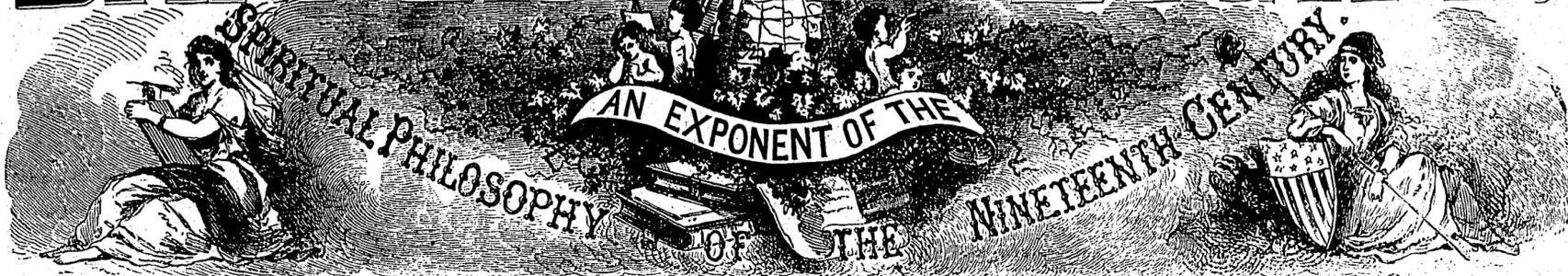


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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 Aethon,  
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 sadness 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 Vandale 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 Vandale, 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 Vandale 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, Vandale 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 Vandale 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 Vandale 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 Vandale 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, when the mother broke at length, by asking suddenly, "What is this about Vandale'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 Vandale, as she answered, "No, indeed, mamma; but possibly he finds greater attraction elsewhere."

"Attraction! Do you mean to tell me, Henrietta, that Vandale 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 Vandale!" 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 Vandale 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 in 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 Vandale as when she hoped to recognize him as her son-in-law; for she could not 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. Vandale 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 Vandale 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. Vandale 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 stately 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 Vandale 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 Vandale 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 Vandale's wife was none the less a lady, because, for a time, she had lived by playing 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, still 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,) Vandale 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 earth's," replied Herbert, "but I should not want its 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 manifestly 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 Vandale 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 and courtesy was wanting. He remained but a few days, in which he saw Henrietta frequently, for she was a friendly visitor at Vandale'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 Vandale 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.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE. BY DYER D. LUM.

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The power of mind over mind here, is the key to unlock the mystery of spirit intercourse.

In 1839, while residing in Syracuse, N. Y., I became acquainted with a natural clairvoyant, Mrs. R., who in a perfectly conscious state could almost invariably describe the physical condition of her patients.

Phenomena for which science has no explanation, will be soil for the growth of superstitions, says Prof. Gunning.

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.

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.

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.

We would not reflect on the character of media, but we know that many trials are undergone by them hard to be borne.

The possession of mediumistic faculties and their use by spirits is an ascertained fact.

The influence of mediumship on mental and moral health is a matter of opinion, which each will answer for his or her own experience.

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.

In reaching these conclusions, I have not been unmindful of some gems of thought and expression inspired through unconscious mediums.

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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.

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 portraiture 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.

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 milt-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.

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.

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 disengagement."

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?

It is 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 laborer 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Dr. Dolis gave his admirable lecture—just the lecture for the people and the place.

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.

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!

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, counted, 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?"

Dorsey came among them, and all rushed eagerly to shake his hand, and say, "God bless you!" "God is with you in prison as really as with those who are outside."

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.

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.

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

THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL.

BY JAMES G. HOW.

How fresh is the air of the mountain. How joyous the valleys below!

Where waters unceasingly flow: What music forever is leaping From its silvery, mystical bed, What voices forever repeating God's wonders and workings outspread:

What changes eternally ringing In dark, gloomy forests of pine; What choirs of sweet warblers are singing Their praise on the twigs 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 nothing What only the spirit may scan.

What perfumes of grasses and flowers Are weaving new forms in the skies: Are landscapes and beautiful bowers Are mirrored in the spirit-lit eyes.

The life of the spirit that's flowing Through earth confines loneliness and cold, Like the soul of the mountains 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 weid rail so darkly dividing The seen and the spiritual world, Through spectre and phantom reading Its mystical curtain has lifted.

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 Capital, 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.

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.

BIRTHDAY ODE FOR J. G. GLOVER.

Written for the Banner of Light. BIRTHDAY ODE FOR J. G. GLOVER. BY MRS. M. A. CAMPBELL. Once more, radiant, regal June, Every life's harp attune...

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...

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...

THE PANCAE, 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.

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.

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."

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.

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 lightning of Jupiter, she led her nymphs through the dark forests and woody mountains in pursuit of the swift stag.

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 ocean, 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 beat 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.

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 they 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.

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 arduous 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. Chelon, 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 anvils 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 sceptre 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 gloom 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 aught 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 distempers 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 Poobles, 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 phrase "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 Plumber, and Sarah Freeman. Their effort was well received. A tableau, called the "Guardian Angel," followed, which was loudly enjoyed. "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 a 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 services which they might offer you were 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 pouting pash, 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, 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?—Tape.

Banner Correspondence.

EDWARDSVILLE, Mo., June 10. I began writing: I am yet in the land of Egypt, but 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 my pen. As I have been told of 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 Ed. Smalley's general house at Woodburn, Dr. Davis, the renowned healer. At that place the Mother Church was named 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 recollections with the room, was another spot where the air of comfort pervaded every room. Such homes as are opened for our reception are a help, yes, an unspeakable help to our cause and to the hearts of our friends. At this place the "Count House" was opened and well lighted for the audience last evening (June 11th) who listened with undivided attention to a temperance lecture. My visit to this place was more to see an artist who it was said took spirit pictures. I sat three times three days in succession for the negative, and had three different likenesses beside my own on the plate. The artist takes the picture, and then the preparation of the plate and the development, and I failed to discover any trickery. He does not claim to be a Spiritualist, but exclaimed as soon as the form of the second appeared, "You are a medium!" He takes the picture, and then the preparation of the plate and the development, and I failed to discover any trickery. He does not claim to be a Spiritualist, but exclaimed as soon as the form of the second appeared, "You are a medium!" He takes the picture, and then the preparation of the plate and the development, and I failed to discover any trickery. He does not claim to be a Spiritualist, but exclaimed as soon as the form of the second appeared, "You are a medium!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 10. I am enclosing a remittance, says: God bless the dear old Banner of Light, and long may it continue to wave its spiritual folds over our land! It has been my very special delight, and I have become so attached to it that I would not know what to do without it. I send you my own name with that of another, who has also been a subscriber for some time. I hope you may be successful in all your efforts for the good of humanity in the coming years, is my prayer.

