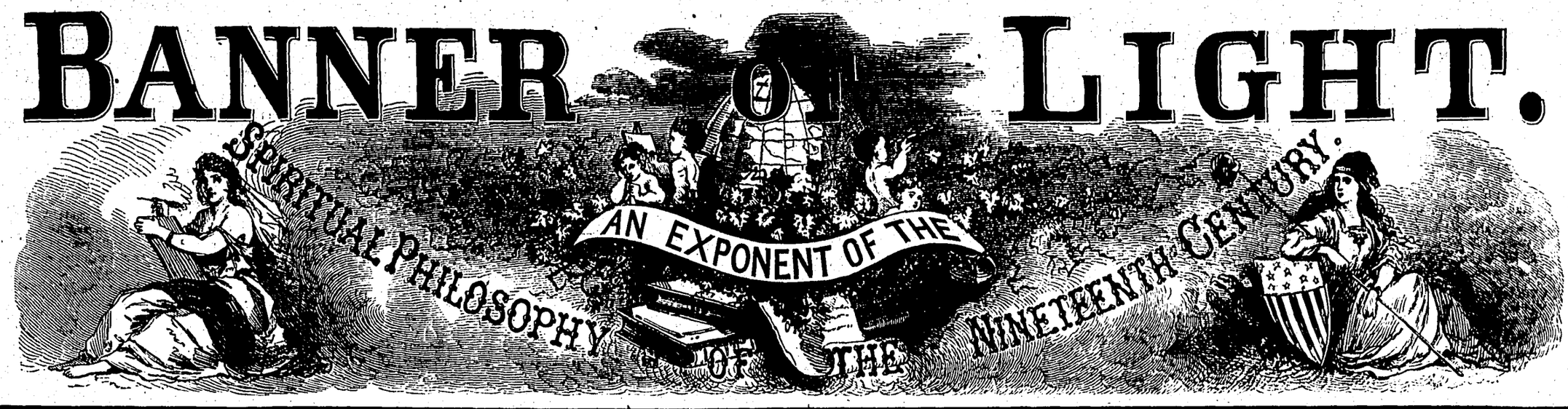
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the French, for the Banner of Light,

BY SARAH M. GRIMKÉ.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mortar Mixer—Father Mauricet's idea of the True Mason—Legend of the stout Mauduit and the little Gauvert—I became a good workman—Temptations—My First Fault—Lesson given me by Mauricet—Jerome's Chimney.

On getting me installed as mortar mixer in the work-yard, Father Mauricet said to me: "Now you have set out, Pierre Henri, be a faithful and good mason's assistant, if you desire to become a thorough workman. In our trade it is precisely as it is in the world: the best servants make the best masters; go forward then, and if any of your companions hustle you, take it in good part; accept it like a good child. It is no disgrace to receive a kick—the disgrace lies in deserving it."

This advice was judicious and well-timed, considering the customs prevalent in the work-yard. From time immemorial the mason had the right to treat his apprentice in a fatherly way, that is, to beat his trade into him. I was placed under the tuition of a native of Limousin, who preserved, in this respect, the old traditions. The slightest awkwardness provoked blows, accompanied by a torrent of curses, which might well be compared to a storm of hail and thunder! At first I was bewildered, but I soon recovered my equilibrium, and set myself earnestly to learn my trade; to work faithfully, as friend Mauricet had advised me.

At the end of a month I was pronounced the best mason's assistant in the work-yard. My master did me the justice to give me credit for this. He continued to punish my mistakes, but he did not, as formerly, seek for a pretext. The man was brutal, but not malicious; severity he regarded as a right, and he beat the boy who did not come up to his mark, as the judge passes sentence, without any feelings of hatred toward the criminal.

Although my work was a little rough, my new occupation was not distasteful to me; it furnished me an opportunity to exercise my strength and my agility. Mauricet did not fail to treat me with marked attention, which soon gave me quite a reputation among my companions. I determined to sustain it by redoubling my diligence. A good name is at once a reward, and an obligation to continue to deserve it. If it is an advantage to us, it also binds us to future good conduct; it is, as it were, earnest money received from the public, which is an incentive to the performance of duty. I had succeeded in getting the good will of all the workmen by my willingness to oblige or aid them. I learned my trade more rapidly, and with less difficulty, than most of my fellow-laborers; indeed, some of them did not succeed in learning it all. The information which was withheld from others was freely given to me. I became the pet pupil of all the workmen; each one seemed to think himself honored by teaching me something. They would assign me easy parts of the work, and kindly assist my attempts. Mauricet in particular always kept his eye upon me, and spared neither advice nor encouragement.

"See here, Pierre Henri," he was incessantly repeating—"a mason is like a soldier; he should be an honor to the regiment of the trowel. The architect is our general; he arranges the plan of the battle, but we have to carry it out by working industriously with the mortar and the stones. The true workman does not think only of the money he will make; he loves his work and glories in his achievements. For my part I never even set up a garlanded May-pole without feeling some pride in the performance. The houses I have assisted in building seem almost like my children. I always look upon them with delight; it seems to me the inhabitants are somewhat indebted to me, and I feel an interest in their happiness. When I speak thus many people sneer at me, and regard me as an old stuffed animal—one which lived before the deluge—but good workmen comprehend me and share my enthusiasm. Believe me, my boy, if you wish to attain to eminence and have a place among the *elite* of the trade, throw your heart into the handle of your trowel; nothing short of this can make a master workman."

I listened all the more willingly to Father Mauricet because I already felt the truth of his words. My trade had become, so to speak, incorporated with my blood, a part of myself. I loved my work for its own sake; I was proud of it; I entered into it with my whole soul. Since then I understand the meaning of the expression, *that is his vocation.* No man who does not enjoy his work is in his right niche. God does not destine him for the irksome task which circumstances have allotted to him. To get the real worth of men and things, the first condition is, that they fit into each other. I knew an old gardener whose success astonished every one; while his neighbors' lettuce was just beginning to head, his was as beautifully rounded as heart could wish; when the wind had destroyed all the blossoms in other gardens, his espaliers were loaded with a wealth of flowers; whilst the burning sun of August turned the finest grass plats yellow, his were covered with an emerald green.

"What in the world do you do to your plants, that everything flourishes under your hand?" demanded his wondering neighbors.

"Only one thing," he answered: "I love them."

In fact, that word explains everything. Though the ability to imitate, and the habit of working, may enable us to learn a trade, nothing but a genuine love for it can make an artisan. The advice of Father Mauricet was not my only encouragement. I was often stimulated in an indirect way by the conversation of my companions. Whilst we were fitting stones, or plastering walls, they used to relate incidents about tradesmen, and recount the wonderful achievements of their great men. Above all, I never wearied of hearing the stories about the stout Mauduit. He was a master mason, a native of Brie, who was surnamed four-handed, because he accomplished as much in a given time as any two of the best workmen. He always worked alone, attended by two or three mortar mixers, who could hardly keep him supplied. He wore a black coat, pumps nicely cleaned, and a plume of the royal bird in his hat. Thus equipped he finished his day's work without getting a spot of mortar on his clothes. People came from all parts of France to see him work; there were always around his scaffolding as many visitors as around the towers of Notre Dame.

No one had ever presumed to rival the stout Mauduit. One day, on his arrival from Beauce, a little man named Gauvert, who had witnessed his exploits, asked permission to compete with this king of workmen. Gauvert was not five feet high; wore maroon colored clothes, and had a little cue which hung down over the collar of his coat.

One of the competitors were placed at each end of the scaffold, and at a signal the contest began. The wall grew with amazing rapidity under their hands; they always seemed exactly even, so that at the end of the day neither had surpassed the other the thickness of a single pebble. The next day they recommenced their struggle, and so on for many successive days, until the wall was finished up to the cornice. Comprehending then the impossibility of either conquering, they embraced each other, swearing eternal friendship, and the stout Mauduit gave his daughter in marriage to the little Gauvert. The descendants of these remarkable workmen *own, at this day, a house five stories high in each district of Paris.*

This history, related with a thousand additions and variations, and whose authenticity I never permitted myself to doubt, kindled my enthusiasm into a fanatical passion for the trowel and the mallet. Without ever expressing it, I indulged the hope of surpassing all the workmen in France and Navarre, and of becoming a second Gauvert, or another Mauduit. This ambitious desire accelerated so vastly my improvement that I was prepared to become a journeyman at that age when most boys are only apprentices. Such success quite upset me. Suddenly released from the subordination to which I had been accustomed, I abused the authority I had never learned to exercise. My mortar mixer was the most tricky and malicious fellow in the yard. Mauricet had several times warned me against him. "Take care, child," he would say, with his usual familiarity, "you have only cut your milk teeth; you are biting too hard; you will break them."

His prophecy was soon fulfilled to the letter; for one day, my servant, tired of my ill-treatment, rebelled against me, and treated me like the mortar he was accustomed to pound. I carried for more than a month the marks of this too well-merited correction, by which I did not fail to profit; but, cured of one fault, I soon fell into the opposite extreme. Some of my companions *devoutly* celebrated Holy Monday, and had often tried to induce me to join them. At first I resisted without much difficulty. My reminiscences of drinking-saloons were anything but pleasant. When, however, they attacked me with ridicule, my courage failed. They declared that I was afraid of being flogged by my mother, that I was not yet weaned, and was afraid that brandy would burn my throat. These foolish sayings piqued my pride. I determined to prove that I was no baby, by behaving as badly as a man. So I was persuaded to go to the suburbs the day after I had received my money; my fortnight's wages in my pocket. I staid in the saloon until every cent was safely deposited in the till.

All Sunday and Monday was spent in this debauch. I returned the day after, hatless, all covered with mud, and staggering through the Faubourgs. My mother, utterly ignorant of what had become of me, and supposing I must be either wounded or dead, had sought me first at the dead-house and then at the hospital. I found her with Mauricet, who was trying to comfort her. The sight of me relieved her anxiety, but not her distress. After the first emotions of joy had subsided, she gave vent to her sorrow at seeing me in such a plight. To lamentations succeeded reproaches. I was so drunk that I scarcely understood what they said. The tone of their voices alone informed me that they were reprimanding me. It is generally so with drunkards; I was brim-full of the glorious wine, and regarded myself for a short time as one of the sovereigns of the world. I replied by imposing silence on the good woman, and declaring that henceforth I would live as I listed, and be my own master. My mother raised her voice. I spoke still louder, and the dispute grew hot, when Father Mauricet interfered, and put an end to it. He insisted that this was no time for talking, and made me go to bed. I slept without stirring till next morning.

When I opened my eyes, about daylight, I remembered all that had passed, and I felt some shame and great embarrassment. However, pride forestalled repentance. The upshot of it was, I concluded that the money I earned belonged to me; I had a right to dispose of my own time; nobody had any business to find fault, and I determined to cut short all words of reproof or advice. The thought of my mother alone disquieted me, and wishing to avoid her reproaches, I rose quietly and departed without seeing her.

On my arrival at the yard, I found the men at work; but they did not appear to notice me. I began to mix the mortar with great nonchalance, and in a very bad humor. Two days of debauchery had spoiled my appetite for work. I felt, moreover, a secret humiliation, which I strove to hide under an air of bravado. I lent an ear to the conversation of my companions, although dreading lest I should hear some joke about myself, or some severe censure passed upon my conduct. When the master-builder entered the yard, I pretended not to see him, and avoided speaking to him, lest he should inquire the cause of my absence. I had lost my self-respect, and could no longer look people in the face. I felt that there was something in my life that I wanted to conceal.

Those who had enticed me to the saloon, had not yet returned; the master-workman remarked this. "These men," said the head mason, "have a weakness: when they do chance to work, they swallow so much mortar that they require at least three days of carousal over their cups to rinse their throats thoroughly."

All the men began to laugh, and I thought there was somewhat of contempt in their laughter. I involuntarily reddened, as if their merriment was at my expense. Altogether unaccustomed to dissipation, I could not rid myself of my feelings of remorse. The day passed heavily enough; the uneasiness which I experienced in all my limbs communicated itself to my spirits. I felt utterly dilapidated, within and without.

Whilst we were at work, Father Mauricet had not opened his lips to me; but when the hour arrived to quit, he came to me and said that he would walk with me. As he lived at the other end of Paris, I asked him if he had any business in my district.

He briefly answered, "You will see." I was about taking my usual route home, but he led me through other streets, without assigning any reason, until we came to a house in the Faubourg St. Martin; here he stopped.

"Do you see that building?" said he, "and the tall chimney near the gable, which I have named Jerome's chimney? It was here your father killed himself."

I trembled to my very heart's core, and I looked at the fatal chimney with horror, mingled with rage.

"Ah! it was here," I repeated, in a voice choked by emotion; "you were here, were you not, Father Mauricet?"

"Yes, I was here."

"And how did it happen?"

"It was neither the fault of the building, nor the fault of the trade," replied Mauricet. "The scaffolding was perfectly safe, the work he was doing involved no danger; but your father came to his death by drinking; his vision was clouded, his steps faltered, he mistook an open space for a board, and killed himself."

I felt the color mount to my face, and my heart beat quicker.

"Father Jerome was a capital workman, but he was the victim of intemperance; by frequenting the tables of the wine-dealers he bartered away his strength, his skill, and his senses. But, pshaw! as people say, we have but one life, and we might as well enjoy ourselves before we die. If widows and orphans are reduced to beggary, they can go to the alms-house, or blow their frozen fingers. Don't you agree with me?"

He began to sing a couplet from a bacchanalian song, then much in fashion:

"Come, let us drink, and merry make,
He who knows how to drink, knows all that's worth the knowing."

I felt deeply humbled and embarrassed. I knew not what to say. I knew that Mauricet was speaking ironically. I was ashamed to approve what he had uttered, but then to gainsay it would be my own condemnation. I hung down my head and remained silent. He continued to gaze steadfastly on that accursed gable.

"Poor Jerome," he resumed, his voice changing to a tone of tenderness; "if he had not been led astray by bad examples when he was young, we should still have him among us. Madeline's old body would have some rest, and you would have a father to guide your footsteps. But, alas! there is nothing left of him—not even the memory of a good life. It is only good workmen who can be regretted. When the unfortunate man was dashed upon the pavement, what do you think the master-mason said? 'One drunkard less—carry him off and clean up the pavement!'"

I could not restrain a burst of indignation.

"Well," continued Mauricet, "the master-mason was a hard-hearted man; he valued men as he would animals—for what they could do. If a good workman had been killed he would only have said, 'That's a pity.' However, the fact is everybody thinks as he does. Only his friends followed the body of Jerome to the grave. Even those who joined in his revels turned their backs upon his coffin. Remember this: the worthless seek our company, but they are incapable of friendship."

I listened, but made no answer. We had recommenced our walk; at the first turn Mauricet halted, and pointing out the chimney, which rose high above the roofs, he said, solemnly:

"When you feel inclined to renew the debauch of yesterday, look toward that chimney, and the wine you are going to swallow will taste of blood."

He bade me farewell, leaving me utterly overwhelmed. Mauricet had a remarkably impressive manner, which prevented one from ever forgetting what he said. He was an ignorant man, but his words carried conviction with them; they were as vivid to the mind as images are to the eye, with all their form and coloring. It was not his words alone, but his gestures, his looks, the flash of his eye, the accent, the incomprehensible something, which emanated from him and entered into you, and which was irresistible. Since I have read and reflected on these things, I have come to the conclusion that it is this power which gives eloquence to the orator and enables him to exercise such sway over mind.

I entered my mother's apartment very much troubled, but determined to conceal my feelings. I was fighting down the lesson I had just received. I revolted at the idea of being so much moved. I swore to myself that I would not yield, but would continue to take life merrily. I endeavored to strengthen my impenitence by thinking of the reproaches that awaited me from Madeline, and was quite prepared to cut them short by boasting of my independence. I entered our poor dwelling with a defiant look and a deliberate step.

The old woman had just finished setting the table, and she received me just as usual. Her kindness disconcerted me and shook my resolution. I was so overcome with a sense of my crime that it required a strong effort to restrain my tears. My mother did not appear to notice my emotion. I afterwards learned that Mauricet had given her a lesson. She conversed with her usual cheerfulness, made not the slightest reference to my fortnight's wages, which I had defrauded her of for the first time, and did not appear at all uneasy. I went to bed completely disarmed and my heart torn by remorse. All night I saw my father staggering on the scaffold and dashed upon the pavement. I imagined myself drunk at the top of a scaffold suspended in the air and on the point of falling. When I rose the next day my head was heavy and my limbs painful.

However, I went to my work at the usual hour. I felt very badly all day. I was less giddy, but I was much more sad than on the preceding evening. To embarrassment had succeeded sorrow. It was full a week before I recovered my strength and spirits. The first time Mauricet heard me sing he approached me, and clapping me on the shoulder said:

"Happiness has returned to its habitation. I wish you joy. Now, my boy, take good care of the bird."

"Fear nothing," I replied, smiling. "I shall make her a pretty cage and give her plenty to eat."

"Well, be sure and don't give her too much to drink," replied Mauricet.

We exchanged looks, and he passed on.

Thirty-two years have passed since that day, and I have never broken the promise I made to myself. I have been exposed to all the temptations of intemperance, but I have triumphed over them so completely that wine has no longer any attraction for me. In good as well as evil, the first steps often decide our course; it is almost impossible to conquer a habit, but comparatively easy to avoid contracting it.

CHAPTER V.

A Domestic Misfortune—I am put to a Severe Test—My Mother Leaves Home.

Since I had received a journeyman's wages my home had been more comfortable. We had been able to leave our cellar and return to our old lodgings. The furniture which we had been obliged to sell at the time of my father's death had been replaced. We were decidedly in the rising scale, and the neighbors already treated us like moneyed folks.

Everything prospered, until my mother began to complain of her sight, which had become gradually impaired, almost without the dear woman perceiving it; or, perhaps I might rather say, without her being willing to acknowledge it. She always had some excuse ready. To-day the smoke had affected her eyes, to-morrow the fog, next day a cold in the head. At the end of ten years she began to be alarmed. She could no longer distinguish minute objects. She was compelled to give up sewing and the care of the old geographer's rooms. I shared my mother's anxiety. We consulted Mauricet, who proposed our seeing an oculist, for whom he had worked and with whom he was acquainted.

It was with great difficulty that my mother gave her consent. She had never been sick, and she had no faith in doctors. However, we succeeded in persuading her, and we took her to the oculist. He was a middle-aged man, tall, meagre and imperturbable. He examined my mother's eyes, without deigning to speak a word, wrote a prescription and handed it to me. I longed for a word of sympathy or hope to comfort me, but other patients were waiting and I dared not say anything, so we departed, no wiser than before. However, when I reached the door I perceived that Mauricet was not with us. Better acquainted with the oculist, he tarried to interrogate him. We waited for him a few minutes, when he rejoined us.

"Well, what does your charlatan say?" exclaimed my mother, who could not forgive the doctor his frigid silence.

"He orders you to eat as much roast beef as is good for you, and to sleep soundly."

"But does he guarantee her cure?" I inquired.

"Has he not given you a paper?"

"Yes; here it is——"

"Well, do what he has recommended, and let things take their course."

There was something in Mauricet's tone of voice which aroused my apprehensions, but I did not wish to say anything then. He offered his arm to my mother, and tried to amuse her by lively conversation during the walk home, which seemed to me interminable. As soon as we arrived I drew him aside and told him I wished to speak with him.

"I also wish to speak with you; when I go out follow me," he said.

My mother was already busy with her household affairs. Mauricet soon took his leave, and I accompanied him. As we descended the staircase I anxiously inquired what he had to tell me.

"Wait," said he, "until we get into the street."

But when there he walked a dozen steps without speaking.

"For God's sake, Mauricet, tell me what the oculist said!" I ejaculated in an agony of suspense.

He turned and looked at me.

"You want to know what he told me? You suspect what it is," said he abruptly. "Well, he thinks Mother Madeline is in a fair way to become blind."

I uttered a cry, but he continued almost in an angry tone:

"Good heavens! this is no time to make lamentations! Let us talk about the matter like men."

"Blind!" I reiterated, "and what is to become of her? Where can I find her a companion? Who will take care of her?"

"That's the point," replied Mauricet. "It is evident something must be done, and that is the reason I wanted to consult with you. An old blind woman will be a heavy burden for a young man; you must judge whether you can bear it."

I looked at him with an air which showed that I did not understand what he meant.

"Well," continued he, replying to my inquiring looks, "you can release yourself from the care of your mother if your heart consents to it. There are asylums for the poor who are incurable."

"Where?"

"At the hospital."

"What? you want me to put my mother among beggars?" I exclaimed.

"By my faith! don't play the orator!" said Mauricet without looking at me. "There are higher ladies than Madeline in the asylum—ladies who have kept their carriages and servants."

"They could not have had a son," I replied.

"That is as it may be," said Mauricet, shrugging his shoulders. "Sons are under no greater obligations to mothers than mothers are to sons, and many of them carry their children to the Foundling Hospital."

"But my mother did not do that," said I quickly. "She carried me in her arms until I could walk. She nourished me with her milk. I grew up like a vine under the shadow of her love; and now that the tree which supported me begins to decay, shall I cease to cling to it? No, no, Father Mauricet, you could not have believed that I would abandon her! If the good woman loses her sight entirely, mine is perfect. True, we shall have but one eye apiece; but if we can do no better, we will content ourselves with that."

"You speak from an impulse of the heart," said Mauricet. "But reflect calmly on the subject. Remember you will be riveting a chain and ball around your leg. Then farewell to freedom, to laying by a portion of your earnings, and even to marriage, for it will be a long time before you could undertake to support a family with such a tax upon you."

"A tax?" I replied hastily, feeling offended by this expression, "you are mistaken, Mauricet. The good woman would impart courage and contentment. When I was born I was good for nothing to her, but she received me lovingly. Be assured I know what I am undertaking. I cannot take counsel of my head instead of my heart, as you think I should. The trial is a severe one; I would gladly have escaped it; but since it has come to me, may God punish me if I do not perform my duty faithfully to the last."

Here Mauricet, who until now had kept his face averted from me, turned toward me, and, seizing both my hands, he exclaimed, while his face was radiant with pleasure:

"You are worthy to be a workman! I wanted to prove what stuff you were made of; whether the foundations were solid. Now I am satisfied. Away with all pretence; let us talk the matter over freely and frankly."

"But the oculist—does he really think the case is hopeless?"

"That is his opinion; but, as I was leaving him, he added it was possible she might be benefited by living in the country, breathing pure air and having about her verdant hills and fields."

I interrupted him, crying out, "Then I will take her there."

"That will be very difficult," objected my friend. "If you live separately it will cost you double, and I am afraid the purse is not as long as your good will."

The glimmering of hope given by the oculist occupied my mind more than any other consideration, and I consulted with Mauricet by what expedient the proposed change could be brought about. At length he recollected a fellow countrywoman, Mother Rivion, who resided near Lonjuaneau, where Madeline might find a home at small expense and be taken good care of. Accordingly we dispatched a letter, and received a favorable answer. It only remained now to obtain my mother's consent. To gain this Mauricet had to back my entreaties with all his eloquence. The dear woman looked upon a residence in the country as banishment. She did not wish to give it another thought. After a while, however, she yielded, and I accompanied her to the place. Mother Rivion received us like old friends; a better woman never ate the bread of the good God. She understood at once the character of her new boarder, and promised to do all she could to make her happy.

"We pass our time chiefly in the fields," said she, "but the house will be your mother's department; she may manage matters as best suits her taste and convenience. We have too much to do to quarrel with each other about our peculiar fancies, consequently we do not come into collision and run against each other's sharp corners. In about a month I expect a young girl, who will be a companion for the good woman and assist her in the housekeeping. She will be as obedient as a shepherd's dog to a glance of her eye or to the pointing of her finger. Your mother cannot help being happy with us unless the devil interferes."

With this assurance I departed, completely satisfied.

[*To be continued.*]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A QUERY.

BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.

Tell me, ye who most have wandered,
Found you e'er a place of rest?
Could you find a spot in earth-life,
Where the dwellers all were blest?

Where no sad complaint—no murmurs,
E'er from mortal lips was heard;
Where the fountain deep of anger
In the heart was never stirred?

Where man hated not his brother,
Where pure love and peace could dwell,
Each would *help*, not *crush* the other—
Way-worn traveler, canst thou tell?

Tell to mortal, faint and weary,
Seeking still the earth around,
Where, in all this cold world dreary,
May that blissful rest be found?

Is it where the deep-toned murmur
Of the ever-sounding sea,
Spell-bound, charms the dreamy listener,
With its strange, wild melody?

Or perchance in some far region,
'Neath more genial, sunny skies,
Dreamy bliss enwraps the senses,
And earth seems a Paradise?

Or in some sweet, wild seclusion,
Far from busy care and strife,
Resting from the wild commotion
Of the beating waves of life?

Or yet, 'mid the wilds of Nature,
And her wondrous beauties grand,
Could we seek there—and obtain it—
That long sought and sighed for land?

Shall we find such earthly Eden,
While we wander, mortals, here;
Till we pass the narrow bound'ry
To the unseen world so near?

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LEIGH HUNT.

NED RIGBY.

PART X.

Nell had worked out the problem of love, during the time that she washed dishes, picked out the cinders and performed all the menial offices that her aunt imposed, and she had found that it equaled—*happiness*. Mr. Clyve's story of the true Christmas time, seemed to her like a beautiful picture that hung on the ceiling, and toward which her eyes turned as to the light. But patient as she had been, yet her heart was tired, for she had received no kind words, but many cuffs and blows. It would have seemed to strangers as if she had no feeling; but the truth was, she was living outside of the dull room where she worked, and did not much mind what passed within. There was a sort of dream-life going on in that cheerless room, and the centre of it was the image that Mr. Clyve had given to her. He had told of Christ and Love and Beauty, and Nell made an image in her mind that looked at her with her mother's tender eyes, and whispered to her in the soft tones she remembered so long ago.

It was not strange that she did not weep, believing as she did that the beautiful presence knew all her wishes; and that she did not reply to the harsh words she heard, listening to those sweet tones.

"No Christmas for us," said Joe; "never is. Who cares? I've got something here'll make a fellow merry enough. Nell, mother's gone out, has n't she? Come here and kiss me, then, and tell me if you'll help me a bit. You need n't shy off so; come, now. Come here, I want to whisper to you. You know mother's got some money. She got it—well, it's no matter how, she's got it, that's enough for you and me, is n't it, chickey? You do n't answer me. Why do n't you? I'll choke you if you do n't."

Nell turned to look out of the window; she did not like to show her face, for she was afraid that now she should cry.

"I say," continued Joe, "I want that money, and you've got to get it for me. I'll tell you where she keeps it. She won't suspect you, and she will me. Come here, I say. There, now, look me in the face; will you do what I say?"

"I can't, Joe; it is n't right."

"Right? What do you know of right? I tell you it's right for you to mind me."

"Do n't scold me, Joe, please do n't. If I did n't know, there's somebody here that would tell me."

"Who's here," whispered Joe; "it is n't Ned, is it? I would n't have him know for anything," and he began to whistle, as if to hide his thoughts by sound.

"I guess I'll walk out, Nell; come to think of it, mother has n't got any money. I only thought I'd tell you so, to see what you'd say. You need n't go and blab."

Nell, left alone, went to the window in the twilight. It was the same hour in which Grace sat with her mother. Their lives seemed separated by a great gulf. Grace, with all that love could bring her, and wanting no beautiful thing, and Nell in the misery of a tenement house, with not one sight of beauty near her, and only the image of love that she looked for, but could not see, only feel in the dim light, as one feels the nearness of a friend when asleep.

And yet the good Father was teaching those two little ones, each in its own path, the same lessons of truth. Nell, looking out into the dingy yard, was wondering about the care that kept the fowls, that were asleep on their perch, and whether they would feel any better if they had her apron thrown over them; and Grace was thinking of the children who would miss their Christmas gifts.

Mrs. Rigby, too, sat musing, as she laid her hand on Ned's shoulder, looking out into the dismal street. She thought first of the beautiful time, long ago, when she lived in the fresh country, and hung her stocking in the big chimney corner, expecting some doughnuts, a piece of cake, some raisins and a silver quarter. She remembered the morning in the dull light, and how she sat before the covered embers to draw forth her treasures. Ned interrupted her thoughts suddenly:

"I hate those rich people; they were all buying presents in the shops, and we have none. Why are we not as good as they?"

"We are not living here to get presents, Ned, but to get God's grace," she replied, yet still his words had wakened a little feeling of bitterness in her heart. Why, indeed, were her hard, toil-worn hands empty? Had she gained more virtue by her poverty? She thought of Mrs. Clarkson, a woman like herself, with no more delicate features, and with as strong health, who needed no toil to bring the gratification of every want to her, and who could help her child to live a life of goodness and virtue.

"Ned, it is not where we live, but how we live, that will satisfy God. Look at little Nell; is she not as near heaven as Grace? and yet she thinks our home Paradise compared to hers. Run over and get her for a moment, that I may grow thankful in her sweet presence!"

Nell was there sooner than one could measure the time of Ned's absence. The poor move quickly, having few incumbrances. The little blanket that she threw over her head wanted no adjustment; it could not have looked better if it had been cashmere, and its folds artistically arranged.

"They told me I could stay all night, and now what will we do? Let's play it is Christmas; and you be the little boy that had n't any supper, and I'll be the rich lady that came with a whole basket full of goodies."

"But I do n't like rich people," said Ned; "they have all the good things, and do n't leave any for us."

"Oh dear," said Nell, with a sigh, "what can we do then?"

"I'll tell you a little story," said Mrs. Rigby. "I have been thinking about it since Nell came in.

There was once a good father who wished to make his children very happy, and he sought to know what would be best for them. So he collected all the good and beautiful things that could be imagined, and he sought to distribute them in just proportions. There were not two things exactly alike, and it required all his wisdom to dispense his bounties. But he knew the exact value of everything, and in his mind weighed its importance.

