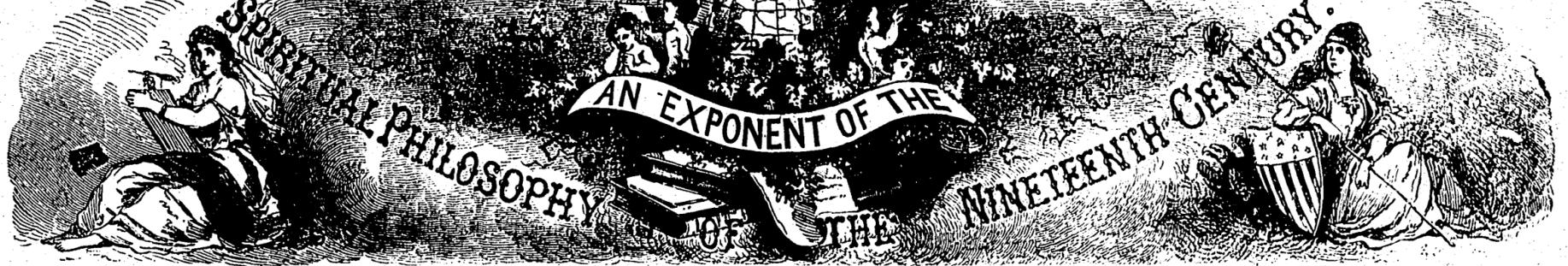


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Reviewer.

**Emma Hardinge's New Work—"History of Modern American Spiritualism."**  
REVIEWED BY MRS. JANE M. JACKSON, OF NEW YORK.

In the last issue of the *Banner of Light* I gave a brief analysis of the above named work, reserving for another issue a review of the wonderful phenomena recorded in its pages.

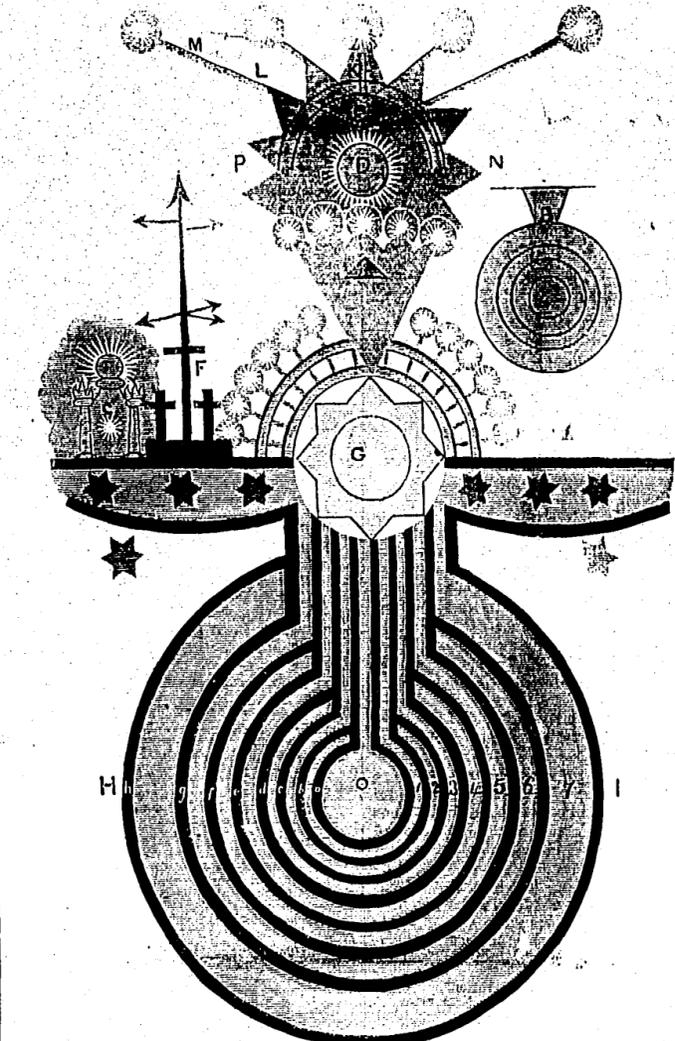
The twenty-eighth chapter of Mrs. Hardinge's book commences with accounts of spiritualistic phenomena, produced in Buffalo, of the same character as that of the Davenport's, only more wonderful, given through the agency of non-professional mediums. Specimens of rare and curious phenomena are also cited from the annals of Columbus, Cleveland and other Western cities, but the culminating point of interest, in this portion of the narrative, is to be found in the vivid descriptions of the unparalleled marvels enacted in the spirit rooms of Koons and Tipple, in Athens Co., Ohio. Every Spiritualist is familiar with the names of these celebrated mediums, and fragmentary reports have from time to time informed the world that a series of demonstrations never before or since enacted had been given in the remote wilds, where the famed spirit rooms were built. The whole history, however, as presented in its complete form, in Emma Hardinge's book, transcends, both in interest and beauty, anything that has ever yet been written on the subject. We are furnished with an unique account of the origin of dark circles—of the "high, holy and ancient spirits" who desired these wonderful circles, and, above all, of the philosophy, theology and science upon which, as we are informed, the whole universe is founded.

We must here note the masterly descriptions of the spheres; and platitudes concerning life here and hereafter, which we now receive through media, look petty and stale beside the grand original revelations written by spirits with their own hands, or spoken orally with "great power and majestic ease," through the trumpets at Koons and Tipple's spirit rooms:

"In some long but interesting communications, written in the spirit room without human agency, it is said that spirits, in their communion with earth, manifest through two primitive elements; namely, first, an electro-magnetic element of which the spiritual body is composed; next, a physical aura which emanates from the medium, or can be collected from material substances, analogous, it is supposed, to the element of 'vitality' described in the preceding chapter. From the combination of these two, namely, the emanations of the spirit, and the medium, a third or composite is formed, which is affected by the atmosphere and human emanations. From the preponderance of the electro-magnetic or spiritual element the laws of cohesion and gravitation can be overcome, and, through this, spirits are enabled to dissolve and recombine substances with great rapidity, heave up and carry material bodies through the air, and cause them to float or sink in proportion to the strength of the battery formed. It is this element which enables some spirits highly charged with it to come into contact with matter, and thus to use pencils, pens, etc., in writing, drawing and playing on musical instruments. By aid of the physical or human aura—an animal magnetism—they cause convulsions, raps, shaking of furniture and heavy ponderable bodies; by this, also, they produce spirit light, gathering it up so as to form an envelope of matter around their own hands, condense sound so as to be heard singing and speaking, and strike upon the heavier instruments. 'The composite element is used more or less in all modes.' It was chiefly through the prevalence of physical aura in the latter that they were enabled to speak through the trumpets, hence, for this feat, they required the presence and peculiar magnetism of Mr. Koons's eldest son, through whom spirit-voices could be heard in any place besides the circle at his father's house, also, the spirits, through this medium, could, they alleged, permeate on a full hand of instruments anywhere.

Mr. Koons's autobiographical notices conclude with a description of the religious philosophy enunciated by the spirits of his circles, of which we offer the following summary:

"They teach," he says, "that God is love, and has placed all men under the law of eternal progression, by which every living soul can become a partaker of his divine glory, when they wish to do so, through constant efforts to live a life of use, good and purity. Also, that death, which dissolves the body, does not change the soul, which is the real man; hence it behooves man to purify and cleanse his soul here upon earth, lest he should have to commence his progress, instead of continuing it, hereafter. Also, they teach that we have spiritual bodies within our natural or material forms; that these carry the mind within them, and at death remain intact, separating from the earthly body, though retaining its form and adhering to the spirit, of whose tendencies and disposition it exhibits the actuality. This spiritual body, as well as the interior mind, are alike the subjects of eternal progression, yet, at the moment of earthly dissolution, it exhibits all our vices or virtues without palliation or concealment, and is gross or fine, dense or sublimated, bright as midday sunbeams or dark as Erebus, in exact correspondence with our real moral state. Again, they declare that 'There is an electric element, directed through space by another element which bears no affinity to it; that spirits, at least such as communicate with earth, cannot themselves penetrate this interior element; in fact, to their apprehension, no one in the universe can do so, save only God; and this mysterious innermost, with all its hidden and impenetrable glories, is called by the spirits the 'subtle fluid.' They declare that the electric element forms the various paths in which planets and all other known bodies in space travel and move in their respective orbits, but that nothing visible to spirits or comprehensible to them as of an organic nature, can penetrate the realms of the 'subtle fluid,' yet it divides and permeates all space, and seems to hold in control the infinite realms of the electric element. Rays of light," however they say, "can and do penetrate the 'subtle fluid,' as they appear to issue from and return to it incessantly." Also, "there is a grand central territory in the universe, known to exist by all spirits and in all worlds. It embraces illimitable though unknown realms, yet its position as a vast central point is defined, from the fact that from thence, and to thence, seem to tend all the illimitable lines of attraction, gravitation and force which connect terrestrial bodies, and link together firmaments teeming with lives and systems. All the innumerable firmaments, spangled with an infinite of solar and astral



A DIAGRAM OF THE SPHERES.

systems, seem to revolve around, and derive attractive and living forces from this unknown centre. Sometimes it is called 'The Celestial Realm.' Again, 'The Central Sun,' 'Heaven,' 'God,' 'The Infinite Realm,' 'The Eternal Life.' Whole firmaments, thickly sown with suns and revolving satellites, appear but as specks of light in comparison with the inconceivable vastness of this celestial laboratory, invisible and boundless as it is, from which flows out through all universes the centrifugal and centripetal forces of being."

Such are some of the teachings which from time to time were either written by the spirits or spoken orally through the trumpets. "What we had written down during the day," says Mr. Koons, "was often corrected by the spirits through the trumpets, but the deep and sublime impress they made upon our minds in their reception, and the terrible power of the tones in which they were sometimes given, no language of mortals can describe."

It would be injustice to attempt to garble the splendid imagery of these descriptions by quotations, but it is quite worth the while to compare the sublime thoughts and teachings of the dark circles in 1850 with the manifestations of 1870. We may therefore profitably cite Mrs. Hardinge's summary of the intelligence received from a pamphlet compiled by Dr. J. Everett, the communications of these spirits, written or spoken by themselves. A most beautifully executed diagram of the spheres, celestial regions, &c., is given on page 330, of which we extract the following condensed description, accompanied with the diagram:

"The region enclosed within H T, numbered from 1 to 7, represents the spheres. These terminate at a celestial region called the Star of Light and Beauty, (G). The central region, O, is the ancient pit or hell, place of 'second death,' elaborately described by the spirit as the lowest and darkest sphere of probation, but by no means a final state; indeed, the whole spiritual theory of a future life essentially denies any finality, but teaches eternal and ever-ascending scales of progress, whose conditions are wholly dependent on the moral refinement and elevation of the pilgrim souls that tread them. Progress from this central region, O, through all successive spheres marked outward to 7, is effected by changes somewhat analogous to mortal dissolution, though without pain or sorrow, but rather as being ascensions in high moral and spiritual development, passages marked by triumphant and glorious states of angelic happiness.

The region called the Star of Light and Beauty is typically described as 'beneath the Throne of God.' It signifies the vast celestial realms of unknown and perhaps illimitable extent, filled with the 'subtle fluid,' the impenetrable, the inconceivable, the source, fountain, and centre of all light, heat, life, force, gravitation and attraction; in a word the central sun of being, the profound mystery which is summed up in the grand solvent name of God. The region C, fancifully marked with a cross and 'arrows of light,' signifies the realms of earth's risen martyrs, saviours and exalted ones called 'Christ.' This is the sphere which, divided into many realms, is termed 'Heaven,' and is peopled with angelic hosts, divided into 'thrones, dominions, powers,' etc. Here ultimately ascend all those who have 'overcome the world.' D is the great living sun, supposed to correspond to the apex of the great spiritual sun beneath. It is a material centre and source, whence issue forth the rays of material light which radiate through suns, planets, systems, and all material bodies in space, and is the carrier or material form which conveys the more sublimated rays of the great spiritual sun; it is signified by the rays and suns at E, K, L and M. The semi-circle between P and N represents a focalized zone of celestial light emanating from the spiritual sun and generating the physical

central material sun of the Universe, which thus becomes a combination of etherialized and materialized elements; from which the life-centres of spirit and matter flow out.

It will not be difficult to perceive that our author affords us in this narrative a view of dark circles and their philosophy which fairly puts to shame all the insignificant communications which we now receive, and surprises us by a graphic picture of the original sources from whence much of our now accepted theology is drawn. The spirit rooms of Charles Cathart, Boston, are described, and the opening of the gates in Cincinnati and St. Louis vividly portrayed; the weird "Color Doctor" and his disciples; the "Snapping Doctors of the West" will form new revelations even to the Spiritualists of the East; the atrocious follies of the "Angelic and Patriarchal" order movements are lashed with an unsparring hand; the Clerical-Judicial persecutions, once so formidably rife in the West, are shown up in all their audacity and intolerance; Illinois, Michigan, the Gulf States and Texas, are fully represented; the details of Spiritualism amongst the French population of New Orleans are full of interest, new, and must create a sensation; Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas contribute a share of the marvels of this history; the almost incredible horrors of California Spiritualism are here recorded; Canada, Oregon, Territories, the brief sketches of Spiritualism of South America, China, Turkey, Syria, as communicated through American sources, is clearly and forcibly described; the chapters of the progress of Spiritualism during the last war contain some of the most touching and exquisite descriptions in the book. The account given of the uses and beauty of Spiritualism in the mining camps of the far West would alone suffice to show to the inquirer the use of spirit communion, and settle his doubts forever. A deeply interesting chapter is assigned to Spiritualism among the Indians, and a fine analysis presented of the difference between magical rites and orderly spirit communion.

After a concise, clear, and impartial resumé of the whole field up to the close of what the author insists to be an "epoch" which terminated in 1868, the history closes with two brilliant chapters on the "Cui bono" of Spiritualism—chapters which I can cordially recommend to the careful perusal of the snarling critic who still inquires, "What is the use of it?" Tell us something new. If such persons would read this entire work, they will only wonder where all this information could have been obtained.

With a few graceful leaves of "retrospection" and "acknowledgment" the volume terminates, leaving upon the mind of the candid reader a sense of awe and astonishment at the review of the vast and stupendous record effected by a world of invisible beings in so short a space of time as twenty years, and also at the patience, industry and felicitous expressions with which their accomplished scribe has laid it before the world. This great work must convince us that if the spirits have done a mighty and wonderful mission in behalf of humanity, they have also shown their wisdom in their choice of an historian, in selecting one so long and faithfully known as their truest and most wonderfully gifted medium, Emma Hardinge.

The book is finely illustrated, splendidly bound, and printed on good paper. The steel plates of prominent Spiritualists are alone worth the price of the book. This grand addition to spiritual literature will be regarded by progressive minds as a sacred record, and become of incalculable value through succeeding ages. Those who love the Bible will find in this history that what they now deem miracles are actual facts, corroborated through mediums by the spirits themselves; that they still love and minister unto us, and all that is allegorical in Scripture is explained and verified by spirit communion.

