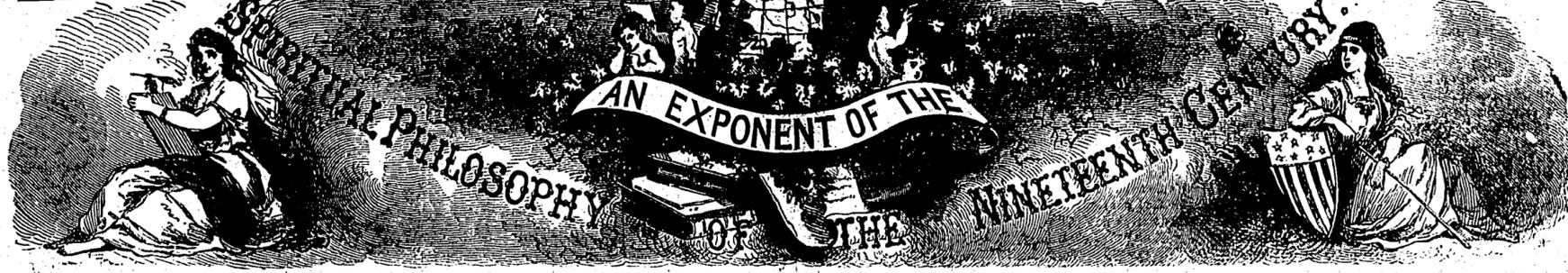


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

## TO THE PURE SPIRIT OF MATTIE DRANE.

BY TIMMIE GIVAN.

I tremble with delicious fear  
As my glad spirit seems to rise  
In keener vision of a seer,  
To fabled fields of Paradise.  
Upward respondent stair-way leads  
Through space to Beauty's chosen home,  
Where lakelots edged with golden reeds  
Green lawns and amber foam;  
So beautiful! had I command  
Of angel's lore, I'd speak to thee  
Of fairer scenes than Boniah's land,  
That swells all Christian hearts with gloom,  
And hark! by mortals is unheard  
Such music, from melodious bands,  
As if the harps of heaven were stirred  
By myriad—countless angel hands.

I'll wait in this ethereal bow  
Of Love's fair Eden; here I'll stroll,  
With sacred thoughts of the rarest sort  
That ever ripened into soul.  
It seems here all hearts thro' as one,  
And suns of endless beauty spin,  
O'er lawns of matchless beauty spun,  
And decked by flowers of Iris dyes.  
But purest beauties can't confine  
My gladdened spirit, if I may  
In this weird realm again meet thine,  
Thou saintless being from earth's clay,  
Hast thou; for there is a noise,  
As gentle as a purring brook—  
Oh, airy being, there are joys,  
Unworded in thy winsome look.

Oh, thou who never thought of guile—  
Whose very presence gave delight  
To all, and whose sweetest smile  
Did ever make thy earth-home bright;  
Now, in thy lily robes so fair,  
Thou art more beautiful than when,  
On earth, I doomed thy golden hair  
Did crown a perfect angel thou.  
Oh, can it be, sweet spirit dear,  
I may hear words thy lips impart?  
Thou visitant from heaven, so near  
My thrilled soul and earth-chained heart!

Though in supernal rapture here,  
Of which you have not caught the shoon,  
I've not forgot our parting, sir,  
Beside the wending river Green.  
When sadly at the door we stood,  
In pale light from the moon above,  
I would have blessed you if I could,  
With all of woman's fondest love—  
But that is past, and years have flown;  
The anguish too, so hard to calm  
Until our hearts and minds have grown,  
In harmony with **HEAVEN** I am.

Kind sir, tell those so very dear—  
Dear **GALE**, with his drooping head—  
Oh! do not shed another tear,  
Nor think of me as with the dead.  
The great tornado's blast that swept  
In flames of grief and death—oh, tell  
Those loved ones, that so long have wept,  
"I was **HAR**, who death all things well—  
Toll them such stern necessities  
Are sometimes sent to break the seal  
That veils from them solitudes  
Their angel friends would fain reveal.  
THINE ARE NO DEAD; oh, praise the hand  
Of the all-perfect glorious God,  
Whose touch creates the "Summer-Land,"  
Terraqueous globe, by mortals trod,  
And stellar worlds that ceaseless roll  
In musical sublimity!  
And in thy solemn grandeur stroll  
The aisles of the infinity!

Kind sir, my message send for me,  
I'm happy here; so now adieu—  
Where'er thou goest, on land or sea,  
Kind sir, in prayer, I'll think of you.  
Oh, hallowed hour—sacred scene—  
The veil so thin, and I so near,  
I caught the beautiful silver sheen  
Of angel multitudes—their clear  
Sweet voices made my bosom life  
With music and delicious bliss;  
And prayers I breathed, to give my life  
To the superlative, and leave this  
But then those prayers were granted not,  
For it was best they should not be;  
Henceforth wherever falls my lot,  
In prayers I'll live near heaven and thee.  
Middl. Ala., April 10th, 1870.

\*Miss Mattie Drane was killed at Cove City, Ky., by the great storm, January, 1870.

## SOME OF MY IDEAS.

BY C. H. BRADLEY.

I am infidel to so-called evangelical teaching.  
I call no man "Master," feeling  
"I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care."

I receive all truths attainable, and long for more—searching, finding and investigating everything according to the light the good Father has infused into my soul. I know no better rule of life than that principle—the origin of which is unknown—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." What little knowledge I possess, teaches me that everything is for use, not abusing; that the great end of earthly life is to live in harmony with natural laws, so that the spiritual growth of the soul can be more quickly attained. Now if this belief of mine is correct, what does it impose on me? It teaches the value of "Now" in such a forcible manner that the past is not mourned over, but used as a corrective influence, while the future is the "better time coming," received not in fear, but in the possibility of a glorious and harmonious development.

The ever-present "Now" demands of me love, truth and earnestness in the elevation of a common humanity, suffering with inharmonies of soul and body, according to the measure of my ability.

Professor Newberry, the State geologist, says Ohio has 10,000 square miles of coal—a greater area than Great Britain, which produces 10,000,000 tons annually.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

#### A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

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

#### CHAPTER III.

Some fifty miles to the east lay the ancient town of Denby. Denby possessed an old square meeting-house, built at the end of the last century, with pews like small-sized rooms, with shelves that moved on hinges, and two tall chairs in each pew, with big cast-iron stoves at either end of the house, that kept one man stuffing in wood all through the long service, and silently replenishing the old ladies' footstoves, and complaining not, for they observed the Lord's Day in Denby. It had a small, unpainted building, composed of one room and no entry, where, through the winter months, the young men and young women studied reading, spelling, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic. The town was very ancient. No railroad had cut its lines through Denby; no stage had ever lumbered through its quiet roads; no shop, save the blacksmith's, no store, no bank, no doctor or lawyer had ever disturbed the quiet of the town.

They were a primitive people in Denby, and each family had a spinning-wheel, a loom, and flax-wheel, upon which they spun and wove the materials raised upon their farms and sheep. These people worked their farms in summer, and made butter and cheese enough to carry them through a year; in autumn gathered in the harvest, sliced barrels of apples and placed them in the sun to dry; hung big brass kettles on the crane in their caverns of fireplaces—the back-log of which was the trunk of a tree laid at the end of the huge iron dogs—which they filled with foaming cider, fresh from the old mill, and boiled down until ready for the apples; and then, this cider-applesauce was put in barrels and set away in the milk-room, for it was strong enough to bear freezing. Then, candles were to be made, and whole days were spent twisting wick-yarn upon slender stocks and dipping them in tallow until they were the necessary size; then to be packed in boxes and set away in the cellar. Then, the hogs must be killed, and pork salted and packed down; sausage-meat chopped and stuffed and tied in links; soft soap made and set away to thicken, and many another household job of which our city dames have hardly heard. Had they a thought that there were people in other towns who bought apples and candles by the cent's worth? Had they been told it they would have looked their unbelief. They had never seen poverty, and had not even a child's conception of it.

Parson Allen, the old minister, had preached to these people for more than half a century, rarely exchanging during that time. He had christened them when born, married them when full-grown, and buried them when they ceased to exist—for many of them had never really lived—and "mopped up" the places with funeral sermons where they left off breathing. In youth he was zealous in his calling, and in old age his earnestness and activity had not departed. He was venerable to look at. His long white locks floated over his shoulders, and when he entered the great middle door, and passed with rapid strides through the broad aisle and up the pulpit stairs, you saw there was fire in him still; you saw he would never give up his harsh doctrines, or deny the old book.

For more than half a century he had preached to them of salvation—salvation through Christ—of the wrath of God, of the endless torments of hell, of a bodily resurrection, of the day of judgment, when the awful trumpet should sound, and they should all be ranged before the great white throne to hear their final doom, when the Creator of his children should turn the pages of the book of life and say, in terrible justice, to those on his right, "Come, ye blessed!"—their faces all aglow with satisfaction, as they were marshaled to the right; and to those on the left, "Depart, ye cursed!"—who would depart with horrible yells and shrieks of rage into the lake where they should forever "sizzle" and never burn up.

