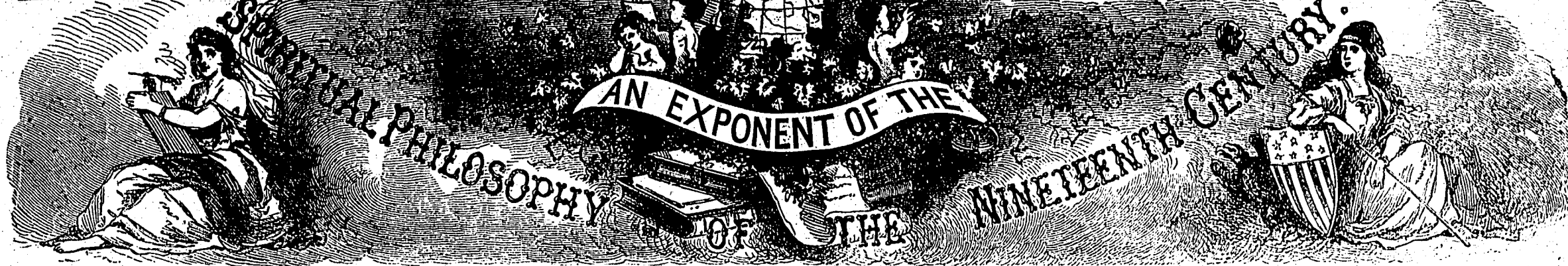


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TWO ANGELS.

BY ANNIE YANKE.

Down 'mid the gloomy streets,
You never may have seen,
Where all the mould of ages meets,
But not a leaf of green;
Where, on the quaint old fronts
Of many a palace, grim
Time his strange arabesques has wrought,
Then breathed their outlines dim;
Where from the windows stream
The banners of decay,
Deep in a hoary street,
I saw two angels meet.

The one was bright with youth,
And gay with buds and flowers,
With violet-like baby's eyes,
And lilies white with showers;
And cherub faces peeped
And laughed with sinless mirth
Amid the flowers, as if their sweets
Were all they knew of earth.
The other, wan and sad,
Yet wondrous beauty bore—
Not outward, 'twas the light within
Gleamed through the veil she wore;
And peering each, came one,
'Twixt shadows and the sun.

Beneath his careless arm
A tiny coffin hung;
Within a baby slept,
Unwelcome and unused;
Life scarce had touched its lips
Ere death had hushed their cry,
And the poor wretch who gave it birth
Whimpered, but scarce knew why.
Ah! happy little day!
Heaven spared the avenging rod;
That mother's arms were crueler
Than yonder volent rod;
So LIVE and DEATH gave back
The little soul to God.

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 X.

So with Mrs. Stockwell, who now stood alone, with no tie to bind her to earth, save the broad and never-to-be-broken tie of humanity. She had carried heavy burdens, she had suffered her agony in the garden, and still lived on. It was plain that there was work, unfinished work, lying in her path that she was spared to do—that none but her could do. She communed with her own soul. She took counsel of her own heart, and the still, small voice, "the voice of God in the soul of man," spoke louder, and in clarion tones, saying, "Feed my lambs." How should she gather up these timid, frightened lambs, and give them strength and courage to battle with and defend themselves against ferocious wolves? ay, wolves in sheep's clothing, who were lying in ambush all around, ready to spring upon their unsuspecting prey without a warning note? How should she, a woman, gather in these stray lambs, who had been so long uncared for? So long? who had ever been neglected and uncared for? Was that her unfulfilled work? Clearly it was. How should she commence it? And again the still, small voice, answered: "Preach! preach to them! even you, a woman—a woman who standest before the people free from all ties. Give your residue of life, of all your powers, to the salvation of these benighted ones. Go! preach salvation!" And the voice could no longer be resisted.

She knew the cause was unpopular. She knew she stood on burning coals. But she heeded not exterior sounds, exterior influences. She knew that her hand must

"Out away the mast,"

ere the ship could be saved. And she set about her work with a will, and a courage, and a strength, which, until then, had lain dormant. She issued notices that she would give an address before the perishing classes, both men and women, on Salvation. They came forth in crowds to hear this woman, for they were perishing. She took her stand before this sea of upturned faces, met for a moment the full gaze of every eye, thereby absorbing strength, and spoke to them as follows:

"My friends, both men and women, I stand here to address you on salvation. In the first place, let us ask what is salvation? Salvation is the saving one another from evil. Why do we need it? Because the evils have accumulated so rapidly we are well-nigh entombed under their immense pressure. How shall we obtain it? Here, friends, we come to the root, to the heart of the matter. We are to obtain it only by a whole lifetime of work—of earnest, sincere, and, it may be, tollsome, striving, self-sacrificing work.

We have been taught, friends, as far back as ancient records can be traced, that we could obtain salvation only through the Church; only by accepting the Church's theology that we were to be saved from a fearful lake of fire and brimstone—in the words of an ancient poet, "a ren of boiling pitch," through an entire belief and acceptance of the Church's creed, as taught by men supposed to be chosen of God.

The Church has wrought out its idea through fire and blood, by the stake, by the rack, and in all the cruel ways men could devise, to save the people from an eternity of suffering—to save

the people from the wrath of an avenging, angry God. In all ages, the noblest, truest men, have compelled the people to receive their ideas and their remedy; have compelled the people to walk through the fiery furnace for the sins of their vile and corrupt bodies. They have taught that their Jehovah was overcome with anger, and in his wrath destroyed his children with a mighty flood. We shudder at the thought, for our divine inspiration teaches us we have a loving Father, not an angry Jehovah, who leads us through the darkness of discipline, helping us thereby to work out our own salvation. Each one must do his own work in life, none can do it for us. We must take up our cross, though it weigh us to the ground; none can bear it for us.

Friends, shall we look back into the Church's terrible past, and call to mind some of the atrocious deeds of wrong and evil which have sprung from out this false theology, remembering ever that it is the soil from whence have grown our false political and social systems?

We all know that monarchs and tyrants the world over, have taken their tone from this theology. We all know that they have fought bloody battles, have crowned, have uncrowned, have beheaded and executed, and have desolated whole countries in the name of this terrible power.

Has not the Church of our own day, with its sleek, well-fed, big-salaried men in silken gowns, sent its ships to heathen shores, under the command of well-paid pirates, to lay waste to the land and steal their dark-skinned brothers, and their wives and babes? Has it not brought them across the ocean, packed in holds, chained hand to hand, and foot to foot, and when a storm arose, cast them thus bound into the raging sea to lighten the boat, so it might return in safety, and deliver its remaining victims to their remorseless task-masters?

And then these men of God, so called, stood up in silken gowns, and raised aloft their arms, cumbered with the foolish draperies, and prayed long prayers in loud, sonorous voices:

"Oh Lord, we thank thee our good ship has arrived, and may our bondsmen, whom it brought, lay out their strength most heartily for us, upon our cotton-fields, and in the rice swamps, and among the canes. Oh, Lord, keep all the crazy Abolitionists, Infidels and Radicals from going south of Mason and Dixon's line. Help our great statesmen to frame laws, even laws rendering back the fugitive to his rightful owner; help us, by the aid of long-headed politicians, to carry our Fugitive Slave Bill through both House and Senate; help us, oh Lord, to fashion with cunning fingers pliant hempen ropes to hang upon the necks of those who seek to steal away our property, for, Lord, we know thou hast commanded thy children, 'Thou shalt not steal.' And now, oh Lord, we would humbly thank thee for those thou didst permit to reach our shores in safety, trusting that those we were obliged to sacrifice to save our ship will find mercy and favor before thy face, albeit they knew not of thee, for thou didst take them before they reached our Christian shores, and had not been taught salvation through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Yes, friends, all this has been done by the church in our own day. Does it make you shudder to call up these deeds of a dark theological past? The Massachusetts clergy could never have advocated, in prayer and sermon, the infamous system which sold and separated families, but for the legislation of the country. So, I tell you, is the whole social fabric based upon the theology that has hitherto controlled us. It bids us not to think, not to reason, not to hold opinions of our own, and not to investigate. Let one dare investigate, straightway he is cast out, a mark of disgrace. So, we that dare defy the Church, we that are strong to stand without its ceremonial props, step quietly forth, although we stand alone. There is no alternative. We cannot serve God and mammon. And then, abjuring the fetters of the past, we look around to find a standpoint from which to take our position. We have shaken the dust of old theology from off our feet, we have repudiated forever salvation from an endless hell, we tear away the veil from before our faces, and look forth ourselves into life. We ask ourselves, Did God delegate to the Church the power to hold our consciences? The answer comes in loudest thunder tones, Never!

As the religious is the deepest and profoundest element in our nature, as it is the strata in which take root and bloom forth the sweet, yet powerful blossoms of social and moral life—if that be truly directed and rightly cultured, we cannot go far astray. For a religious idea how much will be sacrificed! It is the religious element which ever controls all others—the power above all powers! But yet we would make a great, an impassable gulf between religion and theology. Many of the profoundest, the most deeply religious hearts, hate, abhor the doctrines under which it has been set forth. They adore the spirit, but loathe the form which the past has presented.

Thank God! its reign is over! Thank God! it can no more set its foot upon the people's neck! Thank God! it has been dethroned, beheaded, and at last buried deep under the centuries! For this, oh God, we thank thee: that thou hast sent millions of thine angel messengers, that we thought so far away, close to our faces; that we can feel their touch, can listen to their voices, can see them around us, can know they are, and are here; that they it is, and they alone, who, under thy direction, have brought us out of the darkness of old, unchristian theology, and they who have removed and interred it forever!

And, friends, who have wrought out the greatest reforms—who have removed the heaviest burdens under which we have ever groaned? Those who have come boldly out from the churches. Thank God again, that brave men and women, feeling themselves strangling, choking with the loathsome creeds, have had life and conscience enough left, with the aid of spirit-power, to crawl from

its clutches, even at the risk of broken reputations and the threats of endless torment! Thus, we are free from the Church's power.

CHAPTER XI.

What next abused power do we groan under? Abused political power. Were it not for the abuse of political power held in the ever-tightening grasp of politicians, legislators, and the like, the infamous Fugitive Slave Law could never have existed. This party hold the power supreme to rule within their own closed lists, and will not open their hand to share it with their sisters. It is all a monopoly, and monopolies are unjust. Legislation has ever been a one-sided power. Man has worked alone. Hence the imperfections. Now, his higher nature in the shape of woman has been lifted up by the angels from under his oppressive hand, and fearlessly places herself by his side to work with him. Not to rule, not to govern, but to work *equally* with him. Man is cold reason; woman, intuition, conscience. Man is abstract science; woman, philosophy, seeking the causes. When these two are conjoined a perfect whole is the result. But the wheel of revolution goes round untriflingly, and by-and-by woman will sit side by side with man in legislative halls, even in Washington. And then the elements of justice, of tenderness, of mercy, will permeate the great trunk, and be silently absorbed into all its smaller branches and minutest veins, to be felt even in the rulings of little country towns.

Friends, we are to-day bearing and sinking under oppressive social burdens. They are the result of iniquitous State legislation, based, remember, wholly upon a false idea of religion. Think you if the laws upon our statute books were framed in love and justice, there would be need for woman to raise her voice and pen to demand that they be swept clean off the books of authority? Surely not!

Shall I enumerate some of these burdens, of which you feel the weight but cannot analyze the particles that go to form the mass that is crushing you with such gigantic power into the very earth? You do not know the revised State laws you are this moment living under. You do not know that if you become reduced to poverty, and need aid from the State, those in authority can confiscate the proceeds of your labor, can place you in a pauper-house, and then, for slightest deviation from their cruelly unjust rules, can lay the *horsewhip* across your back, place a *gay* between your teeth, confine you in the terrible straight-jacket, shower you most unmercifully till you gasp for breath, shut you up for six days in a deep, damp dungeon, with a single blanket around you, with nothing but the damp, hard bricks on which to sleep, if sleep you can, and when you die place you *naked* in a rude coffin, and bury you in a trench in which four and five others are lowered, without prayer or tear. And the bones of a millionaire are brought in pomp across the Atlantic, no more worthy, perhaps, than the bones of the raggedest pauper to whom he once threw a dime. But when the purse and pockets have golden linings, the poor old bones have royal burial!

