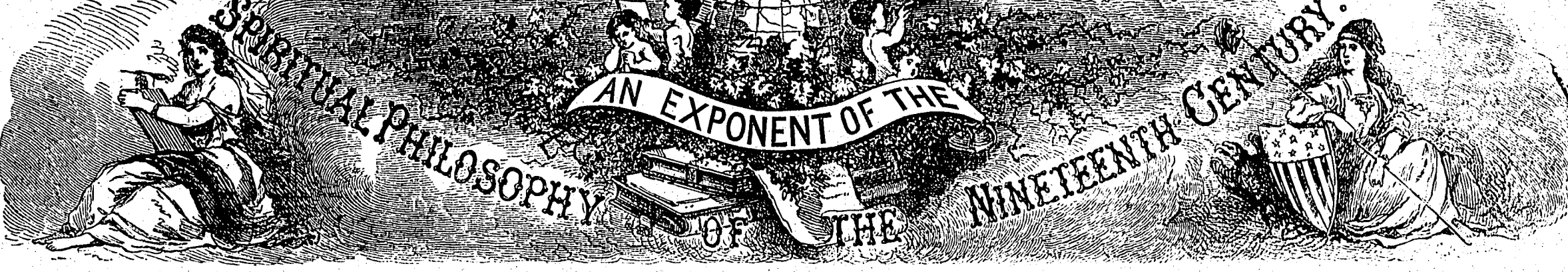


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY REBECCA J. MASON,  
Author of "Starving by Inches," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Although good housekeeping is one of the fine arts, yet one should not stop there, but take frequent and higher steps to higher art. But Mrs. Woodenhead sat down at the end of her housekeeping and took a life-long rest; not caring to ascend higher, she became a household drudge. Her girls were pinks of propriety, and rigidly industrious. No time wasted they upon intellectual pursuits, and the last new book they had not heard of. Did they fritter away their time and strength running after barefooted children, to put warm shoes and stockings upon their feet? Not they. Did they idle away their mornings by the bedside of some poor soul, whose life was fast going out, with their hands filled with precious ointment, and words of consolation upon their lips? Far from it. Did they step bravely out into the great ocean of life, and reach forth a hand to sustain a fainting spirit, a perishing body—fainting for words of hope and comfort, perishing for want of food and fire? or did they reach forth an angel's hand to uplift a sister from the mire, to remove the stains from her garments, to lead her to such heights her feet could never again find the downward path? Surely not. Such works were myths to them.

And yet they toiled with puritanic industry. Week in and week out, month after month, year after year, they toiled on unrelentingly over their beloved German. Were they drinking in deep draughts of the literature of the Fatherland? Were they informing themselves of its domestic daily life? Not they. They added not their brains with curious research into the literature and life of a people the other side of the Atlantic. But all their days, and weeks, and years, were given to their beloved German wool. They wrought out with skillful fingers web after web of square-headed men and women, with high cheek-bones, and triangular-headed cats and dogs, with oblong faces, which were framed, and glassed, and hung up on their walls, and were the only pictures they had.

"To hang on memory's walls,"

for they never went out of themselves.

And who shall blame them for creating such hideous distortions of men and animals? They were shut up in a spiritual "Marshalsea." They were born and reared therein, and there lived on their straightened, narrow lives. They dared not, even if they could, look through its heavily-barred gates, or climb its stone-cemented walls, and they knew absolutely nothing of the boiling, seething sea of life's humanities, that surged outside the dreary prison, convulsed, now with moral earthquakes which rocked the "Marshalsea" fearfully, anon with fiery eruptions, from its concealed, its covered-over, but ever-burning volcanoes, from which there issued blackest crimes and time-old desperate wrongs, which poured forth in burning streams, and headlong ran their downward course, and which, one day, should become harmless and be walked over safely.

Of all these workings they knew absolutely nothing, for they were completely choked, clear to the throat, by the church's creed.

Deacon Neverdowrong in his shiny black, and his handsome wife in her pearl-colored silk, had far more intelligence than the Woodenheads, and in company with Dr. Growgrace—whose profession called him somewhat into the world—would at times venture forth for a walk, but were so shocked by the wrongs, and the errors, and the falsities, and the sins, which were thrown, yea, hurled with terrific force into the faces of those who wished to see them, that they pronounced it fighting against God and flying into the face of Providence, to interfere with existing conditions; and the deacon gathered the skirts of his coat, and his wife the draperies of her pearl-colored silks, and entrenched themselves more straightly and closely within the pale of the church—the only safe place for God's elect.

And still this deep undertone of moaning and wailing went on in the hearts of the people; still their offences "smelt to heaven." Only those outside the church dared listen to them, dared sympathize, dared do. And they—they were the accursed, the infidels, the heretics, who dared place the catechism under foot, who dared break away and turn their backs upon the church; for in eighteen hundred and sixty-nine New England dare not punish them with death as in sixteen hundred and sixty-nine. Now we dare kiss our babes on Sunday.

The Rev. Sanctiface and Dr. Growgrace were now often summoned to Mrs. Icicle's, for that proud dame was surely going down to the tomb. The medical doctor carried her pills, the reverend doctor carried her tracts, but neither could save her, for Mrs. Icicle, in sable robes and wings of darkness, was thundering at her door, and laid her ghastly hand upon her, and drew her within the net, and carried her away to her cold cavern under the ground, while she hurried off after more victims; for she was a frightful creature, this heathen deity, this daughter of Nox, born without a father, and took delight in chilling the warmest hearts that ever beat. Let us hope her shade had a safe passage, in the early old ferryman's leaky boat, to the shores of the Elysian fields.

Mrs. Icicle had taken counsel with her doctors

regarding her property and little Miss Properless, and it was decided that the money should go to the church, and the third cousin to the downhill road, as they, in their self-righteousness, consigned her, without any money; for would it not be adding sin to sin, and encourage the offender, to help her to a life of ease and comfort, thereby giving her more leisure and opportunity to follow out her heretical ideas? No; they three decided that she had better go forth into the world, and find or make her own fortune, as

"Patience finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

So they deemed it best that these temptations should be removed, and the poor child be forced to earn her bread, or go without bread.

So, after Mrs. Icicle went into her tomb, and they—the "known" ones—had written a long epitaph upon its slab, and sold her property, and turned a portion of the money into a new service of communion-plate for the church, and set aside a still larger portion for the gossips in interior Africa, and chronicled her leaving off in all the evangelical newspapers, lengthened out by long obituaries, they gave the third cousin a black dress, a bundle of tracts, and a week's notice to quit the home of her lifetime.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Deacon Neverdowrong and his handsome wife, Mrs. Bumblebee and Natty, the Woodenheads and the other elected ones who were the vitals of the church, had small sympathy with little Miss Properless when turned adrift into the big cold world, from which, thus far, she had been sheltered. Mrs. Bumblebee and Natty were children, but the deacon and Mr. Woodenhead both had daughters. Did they ever think that the day might come when their children or their children's children should be homeless, moneyless and unprotected? Does it not behoove those who have daughters to be tender and gentle with the daughters of those who once had home and friends? Our men, and our women, too, many of them, forget that those who have come to direst poverty—that those who have taken step after step, until they have stepped at last before the high and mighty judges of the courts—themselves but human—from thence to be packed away in jails and prisons, are "somebody's daughters," once beloved by tender mothers and fond fathers; that the day will surely come when the

shall stand at the "golden door," and the angel shall smile gladly, and say:

"Enter, sister! thou art welcome;  
Thou art sinless evermore!"

And how did little Miss Properless hear her advent into the big cold world? Of all the elect who had eaten salt with her at Mrs. Icicle's table, not one could find a corner for her at their hearths.

"Oh! it was pitiful—  
In a whole city full  
Friends she had none.  
Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!"

She meekly took up her little bundle of burdens, and kneeling down at God's feet, asked help to endure. Day after day did she wearily walk the streets to find employment and a shelter. A poor shelter she found at last in a lodging-house; hard work and poor pay she found at last in a shop to sew on shirts—woolen shirts—at one dollar and a quarter per dozen. By-and-by she got accustomed to being passed by on the other side; by-and-by she left off crying over her new life; by-and-by it became an every-day occurrence that she should go without a warm dinner, while those who were better sheltered flaunted in and out of ball-rooms and theatres, richly and expensively clad, whose one cheapest dress would have kept her comfortable for many a day. And, as time moved on, she began to get used to going both cold and hungry—to get used to going shabbily and thinly dressed, for her clothes would wear out, although she made over and mended, and turned her dresses inside out, and upside down; and her one black dress had quite gone; and then she had to wear her colored dresses; and then at the sociable tea-drinkings—to which she never was invited—the gossips dissected her, because she showed so little respect to Mrs. Icicle's memory not to wear black.

Poor child! she got used to going to her lonesome room, which she could not call home, because there was no one there to be glad to see her and to love her—yes, she got used to all the slights and scorings, and self-denials and privations which come to all women who have no home and no money! God help them! Sometimes they will reach the "golden door!"

But the harsh lesson she learned in getting used to this harsh discipline had eaten into her very soul, and was slowly consuming her life. At times she wished she could believe the teachings of the Faithful—that women have no souls; then again she would pray so earnestly for strength to endure; and then she became passively resigned, and tried to bide her time, although she should never again know home or friends. And so she lived on for a weary time; and then there came a great light across her dark path—the light of love—warm, cherishing, protecting love, that shone forth from the heart of a great and good man, great through his goodness; and when he asked of her if she could forget the gulf of years which lay between them, and be his own beloved wife for he had been many years companionless—she covered her face with her hands and cried all over; then crept into his arms and was folded close to his great warm heart, never again to mourn because there was no one to care for her, and she became his sunshine and his strength.

And freed from the burden of consuming cares, she again grew bright and girlish, and began to recover her good looks; for unceasing care will eat away the flesh, and like a vampire at the heart draw the life-blood from the veins. And as

the brightness of encircling love flashed its bright streaks into her life, so it was no longer cold and alone, its brightness shot through her outward habiliments. She laid away her sad-colored dresses, and bits of scarlet and of golden ribbons floated from off her hair and neck. She could do no less, for her life was so rounded out with peaceful, loving care from her great-hearted husband, to whom she looked, and whom she worshipped next to God, she felt it gladdened his eyes to see her little scarlet and golden banners floating from off her hair and dress. And they two made each other's happiness.

When the burdens dropped from off her tired shoulders, was the memory of them laid away with the past? Far from it. The memory of past sorrows, past cares, past privations, did but expand her heart, lengthen her arm, and continually pour forth from her ever-open hand, bountiful streams of aid, of comfort for the needy, for the sad, the sorrowing; and her great, noble husband helped her in all she wished to do. Once more did she attend reform meetings, and women's conventions, once more read radical, yes, infidel books and papers, for her husband was a rare scholar, and loved to see her mind expand with liberal thought and deed, and he—she became her idol; and her sweet presence made his highest happiness, and was a constant benediction by his fireside.