PAHOON, N. Y., June 10. I have the pleasure of adding one more subscriber to your valuable paper. I have written to you many subscribers, and in this town and those that buy their papers at the railroad store, but I judge from twenty-five to thirty, which is an indication of the growth of Spiritualism here. I remember the time when there were three or four were called Spiritualists. My own experience dates from the Rochester demonstration. My first investigations were through Geo. A. Helman, and were of the most remarkable and convincing kind. I have since had many consultations with other first-class mediums, such as Foster, Mrs. Haydon, Mansfield and Colechester, together with others of less note, and added to this, what has come to me personally forms a chain of evidence, and I have broken: indeed, it is all the evidence I have of a future life.

LEICESTER, Mass., June 10. I am enclosing a remittance, says: I have the pleasure of adding one more subscriber to your valuable paper. I have written to you many subscribers, and in this town and those that buy their papers at the railroad store, but I judge from twenty-five to thirty, which is an indication of the growth of Spiritualism here. I remember the time when there were three or four were called Spiritualists. My own experience dates from the Rochester demonstration. My first investigations were through Geo. A. Helman, and were of the most remarkable and convincing kind. I have since had many consultations with other first-class mediums, such as Foster, Mrs. Haydon, Mansfield and Colechester, together with others of less note, and added to this, what has come to me personally forms a chain of evidence, and I have broken: indeed, it is all the evidence I have of a future life.

MARY ROMAINE writes us that "life is the gift of God, the value of which can never be understood. 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 harmonious and discordant 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 cultured minds and wrought into systems of truth, which utterances shall vivify 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 work out of our world. To 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 his experiences and all his chiefest interests. 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 I have time, to make a tour, to speak for Eastern societies through September and October.

W. H. POWELL writes: After leaving Clarence, Mo., where I was arrested last June 1st, I did not get out until I lectured to a small audience at Macon 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. There I lectured in a school of health and gains; 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 that I am paid. "Eastward, ho!" Do it, my little cash, but much faith. At Springfield, Ill. I found the friends not flourishing, yet I stayed and lectured, spending a happy week. I lectured at Hannibal, Mo., and returned to Massachusetts and a stern fight 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." Call on the friends at New York, and I will be received kindly, but could not clear the way to speak. At Clyde met with encouragement from Bro. A. B. French and Bradley Tuttle. Disposed the bread of life, and was fairly compensated—a rare fact—which says that you are a true worker. Bro. French has been down in the East. In this item of progress? His abilities as a lecturer made him popular, but his health gave, so he took to law—ours the loss. A friendly visit to Hudson and Emma Tuttle at Berlin, N. Y., and I will be received kindly, but could not clear the way to speak. At Clyde met with encouragement from Bro. A. B. French and Bradley Tuttle. Disposed the bread of life, and was fairly compensated—a rare fact—which says that you are a true worker. Bro. French has been down in the East. In this item of progress? His abilities as a lecturer made him popular, but his health gave, so he took to law—ours the loss. A friendly visit to Hudson and Emma Tuttle at Berlin, N. 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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS H. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

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All-Sided and One-Sided.

It has been said with great pertinence that Spiritualism is all-sided, while the trouble with too many Spiritualists is that they are one-sided. The difference is one that must be harmonized to the utmost extent before it will be possible for Spiritualism to be advanced as far or as fast among men as belongs to its claims and character. The world is becoming generally restless under the restraint of all superstitions. One rebellion after another has been tried, creed has followed creed, and experiment has been piled on experiment; but to no set of purposes until beautiful and truthful Spiritualism came with its facts, offering to meet the great problem of humanity at all points, reducing discord, allaying strife, composing differences, and uniting every effort of the thought and of faith in a central and fixed belief, which all circumstances conspire to strengthen rather than undermine.

We submit to every believer in the practical and tried truths which Spiritualism proffers for human acceptance and comfort, whether there is any phase of human experience to which it does not fully answer; whether there is any stage of faith, any step in advancement, any contest with doubt, for which it does not promptly offer aid and illumination. That has been the substance of the general confession, at any rate. We may with justifiable truthfulness aver that Spiritualism is all-sided in every possible sense; that it presents to every one just what that person wants; that it offers strength in weakness, consolation in sorrow, peace in a state of doubt, repose in the time of storm, and a future of possibilities to the soul seeking to a heaven, which answer to all the hopes, desires, aspirations and aspirations of man. Can any man be denied the admission of any other religion? We have human ingenuity and authority on our side. It is our duty to provide so large and so judicious a measure of belief, whether inspired with actual truth, or in which resides such a treasure of comfort, as to be exactly adapted to the needs of man.

Such is the nature of humanity in this day of the world, that we are bound to grant the right of every man to believe for his own purposes. And we are bound to allow them to seek to harness to their private ends what was intended for the benefit of all employment and use. How it provides a medium to see individuals insist that their present conceptions of such a grand system of faith should embrace all that is or ought to be known of and its operation. There is where a great state of trouble falls. It is become absolutely necessary, as Spiritualism has shown its capacity to cover such a wonderful variety of forms of truth and experience, and speculation, for those who profess faith in it to take on a like spirit, and manifest on all occasions a corresponding breadth of view, scope of sympathy, and largeness of faith. We are to accept our noble belief as general in its statements rather than specific in its details; while it stimulates the action of the spirit it does not presume to restrict it in any direction; and to believe that it has sketched the general domain of thought and aspiration, rather than limited it by any enduring boundaries whatever.

