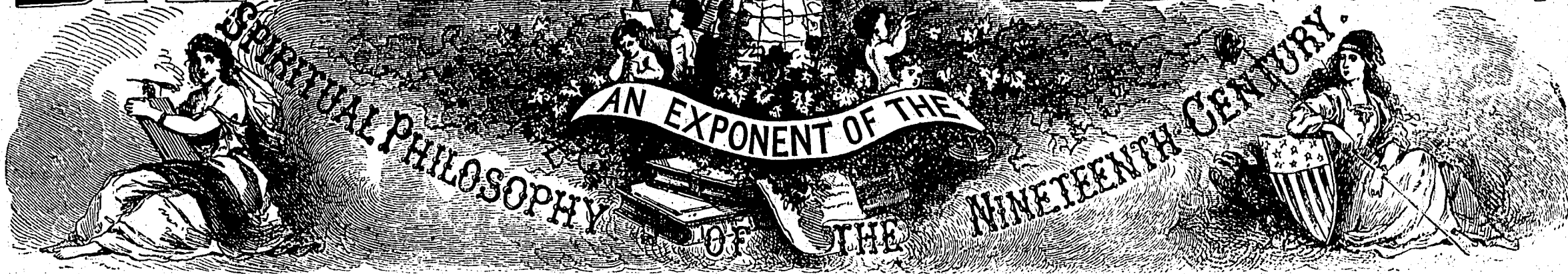


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
"OH, WE FLOAT ON THE TIDE OF A RIVER."

BY WILFRIED WYLLIES.

Oh, we float on the tide of a river,  
That onward unceasingly rolls,  
Away from the valley of mortals,  
To the mystical kingdom of souls—  
Away from the region of mortals,  
That borders the empire of death,  
To the beautiful meadows of Aiden,  
That know not of Azrael's breath;  
Where are over our waitings and watchings,  
And we rest from all struggle and strife;  
Where we walk by the side of the angels,  
And we drink of the "waters of life."

Oh, we drift on the tide of the river,  
And the tempest is angry and loud,  
And our souls are enshrouded in darkness,  
That covers the earth like a cloud;  
But we know that the God of the tempest  
Is guiding our bark with his hand;  
That, beyond the dark clouds, the swift river  
Rolls on to the mystical land;  
So we float with the tide of the river,  
That onward forever shall roll,  
Through the valleys of shadows and sighing,  
Through the tempest and storm, to the goal.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## CLARE DEVINE, A LIFE SKETCH.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER VI.

The week passed quickly and happily away, and was succeeded by another, before Henrietta joined her mother at Newport. That lady declared her very tardy in her movements, and strangely indifferent to the gayeties of the season.

"And why did not Mr. Horton accompany you?" she questioned.

"Oh, he has a little business affair to attend to, and does not wish to leave just now," was Henrietta's reply.

Then, as another week passed, and he did not make his appearance, Mrs. Evans thought he must be impervious to the heat, and wondered why business could claim such strict attention at the dull season. He certainly could afford to leave it, if he chose, for his income was large. Why, it was almost time for "John" to come, and he never left the city till almost every one else had gone. And Henrietta, too, was very indifferent about his absence, and to all appearances very well satisfied.

But near the close of one of the finest days, Henrietta and her mother sat by the open windows of their pleasant room, which overlooked a scene lovely enough to delight the artist and satisfy the devoted worshiper of Nature. It was near sunset, and a sweet calm rested on all the landscape, while a delightful breeze cooled gently each heated brow. All day Henrietta had been in a pleasant excitement of anticipation, with a bright glow upon her fair cheeks and an unusual sparkle in her eyes, which her wise mamma accredited to the fact that Mr. Horton was expected that evening. She understood Etta's restlessness, she thought. Perhaps, way down in her heart she breathed a little sigh, as it reminded her of a time when she had experienced the delightful anticipation of meeting a loved one. But that was all past, and she had nothing to do with love since; and if Henrietta was fortunate enough to love the man who could give her wealth and "position," of course it was very agreeable; and she looked with pride and affection upon her only child. Henrietta had dressed herself with unusual care, and looked sparkling and beautiful enough to satisfy maternal ambition.

As the time drew near for the evening train, Henrietta grew visibly nervous. She wandered about, doing nothing in particular, but singing snatches of song in a soft, low tone, as if the joy in her heart could not be wholly silent. Soon the train came rushing in; and in a few moments more, Mrs. Evans, looking from her window, in the direction of the station—a short distance from the hotel—saw Vandal Horton approaching. She was not surprised to observe Henrietta's expectant look change to one of joyful satisfaction. But Mr. Horton was not alone. Beside him, talking with easy familiarity, walked a young gentleman not quite so tall nor quite as dark as Vandal, but very handsome, noble and intelligent-looking. Of course Miss Henrietta was called for, and went immediately down to meet the two gentlemen, who had received many looks of admiration as they passed up the walk and entered the hotel.

As Henrietta reached the parlor door, she met Vandal coming out, who gave her a cordial greeting, and good-naturedly walked away to interest himself in his evening paper, leaving the young lady and his friend to introduce themselves, which he judged they might be able to accomplish without his presence. And since he would not intrude, I think, reader, we also will be generous, and not embarrass the meeting of two lovers.

Just before tea, Vandal returned to the parlor, and almost immediately after, Mrs. Evans came down and gave him a pleasant welcome, with some remark about his being so dilatory. He returned her greeting in his easy, polished manner, and introduced to her notice Mr. Morris, his friend, a young lawyer from the city of New York. The young gentleman was very graciously recognized by Mrs. Evans, who did not observe her daughter's anxiety to discover what opinion she was likely to form, though she fancied that her particular mamma was really pleased with his appearance. Indeed, few disliked Herbert

Morris's frank, laughing ways—always genial, obliging and polite. They had only time to exchange a few common-place remarks when tea was announced. This over, a pleasant evening was passed in social conversation, accompanied by a few pieces of Henrietta's favorite music, in one of which the two gentlemen sang together.

Business had called Vandal Horton to New York just previous, and knowing from Henrietta that Herbert's vacation occurred about this time, he sought him out, and together they came to Newport. They were soon fast friends, and Vandal learned much of Herbert's struggle to win his upward way in the stern conflict of life. He did not wonder that Henrietta loved him, despite his lack of worldly wealth, which, however, he had a fair prospect of obtaining, since he had both energy and talent. And he was glad to find the young man worthy of the generous-hearted girl.

But the young lady herself was too frank and truthful to feel quite at ease under the circumstances, though the days were all bright and beautiful to her; for she knew that her mother was deceived in regard to where her affections were bestowed.

That her ambitious mother would approve her choice, she could not hope, for Herbert had only his worth and talent, with a fine personal appearance, to recommend him. Beside, his parents had been poor and obscure, and his mother was still almost dependent on him for support.

But she was courageous and spirited, and resolved to know what severe reproof and opposition was in store for her. She knew that her mother was pleased with Herbert's manners, and thought if she were not purposely blind, she must discover something of her own feelings in regard to him.

One afternoon, she was alone with her mother, serious and thoughtful, for the next day Vandal would return to the city, as Newport had but little attraction for him, despite its refreshing air and delightful scenery, and Herbert would remain a little while longer; it therefore was imperative that some disclosures should be made, as Mrs. Evans must see whose presence it was that made her heart so glad. There had been silence for some time, which the mother broke at length, by asking suddenly, "What is this about Vandal's leaving to-morrow? Does he really intend to do so?"

"I believe he does," was the quiet reply.

Now Mrs. Evans had noticed her daughter's abstracted manner, and coupled with the fact that Mr. Horton was leaving suddenly, as she thought, evinced to her that something had gone wrong with them. Determined to know about it, she said, "Perhaps you can tell the reason? I hope, Etta, you have not foolishly quarreled with him?"

Henrietta could not help smiling at the idea of quarreling with a noble-hearted fellow like Vandal, as she answered, "No, indeed, mamma; but possibly he finds greater attraction elsewhere."

"Attraction! Do you mean to tell me, Henrietta, that Vandal has left you for some one else?"

"He certainly pays me no attention beyond a kind friendship, nor has he ever. But we are both perfectly satisfied to regard each other as brother and sister might, for I assure you, mamma, that we shall never be more to each other."

"There," she thought to herself, "so much is told," while she watched her mother's look of utter amazement.

"Well, I am more than astonished," exclaimed the lady, at length, "but you seem to take it very coolly. Perhaps your own affections are engaged in another direction," with a little touch of irony.

The hot blood surged up to Henrietta's face, but she answered with a sudden effort, "My dear mamma, you have guessed rightly. I may as well tell, I do love another."

"And perhaps you will inform me upon whom you have so summarily bestowed your affections."

"You have met the gentleman since we came here, mamma. You were conversing with him to-day; and I think you will admit that he is both agreeable and intelligent."

"Ah, Mr. Morris, who came with Vandal!" said Mrs. Evans, with a little frown, but taking the information much more calmly than Henrietta expected; "but I think you told me he was not rich; and what of his connections? Of course they are not wealthy, since he has been obliged to toil so hard for an education."

"Poor he may be in worldly wealth, but in all else he is rich," replied Henrietta, with her wonted spirit; "and with his family connections I have nothing to do. If they are poor, it is no disgrace; I love Herbert for himself."

"Henrietta, I cannot think you would really marry a penniless young lawyer. The idea is absurd. What would you do, brought up in luxury, as you have been?"

"Work with him, and help him win his way to independence, for I know he will; he cannot fail, with his talent and perseverance."

"You work! What plebeian ideas you have. But I think your romantic notions upon this subject may wear away ere long. I am very sure they will, when you find what it is to be deprived of the wealth which has always surrounded you. But I shall never give my consent to your taking any such foolish step, to be afterward repented of."

"I should be sorry to disobey you, mother, but do not think that I will ever sacrifice my happiness to pride," was the low, but firm reply; and here the conversation ended for the time, for Mrs. Evans was at a loss what course to pursue with her willful daughter, and she always wanted time to think before she could reason at all with Etta.

It was the last day of the season at Newport. Mrs. Evans had lingered until the place was nearly deserted; but on the morrow she would return to her city home. Herbert had gone back to his toll, cheered by the assurance that a true heart was all his own, willing and ready to share with him his labors.

Mrs. Evans had made several attempts to re-

son her daughter out of her "unwise choice," but meeting with no apparent success, she resolved to try if gay and brilliant society might have the effect of banishing the remembrance of the absent lover. And, first, she decided to give a great party soon after her return, and invite all the handsome and eligible young men she knew.

She thought Henrietta could not have formed any lasting attachment, and might easily find her affections transferred to another. At this moment her daughter entered the room, and folding a letter which she replaced in its envelope, said:

"I have just received a letter from Clare." Her mother raised her arching brows in surprise, but Henrietta did not pause. "She writes that she must resign her situation, and will be gone when we return."

"And why does she leave? I hardly think she will do better. She has always been well paid, I am sure; but some people have no gratitude or appreciation. Does she wish for higher wages, do you think?"

"I believe she has made another engagement, which she thinks will be more agreeable. You know, mamma, she is fitted for other positions beside that of seamstress."

"Oh, she has got a chance to teach music, I suppose. Well, I hope she finished that work; and before I engage another sewing-girl I shall make an effort to discover whether she knows her place." No more was said upon the subject.

The last chilly days of autumn had come. All the pleasure-seekers had returned from their various summer resorts, and the round of amusements for the winter had commenced.

It was rumored about that Vandal Horton had been very quietly married, and gone with his bride on a short tour, but on their return would give a grand reception party in the elegant mansion he had chosen on D— street. Every one of his acquaintance wondered who the favored lady was, for he had never been very lavish of his attentions to the fair beings of fashion around him, though always respectful and polite. Every one hoped for and expected an invitation to the party, which would doubtless be the party of the season; and no one was more anxious for the time to arrive than Mrs. Evans, though she did not feel quite the same toward Vandal as when she hoped to recognize him as her son-in-law; for she could but think, if he had made some effort, he might have gained her daughter's love before it was given to another.

At length the announcement was made that the newly-wedded couple had returned to their home. Mr. and Mrs. Vandal Horton soon circulated their cards of invitation. None were slighted.

Mr. Evans, wife and daughter received separate cards, and it was understood by each that Mr. Evans, who seldom accompanied his wife to the fashionable gatherings which she seldom missed, was as cordially invited and as much expected as the ladies.

At last the evening arrived, calm and beautiful as ever looked down upon the high brick walls and glittering spires of the old city—just one year from the night when Vandal first met Clare Devine.

Clare's evening toilet is just completed, and probably few would recognize in her the pale, sad girl of a year ago. How can I describe her dress, when a description of dress is about the hardest task you could give me? Will it not suffice to say that it must have been perfect, or one of the most careful critics would not have declared, as she afterwards did, that "Mrs. Vandal Horton was the most elegant lady present."

Her own good taste and elegant form would always give her a ladylike appearance, and we may be sure the devoted husband has spared no expense in his bridal gifts. A starry arch of flashing gems rests above her white brow; a diamond sparkles at her throat, and one costly bridal ring glitters at every movement of her fair hand. Her dress was richly but not elaborately trimmed.

Her husband stands beside her, and his look is full of love and pride, for her eyes are more beautiful than gems, with the love-light shining in their clear depths, and the smile that plays around her lips and lights her whole face tells him that there is perfect happiness for the present and perfect trust for the future in her heart.

"My own, my lovely Clare," he said at length, and bent his handsome head to kiss the sweet lips which failed not to return the token, "I shall be proud of you to-night. I value my wealth as never before, since with it I can surround my darling with every comfort she demands, and give her the position before the world she is so well fitted to adorn, though you were none the less lovely to me when filling a position less worthy, and clad in the plain robes of mourning, as when I saw you one year ago to-night, for I believe I loved you even then."

"And one year ago to-night," replied Clare, "I little thought so brief a time would banish all the darkness from my life and fill it with such perfect happiness. And I am sure," she added smiling, "that my noble husband loves me for myself alone, since the only dowry I bring him is a true, loving heart and a stainless life."

"A richer man could not ask," was his earnest reply; and, giving her his arm, they descended to receive their guests.

The elegant rooms were brilliantly lighted, the new and costly furniture tastefully arranged, and nothing was wanting there to add to one's comfort and happiness. The rooms filled rapidly, and each guest received a polite, cordial greeting; and all were charmed with the young wife's graceful manners and pleasing ways, for Clare possessed that rare, innate politeness which seems always to forget self in seeking the happiness of others. Hence she was always self-possessed and agreeable.

Quite early in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Evans and Miss Evans were announced.

John Evans paid his compliments in the plain,

quiet manner habitual with him, and received a cordial, hearty welcome. But his fair, stately wife sailed grandly across the room, her idea, as usual, to make an impression.

It was nothing strange that she should not at once recognize her former seamstress. But Clare's face, once seen, could never be quite forgotten; and the lady felt so certain that she had seen her somewhere, that she was almost guilty of staring, so anxious was she to settle in her own mind where she had seen the fair young hostess, with whose dress and appearance her scrutinizing eye could find no fault.

But her memory was a little refreshed when her daughter advanced from her side and was warmly welcomed, and exchanged a most affectionate greeting with the bride, for in the low words spoken Mrs. Evans caught the name of "Clare."

We may fancy that she received a shock when a sudden conviction of the truth flashed upon her mind, and hardly knew whether she was awake or dreaming. She knew her surprise and mortification must manifest itself, and quickly as possible she retired to a distant part of the room to regain her composure.