The rumor of all the injustice the church, under the Rev. Sanctiface, was enacting, had been borne upon the atmosphere, and reached Mrs. Stockwell in the chamber where she was leading her idolized child by the hand, supporting her steps to the very threshold of the "golden door." And it was permitted that mother to see her child entering its portals; to see throngs of lovely children surround her, to see her guardian spirit, who was her own grandmother, lift her in her arms, to see many, both known and unknown, testify much joy at her arrival among them. And as they turned to lead the child to higher heights, they cast a look upon her full of unutterable sorrow and sadness, knowing that when the child should have passed beyond her gaze, she would awake to the full sense of her earthly loss, her earthly desolation.

They knew, also, that her child would, ere long, return to comfort her; that she would heartily thank God that—

"The rose had climbed the garden wall,  
To bloom the other side!"

that she would one day say, "It is better that the light should flee away with the morning breath, than travel through the day to gather blackness and end in storm." Yes, they saw the time would come when she would say this from the heart, and they knew that, even as they were once human, her human grief would overwhelm her for a time, and then she would rest content that her rose was blooming the other side her garden wall. All this they knew, and it made them "exceeding sorrowful" for her.

It was nearly midnight when consciousness returned to Mrs. Stockwell, for the child had left her at the twilight hour, and when she came back to herself and saw the dear figure lying there, when she looked at the dear eyes, and they could not look back into hers, when she felt that the little arms could never again be lifted to clasp her neck, that the sweet lips would never again call mother—then she realized that the child had indeed gone from her; that she was indeed now utterly alone, with no child to love her. And she was frozen with her grief. All through the night she sat there, dumb and passive, holding her dear child close to her heart, for Mother Flora, awed by her misery, dared make no attempt to remove the child.

In the gray of the morning, Mother Flora silently left the house to find gentle Mary Connor, her mistress' time-old friend, and acquaint her that the last blow had fallen, that the cup had been drained, and she did not know if her mistress would be able to rally from the bitterness of its dregs. Gentle Mary Connor! Peace and love to her memory—who came at the first call, and brought peace and healing in her presence! Her gentle, magnetic presence, her gentle words and touch could alone melt that mother's frozen heart; could alone open the river of tears, for as yet tears had been denied her, and the mother suffered her alone to remove that sacred form, to robe it in its loveliest dress, to place the tiny slippers on the little feet "whose race was run," to cross the little hands and place within them pure, white flowers.

"Two hands upon the breast,  
Life's work is done;  
Two feet crossed in rest;  
Life's race is run."

And then good Mr. Maynard came from his chapel in another town, where he had begun life's work anew, and spoke strong, calm words of consolation, saying: "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth." But it was a long weary time before the mother could get accustomed to the child's absence from her face. The house was lonely and still. No childish voice to make sweet music there, no childish fingers to rummage through mother's workbasket, or search through mother's closets, no litter of doll's clothes and half-finished patchwork strewn around the carpet, no half-worn books and toys to be gathered up after the little sleeper had been kissed and tucked up in her nest at night, no sewing on of Dinah's woolen hair or sawdust arms—no, no more of these most sweet, delightful cares would that mother ever know. Her child, though quiet and gentle, was one of those whose presence seemed to fill each room. When living it seemed as if the room she was in was filled with children, and as if there were company all through the house, and all this made her home inexpressibly lonely. One night she dreamed that the child came to her with a lighted taper in her hand, and her garments heavy with dampness, saying:

"Mother, I cannot sleep.  
Your tears have made my shroud so wet.  
Oh, mother, do not weep!"

Then she knew in her soul she was disturbing her angel child she loved so dearly. She knew that her incessant sorrowing would be a barrier in the child's path, and she resolved to curb and restrain it, and go forth into life's duties, knowing the child would be permitted to return, soon as she could bring her heart into a receptive condition.

#### CHAPTER IX.

And who was gentle Mary Connor, the time-old friend of this suffering woman? Jacob and Mary Connor were brother and sister. They were twins, who had spent a lifetime of seventy years in the square brown house their father built when the cows grazed on Trimountain's largest park. Jacob had added industriously to the proceeds of his little shop on King street, while Mary had kept the house. They were persons of great benevolence of character, of large and liberal heart, and there were many grown families who had struck out into different parts of the world, who remembered gratefully the sympathy and material aid so promptly and cheerfully given in their childhood's days. Their only creed was the rule of Confucius, "To do unto others as you would have others do unto you, and not do unto others things you would not have others do unto you." Their spiritual growth had kept pace with the material growth of the progressive city in which they lived; for it was progressive in science, art, literature, in everything except the church. However, they waited not for that, but they became a law unto themselves, and such as their unobtrusive, unassuming piety and goodness, the church even respected them, and allowed them to slip quietly out from its jurisdiction, and unbridled not. They had been old friends of Mrs. Stockwell's mother, hence their friendship for her. They were of such rare and noble character that they were not only respected but revered by those who knew them, and they were widely known. Having their own share of the sorrows of life—for they two were all alone—their hearts were always open to others' woes, and their hands always ready to aid.

No poor man had ever been refused by Jacob Connor, no poor woman had ever been condemned or scorned by his sister. To her came the outcast, and those whom men call vile, after making them so, and she never shrank from taking them by the hand, and men and women went on their way rejoicing for having known Jacob and Mary Connor.

One night John Bent's senses became closed to all external life, and his wife and daughter led him away into new worlds of spirit-life. And while there a sweet child ran up to him, and asked him if he was not John Bent.

"Yes," he answered; "and thou art the little child who hast proved to me the Christ-child, and who first led me hither. Say, little one, what shall I tell thy mother from thee at my return?"

And she answered:

"Tell my mother not to grieve. Tell her I'm coming to see her soon; and to leave my little hat upon the nail where it used to hang."

And a fair-faced woman came and took the child by the hand, and talked long with John Bent. She told him how long she had been with them, and how dearly they loved her, and to bid her mother not to sorrow so, for her child was not dead, nor yet sleeping, but was a living, growing child, who would never forget her mother, and who would be the first to welcome her when her work was all done upon the earth. Then they attended him from group to group among the children. Some were playing, some lying down, some carried from place to place in motherly arms; all full of purest joy.

Then others came—men and women—and carried him into a large hall, and pointed out those who had been the foremost men of their time—in liberality of thought and deed, in charity of heart and hand, in philanthropy and all good works. Many women were among them, and one was pointed out of most queenly aspect, whose forehead was encircled by a crescent of such dazzling brilliancy his eyes could not behold its light. By her side stood a man of noble bearing, and at her other side stood her boy. It was she, the noble Margaret, New England's gifted daughter, who toiled so long for Italy's redemption, and whose prayer was answered as she sank beneath the maddening waves, "that Ossoli, Angelo and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief."

And outside this gathering stood a band of red men, who were also attending the council, for they were assembled in convention to discuss the affairs of Church and State in New England, and they welcomed John Bent to their assembly. Ere long he was guided on among other bands, and groups, and societies; and one, a scholar, and a true, good man, who would not crawl under the chains around Trimountain's court house when the liberty of one of God's children was being wrrenched from him by the merest farce of a trial of justice—this man took John Bent's hand in kindly clasp, and bid him enter his spirit home and rest awhile upon a couch, so dainty John Bent felt loth to sit upon it. And he carried him through his beautiful spirit home, and showed him books of wondrous lore, and rarest works of art; paintings, exquisite beyond a mortal's conception; statuary, in which design and finish out-rivalled all the skill and cunning of a mortal brain or hand. And music, too, entranced his soul. The sweetest, purest, richest tones, now fell upon his ear and lulled him to rest, and when he had rested, they gave him loving benedictions with which to cheer the hearts of those to whom he must return, and promises of aid, then guided his footsteps back to earth.

When John Bent assumed again his normal condition, he resolved at once to visit Trimountain and see Mrs. Stockwell. Accordingly, a few days after, when Mother Flora answered the bell, John Bent placed his card in her hand, desiring it handed to Mrs. Stockwell. The lady came in-

stantly into the room, extending both hands to greet him. At first she could not speak, so overpowered was she by the recollection that her child's last work had been done for this man; but, finally recovering her composure, she expressed much pleasure at seeing him, and insisted he should remain at her home during his stay in Trimountain.

He then told her of his spirit's flight to the spheres, of his seeing her child, and the message she had sent her mother. Mrs. Stockwell sobbed aloud with joy at hearing from her absent child. The little hat she had never removed from the nail where it had always been hung by the child, simply because she could not bring herself to disturb or change anything from the places her little daughter had chosen to arrange them in. Even now were her dolls lying in their bed, where she had put them the last time she undressed and played with them. She had thought, at times, that she would put these things carefully away, but now they should not be touched.

So, one evening as they sat together by the fire, the dim, soft light, filled the room; a quiet, rested sort of half-unconsciousness came over John Bent, and he and the mother both recognized the child's guardian spirit, the grandmother, as her presence became visible in the white light, leading little Mabel by the hand. She sat in her mother's lap; she touched her face caressingly with the dear fingers; she put her arms around her neck, and kissed her many times, then suddenly jumped down and disappeared. The grandmother still remained, and in a moment more the child had returned with the little hat in her hand, and her dolls all snugly placed inside. Once more she climbed into her mother's lap, and played awhile with her dolls, then again kissed her mother, set the little hat upon the floor, patted John Bent's face, and taking her grandmother's hand, faded gradually out of sight.

And when the spiritual light had entirely left the room, there were the dolls and hat left upon the floor; and the mother wept no more, although at times she would so long for her little daughter's continual presence. By-and-by these visits became of daily occurrence. The child came every day to her old home, to her dear mother, and went roaming about this house as had been her wont.

Sometimes they heard sweet notes from the piano—little child songs she had used to sing and play; sometimes they would find her toys and clothes lying upon the tables or chairs—sometimes her little dress hung up over one of her mother's; sometimes the mother would miss small wares from her work-basket, but she always knew whose little fingers had abstracted them, and days after she would find them again in their right places. Then again, pencil marks upon scraps of paper would be found, written in a childish hand, such as, "I've been, mother," "Good-by, mother!" "I've been playing with my dolls, mother!" "Some little girls are coming to see you with me, mother!" "Don't never cry, mother!" "I have real good times, mother"—all of which gave her the truest consolation.

John Bent's fame spread abroad through Trimountain, as a door of strange deeds, as being possessed of many devils—that is, in the churches. The Rev. Sanctiface and Dr. Growgrace ventured another call. "This time they were received." "Mr. Bent, I hear you perform many wonderful works," remarked the Rev. Sanctiface to him. "Of myself I do nothing. It is spirit power which works through me," replied John Bent.

"I have heard ridiculous things said of you. For instance, that you could make a table move. By what method do you perform the feat?"

"I have told you, of myself I do nothing."

"But you must do something to cause these things to move. The furniture in my house never moves unless we move it."

"Will you both sit at the table?" Mrs. Stockwell, Mother Flora and myself will also take seats."