There is so much still to be discovered and I made known; and in that view, does it become Spiritualists to lay down in dogmatic form that beyond what is now ascertained it is reprehensible to move? Spiritualism being all-sided, is there any vindication for the one-sidedness of Spiritualists? Let us think for a moment on the endless chain of association that links the spirit of man with every imaginable manifestation of a Creator throughout the universe. The very proposition staggers and confounds the serious mind. Now with a view so limitless before us, and with spiritualistic force as the recognized power of life wherever it is known, how is it possible for men, of however intense a belief, to set up dogmas where they are and proclaim that thus far and no further shall either faith or inquiry go. We must investigate, we must reason, we must speculate, and grow, and aspire, and reach restlessly out to the end of our career, and that is forever. Spiritualism strengthens us in the belief of that necessity. How, then, can any one who is a Spiritualist, propose to stop where we are, and assert that all is discovered?

Diets on Impression.

Only a little while before his death, Charles Dickens made the remark to one of his intimate friends, that it did not seem to him as if his thoughts came as spontaneously as they were wont to do—merely intending to say that he had to labor harder over what he produced. This was more or less obvious to every one of his regular and attentive readers. He did compose with less of that bounding impulse, or fluent spontaneity, which was so strikingly characteristic of his earlier productions. Much of the trouble was naturally to be laid to the indurating force of a dogged habit of composition, which tends to dull impulse while increasing mechanical facility; but the real trouble was—that we do not doubt Mr. Dickens himself recognized—viz., that his nature was of late years far less receptive to spiritual influences than it was years ago. The world had crowded itself in with material success, and just so much of spiritual sensibility was crowded back. If a man would always be receptive to superior influences he must keep himself as nearly as possible to the spiritual plane of his youth, when every object is seen through a rare medium, and it is as if one had opened his eyes on a world of novelty.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge in Chicago.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal says, "Music Hall is crowded each Sabbath to hear this distinguished lady lecturer. She has been received here with much enthusiasm, and the interest seems to increase. Her inspirations never fail to interest and instruct. She is receiving hundreds of calls that she cannot fulfill on account of previous engagements."

The Chicago Times of June 13th contains a synoptical report of her lecture of the previous Sunday.

Spirit Communion—Verification of Spirit Messages.

Mindful of our promise made some time since to present to our readers selections from the numerous letters we have received in verification of the reliability of our Message Department, we offer for consideration the following correspondence and statement.

The message printed below, which was received through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Oct. 8th, 1867, and published in the Banner of Light for Nov. 20th, 1867, (from Richard Dearborn), having been thoroughly endorsed, both by his brother and father, is reprinted that the points proven may be more clearly noted:

RICHARD DEARBORN.

It is now nearly two years since I experienced the change you call death. I was well conversant with many of the phases of modern Spiritualism. And I fully expected to be able to come to this plane and manifest very soon after my change. But I find it easier to speculate concerning what we know nothing about, than it is to deal with it absolutely. We may suppose we know while here in the body all about the conditions that govern the spirit as it returns to manifest to its friends, yet in reality, yet in fact, I have never been fortunate enough to come here till to-day, and I had it in my mind to come here first.

My pilgrimage on the earth was very short. It did not number seventeen years, but I managed to crowd some very valuable truths into that brief span of time, and they are serving me well now. The most valuable of all was the knowledge that the spirit lived after death, and under favorable conditions could return. I told my friends, when they were exhorting themselves to reflect on their bodies, that I should be able to repay them while in the body, but I felt quite sure that I should after death, and that I should often come to them, and if they were not conscious of my presence I should in some way repay them. Well, that blessed boon is now denied to me.

Though I have not the real ecstasy clear yet, there are many ways in which I can silently recognize those dear friends who were so kind to me. There are many ways in which I can bless and recompense my parents for their unwearied attention. I can assist those of our family who were fortunate enough to gain this beautiful spirit home before me, in returning to them and communicating with them, and I can assist them in their daily lives; and last and best of all, I can assist them through death, and meet them when they shall have passed through the change. And I hope to be able to give them from day to day some evidence of the life and truth and the condition I have entered, as an intelligent being, so that I may strengthen their faith when it needs strengthening, and add some little, if not a great deal, to their mansion of happiness beyond the tomb.

I am sensibly affected with the weakness that attended me during my last days here. It is a necessary condition to absolute control in this way; so I shall, as the good Christian father said in his prayer, recognize it as one of the blessings of God, and call it very good. I am Richard Dearborn. You can look me up as coming from Candia, N. H. [?], where my parents will be glad to hear from me. When the 23rd of this month shall have arrived, I shall have been in my spirit home two years. Good-day. Oct. 8.

Shortly after the publication of the above, we received the following corroboratory letter:

BANKING OFFICE OF J. H. DEARBORN, 25 Central Street, Lond. E. 27th, 1867.

MESSES. EDITORS: Dear Sirs: I write to verify a message from Richard E. Dearborn (date of Candia, N. H.), which was published in the Banner of Nov. 20th. There are many wonderful tests in this communication, and the dates therein contained are correct in every important particular. In the second paragraph he makes use of an expression uttered just before his demise, which no one ever before heard, except members of the family. Though of tender years, he was a firm Spiritualist, and his relatives and friends congratulated him on his success in communicating through your columns. Please accept my sincere thanks for extending my brother the use of your valuable paper, and believe me, yours for the truth, RICHARD DEARBORN.

The father of the spirit manifesting, called at our office in person subsequently to give in his testimony to the truth of the message. Those points where figures are introduced in the message, clearly indicate the recognized facts. The father states that his son had promised to return, ere he went from the tabernacle of clay; that he was between sixteen and seventeen; that the language used by the spirit concerning his ability to repay kindness &c. [?], was true to the letter, and was identical with that used by him prior to passing away. The town given—Candia—[?] was his native place, as stated, the parents having moved from there to Lowell some years before. The allusion made by the spirit [?] to his parents hearing from him at that place (Candia), is accounted for from the fact that they purposed visiting the town at about the time the message was given at our Circle. They did actually go there just previous to its publication, and received through another medium a message from their son, who in spirit met them there. We have in our possession the original letter of the brother in aortal published above; and also the following memorandum in the handwriting of the father:

I endorse the message of my son, published in the Banner of Nov. 20th, 1867.

LEONARD DEARBORN.