But when he had distributed them all no one was satisfied, but showed the greatest impatience with all that had been done.

'I wanted the cloak of gold,' said one; 'see what a shabby garment I have.'

'But you have the girdle of gems,' said another; 'and this is all that is given to me—these tools.'

'But they will serve you well, and are far better than my shovel, though it is made of silver.'

'See my tatters,' said another.

'But then you have the crown of pearls.'

And thus they continued complaining constantly; no one using his gifts. At last a little child, the youngest, who had only a crystal, ran into the sunshine and made the gleams flash over the whole company.

'I have the best of all,' he said. 'I want no cloak of gold, or silver buckle; all is beautiful that this light shines upon. See my garments; are they not more beautiful than yours? They are like the flowers, like the sunlight, like the mist in the valley when the sun shines on it. Wherever I go I shall be clothed like a prince.'

And then all the others felt ashamed of their wrangling, and each took up his gift and went forth to use it as best he could. Now out of this story I have made a little riddle, and the one that guesses it shall have the first corn that pops out of the spider; for I bought an ear for a part of our Christmas."

"Oh I guess," said Nell. "The good Father; I thought I knew; and the little child, that must be Ned."

"I give it up," said Ned.

"The good Father—that is, the good God, who distributes his gifts to us, just as he thinks we need them. He gives us that which is best for us. He has not given me the cloak of gold; but he knew I needed something else; suppose it is a broom and a dust-pan and a piece of soap; yet I know who has the crystal, and makes my poor garments look like those of a princess. Sometimes I think I am dressed in blue brocade, and at another time I am sure that I have on an emerald satin, and I feel strings of pearls about my neck, and diamond bracelets on my arms.

And he who holds the crystal—ah, there are two children, with loving hearts, that flash sunshine all over my poor room, till it is a better place than Mrs. Clarkson's parlors, with their brocade and gold. Now do you understand the gifts? Do not let us complain of those that have been given to us. Who knows but we may have a Christmas eve filled with good things? For the good Father gave to us all a good angel, who can see clearly by the light of your glad hearts—for the light of our home is, after all, our love—and that good angel may be even now thinking of us; and since Nell came in I am sure it is like sunshine here; and our very wishes are like the sweetness of the flowers when the sun shines on them."

"It was pretty cloudy before Nell came," said Ned; "she has a larger crystal than I."

"The smaller one must be used with more skill then," said Mrs. Rigby, and she turned to the hot basin, and the rest of the evening was spent in simple, pure pleasure.

In the morning the winter sun scarcely brightened the dull street, and it seemed little like the approach of a holiday. Once Ned saw some trees borne by, and gave a sigh, thinking of their green branches, as if to them belonged the power of creating the coming pleasure.

"Those branches make me think of my mosses," said Mrs. Rigby; "how fortunate we have them, and you and Nell can pick up some scattered sprigs around the market, and we will have a real decoration, and the popped corn shall be the blossoms. We will call them white hyacinths, and if the light of the crystals falls on them they will be as beautiful to me as those that used to blossom in our windows."

There was a rap at the door—a thing uncommon, for their rude visitors did not usually stop for ceremony, and so Mrs. Rigby was a little disconcerted, and Ned in eager curiosity threw open the door before she had time to put away the bunches of moss. Mrs. Clarkson and Grace appeared and made themselves immediately at ease, for there was a quiet and order in these rooms that satisfied the inner senses better than fine furniture.

"Christmas is here, also," said Mrs. Clarkson, looking at the moss, "and we have come to see if you will bring your share of it and join it with ours. We are going to have a party, or Grace is, and she wants you all."

There was a shadow to be seen on Mrs. Rigby's face. She knew her life had nothing to do with parties, and it seemed a little like an insult.

"It is going to be a calico-dress party, and it means a good time and nothing more; and Grace wants Nell to have one of her dresses, and here is a pair of shoes for Ned. Will you all come?"

Mrs. Rigby felt humiliated. Was she to take favors in this way? No; she would decline. The rich should not insult her. These thoughts trembled on her lips, but found no expression, for Nell preceded her.

"Auntie was just saying that the angel knew what we wanted, and that if we let our lights shine that it would see what we wanted; and I wanted a new dress, and we all wanted a party."

Mrs. Rigby felt the words as she would have felt a reproof. It was, then, this child only that could really interpret the story she had told them. The heart of love could only reveal the lesson of love. Her face changed, and a warm glow of pleasure overspread it.

"I was thinking we could not accept so much from you," said she, "but now I see that it is not from you, but from that good Spirit of Love that cares for us all. But love does not want us to be——"

"I know what you would say," said Mrs. Clarkson, "and I want you to help me serve the children; and that will more than pay for everything."

Ned's face brightened, and he looked at Grace and compared her with Nell.

"Not such fine eyes, or such pretty hair, or such red cheeks, or such a dear little dimple, and her hands are no smaller. No, she is n't as pretty as our Nell, and you can see right through her fine things. I do n't think I shall marry Grace, but Nell, and she shall have just such a cloak and such nice boots."

These were his thoughts. But Nell was thinking about the angel who wanted her to go to a party, and she looked up to the ceiling and into the sunshine to see if she could catch a glimpse of the imagined figure. When Mrs. Clarkson had gone, Ned said:

"I am glad you offered to pay her for the things."

"Yes, Ned; we must all be helpers of each other. It is better to earn what we have."

"Do we pay the angels?" said Nell.

"Oh, you little preacher!" said Mrs. Rigby, "you teach me more by your few words than I can think out in a month. To be sure we do not pay heaven for what it gives us, and I will not be afraid to take gifts from those heaven sends."

"Mrs. Clarkson looked a good deal like an angel I saw once," said Nell.

"You do n't see angels," said Ned.

"I did once," replied Nell, "and I know how they look."

"So do I," said Mrs. Rigby; "they look a good deal like a little face I see now."

"But the party!" said Ned, "how shall we behave? what do they do?"

"Have a good time," said Nell. "I know. Now please may I try on the dress?"

As Mrs. Rigby smoothed the neat folds about Nell, Ned asked:

"How do you feel, Nell?"

"Just as I did when we went in the boat and I sat down and let the sun shine on me. I wish I could see Mr. Clyve."

"Ask the angels," said Ned.

Just then Joe came in.

"You can go to a real party," said Nell.

"You'd better run home, you hussy! you're wanted."

Nell's face changed, but she quietly put on her old dress and went back to her aunt's, expecting a good scolding. The house was empty, and she wondered why Joe had sent her home; but she busied herself at her familiar tasks, fed her pets, brushed up the crumbs, and sat down to think of the party. She hardly minded when a neighbor came in, a quiet old man, and sat down beside her; but, when he went out, she went with him, keeping hold of his hand as if afraid that some harm would come to her. Thus does a coming ill often cast its shadow before.

The Lecture Room.

The Adaptation of Spiritualism to the Wants of Humanity.

A LECTURE BY MOSES HULL,

In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Feb. 14th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Moses Hull spoke on the above subject, at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, February 14th, 1869. His lecture was prefaced by the reading of Charles Mackay's poem: "Eternal Justice."

The lecturer remarked, in commencing, that he believed Spiritualism to be the only religious system which was perfectly adapted to satisfy the wants of mankind. He did not undertake to say that Spiritualism was better morally than any other religion; but he did say that none of us were right in our daily lives—none of us could come up to our own standard, which we formed, of correct action. This rule applied to all—Spiritualists and Churchmen alike. And if any one from the Church should feel called upon to mark descrepancies in the spiritual field, he would say to them: We are doing no more than you are. No individual ever worshiped a God whom he did not make. If there is a saying among Christians, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," there is another also equally true: "An honest *God* is the noblest work of man." If at the creation we are told "God said, Let us make man in our own image," it is equally true that man makes God in *his* own image. Do not understand me (said the speaker) as saying there *is* no God, except in the image made by humanity—your image; but you cannot *appreciate* anything except you receive a knowledge of all its parts. You *cannot* comprehend all of infinity, but you can have a certain comprehension of God, and that comprehension is the Deity you worship. He is the work of your own mind, and in your daily life you strive to pattern after him, but do not quite succeed—the fact of your thus striving to imitate him proves that you are conscious that you do not fully come up to the standard of what you call right.

In the consideration of the subject of the adaptation of Spiritualism to the wants of humanity, it should be borne in mind that the strongest argument in favor of any hypothesis is that which shows its unmistakable fitness for the work to be done. A religious system *proving* itself adapted to the wants of the human soul bears the stamp of divinity, and needs but little to prove it true. Man is the highest type of creation, therefore religions and theories must bend to him—he cannot bend to them. They must adapt themselves to the natural wants of his inner nature, and the first great want is *some* evidence of its own continued existence. Is man immortal? is asked with more earnestness than ever before. How shall this question be answered? In all deference to other systems of religion, he (the lecturer) would say that he believed Spiritualism was the only system which could make man *know* of his immortality. If science be questioned, she stands with drooping wings looking down into the dark grave and answers: "The knowledge is not with me. I am educated only in the past. I trace man from the primordial fires, through the granite rock, on through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, to the grave; but I can see no further." Science is blind, and the great question of immortality is beyond her reach. We may reason from the great law of design everywhere manifest, and from such reasoning draw the *hope* that man does not end with the close of his mundane existence, but it will only *be* a hope after all—the soul demands *evidence*.

On this subject the Bible presents two distinct and contrary sets of ideas; one chain coming from certain phenomena which were witnessed among the people—such as the interview of Samuel and King Saul, Moses and Elias talking with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, or John's brother conversing with him on the Island of Patmos. See 1 Sam. xxviii: 14-20—Matt. xvii: 1-8—Rev. xxii: 8-9. These facts occurred in most open violation of one of the strictest provisions of the law, which said:

"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with *familiar* spirits, or a wizard, or a *necromancer*."—*Deut.* xviii: 10-11.

To this law forbidding spirit communion under pain of death could be traced the practical unbelief of the Jews in a hereafter. Spirit communications were seldom attempted; with death before them and graves around them, they dare not strive to behold or hold converse with the denizens of the land beyond. They concluded, therefore, that they had no existence. Thus Jacob, when he supposed his son Joseph was dead, laments, for "Joseph *is not*," Gen. xlii: 36. Rachel, being forbidden to consult her children, naturally concluded "*they* were not." Jer. xxxi: 15. Isaiah says of the dead: "They are extinct; they are quenched as tow." Isa. xliii: 17. The writers of the Bible not only supposed, as a result of their being deprived of communication with the dead, that they had no existence, but they believed also that death was a state of eternal nonentity. It was *Job*, not Porphyry, Celsus or "Julian the Apostate," who said:

"So he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—*Job* vii: 9.

David, "the man after God's own heart," did not leave it for Lord Bolingbroke or Pope to compose the poem which says:

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."—*Ps.* cxivi: 3-4.

Thirty centuries before the birth of the author of the "Age of Reason," Solomon, the wise Jewish king, gave utterance to the following sentiment:

"The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything."—*Eccl.* ix: 5.

Not satisfied with uttering the atheistic sentiment of the unconsciousness of the dead, he proceeds to lock the doors of a future against them. Hear him:

"*Neither have they any more a reward*, for the memory of them is forgotten.

Also their love and their hatred is now perished; *neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.*"—*Eccl.* ix: 5-6.

All the above-mentioned passages express the most absolute infidelity concerning the future of man. These opinions can but be regarded as the legitimate result of the embargo put against appealing to the dead for knowledge. Remove that restriction—let the Jew have the privilege which the heathen enjoyed, of consulting the dead, and how long could his infidelity have remained? Not long enough for Job to have said:

"The grave is my house; I have made my bed in darkness.

I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.

And where is now my hope? As for my hope, who shall see it?

They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust."—*Job* xvii: 13-16.

If the Bible writers themselves—for whom a plenary inspiration is claimed—who, it is supposed, enjoyed all the evidences of immortality, were so unbelieving concerning the future, is it any wonder that the world to-day has so nearly run into atheism on that subject? If the position assumed be correct, that the elements of the infidelity of the Jews had an origin in their non-intercourse with the dead, that, in proportion as that people transcended their legal rights and held occasional converse with visitants from the hither side, their unbelief was supplanted by knowledge, then we may safely affirm that without Spiritualism there *is* no positive evidence of a future life.

When traveling, on a certain occasion, through Canada, the lecturer was introduced to a Baptist minister. As the prefix *Reverend* was used in his introduction, the gentleman of course supposed him to be an Evangelical minister. The speaker, being curious to know whether this minister could find any evidence of another world, independent of Spiritualism, commenced a conversation which resulted in the following dialogue:

HULL.—"How is the cause of religion in Canada?"

MINISTER.—"All is well. We had glorious revivals through these parts last winter. Of course matters have cooled down somewhat, yet, with many, the work seems to be deep and lasting. How, may I ask, is the good cause in Michigan?"

H.—"We are having trouble there. There are a great many thinkers in that State, and among them a large proportion of materialists who deny immortality, and we find them hard to meet."

M.—"Ah! I see no trouble in meeting them, especially if they believe the Bible. Why do n't you tell them that Samuel returned to talk with Saul? This he never could have done had he not been immortal."

H.—"True enough; that could be used, for aught I know, in Canada; but it does not do to use it in Michigan. There are, in that State, about twenty-five thousand Spiritualists, and were you to quote that text, every one of them would claim you as being on their side of the question, for if the text proves anything it proves Samuel was immortal by the fact of his having returned and communicated. We do not wish, when battling with atheists and materialists, to put a club into the hands of the Spiritualists with which to beat our brains out when we undertake to deny Spiritualism."

M.—"True; but could you not tell them of the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration?"

H.—"Yes; but that, too, if it proves anything, proves the continued life of the parties, by their returning."

M.—"Yes, yes; but should we reject a truth because the Spiritualists believe it?"

H.—"Certainly not. But is there no way to prove immortality without resorting to texts which, if they prove anything, prove Spiritualism?"

M.—"The fact is, my belief in immortality does not hang upon Biblical expressions. *I know man is immortal!*"

H.—"You are the man I want to see. Tell me how you know it."

M.—"Last Saturday I was called to the bedside of a dying sister; while we were watching for the last breath she suddenly brightened up and said, 'See there! do you see?' 'See what?' I said. 'There is my sister, and one who I guess is Jesus; they have come for me.' Saying this, she expired. Now I cannot think this all deception. God is too good to let one who had trusted him all the days of her life die so deceived."

H.—"So I think; but *that* is Spiritualism. And now let me confess that I am a Spiritualist. I have talked thus with you to see if you had any evidence of immortality which would not prove Spiritualism."

M.—"I do not see that we are bound to reject a truth because Spiritualists believe it."

This last sentence, (said the speaker,) though true, does not present the matter fairly. Every system of religion in the land lives and is sustained by its spiritual element. The question was not, "Shall I reject the evidence of immortality presented to my dying sister?" but, "Is there any evidence but that comes in such a way that it proves Spiritualism, if anything?"

The world demands to-day, above all things, the evidence of immortality. All demand it. As the mother takes the last look at the cold, dead body of her son, and imprints a kiss on his colorless cheek, she involuntarily exclaims: "*Shall I see my child again?*" Then let the minister point her to some Biblical declaration, and her very soul will revolt at it, and she will inwardly, if not outwardly, exclaim: "Such authoritative *ipse dixits* may do under ordinary circumstances, but they fail to reach a mother's heart in an extremity like this." What will convince that mother? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" She naturally feels, "If my son lives, why does he not take this burden from my heart? Has he lost all interest in me? Oh, for one breeze from the Summer-Land—if there be such a country—just one rap, one test, one evidence that my son still lives and thinks?"

Now the Spiritualist believes that that boy *can* come back and communicate with his mother; that he *can* say, "Mother, I am alive!" Don't you *wish* it was true? Would n't you *make* it true if you had the making of the truth? If these questions were asked of the great body of humanity, would *one single voice* be found to say, "No"?

He (the lecturer) had stood by the death bed of the Rev. Mr. Sperry, whom he had long known to be a *good* man and a consistent Christian, if there ever was one. The minister was taken suddenly with hemorrhage at the lungs, and drew rapidly near the gates of physical dissolution. Looking up to the speaker he faltered out: "Bro. Hull, do *you* believe in the *resurrection* of the *dead?*" "Why," exclaimed the lecturer, "I have heard *you* preach a hundred sermons to prove that *yourself*." The poor, dying Christian then said he had been educated to believe it, and had accepted the theory without investigating it. As he lay in his bed he asked questions on the subject which would have done honor to Hume. Mr. Hull spoke to him till he grew too weak to reply, when, mistaking his silence for conviction, he said, "Are you satisfied *now*, Bro. Sperry?" The minister said: "I am *dying* now; I want you to preach my funeral sermon. And *do n't* let any one who hears you preach *die without a hope* of the resurrection, as *I* am dying!" Now, if Spiritualism could have come to that man, unveiling to his view the beautiful land beyond, how cheerfully would he have entered the "phantom bark" and bidden earth farewell! And under the influence of the scene the lecturer could but exclaim, If there is *not* another world, what a pity there is not; and if there *is*, what a pity that God did not give us a better knowledge of it. Without *Spiritualism* there *is* no evidence of another world.

Now he (the lecturer) would inquire: Is this appetite for a *beyond* the only one God has left ungratified? or, having granted us this boon, has he left us without any possibility of knowing that there is life when the earthly life has ceased, until by experience we know of the better country? It cannot be that God, who has done all in his power for man, has left us thus to grope in darkness. No; when every other source of evidence has been set aside as unsatisfactory, Spiritualism comes to our relief; thus proving itself, in this respect, at least, adapted to the needs of humanity.

The lecturer here described a séance he had once held for the purpose of allowing an old minister (who had grown grey with his labors, and who yet wanted evidence of immortality) an opportunity of investigating the spiritual phenomena. The medium being entranced, proceeded to laugh in a nonsensical manner, and thoroughly disgusted all present; this she continued to do till the preacher arose and was about to retire, when the medium explained and described the spirit so accurately that both the old gentleman and his wife were obliged to acknowledge it as the spirit of their deformed, idiotic child, who died years ago in England. The spirit told his parents that he was happy; that he was not deformed now; that he was progressing in knowledge, and preparing a place for them when they should cross the silent river of change. The lecturer would like to ask the great body of humanity: Do n't you *wish* it was true that such an idiotic child could progress in the spirit-land?

Evidences of another life given through Spiritualism are many of them of such a character, that those who have witnessed them find no room for doubts. That there are cases of deception, that there are lying mountebanks who wear the fair garments of Spiritualism as a cloak for their iniquity, does not affect the genuine manifestations more than a genuine bank bill would be affected by counterfeits issued on its credit. Nay, do not counterfeits prove the existence of a true coin which is worthy of counterfeiting? Men do not counterfeit copper coin; it is too cheap. How strangely beside themselves men get when they conclude there is no genuine Spiritualism because they have found a counterfeit. Profound logic that. When such men as Robert Owen, Robert Hare, Robert Dale Owen, and hundreds of others whom we might mention, who have all their lives, up to the time of their communion with the departed, doubted whether there was another life, are through Spiritualism so perfectly convinced of it that no room is left for a doubt, and they are ever after not only believers but open advocates of immortality, we are led to ask, Is any other argument needed to show that Spiritualism is perfectly adapted to meet that earnest longing of the human heart after a knowledge of endless life?

Now we ask, is not immortality a natural want? and, if man is immortal, is not the evidence of the fact a want natural to him? Spiritualism is found equal to the task. Has it not in this proved itself adapted to the wants of man? No other religion has done so much.

Is it objected that the evidence is not real? that only the *gullible* are deceived by it? Admit it, and what is the result? Man is a poor worm either without immortality, or if immortal, without any evidence of the fact. All hope pertaining to the future is idle. All our prospects are blasted. Religion is a solemn *farce*, and man of all creatures the most miserable. Placed on the earth, given a taste of life, made to enjoy immortality, and yet his highest joys and brightest anticipations all imagination. And is it so? Has not the giver of all good been able to make the reality as glorious as man, without any image before him, could paint the ideal? Tell us that day does not follow night, that water does not quench thirst, that it is only fanatics who imagine that the sun shines, that this life is a miserable *phantasm*, but do not tell us that the seeds of happiness sown in the human soul by this beautiful belief will never grow.

Even admitting that man could know of another world without Spiritualism, yet who would not hold sweet communion with those on the other side? We are all social beings. We love social converse; nor is that love confined to the living. The true wife does not cease to love her husband as soon as he passes from her sight; that husband whose voice was once sweet to her, and whose friendly counsel was her greatest solace, still lives. Is it not natural that the wife should long for communion with the one whose life was almost a part of her being?

To illustrate: A mother had two sons, James and John, whom she loved as her own life, but when traitors fired into our flag and trampled it under foot, she gave them up to defend their country. In the course of the battle James was killed, but John, after passing through severe engagements, returns home a triumphant conqueror. How the loving mother hails her son! With what eagerness does she grasp his hardened hand! With what outgushing of soul does she imprint her kisses upon his sun-browned cheek! How proudly she watches his every move! With what heartfelt joy does she welcome him to the place at the table, made vacant by his absence. And as he relates his experiences on the battle-fields, in forced marches, in prison-pens, how her very soul drinks his every word. Do you think, (said the lecturer) that she forgets James, who, fired with the same patriotism, went, but never returned? How would her soul rejoice, could James come back from the other side and fill *his* vacant chair, and relate the experiences *he* has had since his birth into the better world! Is there one on earth, who has a friend in spirit-life, but that would like to see and converse with that friend? The Spiritual Philosophy says it is true. Who does not wish the Spiritual Philosophy correct on that point? Then it is adapted to meet the wants of man.

Not only is spirit-communion desirable for lonely ones yet clothed in mortality, but departed spirits themselves must long for the privilege of loving and blessing dear ones whom they have left behind. The lecturer said if the Angel of Death should suddenly summon him, he would leave a wife and four daughters whom he loved as his own soul. *Could* he think of being content to sit down and sing praises in heaven, knowing that his wife and little ones were here suffering, it may be, for the plainest necessaries of life? Compelled to work for less than half wages, possibly driven to the extremity of stealing or starving, and the husband and father not granted so much as the privilege of looking over the battlements of heaven, or asking "How fares thy soul?" If this be the truth, we chide with Almighty God. Has he made that true which is so illy adapted to meet the wants of man, and left the *devil* with the *prettiest theory* after all? Believe it who can! Honestly we say, rather let us go to an Orthodox hell, with the privilege of an occasional respite to bless those left behind, then tear us entirely away from them, though heaven should be our home! The father, mother, brother or sister who crossed the Stream of Death before us, *cannot* lose their interest in those left behind.

Another reason why the soul longs for Spiritualism is, that each and every one is personally interested in knowing what there is in reserve for him. The realities of another world, if there be another, we must soon taste. How shall we find things over there? is a query which cannot be expelled from any mind. How natural the query! Were we emigrating to some distant country, how anxiously would we try to learn something of its location, climate, soil, timber, inhabitants, etc., and how would we find out? In no other way but by consulting those who have been there. The truth is, we are all emigrants—to what place? If to a haven "from whose bourne no traveler returns," how dark the prospect ahead. No wonder that Job said: "A land of darkness as darkness itself." Certain it is we can learn nothing of that world, only as we learn it from those who have been there. Then how beautiful the thought that those on the other shore can draw the curtain aside, as did Samuel of old, and give us news concerning their whereabouts and condition. Sometimes in hours of weariness the lecturer was refreshed and gladdened as he read the beautiful words of A. W. Sprague, in Lizzie Doten's "Poems of the Inner Life," beginning:

"I come, I come, from my spirit-home,
Like a bird in the early Spring,
To the loved ones here, whom my heart holds dear,
A message of love to bring.

Oh, the heavens are wide, but they cannot divide
The spirits whom love makes free!
The green old earth, and the land of my birth,
With its homes, are still dear to me."

And at such times he felt assured that before the rays of this divine knowledge, night should pass away, the reign of sorrow cease, and death be revealed as the gate of light and glory, evermore!

Spiritualism professes to heal the sick. There are persons—mediums—who profess, under favorable conditions, to come so *en rapport* with the spirit-world as to enter into certain magnetic relations with it, by which by a touch they can heal disease. Thus the blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear, and even the insane have, by this power, been restored to sanity. The lecturer had seen a man who for years had been lame, cured by Dr. Newton; and as he (the patient) became certain he was cured, he leaped about in the crowded hall, praising God that he had sent his angel to deliver him. Now people might call it imagination. Oh yes; the man might *imagine* he was lame for years, his wife and children could *imagine* they were poor and destitute—not cared for as they were before "papa" *imagined* he was sick. And then all at once the man could *imagine* himself cured, and a corresponding change could take place in the imagination of his family—but how glorious would all this be if it *should* be a truth. It is just what is needed, said the lecturer. Certainly no other argument is required to prove that a religious system which does so much for its devotees is adapted to meet the wants of an afflicted race.

One more point: The idea of endless progression, as taught in Spiritualism, is certainly one of the most beautiful thoughts that ever entered the human brain. If that be true, not only are such men as Newton, Locke, Bacon, Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Webster, Douglas and Lincoln alive to-day, but they live for a purpose. They are interested in matters of theology and jurisprudence as much to-day as when they wore their own bodies. Let two cases illustrate our ideas, and who shall they be? One we will select from the theological, and one from the political world. From the religious world we could not make a better selection than Theodore Parker. From the political world, Abraham Lincoln will be the man of our choice.

It is unnecessary for us to say a word in Mr. Parker's praise. Most of our readers know with what steady purpose his noble heart was devoted to every reform. Sinners feared him more than all the other ministers of New England put together. He always asked, not what will bring the praise, honor or wealth of the world, but what is right? In the winter of 1857-8 the people of New England were insane with religious excitement, and yet in their revival meetings would publicly rebuke one who dared to remember the poor slave in his chains. Mr. Parker occupied Music Hall, in Boston, and from Sunday to Sunday preached to the people of "The Revival of Religion which we *Need*"—a revival which breaks every yoke, and tears away every burden; which pays the milliner and dressmaker in proportion as it does the lawyer, doctor or minister; which would occasionally let a poor servant girl make a summer tour to Europe, and let her pay go on the same as though she were a minister; in fact, a revival which sanctifies the *kitchen* as well as the *pulpit*. Such preaching was too much for New England Puritanism, and the result was, the "baptized" and "sanctified" held prayer meetings to pray him out of the world. And when the news came from the "Sunny South" that Theodore Parker was dead, what rejoicing and thanksgiving! "One Infidel out of the world." "We'll hear no more of Theodore Parker. He is dead and gone!" How mistaken! *Theodore Parker* is here to-day—as much so as when he spoke in this hall through his own organism. To-day he is following in the path of those grand reformers who have left their blood in every footprint of the way across the page of earth's history. You and I are better men and women to-day for having Theodore Parker in the angel world.

And Lincoln—where do you suppose *he* is? What chance had he of obtaining divine favor, as considered by the Christian theology of the day—the Infidel Abraham Lincoln, who died *in* a theatre, and *out of* the Church? He is *where?* On the other hand, there was Stonewall Jackson, a man thoroughly "after the creedist's own heart," praying three times a day, "Oh God, help me to shed the innocent blood of the North, that I may be able to more firmly rivet the chains of my bondmen." They are both gone to their reward. Do you suppose that Abraham Lincoln, the patriot, is rolling and burning in everlasting flame? that "in hell he lifts up his eyes, and beholds Abraham afar off, and" Stonewall Jackson "in his bosom"? Do you suppose, in his despair, he cries out, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send" Stonewall Jackson, "that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame"? Is not the thought repulsive to all the holiest instincts of our nature? Yes! The great mass even of the baptized servants of the Church have been obliged, by the "higher law" within, to assign Lincoln his place in heaven, despite of their creeds. The great spirit of *charity*, after all, reigns in the human breast, and such examples call it out to view.

The lecturer closed with an eloquent passage referring to the truths and revelations of Spiritualism, and said that in the presence of such grand unfoldings he felt to echo the sentiment of Sir Isaac Newton, when he said (in effect), as he looked through the telescope to the starry heavens, "I seem to have been a little child picking up pebbles on the seashore."

For the Banner of Light.

THE TRAVELER AND THE RIVER.

BY E. R. PLACE.

[*From a manuscript poem, entitled, "The Gospel of Nature."*]

Lost 'mid the mountains by the sea,
Afaint and bleeding, bramble-torn,
Prostrate beneath a sighing tree,
A trav'ler sank—to pine and mourn.

"Lost! I am lost!" he feebly cried—
"Oh whither shall I turn my feet?
No path I find; no friendly guide—
On every hand steep crags I meet.

This nameless river dashing by,
I cannot leap, nor yet can swim;
Here in the hollow I must die—
Already is my vision dim."

A peasant, searching for his flock,
Now haply chanced to come that way.
"Oh, sir, I know from thy bold walk
Thou well canst guide me—say not nay!

I seek the ocean's distant shore—
My life's adventure calls me thence.
Oh thither lead me, I implore,
And gold shall be thy recompense.

I know not East, I know not West;
The North Star's place I cannot tell;
Thick clouds the weeping earth invest—
Oh take me from this dreadful cell!"

"Seek'st thou the coast, and dost not know,
Though all the stars their lamps should hide,
That this good River's onward flow,
True as the sun, will seaward guide?"

"Its tortuous course I dare not trust;
Of many such, I 've shunned them all.
If guide thou not, then die I must—
This vale my tomb, these clouds my pall!"

"And if I serve thee, what thy gain?
On we should travel by the river.
What folly whips thee, steals thy brain,
To spurn the Guide that would'st deliver?

