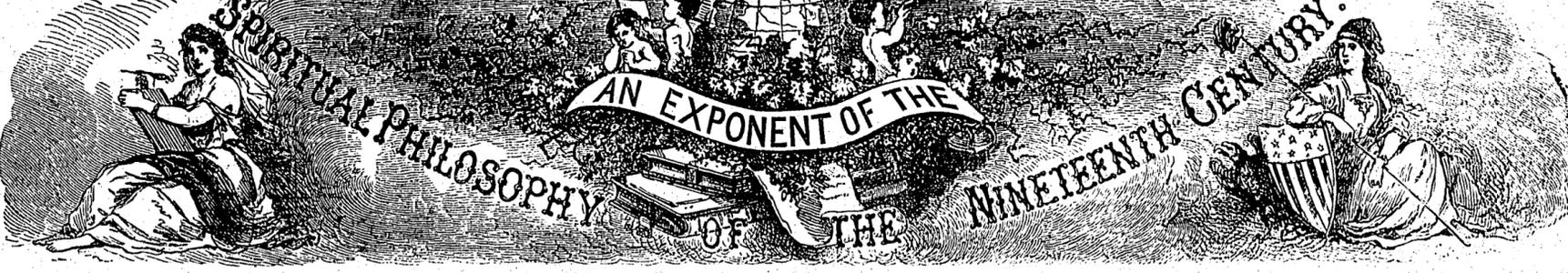


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVII.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.}

NO. 10.

## 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 unremittently 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 Neverdwrong 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 fatalities, 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 was in a state 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 "knowin' 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 Neverdwrong 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 childless, 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

"Cold, blue-footed maiden"

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

"Enter, sister! thou art welcome;  
Thou art sinner 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,  
Alike 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 scornings, 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 arduous 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 cloud 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 grey 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 pale 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 asleep." 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 evil, 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 had 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 wrenched 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 wall 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 her 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!" "Do not ever 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 doer 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

Dr. Growings as familiar. He recognized it as one which his lost wife used to sing, and in his heart he would like to have remained and held conversation, even with an unseen, imaginary being.

"Let us test this subject a little further, sir," said the medical doctor, as the Rev. Sanctifacero rose from his chair. John bent felt an unusual, strange, prickling sensation, run through his right arm. He rose, and throwing off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, ran his fingers over the bare arm, when little lines of light seemed to stream from his fingers. Slowly there appeared upon his flesh well defined words—two names: "Iceland," and further down, "Jane." The name Iceland, they both understood, and the name Jane had belonged to the medical doctor's wife. It was the first time anything of the kind had ever come to John Bent, and they all looked at it in amazement. Soon the names faded away, and the single word "Mabel" appeared. A little further down the word "gone," and they faded immediately.

Doctor Growings had become much interested, but the Rev. Sanctifacero remained obstinate. The phenomenon was entirely new, both to Mrs. Stockwell and John Bent, although they had no doubt of its spiritual origin; but the reverend gentleman very naturally explained how John Bent, by some concealed process, had formed the letters, which only required a certain amount of heat, and a certain shading of light, to cause them to appear. But the Rev. Sanctifacero was more incensed than he chose to exhibit, and not a little frightened upon leaving the room to find his hat had disappeared from the hat-tree in the hall where he had placed it upon his entrance. At that time all the family were in the parlor, and no one had left the room, so that he was forced to accept an apology from Mrs. Stockwell that the spirits, who frequently do such things, must have taken it, and also forced to accept the loan of a hat from John Bent.

Hardly had they gone when a scrap of writing was dropped upon the table. "Jim did it, mother," said Jim, a mischievous son of Mother Flora who, when living, was always playing "planks," as little Mabel used to pronounce it, and it seems he had not forgotten his old tricks. "There was no telling when he would see it to return the hat. Possibly the clergyman might find it lying upon the study table when he returned. But no, not quite so soon did Jim return the property, but one evening, some days after, when the Rev. Sanctifacero and Dr. Growings, and Deacon Neverdrown were taking counsel together in the study, the hat quietly dropped upon the table, battered, and covered with cobwebs and fine ashes. Where it had been, how it had gone, how it had been returned, especially in that soiled condition, were a profound mystery. The three worthies sat and stared at one another in silence, then fell upon their knees and entreated God to preserve them from the arts and wiles of Satan. All the while the mischievous Jim was grinning with satisfaction, and turning somersaults under their very faces. But their eyes were holden, and they saw him not.

Why did they not come boldly out and investigate? They dared not. They were not only bound and fettered, but choked to the throat with church and Bible. Shame upon such men to stand before the people! Are they not ashamed to look into the people's faces, and see them take bold steps, and long strides, when their leaders dare not put the first foot foremost?

Still, people in the church and people out of the church surrounded John Bent, who gave of his knowledge, and time, freely to all; for he believed that where freely we have received, freely we should give, of all good gifts, spiritual and material. New phenomena came to him every day, and wonderful gifts were his. He healed the sick, he cast out devils and restored the lunatic his reason. He read the secret thoughts of men, he traversed space, and many a visit was appointed to make to worlds no mortal's eye had reached. And how bore he these wondrous gifts? With utmost meekness. He meekly thanked his God that through so obscure a man as himself, these great life-giving truths could be given to the people. And the common people heard him gladly.

He was constantly attended by a band of spirit guides whom he saw, whom he discoursed with. Once it came in his way to cross the Atlantic. There came a terrible storm. The captain felt they must all go down. Not so John Bent, for, standing by the officers of the ship were a band of Indians and other spirits controlling the workings of the vessel, giving silent orders to the men, and telling John Bent to fear not; they were commissioned to save the ship, and they did save her, when no earthly aid could avail.

When the story was told many laughed at him, but none could tell by what other agency the ship weathered the storm and reached her destined port. And, how all unseen are our footsteps guided! Though we walk unwillingly our pathway, we are ever guided along by an irresistible power, of which we know but little.

[To be continued.]

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION.

We are told by clergymen that we "are indebted to the Bible and the Christian religion for civilization." The distinguished scholars, orators, poets and philosophers of Greece, lived before the Christian religion had an existence.

We are also told by clergymen that Socrates and Plato were heathen philosophers; but they claim that Joshua and David, who led the Israelites upon plundering expeditions, massacring indiscriminately men, women and children, "were the faithful servants of God."

Rome received the Christian religion, but that religion and the Bible did not prevent the fall of the Roman Empire. Did Rome stand higher after receiving the Christian religion than it did in the days of Virgil and Cicero?

When the European nations engaged in the wars called the "Crusades," they had but few, if any, infidels and skeptics. A large part of the people of Europe at the present time do not believe the doctrines of the Christian churches. Does not Europe stand higher now than it did at the time of the Crusades?

When the Christian Crusaders captured Jerusalem, they slaughtered without mercy for civilization, the millions of the Mahometans, and the conquered Christians were treated with humanity.

Millions were killed in the religious wars of Europe. Several thousand Saxons were killed at one time during the reign of Charlemagne, because they refused to receive the Christian baptism.

There are millions of Spiritualists and skeptics in the United States, but in Brazil and other half-civilized nations of South America, there is but little, if any, opposition to the Christian religion. The difference in the religion of the different countries and localities in which there is the most ignorance. The people of our country are more enlightened now than they were when witches and Quakers were hung by the Christian Colonists; and infidels and skeptics are more numerous now than they were at that time. If we are indebted to the Bible and the Christian religion for civilization, why is the influence of the religious churches weaker now than it was in the dark periods of bigotry and ignorance? J. W. C. Jackson, Penn., 1870.

Original Essay.

INFESTATION AND OBSESSION.

NUMBER TWO.

BY EMMA HARDING.

In a former paper I cited the frightfully profane history of the demoniac epileptic at Morzine, in Switzerland, as an illustration of the power of evil or undeveloped spirits to obsess a whole community, and display its revolting influence in the shape of moral contagion.

I shall now suggest further inquiry into the important subject of obsession, by citing instances of the fatal spell operating upon individuals only.