"Allow me, Mr. Bent, to first examine the table, to examine the room, and your hands and feet, before we are placed, to satisfy ourselves there are no hidden cords, or pulleys, or wires to deceive us."

They examined every corner of the room, felt carefully over the surface of the carpet, explored the inside work of the table, and then cautiously examined its legs to be sure there were no concealed strings about, and also the legs and arms of John Bent, who could scarcely keep his temper at the implication of imposture.

"Now we will be seated; and please keep perfect silence, and also lay your fingers lightly upon the surface of the table."

They sat in silence five, ten, fifteen minutes, when the table began to move toward the Rev. Sanctiface.

"Who pushes the table?" he inquired.

There was no reply, and the table moved until it fairly rocked. They saw that all the fingers were resting lightly upon the table, but they suspected the feat.

"Mr. Bent, will you tell us what causes this table to move?"

"The presence of the spirits of the persons who have gone through the change you call death."

"I consider it a perfect and undeniable absurdity. Christ tells us that the body returns to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it. And we all know, Mr. Bent, that there is to be a final resurrection from the grave, and then the judgment. How can you reconcile your theory with the Bible?"

"What, then, does cause this table to move?"

"That I do not know. It is either moved through some agency of yours that we have not detected, or else the work of Satan. The Bible tells us Satan goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and I am truly surprised that a man at your time of life and apparent intelligence should be so deluded."

At that moment there came a sweet tune from the open piano standing in the room. It struck







## Spiritual Phenomena.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO MORNING CALL.  
A VISITOR FROM THE OTHER WORLD.  
A DEAD MAN VISITS A LIVING FRIEND—EM-  
BRACES AND TALKS TO HIM.

Our business is to tell a story as it was told to us, by the gentleman who underwent the experience, and who, by the way, is a plain, sensible, business man, guileless of either practical or verbal joking, whose only care is to increase his store, and faithfully discharge all the duties and obligations imposed upon him as a good citizen. There is not a particle of sentiment in his composition, and he disbelieves the spiritualistic theories. So much for the man; now for his story:

On Saturday evening last he arrived at his hotel, the American Exchange, late for dinner, and so had to take the meal at a French restaurant. This was about 7:30 o'clock. With his dinner he took about half a bottle of claret. He ate and drank nothing more during the evening. (It is well to hear this fully in mind, as it shows his system was in a perfectly normal condition, and his brain clear, at the time of the visitation.) Feeling very much fatigued as the evening drew on, on account of attention to business during that day and for several days preceding, he came to the conclusion that his great need was a sound and undisturbed night's rest. To obtain this, he determined to leave his hotel for the night, and occupy a furnished apartment in the building where his store is situated. He changed his room to escape the inevitable morning noises at the hotel, and thus he allowed to sleep as late into Sunday morning as he chose. He is not conscious of any other motive for doing so, though some Spiritualists may say he was impressed to make the change.

He reached the room about 11 o'clock, lit the gas, and sat about preparing for bed. He had divested himself of the day clothing, and was standing in front of a large mirror, buttoning the neckband of his night-shirt, with his face at the same time toward the door of his room, leading to the hallway. His mind was dwelling on nothing particular at the time, and he was humming an operatic air. Suddenly he became conscious of a presence other than his own, and then was clasped about the body so tightly that the pressure was almost suffocating. He found himself face to face with Frank, who died about three months ago, and with whom he was on intimate terms during his lifetime. There stood his friend, looking straight at him. The face was exactly like the eyes, hair, and the lips parted with a half smile as in life. Even the clothes in which he was dressed were the same as worn by him on the day preceding his death. Still holding him in his embrace, Frank spoke to his friend:

"Harry, you are a good soul. You have been kind to me, and good to my wife since I left." (He spoke further about some business matters, but we do not feel at liberty to repeat the words.)

By this time Harry had withdrawn from Frank's embrace, when the latter grasped his hand and said:

"Good-by, Harry. There is much happiness in store for you."

Harry had partially recovered himself, and was about to speak; but before he could frame the words Frank was melted into thin air. The door did not move on its hinges; there were no footfalls in the hallway outside; but as suddenly as this strange visitor had come he departed, and Harry was left alone, filled with astonishment, but, as he declares, without any feeling of fear. The result of the interview was such that for a moment he doubted if his friend was dead; but he had been present at his funeral, and had dropped a handful of earth on his coffin lid that he was sure covered his mortal remains. Then he thought some one had played a practical joke to terrify him; but there was no one else besides himself in the building, and all the doors were securely locked and barred. In despair at the task of accounting for this strange affair, he lit a cigar, and sat him in his perplexity, and finally sought his couch, where he slumbered peacefully for the rest of the night.

The ghost (if such a high-pressure visitor can be called ghostly), left a memento of his visit behind him. Harry declares that at the time he was being so tightly embraced, his thumb came in contact with a button on Frank's coat, and he experienced considerable pain. In the morning, on awakening, he again felt the pain, and on looking at his thumb, found the skin slightly abraded. That is the story as it was told to us. Harry, as we said before, is a sensible, practical, unromantic business man, and no believer in Spiritualism. He has nothing to accomplish in deceiving his friends, and as a joke it would be sorry enough to be beneath contempt. It may be considered one of the marvels of the matter, and to be believed by many; incapable of solution by all.

### ANOTHER SEER GIVING EYES TO THE BLIND.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—We wish to call your attention and that of your readers to an incident of our "free and glorious gospel," which took place during the session of the convention of mediums and speakers at Batavia, N. Y., Feb. 19th and 20th. You of course have heard of E. V. Wilson, the test medium. We do not speak of him, but of Dr. O. Clark Sprague, formerly of Cleveland, but now a resident of Rochester. At the convention he gave twelve public tests in as many minutes, all of which were recognized. His manner of giving tests is similar to that of E. V. Wilson. We give you some of the tests:

Walking quietly up to a lady of the audience, he says: Madam, there stands a spirit, a friend of yours, by your side—a slim man, of medium height, black eyes, hair somewhat silvered, and he tells me his name is "Samuel." Do you recognize this spirit? The lady fully recognized the spirit as her cousin.

The doctor next addressed a Mrs. Collins, describing accurately her husband, who passed on to spirit-life fourteen years ago, giving his name; also a description of Mrs. Collins's sister, who was with him, both of whom Mrs. C. recognized at once.

At this point the doctor was giving a brief account of his experience, when he stopped, and described an aged spirit of seventy years, a mother, who wished to tell her daughter that she was not dead, but there; also with her a grandchild of twelve years, and her name was Mary. This spirit-mother and grandchild told the doctor by the hand, as it seemed to us, led him down the middle aisle, directly to the daughter, who at once recognized the mother and child.

The next test was that of a spirit brother to his sister, a "skeptic," the doctor describing the spirit, with the statement that the brother's death was caused by a fall from a scaffold, breaking his spine between the shoulders. With tears trickling down her cheeks she stated to the Convention that all was true.

To another he gave a description of his brother, who passed on to the higher life when but four years of age, twenty-three years ago, giving the name of "Charles."

To another he gave an accurate description of Maj.-Gen. Wadsworth—his weight, color of hair and eyes, his uniform, and straps on the shoulders, ornamented with two stars, emblems of rank—which was also recognized.

We would say that all receiving tests from the doctor were entire strangers to him, and there could not have existed any collusion between them. Every test given by the doctor, both at the convention and at private sittings, was fully recognized. "This is an era of development of spirit power."

—AN EYE WITNESS.

Being present and witnessing the giving of the above tests, that astonished all present, I cheerfully certify to the truthfulness of the above statement substantially as given. DEAN CLARK.

### Written for the Banner of Light. "PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED."

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

Oh weary, prattling one,  
The day of sport is done,  
Thy lip seeks respite for thy drooping eye.  
The twilight shadows close  
Above thy calm repose,  
And glittering star-worlds chant in harmony.

The flowers with dew are wet;  
The garden fountain's jet  
Streams in the moonbeams' clear and silver ray.  
Beside thy little bed  
Thy slumber's prayer is said—  
By faith ascending to the Endless Day!

God save thy fair young face  
From sin and dark disgrace,  
Along the pathway of the weary years;  
God lend thy pilgrim feet  
Safe to his pastures sweet,  
When death shall bring thee freedom from thy tears!

For soon shall round thee fall,  
Like blossom-petals, all  
The friends who wreath thee in love's flowery band;  
And age with fruitage gray  
Shall fade youth's rapturous spray.  
In sorrow's heat alone ripe souls expand.

Oh spark of Life Divine,  
Called for a space to shine  
Through mortal form "mid earth's revolving gloom."  
Thou quit'st the slumberer fast  
Awhile to breathe the air  
Where heaven's rich roses shed their sweet perfume.

Thou canst not break life's chain—  
Thou must return in pain  
To climb the splintered heights our feet have trod;  
In coming years shall gleam  
Bow angels in thy dream,  
Poor struggling prisoner in a cooling clod!

But when life's parting light  
Along the west is bright,  
And star-eyed seraphs wait to bear thee home—  
Though in thy narrower bed  
May rest a silvered head,  
A youthful spirit through the spheres shall roam!

Boston, May, 1870.

### FROM GERMANY.

[In the Banner of Light of April 2d, we published a letter from our friend, A. Kyl, of Baden-Baden, giving some interesting facts in regard to Spiritualism in that part of Germany, including a spirit message from Luos, received through the Planchette. We have on hand several other communications from the same source, which we shall publish from time to time. The mediums are Mrs. and Miss Kyl. The following was given at a séance held Nov. 3, 1869.]

### LUOS THROUGH PLANCHETTE.

"The spirit of God which speaketh in us.—St. Matthew, x: 20.

LUOS.—The words pronounced by Jesus unto his apostles in the twentieth verse of so spiritual a nature, that they need a similar explanation to make the passage clear to the understanding of some minds who have never thought over spiritual things, and who even doubt its spiritual agency. A person with usual intellect, or even with commonplace faculties, would never in our times rise up and make it their task to speak to others, or to assume in any degree the demeanor of an orator; even able and distinguished men have not been able to speak unto multitudes in public. There was always a certain floweryness in the language, a certain fire and enthusiasm wanting, and that would not come, and thereby quite disabled some of the most learned and wise men of the age. And still these poor fishermen and artisans that Jesus picked up here and there, as he was going along; these simple-minded, ignorant, and unlearned men, proved later to be the finest preachers and propagators of the word of God. Does not reason tell you that there must have been some invisible power aiding and operating through them? and do not the words of Jesus himself confirm this belief? Is it not clear enough that the spirit of God makes use of these men as the instrument and tool, and that their temporal mind had nothing to do with those heavenly inspirations coming from above? They never studied their sermon beforehand, or wrote it down in order to learn it by heart; no, they never even knew from one hour to another what would be their subject and theme. They had faith in the words God would send them, and were never anxious or in trouble about the next word or sentence they were about to pronounce. Here again you see the difference between man and spirit; the inability of the one, and great power of the other. Two distinct existences—the one working, and the other being worked upon. The one dictating, and the other obeying. If we believe in this verse, and in the truth of divine inspirations, why should we only limit this belief on the apostles, and exclude it with regard to every other mortal? It is true the apostles were chosen people, but that is no reason why they should be the only chosen ones. God has poured forth his Holy Spirit on many a poor sinner, and has thereby made him the instrument of communication unto man. God's power is not more limited now than it was then, and it is even a sin to think so. In the times that are yet to come, God will send down his spirit upon many, and many will speak the words of truth and of regeneration unto multitudes, and will instruct them and lead them toward a brighter future and a more celestial life to come, after the afflictions and sorrows endured in this world of misery.

