious marching, arrived at his journey's end he would throw his weary body exhausted on the ground, to regard the rest of his life as a burden. But Science taught man to tame the horse, and sent him with a grape-vine bridle, careering on his way, rejoicing in his new found treasure; and in process of time Science gave to him the iron horse, who sweeps with tireless feet over hills and valleys, annihilating distance as he roars along. We had been taught these, because Science is man's everlasting benefactor; and only through her had mankind reached the wonderful achievements of the present hour!

Science saved us to-day, said the lecturer. When the black clouds roll along the heavens, and the lightning flashes forth from their murky depths, an engine of destruction, slender rod conveys it in safety to the ground, and we are

saved. Franklin saves us in this instance in doing more than Jesus; and his lightning rod is more efficacious than the cross of Christ. He saves us because in his day he was a student of science, and applied the lessons she put forth for the good of man.

When the river flooded with the falling rain swept away the bridge, exposing human beings to a watery grave, it was science aided by benevolence which manned the boat and saved the trembling victim. Science taught man how to build the boat; benevolence nerved the strong arms that pulled the oars. You might look perhaps in vain in the Lamb's Book of Life for their names; for that book does not contain the names of a millionth part of earth's noble hearts; and no church can hold a monopoly of them.

Science, with an arming crew of fire rang through the still night air, and the clanging bell and the raving trump of brazen proclamation, the advent of the deadly element; when far up amid the flames a mother screamed out, "Oh God, save my child!" and the ladder rose through the surging smoke, and stout, brave men bore her in triumph to the ground, who saved her and her child? It was science, aided by benevolence. Religion and superstitious pretend to have done the work, but it was science that saved. These religious charlatans would have mankind believe that all the great improvements of the age were the birth of their own; that they invented the telegraph, and constructed the locomotive; when the truth was they sat dozing in their cushioned seats, till the scream of the locomotive awoke them from their slumbers and led them forth under the open sky to learn what science was doing for mankind.

When man filled with the thought of life's uncertainty beheld above him suspended the fear of death, like a great black extinguisher to his soul, what saved him from that fear? Certainly not the faith of the church, for it was that very thing which conjured up that awful monster. The Pagans did not have such a fearful dread of death; the worst they feared was that when they died they would be buried in the ground, and that they would never see their loved ones again. The Christian, however, who had heard of the hell which he believed to be a place where he would sit on a dunp cloud and sing forever; such music would be rather monotonous when accompanied only by a harp—and a jeweler at that. We have learned that the world awaiting us presents advantages for the development of every faculty for good; it is a world containing just as solid rock to the spirit as that of our planet is to the body, and more so. There mountains reared their heads, cleaving the sky, and round their crests gathered the shrouding clouds, as on our own beautiful planet; there lakes reposed, and there flowed the rivers in the glassy waters; there flowers sent forth their fragrant and bright their choral song; and binding over all was a heaven, with its worlds and systems, satellites and stars. There could be found work for all who wanted it in the improvement of their higher powers. There the geologist would find more rocks than the "Rock of Ages," upon which to exercise his exploring and classifying skill; there the botanist would find other flowers than the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley," to furnish food for his scientific examination. In fact, were it not so, what botanist would want to go there to spend one-half of eternity in studying the one and the other hand viewing the other. There would be no room for the soul to expand, gaining knowledge and wisdom in the never ending path of progress. When a man gets such a philosophy, and learns that there is not a chance for a doubt of its truth, away go the bugbears of the past, and he marches out into the glorious future—all his fears gone forever!

But some might inquire: "Do you say Jesus is not a Saviour in any respect?" The lecturer would not be understood as saying so. Every man and every woman could be in some sense a saviour. The good comprised every one by turns. There was a man or woman present who had not been at some time, or some place, or in some way, a greater Saviour than Jesus could possibly be. Those who feel the hungry, strove to remove the ills that flesh is heir to, and worked to bring on the "good time coming" were saviours of the race in proportion to their labors. When we made Jesus the great Saviour, we robbed many noble souls of their due. He was a good man in his day—he is a friend of ours, and a brother. We should try to do him justice; and justice to him is to tell the truth about him. He did to save himself, just as all mortals must save themselves. All men could aid each other in the work of salvation; and in this sense all men could be saviours. Some of the saviours were long ago; he included Socrates, Seneca, Plato, and Aristotle, as well as Jesus; on his roll it counted the names of John Wesley, John Fox—saviours in their way; Theodor Parker, who was a saviour in his time [applause]; William Lloyd Garrison, a living saviour, and multitudes more, whom it would take a whole day to enumerate; men who worked in all times to remove the dark clouds which lay between us and the heaven of our enjoyment.

Blessed be these saviours. Let us strive to emulate their works and virtues. My brother, what is it that troubles you? Do you want to be saved from poverty? You can. Seek for knowledge on the subject, and dare to put it into practice; be industrious and economical, abstain from liquors, tea and coffee—you will be better without them; and save the money you save, and give it to the poor in all things; thus the knowledge you want, and it will save you from poverty, if followed. A belief in Jesus for a hundred years would not put a cent into your pocket.

Are you sick? I think you can be cured. What must you do? Learn the laws of health, get books which treat upon physiology, study them, and then practically embody their teachings in your life. You must be employed at something; eat less; there is not much danger of starving in this country. Drink nothing but water—get plenty of fresh air and sunshine—Nature's remedies, which are poured out freely to all—and you can learn to be sound in body, and to enjoy life as you live, but you say, "I am a great sinner!" So are we all, but no belief in Jesus, or anybody else, can save us from our sin. Phrenology tells us, by the peculiar formation of the brain, what evils we are likely to be most assailed by; it teaches that those having a large back-brain are exposed to constant temptation from their animal natures. Now if you can find where your weak point is, avoid temptation in that direction—do not seek it. There lives not a man who cannot be led into sin if he is sufficiently tempted. Temptation does not make you strong.

The lecturer here referred to the temptations to overeating, and cautioned those exposed to guard the avenue of approach by simple diet. He reminded those whose trouble was amateness, that a great deal of it arose from unduly stimulating the system by exciting food and drinks, thus giving power to the animal passions, and weakening the intellect. He said to the young men, "Get married, if you can afford it; and if you can't afford it get married." There were women in the world who, under right conditions, would be a saviour to any man. The law of God was manifest in the case; one man and one woman, united for life. Away with the hunting for amities, and some miserable creature man, satisfied by kind to her as you were when you sought her in the early days, before the storms of life had robbed her of her young beauty. The lecturer said the evils attending the departure from this principle were to be seen each day around us. We needed to be saved in that direction, and saved with a great salvation. The time would come when men and women would understand these things better, and teach the young the duties attending the high office of parental love; they should be taught physiology, and the effects of physical intemperance in the single or married life!

The lecturer closed with an eloquent passage, portraying the sure advance of science and knowledge, and the consequent diffusion of benefits and blessings to the human race in the years that are to come.

Original Essay.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY DYER D. LUM. No. III.—ORIGIN OF RELIGIOUS RITES AND CEREMONIES.

Religion being, as we have seen, an element of our spiritual constitution, mankind would inevitably be led to some open manifestation of it. Living in a barbarous and unlettered condition, the sport of conflicting forces alternately fostering and destroying the fruit of his labors, and exciting fear and trembling by the waywardness of their action, he would naturally seek for some explanation of the fact and means to avert such calamities in future.

Trees sheltered him from the burning rays of the sun and afforded fuel for his fire; fire warmed him when chilled by exposure, and prepared his food in a more palatable manner; beasts clothed him and could be made useful to lighten his labors; water not only slaked his thirst, but also cleansed his body; rains refreshed him, and gave renewed life to vegetation. But these events would call forth no thought from a savage mind. But their rude and selfish consciousness could not but observe that these events were not always calculated for their benefit, but apparently were controlled by motives as uncertain and contrary as human passions. These unknown forces excited their fears and terrors. Fire could consume him, water drown him, trees crush him. What the sun had nurtured, storms would destroy. The long and patient labors of multitudes would, in a few hours, be swept away. Whence came this strange contrariety of actions, so like in its effects to human passions and impulses? Evidently from superior beings, invisible 'tis true, but whose existence and power were daily seen in the devastating effects they produced. "It is the unhappiness of our nature," says Malouet, "that ignorance suggests fear, and fear cruelty. They must, therefore, be very little acquainted with human nature, and still less so with history, who place the golden age of any people in the age of its poverty and ignorance."

In the early stages of human culture," says Dr. Alger, "when the natural sensibilities are intensely preponderant in power and the critical judgment is in abeyance, whatever strongly moves the soul causes a poetical secretion on the part of the imagination. Thus a rainbow is personified; a waterfall is supposed to be haunted by spiritual beings; a volcano with fiery orator is seen as a Cyclops with one flaming eye in the centre of his forehead. This law holds not only in relation to impressive objects or appearances in Nature, but also in relation to occurrences, traditions, usages. In this way innumerable myths arise—explanatory or amplifying thoughts created by the stimulated imagination, and then narrated as events."

This Fetichism slowly emerged as the natural result of man's necessities. Every forest, river, mountain and glen; every tree, rock and inanimate thing, had their own inward life. But, it has been asserted, this tends to show that religion had its origin in ignorance of the natural causes of events. Not so; through ignorance they offered their prayers and sacrifices to imaginary beings, but the ignorance only caused the misdirection of their supplication; it was not the cause of the heartfelt need of prayer. That exists independent of fear and ignorance. By the very constitution of the human mind he would be led up-ward through these conceptions, and, from that remote epoch to our day, surrounded as we are by all the comforts of civilized life and material prosperity, man has never yet been able to shake off this feeling of dependence on the Unseen.

Their mythology was, as Mr. Grote so ably argues, "a special product of the imagination and feelings, radically distinct from history and philosophy." Primitive man was, as savage races of to-day are, infantile in intellect. As the child will beat the chair against which he has fallen, or talk to his playthings, so men transferred to every object those qualities with which they were familiarly acquainted and immediately conscious. Nor is this feeling confined to savage life alone, for even in times as recent as that of Tycho Brahe, we find that distinguished astronomer proposing, as an explanation of the ebb and flow of the tides, that it was the slow respiration of the globe itself, to which he must consequently have ascribed a kind of animal nature or life.

It would be the natural wish of man, his intense desire in performing any given action, to have it accomplished unimpeded by these wayward powers, and an entreaty, or prayer, to them would be merely the vocal expression of the inner desire. His fears would force him to some expression of his hopes and wishes. His life being one continual struggle for existence, experience not having, as yet, taught him how to protect himself against the ever-recurring dangers which were continually threatening him with death or injury; his sense of dependence being deepened by every day's added experience, and the apparent intelligent motives which moved these fearful forces, would naturally cause him to appeal to them and give expression to the inner feeling. In all his actions and plans there would arise a growing fear of their abortive termination. Hence, from this feeling of hope and terror of the unknown to the open expression of the wish, is but a step, as inevitable as natural.

Instinctive actions naturally acquire a method, if we may so speak. Being himself in the savage phase of human development, but a few degrees removed from the higher brute creation; a cannibal in nature, actuated by brutish passions, un-influenced by the higher and more intellectual sentiments of love, gratitude and charity, his delicacies, or unknown powers—for feeling preceded fancy—being, as in all ages has invariably been the case, but the prolongation of his inner self into objective existence, would be characterized by resistless power, by unlimited brute force; altogether uninfluenced by the finer feelings, of which, as yet, he had no conception. For, in the words of Lubbeck, "the first idea of a God is always as an evil spirit." As he obtained favor of his more powerful neighbor, he would seek to escape from these dread beings, only using more elaborate ceremonies and greater sacrifices. Their system of government—if such we may term it—was essentially despotic, based upon the complete subordination of the weaker to the stronger, a recognition of Might as the prevailing and unquestioned rule, untempered with love or mercy; hence, it would be unphilosophical to look for higher ideas in their conceptions of the mode of action of higher powers.

Forms and ceremonies thus obtained footing; not the result of fraud on the part of interested deceivers, but the natural outgrowth of man's religious nature, influenced by the conditions of the period in which he lived; the expression in form of his highest aspirations. They must have been long observed before the establishment of a priesthood. With no leisure for thought and reflection, every one would at first be their own intercessor, each seeking their own benefit in pure selfishness.

The institution of a priesthood would be the result of a later and more advanced growth—the outgrowth of their consciousness of community of interests.

When, in the natural evolution of ideas, these forms had been systematized, altars erected and sacrifices offered, either to appease the anger or engage the favor of these all-powerful beings, the most natural and simple modes would be at first observed. Consequently we are led to ascribe the first feelings of community of interests as arising in the family relation. Man, the head of the family, would, as he became developed, feel other need of divine favor than the purely selfish ones of life and comfort that had hitherto mainly actuated him. Though still in a low condition, the love of offspring, a recognition of their dependence upon him, an affinity of interests with those with whom he was in constant association and joint action in time of danger would inevitably be evolved, and he eventually be brought to remember them in his entreaties and offerings. Thus the altar would, in time, become the Family Altar, and the father, the intercessor for them in averting divine wrath. Thus we recognize the dawning of the priestly character in man's consciousness of parental obligations ultimating in the Patriarchal relation.

As man became developed to a higher condition and began to live by other means than those provided by Nature; had begun to perceive the benefits derived from labor, and became more intimately associated with his fellows, organizing in societies and tribes for mutual defence and protection, and with the dawn of consciousness of their mutual relation and dependence on each other, there would arise—the natural outgrowth of this new feeling—a still deeper and more profound sense of worship and its duties. With association there would be evolved a division of labor to lighten the toils of the individual members. It could only have been after mankind had arrived to this stage that the institution of a class of men, devoted to the study of the will of the unseen powers, could begin to be dimly fore-shadowed.

In the Patriarchal or Family relation, we saw necessarily evolved the conception of a Family Altar and the recognition of man—as the Head of the family—as intercessor. In the natural association of mankind into communities or tribes for mutual protection and defence, this idea would receive a still higher development. Some men now would devote their whole leisure to the study of the Unseen; seers and poets would be regarded as special favorites of the gods, and become set apart and recognized as such; not by actual selection, but rather by tacit consent. With their growing needs as a community and ascent in civilization, there would arise a necessity for some higher mode of worship. Spiritual perception would become enlarged and extended to embrace the tribe, for whenever these demands for further spirituality or greater facilities of spiritual intercourse arise, the supply is invariably furnished.

But this stage was only reached at the culminating point of Fetichism. The underlying principle of all fetich faith was the endowment of every object with consciousness. Every tree, rock, hill and spring, was a fetich, consequently their faith was elementarily of an individual and concrete nature. In its higher development only did it arise to a recognition of fetiches for the tribe. There would occur a growing tendency to abstract and generalize in his new relations, "where the mind can at once recognize in a multitude of things one and the same power of affecting human interests." Thus the fetich of the tree was replaced by the fetich of the forest, and these finally subordinated to more abstract generalization.

"As thought advanced," says Mill, "not only all physical agencies capable of ready generalization, as Night, Morning, Sleep, Death, together with the more obvious of the great emotional agencies, Beauty, Love, War, but by degrees also the ideal products of a higher abstraction, as Wisdom, Justice, and the like, were severally accounted the work and manifestation of as many special divinities."