On a certain occasion I visited a reform school, where the matron, although not a confirmed Spiritualist, was sufficiently disposed to the belief to receive me with much interest, and to consult with me from a spiritual point of view on the different conditions of criminality that many of her unfortunate inmates displayed. Much that she told me convinced me beyond a shadow of doubt, that a certain proportion of the young people incarcerated in that place for crime, were in reality under the influence of obsessing evil spirits. Take for example the following case: The matron summoned to my presence a little girl of about eight years of age, of whose condition she did not give me the least information. Three points of surprise interest were created in my mind by this child's appearance. The first was, to see a being of her tender years incarcerated in a reform school. The next, to find in an assumed criminal one of the loveliest creatures my eyes had ever rested upon. Hair of sunny gold, eyes of lustrous blue, exquisitely carved features, &c.; complexion of dazzling clearness, completed a picture of a seraph rather than a precocious criminal, and yet there she stood, this vision of infancy and almost celestial beauty, in the ghastly penitential precincts of vice and infamy. The third feature of the interview, however, at once explained to my mind the cause of the hapless victim's presence in that place.

By her side, and seemingly overshadowing her with her loathsome and baleful atmosphere of grey mist, floated the spirit of a hag whose hideous and repulsive form and features betokened the most irrefragable character of vice, sensuality and brutality. She grinned like a wild animal at me, perceiving instantly that I recognized her, and seemed to clutch at the golden head of the smiling child as a beast of prey would do if he were about to be deprived of his food.

In the hideous portraiture of moral filth and deformity presented by the pens of Eugene Sue or Victor Hugo, I have read of such human animals as this spirit represented, but my mortal eyes had never before been seized by beholding such a creature. The apparition seemed to enclose, as it in fact did, the beautiful child for the space of a few seconds, then flitted with a tremulous motion round her head, and gradually melted out; but though she had vanished from my sight, the memory of her loathsome spectre was too forcibly engraved upon my mind to be easily forgotten, and it was some time before I could regain composure enough to speak and inquire involuntarily, "In heaven's name, what is the matter with that child, and why is she here?" The matron, seeing I was surprised to see a creature of such singular beauty and apparent innocence in such a place, replied by asking what I thought of her? Again my lips were moved to explain without volition of my own, "I think she is possessed by a fiend, and there is nothing horrible or disgusting which she is not compelled to do." The matron changed color and looked so evidently disturbed, that I deeply regretted my unwary speech, and began to stammer forth an apology, when she interrupted me by saying, "What you say is perfectly true, and I am only too painfully astonished at its justice." Then hastily dismissing the child, she informed me that that angelic looking infant, with all the attributes of seeming gentleness, vivacity, quick wit, intelligence, remarkable reasoning powers, and at times singularly affectionate nature, was yet guilty of the most unaccountable and wanton acts of cruelty and destructiveness; but her special characteristic was a love of filth; she would delight in soiling her hands, face, clothes or whole person, with any filth she could find. She would emulate the very pigs, my informant declared, by wallowing in the mire, and the clothes, beds, and even food of herself and her companions, was not safe from her detestable propensity to besmear them with filth. At times, too, she would utter shocking oaths, profane and even obscene speeches, and this with no apparent consciousness of her atrocious conduct, for when overheard and rebuked by her elders, she would passionately deny that she had spoken the words attributed to her, and with showers of tears profess that she did not even know their meaning. Upon inquiring how long these evil tendencies had manifested themselves, the matron replied that up to the age of five years she had appeared to be as good, pure, and affectionate a child as she was fair to look upon; but suddenly she had changed entirely. The revolting propensities above named had become rapidly prominent, and after two years of vain effort on the part of her unhappy parents to correct her fiendish tricks, they had as a last resort placed her in the House of Correction, as the only alternative with a Lunatic Asylum.

The matron concluded her recital by asking whether the same power which had enabled me to describe the afflicted child's propensities, could not be made available for her relief. Without directly answering this appeal, I proceeded to describe the foul apparition I had seen enveloping her. As I did so, I confess the question arose in my mind as to whether that which I had seen was an individualized entity, or simply an image representative of a perverted nature; but my doubts upon this point were soon settled by my companion, who no sooner heard my description of the hag than she cried, "Good heavens, madam! you delineate the face and form of a woman who was aunt to this unfortunate child, and who lived a most vicious and profane life. Her chief aim was to entice young girls into the den of infamy of which she was the proprietor, and where she perished in a fit of delirium tremens only one week before this poor victim was seized with her first attack. Can there be any connection between this child's degraded condition and the spirit influence of her infamous relative?" I need scarcely inform my readers what my own conclusions were in the premises, nor that a mind so prepared to admit the hypothesis of spiritual possession as that of the worthy matron, readily shared my views, and promised to seek for and adopt the magnetic methods of treatment which I suggested.

It was about six years ago that I was called upon by a lady and gentleman of the highest repute and social standing in the city of San Francisco, to advise with them on the condition of their only child, a young lady sixteen years old, who had deliberately left the parental roof where she had been cherished with the fondest affection, and allowed the indulgence of every fancy to which wealth could administer, to seek the shelter of a house of ill fame. There she represented that she had been driven from home because her parents would not allow her proper food, or sufficient clothing. At the solicitation of her distracted mother, I visited this unfortunate young person, and found her sane, intelligent, courteous and amiable, until I mentioned the names of her parents, and urged their wish that she should return to their protection. Upon the utterance of this plea, I was horror-struck and confounded to hear her voice change, and a string of horrible oaths poured forth in a hoarse tone, accompanied with declarations that her parents had starved her, kept her imprisoned and naked, and even attempted to take her life by poison. Whilst the transfigured victim was gasping forth these dreadful and utterly false rhapsodies, I plainly perceived the spirit of a handsome but very sensual looking man, apparently in the act of magnetizing her head. I said to her, firmly but kindly: "You are not speaking from yourself, but uttering the words of the licentious and wicked man who has held you in control for the last six months." I then went on to describe the spirit I perceived, and again warned the girl that she was simply doing the bidding of a fiend. As I proceeded she melted into tears, sobbed passionately, acknowledged that she knew who the spirit was, and lamented bitterly that he was taken from her. Ultimately she promised me faithfully that she would return to her parents that night, though all my entreaties could not prevail upon her to accompany me. Indeed, I scarcely expected she would, for I saw the spirit of her evil guardian crouching down before the door; and though I knew she could be saved by being demagnetized, I did not feel myself possessed of the requisite power to disenthrall her.

I ultimately learned that the spirit I had seen was that of a physician who had been called to attend the young lady in a serious fit of sickness about a twelvemonth ago. This man was a libertine of profane habits, and totally devoid of all moral principle. He cured his victim of her physical disabilities, but implanted in their stead the foul impression of the ruthless seducer. Being a married man he was unable to offer compensation for the dishonor he had wrought, but after obtaining entire hold upon the unfortunate girl's affections he died suddenly, and it was shortly after his decease that the shocking propensities became manifest, which ended in her deliberately choosing the life of shame in which I found her. I may here add that this wretched girl had been withdrawn from her public life and taken under the protection of a man of wealth, calling himself sane and a gentleman! Could that libertine have but understood that he was associating with the obsessed victim of a demon, he would not have had much cause to felicitate himself on his disgraceful companionship. At my suggestion he was advised of the facts of the case, but being a professed materialist, he simply laughed the history to scorn; and as no magnetic treatment was resorted to, to restore the sufferer to her right mind, the living sensualist continued to become the medium for a spirit of his own revolting stamp.