Ah! friends, we need an angel's hand to lift us higher. We need the infinite and loving breath of the divine pity to surcharge our souls and hold us from judging and condemning. We will not judge, neither condemn; but we must bring to light the great wickedness of Massachusetts State laws.

It is this tyranny of injustice that is oppressing us so fearfully. It is these borrowed laws, copied from off the English statute books when a Scroggs and a Jeffries were in power, that are filling our jails, court-houses and prisons with the poor, ignorant victims of a false society—victims for whom should be built *moral hospitals*, under the charge of the largest hearted, the best educated, the most truly humble and religious men and women of our time, instead of prisons and work-houses, whose cruel tortures would disgrace even a Nero or Caligula.

Let me tell you yet more of the legislation you are living under. You may not know of the unjust imprisonment in our State prison of two poor men shut up there on a false charge of burglary who were pardoned out with a great show of executive kindness upon our last national thanksgiving. It was well known to the officers of the prison that they were innocent of the charge, and Massachusetts should have begged their pardon on her bended knees for this great wrong. These two men have brought a petition before our legislature asking a compensation for this wrong. Will it be granted? That depends upon the legislative conscience. Has the legislature a conscience? We will hope that it has. We will hope that even now a divine influence is permeating the souls of the people which shall make them strong to humanize and elevate the powerful arm of the law into new and continual deeds of mercy and loving kindness.

Friends, let me tell you yet more, that you may see your great need of salvation.

Do you know that you are continually swindled by bank charters, mill corporations, railroad shareholding, and in legions of petty ways, all under the sanction of law? Do you not know these legalized swindles are eating away the people's money? That the destruction of the poor is their poverty? That there are kindly men and queenly women steeped to the very lips in poverty, men and women who have looked death in the face and quailed not, who would have been glad of a crumb as it fell from a rich man's table, and none gave unto them? And yet we talk of a new park!

Shall we not ask that the seventy-five thousand dollars which the new park will cost shall be appropriated for building homes, comfortable, sunny homes for the women and the children who are to-day living in boarding-houses, in lodging-houses, often without food or fire—in providing for homeless, hungry men, who are sentenced by our courts to a three months' imprisonment as

ragabonds, only because they are homeless and hungry? The physical wants must first be supplied, before the aesthetic part of our nature can have its development.

Friends, let us ask to work with our brothers—to be school-committee women, common-council women, overseers-of-the-poor women, so that there shall be even-handed justice. Let us ask for a voice in making the laws that control us; then no little boy can be arrested and sent away for long years without seeing his mother's face, for pilfering a newspaper; then no young man can be shut up in prison the best twenty years of his life for passing a few dollars of counterfeit money; then black crimes perpetrated by men in pulpits will not be passed over unnoticed; then black crimes staining the souls of men in low places will not be visited by lynch law, but they shall each be dealt with as moral idiots, whose spiritual nature is as yet in embryo.

It is thus that Massachusetts coils her strong arm around her children, even as the terrible serpents entangled in their snaky folds old Laocoon, the Trojan priest, and his two helpless boys, crushing the life out with their slimy strength.

Will you not, oh women, demand a voice in making laws? Will you not lend your aid to unearth these monsters that are born and reared in the darkness of Orcus, and bring them into the clear light of day? For these children of Nox cannot look upon the light and live.

Oh Massachusetts, we would cover our faces with our hands and mourn with long lamentations at thy enormous wickedness, at thy lack of mercy and justice! Young women, and young men, for what thou callest crime, are sentenced to long years of toil and imprisonment, shut out from home and love, under the cruel tyranny of those whose hearts are well-nigh turned to stone, whose souls are scarred with the abuse of power granted by thy strong arm! Where, oh where, Massachusetts, is thy boasted justice? And yet, we vain would wrap around thee the broad mantle of forgiveness, knowing so well thy theologic ancestry, knowing so well the dark and bitter creed thou didst nurse in thy mother's milk! Yes, we would cover our faces and weep for thee!

My friends, we have no St. George in knightly armor to go forth and slay this dragon of injustice, and pin him to the earth with his lance, and we can spare no more lambs to feed his hungry maw, but we must go forth ourselves and meet and slay, and bind him fast, and utterly destroy him. We must ourselves sweep clean off the statute books the obnoxious laws, by turning on the mighty river of knowledge and education: even as Hercules cleaned out the stables of Augeas, which had thrifty thousand oxen in them, and had not been cleansed for three years, by turning on the river Alpheus, and accomplishing the work in one day. We do not expect to do this in one day, but very much can be done in a lifetime.

CHAPTER XII.

Now, friends, we come closer to the very heart of life; the moral forces. And again we find all wanderings from pure morality the result of intricately woven laws of social life, based upon a false political, growing out of a false theological idea. Custom and caste give us about with fine and powerful brands of steel, keen-sharpened on both edges, which cut us till we bleed where'er we try to force the bands asunder.

What two elements can outweigh these forces? Knowledge and education. Custom sanctions or condemns. The law of caste fixes your grade in social life. Conscience is entirely forgotten. One may be never so pure, his motives the highest—and the *motives* should ever be the criterion of judgment—let him swerve from the worn track of custom, straightway the cry, 'An Infidel! a Blasphemer!' and the sharp swords of custom and of caste are turned to howl him down. But if he have large conscience, he will stand firm as a rock.

Customs lead us with tight hard grips withersoever they will, throughout the whole subtle machinery of social life. Our lady at the White House imports her wardrobe straight from Paris, at a cost of eight thousand francs—think of it, so who are 'starving by inches'—because the courtly dames of Europe wear rare and costly fabrics the New World does not produce. So, our lady must follow the customs in dress, of lovelier dames in power.

Our brides in churches wear silk and satin eight dollars a yard, all flounced and frilled, with three useless yards trailing on the ground, and

"The girl whose fingers this,
Wave the weary 'broidery in,'
Has scarcely a cotton gown to shield her from the cold and storm."

Friends, we all like to be well dressed. Notice the air and bearing of little children in the street, whose comfortable dress shows them to be girls about with loving care. They run joyously along in the consciousness that they are well dressed. See another class of little ones who walk with slow and hesitating step, trying vainly to conceal their little chilled fingers beneath a ragged shawl, their little bare feet within their tattered shoes. Observe how they turn and gaze with wistful faces upon well-clad children who go tripping by. This painful consciousness of being thus shabbily dressed, gives them a feeling of inferiority, and lessens their self-respect. As with children, so with the grown man and woman. Let us not over value dress. It has its place, but we would not be such devotees to custom as to set it before conscience and common sense. When none are superfluously dressed, all will be well dressed.

Rich and well-born ladies sweep in and out of costly churches, and the well-fed priest folds his hands and prays, 'Oh Lord, we thank thee we have not a working-man or working-woman within our walls'—while poor and well-born ladies creep meekly along under the costly shadow, and wonder if there will be caste in heaven. Can you wonder that these poor women and men are the

perishing classes in society? So thundered the voice of the truest man that ever stood in 'Trimountain's Music Hall,' the destruction of the poor is their poverty!

Friends, we need this mighty river of knowledge and education to clean out our cities, to sweep through our halls of legislature, our courts of justice—our courts where the *force* of justice is enacted, till our souls are sick of 'this wrong and outrage practiced in a Christian land,' our city tribunals, which are but barbarous slave-pens, our corporations—no, we will sweep away corporations. Corporations have no souls; and a body without a soul is a monstrosity, and cannot live. We must have the perishing classes fed with knowledge. First, knowledge of themselves physiologically. Teach them the laws of their own being, the laws of health; then, the laws of the various systems throughout social life; next, teach them to be a law unto themselves, teach them the higher law of conscience. Let the foolish fathers and vain mothers put away their properties and vanities, and bring their children into life with a heart and conscience, as well as a brain and stomach. Ay, the axe must be laid at the root. Let the children be generated rightly, and we shall want no priestly men to preach to us of regeneration. We will do our own preaching, drawing our inspiration ever from the divine that is within and around us.

Then, our cities will no longer teem with men and women who are the perishing classes, but those who are the intelligent, the powerful classes; for all will have knowledge, all will be well born and well educated; and knowledge and education, tempered with a good conscience, will be power. Then all shall help make laws. All shall do their part of work in the great life of humanity. There shall be no drones, there shall be no caste, like will attract like, and all be free to gravitate each to his own, and not his neighbor's, and all, making a perfect whole, will have no foolish customs to fear, no unjust laws to denounce, no concealed poor-house tyranny and cruelty to root up and bring to light, or enslave our yet unborn children. *This, we must do to be saved.* This is what the unseen forces of the spiritual world are propelling and inspiring us to do. Let us stand forth and acknowledge our belief in this mighty power of the Infinite, as it is this day working for the salvation of the ignorant and the perishing; perishing through that ignorance. Let us bow our heads to this silent, yet quiet, yet immensely powerful and divine influence which is flowing over us and baptizing us each day with its still waters of inspiration; let us not grow hopeless or despairing, although the work seems mountain high, but ever listen to the still, small voice, saying, in the deep places of our spirit, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

CHAPTER XIII.

When Mrs. Stockwell had clearly discerned her future course, and had resolved bravely to follow it, she knew, she stood on burning coals which were as yet encrusted by smoldering ashes, and which a breath would fan into a flame. She, as a woman, her bold address, as the thought of a corrupt heart and perverted intellect, were denounced in burning words. The flames were slowly enveloping her, but should scorch not even her garments. She was denounced on all sides; by the press and the pulpit, as a sower of dissension; a disturber of the peace; a reviler of both law and gospel; a breeder of dissatisfaction in a class whose only duty it was to obey the powers that be. A woman who had no respect for law nor creed; a woman with unblushing face, and words all shorn of modesty, who dare stand up and talk of priestly sins, of imperfect justice, of failings and shortcomings of men in power, of black crimes perpetrated by men in high places, of black crimes staining the souls of men in low places, of denying the accepted rule of salvation, of daring to point out with her woman's hand a new road to heaven, of setting Jesus Christ one side, and declaring men and women of to-day able, through the influence of unseen spirits, to be more powerful than him, and, finally, seeking to corrupt the people with the assertion that the dead are not dead, that they are not quietly sleeping in the grave, waiting for Gabriel's trumpet to sound, but are with us here, with busy hand and active brain, still sharing with us life's earnest work.

What shall be done with her? Is she amenable to law? Not in eighteen hundred and sixty-nine. Alas! we cannot place her in the stocks, we cannot tie her to the cart's tail and lash her through Trimountain's streets, we cannot place the cleft stick upon her tongue, we dare not hang her, and are powerless to banish!

She is a new and stronger edition of that arch-colonist, the famous "Ann," but, unlike her, we cannot arraign her before the tribunal of the Church. God have mercy on her miserable soul! She has swung aloof from Church and State! Trimountain's rulers, judicial and clerical, wisely resolved to keep their hands free from all contact with this woman, well knowing that false ideas will, in time, bury themselves; and they daily looked to see her torch reversed and quenched, never again to be relighted.

But they will look in vain. The torch of truth can never expire. It has been changed from hand to hand, but always borne aloft by foremost men and women, lighting whole nations down the dark centuries of time, and, as the ages roll on, the flame becomes clearer, brighter, flashing its light far into the future.

But there were many from whom Mrs. Stockwell received warm words of cheer. The hungry men and women longing and fainting for knowledge gave her most heartfelt thanks.

But the Rev. Sanctiface, who always considered his duty, took counsel with his head deacon and the medical doctor, and one day, after they had made it a subject of prayer, rang her door-bell and sent up cards.

Mrs. Stockwell received them kindly, annoying as she felt the visit to be, and the Rev. Sanctifera opened the battery.

"Madam, we have heard much of the exceedingly unfeminine address, wherein you have made yourself a mark for staidness and shrewdness, and we feel that you are deeply disturbing the public mind both by your precepts and example. Pray, madam, allow us to ask what your motives are in taking so bold a step, and if you mean it as the precursor of others?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"But, madam, do you feel no compunctions of conscience in removing the old landmarks from the highways of society?"

"On the contrary, I have but followed the dictates of conscience. When I see walls crumbling to the ground, it becomes my duty to protect the people from being crushed and buried under the ruins; and when I see persons already crushed, bleeding and groaning, it becomes my duty to reach forth my hand and drag them out before they die utterly."

