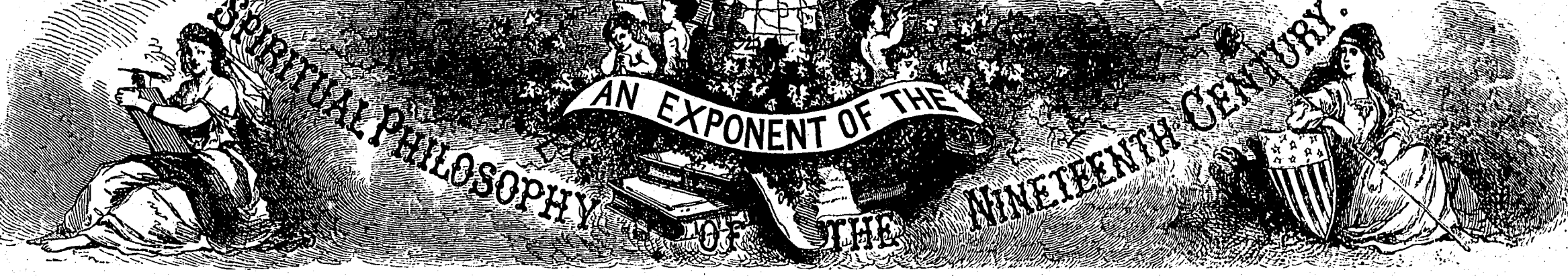


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Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the French, for the Banner of Light,
BY SARAH M. GRIMMÉ.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mother Madeline's Health Declines—Maurice's Warning—An Adieu—A Merry Genevieve.

My days were passing very pleasantly between the labors of the workshop and the class. From time to time I went to see my mother at Loujumeau, and Genevieve also brought me news about her. For several months her strength had perceptibly declined; she was rarely able to leave her easy chair, and her mind was evidently affected. Maurice was struck with this as well as myself.

"The distaff is getting tangled," he said to me with his usual abruptness. "Look out for the end of the skein."

I repulsed this fatal prediction with a feeling savoring of anger.

"What now?" replied my companion. "Do you suppose that it affords me any more pleasure than it does you? But it is with the future as it is with men—we had better look it in the face. Surely, there is no wisdom in shutting our eyes that we may not see the coming misfortune. It is a blessing to love and be beloved, my poor child, but the day of parting must come; happy they who depart first."

"But what's the use of thinking of these cruel separations beforehand?" I demanded.

"That we may not be taken unawares, my boy, but gather courage, and strengthen our hearts to bear up like men, when the moment of trial comes. In real life it is childish to cry and seek with truth. True men neither deceive themselves or others. Besides," he added, with emotion, "to think of death always does us good, whether we reflect on our own death, or on the death of another. Now that you know the truth, I am sure your mind will be more occupied with Madeline, and you will wish to make her a serene sunset after such a day of storms."

Maurice was right. In consequence of his prophecy I went much more frequently to visit my mother, and was constantly thinking of my duty to her. Every time I went I took her some little delicacy which I knew she liked, and she thanked me and embraced me with ever increasing tenderness. Perhaps she also felt that the hour of dissolution was near, and her heart clung with greater fondness to those whom she was about to quit.

"You make me thank the good God for being old," said she, whenever I rendered her any little service, or manifested my tenderness toward her. Then she delighted to tell me about her youthful days, of the first years of her marriage, and of my childhood. It seemed to me that she remembered all I had done and said from the day of my birth. I was all the world to her, and my history was that of the world. Genevieve listened attentively as if my mother was recollecting the life of Napoleon. Always alert, always singing, she carried cheerfulness wherever she appeared. The invalid frequently scolded her, but in that tone which unmistakably declared, "It is only because I want something to say to you," and when she thought we were alone, she often repeated—"Genevieve is the youngest daughter of the good God!" Genevieve, who was sometimes present, affected not to hear her, that the good woman might continue to enjoy the pleasure of scolding. During my last visit she appeared very uneasy and anxious, and when I was about leaving, she said, "Mother Madeline is not as well as usual."

"Ah! My God! I observed the change," replied I, "although she tries to conceal her sufferings and refuses to see a physician."

"Perhaps she is right," said the young girl; "it would only make her sad."

We exchanged a sigh, and I departed with a heavy heart. Three days after this visit I was on the highest scaffolding of the building we were constructing, when I heard my name called. I looked down, and my blood curdled at sight of Genevieve.

"How is my mother?" I exclaimed.

"Very ill," she replied, in a voice full of emotion.

In an instant I descended.

"She wishes to see you," continued Genevieve hastily. "Come with me without delay; there is no time to lose."

We immediately set out. Never had the road seemed so long. The horses appeared to go at a slower pace than usual, and the driver to stop more frequently. I longed to know the exact condition of my dear mother, but I dared not interrogate Genevieve, lest my fears should be confirmed.

At length we arrived at Loujumeau. I ran nearly all the way to the farm. The Mother Rivion was not in the field according to custom. I saw her standing at the door, as if she was waiting for me, which I construed into an ill omen. She uttered an exclamation as I approached. I regarded her with an air which she understood, for she hastened to say, "Come quickly; she is asking for you!" I found my mother near her end. But on hearing me she rallied, and extended both her hands toward me. I cannot express the feelings I experienced as I gazed on her pallid features, her glassy eyes, her lips quivering with the icy coldness of death, and the remembrance of all she had been to me, and all she had done for me, rushed into my mind. The idea that I was about to lose her, without

having recompensed so much goodness, pierced my heart like a two edged sword. I uttered a loud cry and threw myself into her arms.

"Do not be grieved, my child," said she in a low voice. "I die happy, since I have seen you." I felt the necessity of controlling my feelings. I seated myself at the bedside and essayed to speak hopefully to her, but she would not listen to me.

"Let us lose no time by trying to deceive ourselves," said she, in a voice scarcely audible. "I want to tell you my last wishes. Call Genevieve."

The young girl approached. My mother gave her the key of her wardrobe, requesting her to bring several articles which she named—a watch which had belonged to my father; her wedding earrings; a little silver goblet, and some jewelry. She had them arranged upon the bed, called for the different members of the family, and gave something to each one. To the Mother Rivion she gave the silver goblet, to me my father's watch, to Genevieve the earrings. She then selected her burial suit, designated where she wished to be interred, and requested that a slab should be placed over her grave, prepared by myself.

We listened to these parting words, with difficulty restraining our tears, and promising to comply with all her wishes. At this moment the priest entered to administer the sacrament. My heart was too full to witness this last office, and I went out behind the house to weep.

I must have been absent a long time, for when I returned to my mother's chamber it was dark. On entering I heard the voice of Genevieve, who was speaking to her, and I immediately understood that I was the subject of conversation. The mother was distressed at the idea of leaving me alone in the world. She had communicated the dear wishes of her heart to the young girl, who seemed to be offering a gentle resistance.

"Pierre Henri has too much good sense, and has besides too good a heart not to do what is right," said Genevieve, in a faltering voice.

"Then why not marry him?" said the dying woman.

"I did not refuse to marry him, Mother Madeline."

"Then let me speak with him."

"Oh no!" said she hastily. "He can deny you nothing at such a moment, and he might repent of the promise. He must not be governed by your wishes, nor by my affection. He must decide for himself, my good mother; he ought to be left free to choose a companion suited to his taste and his desires. Whatever he may do, you will know that I shall always be ready to serve him."

"Jesus!" murmured my mother, in a plaintive voice. "I hoped that I might yet enjoy this happiness on earth."

"And you shall, if it depends only upon me," I exclaimed, approaching the bed. "No one need fear that I shall repent, for your choice is mine."

It was thus that I married Genevieve, and I can truly say she was the richest benefit ever conferred upon me by her who gave me birth. My mother died the following day as it struck noon, holding my hand and Genevieve's. May God recompense her for all she has suffered, and repay her a thousand-fold for all my shortcomings. A mother is too large a creditor ever to be repaid by her children in this world.

CHAPTER IX.

The Workman in his Home—A Good Wife—The Weakness of a Tender Heart—Robert's Bills—Mr. Dumanoir—Ruin.

My marriage with Genevieve brought my studies to an end. Until then I had been laboring with a view to attaining a more elevated position, but when I became the head of the household, I was compelled to bend all my efforts to the support of my family.

To one who has lived in lodgings in a garret, and whose time has been devoted to hard labor and to study, this entrance on a new life is a great joy and a great stimulus. The idea that you are working for the comfort and benefit of another, and not for yourself alone, gives you courage to persevere, and enjoyment in exertion. Even weariness is not without its reward. We begin to think of the morrow, and when we expect to reach the morrow in company. Feeling that there are two to care for, we take double pains to secure the cords of the scaffolding, and we add a prop to ensure safety. For a short time after my marriage, I felt the additional weight of care so keenly that I was often a prey to low spirits. More than once the burden galled my shoulders, but as soon as I came to my senses and looked at things rationally, I found that marriage was a holy bond, a great blessing, that the sympathy and tenderness of a wife was the sweetest consolation in adversity, the richest boon in prosperity, and, in a word, the real strength of right thinking men.

Great wisdom is required in the choice. Before thus calling into your life another yourself, who becomes, as it were, your living shadow, it is good to look at her head and her heart, and be sure that you are going to have next you a second conscience, and not a tempter. If in choosing a partner in business, we hesitate and take all possible pains to ascertain the character of our proposed associate, lest we should lose our credit and be defrauded of our money, how much more needful to ponder well before we surrender our heart and choose a partner who may rob us of our happiness and honor. However, in justice I must acknowledge that the number of such women is very small. Almost all, to say the least, possess as much integrity, as earnest a desire to promote the happiness of the family, and as much devotion to its interests, as the husband. Women may have more petty faults, but they have fewer vices. It is rarely that a woman is hardened in iniquity, and when that is the case, is it not generally through our fault?

Those who are above us, who live in luxury and who have inherited wealth, or those who ensly accumulate it, can form no idea of the value of a good wife to a workingman. It is not merely the thrifty management of our household, it is the strength and courage that her judgment, her sympathy and her counsel impart. It is her example which fortifies our integrity, and upholds us in misfortune. How many temptations would enter our homes, if she were not there to guard the entrance! How many wicked ideas might take possession of our hearts, if her vigilant eye did not penetrate to the core and forbid their lodgment. The shame of avowing a bad intention, often saves us from the perpetration of crime. It is not so easy to confess to each other as some may suppose, and walk hand in hand in wickedness. The hardness of the two is not quite equal; one becomes uneasy and draws back, and it is generally the wife. If we listen to her remonstrances, all comes out safely and in a straight line.

For my part, I was truly blessed. I found in Genevieve all I had anticipated, and infinitely more. All she was to me the day of our marriage, she has ever been. I consulted her about all my undertakings, I confided to her all my affairs, and she gave me advice without appearing to do so. To my mind, the greatest happiness of marriage consists in this unlimited confidence, in having but one heart as well as one purse. In joy as in sorrow, you always find one heart at least to sympathize with you. By thus dividing your troubles, instead of looking them up in your own bosom, they do not gather strength, like little rivulets, which, if allowed to flow on, in the end form a mighty stream and carry away the embankment. The daily trials of life are lessened by mutual confidence, the heart is not overcharged, and the soul is enabled to preserve its balance.

Since my marriage I had followed the example of Maurice. I had launched out into some little enterprises, in which I had succeeded. Like all beginners, I had to submit to work at a low price, and with but slender means. Indeed, the good result was less in the pecuniary benefit I received, than in the fact of what I accomplished. I gained little money, but I began to be known, and soon found myself crowded with business. My integrity and my activity had inspired confidence. In default of capital, I obtained credit. It was necessary to proceed energetically, to have a hand in everything that I undertook, to conduct business vigorously and safely, to be punctual, or incur the penalty of distrust and loss. The task was difficult, but in the long run everything prospered. The receipts and the payments balanced each other, and I hoped that my efforts would secure for me more elbow-room. Once master of sufficient capital, the machinery would roll itself. But meanwhile I was obliged to scramble up to the roof without a ladder, whilst I was getting far after bar manufactured.

Robert came pretty often to see us, and I observed, more than once, that the little savings destined for some recreation, or for Genevieve's personal expenses, passed invariably from the aunt's drawer to the nephew's pocket. I never complained of this, for, in fact, it was easier to sacrifice a little money than to distress my excellent wife. She purchased this indulgence by so much labor, frugality and economy that I turned a blind eye to her petty prodigalities. In so doing I rather sought my own comfort than her good. If I had had more wisdom I should have seen that it was my duty to enlighten her as to the true character of Robert. Because the weaknesses of those we love are trifling, and do not interfere with our comfort, we must not, on that account, close our eyes to them; but, on the contrary, we should observe and correct them.

I had left home to go to Burgundy for the purpose of examining a piece of work for which the contract was to be closed in a short time. I expected to be absent about twelve days. Genevieve was alone with our boy, Marcel, then about three years old. All that happened in my absence, and which I am going to relate, I learned from her.

Three days after my departure Robert went to see his aunt. He appeared restless and low-spirited. To all her questions he answered only in broken sentences or by long-drawn sighs. She kept him to dinner, but he ate nothing, and became more and more gloomy. Distressed beyond measure, Genevieve pressed him to reveal the cause of his trouble. In reply he declared that he was disgusted with life, and that, some day or other, he should rid himself of it as he would cast aside a pair of old shoes. She was greatly alarmed, and tried in vain to combat his discouragement. The more she talked the more Robert declared that his resolution was fixed, and finally affirmed that he had no alternative but suicide. His aunt entreated him to explain himself, but he maintained that dogged silence which is always the refuge of a man who is determined not to confess his crime. More and more frightened, she laid the little Marcel, who had fallen asleep in her arms, in the cradle, and returned to Robert, resolved to extort his secret from him.

She found him sitting with his elbows resting on his knees, his face buried in his hands, the very picture of despair. Genevieve said everything to him which the tenderest compassion could inspire. She spoke to him of his father, of the promise she had made of being father and mother to him. She named, one by one, everything she could think of, entreating him to answer by a word or a sign; but Robert only shook his head. At length, her patience being exhausted, she was about rising, when he suddenly straightened himself up and exclaimed that if he had not a hundred louis the next day he was a dead man. Genevieve started back as much astonished as if he had demanded the crown of France.

"A hundred louis!" she repeated, in a tone of utter dismay. "Who do you expect to furnish

you with such a sum? Why do you need it? What are you going to do with it?"

"I owe them," answered Robert.

And as his aunt looked at him with an air of suspicion, he began to detail his dissolute course for the last three years. He had in his pocket letters from creditors, unpaid bills, and even writs on stamped paper. As he proceeded in his explanations Genevieve's pity gave place to indignation.

"Well, since you have chosen to incur such debts, you will see to earning the money to pay them," said she in a resolute tone. "If I had it here in my apron, and had no use for it, you should not have the first crown. Ah! we may well say God loves us better than we love ourselves. God knows better what is good for us than we know ourselves. When he took my poor brother I accused him, in my heart, of cruelty; but now I see I owe him only gratitude and thanksgiving, for he has spared him all this shame and suffering."

"Yes," interrupted Robert, in a tone of desperate audaciousness, "more shame than you think for—I have not told you all."

"And what more have you to tell, unhappy wretch?" cried Genevieve.

Her nephew had risen; he was pale as ashes, and seemed beside himself.

"Well," said he, displaying his creditor's bills, "I had to pay these bills or go to prison, and I have paid them."

"You? How?"

"With a note."

Genevieve looked at him; she did not understand what he meant.

"What note?" she demanded.

"A note signed with your husband's name."

"What do you say, wretched boy? a forgery?"

He hung his head. Genevieve clasped her hands and uttered a cry. For a few moments both were silent. Then she rose, and, seizing Robert by the elbows, shook him violently.

"You have told me a lie," she exclaimed; "you do not owe a louis; you have not committed a forgery; you only want to extort money from me!"

The young man raised his head; his face was red with passion.

"Ah! you say I have lied!" he stammered out. "Well, all right; let us say no more about it."

He snatched up his hat and rushed out. Genevieve did not attempt to detain him, but she passed a terrible night. She started up at every noise, fearing that some one had come to inform her of the arrest or the death of Robert. She accused herself of hard-heartedness. Twice she put on her shawl to run and seek her nephew, and twice a doubt which she could not suppress held her back. Part of the next day was passed in the same way. At last, toward afternoon, an unknown person, with enormous whiskers and covered with rings and trinkets, presented himself and handed my wife three notes signed with my name. These were the forgeries of which Robert had spoken. At sight of them Genevieve turned very pale; so pale that Mr. Dumanoir—the was the stranger's name—inquired what was the matter with her. But the poor woman, holding the notes in her trembling hand, was unable to utter a word. Mr. Dumanoir knit his brow. At length, not knowing what to say, she asked him from whom he held these notes.

"You can see," replied the stranger, pointing on the back to three or four lodgers.

"And the gentleman wants the money immediately?" said my wife, more and more agitated and distressed.

"By Jupiter!" replied he, "I have two payments to make to-morrow, and I have depended on this money. I was assured that your husband was a reliable man. I hope I have not been deceived."

So speaking he stared Genevieve full in the face. She could no longer restrain her feelings; she burst into tears.

"Hey!" exclaimed Dumanoir, "tears indeed! Is this all you have to give me? Then your husband is not solvent? You have not a hundred louis? Good God! then I am ruined!"

He rose from his seat, pouring out a torrent of curses and threats against me; and poor Genevieve, overcome by fear, acknowledged everything. At the announcement that the notes were forged, Mr. Dumanoir gave a sudden start.

"Then I am robbed!" he cried, "and by whom? You know who is the forger! you are leagued with him, or you would constantly have declared the fraud. Confess it, or I will denounce you and expose you and have you punished as his accomplice!"

Genevieve was about answering, when the door was rudely opened. It was Robert. At the cry that she uttered Mr. Dumanoir turned toward the young man, and the latter, seeing the notes in his hand, fell on his knees. Then followed a scene which my wife could never fully describe to me, because, whenever she attempted it, her voice was choked by her emotion. All that I know is, that after many tears and entreaties, finding that Mr. Dumanoir was resolved to have Robert arrested, and the latter threatening to throw himself out of the window, she could no longer resist. She ran to the secretary, took thence thirteen hundred and fifty francs—which were all my savings—and offered them to redeem the notes. The creditor at first appeared to hesitate, but, observing that Robert was bankrupt, and that if he refused her offer he should lose the whole, he exchanged the notes for the money and departed. After hastily thanking his aunt, Robert followed him.

There was in his accent and behavior a change so sudden that Genevieve was struck by it. Left alone, and somewhat relieved from the tension of feeling through which she had passed, she recalled all that had just happened, and she found something unaccountable in the whole transaction. The more she reflected, the more

the words and actions of Robert excited her suspicions. She was sure that some deception had been practiced upon her, but she hoped that everything might be explained when the young man again visited her. Two days passed without his making his appearance. Genevieve, whose uneasiness constantly increased, entrusted Marcel to the care of a neighbor, and went to seek him in the street Bertin Poiret.