Yes; this was the salvation he had told them of so many years, and little he thought they needed any other. And they—they had heard it so long it had become a narcotic, under which influence they enjoyed good comfortable naps, and looked forward to each Lord's day as indeed a day of rest, when they could have sufficiency of refreshing sleep; especially old Deacon Hunt, who would waken with a sudden start as the seats slammed down at the last amen, and comment for an hour afterward upon the good, sound, logical discourse of Parson Allen.

young folks at meeting, saw every smile, noted every glance, heard every whisper, without even turning her head; for madam was exceedingly decorous. One morning Nancy Bent's mother sent her over to the parson's to exchange some vegetables for a gallon of milk, when Madam Allen thought it a good opportunity to reprove her for some slight misdemeanor the Sunday previous. Accordingly she commenced:

"Nancy Bent, I saw you whisper, and heard you laugh aloud in God's house last Sunday."  
"Yes, ma'am," replied the embarrassed girl.  
"Don't you know, Nancy, that it's wicked to behave so in meeting?"  
"But I was tryin' to please my little sister, so she'd set still."  
"That does not alter the fact, you laughed and whispered in God's holy temple, Nancy Bent. Do you know what you go to meeting for?"  
"Yes, ma'am. To git pious. To save me from goin' to hell."  
"Is there nothing more you should do to be saved?"

"Yes, ma'am. Read my Bible every mornin', and say my catechis, and the Lord's prayer, and say my prayers every night and mornin', and—oh, I know I'm dreadful wicked! Shouldn't wonder if I was struck dead afore I got home!"  
"Well, Nancy, I am glad you realize the depravity of your nature. Come here to-night at seven o'clock, and Mr. Allen and myself will make you a subject of prayer; and if you know any other girls in the parish as wicked as you are, bring them in with you." And Nancy returned in real anguish of mind.

Nancy Bent cried all the way home at the thought of her dreadful wickedness. Her mother saw her distress, and when she had learned the cause, could give her but small consolation, for she herself had nursed the creed in her mother's milk. She loved her daughter, but thought if she was so wicked as the madam had told her, she must be cast out forever. After further conversation, it was agreed that her mother should accompany her to the parson's, for she could not endure the thought of going to hell herself, neither did she wish to be saved and see her daughter plunged into the lake of fire and brimstone. So at seven that evening, they knocked at the parson's door.

Madam Allen was prepared for the reception of the offenders, although not expecting to see Nancy's mother, who exclaimed, in heart-rending tones:

"Oh, Miss Allen, aint there nothin' can be done for Nancy? Nancy's a-lays been a good gal to her mother, and she believes the Bible, and the catechis, too. Do you s'pose she'll have to go to hell?"

"Well, Mrs. Bent, it does seem somewhat severe, but you know people should behave with propriety in the house of God. You know we go to meeting to hear the word of God. All that is required of us is to sit still and hear the word, and believe, and be saved. Mr. Allen will be here in a moment, and if you will kneel, we will get our minds in proper condition to offer prayers. I wish there could be a revival in Denby."

And there did come a revival—a revival that made the dry bones rattle; a revival that swept the ancient town like a whirlwind; that tore up old superstitions by the roots; that washed away, with its great tidal wave that surged over the town, its whole inferno of darkness, and left in place of it the sweet and fair blossoms of light and peace and hope.

Parson Allen now came in, and prayer after prayer was offered up for the wicked and now terrified girl, who was sobbing piteously. Her mother groaned in agony of spirit, for the time seemed so far in the distance before her child could hope to find forgiveness. They felt that the God they worshipped was a God of vengeance, a God to be feared, not a Father to be loved; a God who would call them to a strict account for all the errors and imperfections of their human life, and finally, if his wrath should be kindled, condemn them to outer darkness through all eternity. When the terrible ordeal was over, and the girl rose from her knees, she could scarcely stand, and with earnest wishes that God would have mercy on her miserable soul and save her from the wrath to come, they bade them good-night.

Mrs. Bent had much difficulty in getting her daughter home, for the excitement had exhausted her fearfully. All through the night she moaned restlessly in her bed, and the morning found her in wild delirium. They were obliged to send ten miles to Byfield for a doctor, and when he came he pronounced it brain fever. The girl seemed burning up. Was she really in hell? All that week she lay in her bed consumed by the fierce fire of the disease. All that week she closed her eyes by day or night, but called wildly upon her father, her mother, to save her from God, to save her from hell. The fierce fever burned into her very brain until her sufferings were over. Then, the restless hands became still, the burning frame grew icy cold. Yes, her agony was over! her earth-life ended, but not her work! No, she had a life-time of work to do yet, even for those who had thought to plunge her forever into the "pit of boiling pitch."

Then it was that her mother sank under the accumulated agony of her daughter's sudden and terrible death; for unutterable agony it was to the mother to see her child stretching forth her hands and shrieking for them to save her. It was too much for physical endurance, and, at the end of the second week, the old sexton made a grave for the mother by the daughter's side.

On the following Sunday the funeral sermon was preached, and the people heard, with faces all unwet, of the divine dispensations of Providence; of the terrible visitations that God in his wrath had ready in store for all who kept not in the straight and narrow path, as laid down in his Book, as interpreted by his church; and vivid and fiery pictures were drawn of the probable future

of both mother and daughter whom he had chosen to make examples of as a dreadful warning to others. It was the awfullest visitation God had ever sent upon Denby, and the people's humanities were choked down by their intense sense of God's justice.

When John Bent left the meeting-house he swore a great oath upon its steps never to cross its threshold again. For had they not murdered his wife and child? And he cursed the Church, and he cursed the Bible, and he cursed the minister for preaching its damnable creeds, with fearful curses! Ay, and who shall blame him? Had they not driven his wife and child writhing and raving with agony into their very graves? Had they power to send them beyond their graves? Wherever they were, he would share their doom! Were they in heaven, he would share their bliss. Were they in hell, he would help them endure its torments; and John Bent went to his home a changed man.

"And in all ages past, among all nations, has not the Church, through fire and blood, lacked by its creed, wrought terrible destruction? The human heart, being intensely religious, must worship something; and thus John Bent had been taught.

"Uncured by doubt, our earliest creed we take,  
And love the precept for the teacher's sake."

But in John Bent,  
"The overstrong narcotic played a wholesome part,  
And with redeeming nausea cleansed the heart."  
Although he knew it not, nor would not know it for many a weary day. He became gloomy, silent, and morose. The Church dared take no action upon him, and gave him over to his own rebellious heart. He spoke to no one, went nowhere, except to Deacon Hunt's. Mrs. Hunt had been with his wife and child during their fiery passage across the dark river, and it was not in the man's nature to forget a kindness shown to those he loved; for underneath this lava of silence and reserve beat his great warm heart, and the deacon's wife had taken his only remaining child, Bessie, into her family, never to part with her. So the people made no calls of sympathy upon the heart-broken man, but reconciled themselves comfortably to the idea that "the ways of God are past finding out."

#### CHAPTER IV.

At this time Mrs. Stockwell, alarmed by the exceedingly delicate health of her little Mabel, had been journeying away from the sea-coast, and was now located for a few weeks among the hills in Byfield, ten miles from Denby, hoping the clear, bracing air might invigorate the drooping child for whom alone she cared to live. It was while sojourning in Byfield she heard of the awful judgment of God upon the Bent family. She could not believe there was a town in all New England which the Church dared grip so murderously and so openly with its heavy iron hand. No, she would not believe it, and must see for herself. And yet she trembled and wavered at the thought of entering the place, not for herself, but for her Mabel. Could it be possible that the old terror which had made itself felt throughout New England in her infancy, the terror that executed its witches, that hung its Quakers, even a Mary Dyer on Trinitarian's oldest elm, still kept its life, still, Phoenix like, had risen from its ashes? If so, would not its rigid blue-law spirit pervade the atmosphere and thereby reach and chill her child?

She thought long and deeply over it, and at length concluded to leave her child in Mother Flora's care, and ride over and back the same day; for John Bent was well known in the surrounding towns, as was also Deacon Hunt's family, upon whom she had resolved to call. She saw Mrs. Hunt, who told her the whole sad story, raising her checked apron to her eyes many times during its recital. Mrs. Stockwell sat absorbed in thought, and did not at first hear her repeated invitations to "take off her bonnet and shawl, and set up and have some dinner afore she went back;" but when she added that John Bent was boarding with them, and would be in to dinner, that decided her. Before returning to Byfield, she invited the deacon and his wife and John Bent to come over to Silas Mason's, and bring little Bessie with them, to visit her Mabel, trusting for an opportunity to express her deep sympathy to this "man of sorrows."

And John Bent did come with the Hunts, and he opened his seared heart to this woman of such wonderful sympathies, and let her look upon the gaping, bleeding wounds, and she touched them gently with her tender words, and he went home with rays of peace and healing dawning upon his outwardly benumbed soul. Peace and healing which should one day reach his bleeding, quivering heart!

And he came again and often, and the deacon and his wife also, and little Bessie. Never but once did she take her Mabel to Denby; and then, to the child, the atmosphere seemed dark and heavy. It made her cold and restless. It oppressed her with an apathy that alarmed her mother, and she begged to be taken home, saying "she could not be good, there; she felt as if she was dreadful wicked, and had on all black clothes, and God did n't love her." She breathed the feeling in the atmosphere, a moral pestilence that fell upon all who had been reared in Denby.