New York, Jan. 19th, 1870.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LEIDA'S TRIAL.

BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a singular fate which drew Willard Norman and Leida Stenway together. There was no formal introduction; there was no long acquaintance. That two persons, born and brought up hundreds of miles apart, should become acquainted and eventually marry, is nothing very strange.

But considering the chain of circumstances which brought it about, and followed it, it would almost seem that Fate or some other power had determined, in spite of its volition, to bring a proud heart through a bitter experience, which, hard as it was, perhaps might have been best adapted to call forth the slumbering powers of a soul too dreamy and inactive; to teach the heart that wisdom, that firm self-reliance, and above all the fallacy of earthly happiness, the vanity of shrining earthly idols, and the looking forward to a blessed and immortal rest, beyond a world of change and sorrow gained from life's severest conflicts.

Leida Stenway possessed an affectionate nature, a strong intellect, and a mind of no common order. She was ambitious, but knew as yet nothing of her own powers, and a little too fond perhaps of living in an ideal world. Like many another, she built those airy structures so frail yet so enchanting, where idle fancy roams at will. Alas! how they vanish before the stern realities which we encounter in every-day life. She had always an idea that somewhere in the future she was to be called to a great effort, she was to gain a victory in life's warfare. But little she dreamed, in her vague imaginings, the nature of the conflict before her; little thought of a battle fought with self, alone, unaided, save by a Higher Power; of a victory gained, which never should receive the world's applause, or gain for the victor a world's renown.

But a calm, uneventful life glided by, until Leida had reached her nineteenth year. A slender, stately girl; with a clear, pale complexion; a forehead pure and lofty; perfect eyebrows, and eyes from which an earnest, truthful soul looked forth. Her countenance when in repose was intellectual almost to serenity. But a merry thought, a happy smile would drive away the sternness from the mouth, sparkle in the expressive eyes, and irradiate the whole face with a bright, bewildering beauty. Leida possessed a strong, inherent pride, which had never been encouraged, yet had seemed to grow and strengthen as she advanced in years, and formed a powerful element of her character. She had little opportunity for gratifying her tastes, for she was an orphan, and taught the village school. She had wealthy relatives who would have welcomed her to their homes, but she chose to be dependent on her own exertions, and as a teacher she had always been singularly successful. Her pupils all loved her, and the most stubborn would soon yield to her gentle power.

But there were times when the monotony of the school-room wearied her, and the dull routine of her duties oppressed her, till she sighed to escape from her bondage and wished that she might step abroad in life's vast arena and mingle with the eager, striving toilers of earth, in trying to accomplish some good work and have lived to some purpose. She had acquired the habit of thinking much and deeply, and often wrote her thoughts, when they most oppressed her.

One afternoon, when she had dismissed her school, Leida sat alone at her desk, silent and thoughtful. Then suddenly taking her pen, she commenced writing rapidly, and as though some unknown impulse dictated her movements. Her thoughts seemed to come like an inspiration, and she was for the time completely absorbed in her subject. Then she threw down her pen and glanced over what she had penned. She had never written for publication, but the thought occurred to her to send this article to a paper which was printed in a neighboring city and devoted to moral and religious reform. And when she hesitated about doing so, the same power which had urged her to write, seemed now impelling her to give it to the world.

"Well," she said at last, "I believe I will send it. It can do no harm. Very likely it will not be accepted; and if it should be, perhaps some one who reads it may find a thought worth treasuring." And she sealed and addressed the article so hastily written, and proceeded to arrange books, papers, &c., in her desk, before leaving the school-room. And here a little form came softly in, and stood quietly by her side.

"Well, Lillian, dear," said the teacher, "I thought all my little ones had gone home. Have you been waiting outside, alone, all this time?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the child. "I would rather go with you, and I did not come in because you was writing."

"You are a thoughtful little girl, Lilly, and I shall be very glad of your company in our homeward walk. But we will go now, for your mamma will wonder where we are."

Lilly Davis was the only child of the lady with whom Leida boarded. She was very much attached to her teacher; and as they walked homeward, in listening to her childish talk and answering her questions, Leida entirely forgot the article she was to send, so little thought had she given it. But as they were passing the post-office, Lilly suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I almost forgot. Mother told me to see if there was a letter for her." And Leida, thinking as suddenly of her letter, accompanied the child into the office, gave it to the clerk and received one in return. Then she went home, and thought no more about it.

So she himself went on his way, which was destined to affect so powerfully her whole future life.

#### CHAPTER II.

In the clear sunshine of a bright September morning, a long train of cars were slowly starting, westward bound, from the depot of a large eastern city. Just as the last car was vanishing from sight, a gentleman stepped quickly upon the platform, only to find he was a little "too late." Surprise was mingled with the disappointment visible on his countenance, and he immediately glanced at his watch.

"How is this?" he asked of the baggage master, standing near; "I was told the train left at 8:20."

"Changed time, this morning. Train leaves fifteen minutes earlier, from this date," was the brief reply.

"Well, well," mused the gentleman, "this is the first time I was ever left. I always so prided myself on my punctuality; but as it is no fault of mine, that I can see, I will not mourn over what cannot be helped. The next train will not leave till about noon, so I have a few hours on my hands. Now I think of it, I will call upon my old friend, Edward Clifton. I have not met him since he assumed his editorial position. Married recently, too, I have been told."

A dark shadow swept over his face, but was quickly banished, though he walked on faster, and soon reached his friend's office. He made his way directly to the "editor's room," and rapped lightly upon the door. It was immediately opened, and Edward Clifton stood before him.

"Why, Norman, is it you? This is certainly an unexpected pleasure. I am truly glad to see you. Just come to the city? Glad you remembered your old friend," and Clifton grasped his friend's hand with a warm, cordial pressure, that expressed his pleasure.

"Well, Clifton—Ned Clifton, as of old, I see. I arrived this morning, in the boat, bound west, expecting to go directly through the city, but the train got the start of me, so here I am."

"What," laughed Clifton, "Will Norman get left? You always used to be remarkable for being on time. How happened it?"

"Well, they decided to start fifteen minutes earlier, this particular morning, and as I had not ascertained the fact, I arrived at the depot very early, as I supposed, and had the consolation of a glimpse of the last car."

"Truly consoling, that. But, my dear fellow, if your business is not very pressing, I am rather glad of your society for a few hours, for I mean to keep you till the next train leaves."

"Oh, I presume a few hours will make no material difference." And then the two friends seated themselves comfortably, and were soon deeply engaged in conversation.

"By the way, Ned," said Norman, at length, "I hear that you are married since we last met. I did not suppose you would give up your bachelor freedom, after enjoying it so long."

"My dear fellow, 'bachelor freedom' is nothing at all, compared with a pretty, loving wife, and a cheerful home. Why, when I look back, the contrast of my dismal, solitary lodgings, with the comfortable parlor, the cosy tea-table, and the darling wife awaiting me, when I return weary from my day's toil, I tell you, the contrast almost terrifies me."

"But once, the view you regard as so delightful now, would have terrified you equally as much. It must have been a rare piece of feminine goodness, that tempted you to renounce your quiet, care-free bachelorhood, and also awake you to such enthusiastic praise of married life," said Norman, laughingly.

"Indeed, I think my Carrie is worth more than I sacrificed in making her my wife. Our acquaintance was brief, and after the common order of courtships. Nothing romantic, I presume you are glad to know, for you never had much sympathy with romances."

Norman smiled, and shook his head.

"And—well," continued Clifton, "I only wish your time would admit of your dining with me to-day. And, now, why not take my advice, and prove the truth of what I say? In fact, I wonder why a handsome young fellow, like yourself, has not before this taken a wife, and 'settled down in life,' as they say."

Willard Norman's lips were tightly compressed, and the shadow was just perceptible on his perfect brow; but he answered, lightly:

"Oh, I have not been as fortunate as yourself in finding a paragon of excellence. Perhaps I have my ideal. Who has not? But if I speak my honest sentiments, I must say that I regard the 'fair sex,' with a few exceptions, as vain, frivolous beings, with neither sense nor intellect enough for companions."

"For your companions, you mean, Will. Well, if ever you should find embodied perfection, I know that I will travel a long distance to see you."

A hurried rap at the door here interrupted their conversation, and a gentleman entered, who wished to see Mr. Clifton a few moments. The latter led the way to an adjoining room, and said, as he excused himself to his friend:

"I will be back directly. Amuse yourself by looking over any of those papers, if you like; there are plenty of extra copies, and some exchanges."

Norman thanked his friend, and left alone, took up one of a pile of papers lying near at hand. At first he glanced carelessly over its columns; but soon an article seemed to attract and rivet his attention. His indifferent air was gone, and he read with evident interest and pleasure.

tenance noble; the brow, so fair, so perfect in its outline, from which the heavy dark hair was thrown carelessly back, you would look to gaze upon; it looked grand and lofty; the eyes spoke well the feelings of the soul. They might flash with indignation, or bestow a glance of tenderest affection; the mouth was very firm in its expression. Willard Norman possessed an almost indomitable will. He would rarely, if ever, yield to any one; but he also possessed an impulsive nature, and a generous heart. Now he seems unusually interested in what he reads. Apparently he has read it over several times, for the piece, which seems to influence him so powerfully, is but a brief one. At last he carefully folded the paper, and placed it in the inner pocket of his coat, resolved to take it away with him, to peruse at his leisure; and—*an idea had suddenly occurred to him, but for the present he dismissed it.* He heard his friend returning, pausing just outside the door to reply to some remark of the gentleman who was leaving; and he took up another paper, but not being interested in it, and still retaining it in his hand, he walked to the window, and stood looking out when his friend entered.

"Well, I got back soon as possible," said Clifton; "was I long gone?"

"I thought not," replied Norman; "but, glancing at his watch, 'I did not think it was so late.'"

"I suppose you will have to leave soon; but now let us improve the time in asking and answering questions. I believe you have been at home since I was."

And so they talked on, of people and of places known to them in earlier years, until it was time for Norman to go. Then the friends separated; Clifton to look rapidly over his papers, and try to make up the "lost time," by being a little more expert in his business; and Willard Norman to take a seat in the well-filled car; and after glancing about him for a few moments, settle himself comfortably on the plant cushion, and quite unusual for him, fall into a deep reverie.

The fact was, a singular idea had occurred to him; a strange impulse had seized him, which he could not account for. The thought—which was to write to the person whose article had so deeply interested him, as he revolved it in his mind—seemed absurd. He was vexed at himself that such a thought should have come to him at all, and more vexed that he could not drive it away. Arrived at his destination, his business transactions for a while occupied all his time; but when again he had leisure to think, that thought would again intrude. At last as he sat in his room one evening, after again perusing that article which seemed to have such power over him, he took his pen, determined to write, and abide the consequences. It was easy enough, for the address was there; and though he mentally derided himself for it, he rapidly penned a few words expressive of his pleasure in reading an article so earnest and elevated in its tone, and that one of such apparent talent had engaged in a reform so great and glorious. The subject was one of great interest to him, and the ideas had singularly coincided with his own; he could not refrain from this tribute of respect to the writer. He did not solicit a reply, for, as the reader must be aware, he did not really expect to open a correspondence with the unknown; but he wrote at the bottom of the page his address, perhaps not entirely unwilling that the unknown should reply if she chose, for he felt certain that he was writing to a lady, though whether young or old, married or single, black or white, he knew not, and probably did not care at that time; but the letter was written and went on its way, as many another letter had done. How little we know the significance of letters. How little we dream, sometimes, on opening one, how its contents will affect us. They are little messengers, but they have a mighty power, and they awaken varied and strong emotions, sometimes.

CHAPTER III.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon, near the last of September. Vacation had commenced, and Leida Stenway was for a time relieved from school duties. She sat beside a window of her room which overlooked the river, busily sewing. Through the open window the soft summer air floated in and played about her brow; the low murmur of the river, in its ceaseless, onward motion, fell pleasantly upon her ear. The scene on which she gazed when she raised her eyes from her work, was one of quiet beauty; and Leida enjoyed it all in a sort of dreamy listlessness, this still afternoon.

Presently little Lilly, who had been to the village, came through the gate; and seeing Leida at the window, cried out as she held it up to view, "A letter for Miss Stenway." And she ran quickly up the stairs to Leida's room, and gave her the letter, with a glad, bright smile, feeling a childish joy in the thought that she was giving a pleasure to her beloved teacher; for the little one thought people were always pleased to receive letters.

Leida glanced with surprise at the strange handwriting, which was of singularly handsome style, and then, opening the envelope, read with more surprise the letter which her unexpecting article had evoked. Lilly, receiving no further notice, quietly left the room.

"Willard Norman?" mused Leida. "I never heard the name read it before. What an elegant writer! Strange that any one, especially a man of such evident talents, should have found anything of worth in that little piece I wrote! Well, I suppose the writer is some kind-hearted old gentleman who thought to encourage me by a friendly letter. And it is pleasant to be appreciated, even by a stranger whom one never expects to see."

And Leida laid the letter aside and resumed her sewing; but her thoughts had taken another channel, and her dreamy quietness was broken up. She would think of the letter before her and the unknown writer.

"But ought I not to reply, and thank him for his kind words? He might otherwise think I was offended; and certainly there is nothing in that gentlemanly manner of addressing a stranger to offend any one. And, beside, there are some ideas that I should like to reply to. Yes, I think it merits a reply."

But Leida deliberated, for she never did anything hastily, and, after thinking about it for several days, decided to write to the kind old gentleman whose letter had given her so much pleasure. And so the correspondence was commenced.

Willard Norman hardly expected a reply to the letter he so strangely impelled to write; yet he secretly hoped to know more of one whose writings could so influence him. And Leida, though she did not really expect to hear further from the unknown, was not displeased when a courteous reply came back to her. And the correspondence soon became interesting to both. They wrote always on the prevailing topics of the day, and discussed several questions at length. The gentleman soon decided that his correspondent was young, and possessed a mind of no ordinary power. There was a frankness, an elevation of thought about her writings which pleased

him more and more, and there was evidence of deep, strong feeling. And so, questioning and testing her disposition, he formed a very correct estimate of Leida Stenway. And he never became interested, as one of her sex had never before had power to interest him. And Leida had been strangely interested. She confessed to herself that she should miss those letters sadly if they failed to come. But they did not fail. Regularly as the mail they came, and her own always received a prompt reply. Several of her friends knew of her correspondence, for they soon discovered that she corresponded regularly with some one, and of course they must know about it. She very readily told them, for she did not think it probable that she should ever see the writer.

"Leida, dear," said kind, motherly Mrs. Davis one day, "have you any idea where this correspondence of yours will end?"

"Well, I think I have no definite idea," said Leida, smiling. "I did not commence it—at least not directly—and I do not like to end it. I suppose the gentleman will weary of it by-and-by, and so cease writing."