"Freely have ye received, freely give." These words ought to be written in gold in the heart of every Spiritualist of our times, and still they were spoken many centuries ago to men that turned out to be the holiest of their age. But these words were spoken for the same purpose then, and they cannot be too often repeated now. I am speaking of Spiritualism and of spiritual gifts, such as now exist, and such as are made use of through instruments or mediums.

Let us take, for instance, somnambulism and the gift of clairvoyance. How many people there are, gifted in this way, and who make use of it for their own material benefit, and who look upon it more as a good livelihood than as a gift of God to be bestowed gratuitously upon every one that stands in need of it. Then again there is healing the sick by somnambulism. It is true that the greater part of such mediums prescribe and cure without a thought of pecuniary gain; but if there be one out of twenty that acts differently, let it be said to him that he misuses a holy gift, and that if he would follow the word of Christ mentioned above, he would find more merit in the eyes of God, and would feel his holy help much more, than by soiling a holy gift, if given freely by God, with the hope of worldly gain and of self-interest.

In many cases we have seen that the spiritual gift has been entirely taken away from selfish persons, and that they were thrown destitute upon the world, with the vain hope of receiving once more the lost treasure; but "grieving the spirit" is also grieving God, and we know that in so doing we will have much to account for. God gives the spirit freely from his stores of goodness, without regard to the persons or their station in this life. He gives more to some, so that they may in their turn bestow it on such as have been less gifted spiritually by him. Let them do equally unto the poor and the rich, the low and the great; for the merit is not in themselves. It

is a grace of God to allow them to be his tool in such a glorious work, among the grieved and sick in humanity. Give freely and in abundance, for the more you give, the more you will receive.

What do those singular verses—24, 25, 26, in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew—mean? Do many people ask themselves, when hearing them read on a Sunday at church? for we are taught to look up for everything good and merciful to Christ, but those verses seem to prove just the reverse—and so it is literally—for they need a more acute explanation, in order to make them comprehensible. It seems to us quite a contradiction to what is told us in the Epistles, wherein Christ's coming is set forth as the greatest blessing that can befall the world, and in this instance Christ says himself what certainly appears to our mind quite the contrary and opposite thing; but to this is attached a particular meaning, which I will here endeavor to explain. Turn your thoughts, for an instant, to the remotest ages, and think of the difficulty with which Christianity was obliged to fray itself a passage through heathen minds and idolatrous hearts. Think of the awful persecutions and of the blood that flowed, before a few Christians could come together and worship the Lord their God in secret; think of the family discords that arose, and arise now every day, if one member or two have another faith or belief than the rest, and how heresies arise from a difference of worship; look at the Inquisition and its horrors, the intolerance of the clergy even to this day, with family-dissensions and ruptures—all on account of a difference of religion! Jesus resumes all this in one word, the "sword"—and a most applicable term it is, when you come to think over everything that I have stated above. Is it not dreadful to see the thirty-sixth verse verified, sometimes in the most painful manner, between the nearest relations, and foes turning up among the members of your own family?

We see incidents of the like happening every day. It is sad to think that Christianity and the word of Christ, instead of awakening in your hearts love to your fellow-brethren, is turned into bitter anger by a diversity of creeds, or a different belief of that word that ought to make us all one in spirit. But let us hope—when the world has taken a more spiritual and charitable turn of mind, and its inhabitants see that the one spirit of truth, and not the outward different forms and ceremonies, will alone save them—for that universal peace of mind and spiritual comfort which the due understanding of God's word alone can give, and that we may turn the word "sword" into "Love!"

"Luos," our guardian spirit-friend,  
A. KVL.

### ILLINOIS.

#### Mrs. F. A. Logan's Labors.

We have received from this earnest worker a communication, dated Chester, Ill., April 27th, in which she details an account of her experiences. We give below such extracts as our space will admit:

DEAR BANNER.—Once again I find myself in the pleasant, genial home of Bro. Joseph and Sister Mary Beare, in Chester, (the county seat of Randolph County,) which overlooks the broad Mississippi. The evergreen foliage and plants of grass, with rocks, hills, and valleys, render it one of the most picturesque places I have found in Southern Illinois. And beneath this roof, angels and morals delight to dwell, where harmony and love abound, and discord is unknown.

I have visited many towns during the winter months, and given about sixty lectures. In most of the places women's voices had never before been heard from the rostrum.

Point of a good society of Spiritualists at Duquoin, and a fine Lyceum. Dr. N. A. Durham, (author of "Life among the Angels"), presides with dignity, combined with kindness and wisdom. Maj. Cowens, Conductor of the Lyceum, although a Materialist, is the right man for that office. William Goddard, Vice President and Assistant Conductor, knows well how to interest children. So that with the combined influence of many estimable ladies, we predict for them success. The City Hotel; kept by Bro. and Sister Lee, was our pleasant home for two weeks, where we met Mr. Koons, of Ohio, who is world-renowned, in consequence of the wonderful demonstrations of spirit power had for many years in his presence. His manuscript written by spirits, he intends to have published as soon as he can.

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over their creed, for well they know that I was a stranger in the place, and was not acquainted with any of the persons that she had described, therefore it was something more than animal magnetism, or electrical psychology.

Mrs. Logan states, in closing, that the silent influences of spirit presence and power are everywhere at work; and wherever she has been, fulfilling her dual mission as a lecturer on Woman's Rights and Spiritualism, she has met thoughtful attention. In some cases churches were opened for her; sometimes ministers had assisted in the services, and at other times had conferred her in argument. Parties desiring her services can address immediately, in care of Warren Chase, 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

### WISCONSIN.

#### Matters of Interest West.

DEAR BANNER.—An no one else in this vicinity seems to feel interest enough in the subject of Spiritualism to give to you any account of our status and doings, I have concluded to give you a brief account of whom, where, and what we are, with your permission.

Our village numbers about four thousand souls—a beautiful village in the southern part of Green County, and the seat of government of a railroad. The "religious" portion of our inhabitants are divided into eight or nine different churches, all of whom are Christians, of course, and all on the high road to heaven, each his own way, but all "labeled" for the New Jerusalem. But, alas! notwithstanding there are so many avenues through which to pass into heaven, yet if the truth be spoken, the greater proportion of our people are too worldly-minded to enter therein through any of the avenues yet presented, preferring to remain out in the cold a while longer in company with Mr. Devil, until some more feasible plan presents itself—feeling reasonably safe for the present, inasmuch as they can strike hands with "Jesus" at the eleventh hour and pass spots, and while into his august presence. Ah, well! but the class of us who do not feel quite so certain of that, nor any church plan of salvation, and hence are casting about for something reasonable and reliable, and of course have become "Spiritualists." Some openly and assuredly; others secretly, but constantly becoming more firm, until finally one by one they will come out and defy the world, church and devil.

We have a number of trances and normal speakers, test mediums, clairvoyants, healers, &c., among us, most of whom have made their home while here with me, among whom Emma J. Bullen, Miss Scougall, E. V. Wilson, Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Maud Barbeck (or Lord), &c., &c.

Peter West, the noted test medium and clairvoyant, has been here, and has been for some days. He is the most phlegmatic of mediums, of any one I ever saw, equalled by but few, and surpassed by none that I have ever seen. His principal business here is locating lead mines. He has made three or four locations, none of which have been proven, but some of his Western locations in this State have been, and so far as I am informed have universally proved substantially as he predicted.

A gentleman of my acquaintance came to Mr. West in my office, and desired him to look for some money which had been stolen from him. Mr. West did so, and found it. He described the gentleman's family, and told him that a married daughter of his had taken the money, at the instance of her husband, under the promise that the husband would write to him before the father had an opportunity of discovering that it had been taken; but that the husband did not intend to return it; that if the loser would charge the taking upon the son-in-law, he would own up and disgorge—all of which was done, and proved true to the letter, as Mr. West had predicted.

He has given a great many very fine and remarkable tests while here, and as a whole I consider him one of the most remarkable mediums that has been in our midst. But for physical manifestations alone, "Maud" beats the world. In her circles I have conversed face to face with my spirit friends, felt their hands, heard their voices, and been addressed by them, to the truth of which I am willing to testify, as will also some of our best citizens.

Fraternally yours,  
ED. T. GARDNER.

Monroe, Wis., May 2d, 1870.

### MARYLAND.

#### Lectures in Baltimore.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—I have been wanting to drop you a few lines in reference to the Maryland State Association for some time. Since its organization we have kept up the lectures regular twice a week, on Sabbath, morning and evening, until the present time, excepting two Sabbaths in February, and have employed some of the best lecturers in the field. Among the number I would mention Bro. Thomas Gales Forster, Miss Nettie M. Pearce, Bro. N. Frank White, Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner and others, all of whom have assisted in building up our association. It has been increasing regularly in numbers since its organization.

Mrs. S. E. Warner was employed by the Society in April, during which time she was the means, in the hands of our spirit friends, of bringing us more closely together in our good and glorious cause. Her lectures have been very acceptable to our people. She has made many lasting friends by the interest she has manifested by working with us in the Society at Lyceum, and in visiting among the friends of the Society, so that they were not willing for her to leave them so soon, so they have employed her for this month (May) to work with Bro. F. White, who lectures on Sundays, and Mrs. Warner on Thursday evenings, and holds two sabbaths during the week, which are all well attended. May the good angels always attend to her in her mission of love. She is not engaged for June and July. In August she is to lecture in Lynn, Mass. She would like to make engagements for those two months, as she is some distance from home.

The Maryland State Association take great pleasure in recommending her as an inspirational speaker and worker in the good cause of progress. Her address will be No. 509 West Fayette street, Baltimore, Md., during the present month.

Yours, &c., &c.,  
LEVI WEAVER,  
President Maryland State Association.

P. S.—Bro. Thomas Gales Forster will lecture for us in June.  
Baltimore, Md., May 6, 1870.

### MINNESOTA.

#### Work of the State Agent.

Four months have rolled away since I gave the readers of the Banner an account of labors in spiritual things, and I desire at this time to report progress concerning places visited, and something of my plans for the future, as State Agent.

I commenced at Farmington, the last of December; had large audiences, and quite an interest was manifested. A number of the friends joined the State Association. I left a constitution for a local society, which they have since completed, and are now a good working order. With earnest men and women at the head, the cause must prosper at Farmington, for the larger part of the people are outside of the church.