As she reached the little room which he occupied in the fifth story of the house, the door opened, and a man of a repulsive countenance came out loaded with a bundle. Although he had changed his costume, and no longer wore whiskers, she recognized Mr. Dumanoir. He profited by her evident surprise, which prevented her speaking, to pass her quickly and descend the staircase. Genevieve pushed open Robert's door. There was no one within, but the drawers of the bureau were all emptied out, the closets open and empty also. Some worn-out garments, which were all that remained, were strewn on the floor. Surprised at this disorder, she went down to the porter to ask an explanation. The porter knew nothing and had seen nothing. All that he could tell was, that Robert had come in the evening before with the man who had passed her on the landing; that they both appeared in high spirits, and were jingling pieces of silver in their pockets. Genevieve could no longer doubt. The whole scene acted about the notes was all a comedy preconcerted between Robert and the pretended creditor. They had calculated on her weakness and her fright, and she clearly saw that she was the victim of swindlers, and her brother's son had laid the plot. This idea pierced her heart like a knife. She tried to reject it. She expected Robert all that evening, and during the next day. She could not doubt, and yet she could not believe. Grief, indignation and anxiety tortured her by turns. For five days she had had little sleep and had taken scarcely any food. When I arrived at home I found her so altered that I was greatly alarmed and inquired if she was ill.

"Much worse than that," she replied in a stifled voice.

And without waiting to be questioned, like one who is anxious to obtain relief, she began to relate in broken sentences all that had transpired during my absence. When she mentioned the thirteen hundred and fifty francs she had given to Robert, I interrupted her with a cry of despair. I thought I must have misunderstood her. I ran to the secretary; there was nothing left but the empty bag. I felt as if I was strangling; my limbs refused to support me, and I leaned against the wall. Genevieve stared at me with a look of terror; her hands hanging down, her lips trembling as if she had the ague. Seeing her in this condition my anger vanished, and I said to her in a gentle voice,

"You have given away the money. I cannot pay what I owe. Then it is all over. We are ruined."

The fact was, I had three debts to discharge on the third day after my return, and the sum which I had laid aside was destined to pay them. Its disappearance deranged all my calculations, and might destroy my credit. I explained this to Genevieve, showing her in what a perplexing situation I was placed. The poor creature was so thunderstruck by this information that I resolved to try to conceal my own distress.

This resolution restored my tranquility and relieved my heart of its burden. The courage which I had assumed, through tenderness for Genevieve, increased by degrees. I reflected that I was young, in good health, that I had done nothing wrong, that my energy was unimpaired, and that I had all the requisites for recommencing life. The important matter now was, to provide the means of meeting my engagements. I conversed with my wife like a man, tenderly and calmly. I told her that the case was not desperate, but that we must give up, for the present, many little comforts and conveniences, retain nothing but what was indispensable, and live like the poorest laborers. She answered only by a flood of tears and clasping my hand.

When I had finished, she said, "Ah! you are even better than I anticipated. I ask but one favor of the good God, May he permit me to live long enough to reward your love!"

God granted her prayer. She has amply fulfilled her wish; for what she called my kindness has been repaid in happiness, principal and interest, good measure, pressed down and running over.

That same evening I went to several master-masons and gave them, in consideration of some ready money, several jobs of work which I had engaged. They also purchased my materials. Meanwhile, Genevieve sent for some dealers in second-hand furniture, and sold all her best articles. The money thus collected made up the sum I needed, and I was enabled to pay my bills when they became due.

But the breaking up was soon spread abroad. It was known that I was reduced to poverty, and I was no longer treated with the consideration I formerly commanded. In vain I solicited work, even at low wages; no one seemed inclined to advance me even a small sum, or to give me credit. My ruin was visible to every one, my integrity seemed to be forgotten. To crown my misfortunes Maurice was absent. Want pressed hard upon us. I was compelled to resume the trowel, and live by my daily labor.

All this time Robert had not made his appearance, but in spite of this, Genevieve regarded him with undiminished tenderness. I perceived that she was sad at hearing nothing of or from him. Two months had passed, and for my part I tried to forget the nephew. One day a police officer called at my miserable dwelling. Happily I was alone. He handed me a dirty bit of paper with my name and address on it, half effaced; it had been found on the body of a murdered man. Somewhat disturbed I followed the policeman to the Morgue, and there I recognized the body of

Robert. The cord and the stone which had been tied round his neck in order to drown him were still fastened to the unfortunate man. The accomplices of his robbery probably wished to divide the plunder among themselves, and as is not infrequently the case, one crime had been punished by another.

Genevieve did not know of this sad event until a long time afterwards. To this day the murderers have never been discovered; perhaps they have met in their turn the violent death they inflicted upon him; for in doing evil, as in doing good, it generally happens that we reap as we have sown. As for my wife and myself, the memory of the wretch who had so cruelly marred our happiness was soon forgotten amid trials still more severe. Dark days were approaching, and we were obliged, as friend Maurice said, to weather the storm without cloak or umbrella.

[To be continued.]

The Lecture Room.

Address of Prof. William Denton, Delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., March 30th, 1869, in Commemoration of the Twenty-First Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

It is twenty-one years ago, I believe, (said the lecturer,) since the advent of modern Spiritualism. If I remember aright, at twenty-one years man becomes of age, and attains his majority. And I remember well how in England when "my lord" becomes twenty-one years of age, the drums roll, the chimps peal out a merry note, tables deck the village green laden with food and foaming ale, and all goes merry as a marriage bell! Not quite so merry next morning, when the participants get up with a headache as the penalty of their stultified carousal. I think the way we celebrate on this occasion is infinitely superior to that of the English. We have met to-night to see what has been accomplished in so short a time. Who would have believed, twenty-one years ago, that Spiritualism could have stood so high as it does to-day?

Spiritualism was born something like Christianity, in a stable—a lowly place in earth's society, and just as Christianity, professing to embody the precepts of him whom his age called the poor, "mad Galilee," spread over the plains, overflowed the valleys, and swept like the prairie fire from the kitchen of the Caesars to the imperial chamber, there seizing the reins and swaying the civilized world, so shall it be with this modern light. I look upon the advent of Spiritualism, and see in the progress it has made up to the present time, the augury that it will proceed further than Christianity itself. The boast of Christianity is that it is able to give man a consciousness of a life hereafter, because Christ rose from the dead. Upon the fact of Christ's resurrection are based all its hopes. Paul says to the Corinthians:

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

Without this the whole Christian fabric falls to the ground. Now we know (said the lecturer) by the truths of Nature and the operation of her laws, that the body of Jesus Christ never rose from the ground; and the contradictory statements of the apostles give no light on the question. But there must have been something which moved these men and gave them the wonderful power to go forth in the face of death preaching their new belief. What was it? The appearance of the spirit of their Master, Jesus Christ! This appearance of his spirit gave them the full assurance that because he lived they should live also; and with that grand fact, although misunderstood and misinterpreted, these men went forth and fought against Paganism and Judaism with an all-conquering power.

If Christianity, with so slight a basis as this, could in so short a time call forth such grand results, what can we not do when we have such a foundation as that of to-day? Ours is no return of one spirit, confined to a favored dozen, whose duty it is to spread the news to the world at second-hand, that they may believe or be damned! The returning spirits of to-day number by myriads, and come to their friends who are still lingering in the valley, bringing with them the proof of after life without the shadow of a doubt. Ours is not an assemblage of phenomena confined to forty days and then disappearing forever, but coming always to the human soul, fortifying it beyond the power of question. This is what modern Spiritualism has done in the last twenty-one years.

The lecturer described modern Spiritualism as a lusty infant who had strangled in its cradle the church serpents who came to destroy it; there they were waiting for death to seize them. What a lusty baby! He had already the strength of a giant and the speed of a locomotive! The doctors of Buffalo tried to kill him, but he seemed to thrive on their pills and defy their lancets. The Professors of Harvard tried to expose "the delusion" in vain. The "know-it-alls"—those most pitiable ignoramuses of earth, who, because they have a few pebbles from the beach of the great ocean of truth, growl at any daring discoverer who unfolds to human knowledge a new island far over the broad expanse, and oppose him because forsooth their profound skill did not make it known—had done their worst, and failed ignominiously. The lecturer said he had called the babe a male; but it was a female. We had had males enough in the past history of theology. If some woman had written the first part of the Bible there would have been at least one woman in the trinity. Now they were all men—but fortunately they had the devil (who was a male) for a sort of balance-wheel. It was time that the female element should be represented; and from this new source of light should come forth a race of children, who, marching with the banner of truth, should go forth "conquering and to conquer."

Some men told us that Spiritualism is going down; and I believe it. It is going down, just as the snow-ball goes down the hill, gathering size at each revolution; yes, it is going down as the roots of the oak which strike into the soft soil, sucking up with their million mouths life and nourishment, and giving delight to the wide world in the form of the beautiful king of the forest. So is it with this grand system whose advent we have met to celebrate; it is going down like good seed into fruitful soil; it sends its mighty branches abroad into all our homes; it reaches the souls of our little children, freeing them from the maimed taints of the credulity Sabbath Schools. And it is also going up! Going up like a mountain with an earthquake under it, nearer and nearer to the stars, nearer to the region of sunshine, joy and delight! It is going up into the pulpits, and down into the hearts of the preachers. You cannot go to any of the churches of to-day without finding that the doctrines taught by modern Spiritualism have found an entrance, and become embodied in their teachings. They have tried to anchor the churches, but not one of them can be anchored;

they tried Protestantism, but it still sweeps on; and even the Catholic Church, with the old Pope for an anchor, has no better fortune. Gradually the doctrines of modern Spiritualism are permeating them all. The Universalists and Unitarians preach them, and the Baptists, Methodists and others, inculcate them as far as the pastor dare preach, or the congregation receive. The lecturer said he frequently met with many men, members of the Church, with whom he had not the slightest expectation of finding one religious idea in common, but who assured him in private conversation that their views on many of these mooted questions were like his own. Spiritualism is the heaven "hid in three measures of meal," and by-and-by the whole will be leavened.

We have a gospel to preach of which we are not ashamed. Paul said: "I am not ashamed of this gospel of Christ;" and I am not ashamed of this gospel of the nineteenth century. Jesus said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned."

That, in my opinion, was a sorry gospel. It was possibly the best the times would allow in which it was given, but it would be considered a poor gospel by me. The lecturer said if Paul was not ashamed of so narrow and confined a platform, how can we be ashamed of ours, which is a reasonable belief? Spiritualism is a reasonable gospel, and it should be a joy to preach such an one. It is a gospel which does not make a man's soul smite him on the cheek, and call him "villain," because he is at work in a cause which conflicts with his reason; a gospel which does not bring to his cheek the blush of shame as he strives to reconcile the inquiring minds of his children that which is irreconcilable. Spiritualism is a reasonable gospel which appeals to the common sense of every man and woman. When you hold out your hand to your friend, what is it that you clasp, what do you love? Not the body, for if he were to pass on immediately afterward, the body would remain—it is the spirit which makes the man. Spiritualism, in teaching that man has a spirit, is sustained by reason and natural science. If it can be demonstrated—as it can—that this spirit can see without the physical eye, and travel without using material modes of locomotion, then there must be a home for it, where it is to enjoy the ages to come. Spiritualism also teaches that the spirit which exists in the identical spirit that once lived on this planet. How reasonable is this! No hell, where all the good is taken out of a man before he is plunged therein; and no heaven, where all the evil must be miraculously removed ere the soul may enter its sacred precincts. Hell has now no more of an existence, on the one hand, than the old heaven has on the other. The heaven unfolded by Spiritualism is one in harmony with man's spirit, just as this world is in harmony with his material body; it is the great home promised to all who on the earth do well, and affords us a chance to go on age after age in the glorious road of progression. What a reasonable gospel is this!

The principal objection urged against Spiritualism is: "Oh, it's too good to be true!" "Oh, if I could only believe it," says the good mother, whose darling son has died, and she fears that the devil has got him to make a cinch of to all eternity—"Oh, if I could only see John, and know that he is happy, and that there is some chance for him to be better in the future than he was while here, my cup of joy would be running over." Why, my good woman, John still lives; he is laughing at you for your foolishness; he is wiser than you are, for he has learned the lessons of the world beyond, and knows that there is no angry God, no raging devil and no flaming hell! He will meet you on the other side, and say, "Mother, you see the devil did not catch me; I am here to make you better and wiser, as you tried to make me while I was on earth." Spiritualism is not too good to be true; she is the ordained of God. I see her in the future as an angel of glory; with the lamp of truth in her hand she traverses the dark places of earth, flashing the light into the doors of the churches, and bidding the bats and owls of Error follow the old hag Superstition, as she flies from the path of that golden radiance! She goes to the poor mother weeping over the grave of her buried child; she anoints her eyes and bids her see with spiritually awakened vision the loved and lost beyond "the river's" flow! She comes to the widow, bending over the cold form of him who was her all, gives her a vision of the departed one with all the beauty of manhood on his brow, and tells her the cherished one still lives and loves, and ere long she shall be united with him to part no more! Those dark children of the night, war, tyranny and oppression of all shapes and forms, shall vanish at her beautiful smile, and peace and love and joy come down from the bending heavens! The departed shall visit every man's fireside, bringing light and comfort to those who mourn. The most extended imagination of man cannot reach the sublime heights which Spiritualism shall attain in the years that are yet to be!

The truths of Spiritualism have the life-blood of God in them, and they cannot do otherwise than prevail; but let us all them; let every man and woman feel inspired to act in some capacity as a missionary for this new gospel. Be not ashamed of it—rather be proud of it. Waken to the work; ye shall in no wise lose your reward. Blessed are they who sow this seed; the sun and shower shall inevitably bring forth for them the blade, the ear and the "full corn in the ear," and they shall all come by-and-by to the home of rest laden with their sheaves, each soul joining the glad refrain of "Harvest Home!" How many there are who are standing afar off, and looking on suspiciously at this new light, as if it were a thing to roll up the stone along the hill of progress. They give now and then a word of encouragement, and then ten words of discouragement. But when the light shall be won, and the victory gained, they will all be there, waving their arms in triumph, and their shouts will rend the heavens—"We did it! We always knew it would be a success!" Thus has it ever been the puny souls sneak in to receive their penny at the eleventh hour, unmindful of the toll of those who have "borne the heat and burden of the day." So was it with the Christian Church as regarded the abolition of slavery; the churchmen declare that the slaves will never have been freed but for the gospel of Christ, who preached deliverance to the captive; but while they dreamed in their churches, the very infidels aroused and drove them to action in the last hour of the day. So it will sometime be with Spiritualism. The learned and scientific men of our world will by-and-by be led to see that what was discovered at Rochester by the little children is but a re-statement of a great truth old as the universe. But suppose it was a new thing? Is anything better because it is old? Monkeys are older than men, but are they any further advanced in consequence? Fishes are older than philosophers, but are they any wiser? Judaism is older than Christianity, and Paganism than both, but in these cases is the advantage on the side of antiquity? Therefore age is not exactly a basis for boasting. By-and-by the professors of material science will see that there is a spiritual science infinitely larger than anything they can measure by their senses; and thus shall our cause, by new additions of strength, march on to vaster spaces than before. We have met to rejoice at what has been done in the past; but we had men better reason to rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and the signs of future triumph grow "brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

Original Essays.

MYTHS OF THE NEW WORLD.

Dr. Brinton has given us the Myths of the New World, not as derived from the Old World, but as self evolved or of spontaneous growth from the religious sentiment common to humanity. From this position he sees that the theologies or mythologies will arise and parallel each other in different parts of the world, though the separation be complete. He finds that the personified natural forces, bent with the magnetic or spiritual arena, were manifest in America as in Asia. We need not stop to consider this question of spontaneous development, or the passover from Asia by the Phenicians with the theology of the East. Enough that Asiatic, including Biblical mythology, walks a plane analogous to that in America. True, Dr. Brinton is rather cautious of speaking right out in meeting, but does sometimes so touch the Bible as if disposed to lift the veil when Moses is read, so that the wayfaring man may discern in Jewry, as in America, a common mythological groundwork in serpent, symbol and cross, in "medicine man" and seer or prophet, as beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, he went to the seer or medium.

The Doctor admits that the mesmerism or Spiritualism of modern revivals is the same as practiced by the Indian priests and in the middle ages. He might have added that the same was in use by the Egyptian and Hebrew priests, and everywhere more or less manifest in the ancient as in the modern ages. His work, however, will do much to let in light to the darkness of old theologies with which the priesthoods have dominated mankind.

Leslie's "Origin of Man" will also do somewhat toward opening to view the old underpinning—and more, Rebold's "History of Freemasonry," translated by Brennan, will show a common origin of Asiatic theology—that Judaism and Christianity are not exceptional in their rôle, as compared with the hidden wisdom of all other religions. Dr. Oliver's "Signs and Symbols," "History of Initiations," and Dr. Mackey's "Symbolism of Sacred Plants," indicate the way to find the old genealogical Tree of Life, but rather with the saying clause that the Tree which grew in Jewry should be "genuine," while that upon heathen ground should be "spurious," lest the strong meat prove too strong for delicate stomachs. Dr. Rebold takes a different road to the Jordan, which may prove somewhat harder to travel to the children who remember what they did eat in Egypt, and find their soul dried away on Rebold's unbaked manna. His Freemasonry does not admit the original Jacob's claim to be exclusively genuine, but that it rested on the stone or foundation on which the Pagan and Christian Freemasons built. He finds the old regenerating fire to be the same as the modern magnetism; and that this made part in the ancient mysteries, as manifest in sybils, oracles and prophets—that the astronomical rôle did, for the most part, furnish the Landmarks for God and his Word, and that the Lord and God of the Jews and Christians was the same essential Being as the God in the Heathen Mysteries—it being generative essence, whether as Jehovah, Jupiter, or any other name. Through the mystic tie and brotherhood of the common origin in the Mysteries, the Pagan Architects or Freemasons readily fraternized with the first Christians—thus helping to spread Christianity as the more progressive type of moral architecture superinduced upon the physical, as sublimely taught in the Essene brotherhood or first Christians.

C. B. P.

WOMAN'S POSITION.

An article on "female place hunters," copied into the Boston Cultivator, of March 27th, from the Journal, is thus noticed:

"How unwomanly is such conduct; it is bad enough for men to be everlastingly office-seeking, but it is not so much so when in a social point of view, to have the national capitol thronged with women office seekers? No young man possessed of qualities for a good husband, nor one of any age, would think of selecting a wife from such a company, if wise. Woman out of her sphere is simply mannish, a poor exchange for womanliness, as every good wife believes, whatever some widows, spinsters and tomboyish girls may think or say to the contrary."

We address ourselves to the notice, and would first ask, Why is it "worse," in a social point of view, to have the national capitol thronged with women than with men? Women are usually as quiet and well-behaved as men. They do not swear, or spit tobacco juice about. It should be no disgrace to them or others to endeavor to earn their bread, and their presence ought not to have any unfavorable effect upon male inmates of the capitol, and cannot, except as they come into competition with them, and excite their jealousy, and who is to blame for this?

In the second place, of what consequence is it if "no young man, possessed of qualities for a good husband," should "think of selecting a wife from such a company"? These ladies, having secured offices and "remuneration" would be independent of the positions which those "young men, or men of any age," would have to offer them, which are simply positions of respectable servitude, without wages, from which to lay by a provision for old age, and in most cases bring with them onerous duties and heart-breaking trials, and women are not by nature so anxious for matrimony as they may be, or appear to be, under their present conditions—conditions which have been brought upon them by male monopoly.