"Mrs. Stockwell," said the head deacon, "will you lay aside figures of speech, which are heathenish, and inform us why you place yourself in this extraordinary position? Do you not see you are making yourself conspicuous in a most unwomanly manner?"

"My object is to teach the people what they must do to be saved, and what they are to be saved from. I care not for personal consequences."

"But do you not see you are losing the respect of the Church, and the opinion of those in high places, and woman's shrinking delicacy of feeling?"

"Public opinion has little weight with me, and as for the Church, I see that under foot many years ago."

"But, Mrs. Stockwell," said Dr. Growingrace, "think of your position. Setting aside the heresies you advocate, you are losing caste in society. Allow me to think that this is but an experiment—an unfortunate one for you, being a woman—I mean your reputation is at stake. Have you taken this into consideration?"

"I cannot say that I have, for, in doing what I consider right, what people say of me is the last thing that presents itself. And as to losing caste, I can live, and not mourn over my grade in society. I pray always to do my work faithfully, in whatever strata of life my lines are cast."

"Madam," said the Rev. Sanctifera with solemnity, "there is one other point I feel it my duty, as a servant of God, and as a teacher and follower of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to reason with you upon, and, if need be, to pray with you. I refer to the views I believe you have not scrupled to promulgate—the views, madam, respecting the return of departed souls. This is dangerous, exceeding dangerous doctrine. Depend upon it, madam, it is a delusion of the evil one, a deception of the human heart, a snare to entangle you. Remember the indictment against the old pagan philosophers: 'Socrates is guilty of crime for not worshipping the gods whom the city worships, but introducing new divinities of his own.'"

Although we do not hold the poisoned cup to your lips, you nevertheless can judge our estimate of your offence. Do not, my sister, do this to endanger your precious soul. Remember, there is no repentance beyond the grave. 'Ho that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. Ho that believeth not shall be damned.' Brethren, let us pray."

"Gentlemen, you have prolonged this farce until it has become insulting. Once for all, I keep my own conscience. It matters not to you my private views, my religious opinions, my daily life or public speaking. God is my Judge, and, under him, angel spirits my teachers. I waste no words in argument. I keep to my Bible, cling to your creeds; let the Church think for you, and do your reasoning. Go your own way, and leave me in peace. I shall suffer no further encroachment upon my many duties. My time is exceedingly precious, and not to be frittered away in idle talk. Gentlemen, I wish you good morning," and Mrs. Stockwell left the room.

And the three benighted men left the house—benighted, because they would not open their eyes to see the light which else had transfigured them—deeply impressed with the truth that their feeble hands and brains were powerless to stay the tide of this new salvation, although presented by a woman, whom in their hearts they could not but respect for sincerity and truthfulness.

As for this woman, she kept nobly on, lecturing, preaching, talking, and working as she saw occasion. And the prayers of those ready to perish was the incense daily offered, and benedictions of gratitude fell upon her head each hour of her life.

She taught the people to work and to pray, to think and to read; she drew up petitions to remodel the laws, she stood before the city fathers and claimed appropriations of money for women who were "staying by inches," she claimed public money for homes, bright, sunny homes, for women poor and feeble. She told these men of the poverty, the sickness, growing out of that poverty, the dire want there was in their very midst, and they listened with deepest respect to her words.

So she went on doing her work, carrying over in her hand a box of thimble seeds, dropping them continually in wayside crevices, whence they should spring up and bear fruit for a life that shall be everlasting.

Can we not in many an humble way walk in her womanly footsteps?

John Bent had returned to Denby, and found that at every step he must tread upon the dying roots of ancient superstitions which had been drawn out from the hearts of the people, and which now lay shrunken and powerless beneath the great, clear light of a new revelation. The people of Denby could be suffered no longer to carry out their high-handed judgments; and if their future showed no signs of material progress, they could never again return to their theological past.

Spiritualism, with its unseen forces, had taken possession of the town, had conquered the garrison, and would never beat a retreat.

John Bent now felt that he could respond to the cry which, for a long time, had come booming over the water—a great loud cry for spiritual help, which his wife and daughter had told him that none but he could give—and a second time he crossed the wide Atlantic. There, upon English soil, and all through the continent, he found people with outstretched hands to welcome him, and there he worked faithfully and manfully.

And shall we not all take heart, and like this noble man, who, all unskilled in books and colleges, with sunburnt face, and hands embrowned with toil, was never known to swerve when once his mind had grasped the right, whose new-born soul devoutly thanked his God for this great privilege of working for humanity, may we not all take heart, and feel that even in smallest deeds we can each do a part, that life is made up of small things, the universe itself but a conglomer-

ation of ever changing atoms? Shall we not feel that

"'Tis a little thing to give a cup of water; yet its draught of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips, may give a shock of pleasure. To the frame, more exquisite than when Socrates' juice renews the life of joy in happy hours. It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort. Which, by daily use, has almost lost its sense. Yet on the ear of him who thought to die Unmourned, 't will fall like choicest music."

Let us all feel that we have a part in this great work of life, that none, rich or poor, old or young, can afford to sit with folded hands and indolently gaze upon its workers, knowing that none can do our work, that the Divine has given unto each a portion, he has meted out so much for each life, and filled each cup, some with sweetest wines, some with bitterest aloes, and if our work is not completed in the form, we must remain upon the earth-sphere and finish it when we have left these caskets of flesh. We have no power to change Nature's laws.

THE END.

The Future Life.

NARRATIVE OF A SPIRIT.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As you are aware, I have often had occasion to declare my conviction that the main object of spiritual intercourse, as now vouchsafed to us, is to reveal to us the nature of the life beyond the grave and roll away from our minds the various superstitions as to our ultimate salvation which the ignorance of the priesthood have imposed upon our credulity. A vast mass of revelation has already been made to us on this subject within the past twenty years, and I have often contemplated the work of gathering them together, and giving them to the world as a whole. I have been deterred from that task, partly by a contemplation of its magnitude and my inability to find the time necessary for it, amid my other numerous and pressing avocations, but mainly because I thought that a fitting time had not yet arrived for such an aggregation of those revelations, that more were coming all the time, and thus preparing the minds of people for the work at a future day.

In the meantime, I have taken pains to gather together a good deal on the subject, and have been instrumental in giving some of it to the world. Hence the value I set on Sweet's publication, "The Future Life," where were many such revelations made in my presence, and hence I have thought it well to suggest to you the creation of a department in your paper devoted to the FUTURE LIFE, to which your numerous readers may communicate what has been given to them on that topic, and thus not only enlighten the present day on that most important of all subjects, but prepare the way for such a final collection as will establish a faith which truth and reason may bid stand fast forever.

To carry out that idea, I now send you—a revelation from one who was not long since a professor of eminence in one of our colleges, with a mind sufficiently trained and enlightened not only to comprehend, but to describe what he experienced. If this shall be acceptable to you, I will hereafter continue my contributions of the same character, and will entertain the hope that others may follow my example.

Yours truly, J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, May 2, 1870.

The spirit thus spoke through the medium. When I awoke in the spirit-life, I perceived I had hands, and feet, and all that belongs to the human body. I cannot express to you in form of words the feelings which at that moment seemed to take possession of my soul. I realized that I had a body, a spiritual body; and with what beautiful and glorious effulgence of light did I remember what Paul stated in his epistle, that "We are sown a natural body, but are raised a spiritual body." I realized at that moment as I had never done before, the glorious truth of my own unfoldings. I had expected to sleep a long sleep of death, and awake at last at the general resurrection to receive commendation or condemnation according to the deeds done in the body. Imagine then, if you can, what the surprise of a spirit must be, to find after the struggles of death that he is a newborn spirit from the decaying tabernacle of flesh that he leaves behind him!

I gazed on weeping friends with a saddened heart, mingled with joy—knowing as I did that I could be with them, and behold them daily, though unseen and unknown to them. And as I gazed upon the lifeless tenement of clay and could behold the beauty of its mechanism and perceive the beautiful adaptiveness of all its parts to the use of the spirit that once inhabited it, I felt impelled to seek the author of so much beauty and use, and prostrate myself in adoration at his feet. While thus contemplating the beauties of God's work and lifting my soul from earth and earthly things, I felt a light touch on my shoulder, and—joy unspeakable and inexpressible—I beheld the loved ones of earth—some of whom had long since departed from the earth plane—saying to me: "Leave these sad and weeping groups of mourning friends, and go with us and behold your future home—your place appointed unto you, and be introduced by us into the society of congenial spirits, who have long known you, while sojourning on the earth-plane, but of whose presence you were ignorant."

And I felt myself ascending or rather floating upward and onward through the airy regions of space, and I beheld in my upward journey worlds inhabited with people like unto them who dwell upon the earth, and ascending from each of these beautiful orbs were freed spirits and their guides bearing me company through the bright realms of immensity.

For a time I floated on without any fatigue, but, ere long, I began to feel weary, and the bright hands of spirit friends, who came to welcome me, bore me in their arms, and I felt myself growing unconscious of surrounding scenes, and I seemed to swoon away. When I again came to a knowledge of my condition and position I found myself by the side of a beautiful and flowing stream. I was all alone. I fancied I had a dream, that this was not all reality, but the fantasies of a sickened brain, and I arose to my feet. The velvet turf at my feet seemed to vibrate with undulations of music along my advancing footsteps. The air seemed replete with sweet sounds, and ethereal voices saluted my ear with the most enchanting melodies. I shouted "Glory to God! This is heaven." It surpassed the highest flight of my fruitful imagination, and my happy soul rejoiced in the sweet assurance of unending bliss in the world of beatitudes.

Though to all appearances alone, I felt I could not be alone when surrounded by such sweet and soul-cheering harmonies. I fell upon my knees. I bowed my face to the earth, feeling my unworthiness of this glorious realization. But again I felt the slight touch, and the silvery notes of a human voice vibrated on my ear, saying: "Arise! Arise! for thou art a child of God, blessed with a

glorious and immortal inheritance, and your Father desires you should stand up in the dignity of a child of his love, and commands you, in the spirit of that love, not to worship Him like an abject slave, but give him the joyous tribute of a grateful heart."

This bright spirit also informed me that I must contribute to the general wealth of knowledge; that there were those beneath my standing and attainments who required elevating, and I must stretch forth the helping hand to some striving, struggling brother, and thus be preparing myself for a higher and more glorious unfoldings, for in as much as I gave to others, I would be the recipient of higher and purer gifts, imparted from the bright and more progressed minds who were nearer to the Father's heart in the approximation to perfection, not dearer to his love, but more unfolded in beauty and in glorious and elevated truths, the fragrance of which reached far over the broad expanse of God's universe and to the heart of humanity, inclining to deeds of virtue and of love.

This, my brother, was my introduction to this Paradise—this land of spirits. I found myself surrounded by splendid temples, adorned with unfoldings of art, and whose walls were decorated by the master hands of those great and ever-to-be remembered artists who had labored upon the earth; for everything that is unfolded on earth bath its life-gem in the spirit-world. There is not a tiny blade of grass that covers the breast of mother earth but what has a never-dying principle of life. We have our oceans and bays and tributary streams. We have our warbling songsters and our flowering meads. We have the fragrance of the flower, but no noxious weeds.

What seems offensive on the shores of time Serves a purpose, glorious and sublime. Even the reptile, that on earth did crawl, That some have said caused man to fall, Is by the great creative art Caused to work a glorious part In this vast and deeper plan For the highest rise of man.

It has been supposed by some—and you may be led to infer from the remarks already given—that the resting place of my spirit is far—far away; and to finite minds the distance is immense, but to the freed spirit it is as the twinkling of the lightning flash, as it darts across the vision. You see it, and it is gone. So with the spirit. With the velocity of human thought, we can be in one point of space, and as quick as the flash of the lightning we can be at another. In this respect we differ from those who inhabit this cumbersome clay. And oh! what rapturous freedom is this! When we can answer the heart calls of earth at a moment's notice, and be with you almost as soon as desired!