At Hastings those that would be leaders, and have been Spiritualists for years, are something like the Border State men during the rebellion; they labor to give aid and comfort to the Universalists, leaving the Spiritualists to take care of themselves. Some of them think a great deal of having "honorable" attached to their names, so dare not speak or act in the matter; nevertheless, there are enough good souls in Hastings to save the place, and in the end do work for the people that Universalism has never done—give unmistakable evidence of the life beyond, and that all of them are from earth can return if they will. No one joined the State Association there.

At Lake City I had large audiences, and much interest was manifested. During my stay there several came forward and joined the association, and are bound to support Spiritualism in preference to any other religious faith. If they work as earnestly in the future as they have in the past, they will be the strongest body of believers in Lake City, Angels are on our side, and we must succeed in the end if we work.

In Cook's Valley the interest was great. One man has worked for years spreading the light, and is now reaping his reward; numbers are flocking around the standard of Spiritualism for light, more light.

At Minneapolis people came from miles around to hear the word spoken, and great good was done. Here, too, one



The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, EDITOR.

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### Our Labor System.

The Labor Bureau of Massachusetts, which has now been in operation for a year, for the purpose of collecting statistics relating to this fundamental interest of society, reports to the Legislature a state of facts in the Commonwealth that provokes to profound reflection. It is made very clear that the condition of our laboring population is by no means what it should be. In getting at the facts embodied in this report, we are to remember that they were drawn out with difficulty, and are therefore not the whole of the picture; employers being reluctant to disclose the exact state of affairs with them, and the employed feeling themselves restrained more or less by their relations to employers. But that only serves to make what facts are obtained all the more valuable.

The current report is but the beginning of the valuable results of establishing the Bureau. It condenses the facts of the situation under something like the following heads: that daily labor in the State is too protracted, and should be reduced to ten hours; that no children should be allowed to work in a factory more than eight hours a day, and then not unless they have reached the age of thirteen years, and have acquired at least the rudiments of a common school education; that the Legislature should recognize associations of labor equally with associations of capital, and grant the one no more favorable attention than the other; that cooperation ought to take the place of working for wages; that in respect to ventilation, fire-escapes, and machinery in shops and factories, the laws should be of the most rigorous, in order to protect the workman; that an inspection system for factories, similar to what prevails in England, should at once be established in Massachusetts; and that the State Board of Health should have the legal supervision of the factories of the State.

In all this there may be no points that are essentially new, but there has been no similar instance of their being all brought together and presented at one time. This most important reformatory work has hitherto been left to the care of individuals and associations, who could make but small progress at the most. They could do no more than make timely, and not generally of effective, suggestions to the law-making power. The public journals of the more progressive sort have taken the larger part of the work upon their shoulders. But we now have in Massachusetts a body of men which is specially authorized to investigate this whole matter, and to present the results of that investigation to the Legislature. Being a body of its own creation, the probability is all the greater that its work will be taken as of much more importance than if presented without such authorization. We anticipate from such a Bureau nothing but the highest benefits eventually to the laboring class and its extended interests.

We append from this report the following striking, if not startling, statements, which proceed from Mr. Oliver, who is at the head of the Bureau: "There are too many points of resemblance," he says, "between the mother country and our own, to be acceptable to even the mildest philanthropy. Here, as well as there, will be found, in the labyrinthine slums of cities, in narrow courts, dark lanes and nasty alleys, wretched tenements, with small rooms, dismal, dark, unventilated, into which the sun, God's free gift, never sends a shimmering ray; packed full of men, women and children, as thick as smoked herrings in a grocer's box. Here they breed, here they live (!), and here they die, with their half-starved, ill-clad children—death's daily dish, with typhus, and scarlet fever, and cholera for his butchery—and these festering slums, owned by gentlemen of fortune, 'who live at home at ease,' and whose goal is of the sweat of their tenants' brow, in a rental of fifteen to twenty per cent, paid in advance! In such dens, if a horse were kept, the society for the suppression of cruelty to animals would look after his owner. And, besides this, the poor and the laboring classes of Europe, by hundreds of thousands, have been and are now coming to our shores, with fixed habits and modes of life. These now constitute, mainly, the army of our unskilled laborers—are ignorant and degraded, pitifully so, and are the persons, almost exclusively, who congregate, from the necessity of poverty, in these sickening kennels."

Here is a pretty picture indeed, to be sketched from the very heart of our boasted Christian civilization. The "heaven" cannot live under more repulsive and vile conditions than these. The tenement-house system is a slavery that demands the immediate attention of all our humanitarians. It should be at once and forever extirpated from our society. The courts and alleys that harbor their wretched populations are to be opened to the light, and avaricious and wealthy landlords to know that the horrors of the "middle passage" are not more forbidding than those of living—if it can be called living—in the disease-generating tenements that are rented to the laboring class of the Commonwealth.

### George D. Prentice.

We give on our sixth page a message from George D. Prentice, of Louisville, Ky., in which he says he is promised before death that if he found the spiritual philosophy to be true, on his entrance to spirit-life, he would return and inform his friends of the fact. Now we ask, as a matter of justice to us, that if the friends are cognizant of such a promise they will so inform us.

On the occasion of the delivery of the message, Mr. White, Chairman of the circle, on hearing the name of the spirit, addressed Mr. Prentice, saying, "I am happy to meet you." The spirit replied: "We have met in spirit before I died." Our explanation of this sentence is this: A son of Mr. Prentice passed on some years ago, and in course of time communicated to his people through these columns. The father, perceiving his name in the "announcement" list, wrote us a letter, desiring us to furnish him with a copy of the message, previous to its publication, which we did. We still have his letter in our possession.

### Want of Piety.

It was stated at a recent Triennial Convention of the Congregationalists of the Northwest, held at Chicago, that it was not from lack of pay so much as from want of piety, that so few young men of talent were to be found, who are willing to go into the ministry. The cause is admitted to be a backward one in that respect. Rev. Dr. Gulliver, of Chicago, remarked that within a radius of one hundred miles from Knox College, Illinois, leaving Jacksonville out of the account, "there were just seven young men who were fitting themselves for a liberal Christian education," and only two in the city of Quincy. A very serious resolution on the subject was passed by the convention, after discussion. It was on this discussion that it came out that it was not from meagre salaries so much as "want of piety," that talented young men did not go into the ministry. A good many projects of an educational character were brought forward, with the hope of providing a remedy for this, but the convention could not seem to settle upon anything definitely.

The exercises of the Chicago Theological Seminary took place during the same week, and one can readily perceive in the treatment of their chosen theses by the graduates who delivered public addresses, that there is a heavy weight pressing on the hopes of the Congregationalists of the Northwest, in respect to the growth of their denominational power. The particular obstacle, according to these addresses, seemed to be the spirit of rationalism, and the advancement of science. One of the ecclesiastical neophytes spoke on "The Paralyzing Effect of Rationalism on the Pulpit," and said that, while Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingle were rationalists "in the higher sense," the rationalism of the present day had arrogated the name, but abrogated its power. He added that "it sought but to overturn faith; it was simply destructive; this was the only aim of the advanced German criticism, of the sense-philosophy of Mill, the naturalism of Darwin, the pantheism of Emerson, and yet more freely of the various humanitarisms and liberal systems of the present day." Another speaker observed that "the church had to deal with some of the profoundest problems that ever taxed the mind. Science is progressive, and as science throws new light upon the sacred page, new theories are discovered, and these need a learned ministry to propound them." All which demonstrates the quandary in which Orthodoxy finds itself to-day, and the naked fact of the increasing power of a spiritual liberalism.

### The Vernal Season.

The blossoms, the leaves, and the grass, with all the changing hues of the often swept skies, the fresh fragrance of field and wood, and the sparkle and glaucous of waters are the unmistakable signals of a general revivification in Nature, and in the spirit of man as well, which forbids us to be silent respecting it while the beautiful work is going on. Spring is glorious because its suggestions are all unfolded promises. The soul delights to contemplate the developing and the advancing, and therefore takes untold pleasure in contemplating what Nature offers at this vernal season in such profuse bounteousness. We enjoy what is coming when we enjoy what now is. We feel that in admiring the bud, we already reach forward to the enjoyment of the leaf and flower. Spring is in this respect peculiar, in that she scatters her pregnant hints so freely about us. She calls on every eye to open, and every ear to listen; that through these organs may readily pass such delightful impressions to the soul as will feed its hunger, slake its thirst, and at once gratify and stimulate its finest desires and aspirations. Wet or dry, this season is the beauty and freshness of the year. It holds all the year's fondest hopes in its full bosom. It is the green and flowery spot where we catch bright glimpses of the beyond, not more in a material than a spiritual sense. Every return of it makes men glad rather than sad, for they see in it always renewed hope, and never depression or discouragement.

### The Raid of Power.

The police of Boston made a preconcerted raid on the street-walking females of the town, a week ago last Saturday evening, and bore off to the lock-up nearly a hundred and fifty wretched females, chiefly young and all abandoned, whom they kept in durance vile over Sunday, and proceeded to drag into court for the general inspection on Monday morning. Of course these girls were disobeying a city ordinance, and had to pay the usual penalty. But to make a deliberate onset upon them in this style, and parade their infamy as if they were the chief sinners in society, is only a way of glossing the wickedness of the other sex. For who dares to say in all seriousness that these women are solely responsible for their present condition? And who can tell how far society itself is in fault for their fall? And what reason is there to think that they would have been exposed to arrest and punishment, if they had not been out on the street to engage with the other sex, who are as guilty co-partners as themselves? We happen to have a new Chief of Police, and undoubtedly he wants to sweep clean with his broom. But while duly recognizing the shameful evils of street-walking in our large cities, it is not easy to reconcile it with justice, that the public authorities should throw so much energy into the removal of this nuisance, but wink at others of larger magnitude.

### Mad Journals.

The New York dailies have for weeks past been hollering over with mutual wrath, but editorially, and hissing paragraphs flying in the air at a perfectly frightful rate. It all comes of the McFarland trial, and the discussion of free-love. We need not name any paper especially, where nearly all are concerned in the *mêlée*. Such a time they have not had among the papers in Gotham since ever so many years. A perfect rabies seems to have broken out. To give the matter a grimly sarcastic turn, one of them coolly turns around and advises the rest to try and use only calm and respectful language, taking itself as the exemplar! New York journalism, it appears, has to effloresce in this fashion at pretty regular intervals. Its suppressed tendency to personality is obliged to find relief in this way.

### The Bible in the Public Schools.

A meeting of the Catholic clergymen of New York was held there on Wednesday night last, to consider the question of the Bible in the public schools and the status of Rev. Dr. McElynn, pastor of St. Stephen's, and Rev. Mr. Farrell of St. Joseph's, who are regarded by their associates as too liberal on this subject. The reading of the Bible in the public schools was condemned, and Dr. Starrs, Vicar-General of the Diocese, was asked to remove the two objectionable pastors to country districts, where they cannot, to any great extent, influence perversely public opinion. It was stated that the Vicar-General had written to Archbishop McClosky for instructions.