And Vandal bent his head, and whispered something to Henrietta which sent a glad sparkle to her eyes and a brighter color to her cheeks. Only Clare besides knew the import of his words, which were these: "Herbert is coming in the evening train; he will soon be here."

And the fair girl, as she moved away to give place to other guests, had no thought or care for the admiring glances which she received, for many an elegant young man there present would have been glad to claim her as his own, not forgetting the comfortable portion of her father's wealth which would be hers.

She looked around for her mother, and was soon by her side.

"Henrietta," she began, when they had withdrawn a little from the company, why have you deceived me in this manner? You have shown me very little respect, for you are well aware that had I known who was the bride, I should not have come here to-night. Why did you not tell me who Vandal married? After this I shall think every one deceives."

"You never asked me, mother, whom he married. You recollect I have sometimes tried to convey to you the idea that he cared for Clare, but you always declared it 'preposterous,' and would not believe it."

"How could I believe it, when I thought him the most aristocratic of all our gentleman acquaintances? But he probably thinks people do not know the lady's history very extensively. I know there are some here to-night who would not be here if they knew what I do."

"But, my dear mamma, I do wish you would cast aside this prejudice. Clare was born to a position as honored as my own. If she was reduced to one more obscure, but none the less honorable, in my belief, it was not her fault, and detracted nothing from her worth. Now that she has regained her rightful place, why not give her your esteem and regard, and become better acquainted with her? She is generous, and would gladly be friendly."

And Henrietta grew eloquent, as she tried to reason with her fashionable mother; for she knew in her present state of feeling her evening's enjoyment would be spoiled, if she condescended to remain; beside, Herbert would soon be there; and if she could influence her mother to try to enjoy the evening as every one else was doing, and to feel as though Vandal's wife was none the less a lady, because, for a time, she had lived by plying the needle, she knew that Mrs. Evans would be in a better mood to receive her lover kindly.

Her pleading was not wholly lost, for better than anything else Mrs. Evans loved her only child, only it was hard penetrating beneath the covering of pride, and aristocratic notions, to where her affection was; and withal she felt a little humiliated, though there was not the slightest indication of a triumphant feeling in Clare's manner.

And before the evening was over, Mrs. Evans acknowledged to herself, very privately, that the lady in question was really an attractive person; and she wondered much at the becoming dignity with which she filled a position which many had sighed for, while there was no arrogance or assumption in her manner.

But Mrs. Evans was not quite prepared to give Herbert Morris any other than a coolly polite greeting; for she marked his eager look, till it rested on her daughter's face, change to one of gladness, and saw that it was just as gladly responded to.

And the greeting between them, though of course restricted in the crowded room, yet told an observer that they were no common friends.

But if one among the throng was not exactly satisfied, that could not destroy the genial, happy influence which all seemed to feel, and the hours glided swiftly and pleasantly by.

The lovers of music were now to be gratified. Several, who prided themselves on being "accomplished," performed some brilliant pieces for the enjoyment of those present.

But when, by urgent request, (though hardly any present knew of her rare musical powers,) Vandal Horton led his young wife to the grand piano, a low murmur of satisfaction and admiration greeted his ear.

She had no music before her, and as she seated herself, glanced inquiringly at her husband, who, in reply to her look, bent his head to whisper, "One year ago to-night, love, you took my heart away, but gave me one more valued in return; play again that charming piece, Clare."

And again with that rare power that seemed almost magical, her hands swept the polished keys, while her face lighted up with inspiration lofty and divine. She charmed and thrilled her hearers, and well might the fond husband feel proud of the wife he had chosen, as the heartfelt

applause and earnest request for another performance attested to the rare enjoyment she had afforded to all present. Herbert Morris and Henrietta were seated a little distance from the piano, in a convenient bay-window, and the gentleman, closely clasping his companion's hand, remarked, "One could almost listen forever to such music as that."

"Yes, and wish to die under its sweet influence," was the low reply.

"Its ravishing strains are more divine than earthly," replied Herbert, "but I should not want my magic power to take my darling away from earth, for all its joy and brightness would go with her, leaving me only a dreary world of utter darkness; but we will not think of that now, with youth and health before us, my loved one."

She answered him with a look in which soul met soul. In a few moments more, refreshments were announced, and the guests proceeded to the large dining-room, where the thoughtful hospitality of their young host and hostess was manifest in the beautiful repast. Nothing which usually graces the board of the wealthy entertainer on such an occasion was excluded, save wine. That tempting, dangerous beverage found no place in Vandal Horton's home. And though many present would not have thought it possible to give a party without the costly wines, many there were who breathed more freely because a loved brother, son or husband would not that night be exposed to its seductive influence. And with nothing to mar the pleasure of the evening, the hours were away till nearly morning, when the guests returned to their several homes, well pleased with their entertainment. Herbert could hardly refuse the pressing invitation to remain with his friends, and to make his home with them during his brief stay in the city. He did so, and found it indeed a home where only love and harmony prevailed, and nothing of cold courtesy was wanting. He remained but a few days, in which he saw Henrietta frequently, for she was a friendly visitor at Vandal's home, and always received in the kindest manner.

And here, kind reader, as we have seen our loving and deserving Clare restored to wealth, and happiness deeper, more perfect than ever realized before, surrounded by all that wealth can give to bless mortals, we feel that we may leave her with her noble husband, without a fear for her future. And yet before we bid them all a final adieu, we can scarcely forbear one brief and later glance in that direction to see how fortune prospers the determined Henrietta and her lover, for I trust that you, with myself, feel an interest in the generous girl, who has proved so good and true a friend.

We find that Herbert has completed his studies, and seeing an opening that promised well for a young lawyer, has claimed his bride, in spite of opposition and coldness on the part of her ambitious mother, who had always hoped to see her daughter established in grandeur, and living in a style commensurate with her fashionable education and aristocratic training, which, however, seemed to have had little effect.

The young couple are located in a thriving village, but a few miles from Henrietta's native city. She has chosen for Herbert's sake a humble home, but finds none the less of happiness; yet their house is nicely furnished, with all comforts they require, including a fine piano, the gift of her father; for John Evans would not let his daughter go from his house entirely portionless. Her cottage home is far less imposing than the stately mansion of her friend Clare, but they are the firmest friends; and the frequent visits they exchange are never shadowed in the least by envy on the part of one, or condescension of the other. Each is happy in her station.

We predict for Herbert Morris a successful career; that his name will be known and honored among men; and the time will come when Mrs. Evans, though she may treat him coldly now, will be proud to acknowledge him as her son before the world. He has a true friend in Vandal Horton, who will never see him lose a favorable opportunity for want of means; he has a wife who will be true to his best interests. A bright future lies before him.

May heaven bless them all, for they are each worthy of the happiness they enjoy, and save the sorrows that must come to all earth's children, we know their lives will be full of sunshine, shadowed by no inharmonious or contention, for the affection that governs each heart is all powerful and knows no change, and will endure for all earth time—ay, and in the realms of eternity.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.—A few days since a colored lad entered a drug store in Portland with what he described as an "awful feeling in de stomach, jest like it wor full of fish-hooks and angle worms," and demanded a "Setter powder" as he had been advised, that would give relief. Accordingly the Seidlitz powders were dissolved in separate glasses, as usual, and placed before him, with instructions to pour one into the other and drink while effervescing. But the sable youth did nothing of the sort. Instead of following the directions, he hastily drank off the contents of one glass and immediately swallowed the other. The effect may be imagined, but not described. The effervescence, which should have taken place in the glass before it was drunk, took place in the bewildered darkey's stomach, sending streams of the frothy liquid from his mouth, nose, eyes and ears. As soon as the poor fellow could recover breath he cried out in frightened tones, "My stomach has busted; I can't live a minute!"

People are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.



## Free Thought.

## MEDIUMSHIP—THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY DYER D. TUM.

THE "DISPATCH OF SCIENCE" BY W. D. GUNNING. Boston: William White & Co., 1870. Having in a previous article on the above pamphlet endeavored to show that the more recent scientific discoveries were disclosing the existence of forms of force, of which our senses could take no cognizance save as manifested in some correlated form, and their continued existence beyond the range of our physical faculties, and inferentially the possibility of these existing forms and powers all around us of

"The realm of the unseen, the world of matter, and the world of spirit." We desire now to dwell more particularly on the conclusion arrived at by Professor Gunning in relation to the value and authenticity of mediumship.

If writing in a spirit of criticism, we might object that his conclusions were somewhat extraneous, and hardly to be considered "as fair deductions from our facts," but as it is the subject, rather than the mere presentation of it, that we propose considering, we will waive all further ordinary remarks.

He concludes: "First, that there is another realm of being, a world of men and women, invisible to us, but real. Second, that under certain conditions, and using such peculiar organizations as media, these persons can manifest themselves to us."

To these conclusions all who hold themselves to be Spiritualists will heartily agree, and admit that they are sufficiently established by an abundance of evidence; yet we think it is still somewhat incomplete in not going one step further and stating who these "men and women" are. The Professor agrees with us in regarding them as disembodied human beings. The Adventists, and many of the Orthodox, admitting the reality of the spirit-world, claim these returning ones to be demons, or evil spirits.

But, third, that those who return and possess the mediums, or "raps," or "tip tables," or "haunt houses," are generally uninteresting spirits. They are not done with earth. What we call the "blue disease" in a young child is something of the fatal life lingering still in the higher life. The unquiet spirits who break through the veil and haunt us in sounds or apparitions, have in them something analogous to the "blue disease."

To decide on the legitimacy of this conclusion, we must first possess a wide range of experience, drawn from various sources; before proceeding to any hasty generalization. As the Professor very pertinently remarks on another page, "No man would think of establishing the glacial epoch on a single colder."

To ever have a scientific examination of Spiritualism, it is necessary that we have a vast accumulation of facts—not alone those cited by defenders, or published as remarkable tests, but a record of a medium's daily experience, embracing failures and errors, as well as "tests," in order to arrive at the law underlying them.

Fourth, that sometimes they are able to identify themselves to persons who knew them while living on the earth; but—

Fifth, that their power to utter their thoughts through the sensitive, or medium, being measured, and the same in kind as that which we possess over the same organizations, it is often impossible to tell whether the thoughts which come from the entranced are inspired by a spirit, or by ourselves, who are spirits in a grosser form.

Sixth, that the difference between their state and ours is so great, and their power of communicating with us so feeble, that a great part of that which comes to us in their name, is vague, sounding, and worthless. And—

Finally, that the condition called mediumship, subjecting the person to all kinds of influx, but as well as good, is not congenial to mental or moral health, and should not be cultivated."

To many this will appear like sweeping away the whole groundwork on which the first two conclusions are built, but we do not so regard it. Scientists are trained to a rigid and logical course of thought, and carefully weigh evidence before hastily advancing. A person becomes convinced that the phenomena occurring on all hands, through media, are really produced by the agency of disembodied human beings, and at once concludes that it is presumptive evidence that we continue to exist after the event known as death, because immortality, or rather continued existence, being true of one, must necessarily be so of another, because founded in our very natures as human beings, and not adventitious, dependent upon certain moral or metaphysical qualities. But because one has communicated, he cannot, *a priori*, jump to the conclusion that all can, for the fact of the one communication shows a surmounting of obstacles that we cannot affirm to lie in the power of all.

Again, he receives a communication from some loved one who has passed away, breathing words of love and cheer, yet the query is pardonable, may, justifiably, whether he is in direct or indirect communication with the spirit friend.

Let me illustrate this by narrating an incident. A lady, of whose mediumship I entertain no doubts, through whose organization I have obtained words of comfort and hope, once gave a communication to a gentleman who was of foreign birth, purporting to come from his brother. With a solitary exception, the test was perfect; the manner of his death, a somewhat peculiar one, and other facts, were faithfully narrated, but the returning brother was an Irishman, whereas he entered the spirit-world a Scotchman. But for this, the "test" of his brother's presence would have been thought conclusive; but this one feature pointed to an intermediate intelligent agency.

Then again, I have frequently had communications through various mediums, purporting to come from friends, false in every statement, beyond the possibility of excuse. I know that it is customary to say these are produced by "lying spirits," but such a reply is destitute of any scientific value, and becomes palpably so when some erroneous conception existing in the mind of the medium becomes reproduced in the message.

Mind can impress mind. Thoughts give rise to electric vibrations, as a pebble causes waves on the placid surface of a lake. The sensitive medium in a passive condition is susceptible to their influence.

"Towers there are That touch each other to the quick, in modes That the gross world no sense hath to perceive, No soul to dream of."

We have frequent illustration of this. I know a lady who for a long time nearly always could tell the object of each person entering her room before a word had passed their lips; sometimes when in quest of articles that no guess-work would ever have surmised. On one occasion she saw the form of her mother by her bedside with all the vividness of objective existence, yet her mother lay asleep in another room. To say that her spirit was there, is, to the student in psychological laws, identical with the assertion of the savage who believes a fetish resides in the forest—a mere supposition to relieve curiosity.

Clairvoyance is a natural faculty of the mind. "Mind, mind alone, Is light, and hope, and life, and power."

The power of mind over mind here, is the key to unlock the mystery of spirit intercourse. Minds, unaided by spirits, see without the physical eye. They describe events at a distance with all the distinctness of actual sight; they describe the ailments of the body, locate the seat of pain, and prescribe for its treatment.

In 1832, while residing in Syracuse, N. Y., I became acquainted with a natural clairvoyant, Mrs. B., who in a perfectly conscious state could almost invariably describe the physical condition of her patients. She was not a believer in spirit communion, yet sometimes would give mock "séances" to her friends, in which she would describe our absent friends, in the form or out, and give far better "tests" than many pay a round sum to witness. I have heard her improvise in what might be called rhyme for fifteen or twenty minutes, and be unable to repeat it. The writer has frequently clairvoyantly described the forms of the dead, and events previously unknown to him. To those conversant with the facts of mental phenomena, any supposition of spirit agency to affect these is glaringly unscientific and uncalled for, removing it from the domain of science to that of faith, and supplanting known facts with assumed theories.

"Phenomena for which science has no explanation, will be soil for the growth of superstitions," says Prof. Gunning. Let us try to avoid this growing evil of lugging in the spirits to account for every little act beyond our horizon of experience. Scientists know that there are men who can on certain persons impart vital energy to the weak, and re-invigorate the life-current to healthy action. The writer has been instrumental in two or three cases in saving life by this means, but "spirit agency" not only complicates instead of solving the problem, but is at variance with known facts.

Even the best of mediums will at times but give the reflex of your own thoughts, your own spirit proving the most capable of control by its unconscious action. Many of those who regard themselves as mediums never rise above clairvoyant vision, and, unversed in psychological influence, honestly assume the presence of spirits.

We have had an abundance of evidence that our friends continue to exist beyond the tomb, yet we never received a test of spirit presence inexplicable by mundane causes, where they were expressly sought and money paid for them; yet Conklin, Foster, Flint, Cassien and other well-known and undoubted mediums have been consulted.

We would not reflect on the character of media. We know that many trials are undergone by them hard to be borne; but still we believe the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" applies as well to them as to any other class. To those who are not appreciated, whose tours through the country are unremunerative, and who find a cold reception where they looked for a warm welcome, (not to mention a week's bread and butter,) we earnestly advise in all kindness to reconsider the whole subject; and ask, Do the phenomena present tests inexplicable by clairvoyant or earthly mental influence, and supply information unknown or really needed? Next, even if the proof of spirit power is beyond question, are the results obtained worth anything? Spirit communications do not always command the highest market price as literary productions, nor as advice from the heavenly world do they always exhibit evidences of spiritual growth.