In England about four years since I was grieved and perplexed by the case of an eminent physician, who applied to me for spiritual light and counsel to exercise one of the most persistent and distressing instances of obsession I had ever witnessed. For six years this gentleman had been tormented by the continual presence of a spirit, who manifested his power both by external signs and disturbances, and continual impressions upon the mind and organism of his harassed victim. He whispered in his ear, accompanied him in walking and traveling, interrupted his studies, interfered with his practice, harassed him at meals, and forced his hateful presence upon his victim, even in his hours of broken slumber. He seemed to be profoundly ignorant, rude, selfish and ungovernable. No remonstrance could drive him away, no suspension of the communion with spirits could silence or dispossess him. He rejoiced when he had succeeded in driving away other spirits, and when his miserable victim avoided the spirit circle and avowed his intention of forever abandoning the subject, his tormentor affirmed that was exactly what he had desired and intended.

The subject of this horrible infestation was a highly educated man, a physician of good standing, irreproachable morals, and well balanced mind. What were the links of attraction that could have bound him to an ignorant, profane, cruel, selfish being, with whom not one spark of affinity seemed to exist, constitutes one of the most profound mysteries of obsession.

A similar case to the above occurs in the history of one of the most pure, estimable and intelligent gentlemen whom I have had the good fortune to meet in the ranks of American Spiritualists. I speak of the accomplished author of a little book entitled "Footsteps of a Presbyterian." This gentleman recently informed me that his long and highly-prized intercourse with the spirit-world has been interrupted for a period of several years by the continued infestation of a dark, ignorant and malignant spirit, whose presence has driven away all other spirits, and forced him, by his incessant and detestable influence, to abandon any effort to communicate with spirits through his own mediævistic organization. Before this terrible haunter had entirely possessed himself of his victim, he induced him to transcribe a narrative of his earth-life and spiritual experiences; and these appeared to me so full of instruction and suggestion that I induced my friend, after narrating them to me, to put them in print, which he has accordingly done in a little pamphlet just published, entitled "Life in the Beyond."

I could enumerate hundreds of cases in which the infestations of spirits do not take even the orderly forms above cited, but riot in all the horrors of the wildest gesticulations, blasphemy, obscenity, lewdness, destructiveness and malice of the most horrible and unmitigated character.

From a careful study of the facts, I am convinced that the lunatic asylums are crowded with cases of obsession; that the infestation of dark spirits will account for an immense variety of cases of seemingly abnormal criminal character, of monomania, eccentricity and lunacy; in a word, I agree with the noble and learned William Howitt in several very able articles that he has written on the subject of infestation when he says: "Nothing has become better known through the physico-spiritual experiences which have been taking place in thousands of spots on almost every quarter of the globe during the last twenty years, than that we cannot only call spirits from the vasty deep, but that they can come when we do call (and too often when we do not), if they can but once quaff the vital spirit of the blood through us as mediums. They will come in legions and in armies, only too glad to renew their connection with the material world of the inviolable will come as if delighted to feel their hold once more on material force. They will come with all their old characters, passions and weaknesses, and revel in lies, in pretences, in mystifications, and often in lawless fun, or even wicked and diabolical annoyances, showing that the regions lying between the world of the inviolable boundary between matter and spirit, are still the counterpart of the regions on this side.

Nothing is clearer than that those spirits who are haunting the very verge of this earth, are still too much allied to their own earth in mind and desire, to be still longing with a backward glance 'for the fleshpots of Egypt.' Like the souls of 'Gray's Elegy,' they have left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, but cast a longing, lingering, look behind. As the tree falls so it lies. As on earth they cultivated only the spirit and tone of the earth; as they gave up by its whole desire, love, ambition and exertion; as they molded and incorporated their tastes, feelings, yearnings, and passions into its nature; as they heaped up its riches as an eternal trophy from which nothing could sever them; they have stepped into the spirit regions as aliens, having no possessible heritage or enjoyment in them, except in so far as these resemble those from which they have lately been ejected. An intense and agonizing yearning draws them back to the old haunts and conditions of being, and they snatch with frenzied and convulsive fingers at whatever and whoever affords them the mediævistic means of regaining something, more or less, of the facts and conditions of their former life on earth; selfish as they were then to the very inmost depths of their nature, rush with a reckless and gluttonous appetite into the tissues of unfortunately open constitutions, and exult in breathing, drinking in, gustating with a cruel and relentless ardor the sensations of a new and more agreeable life on earth. This is the only possible re-incarnation which can take place; that is, it is the spirits of France are continually teaching and seeking to realize."

Mr. Howitt's remarks are so highly instructive, and represent so truthfully the terrible conditions of infestation, which far outside of the spiritualistic ranks prevail in society, that we may be pardoned for a few further quotations from his valuable essay.

After speaking of the elevating influence which results from the communications of the good and holy spirits, and the exalting effects which their ministrations produce on their media, he goes on to say:

"Far different is the condition of others. They desire good equally and earnestly; they pray fervently and continuously for it; but evil is with them. With them the approach of spirits is not a visit, or a spiritual visitation, but an intrusion. They come, the door open, in crowds, in mobs, in riotous invasions. They run, they leap, they fly; they gesticulate, they sing, they whoop and they curse. They are the most merry and the most bitter of mockers. Wit looms in their words, like flashes of infernal lightning; pantomime is the element of their visitation; and their words, and their whoop, no assumption of innocence can veil, is the effluvia of their presence. There is no question with the wretched sufferers of their phantasmagorical assaults that they are the life and quintessence of hell. Nor is it the mind only of the unfortunate one which they haunt; they have a power over his material movements. They may be seen to enter a room; they may be seen to hide and steal; they put things where they ought not to be; they take them from whence they should constantly be. Mind, body, soul, memory, and imagination—nay, the very heart—are polluted by the ghostly canaille; and the sanctuary of life and dwelling are invaded, disordered, and desecrated by their presence. We have known such sufferers and know them still. When they have written praying for advice how to get rid of this pestilence, we could only say, 'Pray with all your might for it; and stick close to the Saviour who cast out these tormentors in his earth-life.' Pray without ceasing; pray in the name of the Father."

It has been in vain! No prayer, no agony of petition, no persistence of a holy and wrestling exertion has been able to dislodge the foul and murderous crew. There they were, and there they are!

But we have not yet reached the abyssal depths of the mysteries of the spirit-world. There is a fact more startling still, if these spirit prowlers on the border lands of life are to be credited to their own assurances. When asked, and that by different persons in different places—"Why do you intrude on me, and persist in your intrusion, though commanded to depart?" The answer is, "We are here, because we live on you. Through your atmosphere we enter into the atmosphere of human life. That is our happiness; we know none else. We have none here; here all is dark, barren, and joyless. We long to be back again in the warm, bright life of the earth; and we achieve it through you. You are our highway, our bridge, our door, and we will travel over you, and pass, and through which we enter, and again possess the heritage we had lost. In your emanations we revel; through your nostrils we once more sniff up the aromas of the earth, the scent of the feast and the wine-cup; through your eyes open upon us, as of old, all the sweet varieties of life. Strike with horror, one of these persecuted sufferers exclaimed—"But this is a species of spiritual vampirism!"

"How so?" asked one of the tormentors. "Every grade of animal life lives upon another. For your physical sustenance you live on the animal tribes; for your spiritual sustenance you live on Christ. He gives himself for the food of mankind. His flesh and blood we exist. It is that living bread which came down from heaven, and we live on you and through you."

But, say the wise and prudent, if this be Spiritualism, every sensible soul ought to reprobate and renounce it. If by renouncing and ignoring we could shut out and stay off all the evil influences from the terrible, by all means let us renounce and ignore. But the vast inspirations from the malevolent and destructive which we have been remarking on, result from no cultivation of Spiritualism. They operate unconsciously and independently on the masses, credulous or incredulous, educated or uneducated, refined or vulgar. To the committees of war, of intoxication, and the other self or mutually inflicted crimes and follies of mankind are too hideous and extraordinary to result from any mere natural cause. They are, as the apostles tell us, set on fire by hell, and by the powers and principalities against whom we wrestle, not against mere flesh and blood; by the rulers of the darkness of this world; the spiritual wickedness in high places. Those human excesses which pollute and desolate the earth from age to age, in spite of religion and in spite of the highest reach of civilization, are too monstrous and too mad to result from any simple incentives of human infirmity. They proclaim their origin from the accumulated sorceries of the past, and the continuance of the present.