The following letter conveys the most unequivocal endorsement of the message to which it refers, as far as it is possible for outside parties to know. The spirit said: "There seems to be much dissatisfaction on the part of my friends with regard to my death [which occurred at Roanoke Island in February, 1862, from sickness contracted on board a transport.] They attribute it to the mismanagement of superior officers, and not without some cause, for they did not seem to know how to get us out of trouble." Of the "feelings of his friends," of course, the comrade who verifies could not be expected to know:

MESSES. EDITORS:—In the Banner of Light for Jan. 11th, 1868, I find a message given in the name of Capt. Henry A. Hubbard. I had a brother in the same regiment and company [the 27th Massachusetts Company I]. He says it is all correct with regard to his sickness and death, but knows nothing of the feelings of his friends. I think his word can be taken, as he is a man of truth, and very skeptical concerning the return of spirits.

Monson, Mass., June 3, 1868. C. BROOKS.

The systematic theological opposition and organized social pressure which is brought to bear upon Spiritualists, and all who are inclined even to investigate their belief, by the churches, is well set forth in the words of a correspondent, while verifying one of our free circle messages:

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT:—Among the messages given December 1st, 1868, and published March 13th, 1869, was one from Alma M. Welch to her mother, Hannah Churchill, of New Portland, Me. The communication is correct, and, desired by her mother, my wife and I went to her place of residence with the message. She was glad to read it. It filled her heart with joy. She had been quite a believer in the spiritual philosophy, but ministers of the different churches are calling it the works of the devil, and within stone's throw of her home there are four kinds of preaching, after the Church system, and yet meetings are held every evening, bringing all the force they can to bear upon Spiritualists, with all the scoffs and sneers that were ever heaped upon the humble Nazarene. Who, then, wonders that the poor woman might have doubts in this glorious philosophy? Peter had the same, when he found that public opinion was against him. Fraternally yours, JOHN PRINCE, West Embury, Me., March 18, 1869.

Going to Church.

We learn much from the secular papers, even while they are working for Orthodoxy, which they do not intend we shall, but which they impart in the very act of advocating their own side. The New York Sun—a daily journal that pursues its sharp investigations into almost everything around it—remarks on the habit of attending church in New York, that "It is more than probable that one-half of the people of that city who are able to attend church on Sunday do not do so." It assumes the entire population to be one million, and allows five hundred thousand to be young children and infirm adults, and then it leaves half a million people in the metropolis of the country who are capable of going to church on Sundays. Yet it says the church accommodations are sufficient for but three hundred thousand persons, and it is notorious that even these are not employed to their full extent. And it adds, with a show of melancholy, that what is true of that city is as notoriously true of the country at large. It is confessed by religious writers and speakers themselves, says the Sun, that the old-fashioned habit of Sunday church-going is dying out.

The Sun, however, sets up a distinction among the absentees. It insists that the delinquency occurs among Protestants, and not Catholics, as a class. The churches of the latter are crowded, while sagacious and penetrating Protestants are inquiring why it is that the delinquency runs so strongly against them? The conclusions arrived at—as they are reported in the same journal—are that the Catholic worship is essentially democratic; there is an absence of all distinction between rich and poor; and there is a consequent freedom in the worship of which the masses avail themselves willingly. That is one view of it, and a true one so far as it goes; but it does not cover the whole subject. The Sun claims, or at least admits, that it is the impressive ritualistic ceremonies of the Roman Church which address themselves to the simplest imagination; and points with a flourish of emphasis to the reawakening of the ritualistic movement both in England and in this country. And it infers that at a not distant day, Protestantism as preaching being proved a failure, it will revert as a Church to the old Catholic condition in which Luther found it. Add to this the opinion expressed that too much philosophy is preached from Protestant pulpits, and we have the whole case before us. The trouble with this philosophy, in our opinion, has been that it stands upon nothing. The broad truth of spirit communion, which is Spiritualism, would both give it new life and fill all the churches.

Hail and Rain.

The great hail and rain storm of Monday was almost exclusively a New England affair, sweeping across the territory of these six States with relentless power and destructive purpose. Its effects hereabouts were visible on every side. In the city limits lightning bolts fell in every quarter, striking chimneys, gables and roofs, and doing serious damage to persons and property. Many persons lost their lives from strokes of the electric fluid. Terror was depicted in many a face, and even the stoutest nerves quailed before the constant repetitions of the electric discharges. The hail fell in the streets like grape shot discharged from cannon, frightening the poor horses so that it was difficult to control them, and driving human beings to shelter by the shortest routes. Countless lights were shattered by the hailstones, which measured from three to four and a half inches in circumference, the photographers all suffering badly. It is considered a remarkable coincidence that the building on Mill street, whose rear roof faces our sanctum window, and which stands on the very spot where Franklin was born, should have received a heavy bolt in the roof, tearing up the slate shingles and sending them flying in the air in all directions before our face and eyes.

Out of town, the damage to gardens, fruit-trees and trees, as well as to greenhouses, was very great. The loss we have not been able to ascertain in the gross, at the time of writing this paragraph. But it must of course have been large, and in too many instances irreplaceable. We hear of a singular loss of life in the village of Atlantic, just below Newport. A man who was to have been married that evening, and who was at the time dressed in his wedding suit, thought he would step to the window to see what the extent of the storm might be. On the instant an electric bolt descended and struck him dead! He was killed in the suit in which he was to have been married. As a whole, this may fairly be set down among the notable storms and tempests. Such lightning, hail, rain and thunder it is not allowed us to see and hear every day or every year. It became at times absolutely terrific, and made the most careless person think of the littleness of humanity, in the presence of the grand forces that operate through the universe. We trust we have had the last spectacle of the kind for the year.

What is Judaism?