"And you never thought, I suppose, that he would have any curiosity to see the lady he has been so long addressing by letter? And as for yourself, it seems to me hardly possible that you can help a little feminine curiosity to see this fascinating writer."

"Well, I suppose I do. That is only natural, I believe. Yet I have never thought he would be likely to take the trouble; and I do not know that it would in any manner affect me if he should."

"But, Leida, dear," said the good-natured lady, "suppose he appears before you some day. Now, confess, would n't you feel a little disappointed if you beheld an old and ugly man? Have n't you really formed some idea of him? and perhaps it will do no harm just to think of these things. Do n't you think you would be better pleased if he should prove an agreeable, good-looking, young man?"

Leida felt her face flushing, in spite of herself, and for a few moments she made no reply. She could not feel angry with Mrs. Davis for her direct questioning, which in another would have seemed impertinent, for she knew that lady was her good, true friend. She was only a distant relative, but she had been the chosen friend of Leida's mother, who, dying, had wished that she might watch over the young girl so early orphaned. And Leida had always found a home with her, and, as far as possible, Mrs. Davis had supplied a mother's place.

"Well," said Leida at length, "I have been so much interested in the subjects upon which we have written, that truly I have thought but little of the 'end,' as you say. Of course I could not help thinking of the writer, imagining his appearance, &c., sometimes. I have no more reason to think of him as young than old, and I have hardly thought of seeing him, or supposed he had any motive in writing, beyond the present interest of the affair."

"He would hardly correspond at such length if he were not more interested than that, Leida. And I have no more doubt of his coming to see you than that I sit here this afternoon. But really, I must sit here no longer," she added, starting from her chair as the little clock in the sitting-room below told the hour of five. "I had better remember, I guess, that I have a husband who will be wanting his supper. So I must descend to realities, while you, Leida, can revel in your ideal world a little longer." And Mrs. Davis went briskly down stairs to prepare tea, leaving Leida to reflect on the conversation.

And Leida continued thinking, leaning her head upon her hand, and looking far out upon the placid river, where it wound among the trees which shaded it, on either side, and was lost to view; and she wondered if, indeed, the dreamy quiet of her existence was to be disturbed. And then came another thought, new, and almost startling to her—was it not already disturbed? She had come to look eagerly for the coming of those letters; she had read them with a pleasure she had never known before; and, as she thought of it, she did not like to think of never hearing from this stranger again, who, in fact, hardly seemed like a stranger now.

But a light ring of the tea-bell put a stop to her meditations for the present, and she immediately went below, to the dining-room, where a most inviting looking table was set. How cool and refreshing the shaded room looked, with its clean, polished floor; no dust nor spot dimming its brightness; serviceable cane chairs; a plain, neat lounge in one corner of the room; a small stand of books in another; two or three pictures; a fresh bouquet of flowers on the mantel; and the tempting supper-table! Others might be more elegant and glittering, but none more nicely arranged.

Mrs. Davis possessed the art of cooking, perhaps, as nearly perfected as possible. The most delicate invalid seldom failed to partake of whatever she prepared, and every one who visited her spoke of her skill as a housewife.

Leida noticed everything that night, and thought what a pleasant, quiet home she had. Mr. Davis sat by the window, reading, but laid aside his paper as she entered, and with some pleasant remark to Leida, joined his family at the table. Little Lilly had her favorite seat at his left hand, and they formed a cheerful group, as they conversed on the common affairs of the day. And they were a happy family. There was no discord, no harsh words or angry thoughts in that small, well-ordered household.

The pleasant scene on the still summer evening, to which we have referred, was a type of their every-day life. Lilly was their pet and darling—a delicate child now, about eight years of age. They had been married many years when she came to them, bringing new sunshine to their home and hearts; and they had cherished her fondly, seeming ever fearful lest she should be taken from them. Leida, too, loved the little one, as she might have done a younger sister, and "pet Lilly" always, as this night, received her share of notice.

Later in the evening, when Leida had sought her own room, she lighted her lamp, and taking from a box a package of letters, sat down by her work-table. There were a goodly number of them, too—those letters she had received from Willard Norman, for they had now been corresponding for nearly a year. She had them all neatly folded, just in the order they came; and she commenced to read them over, carefully and thoughtfully. Some of them had been read many times before, yet they seemed interesting, even now. How beautifully they were written! What earnest, eloquent thoughts they breathed, clothed in the finest language! They certainly bespoke a soul above baseness or deception; and Leida thought, as she again laid them aside, that he must be a noble man; and she was beginning to realize that she did feel an interest in the stranger who had thus introduced himself.

Perhaps in no other way would these two have become so thoroughly acquainted as by letter-writing, for both were fond of it, and both well understood how to express their thoughts on paper; not but that they possessed conversational

talent, but occasions would seldom occur to call forth the ideas awakened by this correspondence; and possibly had they met in society, in the ordinary manner, neither would have been attracted by the other, though certainly both were of pleasing personal appearance. But by correspondence they had become acquainted, and each more deeply interested than they were themselves aware of.

The afternoon mail of the next day brought for Leida a letter. And in this the writer expressed the desire, so long repressed, to see the lady whose writings had charmed so many hours for him; and in the most courteous manner, asked permission to visit her at her own home.

And Leida, in replying to this letter, told him, frankly, it would be to her a pleasure to meet with one whose writings, while they had deeply interested, had given her many new and valuable ideas.

And Willard Norman, only waiting for this assurance of welcome, wrote promptly back, expressing his thanks, and also his intention of coming at an early day, stating the time as nearly as his business transactions would allow.

So Leida pursued her daily routine of teaching, thinking—as who, under the circumstances, would not have done?—of the meeting with one whom she had never seen—knew really nothing of—and yet could not regard as a stranger.

And so the days sped quickly by, until on the morning he was coming. There would be no school for it was Saturday; and he would probably not reach there till the late afternoon train came in.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Davis knew of his coming, and she, with her husband, was prepared to give a cordial reception to one of whom they had formed an exalted opinion. For, if he had interested Leida so much, he must be worthy. They had read many of his letters, too, and agreed that he was a person of no ordinary talent. And the tone of his writings was elevated and refined. No one would doubt his being a gentleman. So Willard Norman was likely to be appreciated by the strangers he was going among; and it is to be hoped that time will prove their good opinions correct, and sustain their high regard for his mental and moral worth.

[To be continued.]

EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HERMON EHLE.

When the unprejudiced and honest investigators of Spiritualism shall place our faith in the crucible of human reason to be tested, its value will be estimated by the amount of good it has done, and is doing; by the amount of suffering it has mitigated and relieved, by the sorrows it has assuaged, and above all, by the harrowing fears of death allayed, which for long ages have bowed the heads of millions with a soul-agony whose poignancy cannot be described by human language.

Since the first advocate of a "Fiery Lake" presented this false picture of human we in the future world to the minds of man, the doctrine of "eternal torments" (a foul slander upon the pure character of a loving God) has spread with fearful rapidity among the unreasoning and credulous portions of our creed-bound world. Stealthily and unseen, like the poisonous miasma, it has crept into our homes while human reason lay slumbering, making fearful havoc with the brightest hopes of parents and children who have been called upon to part with loved ones; and had it not been for a few bold reasoners, such as Alexander von Humboldt and Thomas Paine, whose mighty pens were wielded to stay the tide of error, the most far-seeing could not have calculated the evils resulting therefrom; mankind would have been made the dupes of a false Theology, and hapless slaves to a perpetual fear of death. But now, thanks to our watchful Parent, whose eyes never slumber, a brighter light has dawned; a mighty army, whose supporters are the hosts of heaven, has arisen to do battle against the errors of Church and State.

The mission of Spiritualism is to war against every species of error, whether existing in the religious, scientific, or medical world. Among those who practice medicine in our country, it is painful to behold the great want of knowledge in its administration. The various human ills, whose name is legion, cannot be successfully treated except by the superior discerning powers of clairvoyance. My purpose in this communication is to bring to the notice of the many readers of the *Banner*, one who is eminently successful in the Healing Art. Though an educated physician, it is his intuitive powers to which may be attributed his wonderful precision in selecting remedies adapted to all classes of disease. I refer to Dr. J. J. Jones, a young physician of our city, whose healing powers Dr. J. R. Newton frankly acknowledged to be fully equal to his own.

As before intimated, our faith, when weighed in the balances, will be estimated by the good accomplished by its advocates and adherents, and not by our numbers (of which we make too much boast). Numbers are the human list, but the good done is the divine, by which Spiritualism must ultimately stand or fall. When we contemplate the multitude of successful healers Spiritualism has sent abroad, who are ever working for the afflicted in every part of our civilized world, we need not fear the divine test to which we will be subjected. It is not transcending the truth to claim that the healers connected with our heaven-born religion, form the strong pillars on which the beautiful structure of modern Spiritualism securely rests.

Chief among these pillars may be numbered Dr. Jones above referred to, of whose merits as a medical practitioner and healer, I wish, for the benefit of the afflicted, to say a few words. He came to our city about two years ago, with nothing save merit to secure success in his calling. Being obliged to compete with a large number of physicians of established practice, it was necessary, in order to succeed, that he should manifest a superior power for the healing of disease. His powers were equal to the task, and have crowned him with a success for which he may well be grateful to his unseen friends, who with their potent forces constantly environ him.

His powerful magnetic brain seems to grasp and control elements of the unseen world, for he will stand by the side of a patient—perhaps one given up to death by a council of physicians—and with a cool, determined will, will say, "He shall not die," and soon raises the patient from the grasp of death, back to life and friends again. These powers, with a soul in sympathy with suffering humanity, have brought to his office many of the Lord's poor, whom he has healed without any compensation of a temporal character. As an evidence of the curative power the Doctor possesses, I will venture to cite one case from a column of as remarkable ones, recently published in one of the city papers, to which are appended, as witnesses, the names of four reliable citizens of Utica.

A child was attacked with congestion of the

lungs, in its severest form. The family physician was immediately called, but while under his treatment, the disease increased in intensity, and death seemed inevitable. Soon, severe spasms, with purple face, attacked the sufferer. At this point in the progress of the disease, the family physician gave over the case as incurable, saying that no skill could save the child, and that it would probably die before twelve o'clock that night. While in this precarious condition, Dr. Jones was called. Under his treatment the spasms soon disappeared, and before the time appointed for the child's exit from earth, he was seen sitting up and at play, with the joy of returning health beaming in his face. He continued to improve, and after two weeks, his mother alleges, became healthier than ever before.

With such a healer in our midst, and many others, of both sexes, who are having a successful practice as magnetic physicians, we are doing much to disarm prejudice, and create a love for our beautiful religion, fully as much, in my view, as lecturers could do, as the blessings attendant upon restored health are perceived and felt immediately, producing an impression concerning the powers attending the medium not easily erased without concealing supermundane aid, or, in other words, the spiritual philosophy.

I would not be understood, however, as disparaging public speaking, for both are essentially good; but when the beautiful temple of Spiritualism shall have been reared on the everlasting foundation of good work, God will provide promulgators of its rational and soul-cheering doctrines.

My extensive acquaintance as canvasser, enables me to state the gratifying fact that the cardinal doctrines of Spiritualism are growing rapidly in favor among the more thoughtful of the different churches; and the "sinners," also, whose minds are untrammelled by any established faith, are imbibing its rational and soul-inspiring views. The light of truth is spreading. Opponents may decry, and some, for a sinister purpose, may forsake the faith delivered to us by the angels, but they cannot conceal its truths from observation. Like the dews of heaven, they are gently falling over all the earth, making its desert places blossom as the rose. Hand in hand, the seen with the unseen laborers, Spiritualism will accomplish the holy mission assigned it of redeeming the world from all error, and elevating it to a brighter sphere of truth, tranquility and joy.

Utica, N. Y., Jan. 21st, 1870.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Golden Wedding.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—On the evening of Jan. 1st, 1870, the golden wedding of Mr. Willard and Mrs. Susan Cox, of Hudson, Mass., was celebrated at their home. Some nice presents testified to the good feeling of neighbors and friends toward this good couple. Brief speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Heywood and the writer, songs were sung with excellent effect, the following poem presented, and wedding cake passed around—a merry and profitable time, to be lovingly remembered by them and pleasantly by all present.

GOLDEN WEDDING POEM.

In youth's bright and festive morning,  
When the summer flowers bloom,  
Love's soft charms were cast around you  
Like the warmest rays of noon,  
And your hearts were drawn together  
By the mystic chord we know,  
Until God your marriage sanctioned  
Fifty years to-night ago.

Earthly hopes and joys have perished,  
Superceded evermore,  
Leaving withered leaves decaying  
Where rich verdure grew before,  
Springing from this death, forever  
Comes the spirit's brighter glow,  
And to-night we celebrate glorious  
With its type of years ago.

Frighted with a grand experience,  
At the altar once again,  
Proving that your vows had meaning,  
Though you've toiled through wood and pain,  
And that faithful to each other,  
Ever striving to be glorious  
That sweet love that could not perish  
With the fifty years ago.

Still in holy, sacred union  
Through the next decade you pass,  
Until angels come to meet you,  
Bearing you to heaven at last,  
You have heard their cheering voices,  
Breathing near you, soft and low,  
And they tell of perfect unions,  
Not of fifty years ago.

But among the blessed spirits,  
Where God's laws are perfected,  
And those beings, three united,  
Give each other loving care,  
There no holy vows are broken,  
And no divorces they know,  
But harmonious love is given,  
Like your own of years ago.

We who dwell among these shadows,  
Hungering on through life for love,  
May take courage as we meet you  
Hand in hand for realms above,  
And may take you as a beacon,  
Guiding us to the life we go,  
For our married lives together  
Since the fifty years ago.

Year by year you've gathered treasures,  
Laid them where no moth can rust—  
Truthful deeds and loving kindness,  
Ever striving to be just,  
Lo! above the golden glitter  
When our earthly lives bestow,  
You will find more precious jewels,  
Gathered fifty years ago.

Please accept our kindest wishes;  
May your future ever be  
Lighted by the angels' presence,  
Till with them you, too, are free,  
If sorrow clouds your sky again,  
While lingering here below,  
Oh, may the love more brightly burn  
Than fifty years ago.

And when at length the angels come  
Across the mystic stream,  
To bear you through the open gate,  
Where God's own glory gleams,  
Oh, may you then go hand in hand,  
Nor separation know,  
But stand beside God's altar there  
As fifty years ago.

Tudon, Mass., Jan., 23, 1870. M. S. HOADLEY.

Correction—Agent's Report.