But we answer our own question. It is the possible independence of women, which is of consequence, and it is to men to whom it is of consequence. Men do not desire the independence of women.

The world is, and always has been, as the result of their management, full to overflowing of helpless, dependent wife-material, and material for worse purposes, and they "love to have it so."

The woman question is looked upon by many, and perhaps by most men, in an entirely sensual point of view, not excepting clergymen; and it is truly an up-hill task to contend with those who have pulpits at command, for however weak the men may be, their position is likely to give them influence over the common class of hearers.

The love of power is natural, and men having always held the power over women are not willing to yield it, and this brings us, back to the thought of marriage and the chances for it, which the author of the notice appears to think these ladies forfeit by their efforts to office. Does he really think so? Being one of those "widows" who "say to the contrary," I say it is otherwise.

A woman who is capable of acquiring money will have constant opportunities to marry, some of her suitors being probably younger than she is; not that they love youth less, but that they love money more. Neither age, ugliness, widowhood or old-maidhood, will stand in her way, provided she is able to support a husband, or help him to support himself, or even to pay for his ale and cigars; and as for his "qualities for a good husband," she must in any case take her chance for that. Our opinion is, that he is more likely to be a good husband if she supports him than if he supports her, because in that case he will not be annoyed by her constant teasing for the necessities of life; he will not feel her to be an expense and incumbrance to him, and will not be so likely to despise her as the weaker vessel, seeing that she is the vessel that holds his provider.

Ladies, make yourselves perfectly easy on this point, and earn your own bread if you can.

In the second place, "Woman out of her sphere is simply mannish." First, her sphere! What is her sphere? The world is her sphere, but she has not yet learned it. She at present imagines, as does evidently the writer of the notice, that her sphere is housekeeping, and the manufacture of humanity.

If there were not so many engaged in this latter branch of business it would be far better for the world, and the population would be larger, for such as were born would live.

The world is crowded with sickly, unwelcome children, destined to die before the age of five years, costing their fathers a great deal of money, and sometimes pangs of bereavement, and breaking their mother's hearts, so that succeeding children inherit broken hearts, and in their turn die early.

Let some women find a sphere outside of matrimony, and not be forced into it by the necessity for food. Yet this is precisely the situation in which men like the author of the notice intend to keep women if they can.

Most women are (or might be) qualified to fill any position which does not require more physical power than belongs to their sex, quite as well as men.

And what matter is it if women are mannish? Some women are mannish, and some men are womanish by nature, and nature knows that it serves for variety, and these contrasts please each other, and such men as he of the notice need not trouble themselves in the matter at all.

If a man prefers to make calico patterns, or sell ribbon and flowers, he has a right to do so, and if a woman prefers to hold office, or do anything else which is honorable, rather than to marry, let her do so; she has the right; and in our opinion women are far better qualified for office than men, because they are truthful and honest. Their superior morality is acknowledged even by the fools who despise them for being women—and morality is much, very much needed in offices.

Men have enjoyed the privilege of single life without disgrace or derision from Saint Paul to Pius Ninth. It is time for women to enjoy it also if they prefer it.

In regard to what "EVERY good wife believes," it appears to us that there must be a few good wives whose belief the author of the notice does not know, although we, of course, cannot tell how extensive his acquaintance with good wives, or wives of any kind, may be.

WIDOW.

SPIRITUAL UNITY.

BY T. L. VAUGHN.

As I have always considered it important that Spiritualists should be united as far as possible, knowing that "in union there is strength," I deem the following remarks applicable.

I have lately received tracts addressed to the "Orderly Spiritualists of America." Now I believe Spiritualists as a class are certainly in favor of order.

It is therein stated that "leading men" among them are free-lovers and licentious, and that such should be disfellowshipped.

After what has been said in the Banner of Light concerning these things, it is plain for all to understand the position of every true Spiritualist. We need not condemn an individual—it is only the evil that is blameworthy. It is asserted that they have "No absolute standard of right and wrong." What is an absolute standard? One that applies to every individual. Every Christian sect will tell you, "if you do not follow us you are wrong."

Until men can be made to think alike, it is useless to expect they will coincide in their views of right and wrong. What seems right to one, seems wrong to another. But it is the duty of every man to inform himself with regard to cause and effect. A man must have an enlightened conscience to make a right discernment of things.

We must be united on a common basis, or disorder and disintegration will ensue. There should be no important schism in our ranks. It is a notorious fact that the religious sects are so divided in sentiment that their power is weakened, and this may serve as a warning to others. "United we stand, divided we fall." An army should preserve an unbroken front; else the enemy will take advantage, and thus the victory be lost, through a lack of consolidation. The grand army of progress on the one hand, is arrayed against the foes of reason, and the advocates of an unnatural religion, which must be taught in order to be believed. No absurdity seems to them too foolish for credence, if it happens to be found in the Bible.

In conclusion, I will only add that I consider the Banner of Light worthy the support of its readers, and of many more. I am glad to hear that its circulation is being extended.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

NUMBER THREE.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

My theme is Heaven and Hell. In my last I showed what and where they are not. In this I would show what and where they are.

What are they? Simply, states of mind—this, and nothing more, and nothing less. Heaven is a happy, and hell an unhappy state of the mind. Happiness, that results from the consciousness of right-doing, is heaven; unhappiness, that results from the consciousness of wrong-doing, is hell. Conscious innocence is conscious heaven; conscious guilt is conscious hell. Self-approval is heaven; and heaven cannot be in the soul without it. Self-condemnation is hell; and without it there is no hell. The man who is self-approved, is self-sustained, has heaven in him; but self-condemned, he has no sustaining power within. He has no courage, no inward support. He sinks in his own esteem; he falls, and is in a moral paralysis. He is in hell. No, he is not in hell, but hell is in him.

A person may suffer deeply and still be in a heaven-state of mind. An essential element of heaven is the power to weep with those who weep, to suffer with those who suffer, as well as to rejoice with those who rejoice. My soul may be in agony over the misconduct and misery of those I love, yet the conscious innocence, serenity and beauty of heaven be in me at the same time. The more perfect my heaven, the more keenly shall I feel for those who suffer, whether their suffering be the result of their own or of the vices of others. The more perfect is our heaven-state of mind, the more keenly and tenderly shall we sympathize with human woes, whether in our

of the body. Our power to suffer with those who suffer will be in proportion to our power to rejoice with those who rejoice, i. e., to the perfection of our heaven.

No state of mind can more nearly resemble a perfect hell-state than that which unites us to suffer with those who suffer. It is said that those who are so fortunate as to become citizens of the New Jerusalem, and occupants of the heaven of Christendom, not only lose the power to suffer with those who suffer, but gain the fiendish power of shouting glory as they see and enjoy "the smoke of the torments of their fathers and mothers, wives and husbands, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, and friends and neighbors amid the flames of hell ascending up forever." And their joy is the greater, and their shouts the louder, when they know that their "weepings and wallings" are to be eternal. All such are in a most perfectly fiendish hell-state of mind. Such a heaven actualizes my highest ideal of hell. To such a heaven, or "City of God," as it is called, I respect myself and love my fellow beings too well to go. It is my soul's deepest loathing and abhorrence. My heaven shall be one that shall perfect my love, tenderness and capacity to suffer with all who suffer, as the heaven of Jesus did for him, making him keenly alive to the sufferings of his fellow beings.

Heaven or hell, then, is a state of the mind, and exists nowhere in the universe for us but in our own souls. As is our state of mind, so is our heaven or our hell. They exist only in the human soul.

COMMENTS ON T. W. HIGGINSON'S LECTURE.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

On Sunday evening, the 23d of February, Mr. T. W. Higginson, of Newport, R. I., delivered a lecture in Horticultural Hall, Boston, to a large assemblage, his theme being "Immortality." The speaker said it was ten years since he had spoken in public on a Sunday, and from long disuse of the autocratic attitude of the pulpit and greater freedom of thought, he felt that he could now speak the sentiments of an individual rather than those of an institution or the reflex of an institution.

He evinced his own sentiments in regard to the non-resurrection of the body by quoting from the dialogue reported as having occurred between Socrates and Crito just before the former swallowed the hemlock, in which, in answer to Crito's question of "Where shall we bury you?" Socrates told his friend that after he, the living being called Socrates had left and gone to a state of blessedness, he might bury his body anywhere he pleased. He severely blamed the Christian ministry at large, who devote their life-long energies to crushing out all instinctive faith in immortality to substitute the dogmatic teachings of the churches in its place, and prove by argument that no other faith in the reality of an after-life is genuine or available but that which springs from a belief in the resurrection of Jesus. Though not alluded to in express words, by plain implication sectarian Sunday schools came in here for a large share of rebuke. The mothers of America were eloquently appealed to to save their offspring from the deadening effects of these malign teachings, that crush out the beautiful instincts implanted in the infant soul, which if fostered will lead to the establishment in the mind of a natural, liberal faith, and a cheerful, happy confidence in the goodness and beneficence of God, whether in time or eternity.

A striking contrast was drawn between the consoling religion of Nature and that taught in the dogmatic churches, whose habit has ever been to clothe death with all the dark surroundings of despair and woe, instead of looking at it as a natural birth into a higher and a better life. As if in rivalry (let the writer say) of Dante's dread inscription over the portals of his Inferno, "Leave all hope behind," the speaker said that up to a late period it was theology's wont to place a skull and cross-bones over the portals of the tomb as a fitting emblem of a Christian's hope of immortality.

The lecturer then went on to describe the different paths that led to a belief in immortality. These he likened to what occurs in the arrangement of some of the royal parks of France, where the forest is dotted here and there with central cleared and sunny spots called suns, into which all the paths converge, and bring alike all travelers at last, however diverse may seem to be their wanderings at times.

He classified instinct as the first of the paths that led to a faith in immortality. It is vain for those whose instinctive faith has been crushed out by education to deny that throughout the world and among all peoples a belief in immortality has been reached through instinct. There never was an American Indian who had not arrived at a belief in immortality by instinct.

Up to this point the speaker's utterances were earnest and eloquent. I watched him closely, and could distinctly see the soul dancing in the eyes as it sent forth its magnetism to give life and light to the words that fell from his lips. But now a change seemed to "pass over the dream." It was evident that "a pearl of great price" was welling in his breast which the lips refused to utter, "lest it should be trampled in the mire by swine, and they should turn and rend the giver." His internal, soul-man seemed struggling to say that the North American's instinct was not simply a plummet cast into the great depths of eternity, from whence came back no echo or response, but as there was not an American Indian who had not believed in a life beyond the grave, so there was not one whose faith in that consoling truth had not been perfected by the consciousness that he held tangible communication with ancestors and friends who had passed on to the great hunting-ground given them by the Great Spirit in the better world. But it was all in vain; the outer refused to respond to the pleadings of the inner man, and with weakened force the speaker passed on to the negro, and told of the wonderful faith he had seen his colored regiment exhibit in the certainty of a future life on the eve of an engagement with the enemy. As if conscious of the diminished magnetism of his words, the speaker now resorted to ascription, asserting that in his soul he believed the negro's fervent faith in a future life was not the result of any teaching, but an instinct. He instanced an old negro preacher, who, when danger was at hand, was wont to nerve his comrades for the fight by stirring appeals to God and their duty that were scarcely second to the famous one attributed to Oliver Cromwell, "Fear God, and keep your powder dry," whose unwavering faith in immortality was based wholly on instinct. (Based on instinct alone that was all, and nothing more!) I looked into the speaker's eyes, and thought of Sterne's startling beating against the windows of its cage and crying, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

He passed on to show how false were the teachings of the churches in regard to death. However horrid may be the idea to people in health, he had not, among all of the many he had seen die, known of one who exhibited fear at its approach. He had that morning talked with a physician of

eighty years of age, whose life had been passed among the sick and dying, who bore the same testimony. This victory over the terrors of death, at its near approach, implanted by the false teachings of theology, is not accomplished by the prayers of clergymen, but is an instinct of the human soul that resumes its power as death draws near.

An instinct! that was all, and nothing more! Oh, how the starting beat against its cage and cried, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

And is it even so among all deathbed scenes this speaker has witnessed? Is there not so much as one, only one, where, just as the soul approached the confines of another world, he saw the sufferer's eyes dilate with more than earthly joy as he instinctively reached forth his feeble arms to clasp the bright angel messengers of God that hover round to bear the parting soul to the blissful spirit realms he now, with new opening vision, sees beyond the grave? Had the speaker never seen and felt that it is the presence of these sweet influences—the spirits of departed friends—that in his providence a loving Father has sent in answer to the promptings of unerring instinct to disrobe at the last moment death of its terrors? Or would he leave his hearers to believe that such glorious revelations are (as taught in the schools) but disordered fancies of the soul, horror stricken at its near approach to the dread "skull and cross-bone" portals of a priest-made Christian's grave? In absence of the development or crushing out of instinct by a false education, love comes in as another path that leads to a belief in immortality.

The speaker had known a young mother, who, previous to the birth of her infant, had always been an unbeliever, that was converted through watching the unfolding of her child's spirit as it lay upon her breast; and when, six months later, she laid it in the grave rejoiced in an unfeigned faith that she would again meet it in heaven. So potent is the emotion of maternal love in bringing the mind to a belief in the future life, that he had known a bereaved mother to cling to it, though from infancy she had lived among infidels who now ridiculed her for believing that she should again meet her child in another world. Oh, how the starting beat against the bars and strove to make the speaker pronounce some of the wondrous things that may be accomplished in heaven as well as on earth, by that sweet and most beautiful of all paths that lead to and from the seen and the unseen worlds—a mother's love. But it was all in vain; he "made no sign," and passed on to describe the will path, a way by which many reached a belief in immortality. Undoubtedly the will may exert an almost superhuman force, not only upon the physical body but upon all the earthly surroundings of man. But it was difficult to follow the speaker understandingly to his conclusions, so as to comprehend by what method the mind may be convinced of immortality simply through the exercise of the will unsupported by fact or actual knowledge, however fervently it may at times rejoice in a resolve "not to die."

The intellect furnished the last path to a belief in immortality—a path by which many had arrived at its goal, although it had seemingly but little attraction for the speaker. It was evident in his handling, however, that he did not exactly hold with Paul that *spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned*, nor did he attempt to show why the cultivation of the intellect alone, apart from that of the spirit in man, is not quite as likely (if not far more so) to lead to *unbelief* as to *belief* in immortality.

Here the speaker closed his analysis of the four paths that lead through the forest of life to a belief in immortality. He, however, briefly alluded, in apologetic strain, to yet another (sort of a misty, tangled way) by which so many tens of thousands had been comforted and led to a belief in immortality, that he could not find it in his heart to speak disrespectfully of it, especially as the blessedness of the souls who were wandering in this pseudo path was so great that thousands of others were longing to share it with them. He regretted that he had not time to say more about the so-called "Spiritualists," because he believed they were the representatives of those who, in all time, had been the advocates of science and truth, and that their opponents at the present day represent the classes that have, in every age, persecuted the witnesses of truth and opposed progress. But the pseudo science called "Spiritualism," resting its claims in a few scattered phenomena, is too uncertain and indefinite to be considered a reliable path to a belief in immortality.

Here, with a few concluding remarks, the speaker closed a discourse on the most pregnant of all subjects—"Immortality"; highly suggestive and eloquent in its commencement, it is true, but, oh! "most lame and impotent in its conclusion." The "play of Hamlet with the Prince laid out," and it may be added, *Ophelia too!*

And is it indeed so? Is "Spiritualism" the only path or ladder that reaches from earth to heaven on which "angels ascend and descend"? the only path that leads not to a belief, but to a knowledge of a future life, with which all other paths must blend ere they reach their goal? In absence of which instinct is but a cheat, the mother's love a cruel phantasy, will-power a mockery, and intellect a mazy labyrinth ending where it begins?—Is this indeed but a "pseudo science," a false science sustained by a few phenomena alone? What, let me ask, gives such vitality to the Catholic Church at the present day but the pseudo science of "Spiritualism," monopolized, it is true, by its priesthood, to maintain which in their own hands its hierarchy have in past days shed the blood of millions of innocent mediums, simply because the spirit compelled them to bear witness to truths in advance of the teachings of the Church!

What, too, enables the unlettered people of every clime, nation and tribe outside of the Christian fold to meet death with fortitude and comparative unconcern, but that unwavering belief in a future life common to them all—founded not in blind instinct, love, will or intellect disjoined and alone, but upon all combined, culminating in a positive knowledge of tangible communion with friends who have passed on before them to the realms of a happier life beyond the grave? And what, too, let me ask, has conferred on the Protestant theologians of the present day such spiritual darkness, terror and deadness, such utter inability, however gifted they may be in intellect, piety or learning, to lead their hearers to a belief in immortality, but the absence of the pseudo science of Spiritualism, crushed out by the early reformers, it is true, because of its terrible abuse by the Romish priesthood, but thereby leaving a void in the heart of the Protestant Church that all the dogmatic teachings of the pulpit have vainly sought in vain to fill with the effete spiritual experiences of past ages?

And is the pseudo science of Spiritualism indeed tested by a few isolated phenomena only? Was not the speaker aware that if all the phenomenal facts that have occurred within the last twenty years in the United States alone, which attest the truth of "spirit communion" at the present day, were condensed into the form of scripture narrative, the space of an hundred

Bible volumes would hardly suffice to contain them? Charity would lead to the hope that it was the ignorance of the speaker in regard to the merits of the *pseudo science* of "Spiritualism" that led him to so effectually "damn it with faint praise," and not the fear of the Mother Grundys before him—some of whom already perceive that the hated stone that has been "plucked from the mountain without hands" is fast demolishing the foundations of their lofty idol temples, and ere another half century passes threatens to lay them prostrate in the dust, to give place to a purer and a better worship; when all, from the least to the greatest, shall know God for themselves without the intervention of priest or clergy, and worship him in sincerity and in truth, through acts of goodness rather than by unmeaning words of praise.

When the speaker entered on this part of his subject I saw the starting again beat with frenzied wing against the windows of his cage, from whence it soon retreated with the plaintive cry, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" As he concluded I again looked into the speaker's eyes, but "there was no speculation there"—the poor starling was dead.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STAR VOICES.

DEDICATED TO SUFFERING SOULS.

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

On this pleasant winter evening,
As my soul is calmly thinking,
Through my heart a voice is thrilling
From the stars that, twinkling,
Soom in upper heavens a' shining,
Telling why they seem thus shrinking
As they flash and scintillate.

"We are shrinking from the glory,
From the grandeur of the glory
Flaming from the myriad altars
Of poor human hearts in pain:
Pained through hopes that are a dying;
Pained by fires their hopes consuming,
Till the ashes falling backward
So belid the spirit's vision
That the glory which we shrink from
Is but blackness unto them."

"Oh, these ashes! dead, white ashes!
Let no tear-drops fall upon them,
Lest their alkaline corroding
Should so eat into your soul-life
That your strength be naught but weakness,
And your crown be thus too heavy,
With its glory so transcendent,
All too heavy, when it comes."

Hark, again I hear them saying,
"Mortals, would you weep from sorrowing,
Grieve, then, cease this constant praying;
Quench the hidden fire in motion,
Still the pulse of inspiration,
Fertilize both heart and soul.
If you ask, then, what you must suffer;
You must grow to what you pray for,
And the pains of transformation
Come before the glory comes."