Day after day, when John Bent's work was done, did he walk over to Byfield. Mrs. Stockwell told him what she knew of the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God, that every child of earth was destined to an eternity of happiness, that this earth-life was but the primary school of existence, that these human forms were but the basket in which the spirit could be best developed while here, that God was light and love, that hell was but a dream of the theologians, that punishment was remorse of conscience, that there was no Sabbath save in the imagination of the church, that God rested not on the seventh day, that every day was holy day, upon which no wrong should be done, that God's work never ceases, that he

grows corn and grass, and trees and flowers, Sunday as well as Monday, that the only sacrament was a faithful life, that the only salvation was salvation from ignorance, from error, from selfishness, from all forms of Pharisaical righteousness, from poverty and intemperance, and all forms of physical suffering, that—

"To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

She told him how Jesus was the reformer of his day, that all are sons and daughters of God, that he was but an older brother, that in all ages God had permitted our friends to return to us, that spirit-friends of Jesus, Moses and Elias, appeared to him when he went up into the mountain to pray, that spirit-friends rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, that spirit-friends struck off the chains from Peter and caused him to go forth free, that Lazarus was but entranced by deep magnetic sleep, and only in the presence of the mediævalistic Jesus, the only one who there had power to say, "Lazarus, come forth!" could he be awoken from it. All this she told him, and he heard her as one dumb.

One Sunday afternoon he came over early after tea, something he had never done before in a lifetime of fifty years—to visit on Sunday—but knowing Mrs. Stockwell was soon to return home, for little Mabel drooped daily, his sick and weary soul craved mightily her further teachings upon this new religion. The child had lain all through the day in her mother's arms in a half-sleeping state, and when he sat down he told her how he hungered and thirsted after this new, this true salvation; that if talking would not disturb the child he wanted her to tell him more about it. Then she told him that every day God's angels came, not only in the time of Jesus, but now, every day, every hour; they had even come to her and her child; and she told him of Mrs. Hale, how she saw them come and lead away their darling; and that rough, sunburnt man looked into her face as if he therein saw his God, and was silent through his reverent wonder. And was she not a God to him?

The child's sleep deepened, and the mother saw in her face the indications of the coming presence of spirit-friends. To her they had always come at the twilight hour. John Bent sat watching the little sleeper's face, and there came over him a quiet, peaceful, rested feeling of body and soul, such as he had never known before. He felt bound to his chair, and half unconscious. At that moment Mrs. Stockwell saw a woman and young girl, in lovely attire, draw near to him and lightly touch their lips to his, and lay their hands caressingly upon his face and hair, and knew them at once to be his wife and daughter. Oh! if he could only see them, was he almost thought. All this time the soft, dim light was filling the room, and as his wife and daughter passed around to Mabel's side he opened his eyes, which had been closed through drowsiness, and essayed to speak, but could utter no sound. For there, by Mabel, were standing his wife—his child! Would they come to him? would they speak to him? would the thoughts be tried to utter. Oh! if they would only tell him they were not in hell he would ask no more. They touched their lips to the child's forehead, they laid their hands lovingly upon her head, and her lips slowly parted. "Oh! husband, Oh! father, we are happy. We live in a world of beauty and love and light. There is no hell. Our teachers tell us it is all wrong—all a mistake. Don't mourn for us any more, for we are happy. We watch over and care for you, dear one, and will come often to you. Only by the sacrifice of our lives—only through our fiery deaths could this knowledge come to you. We kiss you, dear one, and leave you for a time." And as they drew near him he again felt the peaceful, rested feeling pervade his whole being, and after they had again touched their lips to the child's forehead they gradually faded from sight. And the dim, soft light faded too, and the child awoke and said she was tired. Dear lamb! She had finished her work! But in her short life of ten years what a mighty work she had done! Yes, she had accomplished more than whole armies of theologians, than whole centuries of preaching. Verily, she was the Christ-child to John Bent, although he knew it not and could not worship her, and he in turn was to be many another the St. Christopher of his time, to take his palm-staff in hand and guide them through the raging waters, and when the river ran deep and high to carry them upon his shoulders; for many there were who would sink and perish without his aid.

For many moments after the vision John Bent sat in his chair, his face buried in his hands and bathed in tears; then, kneeling reverently by the child he took her little hands in his and prayed:

"My God, I thank thee I have lived to see this hour. I thank thee that through such suffering there has come such light. Help me, oh God, to do my work as truly as this little child. Amen." And again John Bent went to his home a changed man.

[To be continued.]

FALSE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—Society has educated girls to be dependent. When they become women, whether married or single, they are absolute dependents upon men. Her virtues, her graces, her vigor, her freshness, her maturity, her chances in life, all depend upon the man who earns the money and builds the home. Is society just to women? Was it right to make slaves of a free people? Failure in ancient warfare was punished with servitude. Why has woman failed? Why is she in bondage to man? Because she has never learned the art of honorable self-support on the battle-fields of life. When woman's less-than function as "wife" is valued at its immeasurable worth, and when woman's divine worth as "mother" is prized at its infinite value, then indeed will society be just to its eternal interest, and then will woman take her place by man's side, his companion, his counterpart, his peer.—Davis's "Tale of a Physician."

England's national debt is nearly a third larger than ours.

Original Essay.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

BY PROF. W. D. GUNNING.

One of our leading quarterlies indulges in language little short of invective against a writer in the North American, for maintaining the doctrine unfortunately called "Spontaneous Generation." The reader who takes his science from this quarterly will suppose that the North American is trying to revive a theory long abandoned by scientific men, and that in doing this he is prompted by hatred of religion. When shall we have done with this? When shall we learn to question Nature for truth only, and, in the sacred search, to forget our poor human passions? When shall we cease to make religion an oppugnancy to search rather than to evil doing? And when shall science have so fulfilled her mission that we shall cease to look for a manifestation of the Deity only in the abnormal, the exceptional, the unusual, that we shall cease to take our Scripture from Milton, and picture the Creator "as coming to his work in awful pomp of cherubim and seraphim, and chariot shaking the Empyrean, and rise to the high conception of the Galilean, "The Father worketh hitherto?"

Do any forms of life come into being now from no parent, no egg or germ? I am very sure that only the most rigid methods of science can answer this question, and not the dogma of a quarterly. And I am equally sure that, however the question is answered, religion can suffer no hurt. This question is one of profound interest to thinking men, and a brief review of the more recent investigations that bear on its solution may be of interest to the general reader.

The student of science will remember the controversy carried on in the French Academy, from 1801 to 1804. Owen compares it to the controversy which enriched the annals of the Academy for 1830. The parties to the first were Cuvier and St. Hilaire. The parties to the second were Pasteur and Pouchet. Pouchet maintained that animalcules came into being under certain conditions, from no egg or germ, but by a process which man have called "Spontaneous Generation." Pasteur denied. What were they to do? Write each other down in the quarterlies? denounce each other as Atheists? This is not the method of science. Nature must be interrogated; her most hidden secrets must be unveiled. Pasteur was an eminent chemist, Pouchet an eminent naturalist, and each had nimble fingers and searching eyes. They began to experiment. A record of their experiments may be found here and there in the annals of the Academy through four years.

The result of some of the experiments seemed to favor the position of Pouchet. Most of the earlier ones favored the position of Pasteur. By a very ingenious apparatus the chemist trapped and collected minute atoms floating in the air and called them "the germs of living beings." Some of these atoms he put into a solution of organic matter, and in a few days life followed in its simplest forms. The animalcules, he thought, had come from the atoms trapped in the air. This experiment was followed by others. Water was imprisoned in a flask; great pains were taken to destroy whatever germs might be in the water, and to prevent the ingress of germs from the air. Days passed; the imprisoned water was searched and no life was found. These experiments were very rigid, and seemed conclusive against spontaneous generation.

But Nature will yield her deep secrets only to the most reverential and patient searcher. Dr. Child, of England, entered the list. He prepared an infusion of beef juice and water, and sealed it in a flask, just as Pasteur had done. He took the same precautions to destroy any possible germs, and to prevent the ingress of germs from the air. In a few days he searched the infusion, and found life. In every respect his experiment was as rigid as that of Pasteur. They differed in only one thing. Pasteur searched the infusion with a microscope of three hundred and fifty diameters, and found no trace of life. Child used a microscope of fifteen hundred diameters, and found Bacterium, the lowest forms of animalcular life! One of the most conclusive experiments of the chemist was thus invalidated. Doubt began to fall on the other. Prof. Owen objected that the atmospheric atoms which Pasteur had collected and figured did not resemble the ova or germs of animalcules. Pouchet followed with a very beautiful and simple experiment confirming Owen's doubt. He made an infusion of water and leaves. The infusion was filtered through a chemical preparation to arrest and destroy any germs it might contain. A little vital was filled with the infusion, and placed with open mouth in the middle of a dish filled with the same infusion. This was placed in a dish of water, and covered with a bell glass. Now it is morally certain that the infusions contained no animalcules, and no spores or germs. If animalcules appeared after this chemical treatment of the infusion, we may infer that they came from germs which rained down from the air, or that they came by spontaneous generation. In a few days animalcules did appear, "ciliated species in the vital and non-ciliated Bacterium in the dish." If the germs of these animalcules came from the air under the bell glass, how is it possible that only germs of Bacterium fell into the dish, and only germs of ciliated species fell into the vital? And, you may ask, if the animalcules came by spontaneous generation, how did it happen that only Bacterium were generated in the dish, and only ciliated forms in the vital? We do not know. We do not know why the fauna of two oceans under the same latitude should not be the same. We know that it has pleased the Creator not to make them the same, but to enrich the world by giving to each ocean, to each continent, and to each cluster of islands, a fauna and flora of its own. And here, in this little watery world under the bell glass, which is to the Eye of Omniscience as a great world—for to the Infinite nothing is great, nothing is small—the Creative Power may work by the same law. The vital is as the Mediterranean, and has its special fauna. The dish is as the Pacific, and has its swarming things of life, peculiar to itself. This experiment, so simple and so beautiful, seems to Prof. Owen to go very far in establishing the doctrine of "spontaneous generation."