Rev. Dr. Felsenthal, a liberal Jew, in a recent address at Chicago gave the following exposition of Judaism: Do we Jews teach a God incarnate? A God who ate, and drank, and slept, and suffered, and died? A God by whose blood the sins of mankind were atoned for? Do we teach that our God is so cruel as to give over to eternal perdition those that do not believe as we do? Do we not, on the contrary, explicitly teach that every good man, of whatever creed and whatever nationality he may be, will participate in salvation? Does Judaism curse, or damn, or persecute, any non-Jew on account of his religious views? Do we state or claim that any man is or was infallible? Is Judaism in conflict with science? Does it not grant to the scientific inquirer the fullest and most unlimited freedom? A Galileo and a Copernicus, a Darwin and a Huxley, a Vogt and a Moleschott can follow their researches unimpeded by Judaism, and the astronomer and geologist, the speculator on the age of the human race and on the age of the world, on the origin of species and on the origin of languages can proceed with his studies without meeting any interference or any protest from our side. There is nothing like a "Credo" in Judaism that might stand as an obstacle in the way of the searcher after truth. There is only one doctrine which is regarded in Judaism as firm and unshakable: the doctrine of the one supernatural and preternatural God. And there is only one kind of laws for which unchangeability is claimed—the moral laws.

Integrity of "the Savage."

Delegate Hooper, of Utah, to the United States House of Representatives, says that the Mormons have crossed and recrossed the Plains for the last twenty-two years through the Sioux country, with their women and children, cattle and goods. In all that time, though more than 80,000 persons, they had never lost a life, an animal or a bale of goods, until the railroad was built.

Arrival of J. M. Peebles.

Our friend Peebles arrived in New York on the evening of June 21st in the steamer "The City of London," from Liverpool, after a rough passage of fourteen days. During Mr. Peebles's sojourn in Europe, he has visited Italy, Sicily, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, &c. Besides viewing places of note, he saw the Sultan of Turkey, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and others who hold positions of distinction in this world. He remained in London four and a half months, where he lectured on Spiritualism with marked effect, and much good will be the result.

The London Daily Telegraph of June 7th contains another column and a half on the workers in Spiritualism, but altogether in a different tone from its previous article, quotations from which were made in our issue of June 18th. It criticizes the playing and singing, under spirit control, of Mr. Shepard, admitting that they comprised mechanical difficulties which, to an unprofessional critic, seemed astounding. Of Dr. Newton it says, "his mission is fatal to pharmacopoeias," adding, and "so is Mr. Peebles destined to demolish doctrines, creeds and churches at one fell swoop," and then adds, "Thus, then, are art, science and theology directly represented by spiritual mediums in the metropolis."

The farewell service in Cavendish Hall, on Mr. Peebles's leaving London, was a very successful affair. The hall was crowded, and many excellent speeches were made. Mr. P. was the recipient of a purse of gold, and some costly presents for his wife.

Mr. Peebles will be warmly welcomed by his many friends on this side of the water. He left New York immediately for his home in Hammononton, N. J., where he will remain a week or two, and then proceed to Washington, on business connected with the government.

It is Mr. Peebles's intention, we believe, to return to Europe at no distant day, there to continue the good work he has begun.

The Cost of Church Worship.

The Pacific Churchman, having made the admission to the secular press of San Francisco that it costs from fifteen to eighteen thousand dollars annually to run a "first-class" church on that coast, the Daily Alta Californian is provoked to the utterance of some of those obvious reflections from which its ecclesiastical contemporary abstained. While admitting the figures as stated to be true, the Alta goes on to observe that "this is not the entire expense, for the church edifice and lot has been paid for, costing all the way from \$50,000 to \$150,000. No account is taken in the estimate of the Churchman of this large sum of money. It will no doubt strike the reader surprised, when he learns that it requires so much money to keep up a church, especially in these hard times. But after all, the trouble appears not to be how to dispose of the money, but how to get along with so small a sum, for really we are assured strict economy is practiced. It costs, in the first place, for a clergyman, say \$5,000; then music, amounting to \$1,000 more. Here is \$10,000 gone on two items. There are then taxes, gas bills, repairs, sexton, warming, cleaning, etc., to be paid for. There is one thing about these church bills to be considered: the money is distributed at home, all is paid away amongst our own citizens. The clergymen, as a rule, are not perhaps paid more than they deserve, and so we may say of all employes. It is the aggregate expense which frightens the people. What we desire to say, however, is, that some of the seats in these costly churches should be so arranged that persons of ordinary means may have accommodations. A portion of the slips should be made free to those who cannot pay such extraordinary prices." The old story over again. It is cost—cost—show—show, vanity—vanity, that is rapidly eliminating everything like vital religion from the body of the churches. They will soon be lifeless. Nothing comes in to inspire them with new life, representing heaven and humanity in conjunction, but Spiritualism.

Spirit-Messages.

The following communications from the spirits of Capt. Gorham Bassett, late of the ship Java, and Daniel McComer, late of Worcester, were received at our public Free Circle, Monday afternoon, June 20th, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, with the request that they be published at once:

CAPT. GORHAM BASSETT.

I feel under the necessity of troubling you again, Mr. Chairman, because I am anxious to enlighten my friends who remain here on the earth with reference to my whereabouts and many things relating to my change—my death. I have been resting about to see what my chances were for giving them light, and I have been led to the medium, Mr. Charles H. Foster. I had him very remarkable in certain directions, and I come here this afternoon simply to say, if my wife or any of my family or friends will visit him, I will meet them and give them such evidence of my present life that shall, I think, drive away their doubts, and set them at rest upon some points at least, if not upon all. Capt. Gorham Bassett, of the ship Java. I have permission to ask that you will publish in your next issue, because I am told that the medium remains in Salem but a short time. I am anxious to have my friends avail themselves of his services if they wish to do so.

DANIEL MCCOMER.

Daniel McComer, Worcester, Mass. I died of fever, in Galveston, Texas; and my brother is thinking of going there to settle up my business. I come to warn him against going, for if he does, he will never return to his family. If he delays three or four months he can do just as well, and save his life besides. Charles, his name. I am not used to these things, but I was told I could come back, and I learned the process as quick as I could—as well as I could. What I come for, you understand, is to warn him not to go.

Appreciation.

We have often had occasion of late to refer to commendatory letters from various parts of the country with reference to the Banner of Light. Here is one from New San Diego, Cal., wherein S. Homer, writing under date of May 28th, sends money for subscription to our paper, and gives the following expression of his thoughts concerning it:

"I do not wish to occupy much of your valuable time, yet, under the circumstances, excuse me for saying a few words, not by way of flattery, but for deeds of true merit. Here on the western confines of the American Continent your important elucidations of our beautiful Spiritual Philosophy meet with a sincere welcome from many a true and honest heart seeking for light and knowledge of that spirit-land to which we are all hastening. The Banner of Light was the first source of information in my investigation of the Spiritual Philosophy. I have been a constant reader for the last five years. I do not keep the paper on file, but circulate it as soon as read. May God bless and loving angels strengthen you in the noble cause."