The possession of mediumistic faculties and their use by spirits is an ascertained fact. On what this power depends, on physical organization or moral qualities, seems to be still a matter of dispute with some, and is indicative of two schools of thought. The scientist, reasoning *a posteriori*, says on certain peculiarities of organization; the theorist, reasoning *a priori*, says on certain traits of character, thereby removing the whole field from the domain of science into that of metaphysics. It may be a consummation devoutly to be wished for, that spirit influence and moral character should go together; but what should be is not always, and in this case is certainly not perceptible to all eyes.

Let us have a more careful scrutiny and sifting of phenomena and a more general diffusion of knowledge as to the powers of mind if we would have Spiritualism ever scientifically considered. Prof. Gunning has opened to us a rich mine of reflection, which we hope to see followed up by him and others in a more elaborate form.

The influence of mediumship on mental and moral health is a matter of opinion, which each will answer from his or her own experience, obtained by contact with media, and unnecessary to dwell upon, where already so much space has been occupied. In justice, however, to Prof. G., I give his closing words, following the conclusions already quoted, in which I heartily concur:

"In reaching these conclusions, I have not been unmindful of some gems of thought and expression inspired through unconscious mediums, nor of the pure lives of some who have the gift of mediumship, nor of the consolations which not a few have found in the belief that words of encouragement have come to them from loved ones who have 'passed within the veil.'"

## A RELIGIOUS CRISIS APPROACHING—THE NECESSITY OF A MORE FAITHFUL EXPOSITION OF THEOLOGICAL ERROR.

BY K. GRAVES.

"To emancipate the human intellect, conscience and affections from the appalling degradation of an insane and idiotic theology is the one great mission of Spiritualism. We have abolished chattel slavery—Spiritualists are chosen, ordained and sent of God to abolish theological and mental slavery."

I wish to express my concurrence with the sentiment contained in the above, from the pen of Bro. Wright, and to add that the question of theological reform presents itself in two aspects, as being one of transcending importance, and that events about to be realized in our practical history will soon bring conviction to the mind of every reflecting Spiritualist, that it is justly, at least necessarily entitled to more of our attention than it has hitherto received.

1st, The theologic fortresses of Christendom are planted directly upon our pathway, so that we cannot go forward till they are removed. And the minds of the millions are so fettered by the despotism of a conservative, stand-still religion that it is impossible to find an avenue to them, for implanting therein the glorious, living truths of the New Spiritual Dispensation, until something is done toward effecting their mental disenfranchisement.

Such facts, such considerations as these raise the conviction that our course toward the religious institutions of the country must be more than passive—it must become aggressive, though ever in the spirit of kindness and love. Our brethren and sisters of "the household of faith" must be converted through the instrumentality of "the drawing chords of love," made to operate to the full exposition of their moral and religious errors. Clothed with this spirit, let us not shrink from declaring "the whole counsel of God" relative

to the destiny that awaits their religious idols and their erroneous principles. It is not our task alone to incite them to a more faithful observance of their principles, but to show them that some of those principles are radically defective and should not be practically observed. We should cherish no friendship or "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," influenced by the desire to make converts to our cause; for persons converted to Spiritualism while their minds are yet full of theological error, will only operate as dead weights to the cause. A church-member once remarked to me, after listening to a discourse on Spiritualism, in which the beauties of the New Dispensation were presented with great power, "It is all very nice, but not half so beautiful as the religion of Jesus Christ." Now that man will probably do with all his theological errors festering in his soul, when a more faithful exposition of the moral defects of the old or popular system of Christendom, as well as a portrayal of the truths of the new religion of the spiritual brotherhood, might have saved him. Such an exposition would have shown him that the religion of the truth-loving and noble-minded Jesus, although embellished with many beautiful truths, is, nevertheless, marred by some radical defects in its doctrine, which he doubtless drew from the systems then so popular in the East—such as the inherent tendency of man to evil, his total helplessness as a moral agent, his responsibility for his belief or religious creed, the fear of an angry God, the doctrine of arbitrary punishment after death, and last, but not least, the unphilosophical notions about sin, repentance, pardon, &c. And, more than all, the credulists enjoined a restrictive, conservative feeling which forbids the progressive discovery of religious truth. These are errors incidental to the undeveloped minds of past ages which should be eschewed and exposed by all moral and religious reformers, who should aim to introduce the people to a system purified and comparatively perfected by the civilizing and refining processes growing out of the law of universal progress.

2d, And now I wish to show in a few words that the conservative policy of the popular religion of Christendom, which, while it propagates the errors I have enumerated, forbids their examination, has very nearly matured a crisis which will lead to their full exposition and final abandonment. That we are on the eve of an important crisis in religious affairs which will ultimately in the overthrow of all ecclesiastical dynasties and mind-fettering theological institutions, no person can doubt who is observant of passing events, or who is familiar with the present tone of the religious press both in this country and Europe.

To post the reader more fully in this matter, I will here call a few extracts from some of these popular religious journals. That well-known paper, the New York Herald, in anticipation of such a crisis, uses the following emphatic language:

"A great revolution is fermenting in all the churches. It will break out after awhile, and many strange things will then come to light, and a new and great reformation will follow."

The Central Christian Advocate, of St. Louis, speaks in a like prophetic tone:

"All along the line of revealed religion, from Moses and the prophets down to Jesus Christ and the apostles, the war is being waged."

Again, from the Christian Examiner:

"No one who is accustomed to regard with much attention the history and tendency of religious opinions, can fail of being convinced that the question concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures, is soon to become the most absorbing question of Christian theology."

The Sunday Mercury says: "There is an ideal principle on the wing which foreshadows a not far distant period of intellectual and religious disenfranchisement. That this comprehensive spirit will in the end effect a great revolution, not merely in politics and government, but in religion, we have every reason to believe. \* \* \* We may yet in our own times witness a second delirium of the Goddess of Reason."

In the Boston Traveller Mr. Beecher is reported as speaking thus:

"There has grown up in my mind within perhaps the last ten years, the consciousness of a great change that is coming over the world. We are advancing into times which are going to be marked. \* \* \* It seems to me that somebody ought to be prepared for this coming state of things; that somebody should think and forthrightly; that somebody should be conversant with natural philosophy and with the drift of science."

Such is the tone of alarm from the religious press. "He who hath ears to hear let him hear" it, and prepare for the coming conflict.

And what is the duty of the Spiritualist and reformer, in view of the imminent crisis so significantly foreshadowed by transpiring events? Is it not to lay bare the causes of this impending moral and religious revolution, and show the religious community that they are to be found in a morally defective, non-progressive and stagnant theology, which possesses this character simply because its disciples have erroneously taught that it is too perfect to be improved, transcended, or even criticized? Such a course, on the part of the moral laborers in our spiritual vineyard, will prepare the better part of the religious community for making the true issue in the coming contest, and will enable them to find and invite them to enlist with the party who will be found battling for Truth and the Right.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE MASKS WE WEAR.

BY MAY KENDALL.

Up and down the busy street,  
Through the crowded thoroughfare,  
Onward speed the men of trade,  
Scheming 'neath the masks they wear.

In the large and costly church,  
Bow the reverent men of prayer,  
But their hearts if you would read,  
Look beneath the masks they wear.

In the hall-room's festive throng,  
'Neath the gas-light's ruddy glare,  
Beauteous forms sit to and fro,  
Sighing 'neath the masks they wear.

Loitering 'neath some quiet shade,  
In Nature's temple bright and fair,  
Youth and maiden little dream  
What is 'neath the masks they wear.

If the widow's woe you'd feel,  
If the orphan's grief you'd share,  
If the depths of sorrow sound  
Look beneath the masks they wear.

If the drunkard's life you'd know,  
And the woes they daily bear,  
Look upon the torturing fires  
Burning 'neath the masks they wear.

See the tempters round their way!  
Some are decked in garments fair,  
But sin and death with mighty power,  
Lurk beneath the masks they wear.

In the various walks of life,  
In our daily toil and care,  
We see each other's inner self  
But dimly through the masks we wear.

But in that land of light and beauty,  
Where our loved ones "gone before"  
Dwell in purity and gladness,  
We shall wear our masks no more!

## GOD THE PRISONER, AND GOD THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

State Prison, Charlestown, Mass., Friday, June 17, 1870.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—This is Bunker Hill day, and I am in prison; partly on your account, and partly on my own. I have been leading a very peaceable and quiet life, lately; and, as I think, a pious and praying life, for I have been working for God in man. Yet, in spite of all my piety and prayer I am in the Massachusetts State Prison. I was brought here to-day—not by a sheriff or constable, nor a priest, but by the "determinate counsel and fore-ordination" of God, the prisoner's friend, as made manifest in Henry C. Dorsey. Through his kindness, arrangements have been made to supply the State prisoners of Massachusetts with means to celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill. This is the ninety-fourth anniversary of that conflict, which was followed soon after by the Declaration of Independence, and after seven years' deadly struggle in the freeing the thirteen United Colonies from the power of Britain.

There are six hundred prisoners. Six hundred boxes of strawberries, one hundred and sixty-six pounds of nice granulated sugar, and forty gallons of milk were provided. Six hundred large white bowls were provided to serve up the strawberries and milk.

Mr. Dorsey lives in Pawtucket, where, for the present, I am boarding. He is a member of a steam fire-engine company. Through Dorsey's influence the company were all clad in a new uniform, and were invited by Gov. Claflin to be present at the Strawberry Festival and holiday in the prison, and any others whom he wished to invite; and the two daughters and the parents of the family where I make my home were among the invited guests. We have a very fine band of musicians in Pawtucket. This band was engaged to be present and play several hours for the prisoners. The fire company, the band and invited guests made about eighty persons. Two cars were chartered. An exceedingly witty and amusing Frenchman—who speaks English pretty well—named Du Bois, was engaged to come on from Pawtucket and give a lecture from this text—"And they began to be merry." The prisoners were to assemble in the chapel, hear the lecture, and laugh loud and long over it, to their hearts' content.

All arrangements were made by Warden Haynes, with the hearty approval of Governor Claflin and Council, and a cordial invitation to Dorsey to come with his company, his band, and his invited guests, to enjoy the happiness of his clients—the spirits that are in prison.

In due time, we were all lodged in prison. The prisoners were all assembled in the chapel, and Du Bois gave his admirable lecture—just the lecture for the people and the place. Such fun! Such roars of laughter! Such cheers and shouts! State officials, and invited guests, and six hundred returned faces of prisoners wreathed in fun and frolic over the wit and merry-making of the lecturer. The fact is, dear Banner, we were made to forget that we were in prison. All—seemed to forget that there were any such things as prisons and prisoners, and were made to feel that we were all human beings—no more, no less.

Dorsey, who was not able to be present at the beginning of the lecture, entered the chapel while it was in progress. He was escorted to the platform, and formally introduced to the audience as the man who had procured for the prisoners this festival and holiday. Such a reception as was given him by those six hundred hungry, starving souls—and I was where I could see their faces. Never did I see six hundred human faces express such deep, heartfelt, loving gratitude! I could but say to one by me—"God the prisoner, as well as God the judge." Had Dorsey been within their reach he would have experienced such an almighty hug and kiss as mortal man never had before—at least from man. Indeed, my friends, Henry C. Dorsey was at that hour "God made manifest to the spirits in prison." If ever I saw a tender, loving, grateful soul beam from the human face, I saw it beam from the faces of those six hundred prisoners, branded and hitherto generally cast out from human sympathy. Tears of grateful love rolled down many of those faces. I had rather be the one to win the love and gratitude of those stern, and, as it is erroneously supposed, hard and unfeeling hearts, than to win the applause of all the kingdoms and churches of this world. Dorsey made a brief speech, stating that he was a man of deeds and not of words.

After the merry lecture, the prisoners all went into the prison yard, and were told to enjoy themselves as they pleased, the usual restraints being removed. There were no keepers present to keep order—no police—but six hundred prisoners, contented by Church and State, as fit only for a prison and a cell—felons, as they are called—were turned loose, with a very fine band of musicians in uniform to make music for them. Men, women and children, from this and other States, freely mingled with the prisoners, talked with them, walked with them, shook hands with them, laughed with them, and looked upon them in their foot-ball games, their leaping, and jumping, and merry-making. I spent about two hours with them, enjoying their merriment. I talked with more than one hundred of them. The one great thought of all was—how to break prison and escape, but "Who is Henry C. Dorsey? Do you know him?" &c. Dorsey came among them, and all rushed eagerly to shake his hand, and say, "God bless you!" "God is here with you," said Dorsey, to several—"God is with you in prison as really as with those who are outside." "That's a fact," said one powerful man, "while you are with us." I could but echo the remarks of the poor fellow, in prison for ten years, and say, "True, God, as the prisoners' friend, in H. C. Dorsey, is with you." During all their amusements, I heard not an unkind, a coarse nor angry word among themselves or to others. Not a word about cruel treatment, excepting by one man, who said—"When we are kind, our warden and keepers are kind to us, but if we are hard and troublesome to them, they deal with us as we deserve."

Then, after the two hours' recreation, they marched to their cells with smiling, happy faces, each taking his quart of berries and milk, and some sugar, and a loaf of nice wheat bread. They would have taken their festival at a common board, but the prison has no means to spread a table for six hundred.

Dear Banner, my heart is very full; so are my eyes, as I muse on all I have seen and heard to-day. Though strange, it is true, Human Nature seems more noble and lovable, more divine, from seeing, hearing and entering into the hearts of those prisoners. Here are six hundred men—our brothers—who are branded and cast out as felons, as Jesus was by Church and State, and by Society. If Jesus—once the branded, outcast, crucified felon of Judea, but now worshipped as God by three hundred millions of Christians—were to visit Boston as he did Jerusalem, where would you find him?—among these branded and outcast felons, now in their cells eating their berries, milk and sugar in solitude, or in Old South or Park-street

Church, in the State House, or National Capitol? Henry C. Dorsey is the true minister of God to these prisoners. He is the true Christ, the truly anointed and sent of God to these misguided brothers. So far as they are "the lost," these are the very ones whom our tender and loving Father and Mother God are seeking to find and to bring home.

It is a terrible wrong and outrage to "conceal human beings in sin," and then imprison and hang them for being sinners; to "shape them in iniquity," and then punish them for practicing iniquity; to "prone them to evil as sparks fly upward," and then brand and cast them out for doing evil; and to "send them away from the birth speaking lies," and then imprison and execute them for being liars and deceivers. Tell me, dear Banner, is it possible for a man and woman to fall so low as to create a child in their own likeness and then imprison or hang him for being like them? Yet this is what Christians habitually do—they being witnesses. Men and women are so vile that, had God been just to them, as they say, "they had been in hell long ago;" yet they beget thieves, robbers, and men and women as hell-deserving as themselves, and then imprison and hang them for being and doing what they make them to be and to do. This outrage must stop, or the religion that teaches it must be abolished, and God, as the prisoners' friend, must be enthroned in our hearts.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL.

BY JAMES G. HOW.