My wavering friend, thou 'rt not the first
Lost man I've found, by many a score;
Of all the list, not one who durst
Bravely attempt, but found the shore.

I've pondered long, and ponder still,
Why men heed not their common sense;
The Nature-spurning, wayward Will,
Finds doubt and tears its recompense."

"Forgive me, friend! thou 'rt overkind;
Foolish am I, and weak with pain;
I'll trust the river! and may find
The bosom of the ocean main."

Lost in the wilds of human thought,
Bewildered in a maze of creed,
How many wandering souls are brought
To struggle with a starving need;

And find no passage to the sea—
The broad, fair sea of Love supreme—
Until, from fear's harsh bondage free,
They trust the soul's deep rolling stream.

Indwelling Christ a fountain flows,
Whose waters quicken and control;
Hence be our guide, through doubts or woes,
Profound monitions of the Soul!

COLORADO.

John Wetherbee on the Wing.

HOOSIER MINE, COL.,
Near Boulder City, Feb. 10th, 1869.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

My last was dated at Omaha, on the west side of the Missouri river, six hundred miles east of this location; and I am, this 10th of February, writing at an open window, comfortably, though fifteen hundred feet, at least, higher from sea level than is the top of Mount Washington, and should you place twenty-five Bunker Hill Monuments one top of the other consecutively, you would only reach the vertex of the triangle whose points are you and me. You will see then that this region, as well as the valley, (as the plain bordering the base of these mountains is called) has a very fine climate, and this winter is but an average winter. There are occasional heavy storms, but their effects are soon gone. The air is so mild and agreeable that it seems as if one would never die here. In fact, I never expect to, wherever I dwell, with my knowledge of the truth; but I am sure, to those who can stand a little rough life, they will relish this high region, and the time will come when it will attract visitors of feeble health, for the strength and life it affords. The nights are cold here, and there are occasionally short cold snaps. Further into the mountains the snow is deeper and lasts longer, till you reach the Snowy Range, as the shed or ridge-pole of this continent is called, where the snow is a permanent fixture. This high ridge runs with some irregularity about north and south, and from thirty to fifty miles west of the valley already spoken of. The place where I am now writing is on one of the three branches of Boulder Creek, which join and make quite a stream of fine water-power, which finds its way out of the mountains at a spot called Boulder City, which has been for some years a centre for a little mountain business. It is an admirable location for a thriving town, and one of these days will be better known than it is now. I have seen but few places better adapted for a centre of trade. It is the capital of Boulder County, a fine site for a town, well surrounded with land for farming and stock raising; has some fine veins of coal, which under development will supply it largely, giving birth to reduction works and other mechanical operations—these, by the way, not being futurities altogether, being already in a degree initiated. It has in its vicinity a fine mining region that will draw supplies from this place. The mines in this vicinity are nearer the valley (from whence the supplies must always be drawn) than any other part of the mining territory. The Hoosier Mine, my present locality, is only eight miles into the mountains. This mine, for magnitude, that is, size and quality, has become quite a celebrity, and will, under good management, produce millions of dollars, and already begins to give an impetus to the trade and growth of Boulder City, and which can hardly react.

Spending a few days there, chance led me to the Colorado House, one of the two taverns in the place, and you may judge of my pleasure in seeing on the reading table in the sitting room, a pile of "*Radicals*" and *Banners* from Boston, seemingly well read and well cared for, and although the latest date was February 6th, which I had already read, having left Boston on the 6th instant, still meeting their well-known faces and pages, so far off, was a pleasure, and a hope, which was not disappointed, introducing me to men and women who have our *new light*, and thus to learn that at this distant point *Spiritualism*, as well as the sun, shines brightly; that is, Spiritualism was quite an institution here.

I met a very good medium who gave good tests, and a prominent and very intelligent man told me he was making arrangements for a visit from the East of a trance speaker the coming spring; and, as might be expected, as those loose "*Banners*" would naturally forecast or suggest, the keeper of the house was also an institution, and the table he set and the comforts found there were in keeping, institutions also. You know when one is traveling, such mundane trifles as boiled eggs, griddle cakes, good tea, coffee, &c., &c., are cardinal virtues. Such newspapers and magazines, and the keeper (Ephraim Pound), a Spiritualist, and the substantials in keeping, could have made me a convert to the doctrine of the "Correlation of Forces" if I was not one before; that is, a man, sound, resting on the bed-rock, having a knowledge of our truth that there is no death, and with the life and the heart that usually accompany such a belief, and always should, and leaving round loose good mental food to occupy an idle moment, and the money's worth in good shape, is found on the table, which is spread for those who make it a stopping place or a home—is not that the correlation of forces?

Two men came over from Golden City and joined us in a séance, which we held in true Eastern style in the evening. These were two of the most enterprising men in that wide-awake city, and they too were favorably inclined to and I may say Spiritualists; and I learn that up in the mines, and in the ranches, and in the towns and cities of this country, hardly ten years old, are found many Spiritualists, who are quite alive with a knowledge of this truth, that has brought life and immortality to light in a practical way, which alone is what practical people want and hope for. I met a man who I am inclined to call *Brother* Hinman, who was over here from his ranche, some ten miles into the Plains. He was an original in his way, and a man who would know how to be hospitable to a medium if one should drop down like an ærolite on his grounds. He took Spiritualism the natural way, and is an out-spoken one; and rough as he is, Prof. Denton or Mrs. Daniels and other polished stones of our *cabinet*, would find in his company a man full of sound thoughts, and the interchange of ideas would not be all on one side, but his contribution would keep the balance pretty equal. In fact, in traveling round this periphery of your "hub," one would note how often he finds people who are well informed and well interested in this which from your name I have called "*light*," and I am happy to say in coaches, in taverns, in towns, in knots of people, if you find an open-hearted face, a person intelligent and frank, one who does not carry the rough marks of a bully or a cheat on his face or person, but the reverse, you may "bet upon him" that he 's liberal in his ethics, and nine times in ten he is a Spiritualist, or favorably inclined thereto. Whether it is Spiritualism that makes a man fair and open, and inspiring you with confidence, or whether it is such organizations that open readily to let in this spiritual light, I cannot say. I suggest it for your thought merely. It has been said that religion does not make people narrow, but only that those that are narrowed by religion were already cramped. By *religion* I do not mean its essence, which is as often found outside of the Church as inside, but what is *generally* understood by the word religion.

I am not disposed in this communication to tell a long story of Colorado, which you know has occupied my thoughts, and to which place I have made many visits during the past five or six years, and so intently that a man lately said to me "Colorado" would be written either on my gravestone or my carriage, kindly adding that he thought it would be deservedly on the latter. Be that as it may, if my interests and my hopes do not blind me, my judgment is worth something, and I prophesy that this Territory of mountains and valleys is destined to be an Ophir to this nation, and the fast coming years will tell largely as to population, wealth and influence. The mines, among the richest in the world for gold and silver, and the contiguous plains and valleys admirably conditioned for agriculture and stock raising, the momentum once given, as it will be, by a large metallic yield, gold and silver will not be (large as it will probably amount to per year) the major part of the wealth to be produced here. The permanent yield of gold in California per year dwarfs by the side of the value of its wheat and wines, and other farming productions. Though the gold was the lodestone, but for which the pool of Bethesda would not have been troubled, it was only the "water" (dirty or otherwise) that "*fetched*" the pump, which has made a dreary waste blossom into an empire. I can see the foreshadowings of a similar state of things here, and by virtue of such foreshadowings do I make the above prophecy in regard to Colorado. Now referring again to the little city of Boulder, near where I am now writing. This is the little spot which, while the whole country goes bravely on, is destined relatively to make the most progress. I speak more of Boulder than one would who was speaking of Colorado generally. There are other places of more magnitude, and with more attractions to the general visitor; for instance, Denver, the capital of the Territory, a city whose first house was hardly built ten years ago, but now a permanent city of five or six thousand people, a centre for railroad connections and business, situated on the Platte, about fifteen miles east of the mountains.

Then there is Golden City, at the base of the mountains, a very flourishing place, run, they say, mostly by one man, W. A. H. Loveland, but who is *E Pluribus Unum*, which, being interpreted, reads, as every American knows, "*many in one*," and he is connected with the spirits, and may, like me, be a blood relation. May his shadow never be less. That city has great natural advantages, and is or near the so-called golden gate to the mountains, being part way to the flourishing mountain cities of Black Hawk, Central and Nevada, which together is but one nucleus of a few thousands in population, and where profitable gold operations were first commenced. And then a little further South is Empire, and further still is Georgetown, a place of three or four thousand people, who have not much taste for gold, but have silver "on the brain," to a man; but for the want of means to make it available here, like the rest of the country, their pockets are mostly empty; that is, the precious metal still lingers in the rock, which time and work will yet make a perennial fountain, for when enterprise knocks at Nature's door, the answer always is, "Ay, ay, sir." Then this country will say, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, here is water to drink!" Though I mean by water gold and silver, the word calls to mind Central City, which I have already referred to. From the lack of snow and rain the streams and the wells are all dry, and they go several miles for it, and it commands five cents a gallon. This by the way.

I have just referred to these other and important places for fear that I might give the impression that the Hoosier Lode and Boulder City were the whole of Colorado, though I must repeat that I see no place with more natural advantages than this same Boulder, and no mine that, for size and richness combined, can equal this same Hoosier, and with its contiguity to the valley, where supply is handy and cheap, and the future before both, that I give it a preference to other more populous and better known parts of the mountains.

Now, Messrs. Editors, with Colorado on my brain—which I confess to—and Spiritualism, too, do you wonder that it pleased me to see your "*Banner of Light*" out here, waving in many places, and the further fact suggested by it—that Spiritualism, which seems to be indigenous to an enterprising, a push-ahead people, (*vide* all over the West,) is not an exception here; that brethren of the faith abound; that the visits here of Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Felton are pleasantly remembered; and when you remember that, within a few years and in my traveling experience, the distance has shrank from fourteen to five days of travel, hence the number of spiritual lights will increase; and I was pleased and surprised to find that the popular spiritual speakers and spiritual books were known by name, and many of the latter by sight, also; and both speaker and book were not strangers on the tongue and in the head of many a rough-looking but not thereby rough-hearted son of these mountain regions.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

NEW YORK.

Convention of Speakers and Mediums.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Quarterly Meeting of Speakers and Mediums convened at Avon, on the 10th of February, in the large and beautiful parlor of the Avon Cure, under the proprietorship of Bro. E. H. Whaley.

Meeting was called to order by Bro. Seaver. S. Chamberlin, of Leroy, was nominated President, and Sarah A. Burtis, Secretary. The meeting, though not large, was well represented from several counties, and during the entire sessions of the two days, the utmost harmony prevailed. Much freedom of control on the part of mediums was manifested, whilst our friends and guardians from the upper courts gave frequent evidence of their presence, power and ability to communicate glad tidings, instruct, elevate and cheer earth's children, point out methods and plans for future action.

One very prominent feature of the Convention was the frequent interspersing of beautiful and enlivening instrumental music upon the piano, under inspiration, by Mrs. Throop, of Batavia, and Miss Ellen Waldo, of Alexander, each of whom had never been favored with instruction from earthly teachers. J. W. Seaver related an instance of a little girl in Byron, but ten years of age, who was astonishing the people of that place, and even teachers of the art, with her wonderful inspirational music on the piano, without receiving any instruction.

Bro. Seaver read a poem, addressed to the Convention, written by his hand, also a communication from our ascended brother, Theodore Parker, and still another from Hiram B. Smith, whose earth home was near the village of Avon, where he had lived and promulgated the beautiful truths of our religion to its inhabitants, before passing to his present higher condition.

Many interesting discussions arose, on important matters before the meeting, and were ably set forth by the different speakers, among whom were S. Chamberlin, J. W. Seaver, Francis Rice, S. H. Wortman, L. Parmlee, of Mich., L. O. Preston, Dr. Smedley Bro. Tallou and others, and among other subjects, the great demand for an institution or school for the development and care of mediums, under the management and direction of competent persons, guided with wisdom from the higher life.

The Committee on Resolutions—J. W. Seaver, Francis Rice and Mrs. Harriet M. Hyde—introduced the following, which were read and adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That as Spiritualists we acknowledge the important truth of the Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of all Mankind; whether ascended to the more progressed spheres of the Summer-Land, or debased by ignorance, folly and crime.

2. *Resolved*, That we accept with prayerful gratitude and unspeakable thankfulness the guidance, ministrations and inspirations of the angel-world, hailing it as the dawning of a new and more glorious dispensation, which, being quarried from the mountain of Holiness, is destined to pervade, revolutionize and elevate all systems of social, political and religious life on earth, and bring mankind sensibly and consistently *en rapport* with the armies of the skies.

3. *Resolved*, That we especially, as mediums and inspired speakers, who catch the dawning rays of the Millennium Morn, and hear the angels whisper, as they speak to us in the still small voice of love and inspiration; that we are called upon, in an especial manner, to set before the world not only our testimony in favor of the eternal and glorious truths of spiritual intercourse, but that our example and deportment should be such as to carry conviction that we have indeed been taught from those higher sources, where night is swallowed up by eternal day, and faith by the glorious knowledge of realization.

4. *Resolved*, That in view of the great demand for reformatory labor in our land, we as mediums and speakers express our hearty thanks to all coöperative organizations, whether in temperance, human freedom, or religious progress, and desire to be recognized as sincere and truthful workers in such fields of labor.

5. *Resolved*, That in view of the well-known and important fact that the angel-world require the aid of media to convey to mankind the demonstrations and intelligence of this glorious new era, and that processes of development of such media are important and indispensable, requiring favorable surroundings and conditions, that we recommend the establishment of institutions or schools for such instruction and development that shall promote and facilitate the desired end.

8. *Resolved*, That we recommend the *Avon Cure*, under the management of our brother, E. H. Whaley, as a suitable institution for such purpose, presided over, as it is, in the magnetic and spiritual department, by Dr. A. G. Smedley, who will devote to this important work of development all the attention necessary to secure to the pupils such aid as they may require to facilitate unfoldment in the various phases of mediumship, and at moderate charges for board and treatment.

A vote of thanks was tendered to our sisters for the music rendered on the occasion, also to Bro. Whaley for the accommodations given and the kind attention extended to all.

The meeting adjourned to meet in three months, under the care of the same committee appointed for one year from November last.

The business of the Convention being finished on the opening of the afternoon session of the second day, C. Fannie Allyn being present, was invited to address the Convention, and in accordance therewith, gave one of her deep and profound lectures, opening and closing the same with inspirational poems, well worthy the spirit of a Shelley; the subjects being given by the audience, yet they were answered with eloquence and beauty, rarely equaled.

At the close of the lecture the meeting dispersed, all evidently feeling greatly benefited and blessed by thus meeting together.

SARAH A. BURTIS, *Secretary.*

Rochester, March 3, 1869.

[*Religio-Philosophical Journal* and other spiritual papers please copy.]

MASSACHUSETTS.

Report of State Missionary.

TO H. B. STORER, *Secretary Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists:*

Once more the voice of duty bids me ask leave to trespass on the well-known kindness of our good friends, the proprietors of the *Banner of Light*, to give a brief report of my wanderings to and fro in the service of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association. And just here please pardon me if, with the natural prolixity of my sex, I digress from my report. I so well remember the time when the weekly arrival of "*the Banner*" was all the light whose rays penetrated the darkness of my shadow-shrouded life, and when the names of William White and Luther Colby seemed appellations belonging almost to divine messengers, that I wonder that every Spiritualist does not at once enter it upon the catalogue of his or her wants, and even more, the necessities of life. Long may it continue to wave, scattering from its radiant folds rich gleams of hopeful light to cheer us as we climb the rugged mountain of Progression; and God and the angels bless the noble souls who have breasted the waves of opposition and flung its pure folds to the breezes of truth.

During the months of November and December I was earnestly endeavoring to present our philosophy to the acceptance of the people, but of my labors I gave a report at the Convention held in Boston in January. During January I did not lecture very steadily, visiting only a few localities. Friday, January 1st, being away from "the Hub," the storm-king conspired with his troops, the elements, against me so as to prevent me from filling an engagement with the good friends at Marblehead, on Sunday, January 3d, but they very kindly pardoned me, after imposing on me the agreeable penance of being with them the two last Sabbaths of the month.

January 9th I lectured in Cohasset, it being, I believe, the first lecture of the kind ever delivered there. Sunday, the 10th, it was my privilege to meet with the friends at Scituate, and as I received their cordially expressed greetings, I felt that it was, truly, good to be there. Much interest has been awakened in that vicinity by the development of Dr. George Newcomb, of Scituate, as an excellent physical medium. While there I had an opportunity of witnessing the manifestations, which were truly remarkable. Although the rule of olden time in most cases holds good, and a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, yet this seems to be an exceptional case; for while many are opposed to the philosophy, and are accustomed to denounce the manifestations of others as trickery and imposture, when Bro. N.'s development came it silenced their cavillings, for the sterling good qualities of the man, his well-known truthfulness and candor, have added to the value of the really remarkable manifestations. May the angels bless him in his work, and strengthen him to breast the waves of opposition which beat so coldly upon the sensitive soul.

Sunday, the 17th, in the evening, I had a very pleasant meeting with the friends at Groton Junction.

The 24th and 31st of January I was in Marblehead, which is a place truly alive with interest in the good work. They are deserving of commendation for the zeal with which they have labored, organizing a Society, and at the time of my visit were earnestly working for the establishment of a Lyceum, which I learn has been accomplished since.

Thursday, Feb. 4th, although very stormy, met some of the friends in Harvard, and had a very pleasant meeting. Sunday, Feb. 7th, at North Bridgewater; Wednesday, Feb. 10th, at Paper-Mill Village, Bridgewater; Thursday, 11th, at Middleboro'; Friday, 12th, at Raynham; Sunday, 14th, at Taunton; Monday, 15th, went to Dighton, where, on account of a severe storm, the meeting was postponed; Tuesday, 16th, at North Swansea; Wednesday, 17th, Swansea Village; Thursday, 18th, at Somerset; Friday, 19th, at Depot Hall, Dighton; Saturday, 20th, at West Dighton, and all through that portion of the State I find a constantly increasing interest in and demand for the inspiration of to-day.

Sunday, Feb. 21st, after a long ride through mud and water, I reached Fall River, feeling as though to lecture was impossible; but the cordial kindness of the dear friends there, the sweet music of the choir, under the direction of Bro. Gardner, and last, but not least, the presence on the desk of a beautiful bouquet of flowers, opened again the channels of inspiration. Since my last visit there, the "Great White Angel" had visited them, and borne to the "Beautiful Land" the glorified spirit of our sister and noble worker, Mrs. McQuitty, who has left a life record filled with noble deeds for the good of humanity, and while they miss her bodily presence, may it incite them to noble aspirations and more earnest efforts for the cause she so loved.

Sunday, Feb. 28th, at Newburyport, which "still lives," notwithstanding the opposition of its seventeen churches.

And as I close this effusion, let me draw attention to one fact: that although theologians tell us the world is growing worse all the time, (which, by the way, speaks hardly for Christianity after the efforts of its advocates for hundreds of years,) from the so-called *bad* men and women of the community. I have received only deference and respect, while from those who claim to follow the Nazarene I have met insult and impertinence.

Since my last report I have received the following subscriptions and contributions:

Emery Fletcher, Groton Junction, $1,00; Mrs. C. Hildreth, do., 1,00; Lewis Hildreth, do., 1,00; David D. Grinnell, Fall River, 2,00; John Gay, Somerset, 1,00; Wm. H. Marble, do., 1,00; Benj. Cobb, Jr. Dighton, 1,00; C. F. Pitts, do., 2,00; S. H. Weldon, Rehoboth, 1,00; Mrs. G. G. Cathcart, Middleboro', 1,00; Nelson Huckins, North Bridgewater, 2,00; A. D. Tyler, do., 1,00; R. B. Packard, do., 1,00; J. M. Blanchard, do., 1,00; S. B. Allen, Bridgewater, 1,00; Elisha W. Boffinton, Somerset, 1,00; David F. Boffinton, do., 1,00; John E. Blanchard, Swansea, 1,00; Wm. Edson, do., 1,00; Jonathan Boffinton, Somerset, 1,00; E. L. Wheeler, Berlin, 1,00; Elisha Bassett, do., 1,00; Mrs. Ella Maynard, do., 1,00; Thomas R. Hood, Fall River, 1,00; R. G. McQuitty, do., 1,00; James McKinney, do., 1,00; Amos L. Chase, do., 1,00; Mrs. Charles H. Boomer, do., 1,00. Total, $20,00.

Received at Cohasset, $3,00; Scituate, 12,00; Groton Junction, 4,45; Marblehead, 20,00; Harvard, 3,00; North Bridgewater, 11,00; Middleboro', 4,20; Raynham, 4,84; Taunton, 6,50; North Swansea, 4,65; Swansea, 4,15; Somerset, 3,65; Dighton Depot, 1,00; West Dighton, 3,95; Berlin, 1,45; Newburyport, 10,00. Total, $97,84. Which, added to the amount received for subscriptions, $26,00, gives $123,84.

Yours fraternally, AGNES M. DAVIS.

Cambridgeport, March 6th, 1869.

Fall River, Mass.

I am engaged to lecture in Fall River, March 28th.

Our stay in Vineland and Baltimore was pleasant, and we revert with a grateful mind to those friends who supported us by their sympathy and love. Could the people be made to see how much they have to do in the making of these lectures spirits seek to deliver, far greater heights could be attained to than at present; but most people consider they have nothing whatever to do in the matter. The magnetic currents sent forth by our audiences are the base on which to build the structure, and if this base be poor, the building may be defective. We are pleased to find some spots where these general laws are better understood than of old, and hope every one may learn of these important subjects.

Yours for Truth, W. F. WENTWORTH.

Fall River, March 11th, 1869.

WISCONSIN.

Lyceum Exhibition in Milwaukee.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I had the pleasure of attending and assisting in the Third Anniversary Festival of the Milwaukee Progressive Lyceum, which took place Feb. 16th, where a large audience assembled to listen to and witness an exhibition of the Lyceum in the early part of the evening, and join in the festivities of the dance, which occupied the rest of the time till after 12 o'clock. The hall was charmingly decorated with pictures, evergreen mottoes and flags, making a display of beauty and excellent taste seldom witnessed on similar occasions. The exhibition consisted of selected and original declamations, interspersed with a fine variety of tableaux, songs, quartettes and choruses. The tableaux reflect great credit on Mr. Haines, who had the management of them. The declamations gave evidence of much talent and study. One thing I noticed here, as well as elsewhere, that many of the scholars of our Lyceums evince superior power in their declamations, so effective and so impressive, such as is not taught by our teachers of elocution, and such as I am unable to describe. Do not the angels inspire them, and are not these young minds being schooled to take an important part in the contest of ideas that is destined to drive darkness and error from among the dwelling-places of human kind, and will not the friends of our beautiful philosophy think of this, and unite their energies with that of the angels, in pushing forward the work that is being done through the Lyceum cause? Among some of the most remarkably rendered declamations were those by Lottie Freeman, Ida May Haines, Bertie Sherman and Ollie Johnson, either of which would well pay one for the time and expense of attending the exhibition. Miss Ella Freeman took active part in rendering the songs, as well as in the quartettes. Bro. T. M. Watson, Conductor of the Lyceum, is the right man in the right place, an excellent presiding officer, with his fine manly form, pleasing countenance, excellent judgment; and possessing one of the sweetest sub-bass voices, and that under *perfect* control, that it has ever been my good fortune to listen to and mingle with my own—more resembling the deep, breathing tones of the pipe organ than the voice of a human being, giving great delight to the large audience, as was evident by the rapturous applause manifested. The singing for the occasion was mostly selected from the Spiritual Harp. Although the singers have in their possession a vast variety of music, from the most noted authors, of both ancient and modern times, still they claim that the Harp contains just the sentiment and style of songs demanded in these days, when the world is hungering for that food necessary for the unfoldment of the spiritual department of the human mind. Severance & Williams's full Quadrille Band discoursed their unrivaled music for the dancing, in which hundreds participated and enjoyed "hugely," as they naturally would, being inspired by this band of first-class musicians, who not only play with artistic and scientific skill, but with that spiritual inspiration that none but the spiritually minded are capable of. The band was composed entirely of Spiritualists, men of much more than ordinary caliber. In the language of the *Milwaukee Daily Sentinel*, in speaking of this Anniversary the next day, "It was the most enjoyable occasion of the season."

We are using the Spiritual Harp in the meetings, also in the Lyceum.

Yours for the truth, A. WELDON.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 27, 1869.

TEXAS.

Test of Spirit Communion.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Although born in Massachusetts, and reared under the "droppings of the sanctuary" and the strict discipline of Puritanic fanaticism, my mind has always revolted at the idea of imbibing a single drop of the absurdities of Biblical lore (so called) as dispensed from the pulpits of New England churches. In fact, I was not satisfied of the truth of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, until I had received unequivocal (ocular and mental) demonstrations of its truth through the teachings of Mrs. Emma Hardinge's lectures and Dr. Redman's *written testimony*, in the form of communications from the spirits of my son and mother, at New Orleans, in the winter of 1849-50.

During a séance with Dr. R., in that city, I asked (among other questions) of the spirit of my dear mother, "What is death?" and while I was writing the question, with the paper upon my lap, with a pencil, under the folding leaf of a large dining-table, Dr. R., sitting upon the other side, commenced writing: "It is the closing of the flower, while its fragrance ascends to higher bowers of purity." This answer, written by her own hand, and so characteristic of my dear departed mother's peculiar botanic taste, satisfied me, without further evidence, or any more communications or manifestations. J. T. CLEVELAND,

Eldest Son of "Father Cleveland," of Boston, Mass.

Cypress Spring Ranche, Blanco, Texas, Feb. 8, 1869.

MORNING LAND.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Dew on the lawns, and fragrance of fresh flowers,
And magical song of mellow-throated birds—
A beauty untransmutable to words;
Such is the vision of the morning hours;
When fade the urns of night in saffron skies,
And light and love return to young, dream-haunted eyes.

Earine has sucked the breath of Spring—
And I have touched thy lips, Earine,
What time the dawn came from the purple sea,
And forests fluttered to the waving wing
Of the unwearying Angel who doth sweep
Back upon heavy hinge the porphyry gates of sleep.

Delicious thus to enter Morning Land:
The world is wondrous, for the world is new:
Dimdrosera is all o'erdrenched with dew.
Ah, well might Merlin wake in Broceliande,
And see the daybreak through the oaks that wave,
Where ivy and violet grow on his melodious grave.

Will it be thus when the strange sleep of death
Lifts from the brow, and lost eyes live again?
Will Morning dawn on the bewildered brain,
To cool and heal? And shall I feel the breath
Of freshening winds that travel from the sea,
And meet thy loving, laughing eyes, Earine?

Is life a dream, and death a sleep, and love
The only thing immortal? Who would care
To be received into the ambient air,
Or traverse ether like a cloud, above
The happy homes of mortals? Must the soul
Be formlessly absorbed into the infinite whole?

No; I shall pass into the Morning Land
As now from sleep into the light of morn;
Live the new life of the new world, unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing hand;
See the dense darkness suddenly withdrawn,
As when Orion's sightless eyes discerned the dawn.

I shall behold it: I shall see the utter
Glory of sunrise heretofore unseen,
Freshening the woodland ways with brighter green,
And calling into life all wings that flutter,
All throats of music and all eyes of light,
And driving o'er the verge the intolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvelous far days!
No more with dreams of grief doth love grow bitter,
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to glitter
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays:
A moment—death's dull sleep is o'er: and we
Drink the immortal morning air, Earine.

—[*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Obituaries.

[*Obituary notices sent to us for insertion must not make over twenty lines in any one case; if they do, a bill will be sent, at the rate of twenty cents per line for every additional line so printed. Those making a less number published gratuitously. The pressure of other matter upon our space compels us to adopt this course.*]

IN MEMORIAM.—February 18th, just as the day was breaking, the spirit of our beloved Clarence Henry Albert, only son of A. D. Spalter, Esq., of Chelsea, passed into the "sweet, sweet home" in the Summer-Land on high, aged 26 years 5 months.

None knew him but to love him, for he was grace, beauty, excellence and nobility itself—loving, generous and devoted. None knew him but to praise, for his departure from earth has caused an aching void in the hearts of a large circle of dear ones. The fragrance of his precious memory will ever be lovingly cherished by many in whose deepest affections he was enshrined, and who look forward to a happy reunion in the mansions above with him in whom they delighted on earth. May his deeply afflicted father, sister and companions be comforted by Him who alone can bind up the broken-hearted. Their loss and ours is indeed irreparable, but who can describe the infinite gain, the exultant joy, the triumphant glory which awaited his entrance into the Paradise of God! "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

John M. Merrifield, *alias* "J. Bomber, Jr.," of St. Albans, Vt., the poet whose effusions have occasionally appeared in the *Banner of Light*, to all mortal appearance withdrew from the visible form he had occupied for the last 38 years, on the 17th of December, 1868.

His remains were kindly cared for in burial by his brother Masons. To the last moments of time spared him, he bore testimony to his friends of his unswerving confidence in the Spiritual Phenomena and Philosophy, and his assurance of a reunion with companion and friends gone before him.

St. Albans, Vt., March 4th, 1869. C. E. GRICE.

Left the tenement of clay for the Summer-Land, from Boston, Mass., Feb. 13th, Albert R. Clark, eldest son of Mrs. J. J. Clark.

His disease was quick consumption, and his sufferings were severe. He told his mother her beautiful teachings had given him more joy than all he had learned from the clergy, and promised to return to cheer her loneliness.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed.]

J. MADISON ALLEN will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., until further notice.

C. FANNIE ALLYN will speak in Syracuse, N. Y., during March; in New York, (Everett Rooms,) during April; in Salem, Mass., during May; in Rochester, N. Y., during June; in Stafford, Conn., during July; in Putnam, Conn., during August; in Lynn, Mass., during September. Address as above, or Stoneham, Mass.