It is superfluous for me to say that I am happy. It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate what I have often said before, for you know my interest in you and yours is and ever will be unabated; and if I could not behold with the eye of faith your glorious future, I would mourn over your sometimes harassed and perplexed condition in life; but rest assured, my brother, as God is true and cannot err, all these things which seem to be afflictions, are but for a moment, and will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! For oh, to the hungry man how sweet a morsel is a crust of bread, and to the trial-spirits of time how sweet is the harmonious reception which will greet them in the spirit life! Then cheer thee, my brother. Oh, do not despair, for a bright world awaits you, and loved ones are there; with true hearts they wait, and with outstretched arms they stand at the portals of yon gate that opens into the spirit-land. There is no death, but all is light, and loving friends await to greet you when you come, a welcome pilgrim to your starry home.

Perhaps some may say, What new truth has been evolved? What new principle has been brought to light by these so-called spirit communications? We will answer: There is nothing new under the sun. God, the Father, in days past, and in divers manners, spoke unto his children by the mouths of his prophets, even as in this our day does he speak through his sons and daughters, revealing to mortals life and immortality beyond the grave; demonstrating to them the fact that spirits do live, communicate and have existence, after the so-called death of the body. And the same Father hath revealed through his sons and daughters the same glorious truths to his children of this day, and diffused through many channels the knowledge of the truth, and they no longer walk by faith, but by sight; and the children of the Father can learn the grand lessons taught by Jesus, that the true worshippers must worship in spirit and in truth.

Thus the spiritually dead are raised, and in the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.

The worshippers of God, to-day, are beginning to understand the true principle of worship, and to walk in the light as become children of the day, and instead of destroying men and women for communing with the departed, they are sought unto by hungering and thirsting humanity, to receive the manna of righteousness and the waters of life, as they flow from the great Father's spirit, through ministering spirits to humanity and immortality, blessing the world.

We find in our advancement in spiritual knowledge the necessity of working out our salvation; of elevating our own spirits to that plane, that we may receive the divine afflatus which is ever flowing out from the Great I Am.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps The disembodied spirits of the dead. When all of thee that time could wither sleeps And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain, If then I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there! That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given. My name on earth was ever in thy prayer. And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind, In the warm radiance of that glorious sphere, And larger movements of the unfeeling mind, Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past. And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tender to the last, Still it exalts with life, and so no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light. Await thee there; for thou hast loved thy will In cheerful homage to the rule of right. And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the world cares in which I dwell, Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll; And writh has left its scars—tho' fire of hell Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky, Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name, The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye, Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home, The wisdom that I learned so ill in this— The wisdom which is love—thou wilt not bid Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

A Floral Sentiment—If you look to "heart's ease," never look to "marry gold."

A FEW REMARKS, AND SOME FACTS.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Is it foolish pride, or stupid prejudice, or wicked vanity, or a baleful education, or defective faculties, that causes many persons to disdainfully repudiate what they do not comprehend? We know, when the Christian world was under a priestly despotism, why the system of a Copernicus or a Galileo would naturally be scouted. That the young, whose experience embraces only a decade or two of years of minor duties, of frivolities and faint glimpses of the vast field of knowledge which humbles the scholar, should toss their empty heads contemptuously at Spiritualism, is not astonishing; that they should prefer to walk like apes behind the flimsy veil of fashion rather than adopt the "vagaries" of their respected(?) parents, is, perhaps, not marvelous when we consider the "fast" age in which we live; that they should deem their wisdom superior to that of those who have grown gray in the halls of learning, in large observation and much intercourse with the world, should not surprise us; but when those who claim to be teachers, who stand in the front ranks of the scientific and erudite, either stoop to falsehood or misrepresentation to refute, or shrug their shoulders to vilify great truths, there is something in it so extremely humiliating, that my faith in "God's image" flickers in its socket; I am in deep abasement, and feel that we belong to a race that four feet and long ears would much better become than the bright white wings and the flowery crown of angels, or even the title of "Reverend" and "Professor."

When we read the ably-written articles on Spiritualism in the *North American Review* and the *Radical*, and see the ignorance, the assumption, or the charlatanism out of which these glittering structures rise, we, I think, are more than our wont, prepared to admit the doctrine of total depravity, and that only a great and mysterious process, a sacrifice of some god, can make the authors of said articles fit for the kingdom of heaven.

With such specimens of the *genus homo* in view, can we wonder that "angels' visits have been few and far between?" Yet, that the celestial messengers do come, that they do revisit the earth, we know. Though I do not myself, as many do, see them in full form with my physical eyes, I have felt their gentle fingers on my own and on my forehead, a strong hand in mine, and here and there, in this way and that, have had such proofs of their divine and happy presence, (with witnesses enough to make it trebly sure,) that nothing but doubly distilled obstinacy, the most obtuse perceptive faculties, a perverse temper or besotted judgment, could withhold assent to their being with me in loving positive existence. Hence I fancy them ever floating in silence over our benighted sphere, sometimes joyous as they listen to the tones of affection that go up from hearthstones that have seemingly deserted, or saddened when their loved on earth had put them far away, buried them in the earth till the "resurrection day," or peat them around the "great white throne." Like the swift-winged petrel, that daintily touches the ocean's surface in its tranquil mood, or calmly skims the storm-created wave, spirits seem to me to hover over the great ocean of life, and thus to gently impress their presence upon its ever changeable wave of mortality.

I have the following good test, which is worth recording, from a Mrs. Packard, a wealthy lady, a good medium, and highly esteemed by all who know her: On the 12th of July, 1862, a Mr. William J. Humphrey, lifting the curtains of his tented life here, passed over to those bright hills where the angels are encamped. Six years afterward, (in 1868,) Mrs. Packard, her brother, son and daughter, I think, were seated together for a séance, when a spirit announced himself as one who knew them all, but whom none could recall to mind, though he stated that he had died in Fayette street, and gave, on being questioned, the above date of his chrysalis—the year, the month, the very day. Willing to believe, (for Mrs. P. has ever been surrounded by truthful spirits,) yet no one of the party could as yet remember who the person was. Finally he was asked if he would spell his name? He replied in the affirmative, and proceeded as far as William J. Hum (phrey) before he was recognized. The tardy recognition was partly owing to the fact that Mrs. P. had a son named William J. All now remembered perfectly W. J. H., and of his having died in Fayette street; but, strange to say, all agreed in two things adverse to his statement: that he had been dead a much longer time than six years, and that it was in cold, or at least not in warm weather when his demise took place. One was positive that he had passed away in the winter; and Mrs. P. herself said she would have wagered fifty dollars, had she been in the habit of staking money on any occasion, that there was a mistake in the date. Mr. Packard, quite sure also that at least eight or ten years had elapsed since Mr. H.'s death, went to his (Mr. H.'s) brother's store and inquired incidentally concerning the event, and found that the statement made by the spirit was perfectly correct.

About nine months ago the spirit of a musician who calls himself Plumbert, formerly of Munich, began to give music lessons in my house to a near relative of mine, that is, when seated at the piano in the dark, he would take possession of her hands, and cause her to execute, and with great rapidity, difficult pieces of music, of which she knew nothing, and could not in her normal state have performed, though a player of ordinary attainments. Suddenly the programme was changed; when the lady took her seat, as before, at the piano, placed her fingers on the keys and awaited the professor's influence, her hands would be removed and placed in her lap, and she was informed that she would receive no more lessons till she had been to Cuba, where a relative would, ere long, require her sympathies and affection. A few months afterward came the sad news of a death that not only confirmed what had been implied in the warning above recorded, but another that had been made by the little charming Indian, "Pinky," anterior to the former. Now, what is quite odd, the spirits still insist that the lady must and will go to Cuba, and hence refuse to resume the music lessons till their wishes have been complied with. Last Sunday, at a séance at the house of the Mrs. Packard above named, the deceased Cuban, whose demise had been predicted as just stated, manifested himself; and as he did not speak English when in the flesh, he gave his communication in the Spanish language—an interesting and characteristic communication, not understood at all by Mrs. P.—adding his own desire to those already named, that my lady-friend should visit his afflicted widow in the Antilles.

God's beautiful blessings border our pathway—may they not be angels in disguise? Those who view them aright so see them. The blushing flower, the waving tree, the flowing stream, the healthful breeze, are whisperings of an unseen power, developments of an unknown spirit; but most men walk blindfolded among them and see them not; they stretch out their hands and feel

them not; they might as well live in the dungeons under the waters of Venice beyond the "bridge of sighs." The thoughtful on these things inhabit the palace on the other hand. A toad the other day attracted my attention. I took him up and examined the "jewels in his head." They seemed to sparkle and laugh, as it were, in the blessed sunlight. The mighty workings of infinite power and wisdom, even in that little humble hopper in my garden, I laid to heart and was happier.

Albany, N. Y., May 7th, 1870.

SPIRITUALISM TRIUMPHANT.

BY T. L. WAUGH.

However much the opposers of Spiritualism may assail our beautiful philosophy, it is a fact that many are being convinced of its truth, because it is forced upon their attention whether they will or no. Those who have been the most opposed to it have become its warmest friends. They are coming from among the ranks of sectarianism and joining the grand army of progress, who, clad in the vesture of truth, are doing valiantly for the sacred cause of reform.

There are certain individuals who, thoroughly ignorant of Spiritualism, set themselves up as the expounders of this system. Having made but a superficial investigation of the subject, they straightway pass judgment upon it, as though they were qualified so to do. Because some few Spiritualists have been found guilty of immoralities, or what has seemed as such, it has been charged upon the system of Spiritualism. A very unfair way of judging. Suppose that Christianity were to be judged in the same way. A majority of its professors live no better lives than others, as appears evident from their deeds. Yet if they are "sound in doctrine," they are considered all right, and their salvation made sure. Let them not undertake to condemn Spiritualism until they have better reasons for doing so, and until they are more consistent themselves. It is far superior to any of the theological systems, for it is more natural, and presents more reasonable views of religious ideas than the absurd vagaries of heathen mysticism incorporated into the religions of the day.

Those who have emerged out of their darkness into the glorious liberty of a reasonable religion can perceive the superiority of the latter. It does not do away with prayer and devotion, as some have said; but it does away with senseless forms and ceremonies which are of no possible benefit. True prayer is elevating. The soul should look up to God, the giver of all good, and hold sweet communion with Him. In moments of solitude, when the world seems hushed to peace, and all Nature reveals the love of God, how fitting is secret devotion. The spiritual nature is refreshed with the "dews of heaven"; friends passed to the "other shore" beckon us to come up higher—to live nobler lives, so that we may be fitted for usefulness here and hereafter. This is Spiritualism—not such an immoral thing when it is understood. All the good that there is in Christianity is retained, but its errors rejected.

An acquaintance of mine had lost a beloved wife, who had an affectionate regard for her family, and especially for her youngest daughter, a child of three years of age. She felt and to leave her, but she must go. One night she awoke, begging to go to her mother, whom she saw at the foot of her bed. The same was continued for several nights. (This was several days after her death.) Her father thought it was some hallucination, but she importuned him so strongly to let her go to her mother, he began to think she really did see her. From that time he was convinced of the reality of Spiritualism, and is now a believer in it. None of his family had ever heard or known of any previous spiritual manifestation in their midst or in their vicinity. Thus Spiritualism is bound to prevail.

Morris, Conn., April, 1870.

Disgraceful Proceedings—Arrest of J. H. Powell.

DEAR BANNER—I am, as far as I now see, through a process by no means pleasant or profitable, either to myself or the enlightened town of Clarence, Missouri.

I was illegally arrested on Saturday evening, whilst lecturing on the science of Psychology, because I refused to be taxed in any sum for my religion. The marshal, by order of the Board, demanded three dollars. I refused payment. Brother E. W. Culver, one of the principal citizens, volunteered to be responsible. It was useless; the orders were "arrest"; the animals, bigotry. Who ever heard of a like dastardly act? I was arrested before the audience just as I was discoursing on the magnetic spheres. After appearing before the authorities, Bro. Culver was accepted as bail for my appearance before the court yesterday. The excitement was intense, and a great deal of kindness shown toward the prisoner. The hall keeper presented me with the price of the hall, and J. G. Mann undertook my defence without request or fee, a liberality elevating to the profession of which he is a promising member. He conducted the case for the defence with great skill, and demonstrated the entire illegality of the whole proceeding. It was all to no purpose. Senator O. S. Brown, prosecuting attorney for the State, did not fail to impress upon the jury his opinion that *Spiritualism was altogether a humbug*. I claimed permission to address the jury, and touched upon the moral aspects of the arrest, showing that it was opposed to the genius of American institutions, and a barbarism that would not be tolerated in England, with all its aristocracy and vested interests. I further declared that I never yet had paid a tax and never would pay one for the liberty to preach the religion of my soul, or to treat on subjects of science. Senator Brown replied with all the force of his nature, that I had defied God and the jury, and he would see whether I should not be punished if I refused to pay "guilty"; and the fine stated at three dollars and costs. Mr. Mann asked the justice to make out an order for my commitment, but he would not, saying that he had no power to imprison me.