Long centuries have rolled away and Fetichism is only extant in dark corners of the earth. We boast of our Christian enlightenment; yet there still lingers traces of its spirit. The ignorant are always prone to Fetichism. The ignorant Catholic has a fetich in the wafer; our unenlightened Orthodox friend has his Creed and our Advent brethren their Bible, which they are too apt to venerate with the identical feelings that characterized the age of Fetichism, a superstitious awe and regard, bestowed on an object in which is supposed to reside some imaginary virtue or principle. Goethe has said, and it is as true now as in pre-historic times, "Man is a true Narcissus; he delights to see his own image everywhere; and he spreads himself underneath the universe like the amalgam behind the glass. * * * His wisdom, his folly, his will and his caprice, he attributes alike to the animal, the plant, the elements and the gods."

THE ROCKS.

Watch well the wind-clouds, sailors all! That hurry over the sky; And trim your sails for the sudden squall, And steer with a steady eye.

There's a sullen roar on the ragged rocks, And a streak of foam on the strand, And the sea is moved with sudden shocks, And a gloom is o'er the land.

A woman waits on the windy steep, And her face is wan and wild, And next her bosom, fast asleep, There lies a little child.

The night comes down in storm and roar, And the rocks with foam are white, But the woman waits on the windy shore, For the ship is full in sight.

There's a calm at last in the noisy sea, But a sound of woe on the land, And the sun is shimmering silvery In spangles o'er the sand.

The sea is still, but the s is deep, And the rocks are grim and gray, The storm had taken—the sea will keep, And the woman may go her way.

SLEEPING TOGETHER.—The "Laws of Life" says more quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school girls, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night, under the same bed clothes, than by almost any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the system of a person who is nervous in effeminate force as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorbent will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law; and in married life it is defied almost universally.

As you rise in life, so does the envy of the world increase; the man who makes a reputation makes enemies.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE. A DAY AMONG THE STRAWBERRIES AT SOUTH PASS, ON THE FRUIT HILLS OF ILLINOIS.

If we could accurately describe the business of one day at a farm and the station, we are sure it would excuse us from all further correspondence for one week. On the little farm of our Little and her husband and three little grandchildren are forty colored women and children which we brought from Cairo. They picked in one day over twelve hundred quarts of strawberries...

DU QUOIN, ILL.

Travelers, visitors, citizens and strangers have long known and often reported Du Quoin to be the best situated, best built, handsomest and most enterprising town below Centralia on the Illinois Central Railroad, in Illinois, or in the entire region known as Egypt. This whole section of the State is morally and intellectually dark enough to merit the name, but the new towns along the railroad are, of course, exceptions, and this is undoubtedly an extreme. One evidence, better than any other, is its superior school-houses, inferior churches, and an organization of Spiritualists with a Lyceum and a good hall and the best speakers when they can be obtained. We had the pleasure of speaking to two audiences in their hall, such as are not often collected in Egypt, and we announced Dr. Dunn for the next two Sabbaths, during which he is to retrace and more fully organize the Lyceum. South Pass is nearly ready for similar movements, or would be were it not for the immense fruit crops, which keep every man, woman and child busy during most of the summer.

We had the pleasure of meeting with and addressing the students and teachers in the College of Southern Illinois, at the flourishing little town of Carbondale, at present the home of Frances D. Gage, whose illness prevented us from seeing this noble worker in the cause of human progress. President Brayton and his talented assistants have already made this college popular and successful, and it is in a highly flourishing condition. No section of our country needs it more, and none appreciates its value more than that portion which is receiving the benefits and talents of the popular faculty. The institution is slightly sectarian, but far from bigoted or tyrannical. Any and all good faithful students will be left to pursue their studies without being crowded into any religious belief. Southern Illinois is rapidly turning out of all forms of sectarian religion and looking after a more rational system than any creed furnishes.

PLACES FOR SPIRITUAL MEETINGS, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—"The groves were God's first temples," and in no place can the soul of man approach so near to or come so perfectly in rapport with the soul of all things, as when surrounded only by the manifestations in nature which spontaneously clothe it in beauty and majesty. The most ancient religions of the earth sought the solitudes of the "groves" in which to commune with the unseen powers that help to "shape our ends," and when that "jealous" God of the Hebrews claimed the supremacy in Judea and from time to time won the battle in his strife with Balaam and others, it was at the expense, in many instances, of "outing down the groves," till in that fine climate, where a protection from the sun and a spring of water were among the chief blessings of life, an arid waste now greets the wanderer, fit emblem of the stern and cruel character given to the Jehovah of that small and obscure nation.

Our forefathers, the Druids, worshipped in groves alone, and the northern oak was a fit emblem of the strong and far branching soul that moved the Anglo-Saxon race up the hills and mountains of progression, till it stands preëminent to-day among the sons of earth. The nearer we can get to Nature, the nearer we are to God, but in order to enjoy the influx of spiritual influences of any kind, and to profit by them, the body must be comfortable. In our climate this cannot be attained without some protection from the elements more than nature usually affords, but this should be as simple and as near to nature as is consistent with the simple, uncontaminated idens of comfort in the natural man and woman. The ground alone as a pavement is a better "conductor" of soul reforming influences than mosaic marbles; and an open shed with an entrance all around, has witnessed many an outpouring of the spirit which painted windows and gilded organs would have failed to call down. In such a place as this each seeker feels at home. He is under no obligations to any one for a cushioned seat, and his mind is not distracted by the fear of disobeying some of the rules, or shocking some of the proprietors of the place. I do hope that Spiritualists will set the example in all their places of public gathering of having perfect freedom in their seats and other conveniences, letting each one have the privilege of going or coming when they desire, and occupying any position they consider most eligible. In this way a class of hearers may be reached who would never enter a marble doorway, but who are just as valuable in the eyes of the future as any of Mrs. Grundy's numbers.

Let Spiritualists distinguish themselves by the plainness of their "meeting-houses," the openness of their doors, and the freedom of entrance and exit, which will call in even the "unwashed" from the wayside, so that even the larger hear "publicans" and street sinners may hear of the simple gospel of immortality so long covered up in the dogmas and ceremonies of the Church. And now for the practical part of my long introduction—the way to build a cheap "tabernacle" in the wilderness. Within reach of almost every little town in the West is a straw mill which cuts staves for dry barrels out of all kinds of timber. If these are cut very thin—not over one-fourth of an inch—and edged up straight they will make, when laid double, the cheapest and most effective roofing it is possible to get. If made of good pine timber they will last longer than shingles, and need only be laid on narrow strips of set-posts in the ground—seven feet in length will do four feet apart in two rows the length of the building required. On these may be set, or spiked,

the foot of the rafters, which may be as long as twenty-four feet, and span a building thirty-six feet wide. Bolt the tops of these rafters together, and nail across collar beams of inch boards about the middle of their height. Then nail on the ribs and cover with the "shakes" or slatting. In this manner a building can be put up that will guard against sun and rain, and will stand secure for some years, at a cost of less than forty cents for every person it will seat, in any Western village, and if your readers do believe it you can refer inquirers to me for further evidence. Of course it would only do for summer use, but one similar to this could be finished so as to do in winter at about treble the cost. If sided down and the ends enclosed it would cost more, and in such cases would in most places rent for shows, &c., for far more than the interest on cost. I have made this kind of building, and know it will stand, and is a pleasant covering in a summer day for any gathering of people, rain or shine, which is not the case with the "groves." Yours, &c., S.

A Philanthropic Proposition from J. B. Ferguson.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—My Friends: Will you permit me to say, through your paper, that my proposed visit to England is unexpectedly and necessarily postponed for a few months, on account of duties connected with the great humanitarian interests we mutually recognize? But while reluctantly deferred, so far as my desire to meet again, many it is my pride and pleasure to remember there are co-workers of the ascending day—these spiritual evidences born of God to endow man with the power a new life beyond the desolation, the inaugurated revolutions, of our time must bring; I desire to say, also, that in no period of my life have these evidences been so clear, in their nature and character; so unmistakable in their design, and so continuous in their adaptation to the preparation of man for what may indeed be called a new era for our race. And it is no Utopia that engages and fixes my attention. Instead, the political Utopias of all time but serve to show the social need of the age in which they originate or prevail, from the mass of mankind ever sympathizing most with those organizations which display only a moderate intelligence coupled with an eminent activity. And all the failures of the cherished hopes and faint anticipations of philanthropic reformers, are but star-lights on the way to what will be a complete and triumphant success. And as the Catholic is the sum total of all ancient monotheism, and presents the most perfect form of polity it has ever assumed, so the more Catholic or universal manifestation of God in man and man in God that signalizes our generation, will reveal a polity and social development and protection freed from the fetters with which that grand old system still restricts itself, and offer to us all a hope for humanity worthy of the free evidence of a universal Divinity. In the full consciousness of this truth, I would add a word that may indicate more specifically the end to which my feeble efforts and grateful recognitions tend.

Believing, as I do, that all human governments have failed of the objects for which governments are professedly instituted among men, and yet realizing that God is the same, and the hope of humanity is predicated upon the immortality of His inspiration, whose evidences to our day transcend the recognitions of all recorded history, I do propose an effort at association that shall at least define the outlines of a new life. And I propose it to any and all of kindred realizations, who, seeking the highest good, may be willing and ready for a new movement having the amelioration and elevation of our common humanity at heart. And I propose it as the last, and I trust most perfect and mature effort of my life upon earth.

The high-born evidences of man's spiritual nature have enabled me, amid all the diversities of human development, condition, attainment, tribal, national and religious distinctions it has been my privilege to meet, to see a unity of all men in Nature and Nature's God. All are human in their nature to be men; and each individual, as an insubstantial part of a divine and therefore indivisible whole, will sooner or later, in so-called life or death, assert successfully his or her claim to all that life has brought or can bring. The failures of human effort, even when of a nature true and divine, are only apparent, and on close inspection will be found as lights on the pathway to a destiny secure in the Divinity of our origin, and the unmeasured care and direction with which our being is invested. Thus, also, even the greatest principalities and powers of the world are but the emanations from the substratum of our humanity, and scarce ever reflect the allied power of its soul, from which alone comes all inspiration of thought, will and deed, for human improvement and benefit. These grosser emanations make republics; republics consolidating their powers make governments, nationalities; and their culmination ends in robbery and oppression, until the very agencies of their own existence are turned upon and destroy them. So true is this, that what we call history is but the monotonous tale of the rise, decline and fall of nations, who go forth as it were from sun to sun and appear no more. The development of the substance upon which life on earth sustains itself; that upon which life is based for life's unfolding and sustenance, is no sooner made conspicuous than the war-cry is heard upon our brothers, justified by no reason; by no pure instinct of our humanity; by no real good to any, but alone by the power to do the greatest amount of evil to our fellows. Desolation and death have been their passport to Eternity, and the over-increasing spiritual incubus thus created weighs upon all as a burden, that in all awakened consciousness of reality makes our common path a desert bereft of the freshness, vivacity and power of love all long to enjoy and preserve. And from such misconception of life, its responsibilities and privileges, governments punish crime by becoming only more egregiously criminal; punish theft by stealing the labor of the criminal from those whom nature has made dependent; punish murder by murdering the murderer; and thus they give life to death; rob the innocent and condole, while the guilty repose at ease upon their substance—and all from an inability to meet the misfortunes and aberrations they know not how to remedy or correct. In view of facts so potent, in the clear light of the knowledge that death is only an extension of life; and in view of woes that everywhere revisit such unequal and unjust administration of combining power; and in view of the spiritual incubus thus developed upon all—I can but hail the varied and wondrous evidences of our immortal connection that have been so clearly made manifest in our times, and which in all their degrees of diversity alike in manifestation and appreciation reveal in living light the universal brotherhood of man, and the sterility of his hope in an ever unfolding future. From these evidences, unmistakably recognized, and whose law of bestowal is in the exact degree of our moral freedom and actual progress; evidences, recognized by my own senses, and attested by every intuitive edict of my nature in a tried experience extending over more than a quarter century of a consecutive life, I can in truth affirm, despite the dark aspect of all existing governmental organizations of supposed law and order, my faith in God is unshaken, and my hope for humanity is no less.

I propose, therefore, without respect to differences of creed or caste, to unite with any in an effort to secure all that can be secured by us, under the recognition of the individual right and claim of each man and woman, feeling himself or herself divinely led to such an effort, in whatever measure of unity we may be prepared to exemplify. I desire no one in this movement who feels that he or she can or should do anything better than we propose; no one upon whom just claims of others are still fastened; no one who must needs abandon or neglect any naturally dependent upon them by such an effort. For it is only as we are freed from such claims, are we free to inaugurate a new movement. And yet I desire every condition of humanity to be embraced in such an effort.

And as I am prompted to make this proposal, it is but right that I should say that I have fulfilled all such claims of human justice, and have thus, under a spiritual guidance, gained the right to propose an effort not at war with but in full union to all justities. My experience has, indeed, been varied; and it is no boasting, but a grateful response to attending agencies for universal good, that enables me to add, that that experience embraces in kind, if not in degree, all that has been recorded as spiritual, alike in this country and that of others. Perhaps I should also state that I was born in one State; was reared in another, of widely contrasted institutions; married in still another; and have had my home for the greater part of my life in yet another. For fifteen years I was an accepted clergyman, and held this relation in the approbation and confidence of a very large society in one of the best communities of our Union. I exhausted that relation, but believe I still retain the confidence of its people. For the few past years the world has been my church, and humanity at large its membership; God alone its di-

rector and protector. During this period I have traveled extensively, and studiously compared the differing institutions of different countries and governments; and I owe it to truth and candor to say that in no condition of my kind I have been called upon to meet, from the lowest forms of brutality, as exhibited in war or in mobs, to the highest pretensions to intelligence and refinement, have I found the spiritual administering either absent or inadequate; and, further, in a most trying career have I been enabled to see the claims of truth, justice and right, and preserve that sense of honor, without which, even careful observation and laborious study prove abortive to the ends of life. For over twenty-seven years I have recognized the evidences tangible, of supra-mundane life, and in no serious hour of responsibility and duty, no season of danger or temptation, or aberration, have I been bereft of the attending direction, admonition, chiding or encouragement its ministrations alone affords. A direct purpose they have ever subserved, whether appreciated or not, and that is: They have guided my hope, and prepared my nature for a higher mode of life than it has ever been my privilege to meet in any of my surroundings. And, now, in devotion to what I trust, is a mutually holy purpose; in the free exercise of all my mental powers; with the living testimony of all who have ever had natural or accepted claims upon my feeble care, to the justice of my life—having seen my youngest child attain his majority—in view of all I see, enjoy, suffer, or realize, I am ready to enter with any upon the further elimination of the principles and practical measures our attending guidance may offer, or we may mutually accept for the attainment of an end which may save us from being either cumberers of the ground, or barriers to human hope, not to say falsifiers of our own higher and holier intuitions and hopes.

And it may well be for me to say, that I recognize no infallible guidance to man save that of his own soul; and I do not recognize that as infallible to himself as an individual; whilst I do recognize each soul as allied to the Infinite, wearing its ineffable impress, and receiving a divine ministering that responds in chiding or encouragement, as it may need, and at every approach to the throne of thought established in its very nature as a soul. In this consciousness, I have often and I am now made the recipient of models of association from invisible but not intangible intelligences who have thrown off the mortal form, which I want to present for consideration, adoption, modification or rejection, as each may be prepared to judge of their adaptation to his or her actual necessities. And while each of these is spiritual in its origin, and I see my whole life as having been guided, guarded and unfolded with respect to their purposes, still, I would present each, however esteemed in my measure of appreciation or affirmed in my most tried experiences, to stand or fall upon its own merit or its adaptation, in the reason and judgment of all to whom it may be offered; for so only does a real spiritual power ever present even the highest and the best.