MRS. ANNA E. ALLEN (late Hill), inspirational speaker, 129 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

J. MADISON ALEXANDER, inspirational and trance speaker, Chicago, Ill., will answer calls East or West.

MRS. N. A. ADAMS, inspirational, box 277, Fitchburg, Mass.

HARRISON ANGIR, Calamus Station, Clinton Co., Iowa.

MRS. N. K. ANDROSS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.

DR. J. T. AMOS, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

MARY A. AMPHLETT, care J. Stolz, M. D., Dayton, O.

REV. J. O. BARRETT, Sycamore, Ill.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. ABBY N. BURNHAM, inspirational speaker, 25 East Canton street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES will lecture in East Boston Mass., during March. Permanent address, 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

DR. A. D. BARTON, inspirational speaker, Boston, Mass.

JOSEPH BAKER, Janesville, Wis.

MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, 151 West 12th st., New York.

MRS. E. BURR, inspirational speaker, box 7, Southford, Conn.

MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM will speak in Washington, D. C., during March. Address, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.

WM. BRYAN, box 53, Camden P. O., Mich.

M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, Almond, Wis.

HENRY BARSTOW, inspirational speaker, Duxbury, Mass.

MRS. M. A. C. BROWN, West Randolph, Vt.

J. M. CHOATE, trance and inspirational lecturer. Address rear 56 Poplar st., Boston, Mass., care Mrs. M. E. Hartwell.

WARREN CHASE, 544 Broadway, New York.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER, care *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

MRS. ANNIE M. CARVER, trance speaker, Cincinnati, O.

H. L. CLARK speaks in Thompson, O., the first, in Leroy the second, and in Willoughby the third Sunday of each month. Address, Painesville, Lake Co., O.

DR. J. H. CURRIER, Cambridgeport, Mass.

J. P. COWLES, M. D., Ottawa, Ill., box 1374.

DEAN CLARK, Lyons, Mich., care Col. D. M. Fox.

MRS. J. F. COLES, trance speaker, 737 Broadway, New York.

MRS. J. J. CLARK will lecture in Stafford Springs, Conn., March 28; in Fall River, Mass., April 4. Address, 4 Jefferson place, Boston, Mass.

MRS. D. CHADWICK, trance speaker, Vineland, N. J., box 272.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will lecture and take subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*.

MRS. MARIETTA F. CROSS, trance speaker, Hampstead, N. H.

MRS. CARRIE M. CUSHMAN, trance speaker, Brooklyn, N. Y., care L. B. Larkin, M. D., 244 Fulton street.

DR. H. H. CHANDALL, P. O. box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

MRS. AMELIA H. COLBY, trance speaker, Lowell, Ind.

IRA H. CURTIS, Hartford, Conn.

DR. THOMAS C. CONSTANTINE, lecturer, Thornton, N. H.

MRS. ELIZA C. CRANE, inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich., care J. W. Elliott, drawer 36.

MRS. HETTIE CLARK, trance speaker, West Harwich, Mass.

MRS. M. J. COLBURN, Champlin, Hennepin Co., Minn.

MISS EMMA CHADWICK, inspirational speaker, Vineland, N. J., box 272.

CHARLES P. CROCKER, inspirational speaker, Fredonia, N. Y.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., Cincinnati, O.

MRS. CORA L. V. DANIELS, box 810, Washington, D. C.; will lecture in Boston, Mass., April 18 and 25.

MRS. E. L. DANIELS, 65 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

PROF. WM. DENTON, Wellesly, Mass.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston.

HENRY J. DURGIN, inspirational speaker, Cardington, O.

GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., West Randolph, Vt.

DR. E. C. DUNN, Rockford, Ill.

MRS. ADDIE P. DAVIS, (formerly Addie P. Mudget,) Whitehall, Greene Co., Ill.

MRS. AGNES M. DAVIS, 403½ Main street, Cambridgeport, Ms.

MISS CLAIR R. DREVER, inspirational speaker, Chicago, Ill., care J. Spettigue.

A. C. EDMUNDS, lecturer, Newton, Iowa.

DR. H. E. EMERY, lecturer, South Coventry, Conn.

MRS. CLARA A. FIELD, lecturer, Newport, Me.

MISS ALMEDA B. FOWLER, inspirational, Sextonville, Richland Co., Wis., care F. D. Fowler.

MISS ELIZA HOWE FULLER, inspirational, San Francisco, Cal.

ANDREW T. FOSS, Manchester, N. H.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD speaks in New York, (Everett Rooms,) during March; in Philadelphia during April. Will make other engagements. Address, Blue Anchor, Camden Co., N. J.

REV. A. J. FISHBACK, Sturgis, Mich.

MRS. FANNIE B. FELTON, South Malden, Mass.

REV. J. FRANCIS, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

J. G. FISH will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., six months, from February first. Will give courses of lectures on geology during week-day evenings wherever wanted within suitable distance of B. Permanent address, Hammonton, N. J.

MRS. M. L. FRENCH, inspirational speaker. Address, Ellery street, Washington Village, South Boston, Mass.

A. E. FRENCH, care of J. R. Robinson, box 884, Chicago, Ill.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, 1061 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

REV. JOS

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LEWIS B. WILSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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The Supernatural.

We gave, a few weeks since, the points of an article of rare merit in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*—published and supported by the Unitarian denomination of Boston—on the subject of Supernaturalism. The readers of the *Banner of Light* are better acquainted with this subject than those of the magazine referred to; and they therefore experienced a greater satisfaction in the references which we made, and the citations we presented, than some of those of the Monthly. The same gifted writer continues his discussion of the subject in the February and March numbers, taking for his title "Miracles and their Significance." We continue our quotations and running remarks as before, believing that our readers will thank us for bringing before them such striking proofs of the growth of their own faith and philosophy among the churches. Unitarianism has invariably challenged public attention for its professed rationalism. It was scarcely to be expected that it would extend sympathy to the supernatural. As it scouted the mysteries of Orthodoxy, beginning with that of the Trinity, and ending with that of the Atonement, so it was believed to lay such slight stress on the theory of miracles as to practically scout it altogether. But this writer is making a profound impression, we discover, on his own denomination by the very thorough discussion of the subject in hand. His position is, that miracles—that is, signs and wonders—have never ceased, but are continually wrought, now as much as in "Bible times," for the manifestation of divine power. But let us not keep the reader any longer from the passages which we wish to quote to him.

"There must be agencies"—he says—"active in this universe, and after a manner which would surprise not materialists only, but some very good Christians also." "Multitudes"—he says again—"who read the Scriptures, have quick eyes for the texts which seem to concern the doctrine of the Trinity, or the nature of baptism, or the manner of church government. But they are very few indeed who have an eye for the supernatural." * * * "As to there being a *science of spirit* involved in the Scriptures, how very few people ever think of such a thing." The writer thinks that as the Catholic Church made too much of supernaturalism, through recoil and accidentally Protestantism would seem to have shown from the beginning an undue tendency toward anti-supernaturalism. He styles this science of spirit—Pneumatology, and this is his exact and exhaustive definition of it: "Pneumatology is the science, or rather, is the best understanding of men as to the spiritual universe, as to the ranks of spiritual beings, from the highest to the lowest, and especially of men as spiritual beings, and of the ways in which spiritually they may affect one another; of their connections also with the spiritual world, and of the modes by which men may be affected, while yet in the flesh, by the influences and occupants of that world to which they belong spiritually, and also for eternity; and of the liabilities, too, and possibilities incidental to human nature, because of man's mixed constitution, as to body and spirit." And the pneumatology of the Scriptures, he remarks, is that understanding of the spiritual universe, which the sacred writers had, when they wrote their respective books, psalms and epistles. He regards this as of infinite importance, and a matter that never could have been lost sight of but for the anti-supernaturalism of these latter times, and "but that the best belief of the best believer to-day, is not much better than the glimmering perceptions of some materialist philosopher, when first the eyes of his understanding begin to open spiritually."

His argument for a belief, and a living belief, in miracles is, that, as the Jews before Christ clearly believed in a future life (though the contrary is taught from the pulpit), their real meaning, that is, the direct connection which they established with the spirit-world, was first brought to light by the gospel; in his own words, that "by the visible resurrection of Christ, it was evident that there was a way by which men might live again. But besides that, though simultaneously with that knowledge, by the spirit of Christ, the connections between this world and the next were made manifest." It is the "indwelling spirit" which Jesus successfully revealed.

Speaking of the possession by spirits, the writer remarks that "possession by intruding, unclean spirits is a liability to which human beings are subject by nature. It is a human trouble, as rare, perhaps, as the plague of the black death, but historically just as certain." As for the world itself, and its subjection to spiritual influences and impressions, he says with true eloquence as well as truth, that it is to a man "what simply he is ready to have it be. To one man this earth is a heap of dirt in which to worm his way; and to the red Indian, uncorrupted, it was a broad hunting field, on which the Great Spirit showed him favors. To one man it is chiefly of interest, as having been once the plaything of natural forces, geologically; the ways of whose gamboling he delights to trace and classify. While in the eyes of another it is like a great egg, with vital powers operative in and about it, which are instructive to watch. And for still another man, scientifically, it is like a book of common understanding between himself and the creator. And for still another student of science, the earth with all its fullness of laws chemical, dynamic and vital, is as toward God but "the hiding of his power." And another rarer person still feels as though continually a voice were calling to him, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground," *because of the heavenly affinities with which the world is wrapped about for believing souls;* because of what prayer effects all round the earth; and because of the manner in which the forces of Nature concur with spirit for spiritual ends. And to spirits of different orders, it is conceivable that our earth varies still more than it does to the feelings, respectively, of its own inhabitants. And even of spirits, who have departed from the life of this earth, there is an old philosophy according to which, for various reasons, one spirit might for a while keep a clear view of the earth and its inhabitants, while another might have lost all sight of it, with his last mortal breath. And it is conceivable, too, that the most familiar spot in this world is what we should not know, if we could look at it through the eyes of a seraph."

And if it should happen, as it happened at the instance of the prophet Elisha, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see,"—were this done for any man to-day, the writer says, "what a change, in a moment, there would be in everything about him! The solid earth, perhaps, would have become but as a vapor, just dense enough to hold the spirit of Nature, and manifest its play and glow; while distances above, around and below would be felt to be at once infinitely great and curiously small, changing, so to say, with the spectator's changing mind. Also, for that man, the clouds and atmosphere would have disappeared, while the invisible ether perhaps would have become visible, and *alive with currents of fluid more subtle than electricity, and with angels passing in glory, like shooting stars*, and with resemblances of auroras and seas of gold, and also *with threads of sympathy between souls on earth and souls departed*, and which may be none the less real or useful for not being known of on either side."

Again: "A glimpse about us with those eyes, which will open for us first probably only after death—a glimpse with those eyes with which we are to see, to all eternity—just a glimpse of the spiritual world, which, indeed, already we are living in, though we are cased against it by the flesh—with just one glimpse we should feel, that in such a world as there is about us, and that with such worlds within worlds, as there are which probably concern us, that the promises of Christ may yet perhaps be to be fulfilled, and that greater works than have yet been done Christians may yet do by invoking, in faith, Him of the name which is above every name, and unto whom morals, politics and science, rule, authority and power, and all things, are to be subdued."

Here is another passage of striking force and impressiveness: "Miracles impossible because of science! They are impossible to the belief of a man, simply because of the conceit which comes of learning, but in no other way. For really the powers of Nature, as they are discovered by science, would seem to be the ready, *pliant agencies of supernatural purposes.* Why should not the demons of Plato's theology be as much at home on magnetic currents as men are in steamboats? Why should not an angel be able to approach this earth, by subordinating electricity to his use, as well as Benjamin Franklin have been able to draw and concentrate and enslave it for human purposes? Science! what has science, in the court of common sense, to say against the miracles of healing, by a word or a touch, which are told of in the Scriptures? It has nothing, absolutely nothing whatever to say, except that it has not heard of such things of late centuries, and that they do not appear ever to have been very common; but that is nothing for science to tell. To an angel of wisdom, or to the eyes of the best inhabitant of the star Sirius, imported into this earth, as a judge, belladonna would not seem to be any more likely as a curative agent than a man's hand." And when he considers how the hand is connected with the brain, and that with a wide universe of forces known and occult, and with God the fountain-head of all power, he remarks that it is not incredible, even in itself, "that the human hand, stretched forth in faith, may have been as efficient for healing as dried herbs at their best, and quicker than they as to operation."

It is one thing, observes this writer, "for a man to serve as a channel for the Holy Ghost; and it is a very different thing indeed, for that man himself to appropriate that Spirit for his own enlightenment and sanctification." As to the manifestation of this power of the Spirit through mortals, he well observes that "the Spirit of God would keep itself for recognition, as distinct as is possible, and as free as possible from confusion with the human agencies, through which it signifies itself. And, indeed, if it were manifested only through saints, it would be thought to be an attribute of human goodness; whereas, really, it is a manifestation, more or less direct, and more or less imperfect, because of human infirmities—it is a manifestation of the Spirit of the universe, and of the God, who is that Spirit."

Criticism on "Planchette."

The *Daily Advertiser*, of this city, has undertaken what it doubtless intended for a *smart* critique on the little book above named, and got its ears cuffed by the author in a very few civil words. The *Advertiser* misquoted the author, denied that the book contains what the author shows it does contain, alleges that it contains what he shows it does not, and concludes with a confession that Spiritualism, on the whole, is shocking to its extra-fine tastes. In one place the *Advertiser* styles the Spiritualists a "sect." The author of Planchette replies that the word may as properly be applied to microscopists or astronomers. The *Advertiser* says the latter half of the book contains little but an optimistic sort of "musing into the blue." The author quotes against this flippant piece of would-be criticism the opinion of the *New York Tribune*—believed to be almost equal in authority, in all literary matters, to that of the *Advertiser*—that it (the book) "is surrounded with no dazzling, portentous halo of colored vapors, and moves firmly on the substantial ground of history and science." The same unerring judgment, fondness for truth, and modesty of statement marks the whole of the *Advertiser's* strained and stilted criticism. It lacks the first condition of a genuine critique, viz., that it should at least certify that the writer had some little apprehension of the subject he undertook to write about.

Laura V. Ellis.

Miss Ellis, the physical medium, is still in Maine, holding séances for physical manifestations. In company with her father she has revisited several of the towns where they had previously been, and, in each instance, found the interest greatly on the increase, and audiences much larger. The *Bath Telegraph* has a long account of one of Laura's séances, from which it appears the manifestations were a puzzle to the editor. Dr. Mitchell, the committee-man, could discover no deception, and the audience, it would seem, was satisfied. At last accounts Laura was holding séances in Bangor, where she had been two weeks previous, and has given five séances. The *Daily Whig* says her performances astonished large audiences.

The Anniversary in New York.

The Spiritualists of New York are arranging to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism, in Cooper Institute, on the 31st, on a grand scale. A large number of able speakers have been engaged.

Criticism on "Better Views of Living."

DEAR BANNER—We are from time to time struck dumb by extracts from the writings of A. B. Child and others, appearing in your columns; and, believing implicitly in the purity of the "*Banner*" corps, we solemnly protest, in the name of God and humanity, against the future publication of such disgusting sensuality—in OUR paper—as the following, which we quote from A. E. Giles's review of A. B. Child's "Better Views of Living": "As rivers drain the surplus water from the land, * * * so the passions carry off useless life from the people," &c. See "*Banner*" of Jan. 30th.

Rather different doctrine from that taught by the pure-minded Davis and thousands of other reformers. They say, in substance, that "the sexual embrace was intended *principally* for the propagation of the species"! "and every inordinate expenditure of the love essence is the loss of so much body and soul, as far as we are concerned." We believe the world needs *radicals*, but we KNOW it does not need such as not only "foam out their own shame," but put to shame the cause of virtue and its adherents of all sects and names. The few words we have quoted will do Spiritualism more harm than we, by a long lifetime of *sorrow* and *hard labor*, can counterbalance!

We call upon Spiritualists everywhere to unite firmly against such books, or the intemperate portions of them, rather! No cause is so firmly founded that it can afford to set virtue and temperance at defiance.

Praying for your success, and the advancement of the cause. Yours truly, E. A. BUCK,
Corydon, Wayne Co., Iowa. M. C. BUCK.

The allusion to the obnoxious passages above referred to, conveys the idea that we endorse them; whereas, if our correspondents had taken the trouble to refer to *our* notice of Dr. A. B. Child's book, "Better Views of Living," instead of Mr. Giles's review, they would have seen that we took most plain and emphatic exceptions to the Doctor's reasoning upon the points alluded to. But in order that the *Banner's* position in this particular may not be misapprehended by the general reader, we quote from our former notice. After commending other portions of the book, we said:

"We have a single exception, however, to take to the full extent of his views as herein expressed under the head of 'Passions.' He seems to hold that passions, like rivers, should for safety and natural health be allowed to run their course. As it is only fighting Nature, warring with God, to attempt to dam the rivers, so he holds that the more a man exerts himself 'to govern his passions, to restrain them, or to stop them, the more will they afflict him, and the greater will be his earthly failure.' He claims that as the rivers are God's, so are the passions; that as every river serves a use, so every passion serves its use, and runs until its mission is fulfilled. To give his exact language: 'As rivers drain the surplus from the land for uses, producing life, health and vigor, in place of death, stagnation and corruption—*so* the passions carry off useless life from the people, giving health in the place of stagnation, corruption and death.' If we do not misconceive the Doctor's theory, it is that the best way to manage passions is not to manage them at all—in other words, to let them run. Whereas we believe that they are simply the underlying, out-of-the-way forces of the being, supplying energy which would else be lacking. Let these forces loose, and you at once have at the top what, in the order of Nature, belongs only beneath. More than this even; the strength which these passions bring us they give only through our efforts to master them and make them work in their proper places. Look at a man who has given rein to their power; and you will see him at the end of his career *a wreck*, physically, mentally and spiritually. Look at another who has steadily and consistently kept them in their places, who has properly used them and always maintained the supremacy, and you will see a man who has grown strong indeed. We do not need to eradicate, but to subordinate them. They are not to have full swing, but to work their undeniable force, like telegraphic messages, through the strata of the being, and come out on the surface clarified, purified, exalted. Thus the character receives the advantage, and one which it would never have without these very endowments, so necessary in their sphere, but so destructive when out of it. The Patagonian notion illustrates very well what we would finally say; they believe that the valor of every enemy they kill enters instantly into themselves; so do we think that every victory over passion imparts to the higher portion of the being all the vigor and power which belongs to the object of subjugation."

There is no mincing of words with regard to the extracts in question. They are in no sense spiritual. No one can, even by implication, fasten any such dogma of sensualism as those sentiments convey upon the pure doctrines of Spiritualism. It is more than time that those who have borne so long, and kept such protracted silence under the false charges of the enemies of Spiritualism, should now speak out. The Spiritual Philosophy does not teach "free lust," under the name of "free love" or any other specious term. On the contrary, it enjoins continence; it teaches purity in thought, and so in act; it constantly seeks to lift up the nature to the level of what is divine and eternal; it is based on Justice and Truth, and whatever we build without these two as a foundation, will disintegrate and pass away.

The Powell Will Case.

Spiritualism works into everything in social life, and therefore confronts its opponents at times and in ways for which they make no preparation. The will of Mrs. Powell involves upwards of two million dollars worth of property. The parties who seek to break the instrument take the ground that the maker of it was under undue influence, that is to say, that of spiritual mediums. In the Surrogate's Court the case has already had a protracted hearing, and the arguments of the counsel on both sides are reported in the New York journals. The testatrix was shown to be a member of the Episcopal Church, but to have given that serious heed to the communications of the spirits which thousands of others do continually, who, like herself, are members of the different churches. The argument of Mr. Fancher, in support of the will, was one of great force and beauty—a genuine argument for the faith which is felt sympathetically, if not knowingly, by almost every human soul. He showed that a belief in the manifestations of spirits was no new thing; and must be allowed for in permitting every one to exercise his own freedom of thought and will. After this manner it is that Spiritualism is more and more coming out into the discussion and thought of the people, and getting mixed with the ordinary affairs of men. If to be a believer is proof of what the law in the case of a testator calls "an unsound mind," then there are very few people of sound minds left among us.

Twenty-First Anniversary.

Arrangements for the proper observance of the twenty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism in this city are progressing. Mr. M. T. Dole has the matter in hand, and that is a sufficient guarantee that it will be a success. The occasion will be observed on the evening of March 30th, in Tremont Temple (as no suitable hall can be had for the 31st). The beautiful and varied exercises of the Children's Lyceum will occupy the first half of the evening. Prof. Wm. Denton will make the principal address of the evening, and, if time will allow, short speeches may be expected from others; all interspersed with good music and singing. It will be an entertainment well worth attending, and, considering the great event commemorated, the Temple should be crowded to its utmost capacity. The admission will be put at the low price of twenty-five cents; a few seats have been reserved at fifty cents. Tickets can be had at this office. Don't wait till the last minute, but secure tickets at once.

Gloucester, Mass.

A. E. Carpenter, Agent of the State Association of Spiritualists, lectured in the above town, Sunday, March 14th, forenoon and evening. The audience in the evening numbered twelve hundred. An earnest and growing interest is felt there to know more about Spiritualism.

Spiritualism in the Louisiana Legislature.

By the provisions of a legislative act of Louisiana to provide a revenue for the support of the State Government, the Spiritualist mediums, inhabitants of the State, are compelled to pay a license of one hundred dollars. This most unjust provision of the law has recently been brought prominently before the attention of the Legislature, in a petition from Messrs. W. R. Miller and E. F. Simon, who have thoroughly exposed the flagrant injustice of such a statute, illustrating their views in a direct and forcible manner, and asking for the immediate repeal of a restraining act of such wrongful operation on a large class of the population. The petitioners proceed to say that, "considered in its true light, Spiritualism is a religion, the belief or unbelief in which pertains solely to the individual conscience of man, and as such cannot be taxed in a country of free and enlightened people any more than Catholicism, Methodism, or any other religious denomination." They likewise remind the Legislature of Louisiana that the State law is in conflict with the refusal of Congress, on a direct proposal, to impose any tax upon Spiritualists.

The petitioners proceed further as follows:

"Now it may be that the framers of this law, imposing a tax or license upon Spiritualists, had only in view the class of persons called *healing mediums*, and if so your petitioners would respectfully represent that it was done without due consideration of the merits of the case. It is of public notoriety that thousands of diseased persons, whose cases had been despaired of and abandoned by the regular physicians, have been relieved and cured by the prescriptions and the laying on of hands of healing mediums. It is also a well-known fact that this class of mediums never exact any fee, and many refuse to receive the payment their services would justly entitle them to, and that those who have relinquished all other occupations to devote their whole time to this God-like mission of philanthropy have been sustained only by the precarious bounty of some grateful patient.

In consideration of those facts your petitioners must be excused for saying that the Legislators who would unwittingly tax these imitators and followers of Jesus, would, with equal propriety, have taxed Christ himself and his Apostles, in their time, for performing similar acts. Your petitioners are well aware that much imposition has been practiced upon the public under the name of Spiritualism, but they would further represent that they are now organized into a regular corporate body, styled the 'Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana,' organized under an act of the Legislature of this State, approved May 14th, 1855, entitled 'an act for the organization of corporations for literary, scientific, religious and charitable purposes,' and that by the provisions of section three of article three of said charter, they are empowered to grant letters of fellowship to such of their members as they shall find worthy; and that by this provision all impositions may in future be prevented, and all impostors unmasked.

They would further represent that a grateful public can bear witness to the benefits conferred upon suffering humanity by healing mediums, and that to prevent them, by taxation or otherwise, from fulfilling their philanthropic and charitable mission, would result in great injury to the poorer class, who, unable to pay the high fees of regular physicians, avail themselves of this method of freeing themselves from the ills to which they are liable."

They therefore propose an alteration of the law, so as to exact no license from healing mediums duly accredited by the Central Association, who shall not take fees—and thirty dollars from those who do; with different arrangements for such as do not hail from the Central or other Spiritual Associations of the State of Louisiana.

More New Subscribers.

The efforts of our old subscribers to increase our list by each procuring one or more new patrons, is working very successfully. We have published from week to week the names of those who have sent us new subscribers to the *Banner of Light*, accompanied with the money. We continue to add to the "roll of honor," as follows:

A friend, one new subscriber; Geo. F. Baker, three; Wm. L. Gray, two; Geo. Hatch, one; L. Carpenter, one; Geo. W. Baker, one; Dr. E. C. Grice, one; N. Blanchard, one; O. Giles, one; Rufus Buck, one; John Phillips, one; Mrs. S. N. Eldridge, one; L. B. Lindsey $14 and one new; Harvey Morgan, one; A. S. Hayward, two; Ellis B. George $21,00 and four new ones; Wm. G. Baker, one; C. H. Knapp, two; G. S. Carver, one; W. Cotton, one; J. N. Shattuck, one; Wm. A. Cobb, one; O. W. Leonard, one; Allen Pierce, two; Theresa Green, one; Mrs. N. L. Allen, one; Mrs. P. Leaverns, one; D. P. Lawrence $15,00 and five new ones; Cyrus A. Reed, one; D. Mansfield $22,00 and three new names; H. Bowman $9 and one new; Mrs. Thomas, one; E. M. Wallace $15 and three new; S. Winnans, one; W. G. Perley $28,80 and one new; Mrs. R. Weston $19,00 and one new; Agnes M. Davis, one.

Friends, you have our hearty thanks for helping us spread the truths of Spiritualism among the people in all parts of the land through the mediumship of the *Banner of Light*. You have taken the right method to carry on the best missionary work that can be done, and you will yet see the good results that will grow out of it. Before the close of this volume, ten thousand new subscribers could be added to our list, through the efforts of our old subscribers, if all would but follow the example of those who have already moved in the matter. Shall it be done? Can labor be expended in a better cause?

Music Hall Meetings.

Dr. H. B. Storer, Sunday afternoon, March 14th, in this city, gave one of the most interesting lectures of the course. The theme was, "Will mediumship become universal?" which admitted of a wide range of thought, a privilege the speaker indulged in to the general edification of the audience. It was, indeed, a lecture that was instructive all the way through, and we wish that thousands, instead of one thousand, could have heard it. We regret that, owing to the illness of our reporter, no notes were made of it.

Rev. Moses Hull Next Sunday.

The general satisfaction which Mr. Hull's lectures gave, a few weeks ago, in Music Hall, has induced his reëngagement for one more Sunday. He will occupy the platform next Sunday afternoon, March 28th, at half-past two o'clock.

Prof. Denton will lecture the following Sunday, April 4th.

"Spirit of Truth."

We have been shown an original crayon drawing, with the above title, by Miss Adelaide R. Sawyer, whose picture of the "Better Land" many of our readers will remember; and we can conscientiously recommend it to those who desire a truly beautiful spiritual picture. We consider it as one of the most delicate and perfect specimens of crayon drawing we have ever seen. A limited number of photographs have been taken of the picture by Mr. F. Rowell, and we have a few for sale at our office. They cannot be sent by mail in their present size.

Changed Worlds.

It will be seen by referring to the obituary column, that our friend John M. Merrifield, whose beautiful poetic contributions have appeared in our paper from time to time under the *nom de plume* of "J. Bomber, Jr," closed his earthly career last December. He resided in St. Albans, Vt., where he was much respected. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism.

Spiritualism, writes W. F. Wentworth, from Fall River, Mass., is on the increase here. I lectured for the society last Sabbath, to a crowded house. The audience is much larger than it was eight months ago, and bids fair to grow larger yet.

Banner of Light Spirit Message Department.

The reader's attention is called to this department of our paper the present week. A great number of subjects are discussed, some of vast importance to the welfare of the human race. That in reference to *disease* will be found highly interesting. The circles reported, were held Dec. 10th and 17th, 1868.

The message from *Capt. William Cabot*, of New Bedford, we should like to have tested. Does such a person as Nathan Simpkins live? and if so, did such a conversation as is reported by the spirit occur? Our friends are requested to forward to us any information they may obtain. At this time, we know nothing whatever in regard to the statements given by the spirit purporting to be Capt. Wm. Cabot.

Samuel C. Crane intimates that before going to war, he made a contract with one Gerard L. Winthrop, of Albany, N. Y., that if he should be killed in battle, he would report to him from our Circle Room, through Mrs. Conant. He now comes back to inform his friend that he has fulfilled *his* part of the contract, and now desires *him* to fulfill his.

James Daley reports himself happy.

Annie Williams, fourteen years of age, wishes her mother to go to a medium in New York, so that the father, who was killed in battle, can inform her what course to pursue to secure a pension.

Tom Aiken, a Newburyport stage-driver, the moment he got possession of the medium singled out Dr. Mayo Smith, a friend of ours, who responded, admitting the truthfulness of the spirit's statements, as will be seen by reference to the message on the sixth page.

The questions and answers given December 17th treated upon subjects of general interest. We refer the reader to them specially, as they relate to the communications given through our medium.

Octavius King, apothecary, who recently kept on Washington street, Boston, gave a highly interesting message, and many facts in his personal life, that Mr. White recognized, although Mrs. Conant, the medium, knew nothing of them. His friends in Boston will no doubt be pleased to hear from him.

Betsey Jane Miller also gave a long communication. Hailed from Pembroke, N. H. She answers the call of her nephew, who she said resides in Manchester, N. H.; but we fear he will not relish the tenor of her response.

Lieut. William C. Seldon, of the 2d Va. Heavy Artillery, returns hoping to come in communication with his mother, two sisters and a crippled brother.

Daniel Crane, a Western "Hoosier," who said he was "flaxed out" in the war, wishes to reach a brother in Kansas, who had volunteered to fight Indians, and have him "back out of that miserable scrape," etc.