Thus you may know that I am not in jail, yet a gross and brutal injustice has been inflicted upon me, by the corporation of Clarence, and I have not been able to do other than maintain my own integrity. I could not pay their infamous tax without degradation to myself, and injury to all who are working in the spiritual field. I saw the matter in this light, and although pronounced "guilty" by a jury, do not see, thank God, the ghost of guilt in my path.

Mr. Mann is satisfied that I have a clear action against the corporation for false imprisonment. He has quite substantiated the position he took on the trial to the minds of myself and others.

What ought I to do? Will you and the friends abroad in our ranks who will aid me to test this question?

I am working, working, working, and wearing down in health, owing to mental anxiety. I am so often moneyless, or next to it, owing to the poverty or selfishness of those to whom I minister, that I scarcely feel at times that it will be possible for me to keep up the work, yet I pray for strength and courage. Who will give me a help to grapple with bigotry in Clarence, and press on my way, rejoicing?

All letters for me should be addressed, J. H. Powell, box 424, Hannibal, Missouri. N. B.—Will exchange please copy? Macon City, Mo., May 10th, 1870.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY.

LECTURER COLBY.....EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON.....ASSISTANT.

The readers of the present issue of the *Harvard* will not omit to refer to the Address, on the sixth page of the United States Indian Commission to the American People, through the President of the Commission, Peter Cooper, and the Secretary of the same, Edward Crowninshield. It lays open to view, at a single glance, the pitiful situation of the country in reference to a general Indian war—protracted, bloody, and torturous on both sides—and urges upon the Government, and upon the people who support the Government, the employment of extreme judgment, great patience, and all proper means, especially the keeping of faith on our part, for suppressing the present tendencies to outbreak and performing all our pledges in the interest of unity and peace. The convention was held at Cooper Institute on the 18th, that too, the most important matter in charge, and which then and there fell from the lips of the distinguished speakers we trust will operate with power upon the minds to which it is particularly addressed.

As but a single, and now a fresh illustration of the wrongs deliberately practiced on the red men we need do no more than allude to a transaction which our contemporaries of both political parties and on all sides of us, are to-day vigorously discussing. Only a few years ago, the Osage Indian owned a considerable tract of land in southern Kansas, some 62,000 millions of acres in extent. This remnant of a tribe, once powerful and numerous, and that occupied and owned with their related tribe, the Kyses, the entire territory of Kansas and a large part of what is at present Indian Territory, is now reduced to but four thousand men and women. Our Government has repeatedly recognized their original ownership of Kansas by treating with them as its owners. Although they were crowded down, by the encroachment of the white settlers, into the comparatively narrow space they now occupy,

Even there, however, they are not suffered to live in peace. The envious eye of the white settler has spied out the fertility of their chosen seat, and he has resolved to wrest it from him at any cost. The *mobs quadrati* is perfectly simple: during the hunting season, and while the warriors are absent, they rush in and occupy the acres owned by the Indians, till the same, and are discovered there when the red men return from the hunt. It is natural that the latter should be dissatisfied at such a state of things, and if he ventures to make complaint he is resisted, when open fights ensue, and another Indian outrage is telegraphed in haste all over the country. Although the Osage hold their present lands by the conditions of a solemn treaty, twenty thousand settlers have persistently managed to get within their limits, and have squatted on some of their choicest land without leave from any one. It is, of course, private intrusion, but practically the effect is precisely the same as if it were authorized and encouraged by the Government.

Just now, however, the case is passing from the hands of individuals into those of the Government. The Senators from Kansas, with the Committee on Indian Affairs, come forward and propose that the Government shall resume full control of the reservation occupied by the Osages. They throw a solemn treaty, to which there are two parties, entirely behind their back. Who could be the motive that prompted such a scheme if not selfishness underneath? It is a railroad job that lies poorly concealed below. Not that we would not have railroads everywhere, but we are not called on to build them by fraudulent men. These Osage lands are coveted by the projectors of six railroads, and they want to pay just twenty cents per acre for them. The lands are in fact worth to-day from four to five dollars, being well watered and excellently timbered. There was a sense of justice in a treaty with the Indians,

pretense of making a treaty with the Indians to these lands a short time ago, the proposition being that one-half of them should be sold by the United States for the sole benefit of their owners, the latter first ceding them. It was thought in the Senate that the Indians had never fairly consented to this proposal, which was the reason it's not being ratified at the time.

But now the Kansas Senators and the Committee on Indian Affairs come forward with a increased claim, and demand that not only one half, but the whole of these lands shall be sold ostensibly and professedly for the benefit of the Osages. But how for their benefit, if they are not in any case to receive what the lands are worth or anything like it? The whole benefit is of course to accrue to the six railroad companies, who want these lands, and are determined to have them if possible. What are the supposed benefits of railroads, in comparison with injustice so glaring as this? What can that civilization be called, that permits itself to do an act of this character, in the name of improvement, and progress, and even good thing? It behooves us to send missionaries to China and India, does it not? with such black practices as this laid at our very door? If Senator Morrill, of Maine, who has exposed the iniquity of this proposed transaction, which is to be a lasting disgrace to our Government and people. Along with the rest of the scheme, and the most cruel of all, it is proposed that the Osages after being thus despoiled of their lands, shall forever leave the State!

Though this iniquity has been shown up public, the Senate Indian Committee have nevertheless reported a bill precisely as the land grabbers would have it, and with all the wicked provisions in it that characterized the measure based upon the hollow treaty referred to. This one of the plainest and most forcible illustrations of the country could have of the causes of our Indian troubles, and shows distinctly for what we are continually in hot water with the red men, and why there is such a loud and emphatic protest continually going up from the justice-loving part of the people, against the repeated wrongs allowed to be practiced on the native of the plains. We have but to deal justly and all will be well.

Miss N. R. Batchelder will please accept our thanks for a beautiful bouquet of flowers for our Free Circle table.

Notwithstanding grave doubts have been expressed as to the genuineness of the reported plot to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon, late foreign lists contain details which disclose that a most formidable conspiracy has for a long time been forming under the immediate charge of one Baur, the principal agent of the plot, a young fellow of some twenty-two years of age, born in Spain, of French parents—a man of energetic and resolute character, who, by changing his residence daily, long eluded detection. Expert detectives, however, after two days of vigorous search, discovered not only the whereabouts of the culprit, but everybody with whom he was in communication. At the time of his arrest he had just alighted from his carriage and turned his steps toward a house of ill-fame, where he had passed the preceding night. Just at that moment the Commissary of Police, who had been following him from a long

A Pharisee—for his language betrays him—had written from Hammonston, N. J., to the *Index* on what he is pleased to style the "free-lovelism" of those who hold the theory of Free Religion, making sundry base assertions in his communications that were not entitled to the room they occupy in any paper. But the editor of the *Index* saw fit, in his charity, to let the writer run under the full length of his own tether, that he might possibly disarm him by his calmness and patience to reply. We give the reply in full, because it embodies some excellent thoughts on the whole subject of Free Religion, and summarily silences the buzzing class of slanderers who persist in importing to all believers in Spiritualism the practices with which they prove themselves to be familiar. This is the well-stated reply of the *Index*:

"It is no part of our aim to build up Free Religious organizations. Where these are needed, they would build themselves up. Fully realizing the enormous and unprofitable waste of time and money to see men and women associating for the purpose of mutual improvement and common service of humanity, provided they plant themselves on absolute liberty of thought and conscience, but we have no faith in 'tests of fellowship' and 'tests of orthodoxy' of any kind, and we do not wish to have low, and ignoble souls will give us a noble worth. We all go each 'to his own place.' We do not 'propose to keep Free Religion' in the hands of those who will use it to elevate mankind. It is our business to teach it and to let it be used by those who will use it for the interest of any organization bearing its name. We need not 'keep' it—it will keep us. It will fill us with such deep disgust at what is monstrously called 'free love,' but ought to be called 'free love,' that the licentious will sink away from 'ourselves' and we will be left with the good. We feel no fear that bad men or women will abuse the principles we advocate. What can they do with these principles except to grow daily better under their influence? We seek to plant the truth, the truth, the enthusiasm of humanity, the devotion to the good, the love of the world, the conviction, the faith in great ideas and moral goodness, in every human soul; and shall we dread *these* be prostituted to vile ends? These are Free Religion; and when they once strike the soul, they wear perpetual fruit in the practice of good and the attainment of human welfare. We would plant the seed—the eternal laws of God will bring the harvest."

We suppose there is no use in trying to confute, or silence the predetermined persistence of these Pharisees, in charging "free-lovelism" upon Spiritualism. Such vile fellows will continue to do so as long as it suits them. They know that for the present it pleases certain leaders and influential parties in Old Theology, and their vanity is tickled by the notice they temporarily attract. The true Spiritualist, it is not necessary to say in all plainness of speech, never was what is styled a "free-lover," and never can be. It has answered a good turn for those who would check the spread of an utterly false, to hurl such allegations at the heads of all professed believers. A Free Religion like ours has nothing whatever to do with free love. It is neither based on it; supported by it, nor afflicted with it. We do not deem it worth while for any pure mind to exert itself to prove its purity; that will inevitably show for itself. Mere proof proves nothing. And another thing: it might be understood by any person of ordinary penetration, that those who seek to clothe their vicious practices with a professed connection with some religious faith, invariably choose a faith that is the purest.

The last hearing on the petition to throw open the public Library of this city on Sundays, was held on Tuesday last before the committee of the City Government. As the petitioners had been allowed to present their case on previous occasions, the final session was given up entirely to the remonstrants. And they came out in the plenitude of their moral powers—they came dragging their heavy artillery—the Law and the Prophets—behind them. They came with the thunders of Sinai roaring about their devoted heads. Their inspiration was borrowed from Leviticus, and their highest reason rested in the Puritanic law. Nothing was brought forward but the old humdrum objections to the petition that had done service so many times before. Especially was “the sanctity of the Sabbath” proclaimed and declaimed upon. If the Bible (Old Testament) is not to be enforced as divine law in Boston, said they, then we will see what dependence is to be placed on human laws. Very pretty reasoning indeed. How long can a free community live with comfort and in peace on a basis of that sort? The meaning of such language is—if these people, the petitioners, are not willing to respect the Sabbath—our Sabbath as we would have them, we will proceed to force them to do so by law.

Such is the spirit of the religion that is professed by those who engineer the opposition to the present liberal movement. One gentleman, a leading merchant, said that he "stood squarely for the Sabbath." As he looks at the Sabbath, his course means. But what if some other gentleman does not stand "squarely" by the Sabbath, using the speaker's rule and plummet as the standard of measurement? What is to be done then? Why, nothing but make him do it. It is to appearance a very easy way. It has been tried again and again by the Church, but what are the results of such an experiment? The fact is, the whole object of the remonstrants, who represent decaying Old Theology, is to compel other people outnumbering themselves by thousands and tens of thousands, to file into their fold, wear their collar, and speak their shibboleth. Less than that is accounted sin. And as these obstinate individuals believe in predestination and election as essential parts of their theological creed, they are quite willing that all who will not obey their shall go to the "devil." They hope, on any rate. Now we want to know if the common, reasonable wishes of an intelligent community are to be set aside to gratify the bigotry of these would-be rulers?

This work, by George Milvaine Ramsay, D. D., is having an extensive sale and attracting large share of attention in scientific circles. It has been freely criticised and reviewed, *pro et contra*. The positions taken by the author are not in many respects, but the motto of the book, "First of all learn to be just," should be borne in mind by all who may peruse it. The mighty themes of astronomy and geology, with their varied ramifications, are herein carefully considered, and the "idea of the origin of diurnal motion" given, will, if true, as the author says, "revolutionize the whole empire of thought." Interested in the scientific investigation of Nature and her revelations, will do well to add "Cosmology" to the contents of their libraries.