By some mistake a part if not all of the receipts taken by me for the State Association during the month of May, 1869, were omitted in my report. As some have made inquiries about it, I give in my May report, as follows:

I received the following sums: Wm. H. Orne, Stoneham, \$1.00; Wm. F. Spiller, do., \$1.00; Wm. A. Randall, Medford, \$1.00; Edwin Wilder, do., \$1.00; Orrin Joslin, Haverhill, \$1.00; Otto more, do., \$1.00; John M. Rogers, Solon, \$1.00; J. H. Beale, Pennington, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Puffer, South Haverhill, \$1.00; Myrtle Perry, do., \$1.00; Maria Bennett, Abington, \$1.00; Sylvester Hayward, West Concord, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wheeler, Acton, \$2.00; Marshall Miles, South Acton, \$1.00; Frank Hayward, do., \$1.00; Warren B. Hall, do., \$1.00; Cyrus Hayward, do., \$1.00; Wm. P. Hayward, do., \$1.00; Contribution, do., \$4.95; Wm. P. Clarke, Abington, \$1.00; Contribution, South Haverhill, \$0.10; Contribution, East Abington, \$5.00; Contribution, North Abington, \$5.50; Amos Green, Lowell, \$1.00; Contribution, Lowell, \$1.21; Contribution, Milford, \$5.90; S. C. Chapin, South Acton, \$1.00; Miss Matt. Milford, \$1.00.

I would say to those whose contributions have not been reported through the pages of the *Banner*—if there are any such—that I keep a strict account of all money received, and it is put into the hands of the Secretary, and recorded on the books of the Association. Should the names of any not be reported, through mistake, it will be at once corrected by writing to me.

The Association is still at its work, and I am lecturing week-evenings and Sundays, as usual, anywhere in the State that the people will provide a place of meeting. Send in your calls, friends, and the State Agent will gladly respond.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Address care *Banner of Light*.

CONNECTICUT.

**A Few Things of which I am Tired.**

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Will you give me a short space in your paper, to put in my report for the last quarter, and also to speak of a few things of which I have grown tired?

I am tired of hearing Spiritualists excuse themselves from paying money to support Spiritualism, on the ground that they help the "Universals," and pay something to other de-

nominations, which is all they can afford. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists say "It is no use trying to do anything here; we have tried, and no one appreciates our efforts." I am tired of hearing Spiritualists complain that Spiritualism is unpopular, and that they do not believe in making it more popular, in for those who believe it to be a good thing, and pay their money to sustain it, instead of giving it to the churches. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists make excuses for buying seats in and attending Orthodox churches, on the ground that their families go there, their daughters sing there, and their mothers attend, and it is more convenient to go there than elsewhere. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists say they are satisfied, and they do not see as it is much use to make effort: if Spiritualism is true, it will live; if it is error, it will die. I am tired of arguing that Spiritualism cannot be discovered without effort, or prolonged without money; that error cannot be overthrown without union of effort and concert of action, and a system that shall give force and power to both. I am tired of hearing Spiritualists excuse themselves for not joining the State Association on the ground that they do not believe in organization, and that they do not care to attend to the details of it, without that this State Association is simply a system of sustaining lectures in the name of Spiritualism, and that the articles simply declare the way business shall be transacted, the manner in which the collection of contributions shall be made, and a statement of what is expected of the Agent. I am tired of applying to moneyed Spiritualists to join the State Association, and contribute to its support, when I must hear them plead poverty, and take the dollar, given grudgingly, with the request that their names shall not be published.

Resolved that the next meeting of my readers, for the last quarter, commencing Oct. 1st, ending Dec. 31st:

One lecture at Winsted, collection, \$2.00; three lectures at Line Rock, \$1.00; one at Bristol, \$0.10; two at Unionville, \$1.75; two at Southington, \$0.90; one at Rockville, \$1.92; two at Norwich, \$0.60; two at New Britain, \$0.91; Private donation, \$2.00. Total, \$27.00.

Subscriptions.—J. B. Hinkley, Unionville, \$1.00; William Lowell, do., \$1.00; Mrs. E. L. Weaver, Hartford, \$1.00; Mrs. M. E. Burnham, do., 50 cents; John Markham, do., \$1.00; Stranger, do., \$1.00; T. M. Allen, do., \$1.00; Stranger, do., \$1.00; M. Smith, Norwich, 50 cents; Fannie Armstrong, do., \$1.00; Jonathan Hatch, South Windham, \$5.00; A. Tarbox, Willimantic, \$2.00. Total, \$27.00.

E. ANNIE HINSMAN, State Agent.  
New London, Jan. 25th, 1870.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Craft in Danger—"Help me, Casus, Ere I Sink."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As the readers of your paper are already advised, the M. D. of the Providence Medical Association, in view of the danger to their craft, incident to the prevalence of better modes of curing human ailments than by pills and potions, and by moxas, too, altogether heterodox, decided to call upon the Legislature to interfere and protect them. That body has been in session now three weeks, and as yet the Providence doctors have not peeped or muttered in the legislative halls of Rhode Island. And I venture they will not. The truth is, there are so many who resort to heterodox modes for medical treatment, that these gentlemen would find all up hill work to carry out their plan. There are now in this city some eight or ten who practice more or less clairvoyantly or spiritually, several making it a specialty and exclusively devoting themselves to healing. There are others who practice among friends and acquaintances, as cases occur, and there I am numbered. I propose to relate two or three cases which have come under my hands, to illustrate how "omniprism" can outreach the old schools and effect cures where they are utterly powerless.

My attention was called to a gentleman one evening in a public hall, suffering from neuralgia in the face, so much that he had not slept for two nights. He said he did not believe I could cure him. I replied, "That makes no difference; but you will believe." I put my hand upon his face, held it there a few moments, made a pass or two, and then asked if he believed. He replied, "Yes, it is all gone." He went home, slept soundly, and has not had a recurrence of the pain. He said when my hand touched his face he felt a warmth which entered the flesh, apparently driving out the pain. Empiricism No. 1.

A carpenter fell a short distance from a building, splitting his ankle bone, and jarring himself considerably, and was obliged to use a crutch and staff. In a few days his right arm began to feel numb, and in a short time became utterly useless. He was a poor man, dependent upon his labor for his bread, and, as may be supposed, had a dreary prospect before him. He sought medical advice; various kinds of liniments were prescribed, but without any good result. Five skillful (as the world esteems them, and I am not about to dispute the claim) physicians from the old school standpoint decided that there was no hope for him; I overtook him one evening going home to tea, and he expressed a wish for relief, mentioning a gentleman in New York who had treated him some time previously for another difficulty. I told him I could cure him, and would; appointed the next evening for him to call at my house. He did so; gave the details of the treatment he had received, and further, that he had tried a galvanic battery of great power, but did not feel any effect from it. His arm was bound up in three or four thicknesses of flannel; these I stripped off, took his hand in one of mine and placed the other, spread over the shoulder blade. In less than two minutes, he felt a tingling sensation coursing up the nerves of the arm, finally extending from the finger to the shoulder.

I gave another treatment the following evening, and the third I completely established the nervous circulation. Having held him as first described for a short time, I then passed my fingers from the shoulder down the arm, over the elbow and off at the little finger. He gave evidence of much pain, and after three or four passes, turned white, said he was faint and must sit down. He did so in a prone position. I gave him a glass of magnetized water, and he came to in a few moments. He said as my fingers ran over the skin, the operation felt as though I was tearing up a strip of flesh down to the bone. I continued treatment. He shaved himself in ten days; whereas, when I began with him, he could not shut his hand with any power, or raise a pound weight. He subsequently went to work at his trade, and was saved from the terrible fate of a paralyzed arm, which the faculty universally predicted. Empiricism No. 2.

A third case I shall note occurred recently. A friend was down with the measles. To quiet the apprehensions of a sister who was visiting the family, a homoeopath was called in. My friend was rising of forty, and had a tough turn of measles, complicated with a dyspeptic condition. He described his stomach as seemingly containing a "lump or ball"; it was extremely sensitive; he could take nothing, however simple, without inducing distress or vomiting. The physician said the stomach could not be reached without interfering with the measles; these I must have their run, then the stomach would be in order. I applied my hands; the "lump" in the stomach disappeared in the course of fifteen minutes, and soon after he was able to take drinks. Measles and stomach both yielded to the kindly influence coming through me, and he rapidly recovered, and in a few days was out, looking better than for some time. Empiricism No. 3.

Enough have I related in my own experience to demonstrate the need the doctors have for protection, and show why they are seeking the interpolation of the legislature. Their craft is in danger, and the venient ones think there is salvation in statutes. But there is none. "Ichabod" is written upon the walls of modern medicine of the regular schools, and nothing can save the fabric. And here it is not just that I should say that those cures were done by the regular schools; I do not say that, but that would probably be called a magnetic organization; but my chief power comes from the denizens of the bright, better and balmy land, the spiri-spheres. To my parents who blessed me with a proper organization, and to the spirits who, for some years past, have made me every instrument. I give the glory and praise. W. FORBES, JR., Providence, Jan. 22d, 1870.

OHIO.

Spiritualism—Its History in Ohio.

It is now more than twenty years since the advent of Spiritualism. Those who first gave attention to its facts are passing to the realm of spirits. It is not a new thing, but a difficulty of collecting and substantiating the phenomena that have occurred, the facts on which the truthfulness of Spiritualism rests. Ohio led in the new movement. One of the earliest Conventions was held in Cleveland. Some of the most startling manifestations have occurred within her borders. It is a duty we owe to our fellow-citizens to coordinate these phenomena. A few years hence it will be impossible. Brought together, arranged and condensed, they will be of great interest, and furnish a solid, incontrovertible argument.

I propose to engage to myself the task of making such a collection, and now address myself earnestly to every Spiritualist in the State, requesting them to write full statements of the facts, either of physical manifestations, or mental phenomena, giving date and other particulars in full, with references, which have come under their personal cognizance, and send to my address, 115 Broadway, New York, or to my address, Hudson, N. Y.

In order to obtain as perfect knowledge as possible of the number of Spiritualists in the State, for the benefit of the State Association, the Spiritualists of the State are requested to send an estimate of the numbers of avowed Spiritualists in their respective counties; and also the number of those who are believers, but do not name themselves as such, to my address. HUDSON, N. Y.

President Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.  
Berlin Heights, Ohio, Jan. 1st, 1870.

THE CHILDREN.

Heaven bless the children! Beautiful and fair, Needing all a mother's love, All a father's care.

Its complicated and varied compartments, its convolutions, its cells, its watery and marrowy substances, its thin partitions and regular subdivisions—indeed, its entire shape and texture, all existing and operating harmoniously according to the laws of adaptation and use, and all declaratory of some almighty formative power still beyond.

gent representative of all the history of matter preceding him. The atheist tells you that as the acorn produces the oak, and the oak, in turn, produces the acorn—as the fowl produces the egg and the egg, in turn, produces the fowl, so man, being produced alone by matter, can alone, in turn, produce matter.

all contributed to establish the fact beyond the possibility of successful contradiction, that this principle of vitality has a conscious individuality of its own—that it is the man, or the woman—the object of our love and veneration that has departed from the body through the process which we term death, leaving the corpse but a lifeless lump of clay, as we have described it.

spirit, by the agency of death, shall emerge from the muddy and decaying coat of time, then again shall the treasures of the heart be restored; then again shall the eye sparkle with the tear of sympathy, and the warm pulsings of the soul shall tell of a memory and a love that can never die.

The Lecture Room.

DOES MAN EVER FORGET? A LECTURE BY THOMAS GALES FOSTER, In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Jan. 23d, 1870.

Permit me, my friends, to invite your kind attention to the remarks that I propose to offer upon the question: "Does Man ever Forget?"

With regard to spiritual and eschatological conceptions, Christendom is the slave of false knowledge. The memory is crowded with ideas that have well nigh no foundation in truth. Men learn to lean on these baseless ideas, and hence it has been well said that the sum of experience is but the dim dream of the conduct of past generations—generations that acted in almost complete ignorance of their natures.

Turn over the pages of the material metaphysician, or study the dogmas of scholastic theology, and in both you find systems that deal in words, not facts—arbitrary assertions, at war with reason—imaginary principles leading to the adoption of theories that contradict the common sense of mankind. But when the truths of moral science are practically enforced by the phenomena and philosophy of modern Spiritualism—the glorious system of which I am, to-day, in part the advocate—when men, led by its teachings, search into their own nature, and recognize its inculcation, that all true growth must be from an inner centre outwardly, and depend upon exertions made through their own intellectual and emotional natures for the formation of their individual character, then, indeed, all becomes light and order; the certain succeeds to the doubtful; the practicable to the impossible, and man revels in that high and ennobling satisfaction that is derived from the discovery of truth and the investigation of Nature.

For Spiritualism teaches all that is written in the moral constitution and spiritual needs of humanity; and he who would triumph amid the glories of the hereafter, must look to the cultivation of his own spiritual powers, depending upon himself for the descent of the New Jerusalem to earth, which must come alone through the shekinah of the individualized soul.

The distinguished Agassiz has said, in effect, if you would teach a child geography, you should take him out among the hills and let the earth become his instructor; if you would teach him of tigers or turtles, show him tiger or turtle. And so of man. If you would form a just appreciation of his possibilities in the future, you must examine into his capabilities for progress in the present; and thus reasoning by analogy, you will be able to establish at least a legitimate postulate with regard to his hereafter. Let us attempt so to do.

It is an established fact of science, that every well-developed human organism contains about twenty-eight pounds of blood, which, by means of the most perfect hydraulic appliances, is conveyed through the system at the rate of about three thousand gallons per diem; whilst not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet of atmospheric air, passing through six hundred millions of air cells in the lungs, are required for the purposes of existence.

It is also stated by science, that every square inch of the human organism sustains a column of air forty-five miles high, which weighs about fourteen pounds; so that each human body sustains the astounding weight of about thirty thousand pounds. This immense pressure from without, science tells us, is counteracted by what is termed the electro-vital power within; the body being thus rendered unconscious of the pressure. We are further told, that with this electric engine of at least one horse power, together with a vast chemical laboratory all the while in operation within the system, man is not disturbed thereby, unless the machinery, from some cause or other, gets out of order. And, indeed, that so quietly work these forces, that the power which sends to the generous bosom of the mother the food for her offspring, does not awaken the little slumberer, though the rushing stream is just beneath his ear!

No less wonderful is the muscular system of the human form. The muscles, although constituted similarly as regards material, are divided into two classes—the voluntary and the involuntary; the voluntary lie between the bony frame and the integuments of the body; the involuntary exist within the cavities, and compose a part of the circulatory and digesting systems. The former are subject to the conscious action of the will—the latter are supposed to act independently of the will. Equally wonderful is the nervous system; a beautiful piece of machinery, bearing to every portion of the body the vital feeling necessary to existence; penetrating and infilling every portion of the frame to such an extent that were it possible to dissect it delicately of the bodily covering, you would still have a perfect representative of the man, even to the form of the eye, the roots of the hair, and the enameling of the teeth. Then there are the mesentery glands that take up the different particles of food and convey them to different portions of the body, in obedience to the same great law, operating under different conditions, that holds the mighty worlds that wheel in space within their orbits.