### Spirit Communion—Verification of Spirit Messages.

We have received the following letter on these subjects from one who is well known among Spiritualists as an earnest worker, and possessed of a valuable fund of experience:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—In our travels and correspondence we have a good opportunity to learn the opinions of our readers and the public generally in regard to the message department of the *Banner*, and we have the best of evidence that it is more highly appreciated by its general and constant readers than any other part of the paper. News from those who live in the spirit-life is eagerly sought for in this life, and especially when it brings, as these messages do, the evidence of continued individuality in the infinite variety of character and belief, accompanied with changes, growth and development, here as here, or faster and better. No one thing connected with our labors and the publication of the *Banner* has done so much to make the readers acquainted with the real nature of the next step in life, or the first one over the river, as have these varied and various messages, hundreds of which are recognized as partly, or wholly, truthful in their references to facts and circumstances, who scornfully or contemptuously repudiate the spiritual origin, and screen themselves under the sectarian prejudice, often fearful that such communications might reveal some of their own lives which they would like to keep hidden.

The best feature of these messages is the variety of the facts and circumstances in which we have specimens of all ages and degrees of mental development. The sailor comes with his rude sea phrases, and hauls us up with the same round turn as in life. He soon finds, after the drowning, that he is not in hell nor in the ocean—that he is alive and well, and can sing and whistle, and swear, if he wants to, as well as when on deck before and behind. No one thing connected with our labors and the publication of the *Banner* has done so much to make the readers acquainted with the real nature of the next step in life, or the first one over the river, as have these varied and various messages, hundreds of which are recognized as partly, or wholly, truthful in their references to facts and circumstances, who scornfully or contemptuously repudiate the spiritual origin, and screen themselves under the sectarian prejudice, often fearful that such communications might reveal some of their own lives which they would like to keep hidden.

So of the soldier; he comes, if soon after the battle in which he lost his life, full of the enthusiasm of the conflict, and still feels as he felt the patriot that inspired his action. As no gods or devils there, he is the same as he was then, and he is the same individual, awaiting the growth of soul that shall carry him above and beyond all battle fields and conflicts.

The little child, too, with its pining want of a mother's love, comes to assure the mother he or she is cared for there as here, and has the best of nurses and loving companions. Old and young, bond and free, loving and loving, crowd around this door to send messages to friends, foes and strangers, and let us know they are themselves yet. We once knew a young lady in Ohio, who was slowly nearing the gate of death by consumption. She was very tall and remarkably slender, and her friends used to call her jokingly, "the tall one." She hovered in the twilight of death around her, that death would be the end of conscious existence, and she requested her to only acknowledge her error when she found it, which she promised to do if she could. Some months after her departure, we were near the place of her former residence, in a circle, when one of the mediums said that she was the same as she was then, and she was the same individual, awaiting the growth of soul that shall carry him above and beyond all battle fields and conflicts.

The following words of consolation were called out from their author by the correspondence between Mrs. Conant, our medium in mortal, and Theodore Parker, John Pierpont and Rufus Kitzredge in spirit-life, through the mediumship of J. V. Mansfield, of New York, as published on the fourth page of our issue for March 25th, 1870:

MRS. FANNIE A. CONANT—Dear Sister: Having seen your note addressed to Theodore Parker in the spirit-world, in the *Banner of Light*, and having myself and lady undergone all manner of persecutions for our "sake," we feel to deeply sympathize with you, and hope we all may take courage thereby, for thus have been persecuted the advocates of truth in all times. Our "elder brother" was not only thus persecuted, but yielded up his life for the cause—the same cause, which we now advocate in a more liberal form—thereby exalting himself in the spirit-world; and we, the Christs of to-day, should not think of shrinking or faltering with such a glorious example before us, in this opportunity afforded for building, beautifying and ornamenting our homes in the spirit-world. We can well afford to wait patiently, though it be hard to bear, remembering that it is recognized as a blessing, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake, or the cause of truth. What a favor, then, should you consider it, to be endowed with your rare gifts and be thus persecuted—to be thought worthy thus to be one of the Christs of to-day! I have but few lines to give you, yet suffer all the persecution, hoping I may use my gifts so as to receive the commendation of the Lord of the vineyard at his coming. Oft in submitting to these persecutions would I almost wish the time came, but for the consciousness that I was still perfecting my dwelling in the spirit-world, and waiting for some of the persons of my former life, and perhaps that it was necessary for me to stay to sustain or hold up my companion for a greater work.

In 1867, when my first wife had gone to the spirit-world, in the midst of my sorrow I addressed two questions to the presiding spirit of your circle. My letter was answered, with these words: "Dear child of our earthly love, you will be tenderly cared for. I have been tenderly cared for and blessed by another companion and medium, second only to a very few."

Hoping that we all may step forward and keep time with the Truth in the army of Progress, I am, very respectfully yours, D. S. KIMBALL.  
Sackett's Harbor, April 7th, 1870.

Every means which human ingenuity can devise has been used to escape from the logical sequence of these messages. Coming to us, strangers to the parties, through the unconscious lips of a medium also a stranger to them, the truths brought are most unanswerable and unpalatable to the churchmen. Therefore when a friend comes; instead of publicly owning the fact, it is immediately "hushed up," and only spoken of in social life in an undertone, as a tale of private scandal might be. In some cases, the exploded idea that the medium "somehow finds out all about it beforehand," gains credence. The epistle which we give below, shows up both these subterfuges:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Dear Sirs: A few months since, (April 25th, '68,) a message appeared in the *Banner of Light* from Joseph Yeaton, to his parents in Hallowell, Maine. My father lately visited the Yeaton family in Maine, and they told him the message was correct. Old Mr. Yeaton is a deacon of the Baptist Church in Hallowell.

Skeptics say a daughter (married to a Spiritualist in Boston), told Mrs. Conant!

Truly yours, PRESTON DAX.  
Arcola, Monaca Co., Iowa, Dec. 17, 1868.

many who perceive its dawning close their eyes, are unwilling to acknowledge what they receive, and proclaim it night. The ecclesiastical bushel of prejudice is incompetent to the task of hiding the innumerable tapers which angel hands are lighting all over our darkened earth, and some day the illuminating rays kindled by parents, wives and children, who are gone before, will be welcomed to the altars of thankful hearts, giving "light unto all that are in the house."

### Plymouth Lyceum—Loss by Fire.

We have received a letter from L. L. Bullard, President of the Spiritual Society of Plymouth, Mass., (under date of May 9th) informing us of the destruction by fire of the hall in which this Lyceum held its meetings. By this misfortune, the library and all other property belonging to the Children's Progressive Lyceum was consumed, save a few flags, which remain in a damaged condition. This is, as our correspondent states, a severe loss to them, for they have labored hard for a number of years to obtain what they had. "But," he says, "we will not be discouraged, for we put our trust in those living and those gone before us, for help to replace it. If any of the Lyceum have spare books that they would send to us, they would be very thankfully received; a present from some of them would encourage our children more than all we could give them here. We shall endeavor to put the Lyceum in good order as soon as possible."

Any assistance from abroad, toward putting the Lyceum in working order again, will be received with gratitude by the Plymouth friends, and can be addressed to "L. L. Bullard, President Spiritual Society."

"At the time of the fire," says our correspondent, "we were occupying two halls; one small one for our Lyceum and business meetings, the other for lectures. We held meetings every Sunday in Layden Hall, and they are well attended. Mrs. Yeaw is occupying the desk this month. She is one of the best speakers we have had here. Mrs. Byrnes was here during April, and was well liked. During the month of June, Miss Jenny Lays, the new convert, will be with us."

### Vote on the French Plebiscite.

The total vote in France, excluding the vote in Algeria, was 7,210,296 in favor of the Emperor's proposition, and 1,530,610 against it, a majority for the Emperor of 5,679,686. So it appears that about 82 per cent. of the voting population of France prefer the Emperor's policy to the hazards of a change; or rather that aspect of it which was embraced in the following proposition, upon which the ballots were given:

"Will the French people accept the liberal modifications of the Constitution of 1830 on the following bases: 1. Responsibility of Ministers in presence of the Chambers; 2. Institution of two Legislative Chambers; 3. Restoration of the constituent power to the nation."

The "restoration of the constituent power to the nation" means the power of the people to vote upon changes in the Constitution proposed by the Emperor. The latter was tenacious upon this point, that he might have in his hands the means of perpetuating his dynasty so long as he would feel safe in appealing to the people of France. The Liberals voted "No," because they thought the initiative of making changes in the Constitution should rest with the people's representatives in the Corps Legislatif, or with the two Legislative Chambers. The Orleansists, Bourbons, and other opposition factions, voted the same way, from dislike and distrust of the Napoleonic régime. There will be some curiosity to see the general result of the voting.

### R. W. Flint.

We have been informed that this justly noted answerer of sealed letters at 105 East 12th street, New York city, has been sick for some time past, and unable to attend to his business as regularly as formerly. This we hope will not be the case for any length of time, in the future, as all such workers are needed to convince the skeptical of our times. A correspondent, Louis Schlesinger, writing us from New York city, May 1st, says of the labors of Mr. Flint:

"Through the organism of this medium I am indebted to having been brought out of an ocean of ignorance, and rescued from the absurdity of Judaism. . . . For twelve months, through his wonderful powers, I investigated the spiritual philosophy of return after death, and the facts coming to me from him (a stranger to me at first) have given me the exquisite pleasure of a belief in Spiritualism. . . . Mr. Flint is not the man to compromise his honor for all the money which might be offered. When he is unable to obtain answers to letters, the money and letters are invariably returned."

Mr. Schlesinger advises correspondents to remember that Mr. Flint is simply the instrument—not the author of the answers—he does the work of the spirits desiring to communicate with their friends, and of course must await their pleasure as to when they will reply—he having no volition in the matter."

### The National Women's Suffrage Association.

Met in New York city, May 10th, and was addressed by Susan B. Anthony. May 11th, Miss Jennie Collins, who represented the Working-women of New England, made a lengthy speech, as given in the abstract by the daily press.

Henry Ward Beecher presided at the meeting of the American Boston Women's Suffrage Association in Steinway Hall, New York city, on the morning of the same day (11th). James Freeman Clarke and Lucy Stone were the principal speakers. A business committee, including Mrs. Julia Burleigh, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Henry B. Blackwell and others, was appointed.

Theodore Tilton presided at the meeting of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society at Apollo Hall, on the morning of May 11th, and the organization of the society was completed. Clara Barton, Isabella B. Hooker, Phoebe Cozzens, John Neale, Samuel E. Sewell, Parker Pillsbury, Myra Clark Gamage being elected among the vice-presidents, and Susan B. Anthony, Samuel Bowles, Edwin A. Studwell and Lilly Peckham among the executive committee.