"You may look and you may wonder
That there's none to save or help you:
Your own arm must bring salvation,
You yourself the witness tread;
For yourself the cross must carry,
For yourself must bow your head;
But the soul that passeth upward
Through a way so steep and narrow,
That it bleedeth in the struggle,
So expands upon the summit
That to it there's no returning—
All the landscape spread beneath it,
All the broad blue heavens above it,
But its birth-pangs no'er again."

"Mortals, think you we have travelled
Through the realms of space in vain?
Think you that the deep convulsions
We have felt can come again?
That our silver-headed refuge
Could have been without a throes,
That we could give light to others
Had we felt no burning throes—
Fire refining, dress consuming,
Heaving, tossing, boiling woes,
Such as flaming star-hearts know?
Sins, you call us; sins, we are;
Contrition lights the way;
Many a less progressive star
Have been made such by the forcing
Of the fire within us hidden.
Out through every throbbing pore—
Fire, that to the white heat driven,
Gives us now the name of STAR."

LETTER FROM DEAN CLARK.

MESSRS. EDITORS AND READERS OF THE DEAR OLD BANNER—Once again at liberty, I hail the opportunity to greet you with a few words by way of resuming what has ever been a pleasure to me—a correspondence with you through a medium which all good spirits in both worlds love, because of its unswerving fidelity to truth, to humanity and to the great objects embraced within the scope of the grand movement which the Higher Power has inaugurated and is superintending.

I have resigned my position as Associate Editor of *The Present Age*, with which I have been connected for a little over three months, and now doffing the dubious editorial tie, I rejoice in the liberty of my individuality, which birthright I shall never sell for the postage of position, for gold, nor the favor of those to whom fortuitous circumstance, not merit, may place in power. Evidently the prime purpose of the Angels of Deliverance is to individualize every human soul, and experience in efforts at focalizing this disintegrating power, has taught me that the time is not yet at hand for centralizing what God has put and is putting asunder, that the oppressed may go free, that those in bonds with which usurpers have hampered them, may have their inalienable right of liberty to think, act and be themselves, with none to lord it over them.

As yet I have seen no nucleus possessed of sufficient attractive and cohesive power to draw into a consolidated body the heterogeneous elements of which the class called Spiritualists is composed, and as interior attraction and affinitization is the only method by which God organizes bodies and systems, all human efforts at combining incompatible and repulsive elements into a homogeneous mass have thus far been and ever must be abortive. Oil and water may be forced into an emulsion, but never into a compound, and when left to obey their natural attractions, they act like most of the societies or organizations hitherto formed among Spiritualists.

No "Head Centre," or "central man" or woman has yet come forth or been found wise enough or faithful enough to become a recognized leader, to focalize Spiritualism into a system, and organize legitimate association; and I opine that the only legitimate leaders are the Invisibles, and that they are seeking to institute a thoroughly democratic religion, in the establishment and management of which there shall be neither Popes, High Priests, Synods nor Associations that shall in the least transgress, abridge or control individual liberty, or confer position and power upon any ambitious aspirant that may seek to exalt himself or herself into high places of authority.

Observation has verified to me the truth of that

Scripture which declares that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased," for I have witnessed the discomfiture and humiliation of self-seeking schemers, whose projects have miscarried and whose plans have "come to grief."

This being emphatically a spiritual movement, all who are engaged in it as instruments must subordinate self-interest to the philanthropic purposes of those noble spirits who, in compassion, have descended to the human plane again to save the world from its errors and their consequences, and none can succeed who do not work in entire concurrence with the Higher Powers, who are seeking to level mankind by abasing the proud and selfish, and elevating the humble and submissive.

My experience in Michigan has taught me some salutary lessons, and while it has not in the least damped my zeal for the cause, yet it has given me more wisdom to apply myself to the work—it has taught me that all forced movements toward combination are premature, and that organization can never be successful till it is spontaneous, and not until the people are spiritually and morally prepared to receive the truth well enough to make sacrifices for its promulgation, will attempts at organization prove more than spasmodic efforts, aroused by the galvanic enthusiasm of the few zealous workers.

About a year ago, in a letter to the *Banner of Light*, I dubbed Michigan the "Banner State" in the work of organization and the thought that signs were auspicious for successful combination and permanent working power through union of forces; but I am sorry to say that in many places the organizations formed exist but in name, and they have not exhibited life enough to produce even a chronic spasm, while many that were apparently vigorous soon began to be affected with the indigenous or endemic "chills and fever," and shortly became very "bilious," and now it will take a "power" of magnetism to put them in working order.

The State Organization, which begat the numerous progeny of County Circles and Local Societies, after ten months of vigorous labor in "multiplying and replenishing," became exhausted, and suspended efforts till a General Council or "Consultation" was held, when the "leading physician" determined to amputate its head and body, and engraft another upon "the stump," and getting a majority of the inexperienced "practitioners" to acquiesce, (with some "mental reservations" as to the propriety and legality of the procedure), the unprecedented surgical operation was performed—the "mutilated remains" of the old body were unceremoniously consigned to "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth," and the illegitimate nondescript of a hybrid was brought forth, christened, and sent *ex post facto* to the State Legislature to get its birth and existence legalized.

But alas for the uncertainty of human expectations!

"The best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang an' agley."

Some of the "mourners" for the untimely death of the Patriarch, knowing the illegitimacy of the birth, and the propriety and legality of the procedure, in the earth, begging for old clothes to cover their sickly body, while its *incognito* sire has abandoned it to the tender mercies of "the brethren!"

Sic transit gloria mundi! but "the Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice." Man proposes, and God disposes. The body dies, but the man lives. Human schemes fall and nations fall and rise again, but truths and principles are immutable and immortal. So Spiritualism in Michigan, as elsewhere, though "stabbed in the house of its friends," still lives, and though like the emancipated souls that have "put on immortality," it will not again put on the "corruption" of human forms, or incarnate itself in any ephemeral association, yet it will be a free liberal household, erect its shrine in every pure heart, and diffuse its quickening and exhilarating influence, like "the balm of a thousand flowers," through the atmosphere in which all true souls "live, move, and have a being."

It may be true, as a Chicago paper has asserted, that "now is the Mecca of Spiritualists," but certain it is that there is no Mahomet here among its would-be leaders, nor is there any "black stone" that its devotees will make a very long "pilgrimage" to kiss.

I would not be understood to declare that the experiment at general organization has proved an irreparable failure, or that there is no vitality in any of the Local Societies, for there are some that are working finely and are as vigorous (but no more so), as those of any other State, or of any religious body extant; but when I see the apathy and want of unity of purpose and feeling that prevails here, as in many other States, and nowhere when I see the *projectors* of the Organic Movement of "go back on it" (to use a significant Western idiom), and openly and knowingly violate the provisions of the Statute and their Constitution in their proceedings, and when I see a disposition to evade personal responsibility and to neglect the obligation of the State Association to its faithful servants, I am not disposed to make flourish of trumpets about the unprecedented success of Organization in Michigan, nor to indulge in an inordinate pride that I named her the "Banner State" a year ago!

At all events I shall take counsel of the old proverb—"Don't crow till you get out of the pot," and will wait, or rather, I will wait, until the State that comes out of the pot, is no nobler souls in the world than are to be found among the Spiritualists of this beautiful and progressive State, and there are many earnest, self-sacrificing laborers who are impoverishing their own pockets to replenish the "scanty Board" of the Association, and I would cast no reproach upon the true body of progressive minds that constitute "a wing" of the Grand Army, to which every State contributes its quota of brave veterans. I would only strive to counteract any tendency to a self-conceit that would make any invidious distinctions in conferring honors upon East or West, where I see little difference.

Mistakes are often stopping-stones to success; let us then improve by them, and in the fellowship of mutual dependence and of a common purpose, work on together till life's great purpose is consummated.

MISSOURI.

Matters in St. Louis.

Perhaps a line from our beautiful city may not be uninteresting to your numerous readers, and we should judge you have many in this vicinity from the piles of the *Banner of Light* on sale and prominently displayed at all the news stands, besides your subscribers by mail, the number of which is not small.

We have just returned from the Sunday morning session of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum" in large Philharmonic Hall. The Spiritualist Society also hold their meetings there, and both seem to be in a flourishing condition. Mrs. Townsend, formerly from Vermont, has been lecturing for the last two months to large audiences, with much effect, in the Society's hall here. The Lyceum has progressed very much under the leadership of the talented and energetic Myron Colony and his lovely and devoted wife. (He seems to be one of St. Louis's most gifted sons; he is well known as the Commercial Editor of the *Missouri Democrat*, the principal republican newspaper of this city and State; also a regular contributor to the *St. Louis Home Journal*, and the author of several beautiful romances.) He seems to have a very efficient staff of young lady and gentlemen assistants in the Lyceum. It is a real treat to be present at the Lyceum, and adult persons as well as children can gain much pleasure and many lessons.

It is naturally strikes a thinking, progressive mind, that these Lyceum exercises are much more calculated to practically benefit these youthful minds than the musty teachings of old Orthodox Theology Sunday schools. These questions on scientific, philosophical, moral and practical subjects, tend to expand their minds in the most judicious manner, and they are not only made to write the answers, then to learn to appear in public with confidence and read them correctly. The calisthenic or light gymnastic exercises of the Lyceum learn them to develop their forms in physical strength, symmetry and beauty, as a sound body is as necessary to complete happiness as a sound mind, when the mind is exercising, which here keeps time to soul-inspiring music of the piano, violin and triangle—to see how proudly each little boy and each little girl shoulders and waves, as they march, the loved flag of our country, which their fathers and brothers, many of them, have bravely so much to protect. It seems so natural to inspire in them a patriotic devotion to their country's republican institutions than learning the king and despotic teachings of Old Theology. Then more important still, to have their young minds early imbued with the heavenly teachings of the beautiful harmonious philosophy (which tends to make them the people who have the clearest vision, and are not poisoned by the gloomy and desponding teachings of Orthodox theology, which has caused so many "through fear of death to be all their lives subject to bondage."

On the second Sunday of each month the Lyceum holds "Convention-Day," when the regular answers given on the previous Sunday to the questions are read by the children giving them, on the platform; these are interspersed by music on the piano and singing by the young ladies and gentlemen; also by select readings, declamations and appropriate dialogues. A little newspaper is also printed which contains the replies given on Convention-Day, for distribution.

On Convention-Days the hall is filled with spectators to enjoy the proceedings. On last Convention-Day a larger contribution was taken up for the benefit of the Lyceum than ever before, showing the appreciation of the public. A few days before the Lyceum of this week was tempted to attend one of the fashionable city churches in the after part of the day, and another in the evening. A titled Orthodox D.D. held forth in each of scattered congregations. The edifices were expensively gotten up and shone with a "dim religious light," but the mind-food was dimmer still, and your writer was unable to find any. They only drew one of their terrible pictures of a hell and an angry God; then an offer to join their church as the grand panacea for these ills. The writer was glad to betake himself to the welcome pages of the *Banner of Light* on his return, to get some real immortal or mind-food.

No wonder the clergy trying to feed the people with chaff of contrary to reason, have to take themselves to all kinds of clap-trap, such as advertising to speak on sensational subjects, getting up scenic displays and ritualistic ceremonies to get audiences, and then are forced to acknowledge their religion "a failure."

Yours truly, W. M. WOLFE, M. D.

St. Louis, Mo., March 28, 1869.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Journeys and Jottings on Cape Cod. A part of the month of January was spent among the good people on Cape Cod.

At Harwich, where I passed one Sunday and lectured two or three evenings in the vicinity, there is a larger number of persons interested in the investigation of Spiritualism than in any other town on the Cape.

This is due, probably, to the fact that there are several very good mediums in the town, and also to the prevailing liberal spirit which existed among them previous to the advent of Spiritualism. It is a significant fact that I have always observed in my travels that Spiritualism flourishes best among those minds that tend toward what the church calls infidelity. There is quite a large number of this class on the Cape. Many of the men, in fact about every other one, are or have been sea captains, and the extensive knowledge of all nations and classes of people of all the different forms of worship that exist throughout the world, has had a tendency to break down their prejudices to a remarkable degree. The advantages of the theology of Christendom over the other religions of the world appear much better when presented by its one-sided advocates than when compared by actual observation. As these brave sons of Neptune found that many of the statements of the theologians in regard to other religions were false; that the devotees of other forms of worship were morally superior in many respects to the self-righteous theologians, they lost confidence in them, and when these credulous cried out against the evils of spirit-communion, their voices fell upon unheeding ears. Choosing to invent false statements, they never dreamed so, and having become convinced they fearlessly utter their convictions.

Among the mediums who have contributed largely to the growth of our cause in this community, I must make honorable mention of Mrs. Small and Mrs. Clark. The last mentioned lady has lectured in different towns on the Cape for many years past; never ceasing from her labors as she has a family that demands much of her time and attention. Mrs. Clark's honest and straightforward course, both as a woman and a medium, has gained for her the respect and confidence of all who know her best.

As a seeress she has few equals, judging from the testimony of those who have seen her in her sphere of action. In her narrow and comparatively humble sphere of action, this lady has done more, by her earnest and self-sacrificing efforts, to build up the cause of Spiritualism than many who have ranged a larger field. Mrs. Small has done a good work as a healer and circle medium.

The impression made by the Harwich camp-meeting has been very favorable, and has done much to break down the prejudice against what was said of it. This good effect aroused a spirit of opposition among a certain class who were not there, and many a pulp it furnished a breastwork for the coward that stood behind it to discharge his volleys of vituperative denunciation against the camp-meeting. Opposition coming from this source is the strongest evidence of the justice and ultimate success of the cause against which it is brought to bear that can possibly be adduced. In my opinion no higher compliment could be paid to Spiritualism than the fact that the self-satisfied advocates of conservative old theology strenuously oppose it.

While I was on the Cape a call was issued by some of the clergy, through the various papers, for a Convention to be held in East Dennis, for the purpose of devising ways and means to check the rapid growth of "modern infidelity" which was everywhere apparent. A report of the proceedings of the Convention, in regard to the Christian religion, such as this would be likely to stick seriously in the throats of the American people, who have ever prided themselves on the liberty of conscience so wisely provided for by the framers of the Constitution. It is strange that people cannot be satisfied with the privilege of enjoying their own opinions without endeavoring to force them upon others. It often happens, however, that this lust of power becomes the very means to hasten the result which it most desires to avert; while striving to extend its dominions it brings swift destruction upon itself. Witness the history of American slavery. Of the two, I should prefer physical bondage to chains that load the soul and dwarf the mind, and stultify the natural instincts of the human soul.

But to the camp-meeting. Mrs. A., who was not present, says to Mrs. B., who was: "What wicked people those Spiritualists are! What dreadful actions they had at their camp-meeting! Why, if you will believe me, Mrs. Grundy told me that her cousin told her that she heard that one of the women spelt out the words of the Bible under her feet, and stamped upon it. Oh, it's awful!"

Mrs. B.—"It must be a mistake, for I was there, and I do not think there was a single copy of the Bible brought on the ground during the whole meeting."

Mrs. A.—"What! A camp-meeting without a Bible? I don't know which is the worst, to stand on it, or not to have any at all. To think of a religious meeting without God's Holy Word being used! What is the world coming to?"

Mrs. B.—"There was not only no Bible, but very few, if any, spoken prayers."

Mrs. A.—"No prayers! don't wonder our good neighbors that hear that the 'spooks' work! 'You must have had pretty goings on!'"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, all who were present declared it to be the most orderly and best conducted camp-meeting they ever attended; and it is expected if we have one next year, as we certainly intend to, that it will be more largely attended than any camp-meeting ever before held on the Cape, and that it will be more successful than any, and bring their friends."

Mrs. A.—"Good-day, Mrs. B. I have got to call on Mrs. Grundy a little while this afternoon. No prayers! Mrs. G. did not know this. I have got a piece of news for her. How dreadful!"

I delivered a score or more of lectures on the Cape, and with scarcely an exception I was greeted with crowded houses. One or two, however, failed, on account of a severe storm, and the other because of smoke. Yes, I got effectually smoked out at Wareham; the stove funnel got choked, and the smoke thereof came into the hall, to the supreme disgust of everybody. We were obliged to heat an incense burner.

At Monument I stayed at the hospitable home of Bro. E. O. Parker, whose name and history was related to me by one of his friends. Mr. Parker was acting Postmaster in his town, when the mail was robbed of quite a sum of money. Circumstantial evidence pointed to him as the robber, and he was condemned and sentenced to State prison for a term of years to know that he did not believe him to be guilty. His neighbors were circulated, signed by them all, to have his sentence commuted. After some years he was pardoned out by the Governor, and his old employers received him back into their service as satisfied, showing that they had the utmost confidence in his truthfulness and honesty. A year or two later he was again arrested, and this time it came to light that the robbery was committed by a stage driver, which fact established the innocence of Bro. Parker beyond all doubt.

Bro. Parker says that he could never have borne this deep sorrow without insanity or death, but for the consciousness that he had friends, unblinded by mortal eyes, who knew him guiltless, and from whom he received strength and sympathy, such as mortals can scarcely bestow. During the weary months of his imprisonment, he ever realized the presence of a dearly loved spirit sister, whose angelic influence was breathed into his very soul, cheering his lonely hours, and enabling him to bear his heavy burden with comparative ease. How glorious to know that, although the world condemns, because it understands us not, there are those who know our hearts, and appreciate us as we merit. While this is a source of comfort to the innocent, like our Bro. Parker, it becomes a terror to the hypocrite, whose sanctimonious exterior and oily tongue belie his unscrupulous villainy, and leads him to believe in his purity of purpose. The guardian angel watching, sees the sinister design, and if possible thwarts the blow, or if it falls, becomes the avenger that will one day expose his hideousness to the gaze of the indignant multitude. Thus the law of compensation reigneth, and we reap as we sow. Here for the present I will close this strange meley of incidents and sympathizing, as my journeyings have taken me off the Cape.

A. E. CARPENTER.

IOWA.

Notes from a Lecturer.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I left Cleveland, Ohio, on the 5th of January, for the purpose of lecturing on our glorious Philosophy and its kindred subjects. My first course of lectures was given at Sycamore, Ill. I gave four lectures in the Universalist Church during week evenings, and two lectures on Sunday in the hall occupied by the Spiritualists. At Sycamore I found the Children's Progressive Lyceum in grand working order, under the conductors of Bro. Harry A. Jones, to whom much credit is due for his untiring labor in behalf of the little ones and the sustainer of our beautiful Gospel. My good health, peace and plenty crown all his efforts in his endeavors to sustain the cause of all causes, is the true desire of the undersigned, and many blessings rest upon the other true friends whose hospitable homes I had the pleasure of enjoying.

From Sycamore I walked across the country (twenty miles) to Belvidere, Ill., where I found two noble and magnanimous brothers in Dr. I. Webster and Capt. Hull, whose kindnesses to me, a stranger, will be remembered with a heartfelt gratitude. I was unsuccessful in speaking at Belvidere, owing to the want of a true friend. Bidding my noble friend, the doctor, farewell, I went to Beloit, Wis., and was welcomed at the hospitable home of Bro. Stone and wife. I found here a very fine Lyceum, and some good and worthy friends in Messrs. Stone, Rope, Wadsworth and others, but, being low in number, are not able to sustain a regular course. One Sunday in a month, by our able co-worker, Bro. Warner, I gave two lectures to very respectable audiences, which were well received.