But perhaps the most wonderful portion of this beautiful piece of machinery, the human organism—the capabe of all—is the human brain, with

Material metaphysicians have affirmed that the mind—meaning the intelligent principle—is but a function of the animal brain; and Orthodox theology has done nothing practically to contradict this position of the atheist. Missionaries have been devoured by cannibals, martyrs have been burned at the stake. Have these missionaries and these martyrs been without minds as well as bodies, without personal identity all these many years? Does the identity they once possessed rest in oblivion, awaiting some chemical change or process, in the future, in matter alone? Or, rather, is it not more rational to believe as Spiritualism teaches, and in accordance with the known laws of matter, that after the death of this body, as it is termed, the fluid parts ascend in the form of vapor, descending again in the dew-drop and the rose? and that the more solid parts, seeking their kindred atoms, are constantly passing and re-passing in the various forms of life that make up the different kingdoms constituting the wonderful macrocosm of the universe? and that the intelligent principle, possessing a conscious individuality of its own, seeks its congenial sphere, where its diviner possibilities will be brought into fuller and healthier exercise, proportioned to effort and desire, throughout the unending ages of the hereafter?

Again: Is the intelligent principle—that which is the soul—the principle of immortality—is this but a function of the animal brain? Let us see. If there is a physician here he will tell you that, in the disease called hydrocephalus, the human brain will sometimes become distended from within toward the circumference, giving it the appearance of a mere sack, and yet the faculties remain normal. The upper portion of the brain has been frequently torn away, even severing the optic and olfactory nerves, and yet the man's faculties remain intact until inflammation ensued. Some years ago an iron bar was driven through the centre of the brain of a railroad man, at Cavendish, Vt., forcing before it a column of the brain of the size of the front end of the bar, mutilating the delicate structure within, and rending arterial twigs by the dozen, and yet the man recovered and his faculties remained intact. There must be some principle that exists, under the denomination of immortal—somewhere behind all that appears to the external sight, as existing within this machine; a something which is not wrought upon by the accidents and incidents that affect the outer man.

Again: Look over the history of matter, the history of inorganic nature, in so far as your observation may have extended, and you find that everywhere and in all conditions there is a universal law of change in operation. Every individual existence is constantly varying its qualities, its form, its relations. Some divine power seems operating upon nature, and through nature, by the great law of mutation, and by its agency new forms and relations are being continually brought into being along the pathway of time, marking out in so far, and how far, some controlling power interpenetrates matter.

Man is no exception to this general law of change; every portion of him appertaining to material functions and powers is constantly under its operation—not only every seven years, as has been supposed, but momentarily. At every half revolution of the blood, oxygen and carbonic acid are imbedded and dislodged at the capillaries of the lungs and of the system. There is alternate liquefaction and solidification constantly going on—bone, muscle, sinew and nerve becoming blood, and blood, in turn, becoming nerve, sinew, muscle and bone. Besides, under the law of waste and supply, each portion of the organism is constantly throwing off dead particles of matter and taking on living ones, relatively speaking. Thus the body is being constantly torn to pieces and continually rebuilt by the hand of organic law. The brain is no exception among the varied parts of this machine; but is also continually changing and experiencing revivification through the taking on of new particles in the place of effete matter. This is certainly indicative of the fact, at least, that the brain is not and cannot be the retentive faculty, any more, relatively, than the hand can be. The brain seemingly telegraphs to the extremities by means of what science terms the voltaic current along the nerves; the extremities, in like manner, seemingly communicate with the brain. But neither, in and of themselves, possess vitality, or the powers of thought. They are but the instruments through which some vital principle is acting—the brain being superior to the hand or foot only in the ratio of its superior functional development.

As in the valley of the Mississippi the little rills running down the far-off mountain sides are joined into the great "Father of Waters," which, sweeping onward, receives from old Missouri's muddy mouth her eternal kiss, and then wanders on—through all its winding course wearing away, shores and building up islands—till it is lost, at last, in Mexico's blue wave; so with the great red river of life—it is continually wearing away and rebuilding the bodily functions till its end is accomplished here, and the life-current of the individual becomes submerged in the ocean of Eternity. Ay, human life has been well compared to the web of Penelope, which she was constantly weaving and unweaving whilst awaiting the return of her lord—what she had woven in the day being unwoven at night—that she might keep back the importunity of her suitors. Even so with the human organism—it is being constantly woven and unwoven, while the grim suitors, disease and death, stand waiting for their prize. At length the Ulysses of Immortality arrives, and the contest ends.

Then, my friends, if this be so—if change continually operates upon all the constituents of the brain, where is the soul—where the faculty of memory—the power of thought? Material metaphysicians say that it lies within the brain; and that man is nothing more or less than an intelli-

gent representative of all the history of matter preceding him. The atheist tells you that as the acorn produces the oak, and the oak, in turn, produces the acorn—as the fowl produces the egg and the egg, in turn, produces the fowl, so man, being produced alone by matter, can alone, in turn, produce matter. But, my friends, the atheist does not go sufficiently far in his investigations. When he tells you the brain is the centre of nervous sensation, he is correct; but he is in error when he declares it to be the seat of thought and memory. Although this error is so apparent to the Spiritualist—to him whose experiences have enabled his mental and moral powers to penetrate the gauzy veil that hangs between the two worlds, indoctrinating him with just eschatological conceptions—still the old Mother Church and all her daughters—ostracizing Spiritualism continually—have themselves, for the last eighteen hundred years, failed to demonstrate how far the atheist is in error. And so I hold this system of modern Spiritualism, so much repudiated and denounced, to be the only school of ethics that can effectually recall the atheist from his cheerless materialism, or bring back the doubter to rational Christianity. It is the only system that teaches a correct and rational appreciation of Deity, or a correct and rational appreciation of man and his destiny. It is the system, of all others, capable of preserving all that is worth retaining, either in the Bible, or in Christianity. (Applause.) Modern Spiritualism is to the New Testament what that Testament was to the law of Moses—an extension of its views, with a newer and brighter light thrown upon its obscurities. The doctrine of hope, to the Spiritualist everywhere, is rapidly changing to fruition; the doctrine of immortality, that has only been theoretically held in the past, is, to the Spiritualist, a matter of mathematical demonstration; and all through the instrumentality of this glorious system—this God-given system, so worthy of all your love—this system called Spiritualism. Thank God for Spiritualism!

Now, how has Spiritualism accomplished its work? The physical phenomena are the alphabet of the system, but because they contain the simplicity fitted for the early childhood of each investigator in the science, they have been denounced by some of those calling themselves Spiritualists, who, by study and experience, have grown up out of their need. Because, forsooth, the phenomena are lacking in dignity, such minds seek madly to rush into the same vortex that the early Spiritualists did some fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago, by which they throw down the ladder through the agency of which they reached spiritual thought, proclaimed it all demagoguery, and sunk into the maelstrom of church dignity. (Applause.) Oh, my friends, I tell you that the glory, the splendor, the beauty of this grand system denominated Spiritualism, will become blurred when you sever its theories from its facts; and it will become a fit subject for the rejection of future ages, as the legitimate effect of an appropriate cause. Old Paul did the same thing for ancient Spiritualism; he drove the entering wedge of material influences, and his teachings had such effect upon the early Spiritualists that after the third or fourth century phenomena were forgotten, and old Mother Church made a terrific grasp for material power. But that power is now waning, I may remark in passing—and the Ecumenical Council of to-day is only the last dying gasp of her priestly domination. (Applause.)

Through the power of angelic association mankind are becoming evangelized, and a thinking, reading public are rapidly stepping upon the heels of the mere learned public; whilst a self-constituted plane of theological thought no longer exists between God and the people. Mankind are blessed to-day with the God-given influence of angels, whose lessons have aroused the loftiest aspirations, enabling man to look the Majesty of the Universe in the face, as it were, solicitous to learn of his past, his present, and his future. And yet this natural religion, this educator of the general mind, this holy system of evangelizing the race, has been repudiated by some who have called themselves Spiritualists, because, forsooth, "wandering in the wilderness of materialism, they have allowed themselves to be induced to turn aside after strange gods, and are bowing down before the golden image of their imagination or their avarice. Alas! that any, naming themselves Spiritualists, should have ignored the platform upon which they may have been privileged to stand! Nevertheless, the truth will still remain, although every other man of the present generation should prove himself to be a Judas.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, that are said to be so puny and undignified that no one but "poor, hatchet-faced ignoramus" can be content to investigate them, have demonstrated to the candid investigator what that principle of vitality is that moves in and through the human machine of which I have been speaking. By appealing to the external senses through the medium of material facts; this system, of all others, is best calculated to reach the mind of the atheist. And here let it be understood that I am not disposed to denounce the atheist for his skepticism, or damn him for his unbelief. I love the atheist for the integrity of his purposes, and for his truthfulness to his own convictions. He is a dozen steps, at least, in advance of the fanaticism of the age as to the questions at issue, and must eventually, from the truths that he has already reached in material science, approximate nearer and still nearer the legitimate deductions which Spiritualism seeks to establish.

Independent of facts correspondent to the phenomena of Spiritualism, who shall solve the mystery of the body's death, decomposition and decay? Why does the corpse lie so still? Examine the brain, the eyes, the extremities. In many cases they are as perfect after as before what is called death has occurred! Why, then, have these functions ceased their activity? Why does the body quit away the grave-stone, and resume its conscious individuality? What has become of its loves, its hates, its hopes, its disappointments and its desires? If all the physical functions still remain intact, why are the klyso-crasies—but a short time since so marked—now indistinguishable? Why are the faculties which rendered that body so much the object of love and veneration, now so dormant? What has become of the light that shone out beneath that eyelid, now so motionless? What has become of those expressive features, a smile from which could thrill our very being with ecstasy, or frown us into reverence or hate? The features are there, but oh! my soul, why so still—so expressionless?

The phenomena of Spiritualism alone can answer these interrogatories satisfactorily, or in any manner commensurate with finite comprehension. It is evident that some principle of vitality must have presided over these faculties, now so dormant and dead. What was it?—what is it, indeed?—or can individuality become extinct, or love and thought die with the inert mass, that has been but the channel of their outward expression? Modern phenomena—the raps, tips, trance, writing, clairvoyant manifestations, together with the much-abused dark circles—have

all contributed to establish the fact beyond the possibility of successful contradiction, that this principle of vitality has a conscious individuality of its own—that it is the man, or the woman—the object of our love and veneration that has departed from the body through the process which we term death, leaving the corpse but a lifeless lump of clay, as we have described it. And these phenomena demonstrate further that this conscious individuality lives after the "muddy vesture of decay" has been laid aside, and is enabled to commune with those who are still remaining amid the scenes of earth; so that your vanished idols are not dead, but gone before; and are permitted, through the operations of organic law, still to linger around their beloved, seeking to comfort, aiming to bless.

Naught, save phenomena of this character, both in the past and in the present—especially in the present, from the fact of their more general appreciation—can so effectually demonstrate the principle of immortality. True, Jesus of Nazareth is said to have "brought life and immortality to light." But it will be remembered that at the time of the ministry of Jesus, but one set of the Jews recognized the idea of immortality as an article of faith—which idea they had acquired from the Persians; whilst the nation had never revived the doctrine as a subject of Revelation. Hence this expression should only be considered as applicable to the Jews. The more especially, as Pythagoras, Confucius, Socrates and others had taught the doctrine of immortality many hundreds of years before the Galilean carpenter was born! Besides, the investigating and matter-of-fact materialist is disposed to reject the testimony of two thousand years ago, as unsatisfactory evidence to the mind of the present age. And hence, the claim of modern Spiritualism with regard to capabilities of demonstration as to the immortality of the race—that it underlies and outtops any other religious system ever presented to the world!

But, if it be true that thought and memory are the faculties of some interior principle within the man, possessing a conscious individuality of its own, separate and distinct from the functions of the external body—what, then, is the office of the animal brain? If the brain is not the retentive principle of the organization, what are its functions? Reasoning from what we consider sufficient data, we believe the brain is a machine so to speak, in the nature of a galvanic battery—and the idea is not new with us—that its various functional arrangements constitute but the furniture of an electrical, or rather an electro-mental apparatus, designed to generate the currents to which I have adverted, as coursing along the line of the nerves, and known to science under the denomination of voltaic. The brain is known to be the centre from which branches out, directly or indirectly, every nerve in the system—and hence the nerves constitute the channels by means of which this fluid can reach every portion of the same—serving as a current of communication for purposes of sensation and motion, under the influence of some more positive principle, which, as I have said, leaves the body when the inertia of death ensues. This current is as ethereal as the air you breathe, and is being constantly generated in the human brain, under the impelling force of a more positive principle within the creature, which we denominate soul. From the very nature of its source, it is susceptible of impressions from both the interior consciousness and the outer world; and hence may be denominated the external mind, serving as the intermediate agent of the soul in its connection and communion with the body, and with the outer world. This external mind possesses no vitality in and of itself, necessarily. All vitality is in soul or spirit. Thus, through this intermediate agent, the soul of man is enabled partially, at least, to manifest its individuality and vitality through what is, in and of itself, but an inert mass of matter—and which, when the vitalizing principle has departed from it, you deposit, brain, muscle, sinew, nerve, fluids, solids and all, within the common repository of its kindred matter. Thus, then, the soul of man, by its activities is recognized in the finite microcosm of the human body, as the great Soul of Nature from whence he has emanated is recognized by His works in the vast body of the universe.

Seguiera, a German writer, remarks in effect, that one of the most startling and mysterious phenomena of man's nature, is the sudden revival of the recollection of scenes, events and thoughts, which had been seemingly long forgotten. In many instances the recollection flashes without warning upon the external consciousness. It is as though one had been gazing out into the blank darkness, which, lighted up all at once by a sudden flash, should become a theatre on which the minutest events of his past life had been enacted.

Phenomena of this kind, more or less distinctly marked, occur in the experience of every individual, in his ordinary and normal state. The bodily organs, together with the external mind, act as checks or limitations upon the operations of the soul, somewhat as the balance wheel of a watch checks and regulates the uncoiling of the spring. You do not know how rapidly the wheels might be impelled, until this check is taken off. The balance wheel makes the watch move in time; and so also with the limitations to which I have referred, in the human body—they compel the soul to act in reference to time. Thus, although the scenes of the past seem often to have sunk into oblivion, beyond recall, still, these repeated and momentary flashes of memory most surely indicate that, somewhere in the organism is a retentive faculty, although it but impress upon the outer consciousness a partial testimony of its existence. The outward manifestation must comport with the condition of the channel through which it is given. Thus, in old age, when man has reached what is termed his second childhood, many important intermediate events are seemingly forgotten, whilst the incidents of childhood are frequently recurring to him. This is from the fact that time has weakened the generative processes of the brain, and its issue, the external mind, is incapable of receiving impressions that correspond to the realities of a sterner manhood. So, likewise, with the lunatic, the monomaniac, or derangement of any kind, external conditions have in some manner deleteriously affected the external mind and body; and the outward manifestation necessarily corresponds. But the interior consciousness is affected thereby, only relatively as to time; the immortal principle, the soul, remains itself, in all its faculties and powers—its memory, its real essence unimpaired. Hence man never forgets!