To affirmatively define a plan of association would, at this time, only lead to useless disputation. I will only say, therefore, I have no scheme for a community of goods, or a combination of power over individual rights. Dictation has never been, and never will be, the path to progress. Whatever denies the worth of the individual or limits the universal, is alike selfish and vile. Only the harmony of the individual with the universal is God or good. The partial is not God because not good. The just and holy freedom of the spiritual—which is not a belief, but a growth of the man or soul—creates and orders all. He who realizes the divine in accord with the highest law—the law of growth—will ever say to his fellow: Do divine, with me; dwell with me in God, the Divine human! His brother's liberty unites, the twain are one. If his liberty savers, they are twain divinely. The founders, therefore, of any new or successful movement, will know of themselves all its requirements. A few already know, prophetically, and to such I appeal.

Many so-called reformers are only establishing what already exists, but what their ignorance or prejudice has prevented their seeing. Such will, in time, join the systems they have hitherto denounced and despised. Many, like most past Protestant leaders, will only establish a new sect, and that while all experience has shown that each new sect ever pits its predecessors and has a horror for its successor. No movement, therefore, is really an advance that does not rise above all sectarian and partisan limitations and intolerance, and that does not practically recognize a universal humanity in every stage of its growth, and with a spiritual alliance to each soul that must ever unfold it from every attainment gained. And no unity of even two is worth a thought, only so far as it is a unity in the full individuality of its parts; and no parts, individually free, but what will spontaneously unite whenever their attainment is found to be equal; and no such unity even can last, only as it ministers to every condition beneath it. Such unity is found only in recognized and welcomed diversity, for by this it is maintained and extended; but it knows no antagonism, for to it none exists. The highest spiritual is ever the highest unity, for they are twin brothers, loved and beloved alike; say, they are Nature's power that propitiates the whole. Here, in this unity of individual and indefeasible diversity, is a realm of peace untold, whose inspiration and sustentation is of that love which binds together the spiritual spheres. It welcomes every condition of humanity and knows no outcast—no rejected stones in its hypothetical temple. Hence we propose a movement not at war with or in antagonism to any, but in advance of all we know or see, which advance will be proved, not by profession, but by its power to administer to the condition from which it is an advance. For it is axiomatic that no man can minister in good to any condition only as he is above it. While still in the condition he will ever, even while preaching a better way, whenever temptation is sufficiently strong, yield to the evils belonging thereto.

Justice, Liberty, Fraternity or Unity, are my watchwords. If free to love, in loving I must be just, my freedom is overthrown by its first entanglements. Free to child; but only as I am in the exemplification of a better way. Free to advance; but no movement can be justly called an advance which blights the tender flowers of an equal life from God, which by birth or priority of claim are entrusted to our care. When such claim is disregarded, violated, justice will pierce with scorpion fangs our exposed and open wounds, and our boasted progress will become synonymous, as it now often is in professed freedom of reform, with every species of perversity known to the human heart. Our anthem of Union is never full while one discordant note of its octave is heard.

But I wish, also, to say, that by the same ever attendant feeling to which I have referred, I am to-day connected with men who have in their hands and at their disposal hundreds of thousands of the most fertile, desirable and eligible lands of the American Continent. Lands in Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kansas, Colorado; rich in minerals and all that tends to make a powerful and prosperous people; lands of high, genial and salubrious latitudes, and every way suited to colonial purposes. It is with no view to personal interest, for I do not own a foot of land on earth, and have no expectation of such possessions, that those lands are in some sense subject to my disposal, and with a view of securing some of them, if not all, for the purposes contemplated. And I add, that it is doubtful whether any man in America has to-day the privilege of securing those or any lands at a cheaper rate than that at which they are confided to my disposition. It is needless to say why this is so. The fact is enough, and all interested will find it true. And now, with the consciousness that whatever may be our professions in life, unless they are founded upon action that inspires to worthy considerations they are worse than nothing; and with a matured vision of duty that steps beyond all personal consideration and self-aggrandizement, I tender this imperfect indication of purpose to all who are like minded, feeling assured that what we need more than all gratified ambition—as if it ever were gratified—is to go forth as men and women, endowed with natural ability and the equally natural unfolding of a spiritual or God-given inheritance, that ever inspires us to feel and act as men; not bought or sold, but in the natural growth of truth's unfolded power; not dominated by the adventitious light of care, but shouldering every responsibility that is legitimately ours; not truckling to convenience and ease at the expense of a known duty; not deserting but vindicating principle in practice; not cowering before untoward events, but mastering by mastering them; not waiting for "something to turn up," but turning it up; not making ourselves automata or puppets to the caprices of Fate and Destiny, but live bodies infused with an eternal spirit from its God; not a machine to be filled with the corrupted fountains of the commingling streams of our mortality, but a living herb, an inspired soul, that the pulsations of life from within may, by their outflowing emanations, bless and not curse our associates, our fellows.

With an assurance of a devout remembrance of many "across the sea," and a hope that is the free evidence of a common parentage in the God of all, I am, dear friends, your fellow-servant, J. B. FERGUSON. 310 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. June 4th, 1869.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

BY ELIZA A. FITZGERALD.

The following excellent poem was read by the authoress, in San Francisco, and received merited applause. It has received the same favor in different portions of Massachusetts, where the lady has of late been giving public readings. The Banner of Light has been furnished with a copy for publication. The poem is respectfully inscribed to Mrs. JELIA BREWER, of Hartford, by the authoress.

List, oh, my soul! at last there comes a pleading; I hear the music of its heavenly tone; To some fair verge of some bright era speeding Its hallowed course is shown. So! it comes, like some clear ether stealing Up from the vision of some golden past, Whose fading shines and symbols are-revealing A time that could not last.

Oh, woman, in more deep and chastened numbers, To higher destinies the eyes lead; Sing forth the song that so divinely slumbers Within each noble deed! The age awaits thee in thy sweetest singing; On thee descends the manna from above; Along thy path behold, divinely springing, The blooms of peace and love!

Thy palms are soft, for thee the gentle soothing; Thy tones are sweet, for thee alone to cheer, With aspirations worthy of the moving To more expanded spheres! With inward purpose each each doubt provailing, Right that which custom in itself makes wrong, And show, as by a subtle force unavailing, To thee such deeds belong!

The finer arts are thine by intuition— By an interior sight divinely shown; The sculptor, poet, orator, musician, Art even now thine own. Oh, spirit-eyes, look upward from your sleeping; Full many a joy in your mute depths I see— Full many a promise in the holy keeping Of that which is to be!

Oh, most prophetic vision of our stealing, Behold the Priestess of a vanished age, Who quelled, as by an inner force revealing, The battle's fiercest rage! Inspired maiden I thrilled the glory That for a season ceased thee in its spell! And, oh, what records doth that ghastly story To future ages tell!

Thus speaks the Past! and, oh, on that sweet woman, What holy gleams of spirit beauty shone; Whose veil of night, of power more than human, Around her then was thrown! Ah, most despoil'd! wherein oppression Enrobed each terror with its deepest shade, And blent no hue of sunlight or progression In laws its tyrants made!

Oh, spirit-eyes, look upward from your sleeping; A glowing prophecy illumines your light; And in the depths of your mysterious keeping Is hid a world of might. Untiring, on a chain that long have bound thee, Let no high hope or noble purpose lead; But gather from the purpling hues around thee, The garlands of a queen.

Ye patriots, in each triumph loudly lauded, Who lived the martyr, and the hero proved, Arraying for the altar, unappalled, Her own, her best beloved? Oh, life, in action lo! the sweetest blessing! And, oh, what courage doth the mute one need; What hope, what patience, in the hard progressing To more enlightened creed!

Ye patriot women! no false meed ye merit; No narrow circuit your high vision charms! You claim a world, and graciously enshrine it Within your clinging arms. You claim all nations, realms, all climes and seas; All creeds, all precepts, prophecies and laws, Injuncting in your mission naught that graces Your own especial cause.

And soon, oh, soon, though idle proves the warning, Within the future may each promise rest, And yet, I know some present need is claiming From thee a sweet bestment; I know it by a current calmly flowing, Its more impetuous counterpart to meet, By some grand law of nature, wisely showing All others incomplete!

Wetherbee's Etchings.

DEAR BANNER—I last wrote you from Iowa. We stopped a full day at Omaha, in Nebraska, and it shows its growth every time I visit it. The ride from this beautiful spot, Omaha on the west, and Council Bluffs on the east side of the Missouri river over the plains to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, near six hundred miles, passed very pleasantly. The cars on the U. P. R. are the most comfortably and richly equipped of any experienced since we left the ever-to-be-remembered precincts of old Massachusetts Bay, and a decided improvement over the same conveniences in Iowa, both in comfort and in speed, and particularly in the smoothness of the ride, proved, if you are able to read this car-motored-written epistle.

The road bed lays along the borders of the Platte river, on its northern side. There is but little diversity of landscape. An occasional glimpse of the river, the distant bluffs north and south of us like a scolloped border against the horizon from ten to twenty miles off, complete the story of scenery. Along this desert route, which is to be yet a national highway, sickly nuclei are seen now and then, their first cropping out of what may be towns, and, like some barefooted boys, be renounced in the future. This of course is only a possibility, for two years ago I had hopes of Julesburg; it grew to a city of four thousand people; there were newspapers, theatres, dance-halls, saloons, vigilance committees, gambling-halls and murders—in fact, in round numbers, all blossoms of civilization but churches. I delivered a Fourth of July oration there two years ago, the year of its birth, and almost of its death, to quite a large and attentive audience. It (the city, I mean) is gone, and not even a ruin is to be seen; nature has foreclosed on her own, and the buffalo food spreads again over what was its municipal boundary.

The scenery, though monotonous, was made varied by novel sights to the stranger in these parts, by the occasional groups of antelope, whose fleet and graceful movements are always an object of comment, and the little prairie dogs, also an object of interest, sitting on their little hills, which in their aggregation make what is called the dog villages, so extensive and so often spoken of, where in their holes or burrowed homes of great extent, it is said, they dwell on pleasant terms with owls, and rattlesnakes, teaching us a lesson in cooperation, of whom human dogs, owls and snakes might learn lessons of wisdom. Sometimes I think, among other things, the brute creation was made to be primers for the human race to study, and with profit.

When about starting from Omaha it was a pleasant sound to hear Bro. Merrill say, "Why, there is Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Chicago." True enough, she was on her way to the Pacific coast, on a six months' pleasure and lecture tour. She had last spoken and found many friends in Omaha, and her company was an acquisition. It is always pleasant to meet a home face in a far-off place; even yours, Bro. Luther, would be suggestive of beauty if suddenly presented out here. I did not know Mrs. Brown only by reputation, but on the instant we are old acquaintances. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Her friends in the latter place, fearing she might lack material refreshment, filled her knapsack with choice, home-made rations, to satisfy both hunger and thirst. It is well sometimes to travel with a "popularity." She was the raven sent to feed us in the wilderness; not that that stations for meals were frequent enough—we were not in a wilderness, as far as food is concerned—but there was so much home-made in this raven's supply, reminding me of the early pioneers. "What do you mix with your paints to get such beautiful colors?" said a young artist to a celebrity. "Brains," was the reply. I have eaten bread before

now had brains as part of the receipt; it is inspiration, not cook-book.

It was no pleasant, we of the East and also of the West, to compare notes; when conversation flagged—which it did not much—we had books and papers to exchange, and what we saw and what we told each other of people and things, West, East, and between, we were all getting more than one is entitled to on a single trip. Mrs. B. goes to Denver, Blackhawk, Central, Golden City, Boulder and other places in Colorado, then over the mountains to Salt Lake, California and Oregon, still holding her connection with and contributing to the little Lyceum Banner. I know from experience, having been in Colorado within three months, that she will be well received and appreciated among the rough sons of the mountains, who, as I have had occasion to say before, being free in their mode of life, take naturally to free religion, if any, the most attractive as well as the truest expression of which is our hopeful belief. Long may it wave, multum in parvo, and the Banner of Light also. This is written in pencil, and really "on the wing," while speeding thirty miles an hour. With this apology I will stop. Your friend, J. WETTERBEE. Cheyenne, Wyoming Terr., June 2d, 1869.

MAINE.

Matters in Portland.

Mrs. Ann. Entworn—As a large portion of the space in your excellent journal is devoted to the interests of the Lyceum cause, allow me to give your readers a brief account of the exercises of our little band, Sunday morning, June 6th; and first permit me to say that this Lyceum, the third organized in this country, has from its beginning enjoyed varied successes of interest and sympathy, from a want of due appreciation on the part of those who have accepted our divine philosophy—but since our advent into the new and beautiful hall we now occupy, our cause has gradually gained in influence and favor, and on this occasion of our monthly concert (as is our custom on the first Sunday of each month) every seat not occupied by the members of the Lyceum was filled with an interested and attentive audience. After the Silver-Chain recitation, "God of the Mountains," and singing the "Dear, Dear, Dear," a declamation was listened to from Master Deak of Fountain Group, (four years old), followed by Miss Julia Cummings, of Stream Group, and so on till all the Groups had been represented. The declamations were interspersed with songs and duets from Miss Carl and Miss King, two young but very promising vocalists; indeed, we can boast of them as among the best in the city. Two original essays were given by Miss Morris and Miss Weston—"Future Memorials of our Lyceum," and "Hope"—evincing talents in embryo, of no mean order. Readings were given by Miss Bonney, Musical Director, and Miss Blanchard, of Liberty Group, which were pronounced very fine, affording great pleasure to all who listened. The "Wing Movements" were then executed by the entire Lyceum, closing with the "Grand Banner March," after which our friend and brother, Mr. J. M. Peckles, who is filling an engagement with us the present month, addressed a few earnest and cheering words to the children and those of a larger growth, showing that his heart was in the work, promising to meet with us each Sabbath morning during his stay.

This very interesting and profitable occasion—profitable alike to young and old—was closed with singing, "Our Lyceum, 'tis of thee," and I doubt not, with knowing, that you were soon which will result in a goodly harvest by-and-by. Had I time, and your space would permit, I might speak of the benefits derived by those who have arrived at man's and woman's estate, in this intercourse with the young; softening the hard and worldly nature, smoothing and polishing the rough characters, enlarging the soul, making us more teachable and childlike, more loving and charitable, guileless and true, partaking of the magnetism flowing from these young bodies, becoming young again—not only in spirit but also in the material—transmuting, as by a mental alchemy, the elements of youth on the faces of their elders. Let us, then, cherish and sustain these Lyceum gatherings, remembering always that their plastic natures are like "clay in the hands of the potter," and the impressions made can never be effaced. I confess that my own intercourse with this cause for the last four or five years, contains some of my richest and most cherished experiences, and I shall ever pray, while I have strength, the prayer of labor in its behalf. Portland, June 7, 1869.

NEW YORK.

Mediums and Speakers' Convention in Western New York.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—The Mediums and Speakers' Quarterly Meeting met at John's Creek, Niagara County, May 22d, and again was enjoyed a "free range and a flow of soul," as no other meetings so largely send forth such happy results. Bro. Cummings and I had the honor of a permanent institution in our midst, called and instituted as they were under the inspirational direction of Bro. Beaver, of Byron. The meeting was quite largely attended by persons from different portions of the State, many counties being represented. John Hybrant was nominated to preside, and Sarah A. Burtis chosen Secretary.

Appropriate and instructive addresses from J. W. Reaver, Mrs. Luddington, Warren Clark and others, characterized the morning session. Bro. Cummings' address was read by Bro. Reaver, from the spirit of Bro. Smedley, who, not long since left his earth-home in that vicinity, and who was an early advocate of our religion. N. Frank White being in attendance, was invited to occupy the afternoon session. The audience had the pleasure of listening to a profound, logical, as well as radical lecture from our brother, much to their edification, and to whom a vote of thanks was tendered for the able and deep searching truths uttered on that occasion.