The time having arrived for my departure, I bade the friends of Beloit a God speed, and left them for a long ride to Des Moines, Iowa, where I had an engagement, for two Sundays, before the First Spiritual Association, and was welcomed by B. N. Kinyon, Esq., whose large, unbounded generosity I shall never forget, and to whose humble but hospitable home I was made more than welcome by himself and wife, and of whom I shall ever speak in terms of the highest commendation. I found, on my arrival, that our noble laborer, H. C. Wright, who has been so long in the land of the living, had preceded us as speaker. I gave a course of ten lectures, which, I am satisfied, found a welcome response in the hearts of all true and free thinkers. The Children's Progressive Lyceum at Des Moines, under the conductorship of Joel P. Davis, is in a fine growing condition, and long may it continue to grow, and be able to offer my thanks to all the friends of Des Moines for their kindness to me while a sojourner with them.

Having finished my labors at Des Moines, I gave the parting hand, for a ride of forty miles on the outside of the stage for Montana, facing a north-west wind. Of that ride it is only necessary for me to say that I can't remember it, except with the cold. At Montana I took the cars and came to this place, and I am now stopping at the hospitable home of Bro. Robinson and lady. There have been but a very few lectures here upon the Spiritual Philosophy. Gave two lectures yesterday, but the day being very unpropitious, the few came out to hear the truth; those that did venture out were made comfortable and will have no doubt, remember the truths that they heard.

Pardon me for occupying so much space in your valuable paper. Long may the noble *Banner of Light* continue to wave its ample folds over the hearts of the free and the souls of the brave, till every home shall be blessed with the things of glory, brought down to earth by the angels of the Summer-Land, and the song of our glorious immortality be echoed by the redeemed even to the rim of the world.

Yours truly, W. A. D. HUME.

Nevada, Storer Co., Iowa, March 15, 1869.

Fort Dodge.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Mrs. Fannie T. Young has just closed a series of lectures here, and has won many friends by her genial manners and the truths conveyed through her organism. Our beautiful faith is still too new and too unpopular to suit some, and many minds are so closely wrapped in the mantle of ignorance and prejudice that the light from the spirit-world cannot penetrate, while others—strange as it may seem—are totally indifferent.

The editor of the *Times* says of Mrs. Young: "She is a fluent and talented speaker, and although there were many things in her discourse that we were not fully prepared to accept or endorse as our religious faith, still we are equally well satisfied to have others do so, when it seems to them proper and right."

The editor of the *North-West* says: "She is rather an intelligent, good-looking lady, but as she speaks in a 'trance' for some of the disembodied spirits, we cannot judge of her ability. We have heard but one of her lectures, and must be permitted to say that the 'spirit' who got a hearing through her as a medium that night, must have belonged to a first-class idiot, who has been progressing downward in the scale ever since he left the mortal sphere."

Now, according to my logic, this is either a very rude and uncourteous way of speaking of a lady lecturer, or a direct endorsement of the fact of "trance" speaking and spirit control. The editor is an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Iowa, and certainly would not say anything disrespectful of a lady, and so, after he has "grogged" "upward in mind and manner" so far as to be able to comprehend the teachings even of a "first-class idiot," we will gladly welcome him to our ranks and try to elevate him still higher.

Time is the great vindicator. The intuitions of to-day have demonstrated the truths of the above. Thus it was even so with the man advanced.

MRS. A. M. SWAIN.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, March 18, 1869.

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

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every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

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to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Are the Facts Worthless?

One would think that if there were any Christian sect that would welcome the great facts of Spiritualism, it would be the Universalists. For these facts, in all their analogies, are directly opposed to those theological notions of hell, the reprobation of which is the central meaning of Universalism.

But for some cause or other, our Universalist brethren, with a few exceptions, extend a very grudging recognition to Spiritualism and its phenomena. In a notice of Mr. Sargent's recent and important work, in which the present state of the whole subject is accurately summed up, the *Universalist* concludes its brief mention of the volume, by declaring that it closes it "with an increasing sense of the absurdity of much, the triviality of more, and the worthlessness of most, that the authors and apologists of Spiritualism have to offer."

"Authors and apologists"! As well might this writer speak of the authors and apologists of the earthquakes in California; or of the processes of child-birth. Here are certain natural facts, so wonderful that even the astonishment of a dog would be excited by them—facts to which millions of intelligent persons testify—facts involving the great question of a life after this earthly life—and for these facts Spiritualists are represented as *apologizing*!

Did it never occur to our critic, that the man who undertakes to apologize for any of God's facts may be charged not unjustly with presumption? The facts may be inexplicable and disagreeable to us, but will not the reverent mind take it for granted that God is the best judge of their adaptation in his universe? The fact that venomous reptiles are allowed to exist—that such a disease as hydrophobia is permitted—are facts bewildering and distressing; but we do not know that the natural historians who record these facts are ever ridiculed as "apologists" of them.

"Absurd, trivial, and worthless." Such is the character of the spiritual phenomena, as they appear to the *Universalist*. Well, if they are facts, and spiritual facts, and therefore facts of immense moment, are they to be ignored and set aside because the esthetic gorge of this or that gentleman among our theological dilettanti may happen to rise at them? The monkey may seem a very absurd creature; the butterfly a very trivial one; and the rattlesnake a very worthless one. Nay, there may be some men who may seem at once "absurd, trivial, and worthless." But they are all facts of Nature, notwithstanding; though we may cry "An ounce of civet, good apothecary," when they come too near us; and though we may insist that they ought not to be. So does not say the God who suffers them. How long must Spiritualism have to deal with such superficial objections as these?

We do not "apologize" for the facts of Spiritualism any more than for the facts of physiology. The man who can read the well-attested accounts of phenomena through Mr. Home, Miss Kate Fox, and other mediums, as given in Mr. Sargent's book, and then dodge the question of their importance, not by pronouncing that they are not proven, but by stigmatizing them as absurd, trivial, worthless or disagreeable, is plainly too much under the mastery of preconceived opinions to allow his intellect free scope.

When some one, referring to certain phenomena, remarked to the Rev. Mr. Mountford, "Blowing a horn! Playing a guitar! What is the good of that?" Mr. M. simply replied: "My friend, I did not say there was any good in it. I merely said there was a fact in it, and that fact the operation of a spirit."

Here is the essential point to which critics like him of the *Universalist* persist in shutting their eyes. The true question is, not whether the floating guitar is played poorly or well, or whether a communication, written by some invisible force, is wise or foolish, but by what means is it played; and by what means is it written; not, is the fact agreeable? Is it in harmony with my notions of esthetic propriety? but, is it a fact? Hostile men of science and shallow critics have talked as if Spiritualists were really responsible for the facts, instead of merely being the observers and recorders of them.

"That method of picking and choosing evidences," says Mr. Mountford, "that fashion of thinking only alongside of well-trodden roads—that determination which idolizes agreeable facts, and winks hard against what are irreconcilable—which has been so common in theology, and for the sake of it—all that, what possible outcome can there be but folly? The historical reality of a familiar spirit made certain by modern analogies, would probably be but an unwelcome fact in many theological schools. But yet facts—facts are the words in which the universe reads to man its unending lesson. They may be odious by themselves, sometimes, while yet through their connections they may be very valuable."

What if all men had been of such squeamish stomachs as to deal with the by no means agreeable facts of pathology in the same way as the *Universalist* would deal with the facts of Spiritualism—setting them aside as trivial or worthless, or as requiring an "apology," because they did not happen to tickle their tastes or accord with their notions of the useful and the proper? Would surgery have ever become a science in such an event?

The *Boston Advertiser*, in a notice of Mr. Sargent's volume the other day, made the following extraordinary remark: "The existence of the phenomena as a class—once being granted, we fail to discover among the facts a single one possessing either esthetic beauty, intellectual originality, or material usefulness." To which Mr. Sargent dryly replied: "If the facts are true, the critic's complaint of their non-conformity with his tastes applies to the author of Nature and not to the recorder of the facts."

What would be thought of a man who should object to the facts of geology, that they have neither esthetic beauty, intellectual originality, or

material usefulness? It would seem to be that God Almighty does not regulate his universe by what may be our own poor fluctuating human notions of the beautiful, the original, or useful. Think of our objecting, with our poor mole's vision, to the lack of originality in one of God's facts. From whom then, it might be asked, did God plagiarize?

The critic of the *Advertiser* will learn, perhaps, on these days, that a fact which may seem to him a very barren, absurd, or unoriginal fact, at thirty, will reveal itself as full of infinite novelty and importance, at sixty. Instead of taking the irreverent ground, that one of the facts of God's universe, proven and "granted," is to be ignored because it is unlovely, or because we may not see its utility, let us rather believe that he who sees the whole of his universe, in its eternal relations, instead of a poor little fleeting fragment of a phase of it, is alone competent to decide the question of fitness and utility.

The temper of the *Universalist* toward the great facts of Spiritualism would seem to be very much like that of his Presbyterian brethren. The *North Western Presbyterian*, published in Chicago, dismisses the great facts of Mr. Sargent's book in this wise: "Here is a volume of four hundred pages, of which we have read only the preface, eight pages. We do not propose to read any more. The writer closes his preface by asking, 'What are we to do with these facts?' Our answer is, let them alone and have nothing to do with them. There are a good many things in the world in reference to which we give the same answer. Some things are not worth knowing, and this book is probably one."

Is not all this in the very spirit of the philosopher who refused to look through a microscope because it would upset his pet theory in regard to protoplasm? It all means just this: We will face such facts only as happen to be agreeable to us; as happen to conform with the mood or intelligence of the moment, and which do not run counter to our preconceived notions, and put us to the trouble of reconstructing any of our inherited or spontaneous opinions.

What earnestness, courage and fidelity as a truth-seeker must a man have, who can make such excuses for keeping his eyes shut! What a bell-wether for his flock of readers must such an editor be! The facts are worthless, not because they are not God's facts, but because they do not harmonize with our notions of what ought to be. We once heard of a physician who severely criticized Nature's mode of bringing children into the world, and who declared that he could have contrived a plan vastly more agreeable, simple and proper if God had put the business in his hands. Does a sentiment like this seem blasphemous to our friends of the *Universalist* and the *North Western Presbyterian*? Yet, in their way of treating the great facts of Spiritualism, they are manifesting a similar temerity.

Activity of the Divine.

The old notion about heaven's being a place of "unending rest," with hands all folded, no sorrows, troubles or tears, nothing to come up to excite its occupants in any way, no activity of any sort that belongs to the creative department being indulged in, has pretty much gone out of fashion, and therefore is abandoned as a faith. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe remarked, in her recent Sunday discourse in this city, "My conception of the divine makes it the culmination of this universal activity, not its exception. I believe God to be the great energizing agency of the universe. I believe this, because it is only in this aspect that he is imitable with any degree of moral advantage. Is the divine resplendent and inactive? Then it should become human greatness to be so, too. Is he filled with the joys of possession and government? Then seek not to restrain human avarice, or human ambition. They do but imitate the greatest model with natural and commendable emulation. But this gives us a divine without divineness, as the human copy shows us, multiplying neither joy nor virtue by the multiplication of wealth and command. The only divine that the human can follow is a *divine that works for all*. These are true and weighty words. Activity is the inspiration of life. Where it is not, there is death. If it is so here, it must be so throughout the realms of the universe. Love is called, and rightly, the energizing force of the universe; but love cannot be love, and yet cease to grow, to develop, to advance. If it be so among mortals, how much more so with the divine! We never could believe in a Creator who had for a moment ceased to work."

Murders and Hangings.

The complaint is all the time making that murders are on the increase, and yet those who raise them keep insisting on the continued use of the gallows. Somehow or another, they are blind to the inconsistency of the fact and the demand. They do not seem to think that there may be a better way of managing than has hitherto been followed with such useless results. Twichell is about to be hanged, in Philadelphia, for the murder of Mrs. Hill, his wife's mother, yet there exist grave doubts about his being guilty of murder, according to the legal definition of that term, and he is entitled, by law and justice, to the benefit of those doubts. In spite of that, there are papers enough to keep alive the old Mosaic cry, "Hang him! hang him!" We observe an article in the *Orthodox paper—the Advance*—published in Chicago, advocating the Mosaic code in plain and unequivocal terms. It makes dreary enough reading, for there are no new points elicited, and what argument there may be to it is so stale and jejune as to excite even sluggish attention. We do not suppose that these old prejudices—for that is what they are—will be worn down by assailing them, but they will finally die because they can no longer live in the atmosphere of more spiritual ideas and an enlarged spirit of philanthropy. "Advocates of reform in punishment need not greatly trouble themselves to root out odious prejudices; let them plant good seed, and when that comes up it will throw out these errors quietly by its roots."

Sunday Reading.

The attempt to get the Boston Public Library open on Sundays, by the action of the Legislature, has for the time failed; and the failure revealed several weak points in the armor of those who oppose so reasonable a request, which can be taken effective advantage of another time. The same effort is now making in New York. A company of liberal minded individuals having moved in concert to have the reading-room of the Mercantile Library, and all other reading-rooms that are available, thrown open for the popular service. It is one of the most preposterously inconsistent notions, that the better part of human nature is to be always crowded down, because certain old ecclesiastical notions and prejudices tyrannically set up their rule. Will young men without home influences be more likely to become religious by being turned into the streets on Sunday, when they would much prefer to pass leisure hours in a library?

Spiritualism at Law.

The foes of the true faith assail it in one quarter only to see it confront them in another. The reason obviously is, because such a belief as that of Spiritualism works in every part of the nature; and, therefore, manifests itself by all actions which bear upon the social relations. One of the late forms in which it chiefly gives trouble to its opponents is that of being an influence in the shaping of wills and the disposal of property. It has been unblushingly maintained, by certain individuals, that a Spiritualist, or even a person who inclined to a belief in the great truths of Spiritualism, was not strictly competent to bequeath his or her own property, but deserved to be regarded as *non compos*. But a case of that character was not long ago decided in Maine, adversely to such impudent and ignorant pretensions. That did not wholly settle the rule, however. Another case, involving the disposal of about two millions of dollars worth of property, is now in litigation in Newburg, N. Y., in which the testatrix is openly charged to have been incompetent to make a proper and sane disposition of her fortune, because Spiritualism was but in part the ground-work of her religious belief. We only hope that this expected decision will virtually make an end of such base attempts to wrest law and reason to the selfish ends of interested or vindictive persons, and warn off these money-hunters from ground where they do not belong. If this is the free country so often boasted of, it is high time its reputation in this regard was openly vindicated. If one's religious belief, and even one's religious preferences are to be crossed and restrained by envious and greedy relatives, so that his or her memory shall be rifled of its most precious qualities before the world, let it be so understood, and let the people finally understand that that is law in the latter half of this enlightened nineteenth century.

Rev. Father Becker's Lecture in Boston.

An immense audience gathered in Music Hall, Sunday evening, April 4th, to listen to the lecture by Rev. F. Becker, of New York, upon the subject of "The Religious Condition of the Country." The reverend speaker began his address by saying that there were two overpowering tendencies at work in the religious world, and an effort to find a logical foothold between these two tendencies had been ineffectual. The one tendency was in the direction of Catholicism, and the other toward rationalism and atheism. These two tendencies were becoming more and more apparent every day. To carry out Protestantism to its logical sequence, one or the other of these alternatives must be resorted to. The speaker believed that the results of this religious agitation would be reached sooner in America than elsewhere, as here every form of faith was allowed its fullest and freest expression. He thought New England would furnish a better example of this than any other part of the country. In support of these assertions, various extracts from recent books and newspaper articles, published by the various Protestant sects, were freely cited and commented upon. He further argued, and truly, that most of the cardinal doctrines of the Puritan faith were now well-nigh obsolete. In fact, the thought of this community had swung completely over from exaggerated supernaturalism to infidelity, and the more popular forms of religious belief of the New England of to-day were Unitarianism, Universalism and Spiritualism.

The Indian Appropriation Bill.

Gen. Sherman—who, by the by, cannot be charged with any too great tenderness on the Indian question, since he has practically expressed himself in favor of extermination—has entered his complaint against Congress for being so dilatory in the matter of the Indian appropriations, and says that it was fairly expected that the tribes with whom we are in treaty would have their dues by February at least, and here it is April, and they are without the reliance which the Government solemnly agreed to provide for them. Congress has been cruelly dilatory. Is it strange that the Indians are reported to have been collecting of late about some of our more important and central forts, waiting impatiently for their annual allowance, and growing more and more discontented as time wears away and they find no means of relief from the want which pinches them harder every day? Truly, our first duty by the red man is to deal justly, to keep our pledged word, or we have no good ground of complaint against his falsity or treachery.

Music Hall Meetings.

A large audience assembled in Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, April 4th, to listen to an address by Prof. Wm. Denton. The subject considered was, "The Unseen." The remarks of the lecturer (a report of which we shall publish hereafter) were listened to with the greatest interest, as they opened to view innumerable hidden powers and forces, whose existence would be apt to be denied by the unthinking and superficial observer.

Prof. Denton will lecture at the same place next Sunday, April 18th: Subject, "The Bible Account of the Deluge in the light of Modern Science."

The Peace Musical Festival.

The Boston national peace festival will be continued through five days, instead of three, as originally proposed. Two days, the second and fourth, will be devoted exclusively to oratorio and symphony music, to be performed by the orchestra of one thousand and chorus of twenty thousand. Some one hundred places have, within two weeks, proffered the services of choralsocieties. The contract for the building on St. James's Park, on the Back Bay land, near Dartmouth street, has been given to Judah Sears & Son, of this city. The lot is about four times as large as that on which the State House stands.

New Inspirational Poem.

Mr. J. H. Powell has in press a new poem, entitled, "Life Pictures." It is in three cantos, and will make a book of about 200 pages 12mo, printed on good paper, in superior style. Price \$1.50; postage 12 cents. Orders for the work can be sent to Mr. Powell, care of Hazlett & Reed, printers, 90 Washington street, Chicago, Ill., or to box 294, Terre Haute, Ind. The poem is full of reformatory ideas, running into numerous metres. The English press pay Mr. Powell a high compliment as a poet and a writer.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Moses Hall will lecture in Waterbury, Conn., Sunday, April 25th, and in Marshall, Mich., during the month of May.

N. Frank White is lecturing in Philadelphia, where he will remain through April. This is his third month there.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Woodruff are at present sojourning at Eagle Harbor, N. Y. They will devote a portion of their time, Sundays and week-evenings, to lecturing in Western New York.

Cruelty to Animals.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals held their first annual meeting recently in this city, and received their first regular report. It embodied the proceedings of the officers of the Society since its organization, which cover an extent of ground that will surprise the ordinary reader. Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York, the father of this humane work in the United States, likewise lectured in one of our public halls not long since to a crowded and deeply interested audience, and was present at the meeting alluded to. A number of topics related to the purpose of the Society were brought up, and illustrated and discussed. One member, Dr. Fildell, of Dorchester, recited the details of the practice followed by what are called "horse dentists," who work over the teeth of old horses so as to make them look young. The animal is backed into a stall, so that he cannot go further, a gag of wood put into his mouth, and his teeth are then rasped down to the proper length. An iron instrument is then used to dig out hollow places in the teeth, which are filled with black liquorice, and make the teeth look like those of young horses. This cruel operation often takes two hours.