So in isolated cases of spirit possession, they have generally come to the individuals, not the individuals to them. The luckless people who, from time to time, find the powers of riot and demolition busy in their houses, and raising the wonder of newspapers and skeptics, have had no contact with the mediums of the past. The history who in hundreds of cases, and in high places, with the strange quequer-work of their infestations, have incurred this evil by simply seeking to escape from evil. Gürris in his "Diabolische Mythen," has collected hundreds of such cases. St. Anthony and St. Dunstan differed only in their power and spirit to do battle with the nuisance. The poor people of Morzine, and the bishop who attempted in vain to exorcise the nuisance, were no conjurers nor dabblers in the mysteries of the occult.

Bunyan, whose life at times they made a terror of darkness and blasphemy, had no court or homage to them, but to very different powers. Cowper, whose poetry is especially conspicuous for its sober and sound sense, conquered with no pseudo nymphs from Orcus, but was driven by them through the deepest caverns of despair, and in the very verge, time upon time, of suicide. By a recent Memoir of the Abbé Lamennais, we find that he was exactly his condition also. The southern murders were upon him with all their infernal power. They murdered his peace as completely as if he had been the most desperate of criminals; and that noble spirit which preached the religion of purity and love in its divinest truth and beauty, was the prey to the most agonizing despair."

I feel sure that every thinking reader will peruse with interest the opinions and experiences of so able, learned and unquestionable authority as William Howitt on this dark and weird subject, but how will the intelligence of the free

thinkers be able to reconcile the belief of the "Christian Spiritualists" with the failure to exorcise the demons through prayers to Christ, as described by Mr. Howitt in the preceding quotations.

If the said demons would not depart in the name of Christ, and "prayer without ceasing" in his "name, faith and might" had no effect upon them, Christ's power, as the "very God," was obviously inferior to that of the creatures of whom, according to Christianity, he was the Lord and Creator.

What a comment, too, on the doctrine of vicarious atonement and "salvation through the blood of Christ," is the existence of these legions of undeveloped spirits at all! All of them are human spirits—nine-tenths of them once belonged to the ranks of Christianity; all of them lived beneath its shadow and teachings on earth. If Christ came on earth and died to save sinners, how is that we bear of such terrible swarms of the unsaved? The good do not need saving; the bad are evidently not saved. If these tremendous revelations from lost souls—the very class for whom we are to suppose the wonderful scheme of Christian salvation was invented—persist in returning to prove the fallacy and failure of that scheme, and even as good Mr. Howitt's communication implies, use that scheme as an argument why they should prey upon those who, in turn, prey upon the body and blood of Christ, must we not look soon for a new and more effective scheme of salvation than the old—one that will, as good old Pompey says, "save sinners as are sinners, not saints as is a shamming by crying, 'Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!'" Certain it is, despite all the power, splendor and wealth, with which blind devotion has upheld for centuries the enormous ecclesiastical hierarchies of Christendom, the revelations of modern Spiritualism prove with tremendous force that the good and the bad are alike in the exact compensation and retribution of their earthly acts and deeds, and that neither the name nor the blood of Christ have power to control demons, or IN ANY WAY affect the condition of the human SOUL HERE OR HEREAFTER.

I must conclude this long article with a few brief but practical hints on the subject of infestation from an unchristian but singularly Christ-like spirit, who occasionally favors me with similar suggestions. "A good spirit will not attempt to take and hold unwarrantable possession of a mediævistic organization, hence you may rest assured of what class it is from whence the phenomenon of obsession proceeds. Now, if the infesting spirit were not magnetically stronger than his subject, he could not maintain possession, however he might once gain a temporary ascendancy. The true processes of cure, therefore, are obvious and dual. First, let all possible means be taken to strengthen the health of the subjects and render their minds positive to the control of others. Good air, good diet, change of scene, association, and constant employment, pleasant society, and cheerful, active occupations, are the physical means, which steadily resorted to may alone effect a cure. If these fail, use in connection with them the aid of a strong-willed, powerful and virtuous magnetizer. Let him continue with unflinching constancy to exert his will, and add thereto magnetic passes over his subject, and we will pledge our faith and word that he will speedily dispossess the enemy, though he were the fabled Beelzebub in propria persona."

I have only to add that the suggestions of my spirit friends have, in every instance in which I have seen them faithfully carried out, been successful in curing spiritual infestations, even where holy water, exorcisms, spells, muttering of "holy names" and incantations with "holy words" have utterly failed.

When time and opportunity permit, I propose to turn the tables, and show how potential good spirits can become, as well as bad, in the condition called "ecstasy."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE ANGEL VISITANT.

BY H. M. RICHARDS.

An angel of love Hath come from above, And would tarry awhile at thy board: Oh, ask him to stay, Nor drive him away, With an unkindly thought or word. He hath folded his wings, And sweetly he sings, In musical cadences low: "From the homes of the blest, I come as your guest, And will cherish and love you so. From morning till night A song of delight Shall echo throughout your home: And over you all A blessing shall fall, From heaven by the angels borne. And the gifts I bring, I will gladly fling, Like sunbeams to lighten your road; Till over you all Their bright rays shall fall— True blessings, the gift of your God. And every gift A shadow shall lift From off the heart and the brow: Till the winter of life, With blessings all rife, Shall crown your heads with its snow. In coming to you, I have work to do, A task by the Master given, And when 't is complete, Your wandering feet Will have reached the shores of Heaven. 'T is safely to guide You over life's tide, To that haven of infinite rest: Until each shall land On the golden sand, And join the loved and the blest. And when at the last, Life's pilgrimage past, And your earthly labor done, Ah! then you will know Him who led you so, In your own, your darling son." Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW TO MAKE YEAST.—Boll a pint bowlful of hops in two gallons of water; strain and add a teaspoonful of flour, one of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt. No yeast is required to raise it. Let it stand for three days in a warm place, and it will then begin to foam. Then boll three pounds of potatoes, mash fine, and add them to the yeast and stir the whole well together; then put it into a jug and cork tight, and set in a cool place. It should be made at least two weeks before using, and it will keep good any length of time, and grow better all the while. A small teaspoonful is sufficient for six loaves of bread. When this is gone make a new jugful in the same way, and keep corked tight, and you need never go to bakers or brewers for yeast. Since writing the above, my wife obtained a large bottle full of this yeast that had been sealed and put in the cellar for more than a year, and the usual quantity raised her bread splendidly.—Ezchanpe.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A VISITOR FROM THE OTHER WORLD. A DEAD MAN VISITS A LIVING FRIEND—IM-pressions 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.

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 or drank nothing more during the evening.

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.

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

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.

FROM GERMANY.

[In the Banner of Light of April 29, 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 Phantocita.

LUOS THROUGH PHANTOCITTE.

"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 the 10th chapter of the Gospel, are of 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.

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.

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

WISCONSIN.

Matters of Interest West.

DEAR BANNER—As 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.

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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.

MINNESOTA.

Work of the State Agent.

Four months have rolled away since I gave the readers of the Banner an account of my 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.

over their creeds, 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.

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Our village numbers about four thousand souls. A beautiful village in the southern part of Green County, and the present terminus of a railroad. The "Yellow" 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 and her own way, but all "labeled" for the New Jerusalem.

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came into our meeting and raised a point as to who took Judas' place as an apostle. He said Paul was the one, and the influence said, "Not so." The Bible had to settle the matter, when he the Elder was wrong, for Matthias was the one elected to fill the office. This created some little talk, and did not hurt our cause.

WISCONSIN.

Matters of Interest West.

DEAR BANNER—As 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 present terminus of a railroad. The "Yellow" 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 and her own way, but all "labeled" for the New Jerusalem.

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.

MINNESOTA.

Work of the State Agent.

Four months have rolled away since I gave the readers of the Banner an account of my 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.

TO MY HUSBAND.