We do not deny that spores and minute eggs are in the air. They are everywhere, as if the universe itself were not vast enough for the boundless energies of life! "But no spores or ova have been shown by experiment to resist the prolonged action of boiling water." These last are the words of Prof. Wyman. If the reader will consult the American Journal of Science for July, 1862, he will find a full account of Prof. Wyman's experiments. He will find that the experiments, thirty-seven in number, were exceedingly rigid, every precaution being taken that his little world within the glass should cool down without any communication with the outer world, or communication only through intensely heated tubes. He will find that several of these experiments prove that spores are killed by steam or by passing through

heated tubes. He will find that some animalcules, as the Bacterium, Vibrio and Spirillum, are not known to produce spores or ova at all. For anything we know about them, they may always come by spontaneous generation, and never by descent. Certainly the weight of evidence on strictly scientific grounds favors the assumption that they sometimes come by spontaneous generation.

We have used the word "spontaneous" under protest. It implies, "without causation." This implication is false. Science has driven the idea of "spontaneity" out of the universe. Whatever is must have an adequate cause. Science is concerned, properly, with secondary causes, and if she cannot find, within her domain, the cause for this mode of genesis, she must not ignore the First Cause. If animals come into being by this mode of genesis, the fact only proves the continued exercise of the creative power, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

"As it was in the beginning." Not quite; this mode of genesis is removed just one step from the initial creation. Between the Creator and the animalcules there is the middle term, organic matter. The distinguished French savan, Milne Edwards, convinced by the experiments of Pouchet that the animalcules came from no ova or spores, and seeking for some formula which would express all modes of genesis, was compelled to drop the formula of Harvey, "omne vivum ex ovo," and wrote "tout corps qui vivait provient d'un corps qui vit." Everything that lives came from a thing that lived. Organic matter, although it be dead, is still the middle term between the new being and its Creator. Now there was a time, doubtless, when organic matter was not. But there never was a time, perhaps, when inorganic matter was not. We push our way back through the geologic ages till we come to a group of rocks in Canada, called the Huronian. On these strata we find the remains of what was an animal once, not mean in bulk, but hardly superior in structure to the animalcules of the water-drops. "Eozoon" we call it. So far as science can tell us, it was the first created organism. And for anything which Nature has taught us in the experiments of Pouchet and Wyman, we must still use the formula of Edwards, changing only the tense, and say of Eozoon, "everything that lived came from a thing that had lived." And if science could be very certain that Eozoon was the first created organism, her formula would compel her to say that something must have lived and died before Eozoon could have lived! Still she has need of that middle term, organized matter. But as her formula brings her to a paradox she must yield to philosophy and say that in the initial creation organisms were generated from inorganic matter. Can she bridge the chasm between organic and inorganic nature, and thus read out the middle term and find how the Divine Will energized in forming the Eozoon?

Everywhere the apparent chasms are disappearing. Between man and the brute there is no such chasm as the world has been wont to believe. Between the animal and the plant there is no chasm at all. Between the lichen and the rock to which it clings, between the plant and the mineral, between the organic and the inorganic, we have been taught that there is an impassable barrier. But the same elements are in the rock and air and water, that form the living plant or animal.

In the water you have oxygen and hydrogen, two gases, invisible when alone; but when combined, tangible and visible, flowing, sounding, crystallizing into ice under cold, expanding into steam under heat. In the air you have oxygen and nitrogen, mingled but not combined. Carbon you might take from the marble or the lime rock. Water is inorganic; air is inorganic; the carbonic acid of the lime rock is inorganic. Throw the air and the water and the carbon together, and unite them chemically into one, and you have protoplasm, the physical basis of life.

The new compound contains the four elements, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen, inorganic if separated and dispersed through air and water and rock. What formed this protoplasm? Is there any power in Nature to draw these elements from rock and air and force them into combination? Had Nature the power to lift herself out of rock and air and ocean and form that primal mass of protoplasm which we call the Eozoon? or is it only the vital force, coming down on these unwilling elements, that can urge them into combination? Can the chasm, then, between the organic and the inorganic be bridged only by miracle?

Strip the world of every plant and animal; let it be again the azoic world of rock, and sea, and mist, and still it would not be at rest. The Romans embodied a profound philosophy in their word for Nature, "natura." It means something about to be. Nature is an outflow. She cannot rest. From the eternal flux and reflux one thing is exempt. It is the crystal. That is at rest. Other forms of inorganic matter involved in the flux are called colloids. We must divide the inorganic world into crystalloids and colloids. The colloid is nearer to protoplasm than the crystal. "Natura" cannot be spoken of the crystal. But the characteristic of the colloid is mutability. The crystalloid has inertia; the colloid, energia. The crystalloid represents the statical condition of matter; the colloid, its dynamical condition. The same element may exist in each condition. In the rock-crystal, silica is a crystalloid. Combined with oxygen and held in solution in water, it is a colloid. It passes into a solid jelly, and this jelly may be coagulated by peroxide of iron. Peroxide of iron, too, is sometimes a crystalloid, and sometimes a colloid. Held in solution in water, it has the color of dark blood. It is coagulated by sulphuric acid, or any of the neutral salts. Professor Graham tells us that this coagulum is "a deep red-colored jelly, resembling a clot of blood, but more transparent." These colloidal changes take place gradually, and we find Prof. Graham saying that the colloid "may be looked upon as the primary source of the force appearing in the phenomena of life." And we find Herbert Spencer saying, after a summation of the properties of matter in the colloidal state, that "in the elements of which organisms are composed, the conditions necessary to that redistribution of matter and motion which constitutes evolution, are fulfilled in a far higher degree than at first appears." Mr. Spencer's meaning is the same as Prof. Graham's. It is that the slow movements of inorganic matter which has not assumed the rigid form of the crys-

tal, may result in compounds ready for the uses of life. Between the organic and the inorganic there is no such gulf as men have thought. From crystal to protoplasm—the way seems long and impassable by chemistry. But the flinty crystal has come, through the geologic ages, from silicic acid diffused through water—a colloidal or dynamical condition of the atoms which the crystal holds at rest. And between that crystal and the simplest form of organic matter, Nature will show you many colloidal states, many compounds formed and forming, many activities, an unrest of the atoms, a discontent with death, a struggling upward after life.

What then shall we say? Does the passage of a colloid into protoplasm, or the genesis of an animalcule from decaying atoms of leaf or muscle, teach atheism? Must we give up our theism if science should make it appear that "the slow movements of inorganic matter result in compounds ready for the uses of life?" We must look to the last born of the sciences to save us from the slough of materialism.

Force—what is force? The nimble fingers of the sunbeam have stored up all the reservoirs of force, from the coal in the rock to the brain in the man. The most complicated organ known to science is the thinking brain. More than seven hundred combinations of the atoms that lie dead in air and water and rock, are wrought into this living dome of power. What hand snatched the atoms from air and rock, and wrought them into brain? The sunbeam. Whatever elements are wrought into the living frame, they were taken from the air, the water, and the soil, by the plant. And whatever flowed up into the plant from the soil, or was gathered into it from the air, it passed through a transformation in the leaf. My brain is the laboratory in which the thought is evolved I am trying to put on paper now. A leaf was the laboratory in which the atoms that compose my brain were won from the lifeless elements, and fitted for the uses of thought. What force wrought in the leaf? The sunbeam. Some rays of the sunbeam are chemical. We employ these in photography. They fall on the compounds of silver on the plate, and decompose them. They fall on the green leaf, and decompose the compounds of carbon. They elaborate sugar, starch, albumen, Photograph the leaf. Your picture is dark. The chemical rays were expended in working transformations in the leaf, and the light shed from the leaf has no force to break the compounds of silver on the plate. We come to this great truth: The force which underlies all the vital activities of Nature, the force which sends the atom from the rock up to its throne in the human brain, is lodged in the sunbeam. The great monarch of China calls himself the Son of the Sun. We all sit on the same throne with the Chinaman. We are all sons of the sun. Bird and beast, they too are sons of the sun. And the weed and the worm, they are sons of the sun. All things that live, are members of one celestial brotherhood; all, all are sons of the sun. Is there nothing beyond the sun ray? Is that the highest round on the ladder?