Another barbarous practice is that followed by the butchers at Brighton, who keep young calves for days without food or drink, and bleed them daily until killed for consumption. Sometimes these poor creatures are thus kept dying for a whole week. The President of the Society, George T. Angell, Esq., has notified all butchers that they will be prosecuted for the continuation of such a practice henceforth. Still another, and a very common cruelty, is that of checking up the heads of horses with a tight rein. Their mouths are cruelly enlarged by the rasping, tearing bit, they gnash their teeth and foam with agony, they continually toss about their heads with impatience, they throw them back toward the carriage, and they are deprived of the free use of their neck and breathing apparatus when directed to draw a load. The check rein has been demonstrated to be a piece of sheer cruelty, which all humane men, and in fact all men whatsoever, should discard without delay. We rejoice that so efficient an organization as this Society has been established among us, and invoke the cooperation of every man in its noble purpose.

Dr. J. R. Newton, 23 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

This eminent healer still draws to him the diseased in large numbers from various sections of the country, and many (not all) he permanently cures. Dr. Newton has been cruelly abused by the secular press in times past, but more liberal views exist to-day. No one who knows him can say aught derogatory to his character. On the contrary, he is one of the most exemplary of men, to the best of our knowledge, and is fully imbued with the beautiful charity taught and practiced in "times past" so effectually by Jesus the Christ. This is the secret, in our opinion, of the great healing power possessed by the Doctor. He never charges the poor a farthing for his services, and he has healed thousands. The rich, he thinks, (and so do we), can afford, and therefore ought, to pay. He has given away to those in want nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and yet his purse is open to relieve the needy. We do wish those people who consider themselves too holy to recognize Spiritualism, would, if only for a brief period, visit the Doctor's rooms. By so doing they would fully realize practical Christianity as it is manifested by the inspired healer daily. In proof of Dr. Newton's healing powers, (and much more could be given, if necessary), read the following affecting letter, which was recently sent to him, after he had cured the writer's daughter. It speaks volumes in favor of the Doctor's mode of treatment:

FALMOUTH, MASS., March 25th, 1869.

DR. J. R. NEWTON—Dear Sir: I feel that I must write you a few lines, to express, in an imperfect manner, our gratitude to you for what you were permitted, through our Heavenly Father, to do for my daughter, Minnie Lawrence. Perhaps you may remember the circumstances. I took her to you, the 10th of March. She had been almost helpless for nearly a year and a half, (that is in regard to walking), through the effects of scarlet fever. In fifteen minutes you pronounced her cured. She is our only child, seventeen years of age, and perhaps you may imagine her father's feelings when he received, in a distant city, the glad tidings that she was cured.

Every one pronounces it a most wonderful cure. The most faithless can but believe, when they see her walking our streets. We owe you a debt of gratitude that we can never repay. You presented her with your likeness—money could not buy it of her. May you long be spared to labor on in the good work in which you are engaged. From the depths of a full heart,
Yours truly,
MARY LAWRENCE.

Illness of Mrs. Daniels and Mr. Forster.

We learn from Washington that Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels has been very sick for several weeks, and consequently is not able to fill her engagement to lecture in this city the latter part of April. We hope she will soon be able to resume her field of useful labor. Her services are invaluable to spirits and mortals.

We also learn that Thomas Gales Forster has been quite ill for five or six weeks. His physician thinks if he can have a month of rest and perfect quiet he would recover. Bro. Forster has applied himself too closely to his duties in the Treasury Department, overtaxing his physical as well as his mental powers.

We extend our sympathy to both of these excellent mediums, and earnestly pray for their speedy recovery.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Henry Witt has opened a book and periodical store at No. 92 Fourth street, Brooklyn, E. D., where is kept for sale all the new and valuable spiritualistic and reformatory publications of the day, including, of course, the *BANNER OF LIGHT*. He also has one of the best Planchettes in the market, of his own manufacture. This store will be a great convenience to our Brooklyn friends, and we trust they will appreciate and patronize it sufficiently to insure its continuance.

Mr. Witt occasionally issues a little paper called *The Planchette*, for free circulation, for the benefit of his patrons. It will keep them posted in regard to all new spiritual publications, and other matters of interest.

The Barcelona, or Sicily Nut.

This nut is fully equal to the English albert in flavor; the trees are hardy, and will stand the frosts of winter as well as any other tree. Mr. Levi Jenney, Jr., of Fairhaven, Mass., has a large nursery of these trees, which are just in the right condition to transplant—He will forward them to any part of the country on the receipt of price, as follows: One dollar each, or twelve for ten dollars, or six for five dollars. The trees which will be sent, to market will be from three to three and a-half feet in height, and will come into bearing in three years from the time they are set out.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's History of Modern Spiritualism.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—In the *Banner of April 3d* you have the following notice:

"Emma Hardinge's New Book.—The London *Juman Nature* says: 'From various sources, the information has reached us that Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Modern Spiritualism" is rapidly approaching completion, and some positive announcement respecting it may be looked for soon. From all reports, it is a work of great interest.' The same magazine adds: 'A well authenticated rumor intimates that a biography of Mrs. Emma Hardinge is in preparation.'"

I am enabled to give you, and through your excellent journal the leading Spiritualists of the world, the following interesting information. Mrs. Hardinge's great work is completed. I received the last chapters by a late steamer, with all the illustrations which are to go into the work; and arrangements are being consummated for its publication during the coming season. I know this announcement will be read with interest wherever it is received by Spiritualists, or by the great mass of intelligent and candid readers of general literature; while it is safe to say that it will be welcomed with delight by the hundreds of thousands who, during her prolonged labors in this great cause, have listened with rapt admiration to her discourses throughout the thirty-three States and six Territories where she has borne the oriflame of the new gospel of eternal life.

Mrs. Hardinge was pleased to intrust this MS. to my hands, as an old friend and an older Spiritualist. She committed it to me with absolute authority, and with no instructions whatever. I was to do the best I could for the book and the author. I do not know that, during an active and somewhat prolonged literary career, I have ever been charged with a more grateful or responsible task, nor with one in which I felt more sure of success.

Such a work had long been needed, and this want was felt by millions on earth and in the spheres. The wonderful genius, and still more wonderful experiences of the writer, singled her out as the one above all others divinely appointed for this high and glorious mission.

I have read the MS. through, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing it altogether the ablest and most fascinating history I have ever read; nor do I believe that any modern historic work has had so many first-class readers as this will have. It will educate this generation in Spiritualism, and remain forever a book of authority on the subject of this stupendous movement during the first twenty years of its existence.

The work will make two ample (large) 12mo volumes, or one octavo of 500 pages—a four or five dollar book, with some twenty or thirty appropriate, desirable and (many of them) necessary illustrations. It sweeps the whole field of the "HISTORY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA." The author has been many years collecting the materials, and in this work she has been aided by thousands of Spiritualists throughout America. About two years ago she sailed for her home in England, carrying her treasures with her. With intense and unintermitted labor she has from this vast, chaotic mass, crystallized into incredibly narrow space, a superbly harmonious concrete structure, which glows throughout with the elemental fire of genius and inspiration.

While it admits no compromise with error or assumption, it breathes the spirit of a noble woman's charity. It is broad and liberal, fearless but kind. Too large and generous to be egotistical, she forgets herself wherever she can, in accordance with love and gladness all honor to all true and devoted workers in this beneficent dispensation, however unknown or humble they may have been. Mrs. Hardinge is personally beloved by tens of thousands, but this book will enshrine her in the hearts of multitudes who have never seen her.

It being exclusively an American book, she preferred to have it published exclusively in this country, which is the land of her adoption—where she was spiritually developed, and in whose broad freedom and advanced spiritual light she wishes to spend most of her life.

As soon as the final arrangements for the publication, now being made, are completed, she will come to the United States, and once more be in close communion with her American friends. When anything definite can be further stated I will make it known through the *Banner of Light*. A Biography of Mrs. Hardinge will introduce the work.

Any communications concerning this work from Mrs. Hardinge's friends will be cordially received by,
Yours faithfully,
C. EDWARDS LESTER.

New York, 79 3d Avenue, April 5th, 1869.

"Tale of a Physician."

DEAR BANNER—About one hundred pages of proof sheets of the above-named work I have been favored with the perusal of, by its author, A. J. Davis. This is the narrative promised on page 264 of the new edition of "Present Age and Inner Life," by the same writer. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Davis received the first clue to the extraordinary history detailed on the pages of the volume now in press, during a mysterious nocturnal visit to a hidden cave somewhere in the vicinity of New York. The circumstances of this involuntary and weird visit are given under the head of "The Missionary Medium," on page 268 of the revised, and 181 of the old edition of "The Present Age."

Judging from these first few pages, if I am not greatly mistaken, the readers of A. J. Davis's works, and the reading world in general, have a rare treat before them in the perusal of this latest production. It has all the elements of a most stirring romance, though it is not only "founded on fact," but is a faithful delineation of the lifelines of various persons who now inhabit the "Morning-Land," but to some of whom the experiences of earth constituted one long, fearful tragedy.

This book will be especially welcome to the young people in liberal families, who find it hard to maintain an interest in the philosophic works which so much attract their parents, for here the same principles are clothed in the winning garb of narrative, and are illustrated in the experiences of men, women and children. "The seeds, the blossoms and the fruits of crime" appear in the vivid colors of actual tragic events, and thus will serve as a warning and guide to the inexperienced and unsteady feet which are just beginning the journey toward the gates of eternal life.

VIATOR.

The anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated on the 31st ult., in various parts of the country, to the general acceptance of all concerned. We should be most happy, did our space allow, to give full reports of proceedings in every section; but as it does not, we shall content ourselves with laying before our readers only full reports of the proceedings in New York and Philadelphia. The one from New York will appear in our next issue—that from Philadelphia in the succeeding number.

See elsewhere the advertisement of a little pamphlet entitled "Rose and Lily," twin sisters, which gives their testimony to the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy. Photographs (from the spirit-picture) of Lily, photographs of Rose, (now in the form), and of the mother, Mrs. Waterman, may be had in this office.

OUR NEW YORK BRANCH OFFICE.

Removal.

Having completed arrangements with the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY for the sale of all our publications at their establishment, we shall remove our Branch Office from 544 Broadway, to 121 Nassau street, on the first of May next.

This change will no doubt prove satisfactory to our friends and patrons in New York city and vicinity, as well as to us; because, in the first place, all books sent by mail can be forwarded to any address with greater facility from the Central Office in Boston; and second, our New York friends will no longer be obliged to travel up several flights of stairs whenever they desire our books.

In securing the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY as our Agents, we feel that we can assure our friends everywhere who may communicate with them in regard to our Publications, that all orders will be attended to with the utmost promptness.

Dealers and others will always find the BANNER OF LIGHT at 121 Nassau street. As this sheet is the acknowledged organ of the Spiritualists of the United States, we trust that every friend of the cause will exert himself or herself to extend its circulation. In this connection we will briefly add that we shall soon inaugurate several new and attractive features, which we trust our patrons will appreciate.

A Silver Wedding.

Thursday evening, March 25th, the friends of Dr. J. H. Currier and wife, of Cambridgeport, made them a surprise visit, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage and the Doctor's birthday. They left with the Doctor and his estimable lady many valuable presents, amounting to nearly \$100. The Charlestown friends, with whom originated the idea, contributed an elegant lace pitcher and goblets, suitably engraved. The presentation speech was made by Miss Dinwiddie, and was appropriately responded to by the Doctor. An original song, composed for the occasion, was sung by the author, Dr. Samuel Grover. Presentation and other speeches were made by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Capt. R. A. Seaver, W. Mayo, Miss E. Hardy, Mrs. Goodale and Dr. Grover. Mrs. Stockwell also read a poem with beautiful effect.

Eighty persons were present, from Charlestown, Chelsea, Cambridge, Boston, Lowell, Manchester, N. H., Plymouth, Groveland, Somerville and Orange. The entire evening was one of unalloyed pleasure. All were unanimous in the wish that the Doctor and his wife may long live to enjoy each other's society and that of their many friends who gather around them. And as they are faithful laborers in the spiritual vineyard, so may the added years of their earth-life grow brighter till they celebrate a marriage in their eternal spirit home.—COM.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.—This live secular Bostonian announces to its friends that its thirty-ninth volume will commence on the 5th of May, 1869, under favorable conditions, namely, that its past labors in behalf of humanity's highest good are beginning to be, if they are not already, fully appreciated by the masses generally. It must be indeed gratifying to its veteran publisher and editor to know that their journal is now recognized as a power in this land of "religious toleration." The Investigator is to be considerably enlarged and otherwise improved in appearance, and, in addition to its usual "theological" matter, will contain much valuable reading for the farmer, the mechanic and the workman. Success to our "liberal" brothers, And, when they arrive on the other side of life, may their shadows never be less.

Exhibition of the South End Children's Progressive Lyceum.

This Lyceum, which at present holds its sessions at Springfield Hall, No. 80 Springfield street, Boston, celebrated its first anniversary by a free entertainment, consisting of music, tableaux, recitations, dancing, &c., at that place, on Thursday evening, April 1st, 1869.

The exercises opened with singing by the children, after which Miss Ella Chase made the Welcome Address, followed by the tableaux "Red, White and Blue." Mr. Charles W. Sullivan (of the Boston Lyceum) then sang "Mother's and yet sweet good-by," and a dialogue was spoken by Misses Chase and Lyon, followed by a recitation from Miss Eva Nowhall (of the Boston Lyceum). A tableau, "The Seasons," a dialogue, by Misses St. John and Lane, and a song by Miss Adams followed, after which came a tableau, "Happy Family," and a recitation by Miss Ella Lyon. Charles W. Sullivan sang "Beautiful Dreamer," Mr. Bright performed on the concertina, and a song by Miss Alice Orcutt was followed by a tableau, "Fairy Boy." Mr. J. W. Porter gave a very interesting exhibition of sleight-of-hand tricks, after which a chosen number of scholars, under direction of the Conductor, Mr. McGuire, went through the wing movements. Mr. McGuire sang several comic songs in costume, at the request of the audience.

At the close of these exercises Mr. McGuire, Mr. Chase, Dr. York, Mr. Cobb and Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. St. John and Mr. G. A. Bacon, were each presented with a bouquet from the children of the Lyceum. Mrs. Adams was also the recipient of a similar favor, for which she returned thanks in a brief speech. The Conductor then presented, in the name of the officers and members of the Lyceum, two beautiful albums to Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. St. John.

G. A. Bacon then introduced Mrs. Agnes M. Davis, who made an address to the children.

Mrs. Davis said that it was always a pleasure for her to talk to the children, for it seemed to bring her nearer the angel world. She was deeply allied in her heart to the Lyceum cause, for three little ones—all the heart which she shone on her darkened pathway—were now marching with garlands and banners amid the higher Lyceums of heaven. It was particularly appropriate at this season (anniversary) that we should remember that children gave to us older ones the ladder of light—Spiritualism—whose golden rounds lead us upward to worlds on high. Sometimes we heard of inharmonies among Spiritualists, but if they would come to the Lyceum, and learn a lesson from the children in "taking distance" for their mutual exercise, they would gain a knowledge that there is room enough for us all to labor in the cause—no need of crowding. She referred to the recent celebration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. The babe which was then born with such a peculiar voice, (a rap), and which had been first on the milk of human cariosity and then with the strong meat of opposition, had now gathered power to do more than rap, and its utterances were shaking the foundations of prejudice everywhere. This babe, now grown to its twenty-first year, was worthy of a freedom still, and of what should it be woe? We should make it of good deeds, pure lives, holy aspirations. As Spiritualism had adopted all humanity for its own, we should manifest our love for the little children, for that was the shortest path to the parent's heart. The child Spiritualism came at its birth with a good character, but interested people had endeavored to cast vile slanders upon it. It was the duty of all believers so to live as to refute those slanders and prove that our Spiritualism makes us better. It comes to us in our darkness and gives us power to break the waves of sorrow; it will be with us to light the valley of the shadow of death, till we can "see through to the land of light," and hear the welcome of the cheering angels: "Come up higher!"

At the conclusion of her speech Mrs. Davis was presented with a bouquet by a little Miss of the Lyceum.

George A. Bacon announced that Miss Lizzie Denton, who was expected to address the audience, had been obliged to retire, on account of ill health; also that Dr. H. E. Gardner had, on unexpectedly called away, but that, before going, he had handed to him (Mr. Bacon) a few remarks which he wished to present to the Lyceum. Mr. Bacon then opened

the envelope and found—not a speech, but a ten dollar bill, which all present seemed to consider a most eloquent address in behalf of the Lyceum cause. Mr. Bacon then introduced John Wetherbee.

Mr. Wetherbee thought the Progressive Lyceum was one of the finest blossoms which had been brought forth by modern Spiritualism. Victor Hugo had said, "Waterloo was not a battle, it was a change of front of the universe;" and he could say that the advent of Spiritualism, in the first rap, was a change of front of the universe. Spiritualism found him doubting the question of immortality, as it did many others, and, but for the light then brought to him, he would probably have been a doubter still. Spiritualism, like Webster, "attit" him," although its enemies have often imagined it destroyed. Science and learning have tolled in vain to explore its mysteries or disprove its theories. No longer is death the gateway to "an undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," for we call and they answer us again. We know that

"They come to us from worlds afar,
And leave the golden gates ajar,
Down which eternal glory streams!"

Science to-day stood on the periphery of matter and gazed into the dark gulf beyond; she must, make the leap, and Spiritualism would furnish the light which should demonstrate that it was no plunge into the dark, but a step forward into a grander country, a place where the voice of the angels should speak to us, as of old to the patriarch. "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground!"

The officers of the Lyceum desire to express their thanks to those who assisted in the evening's entertainment, and also to those who generously contributed to the funds.

New Publications.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for April has an attractive table of contents. The serial story, "The Ocean Twins," increases in interest. The History of Odd Fellowship promises to be the most complete and authentic history of the Order ever written. An able contributor gives a graphic description of the public institutions on Blackwell's Island, and "An Odd Fellow Abroad" continues his valuable letters, recounting in the current number his adventures and observations in Naples and amid the ruins of Pompeii. A great variety of other original reading matter of general interest is also furnished in the April issue. Published by John W. Orr, 66 Nassau street, New York.

A. WILLIAMS & Co. have the last issue of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, which opens with a thorough article on Diogenes the Cynic, and proceeds with a discussion of the Turko-Greek question, a paper on education in Columbia College, one on President Grant, and others, to which we hope to make an allusion in a different place. The National Quarterly much more than bears out its early promise, and is one of the most vigorous, classical, carefully written, and, on the whole, fresh and able reviews of any class that we have. We should greatly miss it from our table.

J. W. Chamberlain, Jr., publishes a pamphlet at Keene, N. H., on "THE REVELATION OF THE SON OF MAN," in which he discusses God, his mode of communicating with man, the elect, hell, and the coming of Christ.