Dearest, I wonder if you know That it is just one year ago, (The sweetest year in all my life.) Since I became your happy wife, Your own beloved and loving wife!

Speakers' Convention.

MISSUS. FORTON—As chairman of the committee to prepare homes for worn and weary Spiritualists, Speakers and Mediums, appointed at the Maine Speakers' Convention, and by request of Mrs. Wilcoxson, I am authorized to call a Speakers' Convention for the Northwest Speakers' Association, at Joliet, Ill. The Convention will commence its session in the Court House at 10 A. M., Saturday, May 28th, and will continue as ordered by the Committee of Arrangements, through that day and Sunday, the 29th.

Mediums' and Speakers' Convention, at Govan-land, New York.

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

# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.  
OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
BOOK NO. 3, U. S. STAIRS,  
AGENCY IN NEW YORK,  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU STREET.  
WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LETTERS COLLECTED BY THE EDITOR.  
LEWIS B. WILSON, EDITOR.

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LEWIS B. WILSON, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

### 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 utmost rigor, 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 fetive, 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 appeal 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 butchers—and these festering sties, 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 "heathen" 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 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. Theology 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 glance 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 every hint so freely upon us. She calls on our 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 shameless 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 boiling over with mutual wrath; hot editorials, 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 *mecle*. Such a time they have not had among the papers in Gotham these 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. McClynn, 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, will be 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, as here, or fact and being, as 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 and contents, that many thousands who scornfully or contemptuously repudiated 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 characters displayed, and 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 land, and that he is not the first of earthly companions, to whom he wishes he could make known his whereabouts, and his new quarters. No angry God sits frowning at him, and no fiery devils come to demand his surrender, but he meets the "old tars" he knew before, and whom he knew were dead, and they are as much interested in his new life, as he is in theirs, and a general rejoicing takes place, and they feel the goodness of God at once in arranging the events of life and death so much better than the priests had represented. They at once see how deceived and deceiving were the teachings of the Christian Church, and spontaneously curse the Church and her priests, and better than before, and are glad to let us know it.

So of the soldier; he comes, if soon after the battle in which he lost his body, full of the enthusiasm of the conflict, and still feels as he felt the patriotism that inspired his action. As no gods or devils there, he is not the first of earthly companions, but 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 nursing and loving souls around it. Old and young, bond and free, are out and having, 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 "longly." She had a brother, who lived all in the same place 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, in speaking of us, said, "I saw her fall and die." Several of our familiar expressions gave us the desired acknowledgment of conscious existence and the peculiar traits of character still remaining in the *INFIDEL GIRL*, that no church could convert even with the terror of death creeping slowly over her frame for years in consumption, and one too whom we could not reach with the word of God, or the word of any other, which she had found at last, with no personal God or devil in them. We join with thousands of our readers in blessing the spirit-world and Mrs. Conant for the Message Department of the *Banner*.

WARREN CHASE.

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 Kitzel in spirit-life, through the mediumship of J. V. Mansfield, of New York, as published on the fourth page of our issue for March 20th, 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 anxious solicitude, we are glad to see you so 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—this 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, recollecting that it is recorded: "Blessed are ye when they 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 been so tenderly cared for, 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. Of 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, or atoning for some of the errors of my former life, and 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 returned, with these words: "My dear sister, I have been so tenderly cared for, 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. Of 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, or atoning for some of the errors of my former life, and that it was necessary for me to stay to sustain or hold up my companion for a greater work."

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 recollection 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 subtleties:

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, Monona Co., Iowa, Dec. 17, 1868. We have cited the above as specimens from our file, regardless as to the order of the individuals or dates. We should be pleased to hear from any person who may recognize a message as given through our columns. The light will shine, though

many who perceive its dawning close their eyes, are unwilling to acknowledge what they receive, and proclaim it night. The ecclesiastical hush of prejudice is incompetent to the task of blinding 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 Plebiscitum.

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 Schlessenger, 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. Schlessenger 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—his 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 Steiny 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. Cullia Burlingame, 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, Phebe Cozzens, John Neale, Samuel E. Sewell, Parker Pillsbury, Myra Clark Gaines 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 papooses, whether they live or die? The papooses 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 had 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 our 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 Melonaon, (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 public documents.

Mrs. Emma Harding'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 sances 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 to speak 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 N. Duranham 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 afternoon 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 London meeting, 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.

SALEM.—Lyceum 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. G. 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 delivered by Dr. John H. Currier, Dr. H. B. Storor, of Boston, and N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell.

MIDDLEBORO'.—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. Secularian 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, starting without capital, by Edward Mitchell. Two useful publications, issued by Loring, Boston.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have published the following musical compositions: "Parade Quadruplet," by E. Boeckel; "Volks's Saller Song," as sung by D. A. Stawiansky of the Russian chorus, words by L. O. Elson; "What do the Angels dream, Mother?" a song by Chas. Gounard, words by Vaughn Fairfax; "Duo Pacific Galop," by Albert H. Fernald; "Ficcions do Nello Polka Mazurka," by J. C. Foersch; "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. Loysen, formerly Pères 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 imposes 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."—Lutkin.

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 lodgers or boarders. Spiritualists congregate 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 India.

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. SIDLEY, 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 idler, 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 leaved o'er the hills, Flooding with life the meadow and rills, My Jessie lay with a smile on her face, And I knew that an angel had taken her place.

MARGARET LANODON.

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 scalps to send East for Charles B.

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 lookjaw 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 perspire in one's duty and be 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 revolutionists, at which there were representatives from every nation in Europe, makes the prediction that the autumn of 1870 will not pass away without 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 inability of the Czar to govern, or rather his royal blood, will be the leaders thereof when the time of crisis 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 revolutionists are anxiously quiet. The President is expected to pardon the son of Santa Anna, who is a prisoner at Puebla. It is rumored that the Mormons are looking to Mexico as a place of refuge.

Senator Howe is reported as saying that the Anti-Franklin bill will not be passed, but 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 Associated Press dispatches have been circulating in regard to the tribe in 1863, an 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 Ambassadors to several European courts have been summoned home. It is now thought the crown will be given to Espartero, 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's suffrage amendment, and the probable rejection of all other reforms.

Fifty-two of the survivors of the ill-fated Onondaga arrived in New York last night.

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 creating 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 unqualified 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 RALPHIST-PHYSIOLOGICAL 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 cents per copy.

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

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ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by E. 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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USEFUL EMPLOYMENT! As often is by poets sung, They toil in the most useful field Who daily labor for the young; The choicest fruit their work will yield. If they are trained with proper care, They'll be useful by what they are men; And in their country a honor share, While peace throughout the land shall reign. THE PENNO has been published with diagrams. To keep them "CLOTHED" from head to feet, Whose name is now a "household word," Corner of Beach and Washington street.

Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of our numbers, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. To keep them "CLOTHED" from head to feet, Whose name is now a "household word," Corner of Beach and Washington street.

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CHRONIC DISEASES ARE treated by DR. F. HATCH. He also administers the "Munroe" treatment. Boston office, 74 Village street, from 3 A. M. to 4 P. M. Residence, Hyde Park. 8w—May 21.

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MRS. S. D. METCALF, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium. Mrs. Metcalf is eminently successful in healing humors, diseases of the lungs and kidneys, and in curing children. Those at a distance examined by sending their name, age and place of residence. Price one dollar. No. 3 Parker street, Winchester, N. H. May 21.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS, painted on cards, by MRS. E. A. HOWLAND, the celebrated healing and eye-opening Medium, and will give public sances at—hall, Adams street, New York, or 16 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., May 21.

MRS. E. A. HOWLAND, Clairvoyant, Business Medium, and Test Medium, also Psychometrist, will give sittings at 790 Washington street, Boston. Hours from 9 to 6. May 21.—4w

A CIRCLE will be held at my rooms, No. 2 Tyler street, Boston, on Sunday evening next, May 22d, at 8 o'clock. Admission free 25 cents. JACOB TIDD. May 21.—1w

MRS. M. SMITH, Psychician; Clairvoyant Examinations. Can be consulted by letter or personally at 401 South Clark st., Chicago, Ill. Fee \$1.00. 4w—May 21.