The evening gathering was formed into a large family circle, and participated in by many of the speakers present. The second day at 9 A. M. found earnest hearts assembled to mingle their sympathies, and swell the tide of harmonious feeling which characterized and signally crowned the assembly. The President opened the meeting with some happy remarks. Bro. Cummings and I said that at the Cleveland Convention an old veteran of nearly eighty summers remarked "that he was only nineteen years of age;" that that remark was very significant; notwithstanding many years had passed over us, we had not begun to live the real life until we embraced this new-born religion; that the speaker was but three years old; that it had opened up to his mind the defects and improprieties of his own life, and by his teachings he had been enabled to reform from many habits which would have had an effect on his everlasting existence.

An address was listened to with almost breathless attention from Mrs. Nettie May, and. The hall was crowded, and not able to contain all who desired to listen. Near the close of her lecture, the influence controlling and a merited tribute to the zealous efforts and labors of Bro. Beaver, to which he responded in a beautiful manner. The meeting was gladdened and refreshed by sweet songs by the choir at intervals throughout the two days' sessions. A vote of thanks was passed to the friends in the vicinity for their hospitality, to the officers of the meeting, and to Bro. Beaver for his untiring labors, and for the excellent address he had given in six months, as the proposed picnic in July at Niagara Falls and the National Convention being near each other, it was deemed inexpedient to hold a meeting the next quarter.

It can be truly said that these meetings possess more harmony, beauty and inspiration than almost any others, as all present feel a freedom to speak the thought within them, with a spontaneity not always found in larger gatherings, where conventionalities have to be observed more or less closely. The resolutions adopted are as follows: Resolved, That while we, as mediums, and advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy, have great cause for congratulation in our exemption from the sanguine persecutions of past ages, by imprisonment, strangulation, and public execution of the spiritually inspired, and of the (so-called) witches, seers, &c., yet we still recognize the same spirit of animosity and ostracism in this day as exhibited by religious opposers, and by many authors and journalists, and also by certain aspirants to political power, through a union of Church and State policies; therefore we exert all friends of civil and religious liberty to incessant labor to disseminate and enforce the principles of civil and religious liberty. Resolved, That the persistent efforts of many American Journalists in opposition to the truths of Spiritualism, by misrepresentation, stigma and burlesque, merits just rebuke on the hands of the hundreds of thousands of American Spiritualists; and we would suggest the propriety of encouraging and patronizing those periodicals and newspapers which fairly present the glorious scientific and religious truths developed in modern Spiritualism. Resolved, That we will support the efforts of Bro. Nathan A. Benveniste, Secretary. Rochester, N. Y., June 6, 1869.

Which is Best?—A colored woman of Columbia, S. C., gave over a hundred dollars toward building a church, raising the money by renting her house and living in a shanty herself; and Mrs. Theodor Moss, wife of the treasurer of Wallack's Theatre, wore at the New York Charity Ball lace and diamonds estimated at \$30,000. Her lace lounce cost \$8,000. Here is charity in two forms. Which will be most acceptable to him who once in a Jewish temple contrasted the gifts of the rich as they cast them into the treasury with the widow's "two mites"?—Revolution.

A richly dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked: "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No, ma'am," said the innocent. "I've got potatoes."

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

By MARY F. DAVIS.

IS THERE A SPIRIT HOME?

Of all subjects of human interest, those which spring from the life of the soul take precedence. And of all bene-factors of the human race, they are most universally revered who have helped to solve the problem of spiritual being that is stated in the questions, "Where? What? and Whither?"

Spiritualism is the prophet of the nineteenth century, and, like Moses and Zoroaster, it works directly on the world-old problem. As its first effect is to free and individualize the mind, the questions which arise receive answers, not from one favored personage alone, but from thousands of minds, more or less inspired.

Has the spirit a future locality? is one of the questions concerning which there are these differences of opinion and testimony. As an instance, I venture to cite the following letter, addressed to my companion by a highly valued and intelligent correspondent, who possesses that spirit of inquiry indicative of the sincerest love of wisdom:

A. J. DAVIS—Respected Brother: I have read your "Stellar Key," and also the Banner of Light, No. 1, of the 23rd of March, in which latter is the report of a discussion purporting to have taken place between a disembodied spirit (Father Henry Fitz James) and sundry embodied persons; in which the former tells them that "the notion that may reach of a distinct locality set apart for departed spirits is entirely erroneous. Do not believe," he is reported to have said, "that there is a locality set apart for departed spirits, for there is not."

At page 135 of the Stellar Key are the following words: "The first Summer-Land is found to be revolving near the great orb of the Milky Way."

To ascertain whether the spirit has locality hereafter, we should inquire concerning its circumstances here; and on this point the reader will find a statement in the volume entitled, "Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions," of the Harmonial series. Commencing on page 57, the author says:

"The spirit of man is never out of the spirit-world. [By the spirit-world] we do not mean the Second Sphere, or Summer-Land. By the term 'spirit-world' we mean the 'silver lining to the clouds of matter' which envelops the mind of man and thickly envelopes. There is no space between the spirit of man and this immense universe of inner life. Man's spirit touches the material world solely by means of spiritualized matter, both within and without his body. Thus the five senses come in contact with matter: 1. The eyes by light. 2. The ears by atmosphere. 3. The taste by fluids. 4. The smell by odors. 5. The touch by vibration."

According to this view, the spirit-world, like the "universal ether" of which philosophers discourse, is not pent up in any locality, but surrounds and permeates all places, persons, and spheres. "We lie open, on one side, to the depths of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Interiorly we exist in a boundless realm of essential being, and it is all accessible to us at every hour. What prevents us from being mingled with this infinite ocean to which all the attractions of the spirit tend? It is the material environment, by means of which we attain the boon of individual consciousness. Let that be stricken out, and there would follow what was sought by the Hindu philosophers, the absorption of the soul into Brahma, or the Universal Being. But "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and by virtue of these the spirit becomes an individualized entity, receptive of the titles of Infinite Being, but forever undivided and unabsorbed.

It is then localized to a certain extent in the body. Nor is this all. Nature, by slow gradations, age after age, carried on her process of evolution until the earth was fitted for the local habitation of this embodied spirit. When it leaves the external form, will the laws of Nature be suspended? It makes use of the natural body here; will it not hereafter need and make use of the spiritual body? Its locality now is fixed on a sphere, eliminated from an elemental orb, and balanced in boundless space. Is it unreasonable to infer that, emanating from rudimental worlds and balanced by them, a mighty-sphere of perfected particles hangs in the immeasurable ether, to which the spirit, with its finer embodiment, involuntarily tends when released from earth?

The laws of Nature are invariable. If we come to a full understanding of their action here, we have a key to their operation in every section of the universal whole. Granted that the spirit is an eternal entity; if it has locality here it must have the same hereafter, else a natural law is subverted. In a recent lecture, Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "I remember when talking with one whose 'Rewards of the Future' appeared to me fanciful, he said: 'It is not so in your experience, but it is so in the other world.' I was prompted to reply, 'Other world! Do you not know that the laws above are sisters of the laws below? Other world! There is no other world! Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact.'" In the sense which superstition gives to the term, there surely is no "other world"; that is, no world where the laws of Nature are abrogated. The impetred, gem-walled heaven of the Apocalypse exists only in Oriental imagery; and would we know what takes place in a future state, we must study the track of the Divine from our present lookout, for "Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact."

It is a mistake to suppose that the "Stellar Key" teaches that there is "a locality set apart for departed spirits." Wall may "Father Henry Fitz James" assert that there is no such arbitrary arrangement in the universe. To believe that there is a place "set apart" would be to accept the old theological dogma of a deity independent of law, like the reputed Lord of Joshua who caused the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon. The Stellar Key furnishes scientific and philosophical evidences that the "Summer-Land" is a substantial sphere, and is as natural and inevitable an outgrowth of the rudimental worlds, as the fruit of a tree is of its roots, trunk and branches. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Paul, by a flash of insight

perhaps discerned, in common with many modern seers, that the Divine Energy, named by scientists Force, and by religionists God, which appeared in the visible stellar universe, still noiselessly operated in the invisible realm, to fashion a celestial sphere within that stary labyrinth, fitted to be the dwelling place of luminarials.

Amid all the mutations of time, there is deeply rooted in the human soul a love of the permanent. Ties that bind us to kindred and friends cannot be broken without pain; and the wandering exile sadly yearns for the familiar scenes and the restful security of some far-away hamlet which once had for him the sacred name of home. In all the "Dreams of Heaven" which have come to the sad heart of humanity during the ages of the world, a thought of home-welcome and changeless love has mingled like a precious benediction. And the new perception of the supernal which a fresh baptism of spiritual insight has given to mankind, changes those vague dreams to bright and beautiful certainties. The "evergreen mountains of life," the crystal streams that flow through the "city of God," the songs of praise and joy that float over the radiant hill tops of the "Better Land," the immortal love that links soul to soul and makes holy the atmosphere of "Heaven," these exist, not alone in the imagination of the poet, but as beautiful realities that fill with blessedness and peace the eternal home of the spirit.

THE TROY LYCEUM ANNIVERSARY.—Griswold Opera House was filled with a fine, large audience last evening, June 10th, the occasion being the third anniversary of the Troy Children's Progressive Lyceum. Mr. Benjamin Starbuck, the conductor of the Lyceum, made an appropriate introductory address, giving a brief history of the organization, and stating its object to be "progression in all that tends to elevate and cultivate humanity. The exercises opened with a grand banner march by the entire Lyceum. Then followed tableaux, recitations, vocal and instrumental music, gymnastic exercises, &c., closing with the concert of the young old folks, in full costume of "ye olden days." Unlike most school exhibitions, there were no protracted pauses during the exercises, everything passing off in a manner highly satisfactory to the audience, who manifested their appreciation by frequent applause. The Lyceum officers and leaders have reason to be proud of the flattering success of their third anniversary.—Troy Whig.

Read's Scances.

One evening, some three months ago, I had the pleasure of attending a scance, held by Charles H. Read, the physical medium, in Boston, Mass. There were present some eighteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen, among whom were J. M. Peabody and H. B. Storor. The conditions being unusually favorable, the manifestations were more satisfactory than on ordinary occasions. The phenomena that occur in the presence of this medium have been repeatedly described by others and witnessed by thousands. My purpose in writing this is, not to speak of what took place in detail, but to mention some special tests which were applied, that, in my opinion, destroyed all possible chance for collusion or deception on the part of Read. He was tied in as secure a manner as possible by a sea-captain, who was appointed committee, and who said, when he got through with the tying, that he was satisfied that it was utterly impossible for Read to free himself. The ropes were bound firmly around the wrists of the medium, and tied in all manner of hard and square knots that sailors are familiar with, then passed down to the back rung of the chair and securely fastened. His ankles were also bound to the chair-legs, and a rope passed around each arm above the elbow and tied to its back. A gentleman suggested that, in addition to the tying, a piece of surgeons' sticking plaster should be put around the medium's fingers. This, much to his credit, Read readily consented to have done. Accordingly, a piece was produced about four inches long and one-half an inch wide, which we warmed well at the gaslight, and then carefully put around the index fingers of the medium's hands, of course sticking them firmly and closely together. I myself helped put it on and take it off; and I know it stuck closely, as it was a very difficult task to remove it.

While Read was tied and plastered in the manner that I have described, the gas was turned off, and not more than fifteen seconds elapsed when it was turned on again, and the solid iron ring was on his arm, while the ropes and the plaster were undisturbed. A coat was then called for, and three gentlemen stepped forward and laid their coats on the chair near the medium. The room was again darkened for perhaps thirty seconds, and when the light was brought the sleeve of one coat was on the left arm of the medium, and another on the right, rope and plaster still the same. Other manifestations also occurred, such as taking off the medium's coat and removing those that were put on his arms, &c.

Previous to each manifestation I carefully examined the plaster, noting every wrinkle, to be positive that it was not tampered with, and I am willing to take my oath that it was not disturbed until I took it off after the close of the sitting.

When this part of the scance was over, the sailor having unbound the medium, took the rope and tied it around Mr. Read's waist. Taking hold of one end of it, he sat down in the circle, saying, "Now, sir, if you move, I shall know it." The gas was turned off and almost instantly put on again, when the iron ring and a stool were found on the rope between the sailor and the medium, much to the astonishment of the former, as he declared that Read had not stirred, and he was sure that he had held on to the rope all the time.

Various other manifestations took place that evening, such as showing of hands under test conditions, and several things that were very satisfactory, proving to us that whatever Mr. Read might have done in the past, or may do in the future, the phenomena which occurred on that occasion were performed without collusion or trickery on his part.

Dr. Fairfield in Worcester.

This is the real era of moral life and intellectual progress. Men think quickly and move quickly in all reformatory matters. The world's salvation is sure. The light of heaven is upon us, and the gospel of the spirit is with us. The signs of the times indicate a mighty revolution by which the prophecy shall be fulfilled, "peace on earth, good will toward men and women."

We are now enjoying these blessings in Worcester. The people are determined to work harmoniously together, and let their light shine with other spiritual societies. I have been greeted and blessed with good audiences, and feel encouraged to work on and on.

I speak three evenings in Mystic, Conn., this week, and expect to speak in Franklin, Mass., the 23d, 24th and 25th of June. Will answer calls for the future. Address as above, or

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Ancora, Camden Co., N. J. Worcester, Mass., June 14, 1869.

The number of German papers published in the United States is over two hundred and fifty, fifty of them being dailies.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 15 Southampton Row, Holborne, London, Eng., KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Banner of Light.

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

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The Religious Magazine on Spiritualism.

The accomplished and clear writer in the Monthly Religious Magazine, from which we have been making a series of extracts into our columns, proceeds with his testimony to the truth of Spiritualism, and to its necessity as the governing belief in the life of man. We continue our quotations:

"As has been stated before, Spiritualism is not of any particular church or creed, any more than a telescope is, or an electric telegraph, or a badly kept post-office, or a miscellaneous library. But just as Paganism itself might help to make some Christian believers to be better believers than they are, so even Spiritualism might avail theologians for some distinguished divines. And truly such is the spiritual ignorance of this highly scientific age, that 'an unclean spirit,' fit only for exorcism in ancient times, would to-day, for importance, in almost any theological school, be like the opening of a revelation; for a real, earnest belief in the demanics of the New Testament would necessitate the formation of a pneumatology of the Scriptures, for want of which, to nearly all readers, the sentences of the Bible hold together often but like ropes of sand."

"Spiritual rappings have been derided as mere materialism, but only, however, by persons who must have been intensely materialistic, without knowing it. For an intelligent rapping or word by a spirit suggests to a spiritually minded man, that there must be channels and conditions through which a spirit can partially return into nature, and also that possibly there may be some human beings who may be spiritually acted upon, as well as tables. Then, too, it is said that Spiritualism is worthless as a subject of thought, because the spirits never tell what was not known before. But no matter how stupidly it may be done, if a spirit can show himself at all he does the greatest thing of the age on this earth, for he returns by a door where theology has said that there was no opening."

"And now again let it be said that all this, which may seem novel and startling on the first reading, is yet nothing strange if read in the spirit of the Scriptures, and by the light of history. Spiritualism, dated even as of Rochester origin, is of infinite importance to the state of mind which denies its possibility. But to the mind which believes it, it may be very mischievous, or at best may minister to a poor, low kind of spirituality, apart from the philosophy connected with it, and which involves in its completeness both modern science and ancient history, and the experiences of almost every primitive tribe, and also which appeals to the New Testament as to the discerning of spirits, and which strengthens itself as to its positions by the history of the Christian Church, while it was in conflict with heathenism."