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY have on their full counters Scott's "Woodstock" and "Derbyshire," the edition of Peterson, paper covers.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

237—We are in receipt of a pamphlet, published weekly by J. B. Ford & Co., that contains full reports of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, which sermons we inaugurated the publication of, in 1859, in the Banner of Light. The pamphlet under consideration is printed in a suitable style for binding, and, no doubt, will have an extensive sale. In regard to Mr. Beecher, we have only to say, buy the pamphlet and you will get a good idea of the man from perusing his matter. He is, no doubt, a model lecturer, for he scarcely ever repeats himself. The pamphlet is sold at 30 Park Row, and by the American News Co., 121 Nassau street, New York.

238—By reference to another column the reader will see an English geologist's opinion of Prof. William Denton's book.

239—It will be seen by a card in another column that Mrs. Laura E. Hatch, musical medium, has changed her residence to No. 10 Appleton street, where she continues to hold her musical séances.

A case of domestic scandal was under discussion at a table. "Well, let us think the best of her we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another, "and say the worst." Characteristic of Mrs. Grundy.

Brain diseases are said to be on the rapid increase in England. In 1857 the number of deaths from softening of the brain was 770; in 1860 it was 1004, or more than double.

George Sand has written a long letter in favor of female suffrage, female physicians and female preachers. It is addressed to Mlle. Raynoud, a French lady, who is now lecturing in the provinces on Woman's Rights.

Chas. Lever has written a new novel, entitled, "The Rent in the Clouds." The Detroit Tribune thinks that it is too high a rent for poor folks.

The income of the Sheriff of New York city is estimated at \$100,000 per annum; and the fees of the Ludlow-street Jail alone are worth about \$30,000 per year.

A professional nurse in France has been convicted of drowning eight babies committed to her charge, in a pail of water.

It costs \$200,000 per annum to feed the dogs of Cincinnati.

What's the difference between an overcoat and a baby? An overcoat is what you wear (wore), and a baby is what you want.

A SUNSHINE OF DEATH.—A correspondent says, "Place the hand, with the fingers closed, before the flame of a lamp or candle. In the living person the members are transparent and of a pinkish color, showing the capillary circulation and life in full activity; whilst in that of a corpse, on the contrary, all is dull and dark, presenting neither sign of existence nor traces of the blood current."

There are plenty of punning epigrams scattered about our country church-yards, but few of which beat this on a Liverpool brow:

"Poor John Smith lies buried here,
Although he was both hale and stout,
Death stretched him on this bitter bed—
In another world he hopes about."

L. D. Rouse writes that a good reliable clairvoyant and a healer would do well to locate in some of the villages in Broome, Chenango and Cortland Counties, N. Y., and he pertinently asks: "Why do they all crowd New York and Boston, when their services are needed in the country?"

What is the smallest sound made by the sea? A creek.

"Abhor all cruelty, oh, generous youth,
Be pitiful and kind in deed and truth;
Torn not to living creatures, great or small,
But let thy tender mercy reach to all."

Louise Mühlbach will shortly publish a pamphlet on Female Suffrage and Woman's Rights. It will be entitled "The Historical and Political Mission of Woman."

Tennyson has for the second time declined the offer of a peerage.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings. Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock.

and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trained 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, 188 Washington street.

Prof. William Denton will lecture April 18.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 80 cents per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Boston, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents.

THE HARMONICAL PHILOSOPHY. Devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents.

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

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

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. A. Delaney, comprising twenty-two volumes, all neatly and substantially bound in cloth: Nature's Divine Revelations, 13th edition. Great Harmonia, in five volumes, each complete—Physical Teacher, Secret Reformer and Thinker. Single Star, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrator, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-lingering Questions. Morning Lectures (20 discourses) History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providence and Free Thoughts Concerning Hell, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabia, or Divine Quest, Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, Harmonical Man, Spirit Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memorabilia. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$28; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gift of Spiritualism—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price 30 cents.

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, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents. The Boston Quarterly Review, a most valuable monthly, can be had at our office; 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.

237—All persons having unsettled accounts at this office, (544 Broadway, New York,) are requested to call, or send, and adjust the same before the first of May, as important business changes will be made at that time.

Meetings in New York—The Davenport.

H. P. Fairfield drew the largest audiences of any man we have engaged in New York the past year, and many were the regrets that his sickness prevented his speaking the last Sunday of his March engagement. We cordially recommend him to our friends who have material for large audiences, as one of our most successful speakers, always interesting and instructive, at least so he has been here, both in New York and Williamsburg. We are to have G. Fannie Allyn for April, and she has always drawn large audiences and been highly appreciated in New York, and we feel sure she will not disappoint those who come to hear a good, truthful exposition of our Philosophy. Our meetings at the Everett Rooms have steadily increased in interest and usefulness since that hall was first engaged, and now seem to be a fixed fact of practical utility.

Never has Spiritualism been on as good footing in New York as at the present time, and we see the elements of its power already unfolding and preparing for greater and more useful results. The most popular halls in the city can now be procured for the Spiritualists, and even, in some instances, at reduced rates, and the most intelligent and orderly audiences assemble to hear speeches or witness phenomena, as in the recent exhibitions of the Davenports at Steinway Hall, where hundreds wondered why the scientific ignored such facts, and could not or would not explain them.

There has never been a more complete triumph than the Davenports have had here. Some have complained that they did not announce in their notices that the spirits would do certain things, &c., but we highly approve their course in putting the facts before the audience, as they do, and leaving it for each one who witnesses them to decide what it is and how it is done. The several evenings we were present, we feel sure that at least three-fourths of the audience were satisfied that some agency outside of the visible actors took part in the performance and did most of the feats of the exhibition, and, notwithstanding the public and religious prejudice and ridicule, yet the audience seemed unanimous in the feeling that it was a success on the part of the exhibitors. No sane person could fail to see that it was utterly impossible for the tied men to exhibit the hands and perform other feats that were before the eyes of all present. We also learn that their private séances have been the most complete ever given in this city.

As the prejudice dies away, the phenomena, in all their phases, are becoming more and more complete and perfect in establishing the intercourse between the two worlds, and we are daily strengthened in the conviction that the wisdom of the spirit-world will, ere long, be brought to bear practically in managing the affairs of this; and the church, which will persist in calling it the devil, will soon have to go to the devil for aid and counsel.

Still Another has Gone.

Our old friend, William B. Prince, of Flushing, Long Island, has left us for a home among the angels, with whom he has long been acquainted. So recently among us, and so active, although whitened with years and ripened with experience, we can hardly realize that he is already a spirit and has found another home, surrounded with still more beautiful trees and flowers than the one he so tastefully fitted up here. So many of our near and dear friends, whose years, like our own, were in the last half of a century, have recently gone over, that we feel no regret that our own time is near, when we, too, shall be numbered with the spirits, and probably be engaged for a time, as we have long been, trying to open the eyes of the blind to the all-important truth that death is the gateway to a better and more real life than this. We hope and trust Bro. Prince will visit our Banner Circle and make himself known, and tell us how he likes his new home.

A Religious (but not a Christian) Prayer.

The following is a specimen of the religion and the prayers we believe in as natural and rational, but not Christian or sectarian, and often flow from unconverted hearts:

MORRISSEY'S PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.—On Saturday night some weeks ago a gentleman was walking leisurely down Broadway, apparently very much occupied with his thoughts, when he was interrupted by an appeal for charity. On turning to see who had accosted him, he saw a woman about thirty-five years of age, wan and thin, but who still retained traces of former beauty, and who, from her manner, had evidently been of the more refined classes of society. She said that her husband was bed-ridden, her children sick and famishing, as well as suffering from the cold. The gentleman thought a moment and came to the conclusion to accompany the woman to her home, and, if her story proved true, to relieve her. Having informed her of his intentions, she willingly led the way, and upon their arrival at a tenement house in Baxter street her statement was fully and fearfully corroborated. The sick husband and three children, scarcely covered by their rags, were cuddled together in a corner, trying to keep from freezing by combining their scanty warmth. Her bed-ridden husband, whose countenances plainly showed that cold was not the only thing they suffered from. The gentleman promptly sent for a physician, and then gave the woman a roll of bills, which on opening she found to amount to the sum of fifty dollars. He waited until the physician arrived, when he ordered him to attend to the suffering family and send his bill to him. The humanitarian refused to give the woman his name, but her husband recognized in their visitor no other than John Morrissey, Member of Congress. In speaking of their good fortune to the house agent who had charge of the tenement, he confirmed this statement, as did also the physician, for Mr. Morrissey had given him his card. This incident was communicated to us direct from the house agent, alluded to, and is undoubtedly correct.—New York Courier.

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Anniversary Celebration in New York.

The Spiritualists of this city celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism by appropriate exercises at Cooper Institute, on the evening of March 31st, 1869. The attendance was large, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Remarks were made by P. E. Farnsworth, Chairman, Andrew Jackson Davis, Charles Partridge, Leo Miller and Warren Chase; Mrs. Mary P. Davis read an original poem; the Fox Girls (the original mediums) and Mr. Spencer, musical medium, interested the audience with their performances; music was furnished by a good choir, and a series of resolutions passed, after which the exercises concluded with singing, "Where the roses never shall wither."

The occasion was one to be long cherished in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

237—We are glad to learn that N. Frank White has been successful in his two months' mission in Philadelphia, and is still engaged in that section of country, speaking occasionally in Delaware and Maryland. His missionary labors have thus far been quite successful, considerably overpaying his wages. The missionaries in the national field seem thus far to pay better than those circumscribed to State boundaries, but we are not sure that it is even as useful a field of labor, so far as the cause of Spiritualism or organization is concerned. Of one thing we are sure, viz: that National Organization is of little value without the Local and State, and we are glad that the trustees and missionaries of the American Association of Spiritualists make this a primary object of their mission and labors. The next National Convention will soon be called, and give ample time for the several States already organized to be so represented as to correct and improve the germinal national movement for a great and glorious work by sending their best men and women as delegates, and it will also give ample time for other States to organize and send their delegates; and as none but State delegates will have seats in the next Convention, it may be hoped, if not expected, to be a thoroughly practical body of men and women. At least we hope so.

The Spiritual Movement.

We feel very desirous of adding our testimony and congratulations on the success of the efforts of the angel-world, which have taken form and culminated in what is known as modern Spiritualism. Oh how rejoiced ought not only we Spiritualists to be, but all of God's children, if we could but realize the magnitude of the great light now breaking upon the world and the blessings which are being conferred, and yet to be enjoyed by myriads of souls in both spheres of existence. The mind freed from sectarian bondage, quickened by the baptism of this influx of spiritual life, can trace the repeated efforts of this spiritual life for development from the earliest dawn of ancient Spiritualism, through its long line of persecution, till the time of the Salem Witchcraft; thence, it has moved onward with a resistless momentum, supported by the force from its inexhaustible resources, baffling all the efforts and perversions of ignorance, priestcraft, superstition and sectarianism, till to-day, to our great joy, the angel-world is victorious, and the result is modern Spiritualism. Sure, we have every encouragement for continued and renewed exertion in this great work. Our onward is great, transcending by far the price of rubies.

The work goes bravely on here in this city, and if there be any truth in the adage that "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," it is no wonder that error, prejudice and sectarianism are manifesting signs of dismay and consternation.

Yours in spirit, J. L. A.

NOTICE.—Mrs. Sarah A. Turner is requested to call at our office.

Married.
In Brighton, Mass., April 6th, at the Unitarian Church, by Mr. M. DeLahay, Edward Rice to Miss Clara E. daughter of Isaac H. Rice, Esq., of Boston.

Our congratulations to the young and happy couple. May their path in life ever be as pleasant as the one on which they have just started together. Good spirits ever watch over and protect them.

Business Matters.
Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.A.3.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Dr. L. K. COOKLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Wyandott, N. J.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. FINE, 102 East 24th street, second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. A33w.

Mrs. R. L. MOORE sends clairvoyant prescriptions of receipt of \$1 and two stamps. Address, care of Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. E273w.

THE BEST PLACE—The City Hall Dining Room for ladies and gentlemen, Nov. 10, 12 and 14. Whenever they need new "Clothes" to wear. C. D. & I. H. PRESHO, Proprietors. A34w.

EXCEEDINGLY EFFECTIVE.—"Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice" will be found effective in removing the accumulation of tartar from the teeth, which by neglect causes decay and toothache. It cleans and whitens the teeth, corrects the breath, and keeps the teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Sold by most dealers. Made only by John I. Brown & Sons, Boston.

"LET THERE BE PEACE!"
"Let there be peace!" May cruel war
Lay waste no more our pleasant land;
But may her sons, from shore to shore,
Harmonious live—joined heart and hand.
True to her interest may they be
Who're called to execute her laws;
The advocates of "Liberty."

May they espouse each righteous cause,
And may her boys their wisdom show,
And their mothers' tenderest love—
By laying them of GEORGE PENNO,
At 19—22 DOCK SQUARE.

Special Notices.
Agents wanted for Mrs. SHERON'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Apr. 3.

BE YE HEALED.
Of whatever Disease ye have, the GREAT SPIRITUAL HEALER, JAMES V. MANSFIELD, sends a brief description of your disease to FINE, FARRER, SEND, at 102 West 16th street, New York City, and those mysterious, wonderful, wonderful powers will be made to you, post paid. 1 box \$1. 6 boxes \$5. Apr. 3.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

237—For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

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

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

PLANCHETTE;
OR,
THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

THIRD EDITION.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY.

"This book is wonderfully interesting.—New Haven Palladium."

It stands so much alone in its superiority that we do not hesitate to characterize it as the only honest history of Spiritualism. A surprising history it is, and well told.—Philadelphia Press.

As wise as it is timely, a thoroughly satisfactory history of the most noteworthy religious demonstration of recent years.—Western Messenger.

The most decided opponents of the new Spiritualist movement may read it with satisfaction, for its copious and vivid statement of facts, the force of its reasoning, and the moderation and truthfulness of its spirit.—N. Y. Tribune.

At last we have a thoroughly good book about Spiritualism; the best attested and most striking facts, the most interesting arguments, theories and opinions. The writer is concise and rapid, carrying us forward from point to point without wearying us anywhere.—Chicago Tribune.

The work is entertaining, and characterized by a perfect freedom from extravagance of manner or opinion.—Boston Advertiser.

PLANCHETTE, or, The Despair of Science, being a full account of Modern Spiritualism, its phenomena, and the various theories regarding it. May be had of any book or newsdealer. Price \$1.00 in paper, or \$1.25 in cloth. Mailed postpaid by the publishers.

ROBERTS BROTHERS.

THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE.

Edited by Mrs. M. Cora Bland.
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ROSE AND LILY.

THE TWIN SIST

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to the spirit-world, and that 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. 155 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.

Boquets 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.

Spirit holy and perfect, thou who art the central sun of our being; thou who canst change our weakness to strength, our ignorance to wisdom, our darkness to light; thou who canst kiss away all the shadows of our being, even as the light of morning kisses away the shadows of night; thou spirit in whom we are and ever must be, in union with Nature's great heart we would chant thee our song of praise, and bringing unto the altar of human life our hopes, our fears, all the offerings that we have gathered from the past, we lay them upon the altar of the present, knowing that thy blessing will rest thereon. Oh, our Father, through the mists and shadows of the external world, we do praise thee. We praise thee for life, with its darkness and its light. We praise thee for time and for eternity, for all the various conditions through which thou art calling the soul nearer and still nearer to thee. For spring-time and summer, for harvest and winter, and for that winter of death that ushers the soul into the springtime of a newer and grander life, oh Lord, we do most fervently thank thee.

Oh, our Father, we pray thee that our prayers may not alone be the utterances of our mouths, but may they be the deep utterances of our souls, that shall outwork themselves in holy deeds, in holy thoughts, in that which will last forever and forever, that which will make our record grand and beautiful in the hereafter. Oh, we know thou canst lead us away from all error; therefore it is that we come to thee like little children, stepping out from the deep shadows of our past lives, and trembling as we step forward into the glory of the present, yet with that assurance that thou art our Father, and our Mother too, that thou wilt lead us in wisdom and in love, that thou wilt bestow all blessings upon us, and not curse us, or banish us from thy presence. May we so understand thy will as to obey it. May we so walk with thee as to worship thee more truly, and oh, our Father, may our ministry unto those who dwell in the valley and shadow of earthly life be such as shall raise them above the darkness of human error, such as shall be a crown of fairest flowers unto them. So shall their kingdom of heaven be brought nigh unto them, and so shall we, our Father, dwell in a kingdom of peace—in the kingdom that is to thee and to our souls an everlasting rest. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions to propound, we are ready to hear them.

Q.—Is it known by the occupants of the spirit-spheres whether any being, spirit, angel or seraph, has ever entered the spirit-land through or by any other means, law or process, than that through death of the human physical form?

A.—It is very hard to impress this truth upon your minds, that you are in the spirit-land, all the days of your lives, and that the change called death does not make you any more a resident of the spirit-world than you are at the present time. That every mortality must put on immortality, is a fact beyond all question. The soul, as a soul, stands apart and distinct from physical life only by death—only by passing through that chemical change. But because it is called upon to pass through that chemical change, you must not for a moment suppose that you will be any more in the spirit-world than you are now. You talk of entering the spirit-world at death, just as though you were not dwelling in it at the present time. There are, we are informed, a few cases—upon biblical record, which so many believe—where an individual was transported from this sphere of action to the one beyond, that you call the spirit-world, without tasting death. In one sense this is true, and in another it is not true. Death, as such, only comes of your fear. When your fear is all taken away, then it is no longer death, but change, life. I do not believe that any individual soul ever becomes separated from the body by any other process than the chemical process which you call death.

Q.—Is the individualized human spirit a result of acting, natural and spiritual forces incident to the human physical form, and in and through the same elaborated, utilized, affinized and perfected to an individual conscious existence, beyond the reach of decomposition and decay, or is the human physical form a result of a preëxistent spirit entity which descends into the germ of life, allying itself with earliest infancy or life, and which unfolds and develops its stature to maturity, lingers with it till death, then returns to the God who gave it?

A.—I believe that the spirit claims a life anterior to the body—I do not believe that the spirit is an outgrowth of the body. On the contrary, I believe that the body is an outgrowth of the spirit. The spirit is distinct, and comes up through an infinite number of degrees of material life. It passes through the different degrees, and manifests itself according to the degree in which it lives. Human life manifests as human life, vegetable life as vegetable life, mineral life as mineral life, and so on through an almost infinite number of degrees. I believe it is one great spirit, after all, one infinite ocean of life acting through all forms, and manifesting according to the nature of the form in which it exists.

Q.—Is it your opinion that the spirit has power to choose the form through which it shall manifest?

A.—I do not so think. Indeed, all past experiences prove to the contrary.

Q.—There is a law still surrounding the spirit which causes it to take the form through which it manifests.

A.—The spirit, as a whole, is a law unto itself. But each one of the individualized particles composing the Great Spirit, is amenable to the law of all the rest. It can go so far, but no further.

Q.—Will each individual soul come to a knowledge of a prior existence, as did Pythagoras?

A.—There are thousands, ay, millions of souls in the spirit-world who have no knowledge of having had an existence prior to the one they passed through in earthly life. These seem to be the rule, but there seem to be very many exceptions to the rule. I am not prepared to say, for I have formed no definite opinion upon the subject, whether all souls will finally become possessed of this knowledge or remembrance of a former life. I believe, ay, I know that there are circumstances which, if they act upon the soul, will call up that memory, but whether they will ever act or no, I cannot say.