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Contains no LAC SULPHUR—NO MERCURY OR LEAD—NO LITHIUM—NO NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from all Poisonous and Health-Destroying Drugs. It is sure to supplant and drive out of the community all the "POISONOUS" PREPARATIONS now in use. It is a pure and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric. No oil, no sediment, no dirt—perfectly pure, clean and effective. It restores the hair to its natural color, and prevents it from falling out. It restores the hair to its natural color, and prevents it from falling out. It restores the hair to its natural color, and prevents it from falling out.

\$9.95 of New Sheet Music, 35 cents. Howells' Musical Monthly No. 10 contains: Herlin Kinder, Keler Hele, Far, Far upon the Sea, Merchants' "Gang", Rock the Cradle, John, 10 other pieces. 12 Songs, usual price, 25 cents each. 3 sets of Waltzes, 15 cents each. 25 10 other pieces, 15 cents each. \$3.50 Extra fine paper, matched to bind with other first class sheet music. Terms, \$2.00 per annum in advance. Clubs of 12, \$18.00. Single numbers sent post-paid for 35 cents. Back numbers supplied. P. L. H. B. E., 117 Court street, Boston, and all Music and News Dealers. 1w—May 21.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PYTHAGORAS and PLATO, spirit guides of Mr. and Mrs. Stegeman, for sale by the undersigned. Price, each size, 25 cents; 14, \$1.25. Liberal discount by the dozen. Also LETTER VIEWS, spirit portraits of Prof. Anderson. Address ALBERT STEGEMAN, Allegan, Mich. May 21.—4w

SPIRITUALISM! MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT.





Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARREN CHASE, No. 57 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

CREEDS.

The days of soul-cramping creeds and dogmas are evidently numbered in this country. Even the Catholics will not submit to the authority of Rome, and if any part of our population could be made to submit to religious authority, they would.

We do not deem the Catholic Church, or its worshippers, more in error or worse at heart than many of the Protestants, especially the Evangelical, but they have had more authority used over them, and submitted too much to a foreign tyranny; and now it seems determined to force them to either break away from it altogether, or to array themselves so effectually against the highest, best, and most sacred institution of our country—the free school—that if successful, our country would be ruined by the accursed system of religious tyranny that has raged, Ireland and Italy until their population is starved out by religious robbery, and dragged down into stupid ignorance.

Every day the people are moving more and more against all restrictions and church authority over the consciences of individuals. Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, and Free Religionists, notwithstanding they are so far in advance of Orthodoxy and Catholicism, are as rapidly on the march as any. The most advanced are already opening wide their doors, and inviting all to come in and take whatever they can to feed and benefit them, and by this course seem to us, in ignoring Christ and the Christian religion, to be most effectually and directly imitating Jesus of Nazareth, who had no creed and no church, but preached to and for whoever chose to listen and to follow.

The inauguration of every new era is quite similar—the Moslem, the Christian, the Spiritualist. There are Peters, and Judases, Nicodemuses, Scribes, Pharisees, Publicans and Sinners in them all, and always enough to set themselves up as holier than others, and ready to prescribe rules, creeds and resolutions for the government of others, and often such as they do not themselves submit to. But the people are fast learning that the good are not contaminated by inviting the bad to come and listen, to learn of and take example from their better ways of life, and thus be blessed and benefited. This we conceive to be the true church mission.

NOTORIETY.

Since the papers—especially Leslie's and Pomroy's—have given the Onida Community such extensive and notorious notices, with a large share of sharp and severe criticisms, they have had such a flood of applications for membership that they have been obliged to quit answering, except by a general notice, that their Community is full, and none need apply. It is curious to see the notices of the applications which offer to bring health, wealth, youth, beauty, virtue, wisdom and will, but the society has plenty of all—at least they think so. So says the Circular, their paper. The Rev. J. H. Noy, the father and founder of this perfected Christian Church, says in their paper: "Everybody says that marriage is dying. We hold that it is actually dead. And it was not killed by the Onida Community, nor by the Mormons, nor by the Shakers, nor yet by growth of ordinary licentiousness, nor by the increased facilities of divorce, nor by the outbreak of free love." This is part of the text of what he calls a "funeral sermon," designed, of course, for marriage, which he thinks is dead. It is only dead in the Community, and at Salt Lake, and among a few corrupt and licentious men, who prate about its sacredness, and their sham mourning for its lost virtue. They will all yet find it awaking from this lethargic dream in which it is thrown by the Church; and when it falls under State law exclusively, and becomes a mutual, civil contract, binding on parties as equal partners, with full personal protection in it the same as out of it, and against each other as against other persons, then it will again arise, and be more popular and better than it ever has been, probably, to the surprise of those who are invited to its funeral.

AGITATION.

To those who are standing on the moral, social and religious platform of the future, the agitation among the adherents of the old systems is extremely interesting. Political parties rising into power and tottering to a fall, and old dead ones trying to arouse and shake themselves into life again, with no chance for success; advocates of colored suffrage opposing woman's suffrage, and opponents of colored suffrage advocating woman's suffrage; practical and theoretical Christian free-lovers scouting infidels as free-lovers; strongest advocates of the indissolubility of the marriage tie crowding their personal friends through Indiana law-divorces for new marriages; men shooting other men because their wives like them better than themselves, and run off to live with them, and juries acquitting them because they do not like to be involved in a second murder to revenge the first; the public mind turned against capital punishment, and the churches coming to the rescue as the only power that can now retain it in force; the churches losing power and influence everywhere, and yet crowding all their forces and means into new and more extravagant buildings, and demanding what they never expect to obtain, a recognition in the constitution of the nation of statutory enactments to enforce their dogmas. The end is not yet.

USES.

This life is short, at longest ages, and there are more useful labors for both body and mind than any one can exhaust—labors that will advance the soul in the next life and be beneficial to society in this, hence it is not well to waste much time or effort in gossip, bickering, fault-finding, praising and blaming others, nor in contentions, confusion and wrangling disputations, which profit not the spirit nor harmonize society. The soul that is full of hate, enmity, envy, jealousy and evil feelings toward others is to be pitied but never envied. Its hell is sufficient, both here and hereafter, without adding the envy of any soul who can rise

above their venom and live in a higher and purer atmosphere. It is well for every soul to gain treasures here for the hereafter, and fill the storehouse with the essence of good deeds and kind feelings for all.

DU QUOIN, ILL.

This beautiful little city, on the Illinois Central Railroad, and soon to be connected directly with St. Louis by another road, is the handsomest town in Southern Illinois, as well as the pleasantest for eastern families, and especially for Spiritualists and liberals, who have means enough to purchase pleasant homes and wish to live in a large village. For many years it has been noted for the enlightened and liberal sentiment of its inhabitants, and during the war it was the most thoroughly loyal of any town in this section of the State. Last winter a public discussion was held here between B. F. Underwood, instructor of the college at Carbondale, and president of the college at Brazen, Campbellville, and president of the college at Carbondale, and although each party claim the victory for their champion, it is evident that liberal sentiments gained and superstition lost by the controversy, while Spiritualists held the stakes and were more deeply interested to see the contest, in which they were sure of gaining more than either.

Spiritual meetings have been held here most of the time for a year past, and a Lyceum in good and successful operation, although its founder and pioneer, Mr. J. G. Mangold, has recently moved to Moline, Ill. E. V. Wilson has been here and given a powerful impetus to the cause, as he does everywhere he goes. No one but the spirits can estimate the good this champion is doing in the West, and for which he seems peculiarly the fitted instrument of the spirit-world. Long may he prosper. Our excellent, able and efficient Brother Fishback, who has won for himself imperishable laurels at Sturgis, Mich., lectured here during April, on Sundays, and week evenings held meetings in other places, giving entire satisfaction here, and doing a large amount of good in prying open the sleepy eyes of orthodoxy in the other places. We speak here the first two Sundays of May, on our way to and from our little home in Egypt, where the strawberries grow, and peaches are killed again by frost.