The chemical ray of the sun is convertible into electricity. Electricity is convertible into magnetism. Faraday's experiments on the Electric Eel showed us that magnetism is convertible into nerve-force, and nerve-force into will. The sun ray is not the highest round on the ladder. Cast your eye along the table of forces, and at the top you will find Will, Mind, Spirit. It dominates all the forces that play through the universe. Its energy is perennial.

Our theism will stand the shock of a great many colloids. The South Sea-Islander believes that when the old moon fades out from the heaven, the gods have eaten it. When told of his mistake, his theism received a fearful shock. He cannot understand a Deity who does not manifest himself by a succession of miracles. Contrast this theism with that of Newton or La Place, who saw in the stellar universe no special interposition, nothing but harmony and rhythm. The zoologist has had his moon eatings. He is forgetting all that, and rising to the lofty theism of La Place, by seeing law at the beginning of organic nature, as the astronomer saw it at the beginning of inorganic nature, and by overlooking the philosophy whose formula is, "Where law is, God is not; and where God is, law is not."

\* Spirit is a dynamic capable of acting on matter."—Dr. Carpenter, Conservation of Force.

The Hospital "Miracle."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Hearing of a "miracle" that had been performed upon a young girl at St. Joseph's (Catholic) Hospital, I met her, and will give her own statement, briefly, showing how she was cured through the spiritual agency of a priest, (which they will not acknowledge.)

"My name is Irenia Palmira. I was living with my grandmother in Delaware, and at the age of nine years I was returning from school one day, when I was attacked by a cow, her horns penetrating my back near the spine. I was taken home, perfectly helpless, and remained in bed six months. I finally became able to leave my bed, and walk around the room; but for five years suffered severely, and at the age of fourteen was again confined to my bed, being unable to move my body, and my limbs were paralyzed from the knee joints down. Medical assistance was of no avail, and after months of suffering, I requested that I should be sent to St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia. While there, I received medical aid from several of the first physicians of the city, but obtained no relief, my spine requiring a constant application of ice. I bore my sufferings patiently, always cheerful, and from the first I seemed to have no desire to get well. I received such kindness at the hands of the sisters, that I desired to become a Catholic, and made that request to the sisters, and also to Father Champie, who visited me daily. I also made the request to my father, who afterwards visited me at the hospital. He and my family are Methodists. He gave his consent, thinking I would never get well. I was afterwards visited by my cousin, bringing with her a Methodist preacher, at the same time holding the door, and informing me I must be baptized. Finding I was positively opposed to it, he commenced shouting and praying, telling me he was the greatest man in Philadelphia, and that he had shouted many a 'soul' into heaven. He finally left me amused and disgusted at his proceedings. One day, feeling more cheerful than usual, I asked one of the sisters to stay and sing with me. She told me I would not be so cheerful if I knew 'Father Champie' was going away. I asked if I could see him. She consented, and on taking leave of the sick, he visited me, and passing his hands before me, he blessed me, telling me he would return to me before he left. On his return, he came to my bedside, and looking me in the face, he again passed his hands before me, blessing me; and as he lay his hand gently on my breast, I jumped straight up in bed, commencing beating my back with my hands, exclaiming, 'God has given me a new back!' They thought I was dying, but imagine their astonishment when

I asked for a comb and brush, and arranged my hair, not having raised my hands to my head for fourteen months, or moved my body. A few days after this, while taking communion, I heard a whisper, saying, 'On All Saints Day you will walk.' Where it came from, I could not tell, as no one was near me. I told one of the sisters what I had heard, but she said she feared I would always be a cripple. My father came to see me, and seemed glad to find my back entirely well, and prevailed upon me to go home, promising me all home comforts. I was impressed that he was deceiving me, but consented to go. On my arrival home, he told me he had me now, and I must give up my Catholic faith, and become a Methodist. I refused, and remained with him until the night before All Saints Day, when I awoke in the night, and finding I could use my legs, I jumped out of bed and put on my shoes and stockings. My father, on perceiving this, told me I must give up my faith, or leave his house. 'It was all the works of the devil.' I left his house, walking a mile, and have had no pain whatever since. Since my return to Philadelphia, I have been visited by my cousin, who informs me I shall be taken home, and have my faith beaten out of me, which I have no fears of, as my friends here will prevent it."

I can vouch for this statement being true, and would myself prefer the so-called "Devil" to the Methodist doctrine. Yours Respectfully, J. F. BRYAN.

Funeral Obsequies of Mr. Benjamin Kingman.

A very interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday, April 20th, at North Bridgewater, Mass., namely, the funeral rites of a venerable and respected inhabitant of the place, who had passed into spirit-life under very remarkable and impressive circumstances. Mr. Benjamin Kingman was the head of a family prominent for their high social standing, respectability and public spirit.

Although formerly a distinguished and liberal supporter of Orthodox religion, Mr. Kingman, during the last few years of his life, enjoyed the light of Spiritualism, and, as a full and earnest believer in the faith, labored to disseminate its truth in his own neighborhood by contributing to the maintenance of spiritual lectures whenever they could be given in North Bridgewater. Several members of Mr. Kingman's family shared his belief, whilst others equally near to him were unconvinced of its facts and truths. These diversities of opinion never affected the noble gentleman's conduct, although they doubtless pained his kind heart, especially as he felt his duty to bestow more of his time and attention on the spiritual meetings, and less on the services of the Orthodox Church, to which some of his companions were devotedly attached. During the past month of April, Professor Denton and Mrs. Emma Harding were engaged to lecture at North Bridgewater, and on each occasion the venerable old gentleman was amongst the first present at the meetings, and foremost to express his sympathy and interest in the addresses delivered. At Mrs. Harding's first lecture she was introduced to Mr. Kingman, who expressed his intention of listening to every address she was to give in that place with an earnestness so marked as to call forth an expression of cordial thankfulness from the speaker. "That one so very near the shores of eternity should be there to support her." Exactly one week after this pleasant greeting, Mrs. Harding was to lecture in North Bridgewater again. On the day appointed, Mr. Kingman, who seemed in unusual health and spirits, busied himself earnestly in urging his son and others of his household to make ready for the meeting. He lingered, indeed, before his son's gate to accompany him to the hall, and, having entered it, inquired anxiously if the speaker had arrived. Being answered in the affirmative, he mounted the stairs briskly, took his seat in the midst of his dear ones, bowed his venerable head upon his breast, and, without a single sigh or groan, passed into the land of light and immortality! Even as his son's wife looked upon him he was gone.

The scene which followed is perhaps not less remarkable testimony to the unbroken continuity of life beyond the grave, than any that the records of Spiritualism can present. Mrs. Harding had not yet quitted the ante-room when Mr. Kingman's lifeless form was carried out of the hall. A gentleman in all haste rushed to the ante-room in the first moment of confusion, and, snatching up a glass of water, ran out with it, crying, "Mr. Kingman is dying!" As he spoke Mrs. Harding mechanically replied, "He is dead!" but instantly a voice, which Mrs. H. recognized as Mr. Kingman's, said in her ear, "There is no more death! Go on with the lecture!"

Acting under the impulse of the spirit-presence, Mrs. Harding urged the friends present to calm the excited audience by stating that Mr. Kingman had but fainted, and was removed to his home. The music was then resumed, followed by the lecture and questions, which proceeded to the openly avowed interest of all present. The address was highly commended, and a recital of the funeral exercises of a venerable old gentleman at West Sandwich, at which Mrs. Harding had just been officiating, was listened to with intense emotion. At the close of the lecture the well-known voice of Mr. Kingman again addressed Mrs. Harding, saying, "I have heard every word of that lecture; I have not missed a word."

The lady with whom Mrs. Harding stopped in North Bridgewater, on the following Monday visited Mrs. Julia Friend, the celebrated tea-mediator of Boston. The parties were entire strangers to each other, and the lady from Bridgewater had no thought or expectation of hearing from Mr. Kingman, whose mortal remains were still awaiting their return to mother earth. Yet there, in that stranger's room in Boston, on the arm of the medium, appeared the name of "BENJAMIN KINGMAN," whilst her lips were moved to repeat the very words uttered in the hour of mortal dissolution, "I heard every word of that lecture! I did not miss a word!" Was not this reduplicated test indeed a glorious illustration of the risen spirit's declaration, "There is no more death?"

It only remains to notice the action of the First Congregational Church—in which the venerable gentleman deceased had as good a right as a large financial interest could give him—to have his funeral obsequies performed. Mr. Kingman had long expressed a wish that whenever the hour for his transition should come, he might be permitted to pass without the previous preparation of sickness, a wearisome death-bed, or any of the mortal pangs which attend earthly dissolution. His desire was moreover frequently expressed that Emma Harding should perform his funeral services, and he had repeated this, fearing lest her departure to the West, or a return to England, might interfere with his request.