New Hampshire Picnic.

By a notice in another column it will be seen that the Spiritualists of Westmoreland, Chesterfield, Keene, &c., are to hold a picnic at Spofford's Lake, Chesterfield, on the Fourth of July. A. E. Simmons, Mrs. Matthews, Dr. Russell and other good speakers will be present.

The Cherokee Advocate.

We have received a copy of this paper—a weekly—published at Tahlequah, by the Cherokee Nation, W. P. Bondinot, editor, Rev. J. B. Jones, Translator. This journal appears both in the English and Cherokee languages, and is devoted to the advocacy of Indian rights, and the opposition of all efforts now being made to dispossess them of lands properly their own by treaty. Its contents comprise information of Indian matters within the Indian Territory, proceedings of Congress with regard to the tribes, articles of general interest on agriculture, current events, &c., &c. It is also the object of its publishers to give to its subscribers living in the States all news of interest, with the customs, habits and mode of living, laws and business of the civilized nations of the Territory, and a description of the country which they inhabit and own.

The invention of the Cherokee alphabet is rather remarkable, and is thus given us by a correspondent, John B. Wolf:

"The alphabet of this language was invented by an Indian who could not speak a word of English. A little Indian girl spelt from a primer, hen, dog, horse, &c., pointing to the several animals. 'I can do that,' said the Indian, and commenced engraving characters for ideas, in true ancient style, as probably all nations originally did, until he got thousands of word and idea signs, when he became confused in the magnitude of his work; then he invented signs for sounds, and so produced a complete alphabet of syllables (not letters), which, in experience proved more successful than any language of solitary sounds and characters, which is proven by the ease with which the Cherokee learns to read, and the fact that a greater proportion of the Cherokees can read than in the majority of the States. There are eighty-two characters, doubling the number of our phonetic alphabet. So you see that Alex. Campbell's old dogma, 'that no nation ever took one step upward unaided by Divine Revelation' (Bible Revelation), utterly fails in this case."

Gossip about D. D. Home.

The writer of a letter from London, who recently saw D. D. Home, the renowned medium, says: "The fact of this singular man is not a happy one, nor is it entirely under his own control. There are flashes of thought in it which are wonderful; and what is more astonishing, there is a keen perception of humor in his nature which makes him absolutely charming as a companion."

Another writer says: "He recently declared that next year he will come to America, whence he thinks it improbable he will return, believing that he is soon to die. He says, 'I am burning out—burning out.'"

The Russian nobleman, Count Koncheff, a man of enormous wealth, and a well-known amateur of art, has just died suddenly at St. Petersburg, Russia. He was brother-in-law to D. D. Home, who married the Count's sister. The latter died a few years ago, leaving one child, a little boy, now some ten years of age. It is said the Count bequeathed all his vast wealth to his nephew.

"The Little Gipsy"

Is the title of a fine crayon drawing recently executed by that highly inspired artist, Miss A. R. Sawyer, photographic copies of which we have for sale at our counter for fifty cents each. The chief figure in this beautiful sketch is of a girl, a follower of gipsy life, her hair disheveled, and dress awry from her sudden pursuit and capture of a veteran chameleon which she holds under her right arm, while she looks back, half defiant, half fearful, to see if her act has been discovered. A hat with a few flowers hangs gracefully on her left arm. The childish glow of health, and the expression of her dark eyes, forcibly bring up the song of the Romany Girl.

"The sun goes down, and with him takes  
The roughness of my poor attire;  
The moon mounts upward, and the flames  
Of gipsy beauty blazes higher!"  
Go, spend your lives in pent up halls,  
But give to me the horizon walls!"

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. H. P. Fairbairn is lecturing this month in Philadelphia. He does not speak in Willimantic, Ct., in July, as prematurely announced, but will accept engagements for that month. His address is Ancora, Camden Co., N. J.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young, trance speaker, is ready to answer calls for lecturing engagements during July and August. Her address is Centre Stratford, N. H., care of Dr. H. C. Coburn.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will speak at Bartonville, Vt., August 7th.

Mrs. S. Mixer, of Milford, N. H., we hear from various sources, is an excellent healing medium, and is quite successful in her endeavors to relieve the sufferings of fellow mortals.

Dr. Gardner's Picnic.

As will be seen by reference to notice, a grand time may be expected at Abington, on Tuesday, June 28th, where old and young will congregate to inaugurate the picnic season at the popular resort known as Island Pond Grove, Abington. Let all who can avail themselves of the proffered opportunity to breathe the fresh air of the country and listen to the celebrated speakers—including Prof. Wm. Denton and Miss Lizzie Doten—who will be in attendance.

A New Lecturer in the Field.

It will be seen by his card in another column, that George McIvaine Ramsay, M. D., author of "Cosmology," will lecture the coming season on "The Cause and Origin of Diurnal Motion," "Comets," "Ethnology," and kindred subjects. Literary societies should not fail to secure his services.

Death of Mr. J. Hammett Newton.

The family of Dr. J. R. Newton, of Newport, R. I., has received intelligence from Los Angeles, Cal., of the death of their son, J. Hammett Newton, which occurred at that place. Dr. J. R. Newton is at present in London.

The National Convention.

It will be seen by the official call of the Secretary, in another column, that the Seventh National Convention of Spiritualists is to be held in Richmond, Indiana, Tuesday, September 27th, 1870.

The Spiritual Harp for \$1.00.

We have just issued an abridged edition of that excellent song book, "The Spiritual Harp," which we offer at the low price of one dollar! It is the book Spiritualists need for their public gatherings of all kinds.

Mrs. Luman White, of Winstead, Conn., will please accept our thanks for her generous contribution of flowers for our public free circle room. Mrs. Needham will also accept thanks for like favors. Also, Mrs. Frank Campbell, for one of the most elegant baskets of flowers ever contributed to our circle.