This séance was conducted by a spirit who bore the earth name of Father Henry Fitz James, a Catholic priest. He is one of the most polished scholars we ever fell in with. He informed us that one of the priests who officiates in the Cathedral in Boston is a medium, and he aids him in his duties every Sabbath.

The London Conferences.

These Conferences grow in interest, says the *Spiritual Magazine*, and the attendance at them, despite the inclement weather, has steadily increased, so that it has been sometimes difficult to find even standing room. The committee have agreed to vary the programme by the occasional delivery of short lectures, with answers to questions. The first of these lectures was given by Mrs. Emma Hardinge on "The Science of Spiritualism," and this formed the subject of conference on the Monday following. Mr. Harper, of Birmingham, opened the subject of "Spiritual Sight" in an able address; and in the course of the evening Mr. Cromwell F. Varley made a most clear and convincing speech, with illustrations from science, and from his own personal experience. Mr. D. D. Home introduced the question "What is Spiritualism?" and also the subject of "Spirit-mediums, ancient and modern." At each Conference, opposition, in a friendly spirit, has been invited: this invitation has in some measure been responded to, and has secured additional spirit and interest to the Conferences.

Massachusetts Tachygraphic Society.

This Society (a branch of the American Tachygraphic Association) held its annual meeting at Sewall Place, Boston, on Wednesday, March 17th, 1869. After the reading of records, reports of committees, and some other preliminaries, the following officers were elected to serve for the coming year: President, Rev. Wm. S. Bartlett, Chelsea; Vice President, James F. Spalding, Northampton; Secretary, Charles Colburn, Boston; Treasurer, Rev. James Thurston, West Newton; Executive Committee, Rev. D. P. Lindsley, Mendon, and Rev. Samuel H. Winkley, John W. Day, E. Maria Simonds and Fanny Merrill of Boston. Corresponding Committee, Adam Home, West Brookfield, Edmund J. Hudson, Templeton, A. L. A. Knowlton, East New Portland, Me., Heman W. Chaplin, Boston.

This Society has for its object the general diffusion of a knowledge of Tachygraphy—a new style of short-hand writing invented by D. P. Lindsley, Mendon, Mass.—which aims not only to give increased facilities for reporting, but also to make a radical reform in the ordinary correspondence of every-day life.

New Music.

Reed Meyer, 722 Arch street, Philadelphia, has just published the following musical compositions: "Bounding o'er the sea we go," a pretty song and chorus, words by Hudson Tuttle, music by Felix Schelling; "Fairy Spell," a fanciful and varied composition by Reed Meyer—eight pages; "Indian Summer," a fine song, by Mary F. Davis, music by F. Schelling; "Beautiful Inez," solo or duett, words by Joel Benton, music by Schelling; "The Blue and the Grey," words by M. F. Finch, music by Schelling.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake.

Attention is called to the above named gentleman's advertisement on the 5th page. Parties with whom we are well acquainted, just returned from Michigan, inform us that the doctor has been practicing of late with marked success in the thriving cities of Kalamazoo, Sturgis and Battle Creek. Success is due to all mediums, no matter what their mission, if they are true to their immortal guides. We are glad to learn that Bro. Dake ever acknowledges his invisible helpers.

Photograph of D. D. Home.

We have added to our stock of photographs that of the celebrated medium, Daniel D. Home, whose extraordinary physical manifestations are now astonishing the people of London. Price 25 cents.

☞ Why don't our friends in Philadelphia furnish us with reports of their Children's Lyceums' proceedings?

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞ Correspondents who expect their letters published should prepare the matter with more care than they usually do. We have just received a communication from the West, giving some interesting facts in regard to the progress of our beautiful Philosophy there, but the writer omits the name of the town and signature, concluding in this use: "We are situated twenty-five miles southwest of the city of Dubuque, on the Southwestern Railroad." We might record many such cases of omission. Our friends should be more particular if they would be heard. We are found fault with for not giving all our correspondents a hearing. We desire to accommodate our friends in this respect, but we often fail from the careless manner in which their manuscripts are written.

☞ B. F. Butler, M. C., has our thanks for public documents.

☞ By reference to another column it will be seen that Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Remedies are highly commended as valuable compounds.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON—LEVITATION OF D. D. HOME.—This most wonderful of all the spiritual manifestations through the mediumship of Mr. Home is creating, as well it may, great excitement in England. Of the truthfulness of the manifestation there seems to be no doubt, if we are to believe the most competent and reliable witnesses.

We shall publish in our next issue the full particulars, illustrated, of the *elongation of Mr. Home's hand*, with measurements.

MARRIED.—It will be noticed by the readers of Rev. Herman Snow's letter from San Francisco, published in another column, that he united in marriage, Feb. 11, Mr. William W. Smith with Mrs. Laura Cuppy, the well-known lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy. We learn that Mrs. Smith will not withdraw from the lecturing field. This will be good news for her friends on the Pacific Coast who have been fed by her inspirational lectures for the past three years.

PERSONAL.—Edwin Harrison Green, Esq., of London, arrived in New York last week. Mr. Green is an earnest and devoted Spiritualist. He visited this country some two years since, and, on his return, made an elaborate and favorable report of the progress of Spiritualism on this side of the water. Mrs. Green accompanies her husband.

Fifteen young women graduated last week from the Female Medical College at Philadelphia.

It may interest those who prosecute wild-goose chases after vast estates in that country to which they imagine themselves heirs, to know that no alien can inherit land in England, or even take it by will; and, further, that as land there always descends to the oldest son, no title derived through a younger brother can be good in any event.

The following sentiment is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte: "A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other a treasure."

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Plase, your riverence, it 's to be clane inside."

A summer boarder in a country village says that at the meeting house they have a beautiful chime of bellies—in the entry after the services.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—"My hearers," said a fervent Methodist divine to his congregation, "you have no idea of the splendors of the New Jerusalem. Why, this new meeting house, with its new carpets, furniture and fixtures, would no more compare with it than would that glass lamp lighted be to the b-l-a-zing sun!"

A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday she would have been dead shust two weeks. Nothing is possible with the Almighty. As de tree falls so must it stand."

If Colfax had Nellie Wade, why don't he have her uncle weighed, also? Because he's Ben Wade.

The great men of the West are unknown in the East, but the name of the great Chinese philosopher is familiar the world over.

Why is a lady's dress like a roast goose? Because it has been basted.

It is a pleasant piece of fashionable intelligence, that the dirty fashion of long skirts, and the horrible fashion of pannier dresses are entirely out of style for spring wear; and that short dresses, generally with two skirts, are to be worn on all occasions.

They give alcohol no quarter in Vermont.—*Amesbury Villager.*

No; but "they" pay a good many quarters for alcohol, notwithstanding.

While the Legislature is engaged "regulating" liquor-selling, would it not be well for them to regulate liquor *adulterers?* Fusel-oil and tannin, it would seem, are not thought of at the State House.

SPIRITUALISM, which is the science of life, proposes to carry its facts in one hand, and the power to demonstrate them in the other.

"Spiritual lecturers are in great demand in the State of New York," writes C. Fannie Allyn from Syracuse.

A couple of red squirrels stole from the barn of Mr. Bixby, a farmer in South Reading, Windham county, Vt., sixty bushels of corn, which they had stowed away in the barn loft.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—This journal has completed its twenty-fourth volume. It has been indeed a light-bearer. No paper has fought more bravely for the right, none has taken higher and broader ground in behalf of universal brotherhood. May the *light* continue to shine in the world's dark places; may it go on, blessing-laden, to hearts that hunger, and a helper to those who seek to solve the mystery of life and death.—*Lyceum Banner.*

The three essentials for happiness—something to do, something to love, and something to live for.

The *Boston Pilot* "anticipates, with some hope, the day when every spire that is visible from the State House dome shall be crowned with the true Catholic cross."

When is a drunken man like machinery? When he reels.

The *Journal of Chemistry* publishes this remedy for water bugs and cockroaches: "Boil one ounce of poke root in one pint of water until the strength is extracted; mix the decoction with molasses and spread it in plates in the kitchen or other apartments which are infested by these insects. All that have partaken of this luxury during the night will be found 'organic remains' the next morning."

A little girl dreamed that Death knocked at her door. "What did you do?" asked her mother. "I said no permittance," the little four-year-old replied.

What is every one doing at the same time? Growing older.

Mrs. L. E. Wheat, Secretary of the Cedar Valley Association of Spiritualists, can be addressed at Charles City, Floyd Co., Iowa.

PARADOXICAL.—*Traveler:* "Show me to a room with a good fire, waiter, I'm so douced *wet;* and then bring me a glass of ale, for I'm awful *dry!*"

Why do birds in their little nest agree? Because they 'd fall out if they did n't.

A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away;
One little act performed in life
Turns darkness into day.

It is stated that the Prussians are now cutting down the trees in the public promenades at Mentz, just as if they were on the brink of war, and that they are working day and night at their arsenals.

Steel hoop skirts are suitable for *spring* wear.

True goodness is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.

The total cost of the Boston post-office building and lot is estimated at $1,872,000. The tenants on the site have received notice to vacate in thirty days.

Why are old maids the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.

It is estimated that in Great Britain the annual consumption of intoxicating liquors is 1,025,000,000 gallons, upon which a tax of $120,000,000 is paid.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, all neatly and substantially bound in cloth: Nature's Divine Revelations, 13th edition. Great Harmonia, in five volumes, each complete—*Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer* and *Thinker*. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetralia, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses,) History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providences and Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabula, or Divine Guest, Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, Harmonial Man, Spirit Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memoranda. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) $26; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism—can be had for $2.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price $6; postage 90 cts.

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

London Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents. Human Nature, also a London monthly of rare merit; price 25 cents. The Rostrum, a Chicago spiritual monthly, can be had at our stores; and also the Radical, the ablest monthly published in our country on religious subjects, and fully up to its name.

Call and see our assortment, which now comprises nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

Liberal Christians.

It has been many days since we attended a regular Orthodox Church, but attracted by the notices of Free Religious Meetings in Cooper Institute, we called in to hear the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, of Boston, in his morning sermon, March 14th. The audience was not large, but respectable in numbers, very intelligent in appearance, with a preponderance of males. The exercises and sermon, for aught we saw or heard, might have done for any Orthodox Church in the city. The same old stereotyped sentences made up the prayers and hymns, and most of the sermon, which had the rare virtue of being short, but long enough for the kind. We were forcibly assured that Christianity was *super*natural, and the miracles real; Jesus, the Saviour, and repentance the road to salvation.

He very truly said that Christianity could not sustain itself on its morality alone, and would be a failure without these miracles and its supernaturalism to rest upon as a foundation. We gave that our assent, and it was about all we could approve in the discourse.

We have long been satisfied these free meetings were raids, skirmishes and guerrilla excursions of the Protestant Church made beyond its outposts of picket lines set up by Unitarian and Universalists—excursions made only to capture and bring in such liberal minds as had strayed beyond its jurisdiction; but they often build better than they know, for there is a power shaping to ends the actions of men, and this effort, though not by design of its earthly movers, is rapidly disintegrating the Church and drawing its conservative members forward, while it very rarely captures and brings back a radical mind. Hence we greet every such move with a hearty welcome, and would be glad to join in its exercises by speaking occasionally to its audiences from its *free platform*, and thus introducing the religion that is not Christian and not *Super*natural, but natural and without miracles.

Holy Relics.

Protestants often ridicule the Catholic relics, as well as many of the ceremonies of the Mother Church, and enter deeply into the feeling of sacred reverence for the Holy Bible, Holy Church and Sacred Desk; and we often observe the same systematic devotion to sacred objects, carried even into Spiritualists' families, where an elegant copy of the Bible is kept in a conspicuous place, while they would be ashamed to have any one of the popular works on our philosophy placed equally conspicuously before their visitors. Few families or persons have risen entirely above the feeling that some artificially created object has more sacredness than a natural production. For ourself, we never could realize that if we had really a "Word of God," it could be more sacred than his works, and a beautiful shell, or stone, or flower, had always more sacredness to us than any Bible, however heavily bound and ornamented with *gold*. In the families of many Spiritualists, and even of infidels, it is no doubt kept in a conspicuous position for fashion's sake, and not from any especial regard for it as a sacred or holy book.

On the Right Track.

Our able and persevering brother, D. A. Eddy, of Cleveland, Ohio, by some means manages to get into several of the leading papers of Cleveland, through which he is doing a vast amount of good in replying to, criticising and using up the ridiculous positions of the sectarian writers for the same papers. We have just been highly interested in an article of his in reply to a Cleveland pastor, published in the *Leader*, on the subject of "City Evangelization," in which Bro. Eddy thoroughly exhausts the subject, and leaves no footing for a reply. We suspect the policy will be the common one of clergymen, viz: to induce the editors and publishers to refuse admission to Bro. Eddy and all such writers, as that is the only chance they have to get their articles accepted by the people. If only one side can be heard, like the old Dutch justice, the readers will know how to decide, or at least our preaching brethren think so, and as they always lose in the controversies, they must avoid them. We congratulate Bro. Eddy on his success, and hope he will be able to get further access to the papers.

Meetings in New York.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield speaks at the Everett Rooms during March. His opening discourses were very much admired and highly applauded. The doctor has not spoken in New York before, and he gives forth fresh and new ideas, and in a novel style of delivery, being thoroughly entranced, which few of the men have been who have spoken to this society. The doctor (or the spirit) reads the Bible and other books from his hand, while no visible book is used or even about the room. In his first discourse he compared the Bible to a shock of wheat, and Spiritualism to a threshing machine, laying out the straw for beds for the dying churches, blowing out the chaff for sectarian birds to scratch over, and saving the kernel for future use. The cheat and foul seeds were for swine.

Still Another Gone.

We notice, in the *Present Age*, the transition of Benjamin Wright, of St. Johns, Mich., on the 25th of January, aged eighty years. Brother Wright was for several years a near neighbor of ours, an early and earnest advocate of our Philosophy, and a very dear friend. We can bear our testimony to his honesty, integrity and earnest devotion to truth and justice. Industrious, economical and useful, few men have filled the mission of earth-life better, and we hope and trust we shall find him and others like him, when our last thread of earthly bondage is clipped, and we, too, find the new field of action and new life.

While on this subject, we wish, also, to record our testimony to the deserved tributes to the memory of BELA MARSH. For nearly twenty years we did business with him, and if we ever knew an honest and upright man HE was one, and one whose word of promise was always sacred. He has carried with him the esteem of many hearts who have dealt with him, and the respect of all—even the sectarians—who knew him.

"Light in the Valley."

We have just received from London a few copies of the last edition of this highly interesting book—all that could be found, as it is out of print, and not likely to be republished. Price, one dollar and fifty cents; postage, twelve cents.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, a member of the Board of Trustees of the American Association of Spiritualists, and especial Agent and Missionary for said Board, will start for California, overland, the first of May, from Chicago, Ill., and till that time may be addressed there, drawer 5956. She expects to spend June in Colorado, and will stop over and speak on the route of the Pacific Railroad wherever arrangements are made with her in season. Those on the route wishing a call will please write her as above, as early as possible. Mrs. Brown is one of the best clairvoyants in our country, and will give public circles for reasonable compensation when arrangements can be made with her so as not to interfere with other business. We trust our friends in California and on the route will appreciate this effort of Mrs. Brown and the Board, and promptly respond and coöperate with both in the great and good work.

Our excellent transatlantic brother, John Scott, has sent us a contribution—small pamphlets for circulation—the Divine Illumination, a neat and well written work of forty pages, which has had a good reception by the public, and been well appreciated, and a few facts of communications to himself, which are also interesting, showing the general harmony of our Gospel. We shall expect to see Bro. Scott in our city during the summer, as we learn he is contemplating a visit to America.

☞ A new speaker, Miss Ida Frances, lectures this month in Cumberland-street Hall, Brooklyn. We have not heard her, but understand she is well liked by our Brooklyn friends.

☞ We have received a supply of the London Monthly, *Human Nature*, for January and February, and can supply the demand hereafter.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York.

This Lyceum gave an exhibition in January last, on the occurrence of its sixth anniversary, which proved a very decided success, but that exhibition being followed by a sociable the time was necessarily very limited, so much so that many members who desired to take part in the exercises could not do so. The Lyceum has therefore decided to give another exhibition, in the Everett Rooms, on Friday evening, the 26th of the present month, to begin at 7½ o'clock. This will not be a repetition of the last, but like that will consist of songs, recitations, dialogues and tableaux.

The tickets of admission will be 25 cents; children, 15 cents, and reserved seats 25 cents extra.

P. E. FARNSWORTH, *Conductor.*

Spirits in Church.

During the sermon at the Unitarian church in East Boston Sunday week, the audience were startled by a loud rap, as if from a heavy cane brought down with great force upon the floor. A messenger was dispatched to the vestry for the purpose of ejecting the intruder, who, it was supposed, made the disturbance beneath the floor; but no one could be found. What was not a little singular was, the speaker, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, had at that moment given utterance to a sentiment of a remarkably bold character, when the rap responded. The effect upon the congregation was to make them forget all about the discourse, and think and talk only of the mysterious noise.

In the evening, it was developed through a writing medium that Theodore Parker was the invisible applauder. Mr. Cudworth being a free, independent, bold man, who dares utter a palpable truth, whether popular or not, and being also a practical worker in whatever tends to elevate and improve mankind—holding a life of usefulness of far more value than mere temporary denominational position—would be most likely to attract about him a class of spirits of the Theodore Parker stamp, who would not fail to manifest their approbation of a noble sentiment, whenever and wherever they could find conditions favorable.

This is merely one example in our very midst of spirits taking part in public exercises of that character, and we may confidently expect them in future of a still more startling character and in greater number, to the consternation of respectable conservatism and pious fogydom, however profound its sanctity. W.

California Items.

Last evening (Feb. 11,) I had the pleasure of *doing* the external rites of marriage between William W. Smith, formerly of Sacramento, and our friend and sister in the faith, Mrs. Laura Cuppy. The new relation seems promising, and our friend looks *young* and *happy* under the influence. At the close of the ceremony, Mrs. Foye, the test medium, being present, the invisible company, who had been appealed to as witnesses, made a very emphatic demonstration of their approval by a loud succession of raps in different parts of the room.

Bro. Finney has lectured here once with very decided success, and is expected again next Sunday; but I fear that he will not be able to continue lecturing at present, as his health seems to be very much impaired. He needs rest very much, although his active and earnest nature will hardly permit him to take it; but I am happy to be able to state that he is likely to be favored with a comfortable homestead for himself and family, among friends and relatives, in Santa Cruz County. Cordially yours,

HERMAN SNOW.

San Francisco, Feb. 10, 1869.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture in Quincy, Mass., March 28th and April 18th and 25th. She would like engagements for May.

A. E. Carpenter will lecture the last Sunday in March in Lowell; the first Sunday in April in Charlestown.

Lois Waisbrooker is in Northern Iowa. Friends can address her at Charles City; will make engagements in that section till July.

A. B. Whiting, of Albion, Mich., we learn, is coming East May 1st. He will lecture in Portland, Me., the Sundays of that month. He will accept calls for the month of June in New England, and for week evenings during his stay in Portland.

Premium Stories.

It will be remembered that, at the last National Convention, premiums were offered for the best drama and stories that would meet the demand of the children of liberalists. It was stipulated that the articles should be free from sectarianism, and that they should inculcate moral principles.

Dramas and stories have been written. The committee decided that while much credit is due the writers, some sentences need changing and others left out entirely. To give these writers time to revise, and others the opportunity of competing for the prize, it is decided to extend the time till next August.

It is hoped that before the next Convention, Dr. Hallock, the chairman of the committee, will be able to say, "The young people may look out for some splendid books." Let the MSS. be sent to R. T. Hallock, M. D., No. 140 East 15th street, New York City. H. F. M. BROWN.

Dr. Swan in Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. G. Swan, an educated physician and a powerful healer by the laying on of hands, has opened an office in Washington Hall, Rochester, N. Y., where he will remain until the first of April, for the purpose of treating the sick.

Exhibition.

The Dramatic Association connected with the First Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Boston, will give their first entertainment, at Mercantile Hall, Tuesday evening, March 23d, commencing at 7½ o'clock, on which occasion they will present "The Secret, or Hole in the Wall," and the comedy, in four acts, of "Married Life." Admission 25 cents. Reserved seats 35 cents; to be had of any member of the Lyceum.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2½ O'CLOCK, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), $1,00; single admission, *ten cents.* Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street.

Rev. Moses Hull

will lecture March 28.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents.

THE ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonial Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents.

THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

Business Matters.

MRS. E. D. MURFEY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.M6.

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

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose $2 and 3 stamps. M13.3w

MRS. R. L. MOORE sends clairvoyant prescriptions on receipt of $1 and two stamps. Address care of Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. F27.8w

THE BEST PLACE—The CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. *Open Sundays.* M6.4w C. D. & I. H. PRESHO, *Proprietors.*

PRESERVE THE TEETH. For Cleansing and Whitening the Teeth, keeping the Gums in a healthy condition, and correcting the Breath, *Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice* is THE BEST. Sold by most dealers at 25 cents.

Special Notices.

Agents wanted for MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Printed **terms sent free**, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Jan. 2.

Spiritual and Reform Books.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, AND MRS. LOU. H. KIMBALL,
137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

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

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of **Spiritualist and Reform Books** at Eastern prices. Also **Planchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders,** etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. J9 13w

BE YE HEALED of whatsoever Disease ye have by the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, **MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.** Send a brief description of your disease to PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, NEW YORK CITY, and those **mysterious, wonder-working Powders** will be mailed to you, post paid. **1 box $1. 6 boxes $5.** Jan. 2.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance

☞ **For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 30 cents per line for each insertion.**

☞ **Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.**

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Celebrated Analytic Physician,

OF ROCHESTER, N. Y., treats all diseases with unparalleled success. *Sui Generis*—none but itself can be its parallel. LAMENESS, DEAFNESS and BLINDNESS cured in one treatment.

☞ At **Coldwater, Mich.,** until further notice. Mar. 27.—4w*

STILL AHEAD. 1,000 Sold Weekly—HUNTER'S GUIDE.—Revised, Enlarged. New Secrets added. 14,000 already sold. Thirteenth edition of 500 copies **now ready,** enlarged. Twenty new tanning Secrets added (3 cost $5 each.) *The Hunter's Guide and Trapper's Companion* tells how to hunt and trap ALL animals from mink to bear; to make traps, boats, &c. How to tan and dress all hides, &c., &c.; to color furs and skins. New Secrets just added. The secret recipes in this book would cost $30 anywhere else. Tells how to hunt, fish; has hunting narratives, &c. **A new book,** well printed and bound. 64 pp. Price (not $1), but only 25 cents; 6 for $1. Mailed free. Sold by all dealers. All wholesale news-dealers sell it. *Send for one.* Worth $10 to any farmer, hunter or boy. Only a "*quarter.*" Address HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H. 1w—Mar. 27.

MONEY REFUNDED.—If you send only 75 cts. for the **"Star Spangled Banner"** a whole year, you will receive the paper; also the elegant Engraving 19x24 inches **"Past and Future"** (worth alone $1,50); and even then if you are not pleased and perfectly satisfied, you can *have your money returned.* See the April number, 40 columns and eight large pages of comic pictures, Wit, Humor, Fun, *Sense*, and some nonsense. Read the article on "*Humbugs.*" It will *save* you more than the paper costs. April No. mailed for 6 cts. You can buy it anywhere for 5 cents. It's no "humbug." We've advertised it for years. It circulates 20,000 copies every number. Oh, you are *afraid* it's some SELL. Here's our offer. The publishers of this paper know we will do as we *agree.* So here goes: On receipt of **seventy-five Cents** we will mail you this large 8 page *Ledger* size paper a whole year. We will send you the elegant Engraving **Past and Future,** mounted on a roller and free of postage, and then if you are not *satisfied* in every sense of the word—if you don't say we've given you your **full money's worth,** just let us know and you **will have your money refunded.** Reader! Do you *dare* subscribe? What more can we offer? Except if you will not subscribe, to mail you the April number free gratis for six cts. Send to STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H. 1w—Mar. 27.

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SPIRIT MYSTERIES EXPLAINED:
THE INNER LIFE,
REVISED AND ENLARGED.
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

FOR the secrets of Planchette, the laws of mediumship, the startling facts of Spiritualism and the grand truths of Immortality, read this volume, just published in superior style, and uniform with the Harmonial Series.

A Magazine (the Boston *Radical*) reviewer says: "This book contains explanations of spiritual phenomena, and the various degrees and phases of mediumship. The work includes a fund of philosophy, both practical and profound. The author relies upon the convincing power of reason, not upon the blind credulity of the reader. He honors skepticism, and disarms it through the persuasion of good sense and adequate proof." Putnam's excellent Magazine for February says: "This volume of A. J. Davis, the well-known Spiritualist and seer, is not without significance to the observer of modern psychological phenomena, for it is but one of twenty-four works by the same author; some of which have reached a thirtieth edition." The publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., take pleasure in offering this volume as a compend of the Harmonial Philosophy of Spiritualism, and as a repository of facts demonstrating the grand truth of open communication between the two worlds.

PRICE $1.50; postage 20 cents.

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Have you seen the Electro-Magnetic Disc?

PERSONS may by the aid of this valuable combination of metals ascertain who are mediumistic, and all the remarkable manifestations of Electro-Psychology may be induced. The **Electro-Magnetic Disc** is in common use by professors throughout Europe. It can be obtained only by addressing CHARLES VAUGHN, 59 Bunker Hill street, Charlestown, Mass., P. O. Box 188, by enclosing 50 cents, and 3 red stamps. Wholesale price, $5,00 per dozen. Mar. 27.—1w*

A LYRIC OF THE SUMMER-LAND,

ALSO a **Picture of the SPIRIT HOME,** painted in oil, by a medium, for "Uncle" Seth Hinshaw, the good "QUAKER SPIRITUALIST." By mail, 25 cents. ☞ Address, WILL C. ELLIOTT, Room 3, 155 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. Mar. 27.

TO Keep The Feet Dry—For Best Waterproof Boot Blacking in America, send orders or letters of inquiry to C. C. DAVIS & CO., Manuf'rs, La Salle, Ill. Retail price 8 lb. Boxes, 25 c. $18 pr Gross. Usual discount made to Jobbers. Mar. 27.—3w*

MRS. M. E. JOHNSON, Medium for Spiritual Communications, Verbal and Written. Those desiring can send their autograph and receive a written communication. Residence No. 7 Hayward Place, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Fee $1,00. 3w—Mar. 27.

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INVALUABLE in all cases of Debility, Weakness of the Blood, in Consumption, Dropsy, long continued Agues, Obstructed Menses, &c. They enrich the blood, strengthen the system, give tone to the stomach, and restore the organs to their natural healthy condition. Price $1,00; three packages $2,00, mailed free.

Vegetable Anti-Bilious Pills;

They are both safe and thorough in their operation, carrying off all morbid secretions of the bowels, thereby cleansing the whole system. Price 50 cents; three boxes $1,00, mailed free.

Catarrh and Dyspepsia Remedy;

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Vegetable Syrup;

Eradicates all Humors; strengthens and invigorates the diseased organs of life; cures **Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Torpid and Inflamed State of Liver and Kidneys.**

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Price of the above Syrups and Cordials, $1,50 each per bottle, sent by express. Address,

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S. S. JONES, ESQ., *Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.*, **General Agents;** or
JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH, **Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician,** 313 *East* 33*d street, New York.*

Parties at a distance can have full **Clairvoyant Examinations** from lock of hair, by addressing JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH as above. Terms $5,00.

By permission, the following parties are referred to:

Berkeley street, Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 5, 1869.

DEAR MRS. DANFORTH—Will you please cause to be sent by express to the address given below three bottles of your "Vegetable Syrup," and one bottle of the "Bronchial Syrup"? They have both been used by a relative of mine in a case of bronchial derangement and of threatened pulmonary complaint, with excellent effect, and I should be glad to hear that the sale of these medicines is extended, both because of the good they have shown themselves capable of effecting, and because of the evidence they furnish that practical aid may come to us from the next world.

Truly yours, **ROBERT DALE OWEN.**

Address the medicine, Mrs. R. D. Owen, care Philip Horn brook, Esq., Evansville, Ind.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1868.

BRO. S. S. JONES—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clark's spirit, who, controlling, prescribes for the sick through the organism of Jeannie Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies—the Syrups, Nervines and Powders—with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clark is a noble and brilliant spirit. Most truly thine,

J. M. PEEBLES.

New York, Jan. 4, 1869.

BRO. JONES—I consider it a duty I owe to Mrs. Jeannie Waterman Danforth, No. 313 East 33d street, New York, to state, for the benefit of the afflicted, that last winter I had a very aggravated case of ulcerated, inflammatory sore eyes, and had been confined to my house for several months. Finally I went to her for treatment, and in three weeks I returned home. There has not been any of the usual weakness or sensitiveness about them since, that is so common in the old practice cures. I most cheerfully recommend the different kind of syrups and other medicines put up by her, after the formulas of her spirit guides, having used them in my family, and have satisfied myself of their virtues.

Yours respectfully, **M. MILLESON.**

Ancora, Camden Co., N. J., Jan. 12, 1869.

MRS. DANFORTH—My wife wishes me to inform you that her medicine is near out. She is much improved in health and strength; must be about fifteen or twenty pounds heavier than she was before taking your remedies. Our neighbors notice the improvement in her looks. One lady here who has suffered for years from various diseases desires examination of her case from lock of hair, which she will send you. My wife wants more medicines, and the lady referred to will take some; send them to Waterford, Camden Co., N. J.

Yours fraternally, **T. W. TAYLOR.**

Georgetown, D. C., Jan. 7, 1869.