How fresh is the air of the mountain,  
How joyous the valleys below!  
The streamlet how pure to the fountain,  
Where waters unceasingly flow:  
What music forever is leaping  
From its silvery, mystical bow,  
What voices forever repeating  
God's wonders and workings abroad:  
What changes eternally ringing  
In dark, gloomy forests of pine;  
What choirs of sweet warblers are singing  
Their praise on the twig and the vine;  
What flashes of light ever peeping  
Through evergreen foliage and trees:  
What guardians of night ever keeping  
Their watch in the calm and the breeze:  
What powers and forces revolving  
The atoms and oceans of air,  
Attracting, repelling, evolving  
Whole nations and families there!  
What wonders and mysteries floating  
Unseen by the vision of man!  
The legions of spirits are moving  
What only the spirit may see,  
Are perfumes of grasses and flowers  
What weaving of forms in the skies:  
What landscapes and beautiful bowers  
Are mirrored in the spirit-light eyes,  
The life of the spirit that's flowing  
Through earth and confines bounding and cold,  
Like the soul of the mountain is glowing  
With jewels and riches untold,  
The music and harmony filling  
And sweeping the ether  
From races and ages are swelling  
And trembling in unison there,  
The weird rill so darkly dividing  
The seen and the spiritual world,  
Through spectro and phantom recording  
Its mystical certain has furled,  
The day-star has risen in full splendor,  
The mountains are light in its dawn,  
And the nations shall wonder and worship  
And live in its beautiful morn.

## Matters in Washington, D. C.

DEAR BANNER—Another lecture season has come to a close with us in the National Capitol, and our annual meeting has passed, resulting in the reelection of the following officers: John Mayhew, President; George White, Vice President; Levi Loomis, Secretary, and the election of Richard Roberts as Treasurer. The action of the meeting, which was the largest business meeting we have had, was very harmonious, the votes in the election of officers being unanimous.

During the season we have been visited by several physical mediums, some of whom I think have been justly suspected of fraud. A necessity has therefore been felt for the adoption of some plan by which we may be able to protect media of undoubted honesty and worth, and to discountenance all pretenders, who by their frauds would place our society under the ban of public opinion, as has been the case, to some extent, during the past season.

It was therefore resolved in our general meeting, that there be carefully selected by the Executive Board, twelve persons, to constitute a Standing Committee for the Investigation of Physical Phenomena, to whom all physical mediums visiting the city may apply, and submit themselves to their critical scrutiny. Such media—the investigation resulting satisfactorily—will be at liberty in their notices to state that fact in such form as the Committee may approve. Thus we hope to be able to encourage the true and suppress the false. Beyond this we shall vouch for none, and our hall will be open to none who do not voluntarily certify to this scrutiny. I think it is high time for Spiritualists everywhere to take some similar action, evincing to the public at large that they are no parties to fraud, and are anxious to detect and expose impositions of this sacrilegious character whenever they may occur.

During the past season, many copies of the Banner of Light have been sold at our Sunday meetings by our doorkeeper, and I hope the number will be greatly increased when our meetings are resumed. We have received many valuable additions to our membership during the last few weeks, and the prospect is very promising that the next season will be one of more than usual prosperity.

We are rapidly concluding arrangements for speakers for the coming season, and hope soon to send you our programme of the same.

With best wishes for the prosperity of the Banner,

I am, yours most truly,

JOHN MAYHEW,  
President Society of Progressive Spiritualists.  
Washington, D. C., (Box 607,) June 17, 1870.

At the London Police Court, an Irish woman asked the magistrate to arrest Biddy Coghlan for "switching her hen, which died the day before, and enchanting the eggs of the bird, at the same time producing several eggs, which had nothing peculiar in their appearance, except that they were rather smaller than usual. Mr. Lushington told the foolish woman to go about her business. "What shall I do with the eggs?" asked the woman. "Take them home and cook them for your husband's dinner!" exclaimed an officer of the court, gently pushing her out of the building. "Faith, now," said the woman, amidst derisive laughter, "am I going, think you, to put the devil into my husband's inside? Shure there's a devil in each egg!" She retired, much disappointed that no steps were taken to punish Biddy, the "wicked enchantress."

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.



# BIRTHDAY ODE FOR J. J. GLOVER.

BY MRS. M. A. CAMPBELL.

Once more, regent, regal June,  
Every life's harp attune,  
Every life's harp attune,  
With the Godward ebb and flow:  
Twine the fragrant hyacinths,  
Laurels, myrtles, asphodels:  
It is the queenly Rose's hour:  
Gather from each varied bower  
Red and yellow, pink and white,  
Every beauty, all delight,  
Weath' the milestone reared to-day  
In a dear life's grand highway!

Birthdays taken! fair to tell  
Of affection's thrilling swell,  
'Neath the radiant promise bow  
Where heaven's truest come and go!  
Of unfulfilled wishes sought,  
Of achievement nobly wrought,  
Self-denial! self-control!  
Self-will! self-control!  
Cheerful words and generous deeds,  
Free relief of dreary needs,  
Deck the milestone reared to-day  
In a dear life's grand highway!

May full many a tablet grace  
With brightest garlands fondly placed,  
Tells of still excellent worth,  
Gracious growth, and loving heart!  
Breathe appreciation, soul,  
Eternal life throughout the whole;  
Make those blooms forever vernal,  
Since the good is all eternal.

Angels pure, on Eden's shore,  
Grown these milestones evermore,  
Each recurring natal day,  
In this true life's grand highway!

Glover, Quincy, Mass., June 13th, 1870.

## GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

NO. IV.

BY DR. S. C. CASE.

In tracing this ancient history we meet with many strange stories, but as I am acting only the part of scribe, it is my duty to give them to you as nearly as possible as they were once taught by the Greeks. They seem absurd to us, but three thousand years ago they were accepted as facts and divine truths. Who knows but three thousand years hence people will not look back upon many of the ideas held by us of the present day and laugh at them, even as we do at those handed down by the ancients? Methinks children of the future will wonder at our credulity, and shake their sides with merriment while listening to stories which we hold as "gospel."

But to continue with the history of

**JUPITER AND HIS FAMILY.**  
Jupiter first espoused Metis (PRUDENCE), daughter of Oceanus. She exceeded both gods and men in knowledge, but Heaven and Earth having told Jupiter that the first child of Metis, a maid, would equal him in strength and counsel, and that her second, a son, would be king of gods and men, he flattered his wife when she was pregnant, and swallowed her; after a time the goddess Minerva is said to have sprung from his brain, completely armed and fully grown.

**MINERVA.**  
or Athena, was the goddess of wisdom. She was immediately admitted to the assembly of the gods, and became Jupiter's faithful counselor. She invented the art of spinning, and is frequently represented with a distaff in her hand, instead of a spear. Not being the offspring of a mother, tenderness and female affection dwelt not in her heart. She delighted in war as well as in the arts and sciences, and is represented as being clad in armor, equipped for battle. Jupiter next married Themis, who bore him the Seasons, and the Parcae.

**THE PARCAE, OR FATES.**  
were three in number, viz.: Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. To them was entrusted the management of the thread of human life. Clotho drew the thread between her fingers, Lachesis turned the wheel, and Atropos cut the strand. Their decrees were unalterable. They are generally described as three old women, dressed in robes of white ermine, bordered with purple.

The ocean-nymph, Eurydice, next became the wife of Jupiter, and produced him

**THE GRACES.**  
Their names signify Splendor, Pleasure, and Joy. Temples and altars were everywhere erected to their honor, and all ages and professions solicited their favor. In Olympus (the home of the gods) they surrounded the throne of Jupiter. In heaven as well as on earth their dominion was acknowledged and honored. They are represented as young, handsome and gaily dressed, their hands joined, and in the dancing attitude.

Next, Ceres became, by Jupiter, the mother of Proserpina (described hereafter), and Mnemosyne of

**THE MUSES.**  
These were nine sisters, who presided over eloquence, poetry, music, dancing, tragedy and comedy. Their worship was almost universal. No poet ever began his lays without a solemn invocation to the "immortal nine."

Latona, daughter of Coeus and Phoebus, presented Jupiter with Apollo and Diana.

**APOLLO.**  
was god of all the fine arts, and to him is ascribed the invention of medicine, music, poetry and eloquence. He presided over the Muses, and had the power of prophecy. His oracles were in general reputed over the world. Apollo destroyed the Cyclops (a race of giants having but one eye, large, round, and in the centre of the forehead), who forged the thunderbolts with which Jupiter slew Esculapeus, a son of Apollo.

This deity is generally represented with long, flowing hair, and the Romans were fond of imitating his figure; therefore their youth were remarkable for fine hair, which was not cut short until the age of seventeen or eighteen. Apollo is always represented in the perfection of united manly strength and beauty. His head is described as being surrounded by rays of light. Among the poetical fictions of the ancients, that of Apollo is one of the most sublime and lovely, because it dissolves the idea of a destructive power in that of youth and beauty; thus harmoniously combining two opposite elements.

**DIANA, OR LUNA.**  
was the goddess of hunting. She shunned the society of men, and retired to the woods, accompanied by the daughters of Oceanus, a powerful sea-god, and by twenty other nymphs, all of whom, like herself, had resolved never to marry. Armed with a golden bow, and lighted by a torch which was kindled at the lightnings of Jupiter, she led her nymphs through the dark forests and woody mountains in pursuit of the swift stag. At the twang of her bow the lofty mountains trembled. When the chase was over, she hastened to Delphi, the residence of her brother Apollo, and hung her bow and quiver upon his altar. There she would lead forth a chorus of Muses and Graces, and join them in singing praises to her mother, Latona.

Diana was tall, beautiful, and dressed as a

huntress; a bow in her hand, a quiver of arrows hung across her shoulders, her feet covered with buskins, and a bright silver crescent on her forehead. The cold and bright moon, which scatters a silver light over the hills and forests, is the type of this goddess.

**MERCURY, OR HERMES.**  
was the son of Jupiter by Maia, daughter of the endurer, Atlas, who supported the heavens on his head. Mercury was a messenger of the gods, and especially of Jupiter. He was the inventor of letters, and excelled in eloquence. He first taught the art of buying, selling, and trafficking. He was not only the god of merchants and orators, but also presided over all dishonest persons. The very day of his birth he gave proof of his propensity for thieving by stealing the cattle which Apollo tended. The divine shepherd bent his bow against him, but in the meantime Mercury had stolen his quiver and arrows. He afterward robbed Neptune of his trident, Venus of her girdle, Mars of his sword, Vulcan of his mechanical instruments, and Jupiter of his scepter. He is represented as a young man, with cheerful countenance. He has wings fastened to his cap and to his sandals. In his hand he holds a rod entwined with serpents. A touch of this wand would awaken those who were asleep, or cause sleep in those who were awake.

Jupiter also had children by mortal mothers. Among these were Bacchus and Hercules; yet these personages are associated with the assembly of the immortal gods.

**BACCHUS.**  
is by far the higher and more divine personage, and from his very birth is ranked among the celestials. He was worshipped as the god of wine, and an ancient conqueror and law-giver.

It is said that in his youth, some pirates, having found him asleep on the Island of Naxos, were struck with his beauty, and carried him off in their ships with the intention of selling him as a slave. When Bacchus awoke he affected to weep, in order to try the sympathy of the sailors. They laughed at his distress, when suddenly their vessel stood motionless on the waters. Vines sprang up and twined their branches round the oars, masts and sails. The infant god waved a spear, and, lo! tigers, panthers and lynxes appeared round the ship. The pirates, stupefied with fear, sprang into the sea, and all were changed into dolphins, with the exception of the pilot, who had shown some concern for the fate of the prisoner.

Bacchus, being desirous of showing his gratitude to Midas, King of Phrygia, for some service which that monarch had rendered him, desired the king to ask for whatever he wished. Midas begged that everything he touched might become gold; but in a short time found that he had made a foolish wish, since even his meat and drink were converted into that metal.

The festivities of Bacchus were celebrated with riots and excess. His priestesses ran wild on the mountains with disheveled hair and torches in their hands, filling the air with shouts and chanting hymns in his praise.

**HERCULES.**  
stands at the head of the deified heroes of Greece. In his infancy, before he had completed his eighth month, he boldly seized and strangled two serpents sent by the jealous Juno, to destroy him. In the eighteenth year of his age he determined to deliver his neighborhood from a huge lion which preyed upon the flocks of the adjacent country. After destroying the lion he delivered his country from paying an unjust annual tribute of one hundred oxen. Such public services became widely known, and the king rewarded his deeds by giving him his daughter in marriage and entrusting him with the government of his kingdom.

Hercules, by the will of Jupiter, was subjected to the power of Eurystheus, and obliged to obey him in every respect. This cruel master, jealous of his growing powers, commanded him to achieve a number of enterprises, the most difficult and laborious ever known, generally called the twelve labors of Hercules. Armed by Minerva, Apollo and Vulcan, he went forth and performed these wonderful tasks, which placed his name among the gods.

**JUNO.**  
queen of heaven, was the wife proper of Jupiter. Their nuptials were celebrated with the utmost solemnity. All the inhabitants of heaven and all the dwellers upon earth were the spectators. Clotho, a nymph who refused to attend, was changed into a tortoise and condemned to perpetual silence.

All the poets represent Juno with a majesty well befitting the empress of the skies. Her aspect combines all that we can imagine of the lofty, graceful and magnificent; but her jealousy of Jupiter and her disputes with him occasioned perpetual confusion in heaven. She took every possible means to trouble and thwart the plans of his children by mortal mothers; and, on account of her oft repeated cruelties to Hercules, Jupiter once tied her hands together, and, hanging anvil at her feet, with a golden chain suspended her between heaven and earth.

Vulcan, having come to her rescue, was kicked down from heaven by Jupiter, his leg being broken by the fall. Juno is represented as seated on a throne, or in a chariot of gold drawn by peacocks. She holds a scepter in her hand, and wears a crown of diamonds encircled with roses and lilies. Hebe, her daughter, the beautiful goddess of youth and health, attends her car. Her children by Jupiter were Mars, Hebe and Ilithyia. Vulcan was the progeny of Juno without a sire.

**MARS, OR ARES.**  
was the god of war, and presided over all gladiatorial sports and whatever other exercises and amusements were of a warlike character. Once, when in a combat before Troy, he was wounded; at this he roared, as the poet tells us, like ten thousand men, so that, on hearing the voice of this brazen god of war, terror seized the Greeks and Trojans. Enveloped in thick clouds, Mars immediately ascended to Olympus, appearing as a mighty plume that precedes a tempest. On arriving at the abode of the immortal gods he complained to Jupiter of the audacity of men. But Jupiter reproved him with angry words: "Trouble me not with thy complaints, inconstant! Thou art to me the most odious of all the gods that dwell in Olympus; for thou knowest no other pleasure than strife, war, and contest. In thee dwells the whole character of thy mother, and hadst thou been the son of another god, and not my own, thou wouldst long ago have lain deeper than the sons of Uranus."

Mars is represented as an old man, armed with a helmet, a pike and a shield. He stands in a chariot drawn by furious horses, which the poets call Flight and Terror.

**VULCAN.**  
was the god of fire, and the patron of all those who worked in iron and other metals. He was educated in heaven, and forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter and the arms of the gods and demigods. The golden chambers in which the gods resided were his workshops, and his tools came to him at his bidding.

Vulcan was celebrated by all the ancient poets

for his ingenious works. He forged the golden throne of Jupiter, and there are only two instances in which he is said to have worked in night: save the metals.

On one of these occasions, commanded by Jupiter, he kneaded together earth and water, giving it the form of the immortal goddess. Jupiter endowed it with life, and thus came into existence Pandora. All the gods gave her different valuable presents, and Jupiter, wishing her to become the wife of Prometheus, his enemy—who had stolen fire from heaven, and with it gave life to an image of man of his own molding—presented her with a beautiful box, to be given to the man whom she should marry. In this box were innumerable ills. But Prometheus, aware of her origin and the design of Jupiter, would have nothing to do with her, so she married his brother. When the box was opened the disasters issued from it and spread themselves over the whole world, where they still continue. The lid was immediately shut down, but all the ills had escaped, and hope alone was left, without which the afflictions and sorrows of mankind could not be endured.