Q.—I learn by experience that a certain class of spirits return and communicate often directly after they have left the form, but soon cease to come, and do not again manifest their presence for months or years. Please explain why this is so.

A.—In all probability they are so far absorbed in the scenes of their new life that they have not a sufficient desire to return to enable them to overcome the obstacles in the way. There must be a straight-forward, positive will on the part of the returning spirit who would be successful.

Q.—How do spirits employ their time in the spirit-world?

A.—There are an infinite number of ways by which the spirits employ their time or are occupied in the spirit-world. They who are artists, because they have a love in that direction, employ their time in that way. The mechanic—for we have mechanics in the spirit-world—who is such from the love of it—pursues the same avocation in the spirit-world. Each one pursues the course that is best adapted to them, but none is forced into the pursuit of any course. There is no compulsion in these things in the spirit-world. Each one acts in accordance with their wishes. There is no poverty to interfere here. There are no railroads demanding a fee for transportation; there are no hotels charging exorbitant prices; no dealers to fee; nothing of the sort; but each one pursues the avocation which they are best adapted to, and for the love of it. There are no drones in the spirit-world. All are active.

Q.—How do mechanics exercise their powers? Have they building material with which to work?

A.—You forget that these buildings which you inhabit are in the spirit-world—every one of them. They have an inner as well as an external life. Every one of these works of art has a soul, and the external appearance of that soul has need of an external architect—somebody to fashion it, somebody to take care of it, somebody to embellish it. Can you do it? No. You can perform that part which belongs to material life, but no more. You overlook the soul of things in your march through the body. It is quite natural—I did the same while here.

Jane McGrath.

I were here to send a message to my mother. I had come from Glenco, in Scotland. I had fourteen years and two months here. And I was the daughter of Alexander McGrath, and my name was Jane McGrath. I were one of these people; I sometimes see the spirits round me, and I talk with them. I took sick and died, you see, and I said I should come to America and communicate there, so my mother would know that I had found the land in the spirit-world where my father dwelt. You see, I come to this place many times when I was in the second-sight state. And I see this place, and my mother knows about it by what I told her. (Do you want to say you find it the same?) It is the same. I see all the things here, and I was many times here while I was sick. I was here when your circles were held here, and I told my mother that I should go down when I died, but I didn't know when I could come. [How long since you passed away?] I been here since September, and my mother waits to hear something. I told her I should find a way, and let her hear. [Does she get our paper?] Twice she had it. And you will say I am happy with my father here, and that I can go to my mother, and that I find all things very much like as I did when I went at times out like—[From your body?] Yes, yes; I went out—I was like as dead here, and then I was alive with my father. [You saw him many times, did you, before your final departure from the body?] Yes. You will not forget my name—Jane McGrath, Glenco, Scotland.

Nathan Wheeler.

I am Nathan Wheeler, sir, from Montpelier, Vermont. Not very much like these things, I can tell you. I have been here since—I suppose you call it the battle before Richmond. I do not know whether you call it that or not—I do not know what name you have given it. [The seven days' fight, you mean?] Yes, sir, and I been doing the very best I could to come back this way, but it's rather hard getting round. There's too much of a crowd.

I'd like to send this bit of news to the folks. Tell them that grandfather has told me here that he destroyed his will himself. He was not satisfied with it, and could not make up his mind about it, any way; so he thought, to avoid all trouble, he'd risk it without one, and that's the very thing that made the trouble, because there was some two or three suspected of having destroyed it, and it made a good deal of trouble, you see. I always thought I should like to know how it was, and so I took occasion to find out when I met him here, and I thought the folks would like to know. Oh, tell them too, by the way, that it do not make no sort of difference what you believed here in this life. All that's required of you is to do just the very best you can for yourself and other folks, and not infringe upon the rights of anybody in what you are doing for yourself. Be pretty careful about that. Some of our folks used to be—well, a little on the anxious seats about religious matters. Some of 'em got turned away to the Universalist belief, and then they were kinder scared, I believe, and thought they were on dangerous ground, and was kind of troubled—did not know what to do, whether to go back, or stay where they were, or push ahead, or what to do. Tell them from me not to be bothering themselves about the names of religion, but just do as well as they know how, and they will have a pretty good place on this side. Tell you what 'tis, the Universalists do not have no better chance than the Orthodox, and the Orthodox do not have no better chance than the Universalists. So they need not be at all troubled about those things. I did not have any chance to get worked into any of 'em, and I'm just as well off as I had. [You did not incline that way?] No; I liked a good horse better than a prayer-book. They used to tell me when I come to die I'd see things in a different light, and wish I was embraced religion. But I do not know but I was as well off as the boys who died round me that got converted, or said they did, or tried to, or something like it—I do not know what it was. When I was told I'd got to go, I made the best of it, and went without much talk.

If the folks ask if I died happy, say "Yes, I did."

If I was willing to go, of course I was. What's the use of being unwilling when you know you had got to go? And then again, to drag out a miserable existence here with only one leg would not pay. [Did you lose one?] Yes, and I was more inclined to go than to stay. So tell the folks, will you, I'm happy, and should be very glad to see them out of the fog and mists of religious fear.

Oh tell 'em I've met old Tim here. He was an old religious dodger that used to pray on the corners of the streets, and everywhere else he got a chance. Seemed to think he was commissioned of heaven to make prayers for everybody; and everybody thought he was a fool, you know. But you say to them he is getting along comfortably on this side, and in some respects he was wiser than some of those that called him a fool.

[Give your age.] Twenty-three. [It is well to give some facts by which your friends may know it is you and no one else.] No, I hardly think they will be guilty of attributing my talk to anybody else. Oh, say I got the Bible, will you? with the stockings. Don't think I opened it, though—say I did not have time. The stockings I found a use for.

Ellen Warren.

Ellen Warren used to be my name. I was born in Castle, Maine. I was killed at the fall of the Pemberton Mills, in Lawrence. I was an operative in the spinning-room. My father was drowned, and my mother never recovered from the shock of my death; so she came to me. I have a sister and a brother left, and I wish to communicate with them. I have a sister in Springfield, Mass. My brother went West. He went to Kansas since my death, but I believe has returned to Massachusetts. I wish you would say that they must not think it strange that I have come back in this way, because there are thousands coming all the time, all over the world, and I was very anxious that they should know that I live here in this spirit-world; that we could come back—and mother is more anxious than myself, but has not the power to come back—not as I have. My sister's name is Louisa; my brother's, James Albert. Say I do not wish to say anything of my death; that I have long been trying to forget that fearful scene, and I don't wish to recall it. Good-day, sir.

William Lee Craig.

How do you do, sir? I am William Lee Craig, of Richmond, Va., and I want to send a message to my mother and my sister, if I can. I was nine years old when I died. I am thirteen now. And if you will just say, sir, that there are four of our family waiting for the chance to come, I will be very much obliged to you. And if they ask why I come here to this Yankee place, say because I could not do any better. You see, I fell and got injured. Did not die at the time, but got injured on board the transport "City of Richmond," and that's how I came to die. And if you will say to them that Sam—that's one of my father's slaves; they said he went North—that he went into the army as a servant, and was killed, and he is here, and he would like to get some communication to his wife, if he could. She is alive. Is down in Louisiana now. Is hired out to somebody. I do not know who. They know where she is. Well, I reckon I will go. Good-day, sir.

Margaret Murray.

I am weak, and hardly fit to come so soon. But I have two children, and I want to send some word to them, or about them. I want my sister to know it is my wish that she should have the care of the children. I was born in this country, but of Irish parents. Margaret Murray, my name, sir. I am from South Boston. Conlan, my name before marriage. I wish my sister Mary to have care of the children. I have been dead only three weeks. I took cold. Had inflammation of the lungs, and then consumption. I do not want her to think I am sick in the spirit-world, but I am so here. I feel just as I did a few days before my death. I expect to reach her through the Church. Perhaps I come too soon, but I was unhappy; I could not wait. There are reasons why I wish her to have the children, which I do not wish to state here. Good-day, sir. Thanks, thanks, thanks. [What was your age?] Twenty-eight.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Dec. 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Robert C. Anderson, of Chicago; Henry Stuber, to his brother Frederick, in Boston, Mass.; Annie Hamilton, to her father, Adelle Coburn, of Lumburg, to her parents; James Leary.

Monday, Jan. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Allen, of New York; Mary Allen, to her mother, Central America, to her brother, Capt. William Flowers; Samuel Ford, of Boston, Co. 1, 18th Mass., to his friend Powers.

Tuesday, Jan. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Franklin White Emerson, of Cleveland, O., to his wife and friends; Henry Arlington Cobb, of Savannah, Ga.; Ben. Franklin Phillips, killed in Liverpool, Jan. 5, 1869, to his friends in New York and Ohio.

Thursday, Jan. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William Stacy, of Thomaston, Me.; James Flynn; Ida Horton, of Hartford, Conn., to her mother.

Monday, Jan. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles E. Farrar, Co. B, 8th Mass., to his friends; Susie Wilkin, of Boston; Martha Robinson, Anderson Street, Boston; George C. Sleight, of Worcester, Mass., to his friends.

Tuesday, Jan. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Adelaide Lawton Harter, of New York, to her friends; James Hamilton Smith, to his cousin; Emma Vance, of Cincinnati, to her mother.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Nellie Adams, to her mother, in New York City; Capt. Alfred Harris, 2d South Carolina, Co. H, to his family; Dennis O'Leary, to his wife, in Baltimore, Md.

Monday, Jan. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Taylor Ewen, to William Ogilvie Ewen; Frank Jones, Henry Leary, to his brother, Frederic Leary, in New York City; Lieut. William D. Sedgewick; Ella Trainor, Worcester, Mass., to her mother.

Tuesday, Jan. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alexander Andrews, of the 54th Mass., to his sister Elizabeth; Sewell P. Ryder, of Boston, N. J., to his brother; Margaret Gardner, to her uncle and aunt, in Bath, Me.

Improved Planchette.

DEAR BANNER—I write to inform that class of persons who are interested in the movement of that novel invention—"Planchette"—that I have somewhat improved that little instrument, which I neither propose to patent or write "Patent secured" upon, in order to frighten away competition, which improvement I will describe, as follows: I make the board and place for pencil the same as those in general use. I dispense entirely with the castors, and place a small wire staple or loop on the top, midway between where the castors are usually placed; to this staple I fasten a cord, the other end of which is tied to a nail or screw, which is driven in the ceiling above, directly over the table. The cord can be easily adjusted so as to place planchette horizontal. By this improvement, planchette, in the place of costing one dollar and fifty cents, ought to be sold for about twenty-five cents retail, and can be made by any carpenter or cabinet maker, and, indeed, by almost any person of ordinary genius.

Yours truly, J. R. BUELL.

Indianapolis, Ind., 1869.

"My dear," I inquired a young wife of her husband, on his return from business, "have you seen the beautiful set of walnut furniture which the Smiths have bought?" "Ahem! no, my love, but I have seen the bill, and it quite satisfies me."

THE DEAD SON.

BY JOHN PIERCE.

I cannot make him dead
As yet, my Sunday head
Is ever bounding round my study chair:
Yet when I turn to him
With tears, I cry to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!
I walk my father floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on his chamber stair:
I'm starting toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then begin to think—he is not there!
I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid
Close to his eye, cold as his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt
O'er it in prayer I knelt:
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!
I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there!
When at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy
To him who gave my boy:
Then comes the sad thought that he is not there!
When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer;
"Whither I may be going,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's welfare, though—he is not there!"
Not there! Where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that had come to wear.
The grave-mound that doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!
He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor to the last
Of seeing him again will despair:
I'll see him now;
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"
Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER! thy chastening rod
So help us, thou almighty one, to bear,
Meeting at thy right hand,
"It will be our joy to find that—he is there!"

A "HAUNTED" HOUSE.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—About forty years ago there was standing in the east part of the town of Danville, Vt., an old-style, square, wooden building, with its two front rooms facing the road, its huge chimney in the centre, with three or four fire-places and flues and the other appliances of what was, in the days when it was built, considered necessary to a first-class farmhouse.

Not long after this house was deserted, and the last time I saw it—over thirty years ago—its windows were boarded up and a general air of dilapidation proclaimed the faith of the people around in the current story that it was "haunted," and not even the proverbial Yankee "thrift" could prevail on any one to live in it at any price, notwithstanding it had a pleasant location and was built upon a valuable piece of ground.

The stories connected with its "haunting" I recollect hearing, when a boy, from first hands; but I have not forgotten many of the particulars. But I doubt not some old resident in that region could detail them fully; and it is more to call attention to this matter than to tell the story that I write this letter.

My recollection is that the house was built by a retired physician named Dr. —, a man of some fortune, and who, at the time, had lived in it till forced to leave by the unusual "demonstrations," and retired to a similar house which he had in the village two or three miles off. I recollect him well, as an old and apparently feeble and sorrowful man, occasionally seen walking about the village, wrapped in a red cloak, and engaged in no business whatever.

The story I heard was, in part, that he had had a grown-up daughter, who, after a protracted illness, died in the farmhouse, and that, during her illness and after her death, "knocks" of the most astounding nature were heard in the house, which scared the inmates so that no nurses could be had, and, after the funeral, drove every one from the premises.

I heard one person—a man—who was an ear witness of the sounds, and who had attempted to watch with the family, describe it in this manner: "It seemed to me," said he, "that on the wainscot over the fire-place, and on the doors, and especially on the head-board of the bedstead on which she lay, some person was going round and smiting with a good-stick." Of course stories were about causes which led to these displays, but I cannot detail more particulars. Perhaps some old resident in that region will fill up the outline; and to call out some further intelligence is my main object in writing this. Occurring, as it did, over twenty years before the Rochester Knockings, a careful report of all the particulars connected with it would be of much interest. Yours, &c., CHARLES BOYNTON.

Lyons, Iowa.

Married.

March 30th, 1869, by George Talbot, Esq., E. Melville Parker to Caroline F. Coats, both of Stoughton.

Obituaries.

Passed on to the higher life, Feb. 25th, 1869, from Union Mills, Ind., Emma J. Warden, daughter of Charles G. and Harriet Warden, aged 9 years and 4 months.

"Gone to meet her little sister in yonder spirit home." E. N. TALMADGE.

Went with the angels from Lincoln, Mitchell Co., Iowa, March 14th, 1869, Almon Alexander, infant son of Almon and Julia E. Andrews, aged 8 months and 12 days.

Passed on to the Summer-Land, from Westmoreland, N. H., Feb. 11th, 1869, Mrs. Eliza Albee, wife of Mr. John Albee, aged 77 years.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore has been compiled and is published to promptly notify us of appointments, or change 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 ALLEN will speak in New York (Everett Room), during April, in Salem, Mass., during May; in Rochester, N. Y., during June; in Putnam, Conn., during August; in Lynn, Mass., during September.

Address as above, or Bismarck, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. ALLEN (late Hild), inspirational speaker, 129 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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

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

HARRISON AROH, Calumet Station, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Mrs. N. E. ANDROS, trance speaker, Pelton, Wis.

Dr. J. T. AMOS, box 201, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. A. AMPLIAT, care of J. Stolt, M. D., Dayton, O.

Mrs. E. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 5555, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. ABY N. BURNHAM, inspirational speaker, 25 East Canton Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, 57 Spring St., East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will lecture in Quincy, Mass., April 18 and 19.

Mrs. A. B. BROWN, West Randolph, Vt.

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

JOSEPH BAKER, Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. E. M. BAY, 121 West 12th St., New York.

Mrs. F. BURN, inspirational speaker, box 7, Southford, Conn.

Mrs. ELLIS J. T. BURNHAM, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.

WM. BAYAN, box 10, Ames, Ill.

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

HENRY BARSTOW, inspirational speaker, Duxbury, Mass.

Mrs. E. B. BROWN, West Randolph, Vt.

Dr. JAMES K. BAILLY, Palmyra, Mich.

J. BROWN, M. D., Cheverly, Md.

Dr. J. BROWN, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn.

J. H. BROWN, inspirational speaker, Charleston, S. C.

F. BROWN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

Dr. E. B. BROWN, 163 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

WM. BROWN, Esq., 163 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CANNON, box 515, Lowell, Mass.

J. M. CHATK, trance and inspirational lecturer, Address rear 50 Poplar St., Boston, Mass., care Mrs. M. E. Hartwell.

WARRICK CHASE, 54 Broadway, New York.

ALBERT E. CARPENTER, care of Dr. J. H. Clark, Boston, Mass.

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

Dr. J. H. CARRICK, Cambridgeport, Mass.

ALICE CLARK, Lyons, Mich.

Dr. L. L. CLARK speaks in Thompson, O., the first, in Leroy the second, and in Willoughby the third Sunday of each month.

Address, Fairview, Lake Co., O.

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

Mrs. J. F. CROOK, trance speaker, 737 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. J. J. CLARK, 7 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. C. CHADWICK, trance speaker, Vindland, N. J., box 272.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will lecture and entertain for the friends of Light.

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Mrs. CARRIE M. CUSHMAN, trance speaker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Mrs. ELIZA L. FOWLER, inspirational, San Francisco, Cal.

ANDREW T. FOSB, Manchester, N. H.

Dr. H. F. FAIRBANK, speaks in Philadelphia during April. Will make other engagements. Address, Blue Anchor, Camden Co., N. J.

Rev. A. J. FERNBACH, Sturgis, Mich.

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Rev. J. FRANCIS, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

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

Mrs. M. L. FERRIS, inspirational speaker, 84 Green Street, Washington Village, South Boston, Mass.

Dr. F. FRANK, care of J. E. Robinson, box 884, Chicago, Ill.

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Mrs. JOSEPH C. GILL, Lakeview, Mich.

JOHN P. GUILD, Lawrence, Mass., will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. F. W. GAGE, inspirational speaker, 35 Greenview Avenue, New York.

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Dr. W. G. GILLES, 120 7th St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

Dr. L. P. GRIGGS, inspirational, box 409, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. LAURA DE FORGE GORDON, Treasure City, Nevada.

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Mrs. JULIA J. HUBBARD will lecture in North Scituate, Mass., April 25. Address, corner Pearl and Brooks streets, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Dr. H. HASSELL, M. D., Waterloo, Wis.

Dr. E. H. HOLDEN, inspirational speaker, No. Clarendon, Vt.

Dr. N. H. HODGES, trance, 120 7th St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING can be addressed, (postpaid,) care of Mrs. Wilkinson, St. George's Hall, Langham Place, W., London, England.

Mrs. HULL will speak in East Abington, Mass., April 18, in Marshall, Mich., during May. Permanent address, Hobart, N. Y.

Mrs. H. HULL, inspirational and normal speaker, Fairfield, Ia.

Mrs. A. HORTON, 24 Wainwright Street, Lowell, Mass.

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Mrs. F. O. HYZER, 122 East Madison Street, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, 181 Bridge Street, Bridgeport, Vt.

Mrs. H. HARRIS, box 59, Andover, Mass.

Dr. A. D. HUME, West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.

LYMAN C. HOWE, inspirational, box 19, Fredonia, N. Y.

AMOS HUNT, trance speaker, 100 West 10th St., Cleveland, O.

Mrs. SUSIE M. JOHNSON will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., during April, in Kalamazoo during May.

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