Speeches in the three sessions were made by distinguished advocates in this cause.

### Anniversary Week.

The coming week is what we agree to call Anniversary Week, in Boston, when all the progressive and non-progressive societies, associations and organizations, reformatory and ecclesiastical, will come together for a comfortable talk and a profitable time. Much good is accomplished by these gatherings which the Spiritualists have had the sagacity to see and secure their proper share of. While all the rest of the people are thus engaged over their projects for the world's advance and amelioration, it would clearly be a mistake for us to be left behind in the race, with such grander objects to inspire action, and energize our purpose. If Anniversary Week brings good to any, the Spiritualists are resolved to get their share of it, which will, ere long, be the leading share.

### Indian Affairs.

Letters received at Washington from a trustworthy source in Wyoming, give some important information about Indian affairs. They say the Northern Indians of the Plains have generally united on a policy of attacking the whites whenever they approach. The Indians give as their reason for adopting this policy that the general Government does not observe its treaties, in other words, that Congress does not appropriate money to meet the solemn obligations entered into with many tribes, and the Indians say that they must now adopt and carry out retaliatory measures or starve.

We have lately received information, from one who has had a personal interview with the Chief of the Northern Sioux, that the above statements are correct. Our informant deprecated to him (the Chief) the threatened hostilities, and told him the Great Spirit did not desire his red children to fight with their white brothers; to which the Chief replied with characteristic eloquence:

"What shall the Indian do? We are put upon reservations where the buffalo is not; we must not leave even to hunt; if the Great Spirit does not want us to fight, why does he not take away our hearts, so that we shall no longer care for our squaws and paposes, whether they live or die? The paposes must starve, or the brave must go on the war-path. And why? have we broken our treaty? no!—because the Great Father at Washington has not looked with favor upon his red children. If the Great Spirit would not have us fight, let him turn the heart of the chiefs at the big council fire, that they do us justice, and keep their word."

The warnings we have so often uttered concerning bad faith on the part of our Government, and its effects, are proved true at each turn of events. There can be no permanent settlement of the difficulty which is not founded in justice.

### An Island Federation.

If our national history and example have not been without their influence on the mind of Europe, neither have they failed to exert a power peculiar to themselves in Mexico and South America. And now we are reminded of the birth of a republican and federative feeling among the West India Islands, in imitation of our union of States. It would be the happiest of ideas, bringing together, as it must, a group of separated populations into a related and family interest, and thus serving to build up a nationality even among the isles of the sea. Cuba and San Domingo would take the lead, and keep it.

### The Colored Senator.

The new Senator from Mississippi has been received with unusual cordiality by his citizens, especially by those in public station, and took his departure, well satisfied of the sincerity of those who believe in civil equality, and the widest extension of the suffrage. He lectured acceptably, and made an excellent impression socially. His race has reason to feel vindicated in respect to its political rights, in his person. The office he fills is of no importance, save in connection with the meaning of the act of putting him into it. It simply holds out hopes to his own race that their aspirations and efforts are sure of recognition and a proper reward.

### The Spanish Question.

In Spain there is a discussion in the national Cortes over the subject of education. Señor Castelar, the eloquent Republican leader, made a powerful speech against teaching religion in the public schools of the kingdom, declaring that the State could never supply morals for the people, and advocating a complete separation of Church and State in this particular. His speech was of the modern liberal kind, full of those progressive ideas which tend more than all else to break the shackles of the human mind. There is movement still in Spain; the axe having been laid to the root of the tree.

### Harry Emerson at North Bridgewater.

A correspondent, (Junius M. Blanchard), under date of May 1st, (as published in our issue of May 14th), after giving an account of the advance in spiritual things at that place, complained of his poor success in obtaining answers to his letters from mediums and speakers, and, among other cases, cited that of Mr. Emerson. We are requested to state that this action, on his part, was premature, as Mr. Emerson replied at a reasonable time, and arrangements were completed between the two for a séance by that medium.

### Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

In another column may be seen the call of this Association, through its Executive Committee, for a Convention to be held in the Melancon, (Tremont Temple), Boston, Thursday morning, afternoon and evening, May 26th. Good speakers are expected to be present on the occasion. As matters of great importance will be presented for consideration, it is desired that all who can will make it their business to attend.

### Prof. J. W. Cadwell.

This gentleman has of late been giving exhibitions of his power as a psychologist in Hanover, Plymouth, Neponset, Brighton, Waltham and other towns in the vicinity of Boston. His entertainments have in some cases been highly appreciated; in others, by reason of the avowed belief of the professor in spirit communion, he has experienced considerable opposition. He should not become weary in well doing on this account, however, for through opposition the TRUTH is made apparent.

### "Miracles, Past and Present."

The London *Spiritual Magazine* for May thus compliments Mr. Mountford's book: "The scholarly and eloquent style of Mr. Mountford, and the deep thoughts with which all that he writes is adorned, should make the work a necessity to all who are willing to inquire into this subject." This excellent book will be sent by us to any address, by mail, on receipt of the price specified in the advertisement.

### Our List of Spiritualist Meetings.

We have left out this list for a time, in consequence of the omission of the friends in different localities to keep us posted correctly of their movements. To be useful, the list should be correct; hence we desire lecture committees and others interested to keep us informed of changes in connection with their meetings. When corrected, the publication of the list will be resumed.

We received last Friday an elegant bouquet of flowers, for our free circle table, from Miss Aurelia Parker, of Monument, Mass., for which she has our thanks.

We are under obligations to Hon. Job E. Stevenson, member of Congress from Ohio, for interesting paper documents.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's second article on "Infestation and Obsession" will be found in this issue.



## English Items of Interest.

The London Medium and Daybreak of April 22d, says Dr. F. L. H. Willis was in London, Good Friday, just from Italy, and on his way to Liverpool en route for New York. He is much recruited in health, we are gratified to learn. Dr. Willis has a paper in the London Spiritual Magazine, giving an account of the commencement and progress of his mediumship, his ill treatment by the Harvard College Professors, etc., etc. It will be found in the May number.

The Daybreak also contains a biographical sketch of J. M. Peebles, illustrated with a fair likeness of the distinguished American. Mr. P. is kept busily at work lecturing in London and the suburbs. His audiences at the Cavendish Rooms increased each lecture. Mr. Bush, of Chicago, addressed the audience at the close of one of Mr. P.'s discourses. He said he had noticed that religionists were opposed to Spiritualism, and yet all religionists were essentially Spiritualists. He could not understand why the exercise of reason in matters pertaining to religion was denied to men by the religious world, seeing that it was a subject of such high importance. Mr. Bush pointed out what he considered to be the duty of those who would promote the welfare of society: To give the young a good physical training, to promote health and harmony of organization, upon which their future endurance and happiness in life would so largely depend; to refrain from inculcating such religious dogmas as were calculated to pervert the judgment and endanger their liberty of mind, but to give them such freedom of mental action as would teach them the method of acquiring truth for themselves.

Mr. John Collier was lecturing on Spiritualism in Stratford, where the subject was attracting a good deal of interest.

At Bushden, Mr. Denton has been having manifestations of a superior kind, his wife and brother being the mediums.

Mr. Shepard, the musical medium, is holding séances at 15 Southampton Row, London.

The arrival of Dr. J. R. Newton in London was anxiously looked for. The reception to be given to him was fixed for Thursday, May 12th, at the Beethoven Rooms, 27 Harley street.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

C. Fannie Allen speaks in Milford, N. H., during May.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes lectures during this month in Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. S. A. Jesper, lecturer and test medium, of Bridgewater, Vt., is now at Holliston, Mass.

Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer will lecture in Manchester, N. H., June 5th and 19th; in Worcester, Mass., June 12th and 26th.

G. Amos Pierce, of Auburn, Me., writes to us that owing to failing health and circumstances impossible for him to control he will lecture no more, at present at least; therefore societies with whom he has made appointments to speak will please govern themselves accordingly.

E. J. Durant writes us that his wife—Mrs. Sophia K. Durant—has so far recovered her health, as to be able to recommence her labors as a public lecturer. She spoke at Eden Mills, Vt., Sunday, May 8th, and was spoken at Oady's Falls, May 15th. She will answer calls to lecture, from any needing her services, in New Hampshire and Vermont, if addressed at Lebanon, N. H.

On account of ill health, Mrs. E. A. Blair has retired from the field as a public worker; but will receive orders for pictures of flowers, etc., painted in colors, emblematic of the spirituality of the applicant, at her residence in Montpelier, Vt.

## Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Boston.—Mercantile Hall.—The regular session of the Children's Lyceum took place at this hall, Sunday morning, May 8th. In addition to the regular exercises, answers to group questions were participated in, and an interesting debate (from manuscript) took place in Temple Court, which presided over by Dr. W. A. Dunklee; a song was also given by Misses H. Richardson and E. S. Dodge. Present one hundred and thirty.

In the evening of the same day this Lyceum gave one of its truly interesting monthly concerts, consisting of declamations, dialogues, and instrumental and vocal music. The affair was quite successful in execution, and in numbers in attendance.

Temple Hall.—The circles—morning and afternoon—held at this hall, 18 Boylston street, Sunday, May 8th, were crowded. In the evening Mrs. Abbie M. Burnham lectured on the general teachings of Spiritualism, giving also some facts of her personal experience.

The Boylston-street Children's Progressive Lyceum met on the same day at this hall, at its regular hour. The answering of group questions, singing, Silver-Chain recitations, speaking by three children, reading by the Guardian, and marching, comprised the exercises.

CHARLESTOWN.—Washington Hall.—J. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, addressed the Spiritualists Association at the above-named hall, Sunday, May 8th; his subject in the discourse being, "The Needs of the Soul," and his evening discourse being a continuation of the theme.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—Prosperity still attends the Children's Progressive Lyceum at this place, although many changes from sickness and other causes have been at work among its members. Mrs. D. W. Bullard, the earnest and devoted guardian, who for a long time past has given her services, has been obliged to withdraw on account of ill health. Her resignation was accepted with deep regret, at a late Lecture on Mediumship, and her place supplied by the election of Miss A. R. Martin as Guardian. The session of the Lyceum held Sunday morning, May 8th, was pleasing and profitable to all participating.

BAILEY.—Lycium Hall.—Ophelia B. Lynn addressed the Spiritualists of Salem at this place Sunday, May 8th, afternoon and evening, to good acceptance.

LAWRENCE.—At the close of a series of union lectures by the friends of free thought, Mr. J. C. Bowker gave notice that he should commence a course of Spiritualist lectures at his own risk. Mrs. Agnes M. Davis followed the opening lecture on Sunday, May 1st, being followed by Dr. John H. Currier, Dr. H. B. Storor, of Boston, and N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell.

MIDDLEBURY.—Agreeably to notice published some time since, the Spiritualists of this place commenced holding meetings on Sunday, May 1st. A. E. Carpenter delivered two addresses on that day—afternoon and evening; the latter session being especially well attended. Geo. A. Bacon was announced as the next speaker. Sectarian prejudice is reported as strong in this locality, but it is to be hoped that the present course of lectures will prove a success.