The deformity produced by Vulcan's being cast down from heaven excited the constant laughter and ridicule of the other gods. Yet, though a cripple, he won the hand of the most charming being in heaven for his wife—Venus, the goddess of beauty, who sprang from the foam of the sea.

## LOWELL MATTERS, ETC.

BY CEPHAS B. LYNN.

The lecture season with the First Spiritualist Society closed June 13th. Everything considered, it has been a very successful one; some of our best talent being employed. Brothers Nichols, Whitney, Foster, Plimpton, and many others, whose names have slipped from our memory, have been earnest workers, and they not only deserve the sincere thanks of interested ones upon the earthly plane, but also the benedictions of the inspiring powers above.

The excellent singing of the choir, under the direction of Mr. S. W. Foster, has done a great deal toward rendering the meetings interesting. Spiritualists, of all people, should be ardent admirers of music. Melodies from human lips kindle fires of devotion and eloquence in speakers' souls. The sweet harmonies of song prepare us for the holy quiet that comes at prayer, and fit the mind for the golden moral precepts and wise admonitions that gem the lengthy discourses. Friends, everywhere, remember this fact.

The Spiritualists of Lowell are a progressive people. They have outgrown the sensational—they no longer confound the same with the genuine fire of a truly inspired mind.

### THE LYCEUM.

In the economy of Spiritualism the children are provided for. The Children's Lyceum is the only Divinity School we have. The prospects, however, are good—that is, if the action of the American Association of Spiritualists means anything. Last summer, at Buffalo, a resolution was passed, to the effect that measures should be taken toward establishing a school wherein young media, suited for the rostrum, could receive that discipline and culture so essential to success. Here, Brother Peoples, is a new mission for you. The young media are in earnest in these questions: *Is Spiritualism to come up into organic life as a distinctive religious movement? Are any efforts to be made to perpetuate the truths of Spiritualism as such?*

What say you?

### THE EXHIBITION.

of the Lyceum connected with the Lowell Society took place the 15th ult., in Welles's Hall—which, by the way, is a fine one—admirably adapted for Lyceum purposes. It is under the exclusive control of the Spiritualists.

The school is one of the oldest in the country. It is well officered. Brother Whitney, the conductor, a genial, whole-souled man, is beloved by the children. Mr. Plimpton (one of the leaders), a man of marked ability, is always looked to for

### SOLID TALK.

Well, the "exhibition" has been the theme of conversation among the children for some time. And when the evening came, how happy they were! A large audience was in attendance. First in order came the "opening chorus" by the children, which elicited hearty applause. Mr. Plimpton then delivered a short address. The farce "Good-for-Nothing Nan" came next. The young miss, Edwina Whitney—eleven years of age—as "Nan," was an immense success. Everybody was delighted with her acting. Next came singing, by the Misses Elmira Buzzell, Hattie Plumb, and Sarah Freeman. Their effort was well received. A tableau, called the "Guardian Angel," followed, which was loudly endorsed. "The Schoolmaster Abroad" came next, followed by a pleasing "Gypsy Song," in costume, from Edwina and Abbie Whitney. A tableau—"Pyramid of Beauty"—was then presented, followed by the piece of the evening, illustrative of the leading points of Lizzie Doten's excellent poem, "Peter Maguire." First came the recitation of the poem, which was done in fine style—clear and distinct—by Miss Ellen Morton, followed by scenes and tableaux, representing the conversation of the Priest and Peter in the blacksmith shop; and also the fire scene—the tableau was grand here. Another scene, improvised for the occasion, representing the meeting of a priest and a poor starving mother and child, was well received. Mr. S. W. Foster originated the idea, and also set to music the words furnished for the conversations by Mrs. Lucy Hall, who has splendid inspirations in the poetical line.

We hope that Mr. Foster will write out directions to produce the piece, so that other Lyceums can enjoy it.

Recitations from Sammie and Ed. Varney, and from little Eddie Wirt—four years of age—came next. The last-named little fellow may congratulate himself upon calling forth such rapturous applause. "The Wonderful Scholar" was well done. The tableau, "Morning Star," was real nice. After this came the concluding piece, called the "Gypsy," which passed off well.

The instrumental music in the early part of the evening, by Miss Lizzie Perrin, and later, in company with John Woodbury, delighted all.

Pleasant memories will ever linger with us of our visit to Lowell. We are encouraged to go on in our labors in the great spiritual vineyard.

**LITTLE BROTHERS.**—Sisters, do not turn off your younger brothers as if they were always in your way, and any service which they might ask of you was a burden. Perhaps the hour may come when, over a coffin that looks strangely longer than you thought, and over a pale brow where often, half unwillingly and perhaps with a petulant push, you parted the hair, you bend with blinding tears and sobs that shake your very soul, while remorseful memory is busy with the bygone hours. You will wish then that when he came and asked you to help him in his play, or to lift him on your lap because he was tired, or take him out because he wanted to see, you had laid aside your book and made the little heart glad. *—Aikman's Life at Home.*

**THE PAST.**—What is every day of a wise man's life but a censure or critique on the past?—Pope.

## Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

**EDWARDSVILLE.**—Mrs. E. A. Logan writes: I am yet in the land of Egypt, not because Pharaoh's heart is hardened and will not let me go, but because progress is slow, yet sure, and the Egyptians have needed less the ideas that I have given with eager acceptance. At last, I have found a society of friends of progress, and a medium in whose presence the guitar was played upon and floated above our heads. I also met at Eds. Smalley's genial house, at Woodburn, Ill., Davis, the renowned healer. At that place, the Methodist Church was opened and well filled for a temperance lecture. At Stanton, the subjects of "Spiritualism, Temperance and Woman's Rights," were listened to by large and intelligent audiences. Mr. Isaac Jarvis's pleasant residence was our place of rest.

Mr. J. K. Monroe, of Bunker Hill, was another spot where the air of comfort pervaded every room. Such homes as are opened for our reception are *helps* yes, unapproachable helps to our onward and upward flight, of course their aid being well lighted for the audience last evening, (June 11th) who listened with undivided attention to a temperance lecture.

My visit to the city of Edwardsville, I have ordered a supply of photographs made for the gratification of my friends and those interested in spirit photography, which can be had at Warren Chase's bookstore, St. Louis, for twenty-five cents per dozen, and the twenty-five cents and return postage—three cent stamp.

There are no Spiritualists here as I can find, and at the first likeness that appeared on the plate in my gallery, the young ladies ran out of the room, and their old fogey notion of ghosts had not been cleared away by the light of Spiritualism.

I purpose lecturing in Alton, Wednesday, June 15th, and visiting Jerseyville, on Friday, June 17th.

The *Banner* often gladdens my heart in this pilgrimage journey. Maxine's words are ever in my mind, and I have often thought to wave until all souls shall feel its inspiring influence.

### MANCHESTER.

**PARADY.**—John Dodge, writing June 12th, says: I have the pleasure of adding one more subscriber to your valuable paper. I do not know how many subscribers you have in this town and those that buy their papers at the periodical store, but I judge from twenty-five to thirty, which is an indication of the growth of Spiritualism here. I remember the time when not more than three or four were known Spiritualists. My own experience dates from the Rochester demonstrations. My first investigations were through Geo. A. Heilmann, and were of the most remarkable and convincing kind, and which have resulted in many of our friends, and among them, Mrs. Haydon, Manchester, and Colechester, together with others of less note, and, added to this, what has come to me personally forms a chain of evidence that cannot be broken; indeed, it is all the evidence I have of a future life.

**LEICESTER.**—A correspondent, J. E. S., informs us that Spiritualism, though new in that section, is progressing into public notice. The writer says: "The first I ever saw of it was at a lecture given by Prof. Denton, Miss Lottie Fowler, from Boston, and her sister, Mrs. L. J. Fowler, who has been giving public sittings at the Town Hall, creating a great excitement. Miss Fowler, I should judge, is one of the best test mediums in the field. She is accompanied by Madam Collier, and developing medium, who has performed remarkable cures here. This place is greatly opposed to Spiritualism, but Miss Fowler's notice was given out by the ministers at the churches, and I am glad that the cause is advancing in this section."

**SPENCER.**—A. J. G., informs us that Miss Lottie Fowler held a seance in that town, June 24th, which greatly surprised and pleased those in attendance. Many good tests were given.

**MARY ROMAN.** writes us that "life is the gift of God, the value of which only God can unfold. It comprises all the wealth, power and grandeur of which the mind can conceive, all the possibilities that effort, experience and time will reveal. It comprehends all the harmonies and discords in Nature, all changes, mechanical and electrical, physical and chemical. It dwells in the realm of thought. Gems of truth are strewn in the byways of man. Gems of thought pervade infinite space, waiting to be taken up by the mind, and used as stepping stones to higher knowledge. Utterances shall vitalize and regenerate perverted men and women. As invisible vapors have filled the ocean's bed, and aggregated atoms represent the spheres, so shall these forces be made manifest to the human mind."

Each individualized being is a portion of this labor given, and all his thoughts and deeds form around himself a sphere, within whose boundaries are photographed all life's experiences, and which must have another existence. In this light even thought and deed assumes an importance which should awaken us to earnest endeavor for self-culture and benevolent effort to assist the great work of love. Stagnant pools of vice abound, in whose black waters thousands of human souls are struggling in despair, calling for help. The voice of agony reaches the celestial spheres, and the heavenly ones who dwell therein beckon us to labor for the fallen."

**Maine.**  
**KITTERY.**—Samuel J. Adams, writing June 5th, says: In this quiet little town we have a large circle of those who dare be called Spiritualists—who know the truth and live by it. Though we are not able to have public meetings yet, Mr. Hodges, of Boston, held a developing circle here, and in this light even thought and deed assumes an importance which should awaken us to earnest endeavor for self-culture and benevolent effort to assist the great work of love. Stagnant pools of vice abound, in whose black waters thousands of human souls are struggling in despair, calling for help. The voice of agony reaches the celestial spheres, and the heavenly ones who dwell therein beckon us to labor for the fallen."

**Items of Progress.**  
J. H. POWELL, writes: After leaving Clarence, Mo., where I lectured, I returned to St. Louis, and on the 10th inst. lectured to a small audience at Mason City. Bro. Poole and a few warm friends received me kindly. On to Brookfield. There I was taken sick, and after lecturing, returned to Hannibal. The next day I lectured to a small audience, and gained in my case much more the former than the latter. But then the satisfaction is in the future.

"Start for the East." Thank you. It seemed best. What matters East or West, so long as I supply a demand. "Eastward, ho!" He is a little cash, but much faith. At Springfield, Ill. I found the friends not flourishing, yet I stayed and lectured, spending a happy day. From Massachusetts, I received a letter from a friend and a stern friend to the right. I was privileged to visit the grave of the martyr President, in Oak Ridge Cemetery, and wrote myself in the visitor's book, "A lover of Lincoln."

Called at Boston, Mass., on the 10th inst. I was received kindly, but could not lecture, as I was invited to lecture at New Bedford, Mass., on the 11th inst. I met my fellow-soldier in the spirit faith, Ed. S. Wheeler and his wife. A pleasant time of course.

He told the most of your readers know, is a farmer. He tills the soil, writes books, and attends to numerous other things. Emma, his wife, writes, and sings sweetly as a lark. Happy husband and wife! I had formed a conception of such a happy home, but I found it. He has thirty-three years of age; was, like Davis, uneducated. Let those who read his books marvel as I did. I shall not readily forget the good time spent with the Twitts, Emma's "Unseen City," which was written by him, and ever last year, J. A. Dodge, will be treasured among the gems of spiritual literature.

Next to Cleveland, Ohio, of "The American Spiritualist," Bro. Winchell had the most of your readers know, is a farmer. He told the most of your readers know, is a farmer. He tills the soil, writes books, and attends to numerous other things. Emma, his wife, writes, and sings sweetly as a lark. Happy husband and wife! I had formed a conception of such a happy home, but I found it. He has thirty-three years of age; was, like Davis, uneducated. Let those who read his books marvel as I did. I shall not readily forget the good time spent with the Twitts, Emma's "Unseen City," which was written by him, and ever last year, J. A. Dodge, will be treasured among the gems of spiritual literature.

I lectured here at Painted Hills yesterday. The friends have

a fine hall. The Lyceum is alive, conducted by Bro. Smith with spirit. Miss Whitmore, the guardian, and the other officers all seem well suited to their several posts of honor. Painted Hills is a pretty little town. The friends need regular speaking. May they prosper.

I leave the quiet residence of Bro. Green this morning, on my way east. Shall be in Boston soon. Societies wishing to hear me can address care of *Banner of Light* office, Worcester, Mass., June 13th, 1870.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations at Onondaga, N. Y.

We have received from Charles G. Nye an account of some remarkable physical manifestations occurring in the presence of Harry Easton. These resemble those of other mediums, in most cases, which have frequently been described by us on other occasions—such as tying, untangling, bell ringing, &c., &c. A ring being put into the medium's mouth in the light, is found, when light is again produced, to be on one of his fingers—his hands remaining firmly tied as before. The medium's mouth being filled with water, and all opportunities for his spitting it out without detection being removed, on extinguishing the light, spirit voices are heard talking audibly, several times are played on the harmonica, and visitors are called upon by name. On relighting the lamp, the medium spits out the water, thus proving that he has no part in the performances.

At a private seance given at the residence of Noah Knapp, a school teacher—Miss Browning—who had never before attended a seance, was requested to sit at the table during the period of darkness. In addition to the playing of instruments around her, she said she distinctly perceived a head covered with long soft curls bounding over her. She was reluctant to acknowledge the fact, fearing, lest those present should think she had "lost her senses," as she expressed it. The medium's hair was cut very short on the evening in question, and every one in the room was required to hold hands, so that it was impossible for any to stir without detection. All present at the seance were satisfied that it was an occurrence beyond the possibility of any human agency. Mr. Nye is confident of the spread and ultimate triumph of Spiritualism, though many yet are found to deny its truth, and misrepresent its advocates.

### Notes from a Lecturer.

DEAR BANNER.—Sitting down here in my little New England home, taking a rest of a few weeks preparatory to another campaign, the fall, winter and spring just passed seem almost like a dream; the travel, the work, the anxieties and the excitements pass before me like a panorama, and I should be half inclined to ask myself the question were they indeed realities? Were not the memory of the friendly faces, warm greeting hands and fervent welcomes that have met me, too strong to admit of a doubt? If there is anything that compensates a speaker for the wear and tear of itinerant life, for the weariness of heart and brain, and for the deprivation of all social home comforts, it is the recollection of friendships made and renewed, of words of welcome at meeting, and of regrets at parting, and better than all, the many "God bless you's" that leap out from hearts made lighter by the words it has been his to speak.

But I did not sit down now to write of impressions, as I luxuriate in these memories, but to reply, through your widely circulating columns, to the inquiries that come in upon me from the east, west, north and south, in regard to the direction I shall take in the coming season of fall, winter, and spring. I shall of course reply by letter to each individual inquiry, but for the general information of the friends, wish thus publicly to say that I cannot fully decide upon my direction until I see which way the pressure is greatest; and that if my services are wished, it is desirable that all applications be made soon, so that I may complete my arrangements early. After the month of rest, I go to Lynn, Mass., for July, and my address, which, through June, is Seymour, Conn., through July and August will be Boston, Mass., care of *Banner of Light*. I will lecture anywhere in the vicinity of Boston, any or all the Sundays of August, and should prefer also, if desired, to speak for Eastern societies through September and October.