In the present issue of the *Banner*, on the second page, will be found an interesting article under the head of "The Future Life," contributed these columns by Judge Edmonds. We hope our friends will heed the suggestion made by the

We give below an account which is going to the rooms of the public press, owing its origin to the *St. Louis Republican*. While the story of the poor girl, driven by desertion into a life of shame, followed all her days by the psychological influence (or obsession) of her former mate—that "dark eastern man"—in the spirit-world, is plain, and readily accounted for by the Spiritualist, who, listening to the inculcations of his faith, learns charity to the fallen, the necessity of avoiding temptation, and the unfulfilling balance of compensation which in another existence shall come to every soul in exact proportion as it has acted its part in this—it is incomprehensible to the ordinary class of newspaper readers, and is seized, on any sensational paragraph might be, flies momentarily, winged with the love of the marvelous in humanity, and then drops like a spent arrow, turned aside from its true mission by the thick breastplate of popular prejudice.

But let us gratefully acknowledge the gradual broadening views of the world at large; let us give thanks that, socially and theologically, in the world of the lonely, dying outcast from society—"It's almost morning now!" The clouds which have blinded for ages the mental vision of mankind to the incompleteness of social laws and customs for the defence of the rights of the weak and erring in this life, and the incompetency of the Orthodox scheme of salvation for that which lies "beyond the veil," are rolling away; and the solemn straightness of the varied churchly organizations is paling in the radiance that streams from that land of glory within this poor, spiritual-persecuted walf has passed on.

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept quiet and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the few medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secrecy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no near relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes called by the police "privateers." Her home was a small room in a tenement building which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. It was never the scene of drunken revels or unruly gatherings, and, in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own.

A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a doctor, who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room late one Saturday night and found Sarah kneeling on the rug before the fire-place, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly. The young man states that he endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble, but that she seemed bewildered, and persisted in passionate entreaties that he should leave her room. Her agitation increased, and finally, after hearing the sound of her voice would attract atten-

The following Sunday, feeling curiously interested in the state of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place, and found the door ajar. He entered, and she flung him out. He stated that he found her in a picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot with tears, and her movements indicated extreme weakness. The following is a report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick Sarah," I said. "I will get

doctor, and you will be all right in a few days." "It's of no use, Henry; nothing can save me. I've been called and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, and by this day week I will die." "I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as talking to herself; "my life has been a bitter, bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh God!" she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, "I have a husband, a child, a father—he be the one to call me. He must be my husband, my father, my God. I must live. I must live. I must live away from happy Stamford, and from this wretched strumpet of me. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laugh at my prayers and tears. I heard he was dead long ago—shot himself down South—and I, God had avenged me. But no, no! he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him, curse him! my evil star. And now he takes my life. Curse him! curse him in hell forever!" She hissed these last words through her teeth with terrible emphasis, and sank on the sofa panting and exhausted.

"I left her for a short time and procured two my medical friends and returned to the room." The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death are gathered from the physician who attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on the

She seemed possessed with the idea that death was approaching, and it was evident to her considered she had a supernatural intimation of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and knew she must go. "We could do no specific allusion, and treated her as we considered best to allay nervous and mental excitement and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Thursday she seemed better, but on Friday alarming and most singular symptoms were developed."

It appears that on this evening, when the doctors visited Sarah together, they found young man, Henry, in the room. As they proached the bed they observed a change occurred in the patient. Her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with a crimson color. Otherwise, however, she appeared calm and self-controlled.

"Tell them, Henry, what I have told you,"

He hesitated, and finally she continued: "This poor boy, doctors, won't believe me w
I tell him I shall die to-night at 12 o'clock."
Henry was weeping, and she said to him: "Were you fond of me, really?—fond of
wretched girl of the town? Oh, Henry, God
bless you for your kindness and love to me."
She continued to talk rationally and affect
ately for her young friend until about 10 o'clock
when she closed her eyes and appeared to sleep.
The next day one unusually sultry and
for April, and the 18th.

for April, and between 11 and 12 o'clock a thunder storm broke over the city. Sarah had continued silent for over an hour, and except for a whispered conversation of the three men in the room and her quiet "A crash of thunder will shake the building," and "I am glad, and she suddenly sat up in bed. The physician stated that they had been in bed for three days. The physician approached and found her trembling violently. He caught hold of the arm of Dr. —, saying, "I am a good, strong, brave man; can't you save me? Why should a poor girl like me be persecuted this way? I have been suffering all my life, now I am dying at the bidding of this dark, st. man. Oh! save me, doctor! save me, for I am myself has given me up!"

As she spoke she clutched the doctor's arm with desperation, and a fearful earnestness was pressed in her face. The young man heard no time, overcome by the scene, left the room. She did not notice his departure, but continued to wildly at some coming peril. All at once, the doctors were endeavoring to compose her. To induce her to lie down, she turned her face toward the door and uttered a piercing shriek. In a moment she had become a raving maniac. Her eyes were fixed on the door as if they saw some terrible object there.

"So you've come," she said; "you've come, James Lannox, to complete your work." But to your friends now. I am no longer at your command. I hate you, you bad, wicked, blood-thirsty man. I hate you more body and soul than I'm free. Keep off!"

As she spoke she sprang out of bed and ran behind the physicians, shuddering and muttering herself. They put their arms round her and led her into the bed again. She resisted like a beast, and seemed to think herself struggling with a deadly foe. She heaped imprecation on the head of her haunting persecutor; and declared that she would never again inhale the air of scenes in her past life. For many days an hour she remained in this way, and then

Her eyes closed, and she seemed asleep. Her breathing became regular, but very low and faint, and her pulse fell alarmingly. In a little time she opened her eyes, and looking upon her attendants, smiled sweetly. She muttered something, and one of the doctors bent down, and says he heard the words, "It's almost morning now."

They were the last words of Sarah Gladstone, for in ten minutes afterwards she was dead—and the clock was striking twelve.

This gentleman recently read an admirable essay on "False and True Praying," before the Radical Club, in Boston. Having described the various praying machines used in heathen countries, he said that when it was considered how laborious was most of the public praying in all countries, he thought these were the greatest labor-saving machines ever invented. Our public prayers are watered by a phraseology which might be learned by rote above, if the Infinite has an ear to tolerate it. But our false praying is not limited to this iteration of words repeated from books, or dropped from extemporaneous discourse. The whole modern theory of praying is vitiated by various suppositions: that heaven needs to be informed upon our public and domestic matters; that natural law may be modified or suspended at human entreaties; that certain gifts may be had for the asking, and not for the practicing; that our whole internal economy can jet on the invisible as by turning a faucet.

Mr. Weiss considered that the most fallacious and detrimental supposition as regards prayer, is the one that considers that the laws of Nature are not irreparable. Human Nature learns from the imperability of every year that God is not a respecter of persons; for the laws which bring rescue are incompetent to decide character. He brought striking illustrations to show that all the providence there is, law, nature and mankind create. Providence builds its own test theory upon its own impartiality. Prayer, like that of Stonewall Jackson before he went out to battle, is an involuntary gesture made by every strong mind that heaves itself up toward future enterprise. Both sides will pray, but the toughest temper wins. What a fine disdain there must be in heaven for all the prayers that undertake to coax laws and qualities into events! Devoutness is the announcement that every success makes of its superiority to prayer, and allows the epithet only after the fact. There is no praying possible to a man until he becomes again enough of a child not to calculate his raptures, and not to crave an equivalent. We can get a salad without growing it, just as often as we can get sanctities. Not a word need pass for praying. If there be real earnestness, that is prayer, because it is sincere desire to fulfill duty. Prayer is the perfect tenderness of the finite toward the infinite, since it is by earnestness that the work of God goes on.

It may be interesting to Americans, and especially to American Spiritualists, to learn that their countryman, Dr. J. R. Newton, will have by this time experienced a cordiality of welcome in England, such as the hospitality of Englishmen and the enthusiasm of English Spiritualists, dispose them so spontaneously to offer to a respected foreigner.

From letters just received from different friends in England are given these various particulars. One writing from Liverpool, under date of May 3d, says: "I am just preparing to set out for a tour through France, Prussia, and probably Russia. I take the afternoon train of to-day; I regret extremely that I will not be here when Dr. J. R. Newton arrives; he is expected on the 6th or 7th, but a 'reception' is being prepared for him by my friend, Mr. Wasen. All the leading Spiritualists in Liverpool, with Mr. Wasen as their chief, will take the Cunard steam tender and go down the Mersey as soon as the ocean steamer is telegraphed as being in the channel, and *there*, our English waters, will Dr. Newton receive his first hearty welcome to English shores."

Dr. Newton will likely be the guest of Mr. Wasen during his stay in Liverpool, thus, at last implementing an invitation of nearly a year's standing.

Previous acknowledgments,	\$50.00
O. Arms, Attica, Ind., sends us "Cash,"	2.00
Cephas B. Lynn, from the Salem Society of Spiritualists,	12.00
Prof. A. Esward, Savannah, Ga.,	2.50
Mrs. J. Hastings,	1.00
Mrs. Moulton, Boston,	5.00
W. A.,	5.00
C. D.,	1.00
Total	\$80.50

We cordially thank the friends for so promptly responding to our call for aid for Austin Ken. May the blessings of heaven increase their store. In this connection we deem it appropriate to append the following letter:

WILLIAM WHITE & Co.—I notice in the *Banner* that Austin Kent is still in need of assistance. I sent him two dollars some time since, but that seems not to relieve him; and if your offer to give ten dollars is fairly started, I hope something permanent may be accomplished. Enclosed you will find an order for ten dollars,* hoping others will do something in the same way.

Respectfully yours, STACY TAYLOR

respectfully yours. STACY TAYLOR.
Crosswicks, Burlington Co., N. J.

◦ Acknowledged in a previous issue.

When Don Enrique de Bourbon was on his way to the duel which proved fatal to him, he turned to one of the attendants and related the following story: There was an old woman to whom I had been in the habit of giving alms. One day when he was passing out the alms, the old woman said to me, "My dear sir, I have been thinking of you, and my heart is very sore. I have been begging him to hear her. Touched by the emotion she exhibited, he invited her to speak, never doubting that she had some request to make. She at once rose and with the air of an inspired prophetess, said: "Monseigneur, never fight a duel! if you do, you will instantly be killed." "Why this day?" asked I, in surprise. "I have forgotten the prediction of the seers," (medium.) I know not what now brings it to my mind."

If that dunstall had had the good sense to have heeded the warning of his spirit friends, which was given through that poor old woman who possessed the divine gift of mediumship, he would undoubtedly have escaped the doom that awaited him; or, had he obeyed the direct impression that recalled the warning so vividly while on his way to the fatal field, he would not be the unhappy soul he is to-day in spirit-land, separated, as he prematurely was, from his own temple of flesh.

Dr. Persons, who has met with success in Texas as a healer, opened an office at Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the 14th of May, and will remain there sixty days from that date. The afflicted should bear this in mind, and avail themselves of the rare opportunity of receiving his healing influence. He has effected many truly wonderful cures in Texas the past winter.

Phenomenal Spiritualism.

Davenport Cabinet and Dark Scenes.

Notwithstanding the persistent attacks made upon this branch of our faith, both by those interested parties yelped doctors of divinity and medicine, and the faint-hearted among those who have received the baptism of the skies—the physical phenomena continue to attract deep and earnest attention all over the civilized world. From Europe, Australia, the far West, as well as amid the peaceful but rigidly orthodox hills of New England, the cry of wonder arises, as step by step the old landmarks of the fathers seem borne away by the flood of evidence, which, despite a prejudiced and adverse public opinion, is forcing its way through every avenue of human life, proclaiming a knowledge of that "which kings and prophets waited for"—the certainty of continued conscious individualized existence beyond the mystic portals of the grave!