"By the necessity of things, the best effect from the spiritual world cannot ordinarily result from such communications as departed spirits can ever word, though even they may themselves rank with seraphs in wisdom; but it must come from such thought as may be quickened in good minds, well prepared by education, and by faith in the Holy Spirit, with a willingness to wait for it and to trust it. And in the same manner, however mysterious may be the way of it, the first true thought of God in any soul is by revelation; for it is a flash of light in the mind, or it is a sudden terror of the conscience, or it may be that it is an infinite yearning of love. But whatever it may really be, it is a something with very different qualities from anything which can enter the mind through the tube of a telescope, or be started in the understanding purely by science."

"There are two sides to a thunder storm, what is below and what is above, as to state. And similarly as to this earthly world and from the spiritual world above, with which there is human connection, there are effects to be experienced, and even perhaps to be incurred, by laws which act through human wants; and which may be not unlike perhaps to the demands of a decaying region below on an atmosphere above, and which get answered by thunder and lightning and sanitary good."

"In an age characterized by an infestation of 'unclean spirits,' exorcism was an appropriate manifestation of power superhuman, or extranatural. And if to-day tables are tipped, or danced about, or made to seem intelligent, contrary to the laws of nature—it may be because of what has seemed right to spirits, perhaps at no great height above this earth, and far below that step on which the seraphs stand in rank about the throne of God. Or it may be, that table-tippings and similar things are even directly concurrent with the designs of Providence, and are to be accounted as means whereby the minds of men may be exercised and freed from fascination by the laws of nature, which, though true enough for men as men, are not the half of the truth for them as immortal souls."

"Spiritualism is properly the antithesis of Materialism, and holds that man is not only an animated, highly organized body, but also a living soul, and from his birth connected with a world spiritual and eternal. And Spiritualism technically so called, is simply an affirmation of the foregoing statement, under the interest and conviction produced by certain phenomena of the last few years, and which are very curious and apparently preternatural."

"A medium may be lowly and ignorant, and also laden with every infirmity of the flesh, and yet can be the sudden, utter confutation of materialism, even while it is affecting to lean upon science, and to deck itself with the beauties of poetry. But some persons may think it strange, that instruction is to be got from a lowly, ignorant medium. But surely the loftiest philosophy should be able to condescend to new facts, anywhere, and at any time. Yet often the phenomena of Spiritualism have been despised by person

who yet gloried under science, in having been instructed by mere stones and petrified bones as to the order of creation, and as to the look and habits of creatures, animals and vegetables, as they appeared and fulfilled their times and uses."

"The writer hereof, from his own experience, is satisfied that some spirits have power to come into the realm of nature, some little way, and so as to be able to make some signs, such as the moving of objects, the ringing of bells, playing on a harp, and touching a person; and such also as taking possession of a body more or less completely, and using the hand for writing, and the voice for speaking, and the eyes for seeing with, after the manner of a mesmeric clairvoyant, only much more successfully. Also he knows that the death of a person can be announced, and that even also minute peculiar circumstances attending it can be detailed some days before there being a possibility of such information being given by natural means. Also the writer would tell, in obedience to a sense of duty, of his having seen and examined, and seen vanish ghost-hands; hands of spirit, which had been materialized as to surface at least, and which had thereby been made capable of looking and doing, for a little while and for some little purposes, like hands of flesh and blood."

"What, then, do these phenomena testify? They witness as to human nature what it is in itself, and what it is open to, through exposure or by grace. And they are proofs as to what a world of mystery it is, in which men live; and also they are challenges to inquiring minds."

"People are amazed at the phenomena of Spiritualism, and astounded by them, and are sometimes even skeptical as to their possibility; and all the while, really, they are but the accidents of our transcendent connections, of our being immortal though mortal, and spiritual while yet of the earth, earthy. Are they therefore super? No. And the proneness which there is to worship prodigies, though they should be only such things as haunted houses or wonderful dreams, begins really in the same state of mind as that in a theologian, which defines a miracle as being a suspension of the laws of nature. By making too much of the supernatural, it may actually be nullified as to usefulness."

"And indeed to such a pass had things come, on the subject of miracles, among honest controversialists, that it might seem as though it had been in the order of Providence that the phenomena of Spiritualism should be developed, merely as materials for pneumatology, for the use of competent observers. And by this, it is not necessary to suppose that Spiritualism is divine, any more than the cholera which enforces useful lessons. There are diseases of the spirit, which begin with God's mercy, and which end more mercifully still. And it would not be without historical analogies, as strong almost as demonstration, if it should be said that the Spiritualism of to-day—so abundant, familiar, extensive—is a reaction not of the will of man, of course, but of the constitution of the universe, against the materialism which was beginning to affect Christianity itself as an easy conquest."

The Incoming Era.

Those who are striving for the attainment of their own earthly glorification in this great day of judgment, will come far short of their anticipations. The spirit-world is weighing all in the balance, and is rapidly sifting the wheat from the chaff. Though the modus operandi brought into requisition be unseen, yet it is potent to accomplish the work necessary to renovate humanity. Christianity, so called, like an old garment, has become threadbare. New raiment is needed for the incoming Dispensation. In other words, more beautiful teachings, more convincing truths are vouchsafed us to-day. Jesus, the prophetic medium, whose character we worship, foresaw that which is being inaugurated at this time, and ascertained that there would be those who would come after him, who would do the things that he did, and even more. The evidence is palpably before us, and yet the theologian of the old school scouts at the idea, and Jew-like, still dwells in the darkness of superstition, waiting for "the final resurrection," which he vainly imagines is to occur at some indefinitely remote period of time, little dreaming that this very moment is the RESURRECTION DAY—the commencement of an era when old things shall be done away, and new and far more beautiful things shall take their place.

"Spiritualism Dying Out" in Maine.

Rev. N. Gunnison, of Dexter, Me., a Universalist minister, gives to us the following rather cheering account of the spread of Spiritualism in Dover. In a letter to the editor of the Gospel Banner he says:

"Bro. QUINN— I made an effort last Sunday to revive our society in Dover. I thought that, perhaps, the time had come for a resurrection there, but I have changed my mind. Spiritualism seems to have killed out every green thing there. This is the residence of Rev. E. B. Averill, former minister of our denomination. For years he has exerted himself only in behalf of Spiritualism. He seems to have no sympathy for us as a denomination—no more than he has for the Orthodox. I had a fair audience, but no indications were exhibited favoring my proposition to start a meeting. Were there a few persons to lead off I think our sect might still do something in that beautiful village, but no one seems disposed to move in the matter. It is much to be regretted, I think, that so many of our ministers, first and last, have become involved in this material delusion. There is something astonishing in what is falsely called Spiritualism."

Further along in his letter, in strange contrast with the above quotation, the reverend writer adds, "I think Spiritualism is dying out." We conclude from the tenor of the letter that Universalism was the word he intended to write! We are pleased to learn that Mr. Averill is doing such effective work in his town and vicinity by preaching Spiritualism and conducting the Children's Lyceum. "Dying out," indeed!

The Peace Jubilee.

As we go to press, the great national five days' Peace Jubilee is being held in our city. It is a great success, and is pronounced the grandest and most perfect musical ovation ever witnessed in the world. The reception given to the President of the United States, who arrived in Boston Wednesday morning, June 16th, to attend the Jubilee, was a credit to the city and the State. President Grant reviewed the State troops, under the command of Major-General B. F. Butler. The line formed on Tremont street, at the Roxbury line, extending two miles into the city proper. At no time in the history of Boston has it been thronged with such a multitude of people.

Massachusetts Tachygraphic Society.

This Society, having for its object the diffusion of a knowledge of Prof. D. P. Lindley's new style of short-hand writing, held its quarterly meeting on Wednesday forenoon, June 16th, in Sewall Place, Boston. Communications were read from the Social Science Association, of Boston, and the American Philological Society, of New York. The attendance on the present occasion was larger than that of the last meeting, which fact would seem to indicate an increased interest among its members.

Our Western Department.

Change is marked upon the face of all things mundane. We are all, in obedience to the inexorable law of Nature, passing from one condition of life to another. It is the same with individuals and with nations. Nothing stands still. The earth itself is continually developing to a higher and yet higher condition. The same law operates in the mental world—in man. Hence our good brother Peabody, who has served us long, faithfully and well, in obedience to this law is moving on to a higher condition. Having had a "call" to become the editor-in-chief of a new paper to be established in Chicago, "The Advance," he has accepted the important position, and therefore takes his leave of us, as will be seen by his "Parting Words," which we print upon our eighth page. Although his lucubrations as departmental editor of the Banner will cease from this date, we yet have assurances that he will occasionally contribute to our columns. We regret to part with him, for we have ever found him a genial friend and an earnest, noble worker in behalf of humanity. He has our warmest sympathies, for we are fully aware that the position he is about to assume will be no sinecure, but on the contrary one of extreme perplexity and unceasing toil. Our long experience as an editor has taught us this. But he also has had a similar experience, and this, we trust, will be useful to him in the future. May the blessings of the loving Father of us all inspire him at all times, to the end that his earthly mission may enlighten and thus benefit our common humanity.

The Promotion of Truth.

Now and then an editor of the secular press breaks away from the thralldom of the Church and expresses his free thought with becoming manliness when speaking of Spiritualism. We allude to the editor of the Fort Jefferson (L. I.) Independent Press. Hear him:

"Perhaps some of our readers will find fault with our giving so much of our space to the advocates of the doctrine of Spiritualism, in our last and present issues; but we beg them to bear in mind that the time has come when the religious sentiment of the people is mainly the result of individual experience, study and contemplation, and not, as formerly, the fruit of a scholastic teaching accepted as truth without being subjected to the ordeal of private judgment. This state of things makes it a duty as well as a privilege of the public press to use its influence in giving to the popular belief and sentiment such a direction as will lead to the promotion of truth, and the best interests of society."

Matters in Dubuque, Iowa.

We learn by a note from Mrs. Fannie T. Young, under date of June 8th, 1869, that the interest in our cause is again on the increase in Dubuque. By the efforts of an energetic few, among whom are Mr. Chandler and his wife, Globe Hall has been rented for a year, and Mrs. Young was engaged to assist in its dedication and fill a month's engagement as speaker there. The hall is well lighted and ventilated, seating about four hundred persons.

The labor in this case, as in too many instances, has been performed by those whose riches consist in wealth of soul rather than worldly possessions. Mrs. Young closes with an earnest appeal to all professed Spiritualists to rally to the outward support of their interior convictions, and not forget those who are striving, in the face of ignorance and bigotry, to promulgate the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.

"Seers of the Ages."

The second edition of this valuable work is in press. The rapidity with which the first edition was taken is evidence of its popularity. The Chicago Lyceum Banner speaks of it thus: "A most excellent and worthy companion of that very popular work, 'Planchette; or, The Despair of Science.' If Mr. Sargent has shown in the relation which Spiritualism occupies to science and philosophy, Mr. Peabody has, with equal ability, shown us not only the exceeding naturalness of the new religion of Spiritualism, but he has given us a golden chain which links the present with the remotest days of the past; a chain, all the more precious because some of its links are set with precious stones which sparkle and glitter with resplendent beauty. It would be a pleasant task to transfer some of the links in this chain to the Lyceum Banner, but our space will not allow of it. Besides, there is so much that we would like to give our readers, so much that needs to be read just now and as it is to be fully appreciated, that we are doing our readers a greater service in advising them to buy the book, which is gotten up in the most admirable style, and reflects much credit upon the publishers."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Lois Walsbrooker is lecturing in Maine. She was to speak in Canton, June 20th, and is engaged at East Sumner June 27th. She will be in Dover and Foxcroft during July; then goes to Vineland, N. J., for the first two Sundays in August.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield lectures in Franklin, Mass., June 23d, 24th and 25th.

Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree has started for California, where she expects to arrive by the first of July. She goes by cars, but will make short stops at Omaha and Salt Lake. She will be accompanied by her husband, who goes out on government business. Mrs. F. is an excellent psychometrist and lecturer.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes speaks in Central Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday.

A Book for Children's Lyceums.

Lois Walsbrooker's new book, entitled "Alice Vale; a Story for the Times," is peculiarly the work that should be in every Children's Lyceum and library in the land. No youth or adult can peruse its pages without deriving benefit therefrom. The lessons it imparts will follow one through life and be sure to strengthen every effort put forth in the right direction. Large Lyceums should have several copies of the book, so that all can read it—the sooner the better—and the oftener the more beneficial. The story makes an elegant book of two hundred and fifty-five pages.

A Good Move.

The reader's attention is called to the resolutions passed at the Mediums' and Speakers' Convention in Western New York. The Convention deserves the thanks of all lovers of justice for their action in regard to the studied and persistent efforts of a large portion of the secular press, both daily and weekly, to ostracise SPIRITUALISM; and we feel with them, that the time has arrived when the millions of Spiritualists, who now aid in supporting such presses, should withdraw their patronage, and patronize those only which are willing to do us and our cause justice.

Andover, Ohio.

Harriet Dayton writes: "Our Lyceum is progressing finely. A. A. Wheelock is to speak here Sunday, July 4th. Monday, July 5th, he will attend the picnic of our Lyceum and deliver an address."

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond...

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 155 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

Bouquets of Flowers. Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

Invocation.

Oh God, thy holy benediction beams in upon us, through the glory of this handsome day. It meets us in the up-springing grasses, in the bursting buds, in the song of birds, in the hum of insects; everywhere we turn our faces, we behold thy love, we receive the manifestations of thy power.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—I once heard a Swedeborgian preacher (Chauncey Giles) say that there were in the spirit-world mountains, hills, rivers, bones, blood, digestion, nerves, brain, hands, feet, &c., and that the ground, in the spirit-world, is just as solid to the tread of spirit-feet, as the ground in earth-life is to us.

A.—It certainly is absolutely, positively true.

Q.—You mean the blood and bones?

A.—I certainly mean just that.

Q.—Are those who are slaves to circumstances in this life, likewise fettered in spirit-life?

A.—To a certain extent they are. You are not ushered into a state of perfect happiness at death. The other life finds you precisely where this life leaves you. You are surrounded oftentimes in the spirit-world by conditions that seem to be adverse to your happiness.

Q.—Are we tormented in spirit-life by persecution and slander?

A.—Not precisely as you are here, because society is differently organized in the spirit-world from what it is here. Do not expect it may resemble it, but it is much superior to society here.

Q.—Are not those who are wealthy and at their ease in this life, and thereby possess the means of improving their social, moral and intellectual faculties and relations, much more advanced in spirit-life than the poor, who through poverty and adverse surroundings lead the life of deprivation and unhappiness?

A.—No, by no means. Jesus, the sage and philosopher, was poor. He went about with poor raiment, and without scrip, not even the poor kind that you have to-day. And if we are to take his condition as an example, surely we cannot reckon much upon happiness as accruing to us as spirits from riches, the riches of this world.

Q.—Is it right for us to be in harmony with our surroundings, as we find them, when we find those surroundings based upon deceit, and men say what they do not mean, and mean just what they do not say?

A.—No, certainly not. It is right to make war upon them.

Q.—How do you do, mister? [How do you do?] Oh dear! I don't know how I do. I been here waiting so close to that gentleman that I got turned upside down. [You got excited, didn't you?] Yes; well, who wouldn't be? I rather think you would be. I know I should be. My mother used to say she believed that one-half the world, at least, was born of the devil, and I think so too. [You have not seen him, have you?] Yes, I do see him plenty of times. [How does he look?] Looks like people—when—when they are being wick'd. [You mean they are people?] Well, isn't that the devil? That's what I mean.