I had strongly thought of setting my face once more toward the prairies of the Great West, and may yet do so, a part of the season at least; but my pioneering experience of the past spring in North Carolina convinces me that there is a new and grand opening for our glorious truth in the South, so long as we are willing to face the over to theological despotism. I feel deeply that there is a great work to be done in that region, and that too at once. After twenty years of mediocrity I had hoped that my pioneering days were over, and that there was rest for me; yet I sometimes feel that if I listen to the dictates of duty, the rest cannot rest yet. I find the people of the South ready and waiting for the word, not drones, but workers; and I know, from a short experience of two months, that work will not be done in vain. Feeling thus, if the friends in the South desire my services next winter and spring, and will communicate with me at once, I may conclude to give up the idea I have cherished of going West, or at least a part of the season, and meet them half way in their desire. I make this proposal, contrary to my custom, because I feel there is a work to be done in that direction, because I have the will and strength to do it, and also because the question is often asked me, Will you go South?

From my successful pioneer trip to North Carolina I returned to Baltimore the first of March, and a previous engagement of five Sundays with the society formed by the Maryland State Association of Spiritualists, and I can truly say they were five Sundays of unalloyed happiness; warm hearts and great souls greeted me, and I was fortunate in following such a true, earnest worker as our Western sister Warner, who for a part of the season, and who in social as well as in public life in that city, had in a short month done much to harmonize and benefit all who met her. It is such workers we want, who, besides speaking, can mingle with the individuals of a society and bless them in more ways than one. I felt the beneficial influence of her presence in the society, and the labors in Baltimore during my engagement. A growing interest was manifest all through the month, which culminated in the securing of a new and commodious hall in the heart of the city, on the corner of Baltimore street and Post-Office avenue—as fine a hall, I will venture to say, as is in Baltimore, or indeed any city—neat, tasty and elegant in its decorations and all its appointments. It was opened and dedicated the last Sunday of May, Sister Warner assisting me both morning and evening. We all felt "that it was good to be there," and the delicious fragrance that ascended from the rose-wreathed and laden candelabra, I am sure, with higher and nobler aspirations from many souls gathered there. New determination was manifest all through the society to carry on the good work in that city, and the songs of their excellent choir breathed, in delightful harmony, that determination. I parted with the many friends there with reluctance—a reluctance only subdued by the thought of soon again meeting with them, clasping their friendly hands and looking into their true, earnest faces. I am indeed proud of that society—proud of its heartiness, of its energy, and of its determination, and feel that it is destined to accomplish a great work. The encouraging words of many friends there sustained me through the season when, after a winter of toil, the energies naturally flag. The members of the few weeks spent in that beautiful city are pleasant companions here in my quiet home, and I am sure my association with those earnest souls has given me strength for the struggles of the future, and so my heart gives thanks for the Baltimore Society of the Maryland State Association of Spiritualists.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Seymour, Conn., June 13th, 1870.



*Journal of Management Studies*, 37(6), 809–827.

"Terrible Question," which is sold for ten cent copy.

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## Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

**Boston.—Mercantile Hall.**—The Children's Progressive Lyceum met at the usual hour on Sunday morning, June 10th, with an attendance of one hundred and twenty-eight scholars and officers. In addition to marches, wing movements, &c., songs were given by Misses Richardson, Adams and Thomas, quite a number of recitations presented by the members, and Mrs. Hattie A. Wilson and J. H. Powell briefly addressed the Lyceum.

The next monthly concert for the benefit of this Lyceum will take place at Mercantile Hall, Sunday evening, July 3d. Let every friend of the school be in attendance, as, during the summer, means of raising pecuniary aid are not so easily found as during the winter season.

**Temple Hall.**—Seekers after the phenomenal phase of spirit intercourse still continue to crowd the public circles held at this hall on the forenoon and afternoon of each Sunday. These convocations are extremely attractive to those attending, and tend much to strengthen the Doyleston-street Spiritualist Association, under whose auspices they are carried on. The afternoon circle, as usual, was crowded, on Sunday, June 10th.

In the evening of the same day Mr. Moon spoke at Temple Hall. Subject: "What is true religion?" and some general remarks were offered by Dr. Hodges.

The meeting of the Doyleston-street Children's Lyceum on Sunday noon, June 10, was very interesting. Prof. Hudson gave a half-hour music lesson to the scholars, and in addition to other exercises, five children declaimed, and Alice Cayvan sang, accompanying herself with the piano. The "Wreath of Love," a society formed of the children of this Lyceum, also presented a flag to the Guardian, Mrs. Dana; the speech being made by George Cayvan and the recipient replying with appropriate remarks.

**Cambridgeport.—Harmony Hall.**—The meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum Sunday forenoon, June 10th, was well attended. The regular order of exercises was varied by declamations from several children, and the discussion of the question: "What is the best thing we can do to promote the benefit of mankind?" Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, being present, favored the Lyceum with a brief address. A new feature was introduced in the Banner March, on the day in question, whereby some of the children carried flowers arranged on a staff in such a manner as to form an archway (at a certain part of the evolution) under which the others passed.

**Milford.**—Washington Hall. On Sunday morning, June 10th, the session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was well attended—one hundred and seven being present—and the exercises were varied and entertaining, consisting in part of readings and declamations by Misses Ousley, Anson, Adams, Hill, Pickering, Williams, and Masters Ousley and Sturtevant. Addresses were made by H. Anson, B. D. Godfrey, J. Buxton, H. Bacon, E. Sullivan, of California, and Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston.

The Spiritualist Association was addressed at Washington Hall, at 2 and 3 p. m. of the same day, by Dr. J. H. Currier, each address being preceded by the reading of a poem by Miss Mary Gilman, of the Lyceum.

**Providence.**—The Milford Children's Lyceum, we are informed by its Secretary, H. S. Bacon, celebrated the second anniversary of its formation by a picnic at Howard's Grove, Saturday, June 10th, the day proving of especial enjoyment to the hundreds who attended. We have not space to give the entire report of the proceedings, but must be content with following its outline. Mr. Bacon says:

"The picnic really served a two-fold purpose—the celebration of the anniversary and the dedication of the grove, which has been recently fitted up at considerable expense by Mr. Alonzo Howard, an energetic member of the Lyceum, with an especial view to such gatherings of the Lyceum. The grove is delightfully situated about a mile from the center of the town, upon the line of the Milford and Woonsocket Railroad, and is easy of access either by rail or carriage, and even on foot."

Mr. Bacon then describes the grove as fitted up in a very convenient manner, there being a large speakers' stand, with convenient arrangement for a gradually rising ground; a commodious building for cooking purposes; tables provided at various points, whereon to spread refreshments; swings for the amusement of the children, and a large platform or floor completely shaded by beautiful pine trees.

"The first and principal part of the programme for the day consisted of recitations, essays, selected pieces and dialogues by members of the Lyceum, commencing at half past one o'clock, under the immediate direction of Mr. Buxton, of Providence, and Mr. Sturtevant, who presided over the anniversary Committee—to whom much praise is due for their admirable arrangements."

It is but due to the participants in these exercises to say that they all acquitted themselves in the best manner, and where all were so meritorious, it is difficult to select any for special praise.

The programme consisted of the following pieces: Our Lyceum Anniversary, Miss Ella Adams; Get Up, Isaac Ousley; What I Hate, Edna Hildreth; What I Love, Alice Pickering; Mr. Faith-Heart, Reuben Cook; Child and Flower Garden, Lillian Smith; The Wonderful Scholar, dialogue, Clara Cheney; Minnie Williams, Susie Walker; Song, Nina Spencer; Foot Prints, Carrie Elwell; Courage to the Right, Mary Race; Over and Over Again, Master Sturtevant; Temperance, Clara Cheney; Exaggeration, dialogue, Ella May, Alice Pickering; Don't Crowd, Carrie Adams; Sunny Side, Eva Wales; What I Like to See, Fredrick Race; I'll go to Love, Hattie Draper; Santa's Invitations, Alice Hill; What is It? Eva Price; The Rumseller Reclaimed, or New Year's Galls, dialogue, Carrie Adams, Ella Howard, G. W. Lewis, Walter Hunt, Geo. Hunt, Nettie Anson; Barbara Fitchie, Josie Cheney; Auld Time, Master Collins; Earl King's Daughter, Nina Spencer; No Soot in Heaven, Minnie Williams; The Snow, a poem, Ella Howard; The River Speakers, dialogue, Edwin Snow and Clara Wilkinson.

No one who listened to the well delivered recitations could fail of being convinced of the benefits conferred upon children by the facilities offered at the weekly gatherings of the Lyceum."

Dinner followed these exercises, after which dancing was participated in till the hour for speaking, when Mrs. Yeav delivered an admirable address. At the conclusion of the speaking, dancing was again taken up, and continued till "the waning sun warned the joyful party that the day of pleasure was drawing to a close." The Secretary concludes as follows:

"The praise of all the large company assembled here is due to a single cause—the happy and congenial character of the hour. Such joyful gatherings can none too often find in this busy work-day world of ours; and taking this view of the matter, there is a fixed determination on the part of our Association to often indulge in such pastimes during the present season; hoping and trusting that thereby we may add much to the measure of human happiness."

**Providence.—Leyden Hall.**—A. E. Carpenter spoke before the Spiritualist Association to good acceptance on Sunday, June 10th. The meetings are to be held through the heated term, our Plymouth friends not believing in an adjournment. Dr. C. reports that the Lyceum there is flourishing, although its severe loss by fire, (some \$250) chronically by us not long since, has somewhat crippled its movements. This Lyceum proposes attending Dr. Gardner's picnic at Abington, Tuesday, June 28th.

## New Publications.

**THE GALAXY** for July is, if possible, superior to its predecessors, which have all been good. But here is the table of contents: A Leap in the Dark; American Women and English Women; Summer Rain; Lo-Land Adventure; A Problem; Gleamings from the Sea; Condemned; Museums of Art, Artists, and Amateurs in America; So Dearly Bought; Poplins; Put Yourself in His Place; A Sight; The New Lamps of History—a lecture delivered before the University of California; Mr. Welles in Answer to Mr. Weed—the facts of the abandonment of Gosport Navy-yard; Drift-wood; Literature and Art; Memoranda; Nobilia.

**THE COVENANT.**—This magazine, published in the interests of the Knights of Pythias, in Baltimore, Md., by John Cox, having reached the sixth number of its first volume, is now, we are informed by a circular from its publishers, in the June number, to be changed to a weekly issue, under the name of the "Weekly Covenant," subscribers to the monthly receiving the new issue in lieu of the former publication.

The **NUMERUS** for July is equal to any of its predecessors. It has now reached a circulation of thirty thousand. Mr. Shorey, its publisher, is confident it will reach fifty thousand, and as it is the best child's magazine ever published, it will probably attain to that number.

Our **YOUNG FOLKS** is gaining monthly in popularity and in circulation.

## New Music.

**Howe's Musical Monthly**, No. 11, contains eleven instrumental pieces and ten songs, with piano accompaniment, all for thirty-five cents. Published by Elias Howe, 103 Court street.

Mrs. J. D. Paige's new method for teaching the piano-forte has become at least locally famous. Many teachers have adopted it, and its merits have been generally recognized. Mrs. Paige has now published it, through Oliver Ditson & Co., in a large folio volume, so that her peculiar system of finger training and the other distinctive features of her method are open to all. There is said to be a charm of variety and interest in learning by this plan, shared by no other.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"We received last week a large basket of delicious strawberries and elegant flowers from the nursery of Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, of Everett, Mass., the well-known lecturer, who will please accept our thanks."

"We shall publish in our next issue a letter from our unfortunate brother, Austin Kent, which contains a sad record of his life-experiences."

"The New York *Universe* has suspended. The proprietor of that paper intends to publish a monthly magazine instead. The first number (as per announcement) will appear the present month."

Hon. Moses Wingate died at his residence in Haverhill, June 15th, at the age of 100 years 7 months and 17 days.

Divers have got at the treasure in the Spanish galleons sunk in Vigo Bay 150 years ago, and will make "a good thing" out of the job.

So plentiful are the grasshoppers in Salt Lake City that the stench arising from the accumulation of their dead carcasses is terrible, and is seriously affecting the health of the city.

Upon the marriage of one of her companions, a little girl of about eleven years of age, of the same school, said to her parents: "Why, do n't you think, Amelia is married, and she has n't gone through fractions yet."

W. D. Gentry, of Nashville, says: "As a telegraph operator and type-setter, I would say to the public that, if in making the letter I (capital) writers would put under it the telegraph character representing that letter, which is two dots, thus, . operators and many type-setters would be enabled to distinguish I from J, and avoid many annoying errors; and if the public generally, especially school-teachers, would adopt the suggestion, the misfortune suffered by all who write the English language would be removed."

It has been curiously shown in the French Academy that certain plants are as sensitive to the influence of chloroform as animals.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger in his Music Hall sermon made the following significant remark: "Standing beside the dead Dickens, he would say: 'Tread not on him. Peace! The man is noble, and his fame folds in the orb of the earth. If he did not believe the Orthodox creeds of the Church, he had rendered a great service to Christianity by unrolling the fallacies of the Church. He had never written one word of attack upon morality or religion, and he should not be subjected to the miserable standard of the sectarian conventicle.'"

It is claimed that there is scriptural authority for the imbibition of gin and milk by the Rev. Mr. Smythe, of New York. The last clause of the first verse of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah says: "Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." The text speaks of wine instead of gin; but the friends of Mr. Smythe say that this is a difference in letter and not in spirit.

Deeds for others' happiness show the true foundation of our own character.

A little Connecticut boy, asking a mate who Good Friday was, received the withering reply, "Well, you go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"KISS PAPA GOOD-NIGHT." Dolly checks on snowy pillows Gently, gently pressed; Little hands all day so busy, Folded to their rest; All the mother's heart stirs in me, At the peaceful sight, While their last words I remember, "Kiss papa good-night."

Tender white arms softly clinging In a sweet embrace; Curled and smiling, and dimples rippling Over each baby face, All the little fears and sorrows Are forgotten quite; And I feel with their fond message, "Kiss papa good-night."

Touch them lightly, very lightly, Oh ye coming years; Bring them all your smiles and gladness, Save them from your tears. Praying thus, I'll bask in me, In the waning light, Waiting with their tender message, "Kiss papa good-night."

"The mercy of God is infinite," says Southey, "and it were too dreadful to believe that they who have been most miserable here should be condemned to endless misery hereafter."

A bill placing husband and wife on equal terms in respect to their property, has had a second reading in the British House of Commons.

How to make a fire hot—keep it cooled.—*July.*

Despise not little temptations; rightly met they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial.

UTAH.—John A. Jost, of Ogden City, writes that the Spiritualists in that place are much in want of lecturers and test mediums, and desires that when such are passing that territory they will give him a call, and he will entertain them.

DR. CHARLES MAY, of this city, is now on a visit to Scotland, his native land. He will return in about two months.

"HELEN HARLOW'S VOW."—Mrs. Walsbrook's last book is selling well—an evidence of its worth. We recently copied a notice of the work from the Iowa State Register, but it was inadvertently printed "Journal."

Rev. Edward Husband, who has come back again to the Church of England, after a short sojourn in the Church of Rome, in explaining his return says: "I was roused by authority to write my pamphlet 'Why I left the Church of England.' I am not forced to write 'Why I left the Church of Rome.'"

Idolence is the rust of the mind, and the inlet of vice.

Church-going is not an increasing habit in San Francisco. One of its papers reports—"Dr. Stone's congregation does not average over two hundred and fifty, and the attendance at Mr. Stebbins's church is even less. If these really able and distinguished clergymen cannot collect a congregation of reasonable magnitude, it must go hard with the smaller ecclesiastical fry on the outskirts of Zion. By resorting to a little extra clerical clap-trap, Dr. Stebbins is enabled to hold his own, but, as a general rule, the churches are lamentably empty."