S. S. JONES, ESQ., *Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal*—Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jeannie Waterman Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-woman had been long confined to his room from the effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some year and a half since, suffering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said Syrup, with directions to have his side bathed with hot salt and water, by a healthy colored woman, and to take the Syrup internally, the result of which was that in ten days he was out and at his work (that of a common laborer). His wife, a devoted Catholic, said "she had spent quite $100 upon him for doctors, with no good results; but having faith in good spirits, she would try this." His name is McCarthy, and he lives in this place, No. 118 Prospect street.

Yours fraternally, **ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.**

Cincinnati, O., 1868.

MRS. DANFORTH—The clairvoyant examination for the lady whose hair I sent you is perfectly satisfactory. She informs me that the diagnosis is more accurate and complete than she could give herself. Please forward remedies recommended.

Yours, &c., **CHARLES H. WATERS.**

ISRAEL HALL, Toledo, O.
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PAUL BREMOND, Houston, Tex.

"A good clairvoyant medium is a blessing to humanity. We know Mrs. Danforth to be such. While practicing in this city she established a good reputation. She is now located at 313 East 33d street, New York. One of her controlling spirit guides (Dr. William Clark, well known in this city as a most excellent physician,) has prescribed through her several good remedies for those afflicted."—**BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.** 1s—Mar. 20.

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MRS. MARY F. DAVIS,	JOAN OF ARC,
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NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

BACK numbers of the **Banner of Light,** at $1,00 per hundred; when sent by mail, postage 60 cents. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Dec. 19.—tf 158 Washington street, Boston.

Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim 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—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

MRS. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

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.

Our Father, and our Mother too, we would flee for a moment from the cares and perplexities incident to human life, and would feel our oneness with thee. We would breathe thy life; we would sit in the sunlight of thy wisdom; we would depart from the shadows of our ignorance, and we would feel to its largest extent that holy love which casteth out fear; and, oh Lord, we would worship thee in the beauty of holiness, having no fear, but resting secure in thy great love. Thou who hath cradled us upon thy bosom through all past eternity, whose hand of love hath never forsaken us, oh we will not doubt thee, for we know that wherever we are there thou must be. Thou doth descend with us into the valley and shadow of death. Thou art with us in human life. Thou dost ascend with us through all the spheres of mind, forever and forever. Thy love sustains us, and, oh Lord, for this receive our praises. We lay upon the altar of human life the deep adoration of our souls, and we seek to-day, as we ever have, to read thy book of infinite wisdom aright. Oh guide us, through those who are wiser than ourselves, into all truth, strengthen us in all duty, and when crosses are laid upon us, oh may we say, "It is well, for they come from our Father, who is wisdom." Grant that these thy children who have gathered here may understand that they are nigh unto thee. May they feel thy holy inspirations falling like gentle dews upon their spirits, causing them to live in soul-life anew; causing them to rend in twain the veil that hides them from their loved ones in spirit-land. Oh give them strength to worship thee aright, to see aright, to analyze all spiritual questions aright. So shall their kingdom of heaven begin here; so shall they learn of thee, even in the dark habitations of human life. We thank thee that it is our privilege day after day to walk the earth ministering unto the human needs of thy children. We are glad that they have needs to be ministered unto. We are glad that there is darkness in the land, for our souls have need of something to do. And we rejoice, oh Lord, in that strength which comes to us from the All-Father and rests upon us like a holy mantle, girding us up, strengthening us for duty, and lifting us ever and anon beyond the shades of human despair. We will not ask thee to be with us in our prayer, for thou art with us. We will not ask thee to receive our utterances, for already the great soul of love hath received them. Our Father, and our Mother too, may the thoughts of these thy children be gathered by the angels and bound into wreaths that will last forever, such as shall crown the brows of these mortals in the hereafter. Oh grant that every thought may be an aspiration for good. Oh grant that their vows may be rendered to thee, that they may pay the old ones and rejoice in greater light from this hour. Amen.

Dec. 10.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, we are now ready to consider.

QUES.—Who, and what, and where is God?

ANS.—You are God. I am God. We are all parts of the great infinite Godhead. There is no place where God is not. There is no thing that doth not live in God. There is nothing that hath not the seal of Divinity upon it.

Q.—Is not electricity the voice of God?

A.—It might so be called, and truthfully, too, I think.

Q.—A healing medium in the presence of a diseased person will often feel the pain on the opposite side. For instance, the right lung is diseased, and the medium will feel the pain in the left lung. Will you please explain this?

A.—Disease always finds its way to the weakest parts, wherever they may be. Whosoever is capable of imparting a healthy magnetism is also capable of receiving the diseased magnetism—psychologically, if no more. The law would not be perfect were it otherwise.

QR.—The special point I wish explained is this: Suppose that in the patient the right lobe of the lung is diseased, the medium receives it on his left; but if he turns around, he receives it on the same portion. There appears to be no exchange of weakness and strength.

A.—It may so appear, but in reality it is not so. The positive force, when exercised through the negative subject, receives from it in turn the negative force; and it is, by virtue of natural law, attracted to the negative portions of the body. Some scientists declare that the left side of the body is the negative side. I do not so see it. To me, the positive and negative are so thoroughly interblended, that we cannot set apart any special locality in the system for them. They are everywhere. The magnetic and electric life act and react constantly upon each other, keeping the machine a living instrument for the spirit.

Q.—We date from the birth of Christ, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight years ago. Why do we not begin with the birth of the world?

A.—We have no absolutely correct record concerning either the birth of Christ or the creation of the world. So far as the world is concerned, there can be no absolute data. So far as the man Jesus Christ is concerned, there can be. But there is no record that gives it, at least, none that we have ever been able to find.

Q.—How am I to know that Theodore Parker opens and closes these séances?

A.—You cannot know it, and for this reason: Theodore Parker, as a personality, stands outside of your human senses, and as you can only know of a thing, while here, by measuring it by your human senses, of course you cannot know that Theodore Parker is absolutely here.

Q.—How does it happen that the perfectly sound and healthy organism of a healing medium will, in the presence of a diseased person, become sensitive to the slightest touch?

A.—I think I have answered that question.

Q.—But suppose there is no diseased part, how can it be accounted for that he still receives the pain?

A.—It makes no difference whether he has any weak parts or not. He can by no possibility be a giver without being at the same time a receiver. He expels the unhealthy magnetism; he draws it forth, attracts it to himself, and through his superabundance of healthy magnetism throws it off, but sometimes it is retained long enough for him to feel it very sensibly.

Q.—Then all disease is a vapor. The medium receives this vapor and throws it off, does he not?

A.—Yes, you may call it that. All disease is imponderable. It acts on the body through the imponderables of the body. They are the agents that convey it to this or that locality. Disease is a subtle force or power, a something which you cannot see, you cannot feel, except in effect. You can only understand it by the effects it produces upon the human body. Were it otherwise, there could be no healing mediums, not with the laying on of hands. All disease you would be obliged to treat in the crude way in which medical men generally treat it. But because they are imponderable, you treat them with imponderables. That is the most direct way.

Q.—Is not the same true of spiritual diseases? Cannot a person standing by the side of another benefit him spiritually?

A.—Certainly. I believe that the mission of Christ on earth was not alone for diseased bodies, though he healed the sick and restored to the blind their sight. He did many so-called wonders in the material line, but he did many more in the spiritual line. He was capable of healing the spirit, of restoring it to the normal or happy state; and what is true of him, is equally true of every other healing medium.

Q.—Jesus said, "Lo, for eighteen years has Satan bound this woman." Are all diseases the bindings of Satan?

A.—Yes, you may as well call them that as anything else. The bindings of ignorance, or of the lesser good, may as well be called Satan, or Lucifer. Whatever name you give it, it is still ignorance; it is still the lesser good.

Q.—Swedenborg says that all disease is communicated by evil spirits. Is he right?

A.—He is right, only he is misunderstood. Disease is spirit, and because it makes you unhappy it is evil. Therefore it is the action of an evil spirit. The potato rots in the ground. It is acted upon by an evil spirit. This evil spirit runs through all the vegetable creation, through the mineral, the animal, the spiritual. But it has ever been, and is to the present day, largely misunderstood. Of course, you are aware of that.

Dec. 10.

Capt. William Cabot.

Capt. William Cabot, of New Bedford. I feel quite strange here after eighteen years absence—eighteen years the present month. I have been strangely attracted to earth again for the last two years, but have never found the harbor open for me till to-day. I was in a state where I could understand what was going on with those I had left here on the earth shortly after my death; I cannot say how long. It seems to me as though the time was very short. And there was at that time a great deal of trouble concerning some documents which were not to be found. Some of my friends contended that I had them on board ship with me, and others contended that it was not so.

So the search was kept up, and I, knowing what was going on here, thought, "Oh, if it were only possible for those who have once lived here to return to their friends and say what they would like to, what a glorious thing it would be!" But I did not know I could come back. There was no way for me; there was for others. I heard of it, but supposed it was for only a certain peculiar class of people, and I had nothing to do with it. I mean by a peculiar class, angels—*angels*, you know. I thought like this: We were told on the earth that angels watched over us, and angels sometimes communicated. I remembered reading it in the Bible. And I thought it was only the angels who could come back; not that I could come. But, in the course of events, I learned that *I* could come; and I thought perhaps it would not be too late, even now, to say that those papers which were sought for and not found I had with me. I do not now remember why I took them with me on board ship, but I know I did, and of course they went with the body. In some respects I am sorry that I could not give that information before my earthly affairs were settled. They might have been settled, perhaps, a little more satisfactorily all round.

Say to my friends I have been fortunate in meeting a great many of those who went before me, and say, also, I have made very many long sea-voyages since I left. That is to say, I have been to very many distant ports, and I have seen things that, should I give information concerning them, it would astonish my friends. I wish to say to my old friend, Capt. Simpkins, if he is alive on the earth, and I think he is—Nathan, his name was, yes, Nathan Simpkins—I used to tell him I believed that there were large tracts of undiscovered land North, South, East and West. We used to have some good long talks over it. He was on board ship with me one time—it was thirty years ago—and we got so interested in it that he suggested the propriety of my chartering a vessel and going out in search of undiscovered land. I wish to say to him that I was right—I was right in every particular, and that I received those thoughts from persons in the spirit-land, who knew concerning those tracts of undiscovered land. [You mean there are such undiscovered tracts in the South?] I mean South and North, East and West. [Material earth, like this we live on to-day?] Yes, material—good solid earth. [You must return and post up navigators.] I should be very glad to if I had the power. You see, occasionally a man starts up from the masses who has an idea of this truth, and tries to work it out. For instance, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane—such men, you know. But the great trouble is ignorance. They do n't know just how to proceed. Do n't know just what is required to take advantage of the natural laws governing in those localities. There is the trouble. But still the localities exist. You may be sure of that.

Now in your coming back here a hundred years in the future, after you have learned that what I tell you is true, you will see the real beauty of the truth. You cannot understand it now. It is all vague, and it will be, to a certain extent, to my friend. He is an old man. He do n't know much about this life, but tell him, from me, when he takes passage in the good ship Death he will be sure to reach the other side safely, and I will be sure to be there to meet him. He was a good friend to me. Do n't forget my name, and do n't forget his. [Will you give your age?] I was in my forty-ninth year at the time of my death. Lost off Cape Hatteras; name of the vessel, the John Gooch. Say that my mate, Capt. Knowlton's friend, of New Bedford, would like to return to him. He knows him. Quite a long voyage—eighteen years, so we may have some difficulty in making our friends understand that we are alive.

Dec. 10.

Samuel C. Crane.

I have a friend in Albany, N. Y., with whom I entered into a little contract before I went to war. My name is Samuel C. Crane. My friend's name is Gerard L. Winthrop. He is an unbeliever in a life after death. I told him if I was killed before we met again in body, I would come to him from this place, I would come here and speak of our contract, and of course demand its fulfillment on his part, which was—in case I was able to return, speaking of the contract, and giving such evidence as was necessary in the case—that he was to give my invalid sister three thousand dollars. She was dependent upon me for her support.

I went to war and was killed. I felt sure I could return, and I feel equally sure that my friend will keep his part of the contract. I know it is not very dignified for a spirit who has passed through death to return dealing with the things of this world—do n't seem to be very dignified; but when you consider that a spirit out of the body is no better than one in, you will change your mind. I was a believer in these things, of course, before death, and I was sure that I could return, but was not sure about the time.

Now, to seal the bond between us, my friend gave me a silver Mexican dollar, and I gave him a silver American dollar. We were to keep them as long as we lived. I know he has his, but I cannot tell where that he gave me is. Of course the three thousand dollars must be forthcoming, else I shall be obliged to charge him very harshly. If I never get a chance to do it here, while he is in the body, he may be very sure I shan't forget when he comes on this side. But I have full faith in his honesty. He does not pay homage to any church, is not under any priestly rule, but believes in what he sees, in what his senses can understand, and nothing more—a free thinker.

Now, then, in case he do n't understand me fully here, let him direct a series of questions to me, and the answers I will render through Mr. Mansfield, of New York. But the three thousand dollars must be forthcoming. Say that. [Is he able?] Abundantly able, else I would n't call for it. But I am satisfied and just as sure that he will go through all right as I am that I am here. Good-day.

Dec. 10.

James Daley.

I come back here to say I am happy, and to tell my people in South Boston that they will not send what I left to be sent to my brother, for he will come. He is on the way here. They will not send it. James Daley, sir, is my name. I've been dead only about three weeks—a little less than three weeks. I had a sort of a fever and inflammation of the lungs. I died in Dublin, South Boston. What brings me back so quick is, I got a communication from my brother—from the priest—who has been dead these more than twelve—thirteen years. He come to this place and communicated to me. Yes, sir, he come, and the priest told me when I went to confession, and that's what brings me here. Oh, it's a blessed privilege to come back this way! It's a younger brother that is coming from the old country. His name is Charles; yes, sir, a younger brother—the youngest of the family. There was no letters, you see, come, and so we thought he had n't received what was sent, and was going to send again. Well, he had received it, but there was some mistake about his writing. The vessel was to come so quick he had n't time. He come right away, and is on the way here. Oh, bless the Lord for this way of coming back! [How will this reach your people?] Oh, bless the Lord! I suppose the priest will reach them. [But we do n't publish it for three months.] Oh, the Lord! oh, well, then, I do n't know at all. [I could send it by letter.] Oh, no, it must come through the priest. Do n't do that at all. Three months! [We shall publish your name next week.] Oh, yes, sir, but that won't do me any good. Three months! oh, well, let it go. It's only five pounds. That's all. Oh, well, I suppose it will do good when it comes. [It will be a good test to him.] Oh, no, sir, it's not a test to the people. It will be to the priest, but it's not the common people that understand it at all. Oh, no; I did n't understand much about it when I was here. He told me, you know, but I was thinking all the while he got it himself; but when I got on this side I learned all about how it was, you see. Three months! all right! Good-day, sir.

Dec. 10.

Annie Williams.

I am Annie Williams, sir. I was fourteen years old. My father and brother were killed during the war. Myself and mother were left, but now my mother is alone here, and I thought perhaps I could make her happier if I tried to come back this way. My father was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness, and my brother was wounded, and died of his wounds. My mother has been trying to get a pension since my father died. Say to her that my father can tell her how she shall proceed to get it, if he can speak to her. And if she will go to any person in New York, where she is, so he can speak, the sooner she goes the better it will be for him and for her. [You lived in New York?] Yes, sir. I do n't know, I suppose I had the fever and it turned in. That's why I died. Tell mother we are happy, but we should be a great deal happier if she was differently situated. Father thinks that she will be successful, and that she will soon be better off than she is now. Good-day, sir.

Dec. 10.

Tom Aiken.

SPIRIT.—Ah, Smith, that you?

[CHAIRMAN.—Mr. Smith, you are called upon.] (The Chairman addressed a gentleman among the audience.)

[DR. SMITH.—It may be some other Smith he means.]

[CHAIRMAN, *to the spirit:* What is his given name?]

Do n't think he has any. (*To Dr. Smith:*) Well, when you going to pay up? I do n't care about toting you round much longer for nothing. Or which is it?—do you tote me round, or I you? which is it? Come, now, this going to Jerusalem costs something. Then again, the first thing I know of you, you are out West, then back here again. Who is to pay the bills? You, or I?

[SMITH.—It does n't cost you much to travel.]

How do you know it do n't? I have to pay hotel fare. And I have to be pretty busy sometimes, going over the road. It aint now as it was in old staging times. Little more risky. Can't travel quite as easy; that is to say, not in one sense.

[SMITH.—I would say to the audience that this is——]

Oh, introduce me, of course. Well, what about Jerusalem? Think of locating there?

[SMITH.—I think not, at present.]

'Cause if you are, I want to know it, so I can rig up a suitable team, and take you out there.

[SMITH.—Thank you.]

Oh you need n't thank me. (*To the Chairman:*) Ask him if he intends to travel to Toledo again?

[CHAIRMAN.—You can ask him.]

[SMITH.—This spirit, Tom Aiken, passed away about ten years ago. He came to me, before I knew of his death, and gave me the information. I could not credit it, I felt so certain that he was living, but I subsequently learned that his statements were entirely correct. He told me, furthermore, that as I progressed he should progress; that his existence was in many respects allied to mine. I was the first to whom he was permitted to make himself known. I hope he has always been going up.]

Can't say as there was much *up* to it, when I was out in the Holy Land with you.

[SMITH.—The roads were very poor in Jerusalem.]

Bad staging there. Do n't think I could have drove very well over that road. How are eggs? Fond of them?

[SMITH.—I was at one time robbed, when traveling on the desert, and the only thing that saved my life was giving an egg to a Bedouin. He may have been there, and impressed me to do it.]

Just the easiest thing in the world. Where's Justin?

[SMITH.—He is in Boston. (*To the audience:*) This is a brother of mine. This medium knows nothing at all about him.]

Well, *I* do. There's quite a difference between me and her. You see, the truth of it is, his brother and I were playing for the same object, and I won. So, of course, I always had a sort of an interest in him, because he was the vanquished party.

[CHAIRMAN.—And you secured the lady?]

You are a Yankee. I did. Well, Smith, just give me an early call when you are bound off again, and I'm there.

[SMITH.—I hope you may always be near me to do me good.]

Oh, I expect to get good. I'm after the loaves and fishes myself.

[CHAIRMAN.—You have n't been here for a long time.]

No; have a good deal of business to attend to. Good-by to you.

Dec. 10.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker.

Invocation.

Our Father, this day, like all other days that have preceded it, sings its song of being and flings its jewels in the lap of time, and it will as silently depart. But to its keeping we commend our thoughts, our deeds, that they may be living witnesses for us in the great Hereafter, either to our shame or to our honor. For we believe that no thought is lost, no deed is ever forgotten, but like a vast mirror, Nature will reflect all things and all thoughts, and that shall be our record in the to come. Our Father, we praise thee for the gift of life, with its ever-varying scenes of beauty, with its scenes of sadness and despair. We praise thee for all life precisely as we find it, and for the many altars that intelligence and love have erected in honor of him who was, and is, and ever shall be. Oh wondrous Power, whom every soul instinctively worships; oh Divine Life, to which we all turn in our hours of sadness or joy, we would commune with thee, and forgetting our ignorance, would live for the moment in thy wisdom, would enjoy thy smiles in our conscious lives, and would worship thee in spirit and in truth. Oh grant that we may remember that thou art the one God over all, and that thy righteous presence is withheld from none. No soul is excluded from the heaven of thy love, and none is shut out from thy wisdom, and the perfectness of thy Holy Spirit, like gentle dews, descends upon all. The sun of thy benevolence is shed upon every soul. None sitteth always in the shadow. It hath been said that the fear of thee was the beginning of wisdom; but, oh Lord, we love thee so, that there can be no fear in our souls of thee. For we know that there is no need that we fear thee—since thou hath always cared for us—thy loving kindness, thy tender mercy, thine everlasting wisdom hath ever provided for us, wherefore should we fear? Have we not traversed through all past eternity? Do we not live this hour? and have we not faith, and hope, and almost sure reality of eternal life, of an everlasting future? Then why, why do we fear? It is only because we are ignorant of thy being. It is only because we cannot understand thee. It is only because we are finite and thou art infinite. Oh grant that the hands of our love may ever be extended unto all thy people, everywhere. Grant that mercy and charity and all the kindly virtues that belong to true Christianity, may find a resting-place with us. May we draw nigh unto thy sons and thy daughters in mortal life, whispering peace to the disturbed soul, opening the windows that the soul may drink in the air of heaven, and rejoice in thy love. Oh grant that we may find the hidden springs of human life, and that we may touch them with magic touch, causing the deeps to give up their dead; causing the skies of human intellect to shed their fires anew, and all the altars of Christianity to burn with greater light. Our Father, our prayers and our praises we give into the keeping of this day. The record will be sure and safe, for the day is thine, as all other days have been. The moments belong to thee. The sunlight is thine, the shadow is of thee—all, all belong to thee. Therefore in thy keeping we are, oh Holy Spirit of the hour. Amen.

Dec. 17.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—We have received intelligence that Winnemore, who was hung some two years ago in Philadelphia for murder, was innocent of the crime alleged against him, and that the real culprit confessed on his death-bed that he himself was the murderer? Is this statement true, or otherwise? As seekers after truth, we are anxious to get at the facts, more especially because Winnemore to the last protested his innocence.

ANS.—George Winnemore was thoroughly innocent of the crime for which he suffered an ignominious death. There are facts in abundance which prove this.

Q.—Is the Deity a being, or is he a principle pervading all Nature? If the latter, why do you address him as a being, in the invocation?

A.—That our God is a personal and also an impersonal God, is equally true. Since the God-power or God-life is everywhere, he, it or she is of course personified everywhere. I believe in the worship of all that is worthy of worship. If it is the flower, let us worship there. If it is the human soul, let us worship there. If it is a lofty thought, let us worship there. Wherever we see anything, or perceive any state, either of mind or matter, that is worthy of worship, there we should worship. All Spiritualists, I believe, consider God to be an infinite principle pervading all forms, occupying all space. I believe this. I have seen nothing during my life in the spirit-world to cause me to believe otherwise. I did not believe it when here. But the Book of Life hath been so widely opened to me since death, that I can come to no other conclusion than that God is a principle pervading all forms, and occupying all space. God is in the atmosphere, and is the atmosphere. God is in the sunlight, and is the sunlight. God is the sun and the shadow. He is everything, and is in all places. It is absolutely useless to endeavor to confine God to any particular place or state of being, for could we do that, we should rob God of the God-power. We should at once chain this great eternal principle, this infinite life, to finite space. We should at once bring it down within the scope of human analysis. And I for one am glad we cannot. But we have been so in the habit of addressing this Deity, this Power of Life, as though it were a man or woman, a personality like ourselves, that it is very hard to change our course; and indeed it would not be well for us so to do, because, as I before remarked, our God is a personal God, and therefore it is proper that we should thus address him.

Q.—If spirits have the power to assume a false personality, what means have we of judging correctly who they are?

A.—There is no infallible standard of judgment in the case. I do not know, when my brother utters his thoughts to me, that it is positively my brother that is uttering them, or some other individuality. I may see the lips move, I may hear the sound, I may measure the words, I may be familiar with the sentences, yet after all they may belong to some one else. You can none of you tell, when conversing one with another, that you are conversing with the spirit that dwells in the form that you see. I say you cannot tell, because you do not know that there is not a power behind the form you see giving utterance to its own thoughts in words. But you have the right to make use of all the means that the great spirit of the age hath given you, by which to measure as best you may all things. You have the right to exercise all the faculties of your intellect, each one of you, in deciding the question. But after having exercised all your powers, you can none of you say that you have arrived at absolute truth in the premises. The poet may declare that the beautiful poem that he has given birth to is his own; but does he know it? By no means. The poem may belong to some spirit perhaps in some distant world. The tide of inspiration is unbroken. It belongs to life and runs through all these various channels, and when it expresses itself through any one of them you call it an individuality, a personality, because you can do no less. But you cannot by any means—certainly not in this life, whatever you may be able to do after death—measure, to a certainty, the individuality of any living soul. Names are only surface conditions. They are like plates upon the doors of your dwellings. It may remain after the individual that claims it has disappeared—has gone hence. Therefore, you see, you might, if you so chose, say that the plate upon the door was a deceiver. It said such an individual dwelt within, when that was not the case. How are you to know? Why, you say, "Go within the residence and ascertain." Well, so far so good, but you can then only go so far as the boundaries of human intelligence, human power—no further. Oh, life is a wondrous problem, and however hard we may seek to solve it, we shall always find there is something we have not measured.

Q.—A year ago next month I put a question upon the table here, asking my father to give me a communication, through the *Banner of Light*, for the benefit of an unbelieving brother. He promised he would. I have waited almost a year and received nothing. I would like to know the cause.

A.—It is impossible to tell what may be the cause in your special case, but we can give you a general answer, which may apply to the case. Suppose, for instance, your brother were in this earth-life, and was at some distant point from you—say in London, while you were in Boston—you should receive a telegram from him, saying: "I will be with you at such a time in person, or I will communicate certain intelligence to you at such a time." Well, the time passed by. The intelligence did not come. What is the reason? Why, you would conjecture a thousand things; would bring up in your mind's eye a thousand excuses—some sickness, or accident; inability in some way to fulfill the promise. But let the brother pass beyond the confines of this life, and all these things are laid aside. You do not take into consideration that the same obstacles which might occur to prevent such a thing in this life may occur in the spirit-world. We have what you call disasters here. We have all the various impediments to the flow of human intelligence with us that you have. Your brother might have said to you in good faith, "I will communicate to you at such a place," but lo! when he thought he had the prize in his hand and was ready to send it like a carrier dove to you with a message, he had no power. The law, which was greater than himself, stepped between him and his purpose, and what was the result? He could not reach the purpose. The object was not attained, and he was obliged to remain in silence and you in ignorance of the silence. Oh that you, humans, would take into consideration this fact: that we of this life are human still; that we are bounded about by the various conditions that are incident to human life, just as you are; that the stern law of Nature environs us on every hand. We may think that we understand it far enough to make use of it, but when we come to grasp it, it is beyond our reach. Like the school-boy, who would find the other end of the bow of promise, and finds that the further he walks he adds weariness to his limbs, but does not attain the object he seeks for, so it is with the spirits who come to you, seeking to manifest through your human media. They are beset by the cross-tides of human life that belong to the media, by the cross-tides of your atmosphere, repelled ofttimes by you in your human lives. Oh many and many are the great walls of opposition that rise up between them and their purposes toward you. Remember this, and never charge them with being false till you are sure they are.

Q.—A certain person used to dream in childhood of seeing before him fire-rolls, that would rise to a certain height and then disappear. What was this phenomenon meant to represent?

A.—As we have no knowledge concerning that special case, of course we can give no definite answer. Dreams are ofttimes impressions made upon the quiet, plastic mind during the hours of sleep, by departed spirits, by guardian angels. They often foreshadow scenes through which the individual is to pass, and because they do they often become what you call forewarnings, prophecies.

Dec. 17.

Octavius King.

Your neighbor, Mr. King. [Is it possible?] Oh, yes, quite possible. Octavius King. I assure you I am as fresh in this life—the spirit-world—as I ever was here. I am not asleep or dreaming, but I am *here*, friend White, *here*. And so far as I myself am concerned, I can but bless my God for the change. [I was very much surprised to learn of your sudden absence.] Well, I was surprised to be called for so soon. I must say the messenger took me by surprise. I had no thought of anything but that I should get well. I did not consider myself dangerous till a very short time before the messenger shut down upon me entirely. So far as my family are concerned, I feel sad. There are circumstances that would have made it better, perhaps—at least, so far as I can see—for me to have remained here, but I must take life as I find it, and whatever it brings me I must accept, I suppose. We all have to.

I have been very anxious, ever since I shook off the dust of earth, to get round this way, to let you know it was all right with me, and to assure you that here in this new world I should try to do as much good as it is possible for me to in this line of coming back. I saw its beauty when here, but like a great many others, I thought I had n't the time to devote to its investigation. [Yes, you used to tell me so.] Yes; and so I missed some of the brightest jewels of life. I assure you of that. When we are in the earth-life we are very apt to think that we must occupy every moment with taking care of our bodies; no matter what becomes of the jewel inside—no matter whether that is polished up or not; and when the other world calls for it, and the earth calls for our bodies, it must go, whether it has its wedding garment or not; and if we have failed to make it, we do n't make a very good appearance in the other world. I should recommend it for the best course for every individual, to pay due attention to the spirit, the soul, the inner life. Take care of that, as well as the body. In the words of Christ: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Render to the body all the body needs. That is enough. But we are very apt to lay up and look ahead, as we say, against a time of need, and so the poor soul has to pay the expense, and pretty roundly too, I tell you.

Well, we who took that course here find ourselves pretty poverty-stricken in the other world, I tell you. We are unshod and unclothed, many of us. It is all very well to see that the body is well taken care of, but it is not so well when we go beyond a reasonable point, and let the soul starve and go naked—send it out into the other world without even a mantle or pair of sandals. A bad business for anybody. Do n't you never do it. Of course you won't. I need n't dictate to you. It is possible you may go to the other extreme, and have your soul so dressed up that us common people won't dare to come near you. [No fear of that.] Well, I shall come round when you come here, and if you do n't want to recognize me, of course you can turn your back and walk away. [I never failed to recognize you here, and I do n't think I shall there.] Oh, no; but, you see, externally we moved upon about the same plane; spiritually, you may be far above me; and what then? Why, you will have to look down—you can't help it—in order to see me at all. So I shall take it all right. It's my own fault—ought to have paid a little attention to the things of the soul as well as the body. But the truth is, society is so badly organized that a poor body has about as much as it can do to keep body and soul together, by running the machine all the time for the body. [Do you remember my requesting you to investigate these things?] Oh yes; and I told you I should like to, but I did n't see how I could find any time to devote to it. Well, you see, when a man is in business here, and feels that he can by-and-by stand apart from it himself and let somebody else run the machine, why, he is pretty apt to tie himself too close and rob his soul of its just dues—pretty hard thing to steer clear, but if you can do it you better, I tell you. [Better strain a point to do it.] Yes, better strain a point—six or seven of them. Strain your whole being, if need be, so that your soul is well clad when you come here. God bless you. [If I can assist you now I shall be glad to.] Of course you will. But I shall have plenty of time now to devote to it—plenty of time. No more doing up packages of herbs and roots. Can't do it any more—am turned out. The only thing left for me to do is to attend to the spiritual, and I'm going to make the very best of my time now.