One wish of the beloved of his Heavenly Father had already been gratified, in the peaceful and holy transition which had liberated the bright spirit in the very moment when he was performing his best service to his cause and his

faith. The second desire seemed even anticipated by the presence of Emma Harding at his departure, and her entire willingness to put off all her other engagements to attend to this sacred duty. The next point was to secure a suitable place for the performance of a ceremony which the circumstances of Mr. Kingman's sudden decease and his prominent and respectable position in society rendered one of singular interest to the community. At first, the request of his son, Mr. Rufus Kingman, that his father's remains should be buried from the Orthodox Church, which he had helped to sustain and uphold, was courteously complied with. But when the Sabbath followed, and the Christian services of that holy day had done their work upon the minds of the Christian trustees who had the building in charge, they concluded that the followers of the meek and gentle Jesus would be scandalized by the performance of a spiritual service within their unsanctified edifice, and that a church dedicated to the service of "the man of sorrows, who had not where to lay his head," could not shelter the last remains of him who had helped to build it, and whose Christ-like life might have proved its noblest dedication. In a word, the promise of the church was withdrawn, and the community might have been scandalized by the spectacle of a popish maranatha practically visited on the remains of the holy dead, had not a more liberal spirit animated the trustees of the Porter Evangelical Church, of North Bridgewater, and induced them to grant its use to the distressed and harassed family of good Mr. Kingman. There, on Wednesday, April 20th, the largest audience that has ever assembled together in North Bridgewater or the surrounding districts, listened to the funeral services, or rather the rites of "the soul's birthday," performed by Emma Harding, celebrating the entrance of good Mr. Benjamin Kingman into his immortal inheritance. The services consisted of appropriate readings from the Old and New Testaments, prayer, singing by the choir, and a benediction, in which, at the desire of the relatives, Mrs. Harding tendered thanks to the society who had granted the use of that church for the performance of Mr. Kingman's funeral services. The speaker remarked that Spiritualism was very young, hence, though the Spiritualists desired to put away the old garments which the soul had worn during its mortal pilgrimage with honor and reverence, they were not always prepared with suitable places for such occasions, nor did they deem such exclusive places necessary in a Christian land, where churches abounded, owned by those who expressly taught that death was the great leveler, in whose action all creatures are gathered up in the common fold of one Shepherd, by the hand of him who is "no respecter of persons," and in the place where Jew and Gentile, Christian and infidel alike will be judged by their works.

Her remarks appeared to be highly acceptable to the good Christians who had practically demonstrated their faith by lending their church to the afflicted in their hour of trial and bereavement. We may trust they were not less instructive to the pious Pharisees who shut the holy dead out of their church. If there is, as Spiritualism affirms, compensation and retribution for every act done in the body, may not these two church societies have been opening or closing for themselves brighter gates than those of an earthly tabernacle?

The services closed—the immense multitude dispersed; the cold clay was softly laid down in the earth, and another guardian angel is added to the family of the late Benjamin Kingman. The venerable gentleman departed in the seventy-seventh year of his good and useful mortal pilgrimage. E. H.

The Dawning of the Millennium.

The following was written automatically in my presence by Dr. John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I., Oct. 14th, 1869. THOS. R. HAZARD.

Dear one, I greet you to-day with a spiritual blessing, for it is both a duty and a blessing to keep fresh in thy mind the words of immortal cheer, as from day to day we gather new and beautiful truths from the great garden of life. Yes, we will entwine these buds of joy with the green leaves of memory in a heavenly garland! We will add pearls of peace and light to light! We will grasp the anchor of hope and life, and with holy trust in God we will bow to no obstacle that arises between us and duty. Onward, forever onward, shall be our motto, crushing with the hand of faith the dead leaves and branches that would keep from our grasp the little bud whose life has been prolonged beyond its neighboring shoots, and leaves as the summer's east rose stands 'mid withered boughs. Everything of life that needs a kindly hand to cherish we will make ours, and heed not the thorns and briars that surround it, for the constant flowing stream of love will wear in time the hardest stone. Hearts of adamant will soften beneath continued drops of affection, and the gates of heaven will open in humanity's broad life. Let every wave bear a joyous message of glad tidings to mankind. We will not wait for our own allotment of joy ere we share that we have with our brother. We will not wait for the infowing, but we will ever be outflowing; we will not pause till we see dawn on the horizon, but we will go on, ere we send our kindly ray to the sorrowing. We will bestow freely, remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive. If this rule were obeyed by all, who would be wanting in gifts? Did all bestow of what they have alike, all would be alike receiving. The good that thou imparted to thy neighbor will be repaid to thee in a hundred fold. We will give thee to-morrow. Oh, my dear ones, breathe, and speed the hour when the horns of love in earth and heaven shall be tuned in unison! And are not angels already ushering in that day of gladness? Tidings from thee to me, from me to thee, and from thousands to thousands in earth and spirit-life, are hastening it. Fond messages from the departed are being sent to us in the morning light that is soon to dawn on humanity. Choirs of seraphs wait to chant the lay, and arch-angels are tuning their harps to catch the echo. Well indeed may earth rejoice! Flow on! flow on! thou mighty stream of joy, that bears the dark with spirit-forms to earthly mansions! Float on! float on! bright gondolas, freighted with angels bright! Fly on! fly on! ye fairy boats, bearing guardians of truth and life to earth's children! Gather now, ye sad ones of earth, on the shore, and gaze. Stand waiting, hearts of hope! Come hither, ye multitudes, and through the river's bank, on this angel stream, I see gliding noble vessels filled with dear departed ones who left you mourning at their graves, and who are now smiling as they linger in your ears. Yes, speedily all they come, bearing to you life's blossoms. Oh, how fast they are already refloving to earth. Oh, tell those mourners, who yet stand aloof from these shores, not to let sadness rest upon their brows, but prepare a port where dear departed friends may be floating on life's stream, and give them an anchor, and extend the hand of recognition. Stand no longer weeping at the tomb. Throw not your fading garlands on the mound of earth. Shed not your tears on the place of dust, but come to the angel shore. Watch on the banks of time's flowing river, and soon there will be a bark freighted with the willing forces of departed friends sail down and greet thee. Be there to meet them. Come, come, oh! come and gaze. See the bright sails already spread to meet you, not to be lowered again till fared in heaven.

Forever thine, FANNY. Brigham Young is said to be the third depositor in point of amount in the Bank of England. He who blackens others does not whiten himself.



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Spiritualism and the North American Review.

In the last number of the North American Review there is an essay on the Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism. It marks the advance of Spiritualism as a subject of interest with the public, that an article against it, should have been thought worthy of the foremost place in the foremost review of the United States.

The writer of the essay has some good observations; but he thinks that he has himself observed everything that anybody else ever has; and he is positive that never, anywhere, as to Spiritualism, have there been facts greater than his own few particular facts. He is arrogant, and he is somewhat abusive; and his being that, shows that he is not quite at ease in his mind, or as to what he writes about. And really for a man of any sensibility, amidst the scores and hundreds of witnesses who are ready with their evidence to the contrary, it is not an easy thing to say that "no one had ever read unknown writing through a closed envelope, no one has ever lifted tables or chairs, but by material agencies."

Another of his statements may be appealed against; and with the North American Review itself as a judge. "It is impossible for us therefore, to attribute any of the real or false manifestations of modern Spiritualism to this force; and those persons who do so, show themselves to be not fully acquainted either with what is asserted of Spiritualism, or with electricity in its internal or external relations with the animal body. The idea that tables are moved, knocks made, and apparitions produced by the electricity of the body is simply absurd." But in the eightieth volume of the North American, in an article on Modern Necromancy, by the editor, the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., it is said as follows: "This theory may account for the rappings, phosphoric lights, table-tipping, and other physical phenomena, reported in connection with the pretended spiritual intercourse. The rappings are not unlike sounds which might be produced by an electrical machine. The lights correspond in shape, color, and movement with those which are elicited by experiments with the galvanic battery. The movement of non-conducting substances is at least a possible result from the passage under certain conditions of large masses of the electro-magnetic fluid or force. Nor let it be objected, that the human frame is insufficient to generate electricity to such an amount as is implied in these phenomena." Dr. Hammond ought, properly, to have had a talk with Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge, before he undertook to write fresh as to the phenomena of Spiritualism, in that review of which Dr. Peabody was once the respected, influential editor.

Perhaps there is not one believer in the phenomena of Spiritualism, who is of much intelligence, but might confess that he had passed through the same state of mind, as that in which Dr. Hammond wrote the first article in the last number of the North American Review. And William Howitt, or Dr. Ashburner, or Dr. Elliston, or that English electrician who is the great authority, as to submarine communication, would, any one of them, perhaps, acknowledge that he was once, as to intellect, like the scientist, whom Goethe makes to be present with Faust on the Brocken, on May-day Night; and who saw with his eyes, but who yet could not believe his eyes, because of his science.

But while one man gets to be able to see things aright, another man keeps narrowing in belief, and hardening in skepticism, from day to day. "Spiritualism," says he, "Spiritualism true, and yet science not know it! Impossible. Facts too great for my formulas to explain! That would be too ridiculous. Spirits, demons, ghosts, now at this present time! What an absurdity! And so absurdly out of place!"

"Vanish! Unheard of impudence! What, still there! In this enlightened age, too, since you have been proved not to exist! But this infernal brood! Will hear no reason, and endure no rule. Are we so wise, and is the pond still haunted? How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish! Of superstition, and the world will not come clean with all my pains!—It is a case Unheard of!"

"Proved not to exist"—and so it has been proved, since, again and again. But still pressing from above and about, the spiritual world keeps making itself felt!

Have No Fears.