We have received a fresh supply of the third edition, enlarged and revised, of Moses Hall's pamphlet treating on marriage, entitled "That Terrible Question," which is sold for ten cents a copy.





Mediums in Boston.

DR. H. B. STORER, AND MRS. JULIA M. FRIEND, WIDELY known throughout New England as one of the most remarkable mediums and Spiritual Clairvoyants of the age...

MRS. J. L. PLUMB, PERFECTLY Unconscious Physical and Local Business Clairvoyant. Answers all kinds of letters, and examines all kinds of diseases at a distance...

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 28 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00...

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 129 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. LIZZIE ARMISTEAD, TEST Medium, 54 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LAURA H. HATCH will give Inspirational Musical Services every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening...

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS by Jacob Todd, No. 2 Tyler, corner of Beach Street, Boston.

MRS. E. A. HOWLAND, Clairvoyant, Business and Test Medium, also Psychometric Healer.

MRS. H. H. GILLETTE can be consulted for healing and developing at her residence, 40 Dover Street, Boston.

JACOB TODD, "Healing Physician" for all Chronic diseases, gives Magnetic treatment.

MRS. A. S. ELDRIDGE, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, 1 Oak St., Boston.

HATTIE T. HILLS, Clairvoyant and Magnetio Physician, 527 Washington Street, Boston.

MRS. M. A. PORTEL, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, No. 8 Lagrange Street, Boston.

MRS. M. M. HARDY, 125 West Concord Street Boston.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 13 Dix Place (opposite Harvard Street).

MRS. OBEDE GRIDLLEY, Trance and Test Business Medium, 41 Essex Street, Boston.

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Miscellaneous.

DR. LORRAINE'S VEGETABLE PILL, OR LA MEDICINE CURATIVE. PRICE 25 CENTS. THE LORRAINE VEGETABLE CATHARTIC PILL.

MILD, Certain, Safe, Efficient. It is far the best Cathartic remedy yet discovered, and is a most valuable and invigorates all the vital functions...

TURNER & Co., Proprietors, 120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY! A permanent cure for that most disagreeable of all diseases, CATARRH!

And all diseases arising from it, such as Neuralgia, Headache, Dizziness, Disagreeable Sounds in the Head, Drooping in the Throat, Sore Throat, Unnatural Discharges from the Mucous Membrane, etc.

It will give immediate relief to the worst cases. It is the result of thirty years' experience of one of the ablest physicians in New England.

J. WILLIAM VAN NEESE, THE Clairvoyant, Trance Speaker and Medium, BELMIRA, N. Y.

WILL, on receiving a lock of hair, full name and age of person with leading symptom of disease, give a true and correct diagnosis of disease, Chronic disease, of whatever name or nature, made a particular specialty, and long experience and constant success give confident assurance of cures in all cases possible to be reached by remedial agents.

Examination and Diagnosis of Disease, sent by mail to any part of the United States. Full Descriptions, including Disease, Character, of symptoms of the future, Answering six written questions, Answering twelve written questions, Improved Poems on the subject of Disease, Medicines furnished at the following rates, sent free by express, Syrup \$5.00 per bottle, Drops \$5.00 per bottle, Liniments, etc. from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per bottle. This from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per box. Sent by mail on agreement by letter.

MYSTIC WATER FROM DAVID'S WELL. THIS natural mineral water, which now stands preeminently at the head of all known medicinal waters for its tonic and exhilarating properties...

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Phenomenal and Philosophical. PUBLISHED every other week by the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY, Office 47 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED AGENTS - To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price \$25. It makes the "Lock Stitch" (like on both sides), and is the only one licensed under the name of Sewing Machine Co.

DRUNKARD, STOP! C. C. BEERS, M. D., 25 Decatur Street, Boston, Mass., has a medicine, given him through spirit aid, which removes all desire for strong drink, and cures for circular and other vices. Over Eighty Cured.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, OF New York, will give sittings during this month in Salem, Mass., at 20 Hardy Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ONIETA, Indian control of J. WILLIAM VAN NEESE, as seen in spirit-life by Wella F. Anderson, Artist for the Summer-land.

WANTED AGENTS - To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is licensed, makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch" and is warranted for 5 years. Price \$15. All other machines with an inferior quality of stitching.

Photographs of "White Feather." THE photograph of "White Feather," the well-known guide of Kati B. Robinson, is for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington Street, Boston. Price 25 cents.

THE DAILY SACRIFICE OF THE INDIAN. Sent by mail to Dr. Andrew Stone, of Troy, N. Y., and obtain this great book 14-AUG. 7

SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, IMPLYING Social Organization and Government, By Mrs. Elizabeth Osgood Goodrich Willard.

IS IT THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE? Science Applied to Spiritualism, NOT in the Manner of Dr. Hammond, BY W. D. GUNNING.

LIFE IN THE BEYOND: BENJAMIN PEREIRA, An Undeveloped Spirit's History. France II. Sent by mail, post-paid, a beautiful Lithograph Likeness of Dr. J. E. Newton, on receipt of 50 cents.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. A descriptive piece of music of 11 pages, composed instrumentally by Laura Hastings Hatch. Price 75 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington Street, Boston.

DE LISTER, ASTROLOGER. 25 LOWELL STREET, Boston. For terms send for a Circular. Hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 14-AUG. 23.

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, No. 48 Summer Street, Boston, (CORNER OF ANCH.)

BROWN BROTHERS, American and Foreign Patent Office, 40 School Street, opposite City Hall, BOSTON, MASS.

ALBERT W. BROWN, EDWIN W. BROWN, (Formerly Examiners of Scientific American.)

ALL Documents relating to Patents prepared with promptness and ability. Advice gratis and charges reasonable. Aug. 21 - If

The Bristol Family Sewing Machine, \$25. THIS is a first-class shuttle machine, has the drop feed, and all the latest improvements. Warranted equal to any \$50 machine made.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for circular. Address, June 11 - J. W. BISHOP, 71 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

New Books.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP, The New Music Book for the Choir, Congregation and Social Circle. By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT. E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor.

THIS work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much mental labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualist Societies in every portion of the country. It need only be examined to merit commendation.

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CHAPTER V. THE ZONE IS POSSIBLE IN THE VERY NATURE OF THINGS. CHAPTER VI. THE SPIRITUAL ZONE VIEWED AS A PROBABILITY.