And with what consolation does this assurance come to the heart and the hearthstone! Ye who have mourned the mental night of a beloved father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or child, or friend—ye, who, in gazing upon the senseless eye of lunacy, have supposed the past obliterated in the crazed reminiscences of the beloved, or that all the endearing scenes and incidents of the past, which made earth lovely and life endurable, have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of fantastic imagery—think so no longer! Within the inner temple is an unerring record kept; and when the outer covering is torn away—when the beautiful

spirit, by the agency of death, shall emerge from the muddy and decaying coat of time, then again shall the treasures of the heart be restored; then again shall the eye sparkle with the tear of sympathy, and the warm pulsings of the soul shall tell of a memory and a love that can never die. And thus, too, it will be seen that Spiritualism, in establishing the existence of an immortal memory, is logically determining the individual responsibility of the race, not by arbitrary decree, or pre-ordained judgments, but through the legitimate workings of the law of cause and effect. Spiritualism teaches that the diamond-pointed pen of organic law is indelibly stamping upon the tablet of the soul the legitimate effects of all the deeds of time; whether good or bad; hence all thoughts and deeds, in their effects, are imperishable; so that, when the body external shall have been freed from the body terrestrial, the collective experience of the whole past existence will be before the soul. And this will surely be the Book of Judgment, in the mysterious chirography of which the deeds of time have been unerringly recorded; and, under the operations of organic law, man will find himself his own judge, juror, prisoner and executioner!

But the world to come is a world of compensation as well as of retribution. It is related that the Mahometans have a fanciful idea that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of walking barefooted over a bridge of red-hot iron; it is also related of them that they are religiously particular not to step upon any piece of paper, or to permit its destruction, lest the name of God, or some holy thing, may have been written upon it. They have the consolatory belief likewise, that upon the occasion of passing over the bridge alluded to, all the pieces of paper which the Moslem may have preserved during his earthly life arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury.

Surely you will recognize an interior meaning to this fanciful conception of the Mahometans; for, even in this world, the effects of kind and benevolent actions often assuage the pain of subsequent afflictions; and in the beautiful worlds that are to come, you will find that the memory of good deeds will essentially lessen the burden of your misdeeds—that every tear which you may have dried, every pain that you may have relieved, every grief which you may have assuaged, will contribute to illuminate the pathway that is before you; whilst the joys of the soul shall grow brighter, and still brighter, as such reminiscences flash from the record of the past, amid the beauteous realities of the immortal world! It is no idle question, then, Does man ever forget?

Correspondence in Brief.

ITEMS OF PROGRESS.—Humboldt, Mo.—My last communication was dated from Mexico, but since then, although I have written nothing for the Banner, I have not been wholly idle, and am richer in experience for a few additional changes in my changed career. I was prompted to visit St. Louis, and remained there a few weeks, "hoping against hope" to settle down into some remunerative business—for there will come a season when the winter will be so cold, and the ground so frozen, that it will be difficult to get out, and it will be difficult to get in. It may be said, but I cannot help it, even to look upon such a feeling, knowing as I do that the battle of Progress demands unflinching courage, and is maintained mostly by wit and witless. I gave but one lecture, "Phenomena of the Past," in St. Louis, to a very select few. It was well received, and I was, in eloquence, and to the good of his large audience, lecturing on Sunday evenings. I attended two of his lectures, which were wonderful inspirations. I trust the friends may remember them.

St. Louis is a fine city, full of enterprise and noble purposes unexcelled, as well as in its diversity of life. I went to the Wesleyan church, Christmas morning, and heard a sermon which was very edifying. It was a sermon on the weight of God's wrath to the sinner! I felt, reflecting on the selfish fashion has for vengeance. News reached me that the friends here at Humboldt, Mo., needed a speaker, so I came to pass that I left St. Louis and reached Humboldt, and commenced talking on Spiritualism and kindred topics. I have not much to report, being in possession of few items that I feel at liberty to detail. I am well pleased with Humboldt; it is a handsome town, nestled in the centre of high hills, looking out on the Mississippi. The friends of Spiritualism here are mostly earnest, but the Society is not in a position to engage a speaker, but are devoting their resources to the purchase of a library. I am distributing the book of life as I best know how to the hungry on Sundays, trusting to the liberality of my hearers for monetary compensation. If I am sustained I shall continue to give a course of lectures at Humboldt, Mo., with a Rev. J. H. Coughlin.

Societies desiring week evening lectures, will please address me, Post Office, Humboldt, Missouri. I enclose here a report of a funeral speech delivered by me, published in the Banner of this town. Its delivery and publication has elicited much commendable excitement, and is calculated to hurt Mr. Green in the estimation of many of his Orthodox friends. Already some have "cut" him. He is not the gainer by his loss? What worth are such bitter friends, anyhow, to a man of noble soul? H. J. Powell.

HALLSTON SPA, N. Y.—J. Walt in a private note says: "We enjoy some spiritual blessings here, if physical manifestations can be called such. A few of our circles are, and the physical manifestations, in the way of manifesting with ropes, putting on English patent steel handkerchiefs and then being unlocked and removed without the key; the putting of 33 inch steel rings on the arms of the medium, which the Society is not in a position to engage a speaker, but are devoting their resources to the purchase of a library. I am distributing the book of life as I best know how to the hungry on Sundays, trusting to the liberality of my hearers for monetary compensation. If I am sustained I shall continue to give a course of lectures at Humboldt, Mo., with a Rev. J. H. Coughlin.

OBITUARY.—Clay, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Jan. 21, 1870.—It is with regret that we announce the death of our sister, Samantha Fraley, of Plattsburgh, Oswego Co., N. Y., whose sudden exit from earth to the spirit-land was caused by paralysis on the 4th day of December, 1869. She spent fifty-five years in earth-life, and has a long record of usefulness to her kindred. She was a devoted Christian, and a fervent believer in Spiritualism. In her childhood she became convinced of its reality. She continued in well-doing. At length she became a willing instrument in the hands of our spirit-friends to relieve the sick and afflicted. She continued faithful to the close of her earthly existence. I have never met a more devoted and self-denying spirit. It seemed we were doubly blessed for having her with us. I had a brother who was in the habit of smoking; my spirit-friend said to him, through the organism of Sister Fraley, "My son, abstain from the use of tobacco; it is destroying the physical organization that has given you for a better purpose." He threw away his pipe and never used it again. Here the question is answered, "What word has Spiritualism done?" [Religio-Philosophical Journal, June, 1870.] O. H. BARKER.

GENEVA, ASHTABULA CO., OHIO.—W. Shoppert writes: "I wish you would suggest to Mr. Ellis and to the Bavenports that if they would have a door made of wire screen in the wall of their parlour, and give general notice of their entering, it would save all time of tying, and would free them from all suspicion of deception, as it is claimed by skeptics that they slip out their hands from the ropes, and then back again. They could not run their hands through the screen. We have attended the Bavenport séances when several mediums were present, and were rubbed with phosphorus and played upon so far as possible the congregation that no person in the room could possibly reach them."

QUEBEC.—I still rejoice in continual spirit presence in my family, by still receiving communications through Planchette. My cook, who knows neither reading or writing, is our best medium. Planchette will write under her single hand long sentences, and give general notice of their entering, it would save all time of tying, and would free them from all suspicion of deception, as it is claimed by skeptics that they slip out their hands from the ropes, and then back again. They could not run their hands through the screen. We have attended the Bavenport séances when several mediums were present, and were rubbed with phosphorus and played upon so far as possible the congregation that no person in the room could possibly reach them."

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Little by Little.

It was one of the strong common-sense sayings of Dr. Johnson, that a man need not trouble himself to look for the greater and more marked events of life with which to attach himself, or upon which to expend his effort, for if he did he would be sure never to find them, and his life would be wholly wasted. The true way was, to attend to the little duties of each day, and the large matters would so announce themselves that, in dealing with them, we should seem to have done nothing more than what is ordinary and common. If this plain rule applies to the transactions with which we are concerned in life, it applies with equal force to human character. That we build up the tiny insect of the seas builds the coral reef. It grows almost imperceptibly, but ships strand on their bony ridges at the last. Character is a product. It does not come to any one as a whole, for at no time of our lives is it in a state of perfection. We are developing all the while in this direction and in that, yet we never consciously advance or increase. We take up from what is around us, and give out from our own active force within. Action and reaction go on so regularly that we can at no particular time undertake to say what is our own and what is another's.

The moral of it is, that in the little, the gradual, the imperceptible, we push our steady way onward to perfection. Too many choose to take the roundabout roads, and consume much precious time and opportunity in finally reaching their goal; while the wise and penetrating few go directly to their purpose, and the very reverses, delays and disappointments that are the inevitable concomitants of life, are imposed into the service of making harmony, sweetness, and fullness in the character. But in either instance the rate of progress must be slow and regular. Whether we husband or waste the resources that are our endowment, we are compelled to assimilate the external facts around us by patient processes and only after infinite pains. Even if we know that we are making positive improvement, it is not allowed us to suppose that it can be secured by any faster than the customary methods. All growth is the surer because slow. The condition of permanence is that nothing be forced. The trees show in their annual rings that but so much can be added each twelvemonth to their circumference. The vegetable deposits that enrich virgin soil are made only year by year, not all at once. The oak takes centuries in developing, hardening and maturing, though the willow shoots rapidly, and the gourd comes up in a night.

It is all strikingly illustrated by the old fable of the hare and the tortoise in the race. And if we of the present time give thanks even to the verge of vociferousness for the sudden and revolutionary overturn of the old and shadow-casting dogmas of superstitious belief, it is still just as necessary for us to keep in mind that the joyful change has in no manner inverted the established order of nature in her recognized law of development and growth. That remains precisely what it was, and where it was before. We cannot hasten any of her internal processes, or make her secret machinery go any faster. Daylight and freedom may have been achieved so far as truth is concerned, but no amount of liberty or knowledge will suffice to displace the necessity of patient regularity, painstaking effort, continual watchfulness, unremitting self-discipline, and prayerful, aspiring culture. We need not hope, however our opportunities and advantages may be multiplied, to gather without plowing or reap without sowing. And between these processes lies a long stretch of endeavor, now seemingly baffled by others and now by ourselves, which is but the culture of the field in which all our treasure has been planted.

Knowing and recognizing these simple truths, one cannot but become more concerned for himself and less uncharitably disposed toward others. The necessity of accomplishing so much for ourselves, when once fairly understood, will make it a prior necessity to leave off meddling with others by way of censures and judgments. Like the patient digger in the garden, we shall realize the benefit of sowing in our own spiritual plot and turning up our own native soil. There is a miracle in the result, we freely concede; but it is not possible to reach and secure it save by patient and regular labor. True, we shall have to sweat as we toil, and there will be many a backache in consequence; but how much sweeter will be the fruit at last, as we taste with it those rare qualities which have been infused by our own steady exertions.

Mr. Frothingham Repellant.

It struck us with surprise to read in the reported account of Rev. O. B. Frothingham's last Sunday's discourse, in this city, his fling at Spiritualism. He publicly testified to the audience his "entire want of respect for it." This is not a little singular, considering that he still continues to accept invitations to lecture before spiritual societies. As for his own belief, it is possible that he could not describe it himself. He is aloof, holding on by nothing. Until he does obtain something like a footing, therefore, it would better become him to be less dogmatic and opinionated concerning the faith of others. He assails everything, and believes nothing.

Patrons of the Banner.

Are informed that the present volume expires in a few weeks; and the object of this notice is a reminder to those whose subscriptions expire with it, and who intend to renew, to do so at an early day as their convenience will permit, thus saving us the extra labor that would otherwise ensue in rearranging the names in our mailing machine.

The Sufferings of Mediums.

Mediums meet with many obstacles, and endure many hardships. Lack of sympathy, lack of efficient cooperation, lack of pecuniary recompense, as well as frequent and severe mental and physical sufferings, are experienced. Their souls, too, become "exceeding sorrowful even unto death." And why? We are often told that if Spiritualists were more generous and free with their money—would withdraw more fully from the churches and become a more distinct and united sect, our mediums would have more joyful hearts and fuller purses. Perhaps they would. But would they therefore work better, and be more useful to humanity? Would the good cause make a more sturdy growth, and produce more abundant, precious and abiding fruits? Are the shortcomings of men the chief cause of such sufferings, or is that cause a natural necessity in producing the higher forms of mediumship and establishing truth? Turning the thoughts back to the inspired teachers of the past, such as Moses, the prophets, Jesus and his apostles, Mahomet, Joani of Arc, Luther, Huss, George Fox, Swedenborg, the Wesleys, Murray, Savonarola, and many others who have presented religion and spirit influences in some new light to their several ages and peoples, we observe that nearly all of them met and battled with similar obstacles, and suffered in similar manner. Our God was their God; and we see that he has always trained his special revelators by hard processes. So uniformly has this been his course, that we are almost forced to suppose that there can be no mediumship satisfactory to him which has not been wrought out, tested and tempered in the fires of adversity. Drink the cup and take the baptism that was meted out to Jesus. Such is the law which general experience seems to indicate. Mediumship is either the child, or the parent, the result or the cause of personal suffering by its possession.

Were all professed Spiritualists as free-handed, as sympathetic, as active in behalf of their belief, as ready for strong bonds of union as we are often inclined to feel that they ought to be, might not the spread of our faith be more rapid than is consistent with endurance and efficiency; and might not our mediums become enervated by the ease and pleasantness of their lot? Also might they not suffer diminution of their mediumistic powers? Possibly the checks and burthens produced by the lukewarmness and avarice of man, are helpful in expanding and strengthening them. The law of precedent consigns great reformers and revelators to toil, hardship and sufferings. Such crosses may be indispensable to their own efficiency and success, and also to the best ultimate effects upon the human race.

It is said in the Banner, Jan. 29th—Questions and Answers—"that the reason why some can see spirits while in their mortal bodies, and others cannot, is simply a chemical difference that exists between humans;" also that "some are so organized that under certain chemical conditions they see spirits." Such statements may be in accordance with the facts; and any human body may be a spirit chemist's subject, which he seeks to make subservient to himself by the abstraction of some elements and the addition of others. The processes may produce many of the shocks, headaches, lassitudes and acute pains which are so common with the mediumistic. Such painful processes may be necessary in fitting most mediums for their beneficent work. Some organisms were so compounded in embryo as to be easily fitted for such use—natural mediums; others can be fitted for mediumship only by the application of much labor, skill and perseverance; while the most of us are absolutely too refractory to be reduced and fitted for such service and such enjoyment as belong to mediums. This, perhaps, at least, in part, because we have descended through a long line of Protestant ancestors who disbelieved in continuous inspiration—who deemed all apparent spirit presence as but hallucination, dream or superstition, and who left their own inner or spirit senses so entirely unexercised, and therefore dwarfed, that they could transmit such senses to us in only a most feeble condition, like the eyes of fishes in the waters of dark caverns—mere germs of senses—such feeble germs that spirit chemists, or developers, may be absolutely unable to unfold them into active organs. To do that, if it be possible, might rack our bodies with pains which would render the bodies themselves incompetent to any useful service. We therefore are let alone; we can't be used; we must wait for the coveted action of our spiritual senses till the outer ones have ceased to bandage them. We may foster the germs in us, hoping thus to help our descendants in some future ages to have open vision while still in the flesh; mediumistic susceptibilities seem to run somewhat in families, and to be hereditary.