There is a party, possibly small enough to deserve only the name of a clique, who, both in and out of the ranks of Spiritualism, are especially eager to repudiate the phenomena on which our sublime Philosophy rests for its foundations. Their steady endeavor is, to bring physical and, in fact, other mediums into disrepute by every means possible for them to compass. Whatever their motive, whether theoretical or personal, we are simply prepared to announce to all such with full emphasis, that at all times and on all occasions, without fear, favor, or respect for pecuniary considerations, we shall sustain such mediums with the whole of our ability, let their labor be that of trance speaking, physical manifestations, or any other phase of the spiritual phenomena. Because we do sincerely and earnestly believe that these agents, however humble their work may be regarded, are doing God's service, each in his own peculiar way, and advancing with all proper haste the great cause of Spiritualism, which is only the powerful lever that is destined to throw the Paganism of Orthodoxy and the church out of its long established place. On our sixth page will be found a communication from the spirit, John King, who has performed such wonderful service in convincing skeptics and scoffers through the organizations of the Davenport Brothers. He bids the Brothers have no fear; he tells them that they have truth on their side, and a host of spirit friends to sustain them. And so say we on our part to the mediums whom a certain class of people seek to undervalue and renounce. They are engaged in a good and great work, and while they are about it they will be sustained.

Close of the Music Hall Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, April 25th, the course of lectures for the present season closed at the above named hall, with an address from Mrs. Emma Hardinge (per request) on "America, the Land of the Free; and America under the Anathemas of the Ecumenical Council." A beautiful day (fit omen for the future) came to give its blessing to the occasion, and an immense audience congregated to hear this effort, which was a repetition of a discourse delivered by her in Washington, D. C., at the request of Gen. Banks and other distinguished members of Congress.

The lecture was thrilling and impressive. In speaking of America she did not seek to pander merely to national pride. America, she said, was God's America; his in the history of the world, from the day when Columbus begged his way from court to court, frowned down by the anathemas of priests and schoolmen, to gain the material means by which, with none but God to write his chart, and nothing but that inspiration which called him, to guide, he opened in triumph over an unexplored ocean, and swept with his island key the gates of a new world! From that day America started forth on its career as a land of inspiration—dedicated to the spirit of freedom.

No synopsis would do justice to her masterly effort. It gives us pleasure to announce that it will shortly be published in pamphlet form.

The Boston Post of Monday, April 25th, says of the meeting:

"The closing lecture of the Spiritualistic course in Music Hall for the present season was delivered yesterday afternoon to an audience which filled nearly every seat, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on 'America, the Land of the Free; and America under the Anathemas of the Ecumenical Council.' The lecturer was powerfully influenced. She commenced by portraying the present condition of America, with its free institutions, its liberal tendencies of learning, and its vast and comprehensive growth in intelligence and independent thought, and ended by contrasting it with what America would be, ruled by the caprices of an Ecumenical Council and its people under the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Mrs. Hardinge was throughout attentively and appreciatively listened to."

At the conclusion of the address Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman of the Lecture Committee, made an appeal to the audience for assistance (in a contribution) to meet a small deficit in the funds, so that the next course—which will commence on the first Sunday in October—might start free from all encumbrance. In this connection Mrs. Hardinge made the following remarks:

"You all desire the blessing of the Infinite Spirit. Permit me to say, in parting, that if you and I alike would have that blessing, we must work for it. You have heard the appeal of one who is laboring earnestly and diligently, and who calls upon you to help him and his associates sustain these meetings. You know how necessary it is but one place in all your great city where the doctrine of spiritual communion, which is spoken, and that place is among the free thinkers, and those free thinkers the ones who have embraced the doctrine of spiritual communion. We do not blame radicals and free thinkers who cannot accept our faith—all honor to them for the work they are doing; but we know we have a truth in advance of their theories. In this place we may meet to analyze the gift of the angels, to take sweet counsel with the noble and the good who have gone before. You are called upon to contribute to this object: the support of these lectures. When I ask you to put your hands to the plow and to 'look not back,' mind to your pockets, for material help is what is needed."

We shall not come together again for months. Your speaker, and those who have listened to her, may, perhaps, never meet beneath the same roof in the service of the cause, but in the coming season, you will listen to the words of those who can abundantly supply her place. Were it necessary to obtain instruments, the spirit-world would cause the very stones to arise and preach the truth, if you would only give the stones a place to preach in. If I could hold over you the horrors of the Ecumenical Council as displayed in the Papal Syllabus, and tell you passages from the Bible, you would purchase them through fear of hell. Spiritualists have the incentive of the holy religion of love, but it is also the religion of justice, and I cannot but believe that from those to whom much is given, much will be required. Forgive me, but I cannot bid you farewell in a better manner than in honor to you to contribute to the distribution of God's bread to struggling souls; for as you give unto these, so shall the Lord of Life give unto you."

At the conclusion of her remarks, George A. Bacon rose, and moved that the thanks of the assembled audience be returned to Mrs. Hardinge for her able and eloquent addresses in behalf of the cause she had espoused, which motion was unanimously carried.

The Dark-Age Revived.

If certain persons can have their own way, we shall very soon be back upon the old witchcraft times, tyranny and all. Now Jersey boasts of some men that deserve to rank with the self-righteous louts of the Cotton Mather time. They must be prodigies of intelligence and liberality. What reach of view they must have, and how grandly they must look at the movements of an age which they despise. Our readers of course have not so soon forgotten the tragedy of the children on Wyneock Mountain, last January, who wandered off into the woods for nuts in the wintry afternoon, and were never again seen save as skeletons. The aftermath of that sad tale is yet to be told. It does not wholly end with their cruel death by starvation and exposure. When the search for the children had for a long time been made with no success, a youth residing in Paterson, who had the reputation of possessing the gift of second sight, was appealed to. He was carried from his home in Paterson to the hut of the distracted parents on the mountain side, a distance of twelve miles; when he arrived there, he looked through his globe, as the tale proceeds, and described with perfect accuracy the very spot where the missing children were afterward found dead. That was all very well. No matter, so far as he was concerned, whether the lost ones were discovered in time to secure them alive or not; his words proved reliable, and he was to have been commended for his valuable gift. But after the affair was all over, sundry pious people of the locality deemed it essential to proclaim it a clear case of witchcraft. A messenger is sent by a Judge, with a deceitful pretext, to arrest the innocent boy who has thus foretold the result, and the Judges blind him over to the next court for trial in a bond of five hundred dollars penalty, threatening to procure his indictment as a witch before the grand jury. The boy's mother is made to suffer deeply from this treatment of her son, who is innocent of any wrong. We are happy to be able to state, on the best authority, that he has been provided with proper legal assistance by friends in New York, who are quite prepared to expose the depth of such bigotry as soon as an opportunity shall be presented. Could this horrible influence have its way unrestrained, we should very soon be plunged into the darkness of the dark ages again, and have the rack and gibbet restored for the punishment of unbelievers.

The long-established and well-managed daily line of steamers between Boston and Portland, begins the new season under favorable auspices, and with a determination to furnish the public with satisfactory accommodations in all respects.

Spiritual Communion—Verification of Spirit Messages.

In accordance with our previous promise, we continue to give instances where parties interested have been fearless enough to acknowledge the receipt of truthful communications through our medium, Mrs. Conant, as printed in our Message Department.

W. W. Pratt, of Marblehead, Mass., called on us Monday, April 18, 1870, and stated that he had proof of the truth of the message of Edward P. Hopkins, published in the Banner of Light Jan. 20, 1869. He said on reading the message, it struck him as so peculiar and truthful, that he at once ventured to address his father, Prof. A. Hopkins, of Williams College, on the subject, using, as near as he can recollect, the following words:

"PROFESSOR HOPKINS—Dear Sir: Allow me to ask you if you had a son who was killed in the late war? If so, when and where did he fall? What was his age? Was he a member of your college? If you will please answer my questions by return mail you will bestow a favor I shall be happy to requite you for." W. W. PRATT, Marblehead, Mass.

In reply the following letter was received from the Professor:

Williams College, Feb. 26, 1870. MR. PRATT—Dear Sir: You inquire after my son, Edward, in the late war. He belonged to the cavalry—First Massachusetts Company, I. He was First Lieutenant in that company. He fell at Ashland Station, sixteen miles north of Richmond, on the morning of the 11th of May, 1861. His age was twenty-one, and he was at the time of his death a member of the senior class in this college. Respectfully yours, A. HOPKINS.

Thus all the points in the test were found to be correct. The spirit stated in the course of his message (as published by us) that he wished to give some points by which he could be recognized, which he did in the following words:

"First, my name was Edward P. Hopkins; second, my birthplace, Williamstown, Mass.; third, the year of my birth, 1840; fourth, September, '61, when the first began his work with my country, I had just entered the senior class at Williams College. I had just entered upon my senior year. I struggled for some time against my feelings with regard to going to war. I felt that my country had need of all who were able to aid her, and I ought to be willing to forego all pleasure; I ought to lay down the life and health of an old friend of mine. It was printed in 1865, from D. Sanlerson, of Western New York, to his mother. If his mother has not answered it, I will. In time I hope to get some more from your Message Department. Daniel Sanlerson died in 1865, and came to the Banner of Light Circle and spoke through Mrs. Conant. I recognize the name of an old friend of mine—something to regulate his circulation. That seems to be the seat of all his physical trouble. It won't do him any harm to let us try. We think we can help him. My son receives your paper. His name—Charles Wing. I was known here as Col. Joseph Wing. (Good day. God bless you!)"