Q.—Clara Emerson, is my name. I am from Illinois. Was you ever there? [Yes.] Where was

you? [In several places; Chicago, Alton, Quincy.] Was you in Quincy? Why, I lived there. When was you there? [A long time ago.] Well, my mother is in Massachusetts now. I came here to find her. She is in Massachusetts since my father died, and I came here to find her. [Do you know where she is?] Yes, I know the place, but I don't know where it is. I know the name of the place. It is New Bedford. [Are you sure?] Why yes; my uncle lives there. I never was there, 'cause mother was n't while I was alive; and I am here to find her, and to tell her that a man that father was with has got some money for her, and she needs it. But he do n't know where she is—don't know where to find her, and I've come here so she may know. His name is Brown—Stephen Brown. He has got my father's money; what is it—the government gives you? [A bounty, or pension?] Well, both. He has got both, and he don't know where to find mother, and she don't know anything about it. He wishes he could find her. [Is he in Illinois?] No, he has been there looking for her, but she was gone, you know, then, and he did n't know anybody that knew her, and he is one of these kind of folks that believes like you do, so I thought I'd come here so he might know where to send the money to my mother, in New Bedford, and she will get it. Send it to Elizabeth J. Emerson. Oh dear, what ever passing was good in this world, I'm glad I do n't live here now. And I should think that man [referring to a spirit that preceded her, who died at a Lunatic Hospital, whose message situated have preceded hers in publication], would be glad he got out of this miserable world. It's an awful world! There's a place in it that's so wicked you would n't never see a single ray of goodness. That's an awful place he told you about, wasn't it? Well, it is true, every word of it. [Have you been there?] No, but I know he tells the truth, and there's an old man here, and I was talking with him when this man was here, and he was there too, and he was a great deal older than my grandfather—he was eighty years old—and he told me he lived here more than ninety years, and he died without any grief, and he drank water. And they was just as ugly to him as they could be, and he is coming, too—the old man is coming, too, and he will tell you things that will make your heart stand still, I think. [Will you give your age?] Ten. [When you passed away?] When I passed away? No. [Now?] Yes, sir, now. Why, do n't you think I live now? [Yes.] Well, then, I grow old, do n't I? [Certainly; but some spirits give their age when they passed away.] Oh, do they? I did n't know anything about that. Will you give your age, when you die, and when you come back? [That will depend on circumstances—on how soon I return.] If you do n't come back for a hundred years, will you say a hundred years old? [No, I won't give my age when passing was good in this world, I'm glad I do n't live here now. I can, too, remember. I was six years old. You put it in the paper, do n't you? [Yes.] I know. Mr. Brown takes it, too. He is a kind of a funny man. My mother used to say he was a funny man. My father used to tell her about what he did and said, and she thought he was funny. He was one of the folks what believes as you do. I am going now. [Come again.] Yes, sir; hope I'll go to my mother next time. May 10.

Frederick Faulkenstein.

I come six years ago from Holstein. [Come to New York. That is where I was born, and where I lived—New York. I have my brother there. He has charge of what I left, and so I want to come and communicate with him. My name when I was here, was Frederick Faulkenstein. Have a brother in New York, and I want to reach him. Girard, is my brother's name, and I want him to go to one—one there who gets these, [touching the letters on the table.] [You mean Mr. Mansfield?] Yes, that is it. [You want your brother to send him a letter, and you will answer it.] Yes; and I will tell him about what I wish him to do about my things—what I want here in this country, and what I want to do back to Holstein. I was once acquainted with this. I have some friends from my country what knows something about this, and say something, when I die I could come this way, but I don't think I could, but I see I can. I was much pleased, and now I can reach my brother by coming here, and I want him to go to the place where the gentleman answers these letters. [You want your brother to write some questions, and you will answer them.] That is it. That is it. You see. I very much thank. I shall sometime do much as I can for you. May 10.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry.

Invocation.

Mighty Allah, thou hath breathed upon us, and we live. We behold upon our right hand goodness and life, and upon our left hand evil and death. Teach us, mighty Allah, to choose wisely and well. May we understand wherefore we are, from whence we have come, and whither we shall go. Thou hath clothed the heavens with celestial robes by day and gemmed them with lamps of fire by night, that we may learn of thee. Thou hath hung the universe with worlds without number, and from each thou dost speak to us; from all thy voice we hear. Mighty Allah, may the Christians forgive us, and the children of darkness, and remember only that thou art the child of light. May they so live in this earthly life that the other shall open before them with joy and not with sorrow. May the brightness of the other life be seen by them. May it remove the shadow from their spirits. May it take the darkness from their eyes. May it remove that which forbids them to hear, and may their spirits ever sing thee a song of praise, because thou art good, and holy, and true. The grasses of spring-time and summer praise thee in their greenness. So may the souls of these Christians praise thee with the greenness of hope, and faith, and trust, to-day and on all other days, recognizing thee as the Infinite Father of the Brahmin and the Christian, the Great Spirit who holdeth worlds in his embrace and forgetteth not the atom. May 11.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—What is matter? Please explain, if possible, the difference between matter visible to the eye and what we call unseen matter.

A.—The difference, of course, is simply in degree, not in essence. Matter is matter the world over, as a pound is a pound the world over. We all know we cannot see the gases that we breathe and sustain our lives by, but we all know, also, that these gases are matter—just as much matter, as the apple is matter, as the stone is matter, as every conceivable form of matter in the aggregate is matter. It is only in degree that the difference consists.

Q.—Taking it for granted that God possesses all the essential elements and attributes of absolute perfection, does it not follow that a time will come, though far remote, when man will cease to progress? Would this be eternal progress? If it, eternity will cease when perfection comes. On the other hand, if God is himself a progressive being, it appears reasonable that eternal progression is the destiny of the whole human race.

A.—Strange notions with regard to progress and the law governing it are rife on the earth, and strange notions with regard to perfectness are also very prevalent. It is very rare that we find one individual that is even approximating to correct notions with regard to this idea. To most minds, that which is perfect has reached its ultimate of life. A very great mistake. The term has been misunderstood. Most people believe that progression implies perpetual adding to goodness—a perpetual rising in an ascending wisdom and goodness. It is not so. That is not what souls grow. Plants do not grow that way; souls do not grow that way. We progress all the days of our lives, whether we are in the valley of humiliation or upon the mount of divinity. When I say I shall progress to all eternity, I do not mean that I shall continue to go onward and upward through all eternity. No; I expect to go down into very many different bells in my journey. I expect to ascend and to descend as the waves of the ocean do. I expect that night will always follow day. I expect that sorrow will always be akin to joy. We often hear expressions like this made by earth's people: Such a one

don't progress at all. They are standing still. That is a mistake. They are constantly progressing, just as everything in all Nature is constantly in motion. There is no such thing as absolute rest—a state of absolute inactivity. It is not found in the grave; it is not found in the rock; it is not found anywhere. Even in the heart of the granite rock Nature is perpetually at work, changing, transforming, passing it through innumerable processes. These physical bodies are sown by the spirit. When the spirit can no longer use them, Mother Earth takes them. Do they rest there? By no means. Mother Earth immediately goes to work to change them, transform them. They come up in grasses, flowers, trees, then. They come up in grasses, flowers, trees. "I found and round the circle runs," says the poet. "I shall be very glad when the majority of the minds that are passing through the earth-life here possess good, correct ideas, with regard to perfection and progress. Then they will fear less and enjoy more. Your correspondent, Mr. Chairman, wonders how God made himself. Well, I do not wonder that he wonders how this could have been, for surely not even Deity himself, or itself—call it what you will—can tell. That is not according to any law that we know of. Nothing cannot produce something, and it is work performed in vain—always has been, and I believe always will be—seek to analyze God. That principle is past analysis. We cannot see it by our senses; we cannot measure it by our senses. We cannot understand it clearly, because, forsooth, it is infinite, while we are finite. We can only grasp just so much, and no more; and, for my part, I am content to know that I am surrounded and sustained by an all-pervading, infinite principle of life. It makes no difference whether it is the Hebrew's God or the Christian's God, or whether it is any God at all. Call it a law; call it a principle; call it anything you choose. Study it as much as you will. Search well the scriptures of Nature as you find them outside of yourselves, or as you find them in yourselves. Possess yourselves of all spiritual and natural wisdom that it is possible for you to obtain. It is all yours, and all that there is something more to be learned. You can never reach the ultimate, because you can never be the whole nor go outside of the whole.

Q.—It is believed everything that exists is the result of intelligent effort; but how can it be, if God is a progressive being? The laws and principles by which man progresses are superior to him. He cannot make or originate principles by which he can advance in the onward march. He can only discover laws and principles which already exist. If man is compelled to avail himself of superior aid, how can God progress without the aid of a being superior to himself?

A.—If progress was entirely dependent upon intelligence, everything that progresses would cease to do so when it had been separated from intelligence. The rock is not intelligent, nor do I know that it changes its form or grows as the result of intelligence. There is a law of chemistry in nature that seems to possess an intelligence of its own; but although it is akin to that which belongs to the human species, yet it is not the same. It is the intelligence of chemistry, not of wisdom. Since the law is so very much greater than we are, and since it is constantly manifesting itself to us in some new phase, how are we to expect with any degree of certainty that we shall ever receive the all of life? If we could say to God, "Come now, God, show us the entire of life;" and if God would respond to our call, we might expect to analyze not only the universes that were presented to us, but the life of the universes. But to do so when it had been separated from intelligence, it is to me the help of folly, to expect such a gift. The Christian's God is one that we can analyze, we can sift, we can hold in the hollow of our hands. But that is not the God of the universe. It is not the God of the soul. It is not the infinite spirit of all life. It is only the Christian's God. The Brahmin's God we can measure with equal certainty. The God of the Jews we can also measure; and the God of all sects, and of all souls, and all worlds, and all universes, eludes all human analysis, and always will.

Q.—Can you tell us the use of prayer?

A.—Prayer brings us into a more harmonious condition. It takes us for the moment, spiritually at least, away from the din and confusion of a mortal life, and brings us in communication with the presence of God. We are in the body or out of the body. In this sense it is of use and does us good.

Q.—Does the law of progress consist of decreased ponderable matter?

A.—In a certain sense it consists in that, but not entirely.

Q.—Is it recognized as a fact in the spirit-world that souls progress, if intelligence does not?

A.—Intelligence does progress, because all things progress. Souls progress. To me progress is motion. The terms are synonymous. I said a few moments ago that nothing was ever absolutely at rest. I affirm it again; consequently everything is constantly progressing. If God, or the spirit, or life, is constantly moving through matter, as we understand God, the Great Spirit, is constantly progressing. Since I believe progress to be all motion, of course I believe that all things progress. May 11.

Stephen A. Douglas.

Mr. Chairman, I am unwilling to occupy the time which is so valuable to those who have earnest desires to return to their loved ones here, only as I may hope to shed a faint ray of light in the way of strengthening the weak faith that is possessed by those who have called upon me—requested that I return. Some two weeks since I was requested by some friends who have very little faith in the power of departed spirits to return to come to this place, if it were possible for a spirit to return and communicate, and give my ideas, as best I was able, concerning the safety of this country, and I was requested to say something concerning the close of the rebellion. My friends, those who called me here, contend that the country is safe. It doubtless is, in one way, but that, to my mind, depends upon what we consider safety to be. In what does it consist? If it consists in a war of ideas, in a clashing of words, in a clashing of thoughts, in misunderstandings here and misunderstandings there, in hatred as exhibited by the South toward the North, and vice versa, then indeed the country is safe. But if it does not consist in these things, then it is a question unsettled to my mind. I should be very loth to say that I believed it to be absolutely safe, because I believe that no nation can be safe unless it stands upon a well understood political foundation, and a strong, well understood financial foundation—both of which are in a very shaky condition with this nation. What are my ideas with regard to the close of the rebellion? I can give them in a very few words. The rebellion is not closed, and therefore the close of the rebellion is a thing non est. I am Stephen A. Douglas. Good-day. May 11.

Harriet Taylor.

I am Harriet Taylor. I have been gone from the earth five years. I was twenty-seven at the time of death. I died of consumption, in New York city, on 32d street. I was a medium—trance, writing, medium for moving articles, and for various other manifestations. I promised and I have long expected to come here, but it is only those who have a very fair share of will-power, or have influence with some of the controlling spirits of this place, who can come just when they wish to. Those who are diffident and do not like to press through the crowd, and ask for favors, are very apt to be obliged to stay away quite a long time. I am used here in this spirit-world in the capacity of medium very often. I used to think in my last sickness that I should be free from everything that would annoy and distress the spirit after death; but it is not so. We are acquainted with the sufferings of those who have left here. We often know whether they are happy or unhappy, and their thoughts of us often reach us in a very uncomfortable form, and make us very unhappy. I would not say that our thoughts, when we are here, are always modified by knowledge that we have, and by it will be happier with them. They will not always be unhappy, and we shall not always hear their groanings and complaints, because they must change. It cannot always be night. I was married during my life. I have one bright boy with me here. I have none on the earth. The husband I married is on the earth, but as I have no particular sympathy with him, I do not care to communicate with him. I only speak of him to prove to my friends that I have not forgotten the relations of earth. I was satisfied with the disposition of what I left. I was satisfied with all; and I thank those

friends who were kind to me during my sickness, and if ever they have need of my assistance as a spirit, I shall most gladly render it; and when their time of change has come, I shall cast my mite into the scale to do something for them; I can learn them something, if nothing more. Every new comer to this life has need of a guide or guides, for they each one come with so many strange, wild, superstitious ideas about the place, that they don't know which way to turn. They have eyes, and cannot see. They have ears, and do not dare to trust them. They have senses corresponding to all they have here, and because they have, many of them do not believe they have left the earth-life. They stoutly contend that they have met with no change, because, they say, "if we had changed we should n't have these hands, we should n't have these eyes and ears, this nose and mouth. We should be spirits, and should be in heaven, and should see God and the prophets, and patriarchs and angels." So you see they come with their fixed notions, and these have to be knocked all to pieces before they can see or hear, or be willing to be happy at all. There's happiness right within their reach, and they are afraid to grasp it. So you see there's enough for us to do, who are disposed to be philanthropic, here in this life. Oh, I assure you, there is great need of missionaries here with us, as with you—home missionaries, too. No such thing as foreign missionaries. It is all for the benefit of the boys. They give me a glass of whiskey, and wanted me to give em something to drive off the blues, and I was giving them an Irish break-down, and a shell come whizzing by me. Oh Lord! if I was n't dead for more than three hours. Thought my head was gone with the shell. That ended my dancing that day. I s'pose the boys will all remember that. Lord! I was a dead Irishman then for just about three hours. But I come to again, and found I was n't hurt at all. Well, sir, I am just as happy now as I was then, and just as ready for a good time; yes, sir, I tell you I am. And as for being in purgatory, oh Lord, I don't know whether it's purgatory or not. Pretty good place, anyway. I'm n't trouble myself to inquire for the old gentleman who takes charge of outsiders, but am glad to take the trouble to inquire for him at all. If he wants me he can look me up. (To the Chairman.) Well, sir, good-day. [Come again.] Yes, sir, I will. Faith, I'll be glad to come. Don't forget about my brother, and the Church. [Give your age?] Well, my age, is just you want? Well, sir, I was thirty. I was just turning thirty. [Have you anything to say about your family?] Family? Lord! that's something I never had. Faith, do n't be a shooting that on to me. Suppose I ought to had one long time ago, but somehow or other I never did. It was kind of out of my line. Good-day, sir. May 11.