We are in receipt of two papers published at Madison City, Wis., which give a detailed account of a séance given at that place Friday evening, May 7th, at City Hall. One of them, the official paper for Madison City, says:

"The Davenport Brothers! Now we have got a subject we know nothing of, and we should very much like to see the person who does, except the above gentlemen themselves. To tell the many wonderful things done by these world-renowned brothers would, perhaps, astonish many, but their performances must be seen to be appreciated, as before every one of the large audience who witnessed their feats last evening at the City Hall will testify."

After describing the regular order of exercises, which was similar to that which has been published in our columns on several occasions, the editor proceeds to close by saying, with regard to the performances:

"Many astonishing things were done that we could not account for, neither could the committee. After the cabinet performances had ended, a special 'dark séance' was given to a limited number who obtained tickets at the door. This performance we shall not attempt to describe, for we are not certain in our own mind that Old Nick had something to do with it. For when we saw musical instruments (which had been previously covered with phosphorus to distinguish them in the dark) sailing through the hall issuing forth music, a coat taken off one of the best men, and several other things which we could not account for to the conclusion that we would keep pretty friendly with all concerned; and we do not propose to tell much about it—for a good reason known to ourselves. We do not propose to say what we think about it just yet. Go and witness for yourselves, and we will guarantee you will not find fault with us for our advice."

The other, the *Wisconsin State Journal*, says of the same séance:

"The Davenport Mysteries.—Call them by what name you please, the performances of the Davenport Brothers, at the City Hall, last evening, were the most remarkable and wonderful of the kind ever witnessed here. Whether attempted to be accounted for on the theory of legerdemain, prestidigitation, magnetism, Spiritualism, witchcraft, sorcery, or in any other way, they were alike mysterious and inexplicable. * * * Last evening Messrs. E. W. Keyes, Postmaster, and N. B. Van Slyke, of the first National Bank, were selected as a committee, on the part of the audience, to inspect things and to attempt to solve the mystery, if possible, and see that there was no cheating. * * * After a careful examination, Messrs. Keyes and Van Slyke, in the most thorough manner they could contrive, tied up the two Davenports' hands and feet, and fastened them to a seat at opposite ends of the closet."

After several exhibitions of power, and the search of the committee for change in knots proving fruitless, the report says:

"Again the door was closed, and in a brief space of time the Davenports, who had been shut up free, were found to be tied much more elaborately than by the committee. Again a hat, put on one of their heads, before the door could be fairly closed was transferred to Mr. Van Slyke's head. Then Mr. Keyes was shut up in the closet with the two brothers, a hand fastened to each, so that he was confident they did not move, and similar demonstrations took place, and the musical instruments being tossed about, played on, and finally his head crowned with the tambourine, and other musical instruments piled in his lap. The closing test was the untiring of the brothers shut up alone, flour being placed in their hands, so that they could not use them to effect release, without spilling, of which there were no signs. * * * After the examination of these things was over, or, rather, as it was, they they arose, or, rather, to indulge a love of the marvellous, let him attend the exhibitions at the City Hall."

Boston Eight-Hour League.

A Mass Convention of the friends of short hours for labor was held at Horticultural Hall, Wednesday morning, afternoon and evening, May 18th, George E. McNeill presiding. Speeches were made during the session by Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Rev. W. H. Channing, Ira Stewart, J. Davis Rockwood and many others well known in the labor reform movement. In the evening E. R. Place, whose poetic contributions are familiar to our readers, recited an appropriate poem, calling for greater time for mental improvement and less hours for physical labor. The sessions were well attended, especially that of the evening, which was crowded. After the adoption of the following resolutions the Convention dissolved:

Resolved, That this Convention regards the shortening of the hours of labor as the first change to be urged on the attention of the community; believing that the leisure thus secured to the workmen will be, in the main, well used, and aid in fitting them for that system of co-operation which is the basis for a fair and final arrangement of the relations of capital and labor.

Resolved, That we consider the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, established last year by the State, as a most valuable and indeed indispensable instrumentality to show the governing minds of the Commonwealth the pressing importance of our question and of the demands we make of the Legislature for its interference; and in behalf of the capital as well as of the labor of the State, we ask that it may be strengthened and enlarged.

Resolved, That we record our grateful sense of the prompt and generous interference of President Grant and Senator Wilson to rescue from legal chicanery the law which made eight hours a laboring day in the National workshops; a law which owed its existence largely to this generous interest in our movement, and would have been a dead letter but for their exertions.

M. Milleson, Spirit Artist.

This gentleman, whose mediumistic gift seems to cover a new ground of spiritual development, has an interesting article on our eighth page, detailing his experience in corresponding with West and Vandyke in spirit-life, through J. V. Mansfield. Mr. Milleson has issued a pamphlet of some fifty pages, which we have for sale, giving directions of "how to obtain a spirit likeness" from him, also clearly discussing the whole matter of spirit painting.

The New England Labor Reform League Convention, which met in Mercantile Hall, Boston, Sunday, 22d inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., is to continue its sessions day and evening through Monday and Tuesday, the 23d and 24th. John Orvis, Wm. Denton, Mrs. E. L. Daniels, Albert Brisbane, E. H. Heywood, E. M. Chamberlain, Jennie Collins, J. G. Blanchard and many others will speak. The call for the above meeting did not reach us in season for insertion in our last issue.

The abundance of a miser is but poverty to him.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. Ditson's article in this number of the *Banner*, on Spirit Communism, closing with several excellent tests, is a valuable contribution, and we hope every one of our readers will give it a perusal.

We call attention to the card of the Mercantile Savings Institution, which may be found in our advertising columns. This Bank is more liberal to depositors than any other similar institution in the State of Massachusetts.

The fourth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists will be held on the 21st of June. See the call of the President, Dr. H. T. Child, which we print elsewhere.

Wm. Mungen, M. C., has our thanks for public documents.

If Prof. Rohde, who has on exhibition in this city Chromo-Stereoscopic Paintings, or Mr. Chamberlain, his treasurer, had advertised in this paper, it would have been money in their treasury. The niggardly idea of sending us one ticket of admission, is, in our estimation, "saving at the tap and leaking at the bung."

THOMAS GALES FORSTER, as we learn from a correspondent, in his lecture in Philadelphia, on the 8th inst., bestowed a merited rebuke to the lukewarmness which prevails there in regard to the meetings, showing that it hinders their spiritual growth as a body and as individuals. His discourse conveyed the idea that when we wound a brother or sister, we also stab the attendant seraphs. This is an important recognition. Orthodoxy cannot present a more forcible and touching incentive to just and loving actions.

It is said that Eyre, the infamous commander of the steamer *Bombay*, evades the verdict of suspension by shipping as chief mate; while in reality he commands the steamer.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE and HUMAN NATURE for May have been received at this office, and will be sent by mail to any part of the United States and the British North American Provinces on receipt of price. These numbers are filled with choice reading, and should be in the hands of all friends of progress.

Prof. Peirce, of Cambridge, has a very favorable idea of his own profundity. At the late meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, being called on to read a promised paper, he declined, saying "that he had prepared a mathematical essay, but there were only three men in the academy who could understand it, and those were not present." The professor's modesty—considering that the large body of savans who assembled at Washington were the most noted in the land—is in the same category with the juryman who could not agree because the other eleven were all stubborn.

Ernest Renan was received with the warmest enthusiasm by the students of the University of Paris on his reelection to the Hebrew Professorship.

No names were spared to make the Philadelphia hall-storm successful.

Fifteen hundred and sixty-nine wanderers have the past year found shelter at the Temporary Home in Boston. The managers of this excellent institution have also in the same period restored to their parents forty-eight lost children; procured employment for 369 individuals, and performed many other charitable acts.

Those who eat wild parsnips out West seldom care for any other food.

The consumption of albumen is enormous; in calico printing alone for fixing on cloth the new aniline colors, Alsace, in France, uses 150,000 kilograms, or about 330,000 pounds a year of egg albumen, representing 37,000,000 eggs, or the product of 250,000 hens.

London *Human Nature* informs us that Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, of New York, is expected back in London in a few months, as he has had earnest invitations to give lectures and hold séances in that country.

A REGULAR JUNE BUG—but a bug that won't hurt either vegetable or animal matter—on the contrary it will aid the latter amazingly in the way of digestion, by exhilarating the caecal propensity. We refer to the June number of *Yankee Notions*, a quaint comical pictorial publication, issued monthly from 27 New Chambers street, New York, and sold by the American News Company, 121 Nassau street.

Gov. Hoffman, of New York, has vetoed the act entitled an act to protect citizens from empiricism and to elevate the standard of the medical profession. He says it was needlessly restrictive and harsh.

German astronomers assert that two stars—one in the constellation of the "Corona," and the other the "Etha Argus" (generally marked on astronomical charts by the Greek letter II)—have taken fire. Where's Elder Grant?

A Chicago woman says she has tried both, and being well dressed gives her more peace of mind than Orthodoxy.

LETTER POSTAGE TO FRANCE.—Two 2-cent postage stamps, placed on each half ounce letter, making four cents, will carry the letter to England by any English, or other ships that stop at England—or Ireland. On unpaid letters the English post-office charges eight cents to Paris, making in all twelve cents. Every other Saturday, the French steamers take letters to any part of France for ten cents, prepayment optional.

New Subscribers.

Since our last report our old subscribers whose names we append below have procured eighty-two new ones, for which they have our hearty thanks. If our friends continue to thus help us, the *Banner of Light* will be able to move steadily on in its good work. George Peck sent three new subscribers: A. S. Hayward, three; E. D. Morrill, two; N. Peters, one; L. K. Cooley, one; Mrs. E. A. Houghton, one; N. W. Percy, one; F. Kimball, one; D. S. Smith, one; Chas. C. Lord, one; Mrs. H. J. Miller, one; Susan Spencer, one; J. Spencer, one; H. Reilly, one; J. M. Frenet, one; Mrs. S. Hodgden, one; A. Warin, one; O. H. Beeman, one; Mrs. S. B. Pitts, one; George Eller, one; C. B. Lynn, two; W. L. Tinkham, one; B. W. Keith, one; J. F. Draper, one; A. S. Hayward, one; D. Thayer, one; N. B. Dodge, one; S. Means, one; S. Despeaux, one; W. Johnson & Co., one; Dr. H. Scott, one; Capt. J. C. Cook, one; A. M. Bradbury, one; H. C. Hall, one; E. M. Armstrong, one; J. Giles, one; J. Shearer, one; J. L. LaPlace, one; W. Holloway, one; Wm. Fish, one; Wm. C. Bromley, one; L. Carpenter, one; B. G. Higgins, one; Mrs. S. C. Sargent, one; Wm. Darling, one; S. B. Pierce, one; C. H. Matthews, one; E. Allen, one; A. Oshorn, one; S. D. Arnold, one; E. Bishop, one; J. C. Deady, one; Mrs. L. H. Perkins, one; T. A., one; A. P. Cowan, one; Mrs. L. H. Gurley, one; O. Vebber, one; J. H. Tanner, one; E. T. Thomson, one; J. J. Shanahan, one; Wm. A. Clough, one; L. Davis, one; H. Huyck, one; Wm. A. Torrey, one; A. Friend, two; D. B. Hubbard, one; S. H. Carter, one.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Boston.—*Mercantile Hall*.—A very interesting and well-attended meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was held at this hall Sunday morning, May 15th. Declamations and singing (in this quite an unusual number participated) followed the exercises, at the close of which, remarks were made by A. E. Carpenter and Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston.

In the evening, Miss Jennie Loys spoke at the same place, on the value of Spiritualism as the true religion when rightly weighed and understood. This lady has not recently commenced her labors as a public lecturer, having not long since graduated from the worn-out creeds, and stepped out into the clearer light of our dispensation. Let all needing the services of a speaker, extend to her a welcoming hand.

On Thursday evening, May 12th, an entertainment was given at Mercantile Hall by the members of the Children's Lyceum, for its benefit. Two pieces (dramatic), "The greatest Plague of Life," and "School for Daughters," were presented with spirit, and instrumental and vocal music, tableaux and recitations completed the programme. It is to be regretted that a larger number were not in attendance, as the entertainment was in every way worthy of the patronage of the friends of the Lyceum cause.