Why should the Suez Canal improve the visionary powers of Africa? Because it makes it an eye-land.—*Fun.*

THE NAZARENE'S MODERN DISCIPLES.—The Springfield Republican says:

"The luxury of going to church is becoming greater, and the comfort of worshippers is more carefully studied every year. For instance, the Congregationalists of New London, Ct., have just dedicated a new stone church which will only seat nine hundred persons, but both the aesthetic and the bodily needs of the nine hundred are most elaborately provided for. The interior woodwork

is of solid black walnut; the walls and ceiling are richly decorated in polychrome, and the organ pipes are resplendent with blue and gold. Gas burners with reflectors in the ceiling are relied on for illumination, with the help of fixtures under the gallery; and 'forty horse power boilers' in the basement, connected by steam pipes with a register in every row, promises to give necessary heat in winter. A pastor's study, a library, and a ladies' parlor make up the suite of rooms in the building, and a paragon on the same lot is nearly ready for occupancy."

Poor indeed is he who thinks he never has enough.

BEECHER AND BELLOW. Ward Beecher doubted Dickens' creed, But never thought a minute, That his own heart had greater need Of true religion in it.

And so, as one who never slummed, He walked among his fellows, Till proven to be a bag of wind, When "blown up" by the fellows, —*LA CROSSE Commercial Advertiser.*

There is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persian, "In all thy quarrels leave open the door of reconciliation."

Spiritualism is not a human device or deception of man, but a fearful fulfillment of Scripture.—*World's Crisis.*

Then why fret yourself about its rapid progress among the people? Its teachings enlighten and elevate the race, and that ought to make you feel harmonious and happy if you really have the good of humanity at heart.

Smart money—money which draws two per cent. a month.—*Lowell Courier.*

HEAVY INVESTMENT.—The Davenport Brothers have just returned from a private business trip down to New York, where they invested \$10,000. The location is in Cuyo County, in the town of Clear Lake. This is a very promising and growing section of country, and we have no doubt but the brothers have made a big strike in this investment. Let them now try a lot or two in this growing city. It will more than double in five years. These brothers, besides being the best showmen in the country, are true business men, a rare combination of talents.—*La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat, June 15.*

The surest road to wealth is to bestow liberally where it is most needed.

A sexton overheard the schoolmaster giving his lessons in grammar. "You cannot place a *u* singular article," said the preceptor, "before plural nouns. No one says a pigs, a women, a —" "Nonsense," cried the sexton; "the prayer-book knows better than you, I should think; or it would not teach me to say a-men."

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The steamship *Great Republic*, from Hong Kong May 12, and Yokohama May 22, arrived at San Francisco, Cal., June 15. A violent storm occurred in Japan, the severest since 1855. The accounts of disaster are meagre, but several villages were destroyed. The great volcano of Asoyama, in the interior of the island of Nippon, which has been in constant eruption, is now showing signs of frequent earthquakes, and destroying the neighboring villages. The captain of the bark *Comet*, observed an active volcano at sea, two hundred miles from Yokohama. Some portions of the crater were above the sea, and clouds of smoke were issuing from the crater. The volcano appeared to be in a building condition. The officers of the United States squadron on the Asiatic coast have decided to erect a monument to the memory of the victims of the Onoda disaster.

A Papal Warning to Catholics American.—A telegram from Rome, June 10th, says, "The Pope has fixed July 22 as the utmost limit which will be allowed Americans to make their submission to the Holy See. If by that time they have not complied with the demand, Rome, excommunication will be pronounced against them."

Mr. Whittemore, of North Carolina, who was expelled from the U. S. House of Representatives for selling citizenship, was returned again by his district, but refused a seat by a vote of 21 to 16.

News from Rome to June 21st say: "The desire of the Fathers to express their opinions in speeches before the Council is so great, that the closing of the debate will be postponed to the 6th of July. Immediately after the adjournment, the consistory will convene to consider the question of the election of the Fathers, selected from among the active champions of infallibility. A desirable reward."

The debate in the Ecumenical Council, June 21st, was attended with great interest. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and Bishop Connolly, of Halifax, assailed the dogma of the Pope's infallibility with vigor, fearlessly denouncing the doctrine of infallibility. The Austrian bishops declare that they will persist in their opposition to the dogma of papal infallibility, and that they will also oppose any attempt at schism in the Church.

The Council of State of Switzerland, which has voted, by a large majority, in favor of the separation of the Church and State.

A telegram from Paris, June 22nd says: "The journals of this city, today, publish the recent speech of Señor Castelar, in the Spanish Congress, in opposition to the plan of the government for gradual emancipation, but favoring the immediate freedom of every slave in Spanish territory. He quoted the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, and loudly applauded."

Mrs. Charlotte Cushman is on her way home from Rome, the Connecticut Legislature has defeated a proposed amendment of the State constitution striking out the word white.

The monthly report of the Commissioner of Agriculture presents favorable prospects for the crops, especially cotton. In Texas parish, Louisiana, where the greatest crop of 1869 was made, the crop is twenty per cent. better than last year. Cotton growers seem determined this year to reduce the price to fifteen cents, with every prospect of doing so.

An earthquake, the most serious since 1841, was felt at the Island of Cuba, one of the principal French colonies in the Atlantic, on June 10th.

The civil war continues in Venezuela. Monagas has again taken up arms and holds several provinces.

Cabral, a San Domingo insurgent chief, has formed an alliance with the mountaineers in the Seaborough district, and is preparing another movement against Hayti.

Moses Bailey's carpet works, Winthrop, Maine, were burned June 22d. The entire works and ten tables were destroyed. Loss \$30,000; insured for \$15,000.

U. S. Attorney General R. H. Hoar resigned the office last week, and the President appointed Amos T. Akerman (U. S. District Attorney of Georgia) to fill his place.

The new government of Portugal has already decreed some important reforms, among them the abolition of the death penalty.

The total loss in the Panama fire is estimated at over a million of dollars in gold. It is supposed that some of the lodgers and owners had been secured in the adjacent buildings.

The hotel register was destroyed, and it is impossible to tell how many strangers perished.

The bill to abolish the franking privilege was killed in the U. S. Senate by two majorities.

**Picnic at Walden Pond, Concord.**

The First Grand Union Spiritualists' Picnic of Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea and vicinity, in connection with friends from Waltham, Hudson, Fitchburg, &c., at Walden Pond, will take place Wednesday, July 14th, 1870.

Special trains will leave Fitchburg Depot at 8:45 A. M., making stops at Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge, and Waltham. Other trains will leave at 11 o'clock, at 2:15, and 2:35. All excursionists also Concord will take regular trains.

Ample arrangements have been made for the accommodation of the large numbers that attend these popular gatherings. Public speakers and musical families are cordially invited. Edmunds's Band will furnish music. No extra charge for dancing.

Tickets from Boston, Charlestown, Somerville, and Cambridge, \$1.00; from Waltham, children, 50 cents; adults, 80 cents; from Fitchburg, Leominster, Mason and Townsend, \$1.00; Shirley, 90 cents; Groton and Littleton, 65 cents; Marlboro' and Hudson, 85 cents; Acton, 60 cents. Tickets for sale at depots.

**Committee of Arrangements.**—Dr. A. H. Richardson, Charlestown, J. S. Dodge, Boston.

P. S.—Public speakers will be furnished with free tickets by calling upon the committee.

N. B.—We would also give notice that arrangements have been made to hold a day's Camp Meeting at Concord, commencing Aug. 23d, 1870, continuing until Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Alterations will be made at the grove, by arranging suitable accommodations for speaking, and seating at least six thousand persons, the whole to be protected from the sun or rain, thus affording shelter in case there should be a storm. Ample provision will be made for persons to take the most delightful spots in this section of the country. Full particulars of this meeting and its mode of management will be given in the *Banner of Light* in due season.

## The First Grand Union Picnic for 1870.

Will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, June 28th. The Children's Progressive Lyceums of Boston, Cambridgeport, Charlestown, East Abington, Plymouth and Stoneham, will attend. Upon the arrival of the trains the Lyceums will be formed into lines with their banners and badges, and march to the speakers' stand, where they will give an exhibition of their gymnastic exercises and marches, and be dismissed to participate in other festivities. Prof. Wm. Denton, Miss Lizzie Doten and many others will address the meeting. DANCING FREE to all who purchase tickets to the Grove by the railroad. All others will be charged extra. SPECIAL trains will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, at 8:45 and 12 o'clock precisely for the Grove.

Fare from Boston and return: Adults, \$1.00; Children 50 cents.

From the following way stations by regular trains:

Harrison Square, Adults, 70 cts.; Children, 40 cts.	
Xenophon, " 60 " " 30 "	
Quincy, " 50 " " 25 "	
Brantree, " 40 " " 20 "	
South Brantree, " 50 " " 25 "	
Randolph, " 60 " " 30 "	
Stoughton, " 80 " " 40 "	
North Easton, " 85 " " 45 "	
Taunton, " 105 " " 55 "	
Uxbridge, " 145 " " 75 "	
North Bridgewater, " 75 " " 40 "	
East Bridgewater, " 40 " " 20 "	
Bridgewater, " 50 " " 25 "	
Middleboro', " 75 " " 40 "	
Fall River, " 145 " " 75 "	
Hanson, " 35 " " 20 "	
Plymouth, " 50 " " 25 "	
Kingston, " 60 " " 30 "	
Plymouth, " 75 " " 40 "	

*Be sure to call for excursion tickets. To be obtained at the depots.*

Refreshments in abundance may be obtained at the Grove at reasonable prices. No peddlers or exhibitors allowed on the grounds.

If the weather is inclement it is anticipated that this will be one of the largest and most interesting gatherings ever assembled in this famous Grove. Come one and all, and bring the children, that they for one day may enjoy the fresh air and sunlight of the country.

W. F. GARDNER, M. D., Manager.

Boston, June 10th, 1870.

## Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zolaic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 3 cents.

THE BOSTON-PHOENIX JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 6 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents.

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

## Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 32 West 20th street, New York. Jel.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

M. K. GASTIER, Trance Medium for spirit answers, sealed letters, at 14 W. 13th st., near 6th avenue, New York. Terms, \$2.00 and four stamps. Jel. 15.

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

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, trances, advice, additional of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. Jel.

THE LABOR REFORM LEAGUE celebrates July Fourth in Framingham Grove. Trains leave Boston at 9, Worcester at 9:45 A. M.; Milford, Clinton, Fitchburg, Lowell, and other points at corresponding hours. Fare half price. Dio Lewis, E. H. Heywood, Mrs. E. L. Daniels, John Orvis and many others will speak.

## Special Notices.

HERMAN SNOW, 30, 32 KEESEY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, At Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, &c. The *Banner of Light* can always be found on his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1—17

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE, Western Agency for all

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## J. T. GILMAN PIKE,

PHYSICIAN, Pavilion, No. 57 Tremont street, (Room No. 5), BOSTON.

Notice to Subscribers of the *Banner of Light*.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper wrapper. These figures



## Message Department.

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

**Mrs. J. H. Coburn.**  
While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their particular to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

**The Banner of Light Free Circles.**  
These Circles are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4 (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday AFTERNOON. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at 2 o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.  
Mess. COBURN receives visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.  
Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

### Invocation.

Our Father, Wisdom, and our Mother Love, thou soul of the day and the night, thou present help in all our times of need for thy saint and thy slumber, we bring thee this hour our needs and we know thou wilt supply them. We bring thee our prayers. We know thou wilt answer them. We bring thee our thanks. We know thou wilt receive them. Oh Mighty Spirit, we would draw nearer thy greatness, and lose something of our own littleness. We would draw nearer thy wisdom, and lose something of our own ignorance. We would come into clearer light, oh Spirit of all light. Though we ask that thou wouldst bless us, we are conscious that thy blessing is always with us, that the hand of thy love is ever sustaining us, and that thy great soul of wisdom will never forsake us. Father, Mother, thou hast ordered that we retrace our steps and walk the earth again unseen. Oh may our ministrations to the children who are still prisoners in mortality, be of use, of holy and divine use to them. May we not come in vain, and may all our words be ordered right, and may they guide us out of the darkness into the light. Father, we praise thee for thy blessings. We thank thee for this young vernal day, that sheds its glorious sunlight, that thy children in mortal may be gladdened, may feel, our Father, that it is but the harbinger of brighter days; and so, great Spirit, may the sunlight of thy divine inspiration flow into their hearts, lighting up all the dark places, cheering them in their loneliness, and assuring them that there is a hereafter for the soul that is better than the present life.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I will answer them.  
**Q.**—Is the blood of the human system circulated by the muscular action of the heart, or by magnetic force, or neither?

**A.**—Certainly, without magnetic force there could be no action of the heart. There could be no circulation. That is the primary force of physical life. When that is in motion, and harmonious, the whole physical machinery is in motion and harmonious. The muscular action of the heart, to be sure, sends the blood to all parts of the system, but if there were no power behind that muscular action, surely there could be no action.  
**Q.**—What combination of particles makes coal black and snow white?

**A.**—We have not time to enter into a chemical elaboration of that subject. If we had we should be glad to.

**Q.**—What knowledge or what course of study will enable man to comprehend those series of truths, which, centering in the Deity, embrace the largest and smallest, the nearest and most remote portions of his universe?

**A.**—No amount of study, no amount of observation that humanity is capable of reaching, can by any possibility comprehend truth in its entirety. Truth is, in itself, an element past human comprehension. When we think we have it, lo! it has eluded our grasp. Things that are truths to us to-day, are absolute falsehoods to us to-morrow. Truth in the absolute is ever out of our reach. There may come a time in our course of being when we as mortals may reach truth, but for myself I doubt it.

**Q.**—Why is it that associated effort, though much greater than that of individuals, is not powerful in proportion to the amount, so to speak, of its individual elements?

**A.**—I think it is. Indeed, I am quite sure that it cannot be otherwise.

**Q.**—Do our friends in spirit-life enjoy or desire to meet or speak with those they have left on earth?

**A.**—That is a fact that has been made palpably evident during the last twenty-two years. The facts of Spiritualism answer that question.

**Q.**—Does it assist or strengthen them in their progress to be recognized by their friends in the spirit-life?

**A.**—It certainly does.

**Q.**—Please explain why one is attracted to another, and that other can only meet them with a repulsive feeling? Or why is it that two persons are forcibly attracted to one another, and one of those attracted to a third person who is repulsive to the other?

**A.**—The party that is attracted is the negative party, possessing less attractive force than the other, so far as that other is concerned. For example, I come to this subject when I wish to control her. I attract her spirit apart from her physical consciousness. She has not the power to resist. Why has she not? Simply because I am positive in the attractive force to her. I have more of it than she has. This is a law that is demonstrated in all human life, and not alone in human life, but in all the lower grades of life. We see it in the mineral, in the vegetable, in the animal, and we see it in the spiritual.

**Q.**—It was said in a circle a few days since, that we could not define the extent of individual power, which was unquestionably true. How, then, can we positively determine what is from disembodied spirits, or what pertains to us as a power?

**A.**—You can never positively determine that fact till you are apart from physical life. You can only speculate concerning it, and believe concerning it. You can never know positively.

**Q.**—Is it not a fact that, so far as mental phenomena are concerned, we go to spirits rather than they come to us.

**A.**—Yes, it is a fact.

**Q.**—Can attractions be perpetuated unless they are from the different natures in the individual?

**A.**—Yes, under certain conditions.

April 5.