Mediums are not all the time in good condition for their peculiar work. The best of them often need fitting up, and the processes of this are not always easy. Some spirit stated, many years ago, through Mrs. Hyzer, in the Melodeon, that the shocks which mediums often experience are the results of a confluence of the controlling spirit's magnetisms and the magnetisms of the medium, and until the two blend in equilibrium there is agitation.

We have often been told that mediumship was due to some "peculiar organization or temperament." Such a statement conveys no very definite instruction. So, too, when told that the peculiarities are chemical, the information is very vague. Not enough is known to make these thoughts we are recording anything more than speculations.

We sympathize with our sufferers, and desire their burthens to be as light as is consistent with the full performance of their high duties; but we have no faith that "the nature of things" permits high mediumship, unaccompanied by intense suffering. The keenest of these sufferings are such as embodied men can neither cause nor cure; they are incident to the very nature of the mediumistic office.

That office is a high and noble one, and its duties should be most conscientiously and modestly performed. Though the duties are imposed by the good and kind ones above, preparation for and discharge of them involves pain. The powers who use human organisms to transmit their messages from the spheres unseen, must needs cause their instruments to suffer; yet they do and will amply compensate, in some mode, for all the pains they generate. The cross precedes the crown! A. P.

Thomas Paine.

The friends of free thought celebrated the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine, the author-hero of the revolution, at Mercantile Hall, in this city, on Sunday evening, Jan. 31st. The hall was crowded. The lecture, by Horace Seaver, Esq., of the Investigator, in which he recounted the revolutionary services rendered by the patriot and then passed on to the elucidation of Mr. Paine's religious and political opinions, was well received by the attentive audiences.

The Pride of Poverty.

There is a class of writers, as well as of social creatures, who take it upon themselves to denounce pride (not vanity and empty conceit) in others, on the ground that the latter have not yet acquired money enough to entitle them to the exercise of the feeling. They talk as if a person had really no right to be proud—which is another name for proper self-respect—unless he had achieved, no matter how, a fortune. Then he may toss his head, paw the ground, and clamp the lid, in the highest style of selfish egotism. Of such we discover the Springfield Republican to be. That paper has set upon the workingwomen of Boston, whose cause is so nobly led by Miss Jennie Collins, because they presumed to retain sufficient self-respect to refuse, when demanding their plain rights, the patronage implied by public charity. The Republican complains of them that, "the members of the New England Women's Club having opened pleasant rooms for the amusement of women, in the City Charity Bureau in Chardon street, the leaders of the workingwomen's organization met and denounced this kindly act, because the rooms were not in Tremont Place, where the Club usually meets, and because the members did not invite the workingwomen to their own houses."

We will assume to deny for the workingwomen of Boston the last clause of the Republican's charge, and to put it back upon that journal as a fabrication of its own unfriendly imagination. But while taking such pains to make it appear as if the workingwomen would disgrace and defile the parlors of the women who belong to the New England Women's Club, would it not evince a delicacy more significant of the superior breeding assumed, had the Club members considered whether they would themselves have been altogether content to be thus patronizingly turned off into the enclosure of public charity? The fact is, when one would seek to put another aside as an inferior, he or she ought to demonstrate his or her own superiority to the general satisfaction. But rudeness does not do it, and a lack of sympathetic delicacy does not do it. The Republican thinks the workingwomen ask to be fed, clothed, and amused by the hand of charity, when all they demand is an equal chance, with their sisters in silks and lace, to provide honorably for themselves, with a view to their own improvement and happiness.

The "scornfulness" manifested by the workingwomen must have been all the result of the unfriendly imagination of our contemporary. It should remember that the Club women need no advocate or friend, while the workingwomen are in sore want of both. It may express its supercilious pity for their "ignorance," but does it care to know how many pure hearts, bright intellects, high imaginations, and devoted characters are buried under the unfavorable social conditions from which the workingwomen simply seek to emerge? To tell them that they are proud and scornful is nothing. It is scarcely better to tell them to learn the art of printing. It certainly is no aid to tell them that they are ignorant and must take a back seat. Ignorance cannot keep the front anywhere, and the Republican should know it. All that the workingwomen of Boston ask is a fair chance for themselves and no patronage or pity.

New Hampshire Labor Reform Convention.

On Friday, Jan. 23rd, agreeably to call of the State Executive Committee, a large number of delegates for a Labor Reform Convention assembled in Concord to consider the questions at issue. Owing to a division of opinion among the advocates of the labor movement, as to the propriety of forming at the present time an independent political organization, and the nomination of separate candidates, the delegations from Portsmouth and Manchester, and some other places, withdrew from the Convention and held another meeting at Phoenix Hotel. Both parties at present claim to represent the labor interests—the first Convention having proceeded to organize a party, the members of which renounce all connection with present political organizations, and to nominate Samuel Flint for Governor; and the seceding wing declaring themselves true Labor Reform men in the strictest sense of the term; but stating that they do not see their way clear for the nomination of candidates for Governor and Railroad Commissioner at the present time.

Sick Doctors.

The medical fraternity (regular) of Rhode Island, think of applying to the Legislature for the passage of a measure, that shall forbid the practice of medicine to any and all persons not chartered for that purpose under the broad seal of their gallipot association. When a monopoly is sought to be built up, in whatever business, and in religion as well, the public may be sure that it is ignorance, assurance and selfishness that chiefly want protection. If the Rhode Island medical men cannot hold their own in the face of all other opposing opinions relating to their calling, why should they ask the Legislature to quit a spread for smothering those opinions? Let medical skill become as free as the air we breathe—can there be too much of it? The Rhode Island doctors are not a quarter so anxious to heal the sick about them as they are to get the monopoly of a practice for which they thus advertise themselves as unqualified.

Worth Knowing.

A revised report of Bro. Thomas Gales Forster's lecture before the Spiritualists of Boston, in Music Hall, the 23d ult., is printed on the second page of this paper. We call the reader's attention particularly to that portion of his remarks bearing upon Phenomenal Spiritualism, a phase of our soul-inspiring Philosophy that must not be lost sight of. We should as soon abjure the English alphabet, because we have learned our letters, as cast aside the spiritual phenomena. There are plenty of children all around us—in the church and out—who have not as yet learned even the alphabet of the great spiritual truths in store for humanity. Spiritualists above all others should not give up facts for theories, because "wolves in sheep's clothing" sometimes enter their ranks and cast obloquy upon the manifestations. The truth will live, however, no matter how strong the opposition to suppress it.

Cock Fighting Journals.

If bull baiting and gladiatorial combats and cock pits are a disgrace to our professions of civilization, and the men are to be socially ostracised with round denunciations who participate in them, what are we to think of those journals which devote column upon column, and the resources that make up the showiest style of description, to the prompt and full record of these brutish cruelties, called popular amusements. In and about New York, the cock-fighting mania rages to a disgraceful extent; and while one journal professes to deprecate it editorially, it reports the bloody scenes in full in its other columns.

Running a Church.

It is spoken of in the papers as something to be treated with ridicule, that a man like Mr. James Fisk, Jr., should have bought a pew at the recent auction sale at Mr. Beecher's church. The statement is coupled with the suppositions rumor that Mr. Fisk may possibly have in his mind a plan for getting out an injunction on all the other pew-holders, a la Erie railroad management, and then running Plymouth Church by himself. Here is the place where the laughs are expected to come in. But what special matter for ridicule is there here? Suppose that Mr. Fisk, or Mr. Anybody Else, should in a "regular" way manage to get full control of a church; is there anything so extremely shocking to the general sensibilities in this, or anything particularly worthy of ridicule? Were Fisk to run Plymouth Church, he would only be doing what is undeniably done in many another ecclesiastical establishment. We can put our finger on many and many a church, from professedly liberal to the notoriously bigoted, that is owned by one, two, three, or half-a-dozen men at most. They own the minister; hold him in their keeping; make him the heavy presents; pile on to his salary; and in this way own the church, and run the church. Nobody in the concern, believer or unbeliever, communicant or non-communicant, is of any account in comparison with these few men. The minister calls mainly on them, is deferential chiefly to them, and draws the general attention to them by his own. It amounts to not much more than a private running of a church on the part of a few men, and generally very small ones, for the gratification of a petty vanity and a puny love of power. Let James Fisk go ahead.

Money Defalcations.

There is almost as great a mania for defalcations, irregularities, and other things of that sort in the banks and other places where money is kept in large amounts and freely handled, as there is for suicides and homicides. These things seem to run in grooves, which may be called periods. Not a city in the country of any commercial importance, but has had to pay heavy forfeit out of its accumulations, for having trusted agents that are nevertheless necessary. The best and longest trusted men turn up dorellet and criminal. Cashiers of a quarter of a century's standing, go under just like a gay and unsettled young fellow. There is apparently some magic evil in money, or rather in the social system that worships it; which not every one that is tempted can overcome. Shall banks be abolished or society be reconstructed by the power of better and more elevated influences?

A Sore Spot.

After having made the circuit of the world, "Carleton," the correspondent of the Boston Journal, was forced to the confession that "the houses of worship are free all over the world, among all religions except Christianity; and that of the three great divisions of Christendom—Romanist, Greek and Protestant—the latter alone adopted the exclusive system; a system whose practical working, in our large cities, is to shut out from the house of God a large part of the common people." The Congregationalist (Orthodox), of this city, extracts this unpalatable statement, adding that "the most awkward thing about it, is, it is true." And then it appeals to its denomination to move for reforming it. Protestantism needs spiritualizing to give it true religious sympathy. The new revelation has none of the old Calvinistic selfishness or coldness.

A Cut of the Lash.

We said we wished to waste no more words upon the Round Table. Nor shall we say more for ourselves. But in its unmanly, indecent and outrageous allusions to a lady who is esteemed and honored wherever the fame of her good works has gone—Mrs. Emma Hardinge—that paper compels us, and every other respectable journal as well, to lift the lash of correction. In its punctilious over Latin adjectives neuter, it has forgotten its manners, if any it ever had. We advise its conductors to study first the common decencies of social life, and learn the language in which a lady should be publicly spoken of, before it drags out any more specimens of its corrupted Latin. Or, if it must speak of honored women, let it speak in that favorite Latin which nobody can understand.

Law and Infidelity.

Judge Sharswood, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has just decided on the bench that the bequest of a testator for building a church where "Infidel" doctrines are to be preached, is void and of no effect. But one step remains to be taken beyond that, which is to issue a general legal order expelling all who hold "Infidel" doctrines from the State. From Pennsylvania such intolerance comes with a very poor grace. Liberty, if anything, should be advocated and practiced there. Girard certainly had a right to will his large estate as he saw fit, and any other man of property ought to enjoy the same common right. Judge Sharswood's reasons for his antiquated decision read very much like extracts from the records of our old Puritan theocracy.

Mormon Rebels.

There is serious trouble in the Mormon Church, and it cannot much longer be disguised from the outside world. Brigham Young has adroitly huddled his concubines together, to send out as their voice a protest against Woman Suffrage. He feels the coming influence on his priestly power. The railroad is to make havoc with his plans. There is a schism among his elders. He is growing old himself. The Government is watching his chance. And rebellion is ripening to break forth. If the bible does not endorse polygamy, the law of the land does not.

Appeal Responded To.

An appeal was made to the audience of Spiritualists in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 30th, for funds to enable the agents of the Massachusetts Spiritual Association to continue the missionary work so auspiciously begun a few years since, which resulted in a collection of eighty-eight dollars and twenty cents. Moneys sent to William White, the President of the Association, Dr. H. B. Storer or A. E. Carpenter, State Agents, care of this office, will be faithfully appropriated to missionary purposes.

The Remains of George Peabody.

The philanthropist, were, on Tuesday, of last week, escorted from the City Hall in Portland to the depot, by a great military and civic procession. A special train carried them to the town of Peabody, when another procession escorted them to the hall, where they will lie in state until borne to the tomb.

Read the Beautiful Story

Which is commenced the present week—on our first page.

A Hard Case.

In the Boston Herald for January 24th, we find the following paragraph. Surely if there ever was a time for the angel of charity to descend and touch the hearts of mankind it is now, when the winter has laid its cold hand upon the earth, and want and pain are the inmates of many a once smiling home; and hard-hearted must be he who would punish either the donor or recipient of charity in such an hour. Do the followers of "him of Nazareth" believe their creed? If so, do they not fear to hear him one day proclaim: "I never knew you?"

On Wednesday evening last several of the employees of the Metropolitan Railroad Company gathered together, and through one of their number presented Mr. J. R. Spaulding with a purse of eighty-five dollars. Mr. Spaulding has been in the employ of the corporation for quite a number of years, and is highly esteemed by those who have been connected with him in the service of the above corporation. During the past year misfortune has overtaken him and the past year misfortunes his family. His friends, wishing to manifest their sympathy for him in his affliction, surprised him as above mentioned. The management of the road, on hearing of the occurrence, ordered the immediate discharge of the recipient of the favor and the friend who circulated the subscription list; and still further, threaten to discharge every man who subscribed to the fund, so far as they can ascertain who were concerned in the affair. The only remark made by the Superintendent, in discharging Mr. Spaulding, was, that he "did a wrong thing in accepting the purse." We give the above to the public as a simple statement of the facts in the case.

"Ais for the right Of Christian charity Under the sun!"

Woman's Suffrage Convention.

There was a successful conference of the active friends and advocates of the Woman Suffrage movement in this city last week, presided over by James Freeman Clarke, and addressed by such live speakers as Lucy Stone, Mrs. Howe, Miss Anthony, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Rowland Connor and others. The sessions continued through the day and evening. The whole question was ably and instructively discussed, and a determination shown to push the work out as actively as possible among the people. The annual officers were chosen at the close, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe being elected President.

The following comments by the Investigator are to the point:

"We were sorry to see a spirit of division or party exhibited where unity and concert of action alone should prevail. Thus Miss Susan B. Anthony, one of the ablest and the oldest advocates of the cause, in her speech made an apology for speaking, by saying she was an 'interloper'; and when a call was made for Mrs. Stanton, who was not permitted to speak at all, for the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who was in the chair, immediately adjourned the meeting. It was shabby treatment of a very worthy lady. Mrs. Stanton is the best speaker that the cause can boast of, and probably its most intellectual and efficient supporter, and it is small business in the Rev. Mr. Clarke and all others in sympathy with him to deny her a hearing. The Woman's Rights Party is right, in principle; but it never will command itself to a liberal public by being aristocratic, exclusive and bigoted."