[Do you find, as you supposed, that there were several physicians trying to develop you as a healing medium?] Yes, I did find so; and what do you suppose they told me? Why, they were thoroughly disgusted with the course I took—thoroughly disgusted. And let me tell you why. Instead of turning the faculties they imparted to me in the direction which they saw was best for me and for humanity, I stood behind the counter and done up roots and herbs, when I might have afforded humanity far more benefit by another and more direct course, and gained a good deal more myself. So they very coolly told me I was a fool, only I did n't know it, and I've come to the conclusion they were right.

I am very glad that I had the pleasure of meeting with my friend Clark—Dr. William Clark. [Was he one of the parties who tried to impress you?] Yes. I used to sometimes think that perhaps if spirits could come near mortals and know what they were doing, and what was going on here—I used to think perhaps he might think I had n't done just right toward his family—those he left here. You know I stepped into his shoes, took a great many of his medicines, and the bargain was that I was to sell them, if I could, and in case I did, I was to pay over certain moneys to the widow. Well, I found that nearly all the medicines had become old and unsaleable, and I had either got to lay them on the shelf, or lose my reputation as a botanic druggist. So, you see, I laid them on the shelf. Well, the widow and the family declared that I sold them and kept the money. I did n't know whether the old gentleman on the other side knew, or not; and I thought if he did n't, and could only read their minds, he must think I was a pretty scaly fellow. I have met him here, and he tells me he saw just how it was. And that lifted a load from me, I tell you. I was conscious of doing the best I could under the circumstances. I might have sold the medicines, and imposed upon the public, but I should have had to stretch my conscience considerably to have done it. And then I wanted to build up a reputation for having good articles, and I was sure I could n't on those he left, so I laid them on the shelf, and got the credit of being a swindler, and all that. But no matter; it is all over now. Good-day.

Dec. 17.

Betsey Jane Miller.

When I was here I was called Betsey Jane Miller. I originated in Pembroke, N. H. I have a nephew in Manchester, N. H., and he has called upon any one of his friends in the spirit-world to come back and force his living parent to be what he calls just to him; that is, to give him what he thinks is his share of the property—give him the share that was the mother's, you see. He claims to be the heir of the mother; and so he is. And he is very urgent for us to come back and urge his living parent to do right by him. He is very wealthy, the old gentleman is—his father. Well, well; people are very apt to think if they had a good deal of money they should be a good deal happier, a good deal better off. But the real truth is, nine times out of ten they are worse off than before. They are like the person in the New Testament that was dispossessed of one devil, and seven more came, more violent than the first. Now if my nephew should be dispossessed of poverty, and should be baptized with the riches of this world, I do n't see that he would be any better off, so I aint going to do a thing about it. He makes a good many promises to us—that he will give very largely to the cause of the spirits, and Spiritualism. But I've heard just such promises before. Do n't believe a word in 'em. We of the spirit-world are tired of hearing such promises. We get it from your merchants in your great cities, and we get it from your plowboys; we get it from your princes, we get it from all degrees of society, and we get a lie every time. Now that's true. Why, there is a record of just such lies against Mr. So-and-so, and Mr. So-and-so, in the spirit-world, that would go round the earth, two or three times over. [We have great promises from those who say if the spirits will help them to property they will do so-and-so for the

cause of Spiritualism.] Yes; and when they help them, they have the impudence to say they did it themselves. Now see here: I am an old woman, but I can tell the truth; you have got a good many just such ones right here in your big city of Boston; and they are all pretty soon going to be weighed in the balances, and I know they will be found wanting, and then their names will be crossed off the books. They will have the black mark on them, every one of them. And what then? Why, agents will be sent from all degrees of spirit-life to rob them as fast as they gain, and give the money to better stewards.

Now all that I and the great congress of spirits want is, when my message comes out, I will come and tell you, as they tell me, who you shall send a copy of the message to, marked for their special inspection. They have got to be whipped, and lashed sweetly—yes, they have.

My nephew did n't know, when he called on me or any of our spirit band to come back for that—he did n't know I was one of a company of spirits that are employed for a purpose precisely antagonistic to that—taking away the money from those who want it so much, and giving to those that do n't want it. There's going to be a general over-turn—you may be sure of that—and pockets that are full will be empty. Then they may cry out against the spirit-world as much as they are a mind to; they can't hurt us. As well cry out against the sun because he is too hot, or because he do n't give light enough. [You say you have power to do this.] Yes, I do say so; and I tell the truth when I say it, too. There is a whole crowd of spirits here that, each one of them, individually, foolishly heard to the call of some one of their friends in this world, who said, "If you will do so-and-so for me, I will build up the cause of Spiritualism, and never forget you, and never forget the poor of this life," and when they got it, they have received not a farthing, not even so much as a prayer for the great cause of Spiritualism. No, in their greed for gold they forget to pray—and forget to die! No, no, they won't. They will be reminded of a time to die, by-and-bye. They can't forget it. Then I would n't have their record here for mine, not for a good deal. Remember, I say, every one of them—not one forgotten, not one exempt—not one! They are all fit for the ranks; they will be accepted. When their time comes they will have to be shoveled into the scale and weighed. So every one of those persons you are called upon to send a special message to, need n't say, "It can't mean me," 'cause it does mean them; a good many others like 'em, too. The spirit-world has got tired, somewhat, as the red men have out on the Plains, of false promises—are going to fight now—in the right kind of way, you know. They aint going to combat evil with evil, but are going to take away the cause of the evil with you, so you will be better off, all of you.

[Where did you reside? Did you tell?] Yes. In Pembroke. [You said you originated there.] Well, I died there. [In what part of the town did you reside? I was once at school there.] At the Academy? [Yes.] Well, I was pretty near there—about three-quarters of a mile east of there. [Toward Allenstown?] Yes; most on the edge.

Oh, I suppose my nephew will say I am hard; but I am not hard—not hard. If I should do what he wants me to, it would be the worst thing I could do, because he would only have a lie to carry with him to the spirit-world. He would n't do what he says he would. He thinks he would now, but he would n't. Good-day; good-day; good-day. Dec. 17.

Lieut. William C. Seldon.

I am, sir, Lieut. William C. Seldon. I was mortally wounded at Fall's Church, Virginia, and died some two weeks after my wound. I have a mother, two sisters and a crippled brother in this world, and I am anxious to come into communication with them, that they may know that we who are out of sight are not dead. I wish them to know that I am aware of all the changes that have taken place with them, and that I am laboring as best I can for their good here; and nothing would give me greater joy—and my father also—than to be able to speak with those we have left here. We often hear our friends saying that they are sure we cannot be happy, even in heaven, if we are permitted to know their condition. That is true. We are not happy, and our heaven is not so far away as they imagine. Our heaven is right within human conditions, and by their intense thoughts of us we are often drawn to them, and oh! how hard we labor to make them know that although out of sight we are not dead!

Say to my mother I was shot through the right shoulder and the thigh—both badly shattered; and although I went into Union hands, I was as well cared for as it was possible for me to be in camp-life, and my spirit is only saddened by their feeling so hard toward the North, because there is in my case no just cause for it. If there had been no war, in all probability I would have been with them in life, human life, now; but the war came, I participated in it, and, like tens of thousands of others, the battle-field became my death-bed.

Say of my brother, I watched over him during his protracted illness, for I wished to do what I might be able to toward answering the prayers of my mother that he might live.

From the 2d Virginia Heavy Artillery. Twenty-four years in this life. Mary, Clara and Arthur, my brother's and sisters' names. My mother, Eliza. Dec. 17.

Daniel Crane.

(This spirit was preceded by Lieut. William Hamilton, whose brief message was published some time since. His taking precedence unexpectedly, was the occasion of the following remarks:)

Flank movement! [He got in ahead of you, did n't he?] Yes, he cut round and cut me out 'fore I could get in. Well, stranger, it's all right, I suppose. (*To the spirit:*) Come, hurry up and take your traps away. I don't want to play second-fiddle to you. [What is the matter?] Oh, nothing, only, you see, he got into my place; that's all. [Has n't he left?] Well, yes, but perhaps I did n't wait for him to take his baggage.

My name is Crane—Daniel Crane. I am a Western "Hoosier." Don't know much about your way of doing business here, but I got some people here on this little lower world that would be glad to hear from me. I was n't killed fighting Indians, though I was pretty strongly prejudiced agin 'em when I was here. But it's a good thing to get where you can see both sides, aint it? Good thing, particularly if you are going to make up a judgment. Bad to make it up from one side—pretty bad. It is best to say that there are some bad government officials and some bad Indians, and it's best to cut off the heads of the bad on both sides, and take care of the good. That's my opinion. 'Taint worth much, I know; but then you can take it. Don't ask anything for it.

I was flaxed out in the war, and it was all right, stranger. But I've got a brother left in Kansas, and he has volunteered to fight Indians, and I kinder thought it might be my duty to come back here and tell him to back out of that miserable scrape as quick as he could, 'cause there aint any glory in it. No, there aint no glory at all in it, stranger. I know the Indian thinks there is glory in having his belt hung with scalps. He thinks so; but there aint no glory in it, after all. And I know some of our military think there is a good deal of glory in shooting an Indian, but there aint. You will find that out pretty sure. And I think Ben had better back out. That's my advice. He was always pretty good to take it—that is, when he had a mind to—when I was here, and I think he'd better make up his mind to take it now; for just as sure as he goes through that campaign, just so sure he will meet me on this side, and his body will be left there as a kind of pin-cushion for Indian arrows. That's so. I do n't want him coming to me and saying, "If you could come back here, why did n't you come and tell me?" Well, I tell him so; and his wife—tell her she better influence him to shut down, and not think of following that track any further. Yes, sir. Her name is Melinda; and she is in the way of getting these papers—spiritual papers. [Where does she live?] She is in Kansas. [What town?] Well, I do n't know whether she is in Lawrence now, or not. Has been floating between Leavenworth and Lawrence since he is gone. You know people out there aint always stationary. They drive a stake, and stay as long as they want to, and then pull it up and go somewhere else.

Well, stranger, much obliged to you. If I can pay you in any way, I will; if I can't, I shan't trouble myself. [No, do n't trouble yourself.] No, I aint going to; do n't suppose it would do any good. [Give your age?] Thirty-three, when I was here. [We want these facts that your brother may recognize you.] Oh yes; did n't think of that. Dec. 17.

Séance conducted by Father Henry Fitz James.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Dec. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Amy Phelps, of Sandusky, O., to her friends; Ben Harris, of Vermont, killed on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; Harrison L. Dyke, to his friends in Philadelphia; Edith Stevens, of Albion, Mich., to her parents.

Tuesday, Dec. 22.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Alexander Redman; Albert Wedger, of Boston, to his mother; Johnnie Joice; Adah Isaacs Menken.

Miscellaneous.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL BLESSING OF THE AGE.

Dr. Kennedy's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Dissolvent.

READER, you may consider this a sort of a spread-eagle heading, but I mean every word of it. *I have been there.* When your system is racked with

RHEUMATIC

pain, and you cannot even turn yourself in bed, or sitting in a chair, you must sit and suffer, in the morning wishing it was night, and at night wishing it was morning;

When you have the

NEURALGIA,

when every nerve in your being is like the sting of a wasp, circulating the most venomous and hot poison around your heart, *and driving you to the very verge of madness;*

When you have the

SCIATICA,

(that I have just got through with,) that most awful, most heart-withering, most strength-destroying, most spirit-breaking and mind-weakening of all the diseases that can afflict our poor human nature;

When you have the

LUMBAGO,

lying and writhing in agony and pain, unable to turn yourself in bed, and every movement will go to your heart like a knife; now tell me if relief and a cure of any of these diseases in a few days is not the Greatest Medical Blessing of the Age, tell us what is!

Directions to Use.

You will take a table-spoonful and three spoonfuls of water three times a day, and in a few days every particle of Rheumatic and Neuralgic pain will be dissolved and pass off by the kidneys.

Manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,

Roxbury, Mass.

Wholesale Agents.—George C. Goodwin & Co., M. S. Burr & Co., Rust, Bro. & Bird, Carter & Wiley, Gilman & Bro., Weeks & Potter, Reed & Cutler, Boston; W. F. Phillips, Y. W. Perkins & Co., Portland; Joseph Balch & Son, Providence. At retail by all Druggists.

Price $1,50 per bottle. 24w—Nov. 14.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THE above is the name of a large sized weekly newspaper, printed upon extra fine paper, devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, Arts and Sciences, Literature, Romance and General Reform. In it are published the choicest of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons.

For the purpose of giving **Spiritualists** and others an opportunity to judge of the merits of this paper, we will send it to any person for three months on the receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Here is an excellent opportunity for Spiritualists to put a FIRST-CLASS Spiritual Paper into the hands of friends (who otherwise might remain ignorant of the Spiritual Philosophy) *for three months* at the simple outlay of *twenty-five cents* for each three months' subscription, which is just the cost of the blank paper at the Paper Mill. It is a Western Paper, and perhaps manifests some of the peculiar characteristics of Western life.

We appeal to our Eastern friends, as well as all others, to give the *Journal* a trial *for three months.*

☞ Address, S. S. JONES, No. 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. Jan. 16.

DESICCATED CODFISH.

Manufactured by the

GLOUCESTER & BOSTON SALT FISH CO.

One pound equal to *four pounds* in the usual state.

Put up ready for immediate use. Can be freshened in TWO MINUTES. Every family should try it.

☞ For sale by all Grocers.

HENRY MAYO & Co., Boston, and

DODD, TARR & Co., Gloucester.

Jan. 16.—12w

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married.

Full delineation, $2,00; Brief delineation, $1,00 and two 3 cent stamps.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
Mar. 6. No. 402 Sycamore street, Milwaukee, Wis.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN

FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.

23 HARRISON AVENUE, ONE DOOR NORTH OF BEACH STREET,

Boston.

Dr. N. will usually be at his home in Newport, R. I., Saturdays and Sundays. Feb. 27.

OPIUM EATERS CURED

By Spirit Direction.

SAMUEL B. COLLINS, MEDIUM,

LAPORTE, LaPorte Co., Ind. See communication headed "An Opium Eater Cured." in *Banner of Light*, March 13, 1869. *All correspondence strictly confidential, if requested.*

Mar. 20.—4w

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE THREE BROTHERS!

FROM one of PROF. ANDERSON'S latest and finest productions. These beautiful Spirit Portraits will be sent by mail, postage paid. Price 25 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. GARDNER.

WE have procured an excellent photograph likeness of Dr. H. F. Gardner, the well-known pioneer worker in Spiritualism, which we will mail to order on receipt of 25 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

Lithograph Likeness of Dr. Newton.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO. will forward to any address by mail, post-paid, a beautiful Lithograph Likeness of Dr. J. R. Newton, on receipt of 50 cents.

CARTER'S BALSAM, For Coughs, Colds, ASTHMA, &c. Try It.

Mar. 13.—12w

FOR SALE.

AN AUTOMATIC GAS MACHINE—has been in use about two years. It is in perfect order. This machine furnishes gas light fully equal to the very best coal gas. It burns clear, brilliant and steady. The machine can be seen at the store of TURNER WARE, 27 and 29 Bromfield street, Boston.

Dec. 12.—tf

DRS. WILBUR AND BLAIN,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS will heal the sick at Galesburg, Ill., from March 15th to April 1st. No Medicine given. The poor without money and without price are invited. 3w—Mar. 13.

MANUFACTURERS intending to locate in the West should visit the city of **Madison, Indiana**, on the Ohio River. Central in location; river and rail communication North, South, East and West. Every facility for manufacturing cheaply. Address POSTMASTER. 4w—Mar. 13.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT—ESTEEMED FRIEND: We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a sample **free** to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., corner of Broadway and Fulton streets, New York. 8w*—Feb. 13.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE continues to make Psychometric Examinations. Terms for metals, oil, &c., $5,00; for character, (sometimes obtaining glimpses of the future,) $2,00. Address, No. 16 Phil. Row, 11th street, East, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. 4w*—Mar. 20.

D. WHITE, M. D., Homœo-pathetizing Healer, has removed from New Albany, Ind., to Indianapolis, Ind. 2w*—Mar. 20.

A YOUNG WOMAN desires a situation in a respectable family, where she can sew or do light work: References given. Address MRS. F. R., 109 Cedar st., Chelsea. Mar. 20.—4w*

JOB PRINTING of all kinds promptly executed by EMERY N. MOORE & CO., No. 9 Water street, Boston, Mass. Jan. 23.

SPIRITUALISTS' HOME.—Board by the Day or Week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston. 6w*—Feb. 27.

DENTIST Dr. Plumb's Dental Rooms, 63 Court st. **DENTIST**

Feb. 6.—13w*

MORE GREAT CURES

BY

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

ASTHMA,

CATARRH, NEURALGIA,

BLOATED BOWELS.

South Williamstown, Mass., Oct. 25th, 1868.

PROF. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* Wherever I hear of a hard case of disease, I go and leave the **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS**, and urge them to try them. I did this with RICHARD ESTES, our neighbor, a man 75 years old, who has had the **Asthma** rising 40 years. He also had the **Catarrh**, and the **Neuralgia**, and was badly **bloated across the bowels.** He commenced using the Powders on the 10th of this month, and on the 15th he declared himself perfectly free from Asthma, and all the above mentioned ills. His wife told me she did not think he could live through the coming winter; but she says he now eats and works as well as ever he could, and **sleeps like a kitten.** A harder case of Asthma is seldom known; as all who know him will testify.

Yours truly, MRS. MARY E. JENKS.

ERYSIPELAS.

Manchester, Mass., Feb. 9th, 1869.

PROF. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* A year ago last June I had a **swelling** just above my ankle, and every one that saw it said it was **Erysipelas.** In a fortnight it became a sore, and from that time for fifteen months I was hardly able to go about the house. As I take *Banner of Light*, I had read about your **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS**, and thinking they might reach my case, I sent to the *Banner* office and got a box. I had had, before taking them, **eleven sores** in that fifteen months, and another one was nearly ready to break. Before taking them three days, the sore began to disappear, and, after using one box, was entirely well. I have taken over two boxes, and can now walk as well as ever I could. The swelling is all gone. I have nothing to show but the scars.

Yours truly, MRS. SALLIE YOUNG.

FITS,

CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA,

NEURALGIA, LIVER COMPLAINT,

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

ALBERT FROST, of *Bucksport, Me.*, under date of *Nov. 27th, 1868*, writes as follows: "When I first told the people here about the **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS**, they laughed; but now they are getting excited about them, and the Doctors and Apothecaries want to get hold of them. A lady here who was troubled with **Fits** sent for one box, and they cured her right away."

I make the following extract from a letter written by A. S. BRAINARD, of *North Manchester, Conn., Oct. 18th, 1868*: "MRS. DART and daughter have been taking the **POWDERS**, the one for **Catarrh**, and the other for **Dyspepsia** and **Neuralgia.** They are about as good as new. My wife has taken them for **Liver Complaint** and **Chronic Diarrhœa.** She is now well. MRS. AMES gave them to a child five months old, for **Fits.** It is now well.

ST. VITUS' DANCE,

GENERAL PROSTRATION,

DIPTHERIA, SCARLET FEVER,

CHOLERA MORBUS,

FEVER AND AGUE, SPASMS OF

STOMACH,

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Winona, Minn., Sept. 26th, 1868.

This is to certify that I have cured the following cases, and many others too numerous to mention, with **MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS:**

A young lady of **St. Vitus' Dance**, of near six years' standing, and given up by all other doctors. Cured by five boxes of **POSITIVES.**

A lady of **General Prostration** of the nervous system. She had tried everything. One box of **NEGATIVES** cured her. She is now in better health than she has been for five years, and is delighted at the happy change.

A lady of **Chronic Diptheria.** Two boxes of **POSITIVES** cured her, after the Doctors had made her worse with Iodine and such harsh things.

A little boy of **Scarlet Fever.**

A woman of **Cholera Morbus.** She was so bad that her life was despaired of. She was cured in a few hours.

A woman who had the **Fever and Ague** all spring and summer. Cured with one box of **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS**, after trying almost every other remedy.

A man of **Delirium Tremens.** He is now a Good Templar.

A woman of **Spasms of the Stomach**, from which she had suffered for five or six years. The Spasms were so bad that when she took one her friends would despair of ever seeing her come to again. JANE M. DAVIS.

DEAFNESS.

I make the following extract from a letter from F. W. GREEN, of *Columbia, S. C.*, dated *Jan. 23d, 1869*: "I got half a dozen boxes of **MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS** of you about four and a half months since, and I have not missed curing in any instance where I have used them. I took the **NEGATIVE POWDERS** which you complimented me with for **Deafness**, and am cured. I am treating two cases of **Neuralgia.** One is cured."

OLIVER PEPPARD, of *Kansas City, Mo.*, under date of *Feb 2d, 1869*, writes as follows: "Two months ago I got six boxes of your **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS** for **Deafness** of three or four months' standing, and I am happy to state that I am much relieved; in fact, nearly as well as ever."

MILK-LEG,

RHEUMATISM, FITS,

DYSENTERY, DEAFNESS.

Yorkville, Ill., Dec. 21st, 1868.

DR. SPENCE—*Dear Sir:* I received a letter from you almost a year ago, asking me to give an account of the cures made by the **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS** under my directions. One was a case of **Milk-leg** of sixteen years' standing, one of **Rheumatism**, one of **Falling Sickness** or **Fits** of sixteen years' standing, and a number of cases of **Dysentery.** The Powders have also helped my **Deafness**, and cured the **Numbness** in my legs. You can use my name. POWELL HALLOCK.

FEVER AND AGUE,

DYSENTERY,

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Stowe, Vt., Dec. 2d, 1868.

PROF. SPENCE—Enclosed please find $2,00, for which send two boxes **POSITIVE POWDERS.** We have used them in our family until we know they are all they are recommended to be, having proved a perfect success in **Fever and Ague, Coughs and Colds, Dysentery,** and other diseases. Direct to JOHN A. STAFFORD.

KIDNEY COMPLAINT.

J. P. MIST, of *Ridgwood, Long Island*, under date of *Jan. 30th, 1869*, reports substantially as follows: Spent several years in the army. Returned with a shattered constitution, and among other complaints, **Disease of the Kidneys.** Nothing in the shape of medicine relieved him. Bought six boxes of **POSITIVE POWDERS**, took them according to directions, and was cured. Also a lady friend of Mr. Mist's has a little boy, now three months old, which for several days after its birth gave unmistakable signs of **Diseased Kidneys**, probably inherited. The **POSITIVE POWDERS** were administered. They gave it relief, and it has never been troubled since.

The **magic control** of the **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS** over diseases of all kinds, is **wonderful beyond all precedent.** They do no violence to the system, causing **no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no narcotizing. MEN, WOMEN** and **CHILDREN** find them a **silent** but **sure success.**

The **POSITIVES** cure **Neuralgia**, Headache, **Rheumatism**, Pains of all kinds; Diarrhœa, **Dysentery**, Vomiting, **Dyspepsia**, Flatulence, Worms; all **Female Weaknesses** and derangements; **Fits**, Cramps, **St. Vitus' Dance**, Spasms; all high grades of **Fever**, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas; all **Inflammations**, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body; **Catarrh**, Consumption, **Bronchitis**, Coughs, Colds; **Scrofula**, Nervousness, **Sleeplessness**, &c.

The **NEGATIVES** cure **Paralysis**, or Palsy, whether of the muscles or of the senses, as in **Blindness, Deafness**, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the **Typhoid** and the **Typhus**; extreme nervous or muscular **Prostration** or **Relaxation.**

Both the **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE** are needed in **Chills** and **Fever.**

PHYSICIANS are delighted with them. **AGENTS** and **Druggists** find ready sale for them. **Printed terms** to Agents, Druggists and Physicians, sent free.

Fuller lists of diseases and **directions** accompany each Box and also sent free to any address. Send a **brief** description of your disease, if you prefer **special written directions.**

Mailed postpaid at these PRICES:	1 Box, 44 Pos. Powders,	$1.00
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	1 " 22 Pos. & 22 Neg.	1.00
	6 Boxes, - - - -	5.00
	12 " - - - -	9.00

Send money at our risk. Sums of $5 or more, if sent by mail, should be in the form of **Money Orders,** or **Drafts,** or else **in registered letters.**

OFFICE, 37½ ST. MARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Address, PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, New York City.

If your druggist hasn't the Powders, send your money at once to PROF. SPENCE, as above directed.

For sale also at the Banner of Light Office, No. 158 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York.

Mar. 13.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. M. E. BEALS,

TEST,

Business, and Medical Clairvoyant Medium,

Office hours for private sittings, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Free Circles

Every Wednesday and Friday, at 3 P. M.

Evening Circles

Every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and *Sunday* evenings, at 8 o'clock.

425 1-2 WASHINGTON STREET, 425 1-2

Mar. 27. (Opposite Essex,) Boston. 1w*

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,

AT NO. 226 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose $1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 13w*—Jan. 2.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALIN MEDIUM, 292 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price $1,00. 4w*—Mar. 13.

DR. JAMES CANNEY CHESLEY, No. 16 Salem street, Boston, Mass., Eclectic and Magnetic Physician, cures mind and body. Dr. C. is eminently successful in treating those who are called insane; cures strange feelings in the head, fits, and all diseases of the lungs, liver, kidneys, rheumatism, humors, bilious complaints, and all diseases which arise from impurity of the blood, disordered nerves and want of magnetism. Those requesting examination of diseases, business, or anything by letter, from Dr. C., or Mrs. Stickney, will please enclose $1, stamp and lock of hair, also state sex and age. If you wish to become a medium of note, call on Dr. C., the great healer and developer of clairvoyance. Developing circles Monday and Thursday evenings.

MRS. S. J. STICKNEY, 16 Salem street, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, examines and prescribes for persons at any distance, by a lock of hair. She is also a test medium; the spirit of your friend takes control and talks with you about the affairs of life. Circle Tuesday and Friday evenings. 1w*—Mar. 27.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, Psychometer, Clairvoyant and Medium, would respectfully announce to the public that she will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c.

Those wishing personal information, should enclose separately the person's autograph or lock of hair.

Short letters, $1 and two red stamps; delineations, tests, medical advice and lengthy letters, $2 to $5 and three red stamps.

She will also give sittings at private residences.

Address, MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, Box 4193, Boston, Mass. 1w*—Mar. 27.

MRS. H. W. CUSHMAN, the Medium for Music on the Guitar in the light, has removed from 14 Lexington Avenue to 92 Warren street, Charlestown, where she resumes her private sittings; also circles Monday evenings at 8, and Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Cars pass the door. Mar. 20.—2w1s*

MRS. GRIDLEY (formerly Mrs. Spafford), has returned to Boston, after an absence of a year, and taken rooms at No. 44 Essex street, where she will be pleased to resume her sittings, in answer to the earnest solicitations of her former patrons. Hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Mar. 20.—4w*

MARY M. HARDY, Test and Business Medium, No. 93 Poplar street, Boston, Mass. Sealed letters answered by enclosing $2,00 and two red stamps. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. 13w*—Feb. 20.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, Rooms 2 Garraux Place, rear 39 Portland street, Boston. Circles Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, and Wednesday afternoons. 1w*—Mar. 27.

MRS. ARMSTEAD, Test Medium, No. 3 Winthrop place, leading from 1819 Washington st., Boston. Mar 13.—3w*

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, 8 Lagrange street, Boston. Mar. 13.—5w*

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Test and Trance Medium, 29 Malden street, Boston. Hours from 10 to 4. Feb. 6.—13w*

MRS. A BABBITT, Medical, Clairvoyant and Test Medium. Circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at 224 Harrison Avenue, Boston. 8w*—Feb. 13.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) 13w*—Jan. 2.

New York Advertisements.

SEND to **SPENCE'S GREAT AMERICAN PURCHASING AGENCY** for Spiritual and Reformatory Books, and for Books of all kinds; also for Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, which are advertised in another column; also for Planchettes, Batteries, Trusses, Surgical, Chemical and Philosophical Instruments, Watches, Jewelry, Hardware, Household and Agricultural Machines and Implements; in fact, send to us for anything in New York (except Dry Goods and Groceries), all at the lowest New York prices. Send for a Circular. Send three cent stamp in letters of inquiry. Address, **PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, New York City.** Feb. 20.

C. H. FOSTER,

29 West Fourth street,

13w* NEW YORK. Jan. 2.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, 136 Bleecker street, corner Bleecker and Laurens streets, third floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Feb. 27.—6w

JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH, Trance and Magnetic Physician, 313 East 33d street, New York, gives diagnoses and cures the most intricate cases in trance state. 18w*—Feb. 20.

N. B. MRS. J. COTTON, Magnetic Healer, 451 3d avenue, near 33d street, New York city. Office hours from 9 A. M. till 8 P. M. 14w*—Jan. 23

New Books.

SECOND EDITION.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP,

The new Music Book for the Choir, Congregation and Social Circle.

By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT.
E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor.

THIS work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much mental labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualist Societies in every portion of the country. It need only be examined to merit commendation.