### Jacob Hodgdon.

Four months ago I disbelieved in these things entirely. That was before I died, of course. I had some friends who were believers, and I used to say a good deal against their faith; but I see now that I was wrong, and they were right. [What's the matter with your hand?] I lost my

left hand, and I don't know why, but this one feels queer. My name was Jacob Hodgdon. I was born in Exeter, N. H. I died in Chicago. I met with an accident which resulted in my death. Some of my friends tried to make me promise that I would come back when I got established on the other side, as they said, but I had such a thorough dislike to their faith that I would not even promise that I would come back if it was true. But I have had a pretty intense desire to come, I tell you, stranger, since I left. I would have come back the very next week, if I could, but I could not do it. I want to say to my friend Thomas McAllister—he was a believer in this thing—that what he told me was true, all true, and if I could have believed it, it would have been full as well for me, if not a good deal better. But I had no faith in it.

I have a perfect spirit hand, but I don't feel right in this one. I told you I lost mine. It was taken off at the wrist. [What was the occasion?] It was occasioned by being cut, mangled by a circular saw. I was obliged to take it off.

Now if I can go to my friends in the West who believe as you do, I shall do so. I acknowledge that I was wrong, and they were right, and shall do everything I can to help them now, as I did everything I could to block their wheels when I was here. [Your age?] I was thirty-four at the time of my death; I have been gone four months. Good day, sir.

### Ham Miller.

I am conscious of my weakness and of my ignorance, and I shall make no attempt to disguise the one or the other. My expectations concerning a future or spiritual life have not been realized. I had for so many years dwelt in the religious expectation of a certain kind of orthodox heaven, that I had forced myself into a condition of spiritual disappointment in consequence of not finding what my belief on earth caused me to expect. But when I reason with my soul, apart from all earthly belief, I feel to thank my God that he has done so well for me—that I am not consigned to such a heaven as I pictured for myself; and even now I can see, if I had been, I should have been extremely unhappy in a very short time.

Now, like all other souls, I am told that I am free to work out my own spiritual salvation; I am free to scale all the heights of wisdom that abound in the spirit-world; I am free to pursue those conditions of life that were nearest and dearest to my soul. The whole realm of the world of mind is free to me as to all others, wherein I can work, and from which I can draw happiness and comfort. The subject I contemplate is too vast for my poor ignorant soul to comprehend. I have drunk in just enough of this free and glorious truth to inspire my soul, and to fill me with deepest joy; and I could not rest in my now-found home without returning, giving some evidence of my condition as a spirit, and of my hopes for the future.

Since I know that this beautiful philosophy is true, I am anxious that those I have left should believe in it—at least should investigate it, and learn how much of good there is in it. It is true for all; the saint and the sinner may receive freely. It is a light which seems to be spreading over all the earth, and I do hope that ere long my dear ones, who are now in darkness concerning it, may receive it and rejoice in it.

My name, when Ham Miller, Portsmouth, N. H., once a clergyman, later in life a journalist. [You have recently passed away?] Yes.

April 5.

### William Starr.

I was drowned last night. My name, William Starr. I was a sailor on board the bark "William Robinson." It was an accident. I was washed overboard from the rigging. I have friends whose hearts will ache, I know, but I am glad I am through. I went easy, and I trust in the mercy of a merciful and just God for what I shall receive in this life. [Where were you lost?] We were doubling Cape Cod.

I want my mother, who lives in Brunswick, Maine, to know that I return, and that I shall, I fully believe, be happy in this new world. It is not what I thought it would be—not what I have been taught to believe, but it is far more beautiful, far more what I need.

I shall try to come again when I am better posted than now. I do not want my mother and sister to mourn because my body was not recovered. I am glad it was not. It saved the expense of burial, and it is just as well where it is, just as well, and better.

### Belle Wide-Awake.

How do you do, Mary D. Stearns? [I am well; how do you do?] Comfortable. You know me, don't you? [Yes.] Did you expect me? [I hoped you might come.] Did you hear I came here the other day with a cup of tea for old Chamberlain? [No; I had not heard of that.] Well, I did. [Was he here to get it?] No; but he will get it. My servants will see that he has all right—hot, too.

[CHAIRMAN.—You are sharp to-day, Belle.]  
SPIRIT.—Beg your pardon. I will serve you in turn.

Well, Mary D. Stearns, are you comfortable? [Very comfortable. I have not seen you for some time.] No; I am going to begin business again soon; I hope to. [I am going to Jennie's this evening. Will you be there?] Yes. [Will you speak to me with the trumpet?] Yes; and I'll give you a good rap over the head, too. Supposing I crack it?

How do you suppose old Chamberlain will make out? [I don't know. Are you interested for him?] No; he is interested for me. I propose to take care of him, to dispose of him—shove him out of the way. [You would not do that, would you?] Course I will. You see! Perhaps you don't comprehend what I mean? [You mean you won't have him making trouble?] Yes. What's the use of allowing him to do that, when he makes so much trouble? I don't think I shall any longer.

Well, give my love to all the folks. I will tell you through the trumpet what I've said here.

April 5.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by C. H. Crowell.

### Invocation.

Oh, Holy Spirit, we would chant thy praises through the weakness of mortal life, for even here we behold such revelations of thyself that we bow our faces in solemn gratitude. Thou who art all spirit, can well comprehend the needs of our souls; thou who seest and understandest all things, hast no need that we come to thee, asking thee to bestow thy favors upon us, but we have need to pray. We would come nearer in our conscious lives, oh Holy Spirit, to thee; we would breathe in the conscious atmosphere of a holier being; we would trust thee more; we would know thee better. Thou art our life to-day, as thou ever

hast been, and ever wilt be. We praise thee for life, beautiful life, with its ever-varying scenes, swiftly changing for our comfort. Oh for it we praise thee; and we ask thee, oh Infinite Spirit, that we may so clearly comprehend thy Scriptures of Nature that we may know how to serve thee aright—that we may answer the demands of our own souls, and come day by day higher and still higher, nearer and still nearer to thee. Amen.

April 11.

### Questions and Answers.

**Q.**—Is hard or soft water healthiest?  
**A.**—When chemically analyzed, hard water is found to be best adapted to certain chemically organized conditions of life. Certain persons are so chemically organized that hard water is best for them to use. Again, there are certain forms so chemically organized that soft or spring water is far better for them. Therefore you see there can be no general standard raised for all.

**Q.**—In Europe hard water is considered more healthful than soft. The French, when inquiring after water for the supply of Paris, found that more conspirators are rejected in soft water districts, on account of imperfect development and stunted growth, than in the hard; and they concluded that calcareous matter in water is essential to the formation of tissues. Facts having a similar bearing have been noted in Great Britain. Are not the people in these localities affected by the water?

**A.**—Yes.  
**Q.**—Would not iron in water be favorable to almost any constitution?

**A.**—I think not, from the fact that there are no two constitutions alike.

**Q.**—Is there anything injurious in water impregnated with iron?

**A.**—Yes, positively so to some organisms, positively the reverse to others.

**Q.**—Does it do anything more than to oxidize the blood?

**A.**—And suppose the blood is already highly oxidized, what then? There is no need of anything further in that direction.

**Q.**—Can the iron enter the blood in its crude state?

**A.**—No; but your system being a chemical laboratory presided over by the great chemist, God, of course whatever you take into your system becomes chemically changed before it can be adapted to the uses of the body.

**Q.**—Can any mineral substance be assimilated by the human system till it has passed through some form of vegetable or animal life?

**A.**—No, certainly not.

**Q.**—Then all the minerals administered as medicines to affect the blood are useless, and do not enter it at all?

**A.**—No; you are mistaken there. They are not useless. They do not enter as they are taken into the mouth. They are not taken up and distributed throughout the system as you take them in. But they are passed into the crucible, the stomach, and there they are chemically changed so as to become the remedial agents which you desire them to be.

**Q.**—Can they assimilate with the human system?

**A.**—Yes, they can.

**Q.**—There is an idea prevailing that before any mineral can be received and assimilated by the human system it must pass through vegetable or animal life. For instance, the elderberry absorbs iron from the soil, and we may get it from the juice of that berry.

**A.**—I think your ideas are not strictly correct, though they are founded upon correct principles.

**Q.**—Do not nearly all the primates of Nature enter into the composition of the human structure?

**A.**—I have to affirm at the outset that there are no material primates. I know this is taking a large step outside of human science.

**Q.**—Is not gold a primate?

**A.**—No.

**Q.**—Is it a compound?

**A.**—It is.

**Q.**—What is its composition?

**A.**—It is not possible to here determine, because I have not time at my command. But there are no material primates. There is nothing material that cannot be decomposed and resolved back to a gaseous, impalpable, invisible state.

**Q.**—That is true. Gold may be turned into gas, and yet the atomic parts are all gold, as we understand it.

**A.**—Yes, as you understand it; but you do not rightly understand it. That which is not a compound cannot by any possible means be dissolved.

**Q.**—The heat may separate the gold into attenuated particles, so that it is lighter than air. We extract the gold from the sunbeam?

**A.**—Yes; you scientists of earth stretch your philosophy far beyond the point where you can spiritually demonstrate your position. A few years ago—a few compared with the many which belong to Nature—it was said there were but four or six natural primates. Now scientists declare there are some sixty-four. But the real truth is, there are none. Everything in physical or material being is capable of being resolved back into spirit.

**Q.**—Can gold be converted into silver, and the reverse?

**A.**—Yes, as future ages will positively determine. This, you see, does away entirely with your notions of material primates.

**Q.**—Is not life a unit?

**A.**—Yes, life is spirit.

**Q.**—Is it a something, or nothing?

**A.**—It is a something. Of course you must understand that.

**Q.**—Then it is material, is it not?

**A.**—It does not follow because it is something that it is material. It is a certain kind of material, but so ethereal that your senses cannot grasp it. The scientists of coming years will have a large work to perform, namely, of undoing much that has been done in earlier years, of unlearning many of the theories which were supposed to be founded upon absolute truth. This is one of them.

**Q.**—Do spirits on the other side go into the chemical analysis of things?

**A.**—They certainly do. While you are in the primary school of that science they stand at the apex of it.

**Q.**—Is the science called alchemy true?

**A.**—It is.

**Q.**—You say gold is not a primate because it is resolvable into spirit. Is not spirit material?

**A.**—Spirit is the prime of all things material. You have no material primates.

**Q.**—Did God, who is this primary principle, make everything out of himself?

**A.**—Yes, absolutely—yes.

**Q.**—Then God is but the sum total of all that exists in the universe?

**A.**—God is all spirit.

**Q.**—And matter must be a part of God?

**A.**—It is a spark of God, being God's expression. Your language is a part of yourself. In the same sense, matter is a part of God.

**Q.**—Is not the whole universe the expression of God, as our bodies are the expression of ourselves?

**A.**—Yes.

**A.**—Yes.  
**Q.**—But our bodies are not made of our living principle?

**A.**—I think they are.

**Q.**—What makes the organic law of the universe?

**A.**—We can only answer that question in this way: Organic law may be said to be God's attribute as related to matter infinite in itself.

**Q.**—I supposed it to be simply the expression of the primary principles of nature.

**A.**—So it is; but these primary principles are not found in matter. They exist beyond and apart from the crude matter that belongs to the earth.

**Q.**—Will the time ever arrive when gold will be of no account on this planet?

**A.**—It is the opinion of those who have made that a matter of deep study, that that time will arrive.

**Q.**—What will take its place?

**A.**—It is impossible to tell.

**Q.**—I should say intelligence would.

**A.**—Yes; but even then, intelligence needs for its use many vehicles through which to express itself, and these vehicles may be called mediums of exchange. They may be flowers or fruits, they may be gold, or silver, or precious stones.

**Q.**—Or word of mouth?

**A.**—Yes, that is true. As the planet and its inhabitants become more and more spiritualized, these mediums of exchange which you now use will not be used, because you will then live more in the spirit, and less in the material. You will understand that the law of mine and thine breeds death and destruction.

**Q.**—What was the meaning of Jesus when he said to his disciples, "Take no thought for the morrow," &c.?

**A.**—He spoke doubtless to them—they being under the watchful guardianship of a band of spirits who cared for them, and were able to give them all they should need for physical sustenance. He desired that they should render themselves negative to this band of spirits, and he knew that they could not be if they were constantly troubling themselves how they should obtain this and that which we all need.

**Q.**—Was it a special command?

**A.**—It was a special command to them—not to you, nor to me.

**Q.**—Will everybody yet become so spiritualized as to depend on spirits for their living?

**A.**—No.

**Q.**—Did Jesus eat meat?

**A.**—Certainly.

**Q.**—Was it necessary?

**A.**—Certainly it was, and it was provided for him. He did not labor with his hands to get it.

**Q.**—Are not quite a large portion of mankind sustained in that way now?

**A.**—Yes.

**Q.**—Those who are helpless and unable to take care of themselves?

**A.**—Yes. For illustration, you go out on the street and you meet a beggar who sues for aid. You feel like giving. You put your hand in your pocket. You give. Why? Because you say you feel like it. You think he is honest and needy. You feel like giving. But what made you feel like it? Can you tell? No, you cannot answer that question. You do not know but a legion of angels prompted you to give in his behalf—spirits who were caring for his spiritual welfare. Jesus knew his disciples could be cared for, and would be in this way. He says to them, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed." Then he says, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He tried to inspire them with faith in those holy influences who were able to use them and wished to use them for the good of coming generations.

**Q.**—Were they anything more than mediums?

**A.**—No; that is precisely what they were.

**Q.**—Does not that same law hold now under proper conditions?

**A.**—Certainly.

**Q.**—When spirits are able to approach us, can they not do the same thing?

**A.**—Yes.

**Q.**—If one keeps his mind open and prayerful, will he not always receive the sustenance he needs?

**A.**—No, not always.

**Q.**—He also said, "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down and cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?" Was that of general or special application?

**A.**—Of special application, I believe. It was intended for those to whom it was addressed, not you or me.

**Q.**—Is there not a wrong application often made of it?

**A.**—Certainly. The Christian Church has appropriated it to all its members; when perhaps there is not one in a hundred of them who can make use of it.

**Q.**—Do you mean that it had a special application, except that we must be in the same state of mind in order to have it apply to us?

**A.**—Yes, and the same or a corresponding physical state.

**Q.**—If we fulfill the conditions we shall be cared for in the same way?

**A.**—Yes, but you cannot all fulfill those conditions—you cannot all be special mediums.

**Q.**—Then it was not exactly special.

**A.**—Yes it was; as special as the talk of your friend to yourself would be to you, intended for yourself and no one else.

**Q.**—Yet the same law holds true to-day?

**A.**—Certainly it does; but there are special applications of the law.

April 11.

### Peter Holway.

I was sixty-four years here on earth. Peter Holway, my name. I died in Cambridge seven years ago. I wish I had the power to speak to my friends, my family, without being obliged to be apart from them, but I have not. So I come here asking that they will furnish some way by which I can come to them personally, spiritually, as I do here. I do not come back because of any dissatisfaction, but because I can furnish evidence of the spirit-life that will be worth more to them than all the wealth of this world. I am not going to take away their religious support, but only to add to it. My last words here were, "God is just; I have no fear." But, oh! how little then, how little I thought, how little I knew about the justice of God. I have learned something about it in the beautiful home that I was ushered into at death.

April 11.

### Lisa Webber.

I am Lisa Webber, and I want my mother to know that I am alive. I am alive. Everybody says I am dead, but I am alive, and I want mother to know it, and then she won't cry any more. [Do you think so?] Yes, I don't think she would. She is crying because I am dead. [She won