"THIRTY-TWO WONDERS."

Few persons are aware of the merits of this little thirty-five cent pamphlet, bearing the above title, and compiled and written by one of the best scholars in America, late Professor of Oxford College, and employed by President Lincoln in the Treasury Department. The facts shown in this book are of the greatest importance to those who rely on the stories in the New Testament as miracles, of which there are thirty-two, only one of which is told by the four gospel writers, and that with such variations as to completely neutralize and destroy the evidence, if submitted to our system of legal criticism. The best authenticated are those told only by one—like the raising of Lazarus, told only by John; and as no other takes any notice of it, his testimony is not impaired by the others, except that they either did not know it, or did not consider it worth relating. It is a curious fact that not one of these miracles which is related by two or more of the gospel writers could be, by the testimony, admitted as proven in our courts of justice, by our rules of evidence; and yet the advocates often quote these discrepancies and even contradictions, as proof of their truth, by a lack of collusion, &c., but if two persons should relate an occurrence that both claimed to see and hear, and one said it was in Vermont and the other said it was in Michigan, one said it occurred in December and the other in May, we think it would not be proved by their want of collusion.

ILLINOIS FRUIT HILLS.

Once more we are among the sober faces of the disappointed fruit growers of Southern Illinois, who for the third year in succession, an untimely frost has cut off most of the peach crop, and this year the pears and early grapes also. The thousands of acres of peach trees were beautifully white and red with blossoms, when a snow storm covered them, followed by a freeze that destroyed the fruit and the hopes of many farmers for a reward this year for patient toil. Already have the settlers learned that it will not be safe to rely on any one crop for support in this section. Strawberries, although the early blossoms were killed by the same freeze, are looking finely, and will be in market by the 20th of May. Cherries are killed, apples are looking well, but the storm destroyed at least \$1,000,000 worth of prospective wealth in Southern Illinois.

"Hitherto: A Story of Yesterdays."

It seems impossible for any one who has not outlived the remembrance of the freshness of her early youth, to read some passages in this book without wandering from the story to live over one's own child-life, brought up by this charming story, as the sight of an old time familiar face or of an old hand long deserted, brings back memories of which we are unconscious. Our old selves, or, rather, our young selves, had slipped away from us gradually. We had not noticed them as they went, nor afterward thought they were worth the calling back; but they come now quietly and stand beside us, as we turn over the pages of Ansties' early life. We are apt in most moods to endorse the popular belief that children's lives, after all, are careless and happy; but read of Ansties' present of the scarf-ribbon that had quite caught her young fancy in its graceful folds; of the struggle, and attempts to reveal to her aunt the newly-trimmed straw, lest she should see it at an inopportune moment; of the horror of the final confession, and the misery of seeing the old artificial replaced, and then think what possibility now could give you that sense of hopeless trouble of which you were then capable. Then the unremediated impertinence and the isolated, lonely feeling of repentance and longing to "rub it all out and begin again," which of us children has not felt it? "I always longed so to rub out all the old mistakes and misery, to prevail on the hard eyes to shut themselves against the past, and to watch for and remember only the new and better future that I meant should be. Only One does that for us; he who blots out our iniquities and covers our sins." And finally, when the episode of the bonnet comes to a hopeless conclusion through the frolic of the dog Munchausen and the complicity of the innocent Richard, we are relieved, not to say jubilant.

The author's style is peculiarly easy and simple. The pathos comes in quite naturally, as it does into your own life, and the "moral" is never brought in, but forms the natural sequence of events. Now and then the story floats off into poetry, lacking the rhyme. Take, for instance, this: "There is never an end; it is always a going on; and God's mercy is beyond, always. In the infinitude of that, Joyce may have found; somewhere, before now, the old lost syllable of her name." The episode of Hope Devine is a little poem,

complete in itself. The one sentence descriptive of Mrs. Cope's grace of manner brings that superb old lady before our mind's eye as a volume might fall to do: "Nothing new; just bought at the shops and poured as a false, obtrusive anointing about a common life, but an old ingrained sweetness of real roses that had been gathered long ago," but it describes her not better than it illustrates the author's style of telling a story. There is no reaching forth for effect, no startling incident, but there is a certain sense of rest in the reading of it; something such as Ansties used to seek at the Hathaway Farm. It is full of suggestions and new ways of looking at things, as in the talk between Ansties and Grandon Cope going up Red Hill, loaded for the picnic. "If the fun of the world isn't the work, after all, why plagues?" said Grandon Cope, looking back and laughing. "Only, perhaps," said I, as I met his eye, "we're so used to our pack that we don't know how to go without it." "I wonder if we shall feel so about our troubles, sometime?" I did not know that Mr. Cope observed me further, or saw that I was still thinking. It startled me when I heard him say unexpectedly, "Well?" and I looked up to see that he was speaking to me. "Half a dozen things," I said; answering what I knew he meant to ask. "The old woman that had her skirts cut off, the drabble and rags, I suppose, and wondered if it be I. Pains and pearls; bad for the oyster, and yet the best of him, and an apple that I've sometimes tried to get all the knurls out of before I ate it, and then found there was n't anything left but a few spongy crumbs."

The characters are all, so to speak, well defined. We all know Aunt Lily, and though Hope Devine are rarer, we are confident of the existence, somewhere, of that one, and hopeful, through our knowledge of one, of many others. It seems not so much a story as a part of that real life which is always sweeping past us, turned back and stopped long enough for us to look at.

The Critic of the "Boston Post."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Whilst in New Post the other day, I read a criticism in the Post, on the book called the "Ordeal of Life." From its tone and tenor I was inclined to think very light of the man who wrote the article, and being near the residence of the medium he so grossly abuses, I thought I would step in and test it. The article being cut out of the paper, I folded it so that it could not be seen, and handed it to Dr. Grinnell with the remark that it related to the book in question, and asked for the character of the man who wrote it, and the opinion of the controlling spirit regarding its tenor. The medium held the slip between his thumb and finger for a few seconds, and then laying it on the table before him, still closely folded, wrote substantially the following:

"A man of a powerful but very material mind, with deep intuition, a keen intellect and strong religious, but not of a high spiritual nature. He has an eye to criticism and thorough investigation, and is shrewd and very skeptical, and though not very lenient is honest. I think he has not judged correctly, and the way he expresses himself does not bespeak investigation. Perhaps if he knew all the circumstances he would think differently. He has not been in contact with the influence under which the book was written; and I think if he would see the medium, he would take back much of what he has said."

I have not the most distant conception of the character of the man who wrote the criticism, further than is indicated in the article itself, but I confess the above response was far more flattering to him than I expected to get. At the same time I have no doubt of its correctness in the main, as before I ventured to publish the "Ordeal of Life," I subjected the medium's powers to tests, in the way of getting, from his hand, the characters of a great many persons that I had been intimately acquainted with, both living and dead, and seldom or never found him to fail in portraying correctly their leading features. This leads me to hope that he of the Post may be willing to listen to reason, and is open to conviction—even should the truth be made manifest to him through the instrumentality of such "weak and foolish things of the world" as God in his wisdom has generally seen fit to use "to bring to naught the things that are mighty" in men's conceit.

The writer of the criticism says that "the fact of (the medium's) ignorance does not require especial mention, as every line of the alleged inspiration proclaims it, while there is equally strong internal evidence that his writings are either a silly attempt at imposture, or the production of a mind diseased almost to idleness." I grant to the Post that the medium is an "ignorant," or, at least, an uneducated man, and I am also willing to grant, for the benefit of the Post's position, that the mind of the medium may be "diseased almost to idleness." But I cannot admit that he is an impostor. In the first place, the *undesigning* is solely responsible for the publication of the work, all except the errors of the press, which, however, are in no way chargeable to the *Banner of Light* office, under whose imprint the work appears.