Temple Hall.—The regular convocations for spirit communion took place morning and afternoon at this hall, Sunday, May 15th, considerable interest being manifested. In the evening, Dr. John H. Currier addressed the Bayswater-Spiritualist Association on "True Worship." His remarks were received and endorsed by an appreciative audience.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum held its meeting at this place during the intermission of the circles, on Sunday, May 15th. Marching, singing, declamations by five children, a song by Miss George Gayvan, readings by Mrs. Dana, and answers to the question, "How shall we know a good person?" occupied the time. Attendance, 31.

A *Grand Union Picnic*.—We learn that a large number of the friends of the Lyceum movement are desirous that the different schools of the Children's Progressive Lyceums of Boston and vicinity should be brought together in some one of our Picnic Groves, about the last of June or first of July. All Lyceums who desire to unite in this movement are invited to send delegates to a meeting to be held in the Mercantile Hall, Tremont Temple, on Thursday, May 26th, immediately after the adjournment of the Massachusetts State Association at noon, for consultation and effecting of arrangements for such Grove Meeting. If all the Lyceums unite in this movement, the largest and finest gathering of the Army of Progress ever assembled can be brought out, and such a reunion cannot fail to result in great good to the cause.

CHARLESTOWN.—*Washington Hall*.—I. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, lectured at this hall, before the Spiritualist Association, afternoon and evening, Sunday, May 15th. Subject in the afternoon, "Truth;" in the evening, "Spiritual Influences."

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—*Harmony Hall*.—The usual Lyceum exercises took place at this hall, Sunday morning, May 15th; singing, marching, declamations by three children, and answers to the question: "Of what use are the Scriptures to the Spiritualists?" completed the services.

In the evening, Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, spoke at the same place, to a good house, on the "Bible evidences of Spiritualism."

CHELSEA.—Our neighbors in Chelsea having closed their very successful course of lectures, are up and moving to make their arrangements for the next season. Quite a large gathering of the Spiritualists met at the residence of B. T. Martin, Friday evening, the 13th. After interchanging views, an organization was perfected by choosing B. T. Martin, President; Dr. Benj. H. Cranford, Vice President, and Corresponding Secretary; Edward Wardwell, Sec'y; James S. Dodge, Treasurer; Dr. B. H. Cranford and B. T. Martin, Committee on Lectures; J. S. Dodge and D. E. Packard, Committee on Finance; J. W. Edmester and Joel E. Foster, Committee on Hall; L. H. Dusen and Mrs. J. S. Dodge, Committee on Music; B. T. Martin, Dr. B. H. Cranford, J. S. Dodge, J. W. Edmester, and L. H. Dusen, were chosen Executive Committee.

J. S. Dodge, the Treasurer, reported that all bills had been paid and there was a small balance to the credit of the Association. An additional fund was raised by those present, to be deposited to the credit of the Association, to meet any deficiencies that may occur the coming season. After a social good time, the company retired with the best feelings for the success of our glorious philosophy.

NORTH BRIDGEWATER.—Prof. William Dutton addressed the Spiritualists at this place, on Sunday, May 15th. As is usual where he speaks, the utmost interest was evoked, and upwards of two hundred persons were obliged to go away from the place of meeting, not being able to gain an entrance on account of its already crowded state.

New Publications.

LIFE AND ALONE is the striking title of a new story, published in neat book form by Lee & Shepard, which has been greeted in a highly eulogistic manner by competent critics. It makes pleasant reading for a summer day, being devoted, through its well-drawn characters and really original plot, to the enunciation of clearly defined purposes, the discussion of some current social questions, and the presentation of situations that were very near being sensational. We have no doubt it will enjoy a popular sale, and furnish much pleasure in the reading.

THE RADICAL for May contains an article on Walt Whitman, the poet, by a woman; a translation from Goethe, by John Weiss; an article on the Evidences of Spiritualism, by Hudson Tuttle, whose character need not be more particularly alluded to; a sermon on Immortality; "Mr. Abbott's Religion," by Watson, and some dialectic verses by various authors. The *Radical* is fresh and vigorous, and takes hold mainly of topics that press on the minds of the reflective and wise.

PURMAN'S MONTHLY for May opens with a paper describing the trip "Down the Danube," and branches out with an article on the Birds of the North, the outlook of our English Literature, a "Woman's Right," the question of "a more readable Bible," an article on "Quaker Quirks," a suggestive discussion on what is just now interesting the public, viz., "Proportional Representation," and, with poetry and criticism, a readable batch of Editorial Notes and running sketches of literature at home and abroad. It is a readable number.

J. L. Hammett, 20 Brattle street, has for sale the fifth of the new Little paper-covered books, called the "Library of Education," which is made up of the papers—argumentative and judicial, journalistic and polemical—that have been elicited by the discussion of the question of the Bible in Schools. It is a very neat and convenient compend of the whole subject, so far as treated. Another volume of the same character is to succeed it.

James S. Prescott, one of the Shaker Spiritualists, appears in a little pamphlet on the subject of "THE SOCIAL EVIL," which he treats in a very plain and candid way, and his words deserve a considerable hearing.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale "THE CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL FORCES," by Prof. Barker, of Yale College. It is a suggestive pamphlet.

A "SECULAR VIEW OF RELIGION IN THE STATE" is taken in a neat and timely pamphlet, by E. P. Harbath, which means a candid discussion of the interesting question of the Bible in the public schools. It is richly worth a careful perusal by both sides.

Y. A. Carr, M. D., author of a variety of publications of a scientific as well as of a character, sends us the "PANTHEON VORACIOUS OF THE MAIN OR HUMAN LIFE," which we have not had an opportunity to examine, except so far as to discover some highly original spelling and a variety of opinions that require a patient diving-bell to get the muddy meaning out of. We return our thanks for the illuminating production.

PACIFIC COAST WOMAN'S JOURNAL is the title of a good-sized sixteen page monthly sheet, which has just made its appearance in San Francisco. Mrs. Carrie F. Young is editor and proprietor. It is devoted to the interest of women and children, in protecting them from the ruin and degradation which intemperate husbands and parents bring upon them. The first number has taken hold of the work in good earnest. The composers are women and girls who belong to the "Women's Cooperative Printing Union." Success to the *Journal* and its cause.

Universal Peace Union.

The fourth anniversary of the Universal Peace Union will be held at Dordworth Hall, 806 Broadway, New York, May 26th (Thursday), at 3 and 7 o'clock, and Friday at 10 A. M., and 2 1/2 P. M.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will lecture in Portland, Me., during June.

Re-incarnation.

Much has been written upon the subject of re-incarnation by various writers, but to the present date there is nothing definite, and it seems to be a subject beyond the power of mortals to penetrate with any degree of satisfaction. The faint recollection of an individual is no proof—it may have been the very faint recollection of a dream, for all they may know to the contrary. Now it is either a truth or it is not, and we can conceive of no way of demonstrating it to be a truth, if it be so. The whole idea seems to be a muddle that no human power can solve. There are no spirits from the other side that return and say they positively know it to be a truth. It is but the faint recollection there, as here. From the little knowledge we have of the other side, we have a right to infer that spirits know each other, and have their associations there as here. That being the case, when a spirit enters the other life before it had progressed sufficiently to ensure its continued immortality, and is obliged to undergo re-incarnation to attain the requisite development, a definite time would be set when said spirit must leave spirit-life, and spirits who were associated with it must know of the fact, and also when it first arrived in spirit-life, and when it left; yet there are no spirits who claim to know these things for a truth!

It is proclaimed from the other side that the idiot here of seventy years enters spirit-life as a child and grows up to man and womanhood; the time spent here is only lost time. This was the reply of a spirit through Emma Frances Jay, in Milwaukee, some years ago, in answer to the question, "What of the idiot on the other side?" that the spirit failed to grow in knowledge here on account of its imperfect organization, but that it had the element of growth, and would expand and move onward in the scale of progress, and perfect itself in spirit-life. If this be true, where would be the gain in another round in the human form? To me it is a speculation wholly devoid of any foundation in truth. I can see no good in the agitation of the subject, nor can we divine any mode for its investigation. The idea to me is about as preposterous and revolting as an Orthodox hell.

Yours for truth,
Waukesha, Wis. W. D. HOLBROOK.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There appears to be an increase of water on the Plains. It is said that the streams between the Sierra Nevada and Missouri have been steadily increasing in volume for some years past, and in many places there are now running streams, where twenty years ago there was not a drop of water. Denver was built on the banks of an extinct creek; it is now a stream crossed by bridges. The Huerfano, the Royal Pecos, and other streams which were dry during the summer months, are now constantly running with considerable volume. The Laramie plains, over which travelers had to carry water, are now pretty well supplied. Salt Lake is higher than it was seven years ago. In many places the streams have increased one-fourth in five years past, and in many more places where there were no streams "all hail there they are!"

A house is building at the corner of Berkeley and Marlborough streets, Boston, for Josiah Caldwell, which will cost over \$100,000. The material is Baltimore brick, with Nova Scotia stone dressings.

The National Woman Suffrage Association, at their meeting in New York last week, failing to unite with the American Association, joined itself to the Fifth Avenue Woman Suffrage Society, and took the name of the "Union Woman Suffrage Society," of which Theodore Tilton was elected President. The subject of woman's rights was held at a public while the American Association met at Stetson Hall. At the latter Beecher presided, and Freeman Clarke, Lucy Stone, Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Livermore and others spoke, while the former held forth. Clara Barton, Samuel E. Sewall and Parker Pillsbury among its officers.

From Spain, the latest telegrams state that Reparto has written a letter to Marshal Prim declining the candidacy for the crown on account of his great age. The Cortes has passed a bill authorizing civil marriages by a vote of 142 to 3. The voters continue to urge the settlement of the question of the throne, and the anxiety in political circles for the termination of the provisional status is daily increasing.

A Washington special says: "Nobody here, not even the Ways and Means Committee, expect the income tax will be left at five per cent. The House, without any doubt, will increase the exemption to two thousand dollars, and reduce the rate to three per cent."

The mails from Australia to England are now carried by the Pacific Railroad, beating the quickest Suez Canal route by three days.

An infant prince was born on the 2d instant to the Princess Christina, or as she is better known, Princess Helena. No danger at this rate of the royal family of England dying out.

In California they are erecting an "earthquake-proof church," and not so arranged on pillars that a distant shock of the earth will tilt the whole structure clear of the foundations, assuring the safety of the congregation.

Mme. Minek, a lecturer at Paris, was obliged to leave the platform because there was too much smoking among the audience. The chairman quietly said: "You see, gentlemen, what is taking place; you must smoke more moderately."

The Austrian and Hungarian governments have agreed not to promulgate the dogma of infallibility if it is adopted by the Council.

There was a severe shock of earthquake at the City of Mexico on the 11th inst.

Thomas, the child of hydrophobia in Yonkers, N. Y., Tuesday, May 17th. He was bit in January, but thought nothing of it, and on the day before his horrible death was married.

Advices from central Illinois report that the condition of the growing crops is excellent, and fully three weeks in advance of ordinary seasons.

The controversy concerning the discovery of the antiseptic quality of ether is getting warm in London. A writer in the *Times* says chloroform was administered to the Queen at the birth of Prince Alfred in August, 1844, two years before Dr. Morton's discovery.

At the fifth anniversary of the Sunday School Missionary Union in New York Tuesday, May 17th, 25,000 children, from 103 schools, were in the procession.

Mr. Elkanah Littell, the founder and editor of the *Living Age*, died May 18th at his residence in Brookline, Mass. He was born at Burlington, N. J., Jan. 2, 1792, and for more than half a century has been identified with Journalism in this country.

It is now confidently stated that Mlle. Nilsson's tour in this country is to be managed by Mr. P. T. Barnum.

Organ with voice; this is one of the invariable links in nature. The piano-forte is bright, sparkling, incisive; its clear-cut phrases represent well the movements of instrumental melody, but its contact with that first organ, the human voice, is slight and momentary. Its tones may be likened to the interstrophic stones that form a mosaic picture, in which you can have juxtaposition of color only; the separate hues may show lovely contrasts, but they never blend as do the same colors under the painter's brush. But the human voice, the power of harmony, the intellectual beauty of contrapunt, these are felt only when the singer's bland and flowing style is supplemented by the continuous volume of wind instruments. Hence it is no wonder that for social occasions, for musical practice, and for worship in chapels and churches, the real organ, as it now exists, with its ample power and variety of tone, its appliances for musical effect, has come into such general use.

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