## New Publications.

THE COVENANT.—No. 5, Vol. I, for May, is received from its publisher, John Cox, Baltimore, Md. This magazine is endorsed by the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias of Maryland, and by them recommended to the fraternity at large. Its table of contents for the present number is varied and interesting.

A SIMPLE FLOWER GARDEN for country homes, by Charles Barnard; FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR, and how I made it in two years, without any capital, by Edward Mitchell. Two useful publications, issued by Loring, Boston.

## New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have published the following musical compositions: "Pavane Quilicetto," by E. Boeckel; "Volkslied," as sung by D. A. Slavitsky of the Russian chorus, words by L. O. Olson; "What the Angels dream, Mother?" a song by Chas. Gounard, words by Vaughn Fairfax; "On Pacific Galop," by Albert H. Fernald; "Ficcione di Nello Polka Mazurka," by J. C. Foerster; "La Belle Coquette Polka," by T. H. Howe.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the Banner carefully this week. It is overflowing with good things from some of the best minds in America. The "Message Department" is appreciated more and more, as the inhabitants of earth come into a closer knowledge of the return of the spirit after the death of the body. This fact is giving consolation to thousands to-day. None but evil-minded people fear spirit communion, hence many such denounce the message department of this paper. Under these circumstances, it is the bounden duty of all good citizens to sustain us in the work in which we are engaged.

Our List of Lecturers will be found upon the sixth page of the Banner. That it needs revision we have no doubt, and we desire those immediately interested to aid us in revising it.

## A SIGN OF PROSPERITY—The enlargement of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

M. Loyson, formerly Père Hyacinthe, has written to the Paris Liberte to deny his reported editorship of his brother's paper, La Concorde. He says: "There can be no doubt that my sympathies are with a work to which my brother is a party, and which promises to add strength to the cause of religion and liberty. That cause is more than ever mine, but there are different ways of serving it, and I think it best to remain in that silence which my conscience imposed upon me at the beginning of the crisis through which we are now passing."

The new opera house in Paris cost the snug little sum of one million six hundred thousand pounds sterling.

"There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul."

A "SAVAGE" TRANSACTION.—Hauling up a hundred and fifty "loose" women, and omitting to arrest an equal number of "loose" men.

The trial of McFarland for the murder of Richardson, ended Tuesday, May 10th, with a verdict of acquittal. The jury was out but two hours.

SPIRITUALIST BOARDING-HOUSE.—Mrs. Lucy E. Weston has lately been at considerable expense in refitting and furnishing her house, 51 Hudson street, Boston, for the reception of city or boarders. Spiritualists coming to the city will there find a pleasant home at reasonable rates.

Ben. P. Shillaber, of Boston—"Mrs. Partington"—will deliver the poem at the Joint Convention of the Editors and Publishers of New Hampshire and Maine, to be held in July at Rye Beach.

An assistant secretary of the British Astronomical Society has just finished a translation of the Chinese records of comets observed for 2250 years, ending A. D. 1640. This is the only continuous registry of the kind in existence, and is expected to yield important results hereafter.

"Do you say that as a lawyer, or a man?" exclaimed an exasperated witness whom a lawyer was cross-examining. "If you say it as a man, it is a lie and a slander; but if you say it as a lawyer, it's not the slightest consequence."

A dwarf two feet in height, perfectly proportioned, twenty-six years of age, and weighing thirty pounds, is one of the curiosities of Italy.

CITY HALL DINING ROOMS.—These elegant dining rooms, formerly under the management of the Presbo Brothers, have just changed hands. Messrs. PERLEY BALCH and NELSON H. SINDLEY, who are well posted in the business, have become the proprietors, and we recommend our friends and the public to patronize this establishment, which is located at Nos. 10, 12 and 14, City Hall avenue, Boston.

The value of time varies with individuals, and in the hour-glass which marks the flight of time to every eye, it is less than lost sand to the idle, but more than gold to the studious man. Make the most of fleeting life.

The general committee of the Grand Army of the Republic has designated May 30th as the day on which the soldiers' graves shall be decorated.

Anniversary week in Boston commences Sunday, May 22d.

THE UNIVERSALIST has enlarged its dimensions about one quarter its former size, and otherwise improved in general appearance. It has entered upon its fifty-second volume.

A mass convention of workmen will meet at Horticultural Hall, in Boston, May 18th, under the auspices of the Boston eight-hour league. Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Howe will speak.

Rev. Dr. Stone arrived in San Francisco from his late visit to Boston, with \$25,000, says the Pacific, and promises for \$25,000 more, to endow Professorships in the Pacific Theological Seminary.

The Experiment, published at Norwalk, Ohio, in speaking of the Banner of Light, says: "Aside from the religious department of the Banner, its columns are well filled with choice literary and news matter."

"Would you become exempt from uneasiness, do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong."

Jefferson now gets \$800 a night. Ten or fifteen years ago he managed the Baltimore Museum for a salary of \$30 per week.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, in the course of class examination, was asked by a professor: "Pray Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?" "By the question he would ask," said Mr. E.

Miss Adelaide Phillips is to make a short concert tour through California.

MY JESSIE. My Jessie sat by the fire one night, And her eyes shone with a wondrous light, "Papa," she said, in her sweet, winning way, "The angels have been with me to-day."

Lifting my darling upon my knee, I thought of my buried treasures three, And I knew by the flush that played o'er her cheek, The angels soon my Jessie would seek.

Next morn, as the sun laughed o'er the hills, Flooding with life the meadow and rills, My Jessie lay with an angel on her face, And I knew that an angel had taken her place.

MARGARET LANODEN.

John Young, an older brother of Brigham, and nominal associate with him in the presidency of the Mormon church, died last week at Salt Lake City. He was seventy-nine years old, while Brigham is sixty-nine.

Postmaster General Creswell says if the bill abolishing the franking privilege is passed, he will be able to reduce letter postage from three to two cents per half ounce.

If idleness does not produce vice or melancholy, it commonly produces melancholy. Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

A contemporary says that "all the study and genius of our statesmen can never make an income tax popular," and adds, "Only think of 272,843 persons out of 40,000,000 of people paying all the income tax!"

The heart is the workshop in which are forged secret slanders and all evil speaking. The mouth is only the outer shop or salesroom, where all the goods that are made within are sold. The tongue is the salesman.

The Swedenborgians, English and American, have raised upward of £3000 toward photo lithographing Swedenborg's manuscripts, preserved in the library of the Academy of Sciences, Stockholm.

When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and interchange their keys. —Fellham.

When Sheridan's troops capture an Indian camp, the soldiers secure the loose scalp to send East for children.

Rev. Charles B. Smythe's church in New York, voted, May 9th, 40 to 23 against his longer continuing their pastor. Cause—Treating the reporters to "gin and milk" after one of his Sunday discourses.

Two cases of lockjaw have been treated by M. Verneuil with chloral, and the results lead him to hope that the remedy can be found a useful one.

Hoops for the communion table, made so as to make the dress set gracefully on the kneeling figure, is the latest development of fashion.

One of the gentler sex says that the heaven of the strong-minded woman is "where buttons grow in their proper places, and men cease from bothering, and needles are at rest."

A prominent Mormon elder says that the military preparations going on at Salt Lake, are only made in order that Sheridan, now en route thither, may be received with proper military honors.

To persons in one's duty and he silent, is the best answer to calumny. Many will read this sentiment approvingly, but forget it when the hour of trial comes.

According to high German authority, beer is adulterated with a great variety of drugs and other substances, principally vegetable. Some of these are harmless, some injurious. Among the substances mentioned are opium, belladonna, henbane, tobacco, ignatius bean, and cocculus indicus.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The revolutionary spirit is agitating European Governments. A London letter-writer, who claims to have been present during the sessions of a secret congress of European revolutionaries, at which there were representatives from nearly every nation in Europe, makes the prediction that the autumn of 1870 will not pass away without a rising throughout Europe. He says that if the delegates to the congress from Russia are to be believed, that country, even, is not only ripe for a huge revolution, but the possibility of the Russian revolution is a matter of time. The blood, will be the leaders thereof when the time of rising comes. The correspondent says that proof of the truth of their assertions was not wanting.

Late news from Mexico says: The amendment to the Constitution creating a Senate passed Congress by a vote of 103 yeas to 49 nays. It now awaits ratification by the States. The revolutionaries are unusually quiet. The President is expected to pardon the son of Santa Anna, who was a prisoner at Puebla. It is rumored that the Mexicans are looking to Mexico as a place of refuge.

Senator Howe is reported as saying that the Anti-Franchise bill will not be passed, there being a secret determination on the part of many of the Republican Senators not to vote away this privilege. They hope to prevent any direct vote being reached; that thus they may escape from placing their votes on record for or against the passage of the bill.

The Rocky Mountain News says that while the "Assault on the Capitol" was being made, the number of soldiers on the way path, the tribe in 1863, on authority, numbered only sixteen hundred warriors.

Up to the present date fifty-eight persons have died in consequence of the accident at the Capitol building at Richmond, Va., of whom fifty-five were white, and three colored. Many of the wounded are in a condition to give rise to serious anxiety on the part of their friends.

There is much commotion at Madrid, caused by the fact that the Spanish Ambassador to several European courts have been summoned home. It is now thought the crown will be given to Espartaco, and that Prim will be named his successor.

The election in Vermont, May 10th, for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, ensures the defeat of the woman suffrage amendment, and the probable rejection of all other amendments.

Fifty-two of the survivors of the ill-fated Onondaga arrived in New York 10th inst.

The revolution in Venezuela, once temporarily checked, has broken out with new force. The insurgents have captured Barcelona. Caracas has probably been attacked. President Monagas will, it is reported, soon be an exile.

Mr. Monell, the British Under-Secretary, explained recently to Parliament that a compromise on the Red River difficulty had been effected by the introduction into the Dominion Parliament of a bill dealing the province of Manitoba. He states that Canada will retain all the public lands of the new province, with the exception of 12,000 acres, to secure its debt.

The most destructive hail-storm ever experienced in Philadelphia, took place there at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, May 8th. For nearly thirty minutes there was a continuous fall of hail stones from the size of a pea to six and seven inches in circumference. On the south side of Chestnut street, above Eighth street, hardly a pane of glass is left. On Broad street many of the churches had their stained glass windows destroyed, and the front of the Continental Hotel, so far as the windows are concerned, is a perfect wreck. The loss will be computed by thousands of dollars. Reports from the outskirts state that there is an almost total destruction of fruit trees, which were just in blossom.

The explosion of Blossom Rock in the harbor of San Francisco has proved an unequalled success. The rock itself was utterly demolished and thrown in all directions, and the soundings gave thirty-eight feet of water over its site at low tide.

## Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

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

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

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cts.

THE RAILROAD-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cts.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cts.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cts. per copy.

## Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. M7.

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ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. Money returned when letters are not answered. M7.

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