Dr. Grinnell had no part nor parcel in, nor had he any reason to expect any pecuniary benefit from the sale of the book, and therefore could have had no motive for imposing on the public. I have known the medium many years. Further than this, I am willing to testify that I know of no man whom I think less likely to be guilty of imposture than John C. Grinnell. Whatever may be his faults, his weaknesses or ailments, hypocrisy and imposture have no place in his nature, as every observer cannot fail to comprehend almost at sight.

Having granted so much, I will now make some propositions to the man of the Post, with the view of testing his sincerity. Let him select the characters that are given on any page of the book he pleases, and try to substitute *instanter*, (as they were written out by the "idiotic impostor") those attached to the several names, with anything equally appropriate, plausible or ingenious in the same compass. If he succeeds, it is fair to grant that he of the Post has done as well or better than the "Idiot." But if he does not succeed, is it not fair to presume that there was some occult or hidden power acting through the mind or physical organism of the "idiotic" medium that was lacking in his of the Post?

Perhaps this challenge may be declined, on the alleged ground that the book is too "abusive" of men and classes, and too full of "arrant and disgusting nonsense" for a cultivated and un-"vulgar" man like him of the Post to meddle with. If this be the excuse, I will ask the Post to please select, out of the whole book, a single article which he deems more rich in vulgar abuse of men, or classes of men, than his own sweet-voiced criticism is flavored with. But if he of the Post will not accept either of these propositions, I have still another to make. There are some nine communications on the last seven pages of the book that I deem fair samples of nearly an hundred of like character that were rapidly written by the hand of this uneducated, "ignorant" and "idiotic" medium, Dr. John C. Grinnell. Let him of the Post endorse himself, if he prefers, in his most inmost sanctum, and, at his leisure, imitate one of them if he can. Nay, let him call to his

aid the whole pulpit and literary talent of Boston and Cambridge, with Harvard to boot, and see if all united can produce anything more simply beautiful and better calculated to make the soul of man in love with God's goodness and heaven, than what is there expressed through the organs of one of the "weak and foolish things of the world," by what purports to have been a "habe and suckling" when it passed from earth. I demand of the Post that one of these propositions, at least, be accepted, and the terms complied with, or that he withdraw the injurious charges he has preferred against an innocent man, merely because he has consented to become the recipient of inspirations from the higher world, too spiritual and truthful in their nature, however plainly expressed, for one of the Post's gross materiality to comprehend.

I perceive, however, that I am placing myself in rather an unfortunate dilemma, for should he of the Post accept my challenge and win, I shall of course occupy the position of a defeated party; and should he, on the contrary, refuse the fair propositions I make, I shall still have to acknowledge that in one instance, at least, what purports to be a truthful spirit communication is false, viz: that wherein the wickedly abused cripple, Dr. John C. Grinnell, has been constrained by the forgiving spirit that controls him to return good for evil, by writing his traducement down with his own hand not an "impostor" or "idiot," or even an ass, but that noblest work of God, an "honest man." THOMAS H. HAZARD.

Yauchoe, R. J., May 8th, 1870.

Spiritual Jubilee at Hobart, Lake Co., Ind.

DEAR BANNER—Will you say to your numerous readers that there is to be a Spiritual Grove Meeting at Hobart, Ind., commencing at 4 o'clock on Friday, May 27, 1870? The Hall Brothers, and perhaps other good speakers will be present to dispense the word. Good mediums have been invited and are expected.

We would be pleased to see good working reformers from all parts of the country, who are willing to do battle for the right, and put up with soldiers' fare. Bring blankets and buffalo robes, and come prepared to nearly take care of yourselves.

There are very few Spiritualists here, and we women would rather not spend all our time cooking for the multitude, but wish to enjoy the meetings.

While we invite all workers to be present, we urge those who know no God but their appetite to stay at home, or go where people have more time to cook and wait upon them. ELYNA L. HULL.

Union Lyceum Picnic.

The Boston-street Children's Progressive Lyceum, Boston, proposes to hold a Grand Union Picnic at Walden Pond, Concord, during the last of June or the first of July. They invite all of the Lyceums in Boston and vicinity, through their conductors, to send some one authorized to correspond with Dr. C. C. York, No. 3 Winthrop street, Charlestown, Mass., if they wish to unite in said union.

Spiritualists' Picnics and Camp Meeting. The committee would take this method of informing friends and the public that they propose to hold two picnics, the first at Walden Pond, Concord, to take place July 12th and Aug. 3d. Also, commencing Aug. 23rd, will be held a Grove or Camp Meeting, continuing from Tuesday until Sunday nights. Full notices given in due season.

Dr. A. H. Richardson, Charlestown, Committee of J. S. Dimes, Boston, Arrangements, To whom all communications should be addressed.

Three Days' Meeting in Sturgis, Mich.

The Spiritualists and friends of progress and free thought will hold a three days' meeting at Sturgis, Mich., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 17th, 18th and 19th days of June. Eminent speakers from abroad will be in attendance to address the people. Ample provision will be made to entertain strangers from abroad.

Sturgis, Mich., May 7, 1870. By order of the Committee.

Vermont State Association.

The next Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Glover, Vt., the 10th, 11th and 12th of August next. Tickets, one dollar per day. The usual course of free return tickets is expected on the Conn. & P. R. Railroads. Express teams will be in readiness at Barton depot to convey passengers to Glover. Speakers and mediums will be entertained free of expense.

Spiritualists, friends of progress, free thinkers and all persons interested are cordially invited to attend. By order of Committee. HELEN M. STODOLM, Pres.

Geo. Dutton, M. D., Sec'y, West Randolph, Vt., May 10th, 1870.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON, MASS.—Mercantile Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 22 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Wm. A. Bond, Sec'y; Wm. A. Bond, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed to M. T. Dole, Secretary.

Temple Hall.—The Boston-street Spiritualist Association meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Mercantile Hall, 22 Summer street. Dr. C. C. York, Conductor. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Lecturer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. Conductor, Dr. C. C. York. Harriet H. Hunt, Secretary.

New Era Hall, 178 Tremont street.—The Golden Era Association holds three sessions each Sunday. Spiritual exercises and conference being at 10 A. M.; discussion at 2 P. M.; lecture at 7 P. M. President, Dr. J. C. Chesley.

Hospital Hall.—Free public circles are held in this hall, 102 Washington street, Sunday mornings, at 10 o'clock. CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—First Association of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, 18 Main street, at 2 P. M. G. W. Knapp, President; Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Secretary. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. Mr. Wm. A. Bond, Conductor; Mrs. H. S. Abbott, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Director.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M., at Harmony Hall, Watson's Building, Main street. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. D. W. Bullard, Guardian.

LOWELL, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Society meets in Weis Hall, Lectures at 2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. J. S. Whitney, Conductor; Mrs. True Morton, Guardian.

ROXBURY, MASS.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings every second and fourth Sunday of each month, at Britton Hall, W. H. Yeaw, Secretary.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 P. M., at Cadet Hall. NORTON, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings the first and fourth Sunday in each month in Conchessett Hall, at 10 A. M. and 1 P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets the same hall on the first and third Sunday at 1 P. M. Daniel C. Bates, Conductor; Mrs. Della M. Lewis, Guardian; C. C. Lewis, Military Director; A. A. T. Morris, Musical Director.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday in Leyden Hall. J. L. Bullard, President; Mrs. T. Bartlett, Treasurer.

SALISBURY, MASS.—The Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the hall, at 3 and 7 P. M. H. H. Lark, President. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 P. M. H. H. Lark, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Archer, Guardian.

WATKINS, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Sunday at Union Hall, at 2 P. M. Seats free. C. O. Jenison, President; Dr. W. Sherman, Sec'y. E. W. Weston, Treasurer; H. Jenison, Secretary; Lincoln J. Mayo, J. Fosenden, Trustees. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 1 P. M. M. P. Wyatt, Conductor; Mrs. E. Weston, Guardian.

Worcester, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in Lincoln Hall. Speaker engaged.—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes during May.

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