Female Suffrage.

This subject, which is gradually assuming a wide spread importance throughout the country, is ably supported by many advocates, both through the public press and upon the rostrum. We mention below some of the leading papers devoted to the cause—doubtless there are others of which we have not heard:

The Revolution is published weekly in New York city, by Miss Susan B. Anthony, and edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It is rapidly gaining in public favor, and has now entered upon its fifth volume.

The Woman's Journal is published in Boston—business address, 3 Tremont Place. Among the names connected with it, are to be found those of Mary A. Livermore (Managing Editor), Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and T. W. Higginson. It is in a large quarto form, and of faultless typographical appearance. It is now in its first volume.

The Woman's Advocate, published at Dayton, O., by J. J. Belleville, and edited by Miriam Cole and A. J. Boyer, has been made the official organ of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association, and is doing a good work in that and surrounding States.

Macbeth.

Mr. Wyzean Marshall, the popular tragedian and teacher of elocution, gave an entertainment in Music Hall, this city, Wednesday evening, Feb. 2d, consisting of readings from Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth by himself and Miss Lucretia Webster, accompanied by all the original music composed by Locke, rendered by a full orchestra and chorus under the direction of Mr. Chas. Koppitz. The whole affair was a perfect success, and received the repeated hearty applause of a very large audience. Mr. Marshall has few equals as a reader. Miss Webster closed the entertainment by reading Poe's very different though beautiful poem, "The Bells," in a manner highly creditable to herself, and warmly appreciated by the audience.

Merited Compliment.

A friend at the West writes us as follows: "I consider Emma Hardinge's work, 'Modern American Spiritualism,' as the best, nay, grandest contribution yet made to spiritual literature." This is indeed complimentary. The reader will observe on our first page Mrs. Jane M. Jackson's review of the wonderful phenomena recorded in this great work.

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

As will be seen by reference to a notice in another column, this Association will hold its Annual Meeting at the Melodeon, (Tremont Temple) Boston, on Wednesday, March 2d. A full attendance is desired, as business of importance is to be transacted.

Dr. Newton, the Healer.

This well-known healer, now located at 23 Harrison Avenue, Boston, has recently effected cures of so wonderful a nature as to astonish his most intimate friends. We shall give some account of them in our next.

Dr. Newton will remain in Boston until the ensuing April, when he intends visiting England with the expectation of remaining one year.

N. Frank White going South.

Mr. White has just closed a two months lecture season in Washington, D. C., where he was much liked. He will be in Newbern, N. C., during February. He will probably visit New Orleans and Texas; if he does, our friends South will be fortunate in securing the services of so able a lecturer. He will come east early in summer.

The Maryland courts have decided the signing of a note on Sunday does not render it void.







Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE, No. 25 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE, BY A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

This new and startling book, by a Christian author, is really one of the most interesting works we have read for many years...

Whatever may be said on the subject, no one can read the book without seeing the strength and force of the argument of an able mind, well versed in the subject...

We give him full credit for exposing the evil and corrupting tendencies of the Gnostics, who early incorporated into the monogamic system the pretended celibacy of the clergy...

Having said all we can for the book and author, we protest against his conclusions, and see that he is short-sighted in the future, although he sees clearly into the past and correctly in the present...

It is no wonder that minds like the author of this book, conversant with the history of the older nations and their polygamic systems, and seeing the greater views of later nations and systems, should turn back to them with true Christian character...

These convulsions and conscientious tremblings of honest minds and deep thinkers are indications of change near at hand, which must set aside the present rotten and oppressive system...

Those who think our marriage system is a stigma of or shield to virtue, are terribly mistaken. Statistics in New York show, so far as testimony can do it, that four-fifths of the men who patronize and support the courtesans and houses of ill-fame are married men...

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HESTER VAUGHN.

We see by the Revolution that this poor victim of legal persecution, for whom the Church, like the State, had no mercy till aroused by the pressure of public opinion, has at last reached her home in Wales, released from a false charge and sentence, by the Executive clemency in Pennsylvania...

THE WOMAN WHO DARED.

This fascinating title to a new book by Ene Sargent we hope will induce thousands to read it that would not see it with a less fascinating title. The book is a severe and scathing criticism, as well as a just one, on the marriage and divorce laws of New York...

In that State could read this book, it would produce a modification of the laws within one year. The Spiritualism in the book will not injure it in Christian families, while the pictures of life in the commercial metropolis will be recognized at once as real by all who are conversant with the shoddy and shaming side of domestic life there...

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COMING CONFLICT BETWEEN ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

There is such a sense of strength and security in the native-born American, that he is apt to look forward to a future for our country undimmed by the strife of warring elements, either in the political or the moral world.

Episcopals give themselves to the weighty questions of gowns, mitres, the "worship of the body," the swinging of incense and the chanting of vespers; Presbyterians and Baptists mildly formulate the doctrines of sprinkling and immersion against each other, distributing tracts and building up splendid churches meanwhile...

This power is Roman Catholicism, the essence of the vast theological superstructure called Christianity. That which styles itself Evangelical religion, is, with all its proud assumption and ponderous mechanism, but an offshoot from the parent stock which was planted in Rome by the early Christians.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh my soul, As the swift sunbeams roll, Leave the beggarly past; Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free, Leaving thine empty shell by life's unresting sea.

Rev. W. J. Potter, in his able and lucid discourse on "Christianity, and its Definitions," in the February Radical, shows that the religious world is ripening for that new era in which all progressive minds will unite in "another form of faith and worship, which shall not be Hinduism, nor Buddhism, nor Judaism, nor Christianity, but a religious development of humanity in which all technical distinctions between these specific forms of religion shall be obliterated, and nations and races shall meet in a spiritual fellowship whose limits shall be commensurate with humanity itself."

It is thus apparent that the two classes that have been evolved from the Christian church, one by the gradual growth of spiritual independence, the other by the wondrous and sudden awakening caused by Spiritualism, stand upon the same platform of principles, and to this dual body belong all who revere the Divine Humanity, whether Jew or Greek, Christian or Infidel, Positivist or Transcendentalist.

Wherever placed they live for broader human fellowship, and work and watch for the "Federation of the world." But because they turn away from the pomp and ceremony of established worship, they are called irreligious; and because they work earnestly and perseveringly for the progress of civil and political liberty, and for the reform of social and governmental abuses, instead of devoting themselves to the upbuilding of the "Church of Christ," they are all alike stigmatized as secular, pagan, impious and atheistic.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

We are in receipt of the third number of this new publication, devoted to the interests of woman, and find it brim full of readable matter and valuable thought. It is published in Boston, said to be the modern Athens, and is edited by some of the foremost men and women known in literature and philanthropy—Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

This weekly paper, which was started with the new year, followed in the wake of the Cleveland Convention, of November last, one of the most important and widely influential meetings ever held in the interests of woman.

Our young folks for February is at hand, filled with choice mental treasures for both young and old. "We girls; a Home Story," is continued by the facile pen of Mrs. Whitney. T. W. Higginson contributes a racy sketch, entitled, "Our Menagerie;" "Burton and the Baby" is a thrilling story, by Helen C. Weeks, of escape from an Indian massacre; J. T. Trow bridge furnishes a comical picture of "Mr. Clarence at the Capital;" and Rose Terry gives a dainty, child-poem of "Snow," which is illustrated by the engraver's hand in a charming frontispiece representing mother and babe beyond the window pane looking out on the white flakes of the stormy sky.

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Look up in the sky, my darling, And see the glittering whirl Of flying flakes the wild wind rakes In drifts that topple and curl. White is the air above us, And white the earth below, For the snow falls, like thy sweet eyes, Are needed with his of snow. Silent as fairy footsteps, Whirl a thrilling kiss of slumberous bliss It lulls the wanderer's care.

Test of J. V. Mansfield's Mediumship.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have recently made an attempt to communicate through J. V. Mansfield—with one of my sons, who passed to the spirit-world in September last; and having been so signally successful, I deem it just to that wonderful medium—as well as to skeptics in this matter—to lay the facts briefly before the readers of your paper.

On the 8th of December last, I addressed a note to L. Judd Pardee, a spirit, in which I informed him that one of my sons had passed over, and requested him to find that son, and assist him in giving a communication through Mrs. Conant. This I received carefully, and sent to Mr. Mansfield, from whom I received a reply, together with my note to Pardee, unopened. The purport of this reply was that Pardee had not met my son; but if I would write again and say which one had passed over, he would try to find him, and let me know the result. I then addressed the following note to my old friend Pardee, and carefully sealed it, and sent it to Mr. Mansfield:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23, 1869. MY DEAR FRIEND PARDEE—I have your note of the 21st, through Bro. Mansfield, and regret to learn that you have not met George on your side, as he often said he would go to the Banner office as soon as possible after he left us. We have requested him to try and see you. In reply, try to give me a test of his actual presence with you. Will you help him to speak through Mrs. Conant? or speak for him yourself, as he may dictate? Sincerely, Geo. HELMICK.

To the above I received the following reply; my note to Pardee being returned unopened—was not in any way tampered with: "MY DEAR HELMICK—Yours of the 21st at hand. In reply I would say that I have succeeded in finding George. After I wrote you that I had not met your dear one, I met James Reading, who informed me that George was a spirit, but as he would not for some time be able to control any medium reliably, I have learned to learn his circle one. I will do all I can to talk for or assist George at the circle. I have also the assurance that Ben Graves Loudon will assist me in controlling George's conditions; but do not expect too much at first, for we may not control as we hope to. If possible, we will control Mrs. C. on Monday. I have met Wm. Kingsbury. Be calm, not anxious; we will do all we can for you and your little. L. JUDD PARDEE.

This letter from Pardee is full of the most undoubted tests of his identity. 1st. It is in Pardee's handwriting; specimens of which I have, written in 1854. 2d. Pardee writes that he saw James Reading, who is my wife's father, and I know that Mr. Mansfield knew nothing of him or his name. 3d. Pardee says that he has the assurance that Ben Graves Loudon will assist him in controlling the conditions of my son. Mr. Loudon was my partner in business for eleven years, of whom personally Mr. Mansfield knew nothing. The way the name of Mr. Loudon is given, was the peculiar manner in which he always wrote it. Pardee knew this, having often seen him write. His first name was Bartholomew. 4th. Pardee writes that he had met Wm. Kingsbury, who was the first husband of Mrs. Kingsbury—the lecturer whom Pardee married; and 5th. Pardee names my wife, Hattie, whose name Mr. Mansfield never had an opportunity of knowing. I had not perhaps thought of my old friend Loudon for the past six months, until I saw his name thus given by Pardee. Subsequently, I wrote to Loudon, and also to my son—through Mr. Mansfield—and have received replies, which are full of tests of their identity, and will give the facts in another letter to the Banner of Light. Geo. HELMICK. Washington, D. C., Jan. 18th, 1870.

Convention of the Massachusetts Radical Peace Society.

A convention of this society was held at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Jan. 20th. The President, Lyander S. Richards, on calling the meeting to order, read letters from several persons, male and female, sympathizing with the movement and regretting their inability to be present.

Mr. Levi K. Joslin, of Providence, was the first speaker, and deprecated resistance in any manner. He took a hopeful view of the question of peace in this country, and said that instead of increasing we were reducing the strength of our army, and where once we sent soldiers to fight our Indians, we now send Quakers to make peace with them. Mr. Joslin advocated the abolition of the gallows, and said that those who opposed the gallows could not favor the killing of men by the thousand as is done in battle.

Mr. Henry C. Wright attended the financial department of the society by having a committee raised to go around and collect funds for the payment of expenses incurred, and then proceeded to make a speech, almost the same in effect as the gentleman who preceded him.

The President then read the Constitution of the Society, which admits all citizens of Massachusetts, without regard to color, who will subscribe to its laws of government, the inculcation of which is "self-negation before self-preservation."

Mr. Wright introduced the following resolution: Resolved, That it would greatly aid the abolition of the war system, with its appalling results to life, liberty and property, to put the ballot into the hands of our wives, mothers, daughters and sisters, and give them the power to say when and for what and under what circumstances their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, and loved ones, and their homes, shall be fettered upon the bloody altar of war. Therefore, as friends of radical peace, we earnestly recommend the immediate recognition of woman's right to suffrage.

Mrs. Dr. Hathaway advocated peace and opposed polygamy and the introduction of Chinese girls into the country. The Mormon question, raised by Mrs. Hathaway, was opposed by Mr. Joslin, on the ground that, in order to suppress the institution of polygamy, we should have to send soldiers to do it, and they were not so good as the average Mormon.

Stephen L. Foster, who next addressed the Convention, was not quite as radical in his views as some of the other speakers. He advocated the doctrine that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and allowed that it was his duty to protect himself to the best of his ability with the weapons he had—always inflicting the least amount of punishment consistent with the circumstances.

E. H. Heywood of Worcester next spoke, principally in opposition to the views put forth by Mr. Foster. He said Mr. Foster advocated purity before peace, but the speaker contended that peace was the very quintessence of purity. What he wanted was an idea or an issue. When we get the issue the people would cling to it as iron dust would leap to a magnet.

Special speeches were made by others, when the Convention adjourned till evening. Evening Session.—The meeting was called to order by the President at 7 o'clock, and a letter read by him from Rev. John T. Sargent, President of the Anti-Slavery Society, regretting his inability to be present.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Joslin: Whereas, Money is everywhere recognized as the sinews of war; and whereas the payment of exorbitant interest on war loans encourages war schemes; and whereas in our country the bondholders have received enormous profits from their investments in war; therefore, Resolved, That the widow, the orphan and the orphan be paid a ready compensation in greenbacks, we should repudiate the payment of bondholders in gold for less service on the same contract.

Mr. Joslin spoke at some length in favor of his resolution. Henry C. Wright offered the following resolution: Resolved, That as self-government is the only remedy for a government of violence and blood, and the war system is the essential element of its existence, that dram drinking and dram selling necessarily render self-government impossible by developing and strengthening the animal passions, by destroying the power of self-control; therefore, as friends of radical peace, we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to prevent the sale and use of intoxicating drinks.

Mr. Wright made a speech in support of his resolution, and was followed (on the general subject matter of the convention) by Miss Gibson, who was formerly Chaplain of a Wisconsin battery in the army. She raised her voice against war and in favor of peace, as she had been there and seen for herself.

Speeches were also made by the President, Mrs. Corn Simes, Dr. George Beckwith, Secretary of the American Peace Society, Alfred H. Love, President of the Universal Peace Union, and others, after which the Convention adjourned sine die.

Personal. Lois Walsbrooker has been giving a course of lectures in North McGregor, Iowa, to full houses; is developing also to give public tests, describing spirits at the close of her lectures, etc. She has just completed the manuscript for another book—"Helen Harlow's Vow"—which will be ready for the Spring trade. It is dedicated to the outcast.

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