I did n't intend to preach a sermon when I came. I only intended to tell my friends that although I was very late in returning, yet I could come, after all. Good-day, sir. [May I ask you a question?] Yes, say your question as a medium. Can you explain to me about how? Oh, yes, sir. In communicating thoughts or ideas to mortals. From some spirits it is necessary that many mediums be used; sometimes it is only one. Let me illustrate. For instance, here may be the earthly medium by which you get the ideas. The communicating spirit may stand behind another spirit medium, they passing their ideas to the spirit medium, and from thence communicating them to the earthly medium, and from thence to you. Sometimes there are a dozen of these spirit mediums, or a hundred, or a thousand, all forming a magnetic wire, having one end in the brain of the communicating spirit, and the other attached to the brain of the earthly medium, and passing through all those different spirit mediums. But where the communicating spirit, as the present case, is the spirit medium, it is necessary, do you understand? [Yes. But does the thought of the communicating spirit thus reach us unadulterated?] No; it does not. It partakes more or less of the mediums—the channels—through which it passes. But the idea is unadulterated. The external form, the expression, is in accordance with the channels through which it passes. The river is shaped by the banks. It is sometimes crooked, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide. It is water, notwithstanding. The banks give it shape. They do not change its essence. It is water. It is a river, notwithstanding its banks. Now the idea remains perfect. It is only the external expression that is changed by the different mediums. We have the control in personal, as in the case, and absolute—where the sense of the sense of the earthly medium are all held in the embrace of the spirit, and made positive use of, then you get just precisely what they wish to say, so far as they are able to make use of human language. Of course, they are obliged to use such terms as you understand, and these do not always express the idea clearly, I can tell you. Language has got to grow a great deal before it will express ideas in all their beauty. May 11.

Michael Scanlon.

[How do you do?] Pretty well, thank ye. Faith, I had a hard time to get here. Got completely upset and lost my senses, and almost myself, quite a number of times. The biggest crowd I was ever in, I was brought along to the Convention. I had a friend of mine from Dover—Patrick Murphy. [Oh, yes; I remember him.] Yes; and he wanted me to give you his compliments, and tell you he wasn't dead at all. First, when he told me about these things, and how I could come back and communicate to the Church and my own people, I thought he was fooling me; and then, when I see he was in earnest about it, I thought, well—I thought there was crazy folks on our side, sure. But he took me in here yesterday, and I not get a chance to come; and I was here once before, but not get so near as I was yesterday, and he show me how the thing was done; and he tell me I would do a great deal of good to communicate to my people and to the Church. Faith, I do n't know about that. It's pretty hard work, but I had a friend of mine from Dover—Patrick Murphy. [Oh, yes; I remember him.] Yes; and he wanted me to give you his compliments, and tell you he wasn't dead at all. First, when he told me about these things, and how I could come back and communicate to the Church and my own people, I thought he was fooling me; and then, when I see he was in earnest about it, I thought, well—I thought there was crazy folks on our side, sure. But he took me in here yesterday, and I not get a chance to come; and I was here once before, but not get so near as I was yesterday, and he show me how the thing was done; and he tell me I would do a great deal of good to communicate to my people and to the Church. Faith, I do n't know about that. It's pretty hard work, but I had a friend of mine from Dover—Patrick Murphy. [Oh, yes; I remember him.] Yes; and he wanted me to give you his compliments, and tell you he wasn't dead at all. 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Western Department.

J. M. PEEBLES, EDITOR.
INDIVIDUALS subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail or ordering books, should send their letters containing remittances direct to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Parting Words.

Though life is fraught with varied changes—meeting to-day and parting to-morrow—friendship, inhering as a principle in the human soul, never perishes. It is only a germinal bud on earth, blooming into a sweeter, fresher fragrance in heaven.

Retiring from the Western Department of this ever-faithful and oldest Spiritualist paper in the country, and assuming the general supervision of another, a weekly, The Universe, to be published by H. N. F. Lewis, of the Western Rural and Chicagoan, Chicago, Ill., and devoted to "choice literature, science, the Spiritual Philosophy, woman's independence, reform, general intelligence," etc., it is but justice done our former associates, to say that during the several years of our business and literary relations with the proprietors and editors of the Banner of Light, not an unkind or angry word ever passed between us.

Pianos in Heaven.

The author of "The Gates Ajar" having mentioned that there are pianos as well as harps in heaven, a Chicago paper suggests that she will kindly add which instrument is in most favor there, the Chickering or the Steingway.—Portland Press.

Decidedly utilitarian; just like a mortal on the mortal plane, mortally mistaken, because seeing "through a glass darkly."

Did not Jesus say: "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" And is it not recorded in the epistle to the Hebrews that the most beautiful things of this world are but the "shadows of heavenly things." Further, "Moses was admitted of God," says Paul, "to make all things according to the pattern showed to him in the mount."

Any individual having a particle of faith in the New Testament teachings, believes there are "golden girdles," "vials of odors," "harps," "trumpets," etc., in heaven; and if "harps" why not lutes, lyres, pianos, and all kinds of musical instruments? We should certainly prefer bands of instrumental music, to that everlasting church-expected song of "Moses and the Lamb." Anything but monotony.

Clumsy materialistic thinkers have yet to learn that God is spirit, energy, force; that spirit is causation; that the spirit-world is the real world, of which this physical Cosmos is but the merest shadow; that the most important inventions blessing humanity were first conceived in the world of spirits, and then inflowed, by the law of influx, to receptive minds, to be worked into more material forms for use.

Our media entranced, clairvoyantly behold delightful fields, landscapes, gardens, flowers, fountains, musical bands, lyceum gatherings, schools of design, art galleries, magnificent mansions, architectural abodes of beauty, where loving hearts beat and throb in sweetest, holiest union.

Unsettled Clergymen.

There are one hundred and fifty unsettled ministers connected with the Unitarian denomination. Every fourth man in the clerical profession is unsettled; and the majority of this large number are eligible for settlement and desire to settle.—Liberal Christian.

Probably one-half of these unsettled pastors are firm believers in the present ministry of angels and spirits, and the general principles involved in the Spiritual Philosophy. If they only had moral courage, a genuine Theodore Parker manliness to speak, to preach their soul's full convictions, they would not be the paupers they are, begging for employment. Not boasting, but because a fact, we affirm our inability to meet one-fourth the calls we have to lecture before Spiritualist and other independent organizations. The command from heaven 'still is, "Feed my sheep"; that is, interest, educate, elevate and spiritualize the people. None of your "manna"; none of your "Lord and Master" sermons; none of your mock piety, nor gowned priesthoods. The people have so decreed. Spiritualism, naturalism, radicalism—these are the growing isms of the age. All supernatural religions and partial theories will be speedily outgrown and repudiated, and whatever puts contempt upon human nature in this world, or intimates its hopeless ruin in the future existence, will, by thinkers, be spurned with righteous indignation.

Spiritualism has already changed, or greatly modified, all the church dogmas of the land. Immortality receives from it its only demonstration. Poetry credits it with its sweetest, noblest inspirations. Philanthropy finds in it its keenest incitement and tenderest consolation. Civil government affirms its wide-field power in every demand put forth for freedom and protection, based upon universal brotherhood. It is the right-hand supporter of the physical sciences, as well as that phase of moral science which relates to conscience, justice, obligation, benevolence and moral action. Spiritualism calls for more advocates.

Life's Battle.

The battle of life in a majority of cases must necessarily be fought up hill. To win the victory without a struggle, would be to win it without honor. While difficulties intimidate the weak, they act only as stimulants to men of energy and resolution. A whining shiftlessness is absolutely despicable! Give us a stirring "devil" in preference to an easy, slow, sluggish, self-righteous saint.

Upward evolutions are through effort. Everything that grows, grasses, grains, forests, push upward against the law of gravitation. The

higher is attained only through struggle. All the diverse experiences of life serve to demonstrate that the impediments thrown in the way of individual advancement, may be overcome by steady good conduct, honest convictions, active perseverance, and a determined resolution to surmount all difficulties, and stand up manfully against all misfortunes.

Leaning—everlastingly leaning upon somebody is soft, and waxy as putty. Would to heaven we could infuse a moral decoction of spinal stiffening into the American multitude. Bless the man or woman that dare say no, and say it squarely! Strike out! Planting your feet upon the platform of eternal principles, fight life's moral battles earnestly, sincerely, bravely—certain, then, will be the victory.

"By the thorn-rod, and no other, Is the mount of triumph won; Tread it without shrinking, brother; Jesus trod it—press thou on!"

Healing Media.

"They shall lay hands on the sick and heal them." This was Jesus's method. The apostles possessed these healing gifts, and they are possessed to-day by the apostles and believers characterizing the spiritual dispensation. To be numbered with Newton, Bryant, and others faithful to their calling, is Dr. G. Swan, formerly a Universalist clergyman. It is sometimes said that Dr. Swan heals by "vital electricity." This phrase with the ignorant may serve as a "blinder." It simply means spiritual magnetism—a branch of Spiritualism.

The Rev. J. S. Lee, professor in the Universalist St. Lawrence University, after relating the wonderful manner in which he was saved from suffering by the magnetic influence of Dr. Swan during the operation of extracting eleven teeth, volunteers the following statement:

"Other operations of a similar character have been performed in this and other towns. In the power which he has over the nervous system, and ability and skill in alleviating disease and curing the sick, I regard Dr. Swan as a public benefactor and eminently entitled to the patronage of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with disease."

What will Universalists say to this? Listen to their Solon words: "T was nothing but electricity!" "Vital electricity!" What vitalized it; gentlemen? and what intelligence directs it in cases of healing and test communications from the spirit-world? It is to be hoped that sectarians will know enough sometime to understand that when they say all these phenomena are wrought by electricity, magnetism, psychology, &c., they simply say—Spiritualism. These are among the agents that spirits employ. Spiritualism is the trunk—these are the branches.

Appropos: A prominent Unitarian clergyman, conversing with the Rev. J. Baker, one of the editors of the American Spiritualist, said:

"Nine-tenths of the philosophy of Spiritualism, I believe; but that the phenomena are caused by spirits, I most surely do not. I believe they are caused by some unexplained psychological phenomenon, more subjective than objective."

A fine specimen this of Unitarian lucidity!

The Communion Table.

A Baptist pastor in Maine invites "all Spiritually fitted" to the communion table. "The same Baptist pastor avers, however, that if his church were to go to the Congregational church to commune, it would be a disciplinary offence.—The Pulpit.

"Scripturally fitted"—what does that mean? And then, who is to decide as to the necessary amount of "fitting"—the priest, or the member with "bread and wine" in full view? If this communion board is really the "Lord's table," and the Lord Jesus is as liberal and social now as when wandering over Judean mountains, it seems to us that all should be cordially invited. On the other hand, if it is only a little private affair, gotten up for the benefit of the close-communication fraternity, of course they have a right to fix limits, and see that applicants are "Scripturally fitted."

Third Anniversary of the Universal Peace Union.

On the 14th and 15th of May this radical Peace Society celebrated its third anniversary at Dodworth Hall, New York. The President, A. H. Love, of Philadelphia, occupied the chair, and upon the opening of proceedings named Miss Julia Crouch, of Mystic, Conn., and Prof. J. K. H. Wilcox, of Washington, as Secretaries. Among the audience were Cora L. V. Tappan, Henry C. Wright, Levi K. Joslin, Mrs. Spence, J. B. Wolff, &c.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

The President made a few introductory remarks. He said that the realization of peace would be better than the mere promise which they were receiving, but which he did not believe in. The President and the administration took office and the rule of the country with the motto, "Let us have peace," and this society now want that cry carried into practical operation, and both the Executive and the Legislature should remove all causes for disturbance and war.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

It mentioned the encouragement that their work had met with during the past year. The committee that had been appointed at the last anniversary to confer with Progressive Friends, the government of the country, and other societies of influence, in relation to the Indians, report gratifying results. The Friends memorialized Congress, and together they forwarded circular letters to one hundred and fifty Indian posts.

These were received with demonstrations of joy. They said, "Splendid; we want to serve people who can send us such messages of friendship, brotherhood and peace." They also sent to the Indians two boxes of presents—one to the Fox and Sac of Iowa, and the other to the Choc-taws and Chickasaws west of Arkansas. They contained comforts and fancy goods, clothing, mirrors, breast-pins, beads, toys, candy, seeds, books, &c. They also memorialized the President and Congress, setting out how the Indians should be treated, and the report commended the action taken by the President in putting the Indian affairs into the hands he has. It also noticed the alliance that had taken place between this society and the Peace Union of Havre. On the subject of an international code for the prevention of war, they had addressed Hon. Mr. Sumner, D. D. Field, and Robert Dale Owen. Mr. Field sent them the sheets of a proposed plan for the work, and the others replied favorably. The report closed with an account of the work of their society and kindred ones throughout the country, and recalled with sorrow the decease of the Vice President, Joshua Pollard Blanchard, of Boston.

Instructions were given to the Executive Committee to appoint a sub-committee to aid in the editing of The Bond of Peace, and they report that they have attended to it and are pleased to refer to the enlarged sheet of The Bond, now twelve by nine inches, and containing sixteen pages, with a greatly improved appearance, and the hope is entertained that this only radical peace paper in America will receive a more liberal patronage. It is still published by E. James & Daughter, 600 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, sent an able report of the Pennsylvania Branch Society, which was read; also L. S. Richards, of Boston.

Various other branches reported. Mr. Levi K. Joslin, of Rhode Island, claimed that the American is behind Europe in the matter of Peace Societies, and that while there is great mock sensibility in reference to cruelty to animals, there is none of any kind in regard to cruelty to men.

peace as the result, while on our side of the line partial, imperfect and miserably executed laws, and a shameful neglect to have fed bloody massacres, frequent wars, and constant treachery and dagger; therefore:

Resolved, That this contrast, so striking and so disgraceful to us, should lead our Government and our people to justice, exact and impartial, under laws thoroughly executed, which would answer and satisfy the earnest demand of "let us have peace" between the white man and the red man.

Mr. Wolf, of Colorado, offered the following: Resolved, That no question of national honor, individual or national justice, or individual justice in a war with Spain, England, or any other foreign nation.

The resolution was adopted nem. con. Interesting letters were read from the Vice President, James M. Peebles, B. J. Butts, and a number of others.

Mr. J. Schwackhammer cited the case of a thief found in the house of Andrew Jackson Davis. The latter said: "Friend, what can I do for you? Are you hungry or thirsty? I will be happy to give you a meal, or do anything for you in my power." The man was disarmed, and seemed much touched. Mr. Davis, the speaker said, carried out the principles of peace, and found his reward.

The monopoly of the soil, he thought, was a leading ground of it. It led to slavery, and subsequently, to deluging the nation with blood. The speaker much approved of the woman suffrage movement, on the principle that pure Democracy demanded that all persons governed should have a voice in their Government. He branched off on numerous subjects and was called to order.