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MRS. H. S. SYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, 151 Third Avenue, between 4th and 5th Streets, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 9 to 11. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

SEALED LETTERS answered satisfactorily, by FRANK M. HAZARD, Editor of "The American Journal of Spiritual Sciences," 170 Broadway, N. Y. 14w-June 25.

MRS. A. DEXTER, Clairvoyant, Business and Trance Medium, and test communications, at 210 West 17th Street, New York. Circles 7 to 9 P. M. every Friday evening, near 8th Avenue, near 15th Street. 14w-June 18.

DR. G. W. KEITH, the Healer, has removed from 119 East 12th Street to 215 West 25th Street, New York. The hour will be cured without fee or reward.

MRS. J. COTTON, successful Magnetio Healer, No. 247 East 34th Street, between 24th and 34th Avenues, New York. 2w-June 11.

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WE have never seen better or more comprehensive rules laid down for governing spiritual circles than are contained in this little book. It is written by one who has had long and coming from such an able, experienced and reliable author, is sufficient guaranty of its value.

Banner of Light.

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SMALL FRY.

It takes all sorts and sizes of people to make up the world—sorts and sizes both on the mental and physical scale; from the largest giant to the tiny babe, and from the giant intellect to the idiot...

Richard Edwards writes from San Francisco, Cal. This is my ninth day in this city, and having no definite business prospects to take up my life...

I stopped in Salt Lake City about twenty-four hours, but concluded that business did not require a longer stay. I called at the office of the Mormon Tribune, which is the organ of the liberal Mormons...

Yesterday being Sunday, I went to the place indicated in the City Directory to find a Spiritualist meeting, but discovered that the premises were otherwise occupied, and after a second effort in another direction, I finally brought up in a Second Advent church...

I conclude that a new Constitution must soon be adopted for the general government of the people in which the elementary rights of every individual, and his relation toward the collective mass, will be better defined than they are at present.

SPEAKING OUT.

An exchange says: The National Anti-Secret Society convention today adopted the report of the committee setting forth that secret societies, to which this convention is opposed, were essentially immoral and anti-Christian...

This is in accordance with the decision of the Pope, and agrees with Catholic authority, and we rejoice to see sectarian Christians of all kinds showing their true colors on all subjects.

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DR. W. PERSONS.

This distinguished and most successful healer, whose celebrity has been in the Texas papers mostly for the past year, made us a visit at our office last week on his way North and East...

"POOR STUFF."

Some men seem to be exalted above criticism, and therefore presume to say many inconsistent things, and things that would be deemed weak in men of humbler pretensions.

In the Banner of Light of June 11th, I notice an article representing Mr. Beecher's views of Spiritualism, which seem to me to involve some inconsistencies...

WITCHCRAFT.

The St. Louis Republican reports the following case of Bible witchcraft among Bible believers. Unfortunately for the papers, there was no Spiritualism in it, the treatment with "bugs and lizards" not being any part of our theory...

And how do they explain Samuel's talking with Saul through the mediumship of the woman of Endor? Why, they say, it is the word of God, (i. e., it is written in that compilation called the bible), and it is our duty to be satisfied with that testimony, and ask no further questions.

Ask the Church what means this, or that, or the other strange event recorded in the bible, and the answer is, "a miracle! a miracle! a miracle!" And what is a miracle? "Oh, that is a phenomenon which implies the interposition of some supernatural or spirit agency..."

It seems that Mr. B. can tolerate the phenomenology, but not the literature of Spiritualism. He represents that as being a hopeless waste of sentimentality, an extra-diffusion of fancy, a futile philosophy, a maudlin religiousness, in the most extraordinary quantity that ever broke loose upon the world...

Again, and finally, Mr. B. thinks it would be humiliating to believe that death gives to the soul such a setting back as the revelations of Spiritualism manifest. "After the growth and experience of seventy years in the flesh, it is hard to think that one is doomed in the other life to semi-idiotry..."

Now I call it easy to conceive of a man capable and competent in his own home, who, on being transported to a country he had never seen, and of which he had no true conception, would feel as he never felt before, incompetent, and appear as he never appeared before—simple, or even semi-idiotic; and I apprehend it might be one of the most legitimate things in the world, if our Orthodox brethren, with their barbarous and stunted conceptions of a future life, on emerging from their earth-forms, should appear to themselves, as well as to others, fully one-half demented...

Dr. J. H. Rhodes going East.

It is ever with pleasure I bear testimony to the "gifts of the spirit." The above named gentleman and healer, an important pillar in the Society of the Spiritualists of this city, is soon going to make a tour of the East, for healing purposes. Having had an opportunity of witnessing the powers of the Doctor as a clairvoyant as well as a healer, and been favored with correspondence from those he has cured, I am happy to say that the afflicted will find it to their advantage to call on him for his professional aid and power, with the prospect of material aid if not entire cure. His first point will be Springfield, Mass., and thence eastward, starting from Philadelphia about the 10th of July.

Philadelphia, June 10th, 1870.

Notice of Missionary Work in New York. Will the friends of our cause living along the Erie railroad, and near or remote, please notify me at one of the places at which they desire meetings, as I expect to pass through that part of the State soon as Agent of the State Association, and would be glad to make arrangements for meetings in every county, at all places where a hearing can be had, whether in church, school-house or grove.

Married. In Topeka, Kan., on the morning of June 11th, at the residence of S. Rain, Esq., the bride's father, by Mrs. H. T. Thomas, lecturer to the First Society of Spiritualists, Mr. George W. Crane, of the Topeka Daily Commonwealth, and Miss Ella Hain.

Passed to Spirit-Life. Dan Delaney. Born into earth-life at Ashford, Windham Co., Conn.; ushered into spirit-life from his Solon home, Me. Henry Co., Ill., May 29th, 1870.

Worked. The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in Lincoln Hall, at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 P. M.

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COSMOLOGY.

WRITTEN BY George M'Ilvaine Ramsay, M. D.

This work is purely scientific, and the subjects treated upon are handled with care and great ability. The eminent author in his introduction, says: Man has various means and avenues by which he may and does obtain knowledge, but the most obvious of which are those faculties of the mind known as the five senses...

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