The growing interests of Spiritualism demanded an original singing book. Everywhere the call was loud and earnest. The authors have endeavored to meet this demand in the beautiful gift of the SPIRITUAL HARP.

Culled from a wide field of literature with the most critical care, free from all theological taint, throbbing with the soul of inspiration, embodying the principles and virtues of the Spiritual Philosophy, set to the most cheerful and popular music, it is doubtless the most attractive work of the kind ever published.

The Harp contains music for all occasions, particularly for the social relations of life, both religious and domestic. Its beautiful songs, duets and quartets, with piano, organ or melodeon accompaniment, if purchased in sheet form, would cost many times the price of the book. These are very choice, sweet and inspiring. Among them may be mentioned "Sparkling Waters," "Dreaming To-night," *Nothing* but Water to Drink," "Heart Song," "The Heart and the Hearth," "Make Home Pleasant," "Sail On," "Angel Watcher's Serenade," "The Song that I Love," "Maternity," "Translation," "Build Him a Monument," "Where the Roses ne'er shall Wither," "Gentle Spirits," "I Stand on Memory's Golden Shore," &c. The Harp, therefore, will be sought by every family of liberal thought, irrespective of religious association, as a choice compilation of original and eclectic songs for the social circle.

Although not specially prepared for the Lyceum, yet its musical claims have been heartily supplied with a rich variety of music appropriate for children. Let its heavenly harmonies be sung in all our Lyceums throughout the country.

The authors have also arranged an ALL-SINGING SYSTEM for *the congregation. Hence, every spiritual family every* speaker, medium and friend of Spiritualism, should have the Harp, not only for the home circle, but for public meetings, that all may partake together of the feast of soul. It becomes the more needful because of the "Silver Chain Recitations" introduced in an improved form, under the title of "Spirit Echoes," containing statements of principles uttered by the wise and good of different ages, arranged in classified order, with choruses and chants interspersed, thus blending music with reading in most inspiring effect upon speaker and congregation.

Over one third of its poetry and three quarters of its music are original. Some of America's most gifted and popular musicians have written expressly for it.

Single copy	$2,00
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When sent by mail 20 cents additional required on each copy.

When it is taken into consideration that the SPIRITUAL HARP is a work of over three hundred pages, comprising some of the choicest music and poetry ever put in print—such as SONGS, DUETS and QUARTETS, with PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON accompaniment—none, we venture to say, will demur at the above figures.

Send in your orders to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers, (*Banner of Light* Office,) 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and 544 Broadway, New York.

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MY LOVE AND I.

BY ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.

PRICE 50 CENTS. For sale by J. C. PARKER, 458 Seventh street, Washington, D. C.; also by MRS. FERREE, 118 Prospect street, Georgetown, D. C. Mar. 6.

New Books.

A NEW BOOK.

THE FUTURE LIFE:

As Described and Portrayed by Spirits.

Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

CONTENTS.

Chapter I.—The Holy City.
Chapter II.—Spiritual Message.
Chapter III.—The Spirit Echo.
Chapter IV.—Powers and Responsibilities of Mind.
Chapter V.—Communication from a Spirit.
Chapter VI.—Spirit-Life.
Chapter VII.—A Picture of the Future.
Chapter VIII.—Margaret Fuller.
Chapter IX.—Reasonable Words.
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Chapter XI.—New Desires.
Chapter XII—John C. Calhoun.
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Chapter XXXI.—Voltaire and Wolsey.
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Chapter XXXVI—A Scene in Spirit-Land.
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Chapter XLIX.—The Dying Girl.
Chapter L.—The Inner Temple.
Chapter LI.—The Foolish Mother.
Chapter LII—The Disobedient Son.
Chapter LIII.—Cardinal Richelieu.
Chapter LIV.—Practical Nature of Spirit-Life.
Chapter LV.—Glimpse of a Higher Life.
Chapter LVI—Communication.
Chapter LVII.—A Word from Voltaire.
Chapter LVIII.—Home of Unhappy Spirits
Chapter LIX.—Experience of Voltaire.
Appendix.

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THIS Book is the result of a constant and laborious study into the history of the rise, progress, and introduction to the world, of the various Arts and Sciences, and also a comparison of the incidents connected with the experiences of men who have advanced beyond their age in the development of Literature or Art, Religion, Politics or Trade. The subject grew so vast in importance and so interesting in detail, that the best powers of the author's mind became thoroughly involved in sympathy with every effort of the men who in every age have struggled to advance into the mystic labyrinths of the Great Unknown.

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FOURTH EDITION.

Just Published by William White & Co.

PRE-ADAMITE MAN:

DEMONSTRATING THE

EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE

Upon this Earth 100,000 Years Ago!

BY R. PASCHAL BEVERLY R

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. Post-Office Orders, when sent, should be made payable to WILLIAM WHITE & Co., and not to J. M. PEEBLES. This course will save much time and trouble. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should also be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for us should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES. Persons writing us in March will direct to Detroit, Mich., care C. C. Randall.

Excellent Society—Detroit, Mich.

Now well along on the third month of our present engagement, we have no hesitancy in saying that, considered from several points, there is no better Society of Spiritualists from Washington South and East, to Omaha in the West, than the one in Detroit, Mich.

The hall, secured for a year, is new, neat and elegant, seating comfortably six hundred. Evenings it is densely crowded. In January the friends perfected a legal organization, and with great unanimity adopted a general declaration of principles. They also organized a choir, procuring the Spiritual Harp. Between thirty and forty of the congregation, beside, have purchased them.

The Progressive Lyceum meets at ten o'clock precisely, holding a session of one hour and a half—long enough. Those engaged therein mean *business*. Guards and ushers understanding their business, and attending to it, from five to ten minutes are allowed for the adjusting of seats, withdrawal of small children, and seating the congregation. Then follows a short lecture—sometimes very short—adapted in part to the young, the work of Progressive Lyceums, and the general, educational, spiritual and reform movements of the age. The singing, in connection with the choir, is congregational.

The Spiritualists desiring and aiding, we determined from the commencement to reduce everything connected with the Sunday services to system and order.

Our Sunday evening meetings are conducted in this wise: Hour for service, half-past seven o'clock. Twenty minutes before eight o'clock the organist plays a voluntary of some five minutes. This finished, the speaker, arising, says, "Please turn to — page of spirit echoes (for silver-chaining) in Spiritual Harp." While uttering the first words of the sentence, the audience, rising, responds. The speaker reads again, the audience responds as in the Children's Lyceum, and the choir sings a stanza, the whole congregation joining in the music. Thus alternating—speaker, people, choir, participating, all in order—there is engendered a general harmony and good feeling. The method stands thus:

I. Voluntary.
II. Silver-chaining the opening service.
III. Song from the *Spiritual Harp*.
IV. Invocation or select readings—brief.
V. Chant from the *Spiritual Harp*.
VI. Announcements of collections, socials, spiritual circles, choir meetings, &c.
VII. The discourse.
VIII. Singing—choir and congregation.
IX. Benediction.
X. Music by the organist while the audience is retiring.

Listen now, good reader, to these *growlings*: "Why, he lifted his hand and pronounced a regular benediction!" Certainly; it is pleasant for us to ask angels and the higher intelligences of heaven to bless, guide and guard our mortal brothers and sisters. And, then, it is more in order than to abruptly say, at the conclusion of the services, "We're through," "You're dismissed," or, "Meetin's out."

Listen again: "Just as I always told you—Spiritualism would run into creeds, forms and ceremonies."

The man who cannot distinguish between a general declaration of principles and a cramping, crushing creed, as a *finality*, is hopelessly imbecile, at least so far as this world is concerned.

Balancing the testimonies of our experience, we have generally found that only blatant, angular, tangential, egotistic formalists were opposed to the right use of forms or methods, as means to secure the ends of discipline, education and spiritual unfoldment. One of the most violent opponents of "forms" within the range of our acquaintance lifts his hat when passing a lady—a *form*. He bows when meeting his former partner in business—a *form*. He cordially shakes the hand of his old acquaintance—a *form*. Reaching his neighbor's residence he rings the door-bell—a *form*. And, what is more terrible, he wears a pair of boots in "form" and shape very much like an Episcopalian vestryman! Heaven spare us from an irreligious, unscientific, self-important, bigoted, godless, heartless "*nothingarianism*," sometimes seeking to pass itself for Spiritualism."

Persecutions of Rev. A. C. Edmunds.

For a number of years this brother, now residing in Newton, Iowa, was not only a fellowshiped and accredited Universalist clergyman, but editor and proprietor of the only Universalist paper in California. Becoming first liberal, then a Spiritualist, the vials of sectarian wrath were opened upon him. Instigated by the narrowness of sectarian Universalism, charges were brought against him in the Odd-Fellows' Lodge, not for any immoral conduct, but for "practical atheism,"—saying he "took no stock in God," &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Edmunds denied belief in and allegiance to that Jewish Jehovah only that he became "jealous," "repented," and loved and hated by turns. The God that he took "no stock in" was the personal, human-shaped, miracle-working God of Universalism. He, with all Spiritualists, believes in God—the Infinite Spirit-Presence of the Universe. India's seers termed this Soul of all things, Brahm.

It was found upon investigation that the charges and specifications had no foundation in fact, and were accordingly dismissed.

Mr. Edmunds thinks of journeying eastward soon, on a lecture tour. Societies, and localities also without organizations, would do well to write him at once, securing his services. Let us encourage those who are true enough and brave enough to leave the ranks of sectarians.

The Chicagoan's Spiritualism.

This ably conducted literary weekly, of Chicago, Ill., interested in the woman's suffrage question and liberal literature generally, devotes a column to Spiritualism and spiritual communications. The editor prefaces the messages thus:

"The question, 'Do spirits, or departed human beings, communicate, or give tangible proof of existence in another sphere?' is one which we regard as of vital and practical interest to human beings. That they do this, we know has come to be the settled belief, or knowledge, of large numbers of the most intelligent men and women throughout the world, comprising distinguished clergymen of all denominations, eminent scholars, scientific men, philosophers, poets, statesmen, etc., etc. Consonant with the purpose of the *Chicagoan* of affording facilities for the investigation of all subjects, we shall give more or less, from week to week, in relation to this subject."

Western Items.

CEPHAS B. LYNN.—It was a pleasure to receive a call a few days since from this young brother, eastward bound, because of an invalid relation. Mr. Lynn has met with marked success in the West, and bears with him the blessings of those to whom he has ministered. He returns to the West next autumn. Just before leaving he delivered a very excellent address to our Detroit Society of Spiritualists. Devoid the least pomp or flourish of trumpets, his lecture was sound, systematic and highly appreciated by the audience.

DEAN CLARK.—Disconnecting himself, editorially, with *The Present Age*, this faithful brother has again entered the lecture-field, sowing the good seed of the Kingdom. Conscious of what constitutes true manhood; more self-sacrificing than selfish, and more inspired by the gods of principle than the larva of policy, and possessing, withal, fine literary capabilities, Mr. Clark is destined to fill a high position of usefulness in the Pantheon of Progress. He writes us an excellent letter from Ganges, on his way to fill a lecture engagement in Saugatuck, Mich. May his voice and pen long be employed in the interests of Spiritualism.

ARRAIGNMENT OF HEALERS.—Drs. Ruttley and Andrus have recently been brought before the Police Court in Toronto, Canada, and fined for using magnetism as a remedial agency with the laying on of hands. The same court in a Canada Council chamber would have fined Jesus Christ for making the "lame to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear," by the laying on of hands. Can Bigotry go further?

INSTALLATION OF REV. W. R. G. MELLEN.—This clergyman, formerly a Universalist, now Unitarian, has recently been installed pastor over the Unitarian Church in Detroit, Mich. Revs. Howland, Straub, Frothingham, Brigham, the Chicago Colliers and others, were invited to participate. Radical as our Spiritualism, *we* were also invited to attend. Appreciating the spirit of liberality manifest in th cordial invitation, absence from the city prevented the pleasure of an attendance. Mr. Mellen, no opposer of Spiritualism, recently advertised to preach upon the subject of "*Spiritual Relationships*."

CHILDREN IN HELL.—The Rev. Nehemiah Adams is reported in the papers to have said:

"As there are many children in heaven, so there is reason to believe there are many young persons in hell. Those forty and two *children* who mocked Elisha it is to be feared are there, and others like them have perished in their sins."

The *Churchman*, anxious to help the Reverend Doctor and Evangelical sympathizers out of this unpleasant difficulty—*infant damnation*—says that the "children" of Dr. Adams, who mocked the prophet, instead of being the "little children of the common version," were the "fast young men of the village, twenty, thirty, or forty years old!"

To this the *Universalist*, in a half-joking style, says:

"One serious objection to this novel interpretation, is that it would so increase the difficulties of the *Scriptural narrative* as to add rapidly to the number of *skeptics*. The two bears must have been of super-ursine capacity to dispose so summarily of twenty-one full-grown young men apiece, and, if none of the large company of young men were fleet enough to get away, is it not a cruel mockery for the *Churchman* and the *Congregationalist* to stigmatize them all as 'fast?'"

Good cheer to you, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Universalists, in harmonizing and settling the bear stories and fish stories of the Bible. Your precious clinch-text is this—"Great is the Mystery of Godliness."

SPIRITUALISTS, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—This long-established Society continues strong and energetic. A few becoming "weary in well-doing" and dropping away, others have stepped in to fill their places. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, vivified by Mrs. Sula E. Lee, is exceedingly prosperous. Coming to Detroit, to resurrect a suspended Lyceum in this city, she brought us a basket of beautiful flowers from Mrs. D. M. Brown, of Battle Creek. Mrs. Brown will accept ours and others' thanks. It decorates the desk each Sunday. Appended was this note:

"'Sweet Voiced Music,' hearing me wish I had some flowers to send *you*, says: 'Send him this,' touching a winter-basket on my centre table. You are in a region of greenhouses, and doubtless have the inspiration of fresh, fragrant flowers, so my poor little basket can only be a token of motherly regard and remembrance, and perhaps be a text for a (thought) sermon—that in the winter of age we may have flowers, which, if less brilliant and fragrant, are more enduring than those of the summer of earlier years."

UNIVERSALIST CENTENARY.—About one hundred years have rolled into eternity since Universalism began to be preached in our country. This being the case, we hardly understand the following from the Boston *Universalist*:

"We would be glad to have a series of tracts written by competent brethren on such themes as these, and distributed throughout New England: 'What Universalists aim at'; 'What a Universalist Church is'; 'Why any one should join a Universalist Church'; 'The Universalist Appeal to the Sinner'; and others in this strain."

One hundred years of Universalist preaching in the New England States ought to have given the people some idea of "*what Universalists are aiming at*." After an advocacy of Spiritualism twenty years in the United States, the people everywhere understand that it means a demonstration of immortality, the overthrow of sectarianism, and the introduction of that "new heaven and new earth" seen in the Patmos visions.

Bishop Whipple writes to the Minneapolis *Tribune* that the officers at Fort Wadsworth are living in very intimate relations with Indian maidens.—*Exchange.*

Some six weeks last spring in daily converse with Generals, as well as army officers, (not connected with the "Indian Peace Commission,") among the Western Indians near the Rocky Mountains, and traveling with eyes and ears open, we feel in no way inclined to contradict the above report of the Bishop.

The Winnebago (Iowa) *Press* tells of a lively little contest between the "Christians" and "sinners" in contributing wood to the minister. The Christians hauled the first, and the sinners the second day—the sinners coming out ahead.

Elder Knapp, the Baptist revivalist, was accustomed to draw a figure like this: "Sinners, you stand on the very verge of hell, and at the day of judgment God will pitch you like cord-word fuel into the liquid, fiery flames of damnation, fit companions of beasts, false prophets and devils." The Elder could not have meant such good-hearted "sinners" as those in Iowa, who outdo Christians in contributing wood and other comforts to the ministers of Christ. It used to puzzle us, even when a clergyman, to draw the line between saintly "sinners" and sinning saints. Extended knowledge deepens the puzzle.

The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all, of *musk*. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.—*London Times.*

A lesson this, to thinkers. Those particles of musk, permeating the walls and floating in the atmosphere of the room, impinged upon and so impregnated adjoining particles, that the odor has been retained. In a method somewhat analogous, mortals magnetize their beds, rooms, dwellings. Magnetism is refined, etherealized substance. Sensitives sense its grade. It remains in rooms after the occupants have left. This proffers the key to unlock the mysteries of haunted houses.

DU QUIN, ILL.—Dr. E. C. Dunn has recently given the first course of lectures upon Spiritualism ever delivered in the above named place. The audiences were very large, and deeply interested in the truths eloquently enunciated by the doctor. Bro. Dunn's clearness of thought and earnestness always attract large audiences. He speaks the last three Sundays of March in Decatur, Ill. Our prayers and sympathies ever go with him.

Meetings at Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR BANNER—I crave a place in your well-filled columns to say only that W. A. D. Hume, of Cleveland, Ohio, has just closed a course of the most able and interesting lectures before the First Spiritualist Association of Des Moines, consisting of ten lectures, occupying five Sundays, that it has ever been my good fortune to listen to on the subjects treated, replete in both manner and matter. His closing lecture, on the "Nature and Presence of Deity," in its sublimity, originality, and clear and far and comprehensive reasoning, was a most royal feast.

B. N. KINYON, *Cor. Sec.*

Des Moines, Iowa, March 7th, 1869.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically Arranged.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10¾ A. M. and 7½ P. M., in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Ezra T. Sherwin, Secretary.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., OR.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

APPLETON, WIS.—Children's Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. every Sunday.

BOSTON, MASS.—*Mercantile Hall.*—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 32 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunckle, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 31 Pleasant street.

Music Hall.—Services are held every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock, under the management of Mr. L B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), $1.00; single admission, 10 cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street. Speaker engaged:—Rev. Moses Hull, March 28.

Springfield Hall.—The South End Lyceum Association have entertainments every Thursday evening during the winter at the hall No. 80 Springfield street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10¾ A. M. A. J. Chase, Conductor; J. W. McGuire, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Guardian. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street.

Temperance Hall.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meetings in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, East Boston, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Benjamin Odiorne, 91 Lexington street, Cor. Sec. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes during March; Mrs. Juliette Yeaw during April; J. M. Peebles during May.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Sawyer's Hall.*—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Sawyer's Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 3½ and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. A. G. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

Cumberland-street Lecture Room.—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Sunday at the Cumberland-street Lecture Room, near De Kalb avenue. Circle and conference at 10½ o'clock A. M.; lectures at 3 and 7½ P. M.

BALTIMORE, MD.—*Saratoga Hall.*—The "First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer speaks till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.

Broadway Institute.—The Society of "Progressive Spiritualists of Baltimore." Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings in Lyceum Hall, corner of Court and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10½ A. M and 7½ P. M. James Lewis, Presiding Trustee; E. G. Cooper, Treasurer; H. D. Fitzgerald, Secretary. Children's Lyceum meets at 2½ P. M. H. D. Fitzgerald, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Meetings are held in Wakelee's Hall every Sunday morning and evening: Lyceum between services. Jeremiah Brown, Secretary.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at Lafayette Hall. Travis Swan, Conductor; Mrs. J. Wilson, Guardian.

BELVIDERE, ILL.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings in Green's Hall two Sundays in each month, forenoon and evening, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 o'clock. W. F. Jamieson, Conductor; S. C. Haywood, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Hiram Bidwell, Guardian.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—*Central Hall.*—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, every Sunday, at 2¾ and 7¾ P. M. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary. Speaker engaged:—Cephas B. Lynn, March 28.

Washington Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 hold their sessions every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at Washington Hall, No. 16 Main street, near City Square. G. W. Bragdon, Conductor; Lizzie Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Director.

CHELSEA, MASS.—*Fremont Hall.*—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at Fremont Hall, at 10½ A. M. Conductor, John H. Crandon; Asst. Conductor, F. C. Davis; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. E. S. Dodge; Asst. Guardian, Mrs. J. A. Salisbury; Secretary, Mrs. —— Davis.

Free Chapel.—The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in their Free Chapel on Park street, near Congress Avenue, commencing at 3 and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M., in Williams Hall. M. Barri, Conductor; Mrs. D. W. Bullard, Guardian. Meetings at 3 and 7½ o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. N. J. Willis, March 28 and April 4.

CLEVELAND, O.—The First Society and Progressive Lyceum of Spiritualists and Liberalists meets at Temperance Hall every Sunday Conference in the morning, after Lyceum session. Lecture at 7½ P. M., by E. S. Wheeler, regular speaker. Lyceum at 9½ A. M. L. King, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian; D. A. Eddy, Secretary.

CARTHAGE, MO.—The friends of progress hold their regular meetings on Sunday afternoons. C. C. Colby, President; A. W. Pickering, Secretary.

CLYDE, O.—Progressive Association hold meetings every Sunday in Willis Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Kline's New Hall at 11 A. M. S. M. Terry, Conductor; J. Dewey, Guardian.

CORRY, PA.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Good Templars' Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. Mrs. Langston, Conductor; Mrs. Tibbals, Guardian.

CHICAGO, ILL.—*Library Hall.*—First Society of Spiritualists meet in Library Hall, every Sunday, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Speaker engaged:—E. S. Wheeler during March. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall immediately after the morning lecture.

Crosby's Music Hall.—The Liberal and Spiritual Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., in Crosby's Music Hall, Opera House Building, entrance on State street. J. Spettigue, President.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Free meetings in Union Hall, Hancock street, every Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Good speakers engaged.

DOVER AND FOXCROFT, ME.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its Sunday session in Merrick Hall, in Dover, at 10½ A. M. E. B. Averill, Conductor; Mrs. K. Thompson, Guardian. A conference is held at 1½ P. M.

DEERFIELD, MICH.—First Union Society of Spiritualists hold regular meetings at Armsby's Hall, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., Sundays. Regular speaker: J. W. Van Namee.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—The First Spiritualist Association will meet regularly each Sunday at Good Templar's Hall (West side); for lectures, conferences and music, at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., and the Children's Progressive Lyceum at 1½ P. M.

FITCHBURG, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in Belding & Dickinson's Hall. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 10½ A. M. Dr. H. H. Brigham, Conductor; Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer, Guardian; Fred. W. Davis, Secretary.

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings are held every Sabbath in Town Hall, at 1½ P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Maj. C. F. Howard, Conductor; Miss Addie Sumner, Guardian. Lyceum paper published and read on the first Sabbath of each month. Lecture at 1½ P. M.

GEORGETOWN, COLORADO.—The Spiritualists meet three evenings each week at the residence of H. Toft. Mrs. Toft, clairvoyant speaking medium.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at the Spiritualist Hall on Third street. W. D. Wharton, President; Mrs. C. A. K. Poore, Secretary. Lyceum at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Miss Lizzie Randall, Guardian of Groups.

HINGHAM, MASS.—Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock, at Temperance Hall, Lincoln's Building. E. Wilder, 2d, Conductor; Mrs. S. P. Dow, Guardian.

HOULTON, ME.—Meetings are held in Liberty Hall (owned by the Spiritualist Society) Sunday afternoons and evenings.

LOWELL, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Society hold a general conference every Sunday at 2½ P. M., in Lyceum Hall, corner of Central and Middle streets. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions at 10¾ A. M. John Marriott, Jr., Conductor; Mrs. Elisha Hall, Guardian. N. S. Greenleaf, Cor. Sec.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every alternate Sunday at Brittan Hall. W. H. Yeaw, Sec. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Wood, March 28.

LANSING, MICH.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, in Capital Hall. Rev. Dr. Barnard, regular speaker. The Children's Lyceum meets at 1 o'clock.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7¾ P. M., in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.

MILAN, O.—Spiritualists' and Liberalists' Association and Children's Progressive Lyceum. Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. Hudson Tuttle Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3¾ P. M.

MILFORD, MASS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Washington Hall, at 11 A. M. Prescott West, Conductor; Mrs. Maria L. Buxton, Guardian; S. W. Gilbert, Musical Director and Corresponding Secretary.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 2 and 6½ P. M., at Museum Hall, corner of Elm and Pleasant streets. Stephen Austin, President; Moses H. Johnson, Secretary. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ at the same hall. Albert Story, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Sheapard, Guardian.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Bowman's Hall, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. George Godfrey, Chairman. Speaker engaged:—J. L. Potter. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. T. M. Watson, Conductor; Betty Parker, Guardian; Dr. T. J. Freeman, Musical Director.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will hold meetings every Sunday in the large hall of the Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-Fourth street. Lectures at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2½ P. M. P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. box 5679.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Lyceum Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. D. W. Green, Conductor; Mrs. S. L. Tarr, Guardian; Mrs. Lumford, Musical Director; J. T. Loring, Secretary. Conference or lecture in same hall at 7½ o'clock.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at Todd's Hall, on State street, near Chapel, at the usual hours of worship. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10¾ A. M. E. Whiting, Conductor.

NEW ALBANY, IND.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. Dr. Daniel White, President; Isaac Bruce, Vice President; A. R. Sharp, Recording Secretary; A. C. McFadden, Corresponding Secretary; J. W. Hartly, Treasurer.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lectures and Conference on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, every Sunday, at 10¾ A. M., in the hall, No. 110 Carondelet street, up stairs. William R. Miller, President; J. C. Norwood, Vice President.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings at their new "Lyceum Hall," Grant Block, every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7½ P. M. John Austen, President. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. C. E. Richards, Guardian; F. H. Jones, Musical Director.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Lyceum Association of Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyceum Hall two Sundays in each month. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 o'clock A. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. P. Brown, April 4 and 11; J. M. Peebles, June 6 and 13.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. James Furbish, President; R. I. Hull, Corresponding Secretary. Children's Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. Wm. E. Smith, Conductor. Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, Guardian.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday at 1½ P. M. Progressive Lyceum at 10½ A. M.

PAINESVILLE, O.—Progressive Lyceum meets Sundays at 10 A. M. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, meets at Concert Hall, Chestnut, above 12th street, at 9½ A. M., on Sundays. M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Mrs. Mary J. Dyott, Guardian.—Lyceum No. 2, at Thompson street church, at 10 A. M., Mr. Langham, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Stretch, Guardian. The First Association of Spiritualists has its lectures at Concert Hall, at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. on Sundays.—"The Philadelphia Spiritual Union" meets at Washington Hall every Sunday, the morning devoted to their Lyceum, and the evening to lectures.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 2¾ and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 1¾ P. M.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meet in Seltzer's Hall Sunday and Thursday evenings. W. W. Parsells, President. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday, at 2½ P. M. Mrs. Collins, Conductor; Miss E. G. Beebe, Assistant Conductor.

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday morning in Henry Hall, at 10½ A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet in Brown's Hall every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

STONEHAM, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings at Harmony Hall two Sundays in each month, at 2½ and 7 P. M. Afternoon lectures, free. Evenings, 10 cents. Wm. H. Orne, President. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M. E. T. Whittier, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kempton, Guardian.

SALEM, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Habon Hall, every Sunday, at 10½ A. M. A. C. Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. Harmon, Guardian; W. Scott Lake, Sec.

SYCAMORE, ILL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, in Wilkin's New Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian. The Free Conference meets at the same place on Sunday at 3 o'clock; session one hour; essays and speeches limited to ten minutes each. Chauncey Ellwood, Esq., President of Society; Mrs. Sarah D. P. Jones, Corresponding and Recording Sec'y.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The "Springfield Spiritual Association" hold meetings every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in Capital Hall, southwest corner Fifth and Adams streets. A. H. Worthen, President; H. M. Lamphear, Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 9 o'clock. R. A. Richards, Conductor; Miss Lizzie Porter, Guardian.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Meetings are held in Turn Verein Hall, on K street, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. E. F. Woodward, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. J. H. Lewis, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian. Speaker engaged:—Miss Eliza Howe Fuller.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Meetings are held every Sunday evening in Mechanic's Institute Hall, Post street. Mrs. Laura Smith (late Cuppy), speaker.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum" of St. Louis hold three sessions each Sunday, in Philharmonic Hall, corner of Washington avenue and Fourth street. Lectures at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Lyceum 9½ A. M. Charles A. Fenn, President; Mary A. Fairchild, Vice President; W. S. Fox, Secretary; W. F. Coulter, Treasurer; Thomas Allen, Librarian; Miss Mary J. Farnham, Assistant Librarian; Myron Coloney, Conductor of Lyceum; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian of Groups; Mrs. J. A. Coloney, Musical Director.

TROY, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Lyceum at 2½ P. M. Selden J. Finney, Conductor; Miss Libbie Maccoy, Guardian.

TOLEDO, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old Masonic Hall, Summit street, at 7½ P. M. All are invited free. Children's Progressive Lyceum in same place every Sunday at 10 A. M. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in Plum-street Hall every Sunday at 10½ A. M., and evening. Presidents, C. B. Campbell; Vice President, H. H. Ladd; Treasurer, S. G. Sylvester; Corresponding Secretary, L. K. Coonley. Children's Lyceum meets at 12½ P. M. Dr. David Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Brigham, Guardian; Miss Ella Beach, Musical Director; D. F. Tanner, Librarian. Speakers desiring to address said Society should write to the Corresponding Secretary.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings and provide first-class speakers every Thursday evening, at Masonic Buildings, 7th street, corner of Grand. Tickets of admission, 10 cents; to be obtained of the committee, or of H. Witt, Secretary, 67 Fourth street.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall, every Sunday, at 2¾ and 7 P. M. E. D. Weatherbee, President; Mrs. E. P. Spring, Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday, in Harmonial Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 10th and 11th-streets. Lectures at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Lecturers engaged:—March, Nellie J. T. Brigham; April, J. M. Peebles; May, Alcinda Wilhelm Slade. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday, at 12½ o'clock. George B. Davis, Conductor; Mrs. M. Hosmer, Guardian of Groups. John Mayhew, President.

YATES CITY, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet for conference Sundays at 2½ P. M.

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