Speeches were made by Henry C. Wright, Dr. Hallock, Mr. Wolf, and others. The Committee on Nominations reported the following names, which were unanimously confirmed:

- President—Alfred H. Love, Philadelphia, Penn. Vice Presidents—Levi K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.; A. B. Child, Boston, Mass.; Hon. G. Thompson, England; L. M. Mot, Philadelphia, Penn.; William Chubb, Providence, R. I.; James P. Patches, Hammon, N. J.; A. M. Powell, New York; R. W. M. Townsend, Philadelphia, Penn.; Thomas Garrett, Wilmington, Del.; Milo A. Townsend, Blue Anchor, N. J.; F. White, Pawtucket, R. I.; F. Passy, Paris, France; J. M. Bielefeld, Havre, France; J. K. H. Wilcox, Washington, D. C.; Jos. A. Dugdale, Mount Pleasant, Iowa; I. Winslow, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. A. Webb, Keene, N. H.; T. Haskell, West Gloucester, Mass.; Sarah A. Horton, Rutland, Vt.; F. Santillier, Havre, France; A. Wadhams, New York; Mrs. M. S. T. Handley, Bridgewater, Vt.; Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C.; Dr. S. E. Leavenworth, New York; Lewis C. Drayton, Baltimore, Md.; Joseph Carpenter, New Rochelle, N. Y.; John Andrews, No. 202 Broadway, New York; Dr. S. E. Somerby, Jersey City, N. J.; Gideon Frost, Grandvale, R. I.; Edmond Potoine, Paris, France; Henry Richard, London, Eng.; Robert Dale Owen, Indiana; Sarah Crosby, Groton, N. H. Recording Secretaries—Lydia A. Schofield, Philadelphia, Penn.; W. P. Tomlinson, New York City; O. F. Browning, New York City. Corresponding Secretary—H. T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, Penn. Executive Committee—Elizabeth B. Chace, L. S. Richards, E. H. Heywood, and all the former committee.

The President followed with a series of nine resolutions, of which the following is a condensation:

- 1. Resolved, That if the people know enough to cry peace, they know enough to live, and it is time to recognize the fact that war can never establish satisfactory peace, and it is a custom which should be repudiated; and so we ask a reconstruction of every American State and the United States Government itself. 2. That as peace is natural and desirable, we should give love for hate and life for torture. 3. That in General Grant's offer to the Quakers to take charge of the Indian question, we recognize the principles of peace, and are convinced that the plan will be eminently successful, if time and patience are given it. 4. That the blame of the war is not on the Quakers, but on the common enemy of man. 5. That we heartily enter into the idea of the abolition of the death penalty. No man has a right to deprive any man of that which he cannot restore; and the highest respect for life is the punishment of the peace platform. 6. That the blame of the war is not on the Quakers, but on the common enemy of man. 7. That we heartily enter into the idea of the abolition of the death penalty. No man has a right to deprive any man of that which he cannot restore; and the highest respect for life is the punishment of the peace platform. 8. That we heartily enter into the idea of the abolition of the death penalty. No man has a right to deprive any man of that which he cannot restore; and the highest respect for life is the punishment of the peace platform. 9. That we heartily enter into the idea of the abolition of the death penalty. No man has a right to deprive any man of that which he cannot restore; and the highest respect for life is the punishment of the peace platform.

The anomalous effect of war is patent in the Cuban question. America applauds the army for overthrowing monarchy in monarchy, and then denounces it for opposing Republicanism in Cuba. We deprecate war when Cuba could be purchased.

That when we see "homes for the friendless," and "soldiers' graves for orphans" in Italy, and "widows' dril with sorrow, and in the efforts made to increase the militia, we see the most flagrant violation and mockery of the teachings of the "Prince of Peace."

Comments the action taken by kindred societies in Europe. Mr. Love strongly urged the repudiation of taxes for the support of the militia, on the ground that the proceeds were improperly appropriated. He denounced the practice of drilling in schools, as exercising an injurious effect on the minds of children. In fact, he urged the abolition of all military organizations. West Point he characterized as a useless and extravagant waste of money, and said that the money spent in supporting that institution would pay the expenses of education in Pennsylvania for years.

Mr. Marvin H. Bovee said that governments were necessary evils, with three specific objects—the protection of life, security of property, and protection of natural rights. They had, however, destroyed more of these than were ever destroyed by men in a state of barbarism. He urged that governments had no right to take human life. He gave statistics of crime in Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and Michigan, which States had abolished capital punishment, to prove that states that measure were adopted to have war and other crimes decreased. As a rule, the speaker said, the law of capital punishment was rarely carried out. The gibbet was for the poor man only, and the state prison usually for the poor man. If war was to be declared at all, he said, it should first be submitted to the people for ratification, as was the funding of town or county bonds.

Mr. Aaron M. Powell was of the opinion that the attendance present indicated that their object was not as yet a popular one, but he was assured that in time it would become popular, and that the protests now being made would have their effect on the Government.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan was announced. She said that the principles of peace were those of simple justice, and that we could only have peace when we had first had justice. The people of the countries of the world did not argue that the millennium was at hand, but so long as the Peace Society existed, it could enter its protest against wars for aggression. This Government, which boasted its superiority, had enslaved one race one hundred years, talked of exterminating another (the Indian), proscribed another, (the Chinese), and refused one-half of its population (the women) any right to participate in its workings. While slavery existed reformers denounced that only, but few protested against waging war against the Indians. Almost every spot in the country had been, at some time in its history, the scene of an Indian battle. Congress had appropriated a fund for the use of the President in settling Indian matters, but the Quakers and other friends of peace who had been lately sent to tribes at war with us could have little effect, and their failure would be but an excuse for transferring Indian affairs to the War Department. We had no right to make Indians answerable to our laws, when we do not recognize them as citizens, and until we extend the arms of the Government round them we shall be criminals. She then offered the following resolution:

Whereas, The Universal Peace Union feel the sincerest sympathy with the Society of Friends in their appointment by the President of the United States as agents to the Indians, and that the time has come when we give our full support and encouragement to go forth in "spiritual power, which is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds," we at the same time regret that in these appointments the President has sent military men to those tribes that are at peace, and Quakers and Friends of peace to those who have not cause for war. This is not a trial of the principle of peace, because the peaceful Indians will remain at peace; and in treating with the tribes at war the citizen agents will have no power to guarantee the fulfillment of treaties by Congress, and their failure will be a pretext for transferring the war to the War Department.

Resolved, That we enter our solemn protest against this manner of carrying out the measures of peace, and urge upon the Congress of the United States proper measures of legislation for the Indians, and a full transfer of Indian affairs to the jurisdiction of a civil department, thus making the agents of peace of native outlaws.

The peace Government agents had to contend

with the obstructions of disappointed politicians, with military men who were annoyed that Indian affairs had not been placed in their hands, and with traders and post agents who were angry at being able no longer to swindle the Indians. The speaker then spoke of the Cheyenne chief, Muttaka, who generally spoke of a Black Kettle, who was killed during Gen. Custar's enterprise last winter. He was generally represented by military men as infamous and terrible, yet had once saved the life of Col. Wynkoop and one hundred and fifty soldiers, whom he had surrounded and taken. The Colonel had told the truth in saying that he came for aggressive purposes, rather than deny the fact, and Black Kettle spared him because he would not lie.

After the reading of a poem by Mrs. Tappan, and a few remarks by Mrs. Mary F. Davis, the conference adjourned sine die.

It was announced that the next meeting of the Union would be held in a grove near Mystic, Conn.

Spiritualists' Union Picnic, at Harmony Grove, South Framingham.

The First Grand Spiritualist Picnic of the season will meet at the well-known and favorite resort, on Tuesday, June 22, 1869, at Harmony Grove, near Framingham, Mass. The picnic will be held on a beautiful lawn, with hall attached, close upon a beautiful lake. Within the grove is a natural amphitheatre, provided with stands and seats for the accommodation of fifteen hundred persons. Ample provision for complete shelter and amusement of visitors, and the entire grove is surrounded by a high board fence as a protection against intruders, and no one is allowed to enter without an excursion ticket, or admittance fee of twenty-five cents.

Extra trains will be run by the Boston & Albany R. R., to convey parties from other places on the line of its road to and from the grove. Refreshments can be obtained upon the ground, and dinners provided if desired. A fleet of boats is also provided. Good music will be furnished for those who wish to dance. Prof. WILLIAM DENTON will be present and address the meeting; also others of our best male and female speakers.

Reduction of FARE.—Tickets will be furnished along the line of the Boston & Worcester; Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg; and Milford Railroads, at reduced rates. Call for Excursion Tickets. A Special Train will leave Boston at 8 A. M., and arrive at Framingham at 11 A. M. Extra cars will be attached to the 8:25 express train for the accommodation of people from Worcester. FARE from Boston and Worcester, to and from the grove, including admittance, \$1.00. Tickets can be obtained at the Banner of Light office by people going from Boston; from Fitchburg, of James Stone; from Worcester, of E. R. Richards, of J. L. Buxton; from way stations, of the station agents.

The Picnic is held in the interests of the Massachusetts State Association. A. E. CARPENTER, Agent.

Picnic at Walden Pond.

The First Grand Union Picnic of the season, under the management of prominent Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, will be held at Walden Pond, on Tuesday, June 22nd, at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, Mass.

The second picnic, under the same management, will be Wednesday, July 23rd, and the third in August. The committee have made arrangements with some of our best speakers and mediums to be present. A large number of the Sons and Daughters of Joshua, who attended the Peace Jubilee, will remain over and take part in the reception of the Grand Commander, and aid in the other festivities of the joyous occasion. Edmands' Brass and String Band will furnish the music. Good accommodations for dancing.

Excursion trains leave Boston and Fitchburg Depot at 8:45, 11, and 2:15, stopping at Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge and Waltham. Excursionists above Concord will take regular trains. Tickets: Adults, \$1.00; children 75 cents.

Per order of Committee. Dr. A. H. RICHARDSON, J. S. DONOR, E. R. YOUNG.

First Lyceum Picnic.

The time for the first Lyceum Picnic of this season is changed from June 23rd to July 7th. A special train for Walden Pond will leave the Fitchburg Depot at 8:45 A. M. Tickets will be good for trains which leave at 11 A. M. and 2:15 P. M. Price of tickets, adults \$1.00, children 75 cents. Hall's Quadrille Band will be present. All are cordially invited to attend. Tickets can be procured at the Banner of Light office, and from the Committee.

Dr. F. F. FORD, ALBERT MONTON, M. T. DOLE, } Committee.

Spiritualist Picnic at Niagara Falls.

Arrangements are being made for assembling one of our Western New York Spiritualist Picnics at Niagara Falls, Thursday, July 15th. Further notice will be given by circulars, &c., when arrangements with railroads, &c., are perfected. J. W. BEAVER, Chairman Picnic Committee, Byron, N. Y., May 31, 1869.

BANNER OF LIGHT: AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NO. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Proprietors. WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICE, LUTHER COLBY, LEWIS B. WILSON, } EDITOR, ASSISTANT EDITOR, AIDED BY A LARGE CORPS OF ABLE WRITERS.

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IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO WISH A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Incorporated July, 1863, under the General Laws of California. CAPITAL, \$650,000, IN SHARES OF \$10 EACH. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$5. UNASSASSABLE.

"It looks as though Providence had bestowed upon us a strong box, the precious metals locked up in the sterile mountains of the Far West, which we are now forging the key to unlock."—Gen. Grant's Inaugural.

"The mines of this country are one of the GREAT ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL WEALTH, and their successful development is of the greatest importance, the production of Gold and Silver being particularly desirable in view of our present financial position."—Letter of Secretary of the Treasury to Committee on Mines and Mining, H. R. 11.

The property of this Company is situated in Monitor District, Alpine County, California, on Monitor Creek, one mile east of the main Carson River, forty miles south of Carson City, the capital of Nevada. It consists of 2000 feet on the HERCULES LODE, a massive vein of Gold and Silver-bearing Quartz more than 100 feet in width, and 600 feet on the ABE LINCOLN LODE, parallel to and adjoining the Hercules. A tract of 100 acres of land, bounded on Monitor Creek (with its water privileges), and including the spring and stream of pure water from Globe Ravine, together with the timber on the mountain above the mine, have just been located (April, 1869), for the benefit of the Company—greatly increasing the facilities and enhancing the value of the property.

The developments already made and in progress on the GLOBE MINE (the new tunnel, now in 250 feet, having cut several small but valuable veins of ore, prove, beyond doubt, that it is one of the richest, and, in the most extensive, bodies of mineral anywhere to be found on the Pacific Coast.

ADVANTAGES OF INVESTMENT

In the stock of this Company are of a PECULIARLY FAVORABLE CHARACTER, viz: 1. The location is UNSURPASSED BY ANY OTHER for easy development and profitable working; the abundance of Globe Mountain presenting most EXTRAORDINARY FACILITIES for opening the MINE to a great depth by a short tunnel of about 500 feet.

2. The HERCULES is the Central or Mother Lode in a Mineral Belt, two miles wide, the richness of which, in SILVER, GOLD and COPPER has no parallel in California or Nevada, when the abundance of the ore is considered.

3. The shares are FULL-PAID and FOREVER UNASSASSABLE; therefore the holder of ten shares is as thoroughly protected as is the owner of ten thousand, from any possibility of "freezing out."

4. The President and Managing Director is the holder of a Controlling Interest in the Company; therefore the operations are under the absolute direction of a SINGLE COMPETENT AND EXPERIENCED MAN, insuring all the efficiency of an individual business, and increasing the measure of success, while at the same time giving to stockholders the highest guaranty of responsibility.

5. The ores of the GLOBE MINE are of APPROVED RICHNESS, incalculable in QUANTITY, and can be worked at a cost not exceeding \$15 per ton. The dividends, therefore—after the works are put into operation—cannot be less than 50 per cent. on the actual investment, and probably will be more than 100 per cent. Dividends will be payable quarterly in New York, in gold coin or its equivalent.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIALS, AND NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"I print herewith an account of Mines and Mining in the 'Washoe' or Carson River portion of California (geographically a part of Nevada), prepared at our request by Mr. J. Winchester, a persistent and energetic miner in different parts of the Pacific region. It embodies more precise and pertinent information with regard to mines and mining in that quarter than we ever before met in so narrow a compass. We sincerely hope that Mr. W.'s sanguine expectations of speedy and ample returns to the miners of his section (himself included) will be realized. * * * We know that his enterprising, energy, temperance and assiduity are unsurpassed, and that whatever business man he does with all his might. To good faith, his statements may be implicitly relied on."—HON. GEORGE W. WOOD, Tribune.

"WINCHESTER'S MINING COMPANY.—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Globe Gold and Silver Mining Company, which will be found in this number of The Record. * * * We have been personally acquainted with J. WINCHESTER, President of the Globe Company, for nearly a quarter of a century. He is one of the few men whom we have known so long without having our best estimate of the individual character qualified by the observation of deeds which demand the exercise of forbearance, and the charity that veils the weakness and unworthiness of men. During all this period Mr. Winchester has proved himself to be a man of STEADY INTEGRITY, superior intelligence, liberal and comprehensive views, and UNBENDING industry. With a nature as warm and free as sunlight in summer, he has a will that—in the fullness of conscious power—manfully grapples with the most formidable obstacles. He never spares himself, but pursues his object with an industry that is persistent and untiring to the last breath. Whatever he undertakes he undertakes to see to the end. He has the most accurate anticipations of future results, and who KNOW HIM AS WE DO, will cordially credit the STRICT VERACITY of his STATEMENTS IN RESPECT TO EVERY MATTER OF FACT. Those who may be inclined to take an interest in the 'Globe Company,' may rest assured that these essential elements and potential forces are strongly individualized in the worthy President of that Company."—DR. S. B. BUTTS, Newark, N. J.

"BRO. J. WINCHESTER, in this issue, lays before our readers an advertisement of his Silver Mining Enterprise, which we cheerfully commend to their attention. The statements of Bro. W. can be IMPLICITLY RELIED ON, and we may safely promise that all who have occasion to transact business with him will find that they have dealt with an HONEST, AN HONORABLE GENTLEMAN and BROTHER. Long and intimate acquaintance with Bro. W. justifies a hearty indorsement of the testimonials of Mr. Greeley and Prof. Britton."—AMERICAN ODD FELLOW.