Frank P. Phelps writes us from Chillicothe, Livingston County, Mo., testifying to the truth of a message from one of his early friends. He says:

"Why do people hold back, and not speak out and own it when they get a message from their friends? I recognize our message, purporting to come from an old friend of mine. It was printed in 1865, from D. Sanlerson, of Western New York, to his mother. If his mother has not answered it, I will. In time I hope to get some more from your Message Department. Daniel Sanlerson died in 1865, and came to the Banner of Light Circle and spoke through Mrs. Conant. I recognize the name of an old friend of mine—something to regulate his circulation. That seems to be the seat of all his physical trouble. It won't do him any harm to let us try. We think we can help him. My son receives your paper. His name—Charles Wing. I was known here as Col. Joseph Wing. (Good day. God bless you!)"

In our issue of February 25th we published the communication given below, from Col. Joseph Wing to his son Charles:

"I have a son who is in poor health, and I wish to benefit him if I can. I think if he will go to see Mr. William White—not yourself—[You refer to William B. White?] Yes; he is under the control of spirit-doctors—is in this city, they tell me—in Jefferson Place. [Yes, he will go there, I think we can do something for him—something to regulate his circulation. That seems to be the seat of all his physical trouble. It won't do him any harm to let us try. We think we can help him. My son receives your paper. His name—Charles Wing. I was known here as Col. Joseph Wing. (Good day. God bless you!)"

In corroboration of the above, we have lately received the following letter from his (the Colonel's) daughter:

Boston, Mass., April 2, 1870. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—In the Banner of Light of February 25th I saw a communication from Col. Joseph Wing to his son Charles. The message is characteristic of my father, and I have no hesitation in accepting it as from that source. Truly, Mrs. C. F. TABER.

The Little Sisters of the Poor.

An order of religious—a delegation of six Sisters—devoted to the care of the aged poor, has just arrived in our midst and opened a house at No. 60 Springfield street, corner of Harrison avenue, near the City Hospital, and on Saturday, says the Herald, they received their first guest, a poor old woman over 80 years of age. They have also rented the house next door, and will soon fit it up for the reception of men. Applications have begun to come in, and there is every prospect that both houses will be full at an early day. The houses of this devoted order of religious are supported entirely by the alms of the charitable, which the Sisters solicit from door to door. The success which always attends their efforts is most remarkable. In many cases there is a strife among the patrons who shall have the honor of doing the most for them. Their duties are arduous and very trying. The difficulty of managing a large number of old people, oftentimes querulous, unreasonable and exacting, is by no means light, yet the good Sisters are always cheerful and light-hearted, and spread the influence of their sunny spirits upon all who come within their sphere. They make no distinction, on account of religion; they welcome all. The exclusive title to their favor is aged poverty—the more destitute and forsaken the more acceptable to them. Donations of food, clothing, furniture, fuel, money, anything, in short, that can be made useful either in furnishing their houses or contributing to the comfort of their charge, will be thankfully received by the Sisters, who never refuse anything, however small in value, that can be made useful.

Is it the Despair of Science?

In the title of a new pamphlet by Prof. Wm. D. Gurney, issued this week, from the press of Wm. White & Co. It is a brief scientific examination of the spiritual phenomena, and will command the attention of the thinking world. The author introduces the subject as follows: "Strange things are among us. If the witnesses are not deceived, these things are not uncommon. They occur in many a household, high as well as low. They form the staple of much talk, of some romancing, but so far, of little philosophy. They have tinged the fancy of the poet and the novelist, but men of science have, as a class, refused to investigate them. But the question is on many lips. Are the reports of these mysterious phenomena true? and are the phenomena so out of relations with nature that science can take no note of them?"

Phenomena for which science has no explanation will be soil for the growth of superstitions. The writer, in common with many others, has felt that the time has come for more rigid scientific methods in the treatment of the strange phenomena which underlie what is called 'Spiritualism.' Out of abundant materials he has selected a group of 'manifestations' which are representative, and which will afford a starting-point in the investigation."

Mr. Mountford's Book.

The notices of this volume—"Miracles, Past and Present"—by the religious press, are so significant as to challenge uncommon attention. We published with the Advance, of Chicago, had to say of them last week, which was certainly more than was to have been expected from an Orthodox paper. The Congregationalist, of this city, remarks thus: "Mr. Mountford's title—'Miracles, Past and Present'—suggests a doubt as to the likelihood of his comely volume's becoming acceptable to the great mass of believers, who hold that the age of miracles is past. But when it is made obvious that Spiritualism is the source of the miracles which with him are 'present,' as well as offering a key to those that are 'past,' the fact that his treatise, however clear in style, and however interesting and even valuable in many of its views taken, is not likely to offer any solid and useful nutriment to Orthodox thinking, becomes at once apparent." Which is sheer bigotry, without any need of pointing it out to the most casual reader.

The Independent, of New York, enters upon a clear and logical statement of the question involved—a question that has got to be argued and answered, whether certain people will or no, and that, too, at an early day. In reciting the actual issue between Rationalism and Materialism, it discusses the whole subject after this lucid and broad manner:

"There is no other ground on which Rationalism can be met than that of Supernaturalism. There is no defensible ground on which the Christian miracles can be defended, and modern miracles disposed of with a sneer. Mr. Mountford grasps this latter hypothesis, and presents it clearly, effectively, and in a style at once pellucid and unassuming. He will be called Swedenborgian. But his language and his method is the furthest possible remove from the mysticism of that incomprehensible school. He will be called a 'Spiritualist.' But the reader will search in vain for the crude and half-crazed fancies which characterize the pages of many of the so-called 'spiritual' writers. He has thrown down a gauntlet to skeptical orthodox and heterodox, in a challenge which it cannot afford to disdain, though it probably will do so. Had we no other cause of gratitude, we should thank him sincerely for drawing the lines and stating the issue so clearly. Between the rationalism which declares that 'only seeing is believing,' and the faith which believes in things which are not seen, there is no middle ground. The sooner the issue is made up, the sooner the church prepares itself either with modern materialistic philosophy to deny the possibility of anything supernatural, or with modern spiritual philosophy to assert the credibility of all times of the supernatural, and to try every way, whether it be that of God, the better. Mr. Mountford's book, if it serve no other purpose, will at least serve that of hastening this day."

The above extract states the point so well that further remark seems almost needless. We are arrived at that time where we must either give up religious belief and experience for a barren system of speculation, or else hold our ground by the help of present and substantial evidence.

Immortal Life.

One by one the more intelligent and advanced papers of the country show signs of coming over to the ground occupied by the believers in spiritual communion. It only shows the strength of the truth, which makes its way so steadily among all sects and classes, and threatens very shortly to assert its supremacy in the very form in which it has been so perseveringly scouted and rejected. We have before this referred to the proofs of this change of conviction that were discoverable in other papers; at the present time we are satisfied to instance the Commonwealth, of this city, whose views on the whole subject of Spiritualism are thus distinct and outspoken:

"Once we laid our loved ones in the ground, doubtful of the issue. The theory of immortal life was very vague to most persons. It was not an experimental fact. Twenty-two years ago, the Spiritualists inaugurated an era. The pioneers, though not born in a manger, had to cut their way through the persecutions and ignominy. The effect is visible in every gathering and publication. They have altered those even whom they have not convinced. We have no dead—all are alive either in their old or improved garments. The late tribute in Washington to one of their leaders is a nobel by the way, and a hint, far from obscure, of what is to come. It is a man, a man of an amount of intelligence has passed the misty boundary—scientists, reformers, philanthropists. Will they stop in their researches? Will they ignore causes because they have gone beyond? We do not burst into full flower here; why should we expect such haste elsewhere? These are often good teachers who are a line above their school. So it may prove with the corps just outside. They must impart, and we do receive. How much more when we shall understand the philosophy, and are eager for sunlight! There are quickening periods which come to mankind, and if we do not mistake the cloud no larger than a man's hand we are in the midst of one of these. So it may prove with the corps just outside. They must impart, and we do receive. How much more when we shall understand the philosophy, and are eager for sunlight! There are quickening periods which come to mankind, and if we do not mistake the cloud no larger than a man's hand we are in the midst of one of these. So it may prove with the corps just outside. They must impart, and we do receive. How much more when we shall understand the philosophy, and are eager for sunlight! There are quickening periods which come to mankind, and if we do not mistake the cloud no larger than a man's hand we are in the midst of one of these. So it may prove with the corps just outside. 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Spiritualism in Boston and Vicinity.

MERCANTILE HALL.—The usual meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was held at this hall, Summer street, Sunday morning, April 24th.

On Thursday evening, April 21st, the Lyceum Amateur Dramatic Association gave an interesting entertainment at Mercantile Hall, consisting of "All that Glitters is not Gold," and "A Race for a Widow."

The Doyleston-street Children's Progressive Lyceum held its session at Temple Hall, Sunday afternoon, April 24th. A good number were present to participate in the exercises.

CHARLESTOWN.—Washington Hall.—A general conference was held at this place Sunday afternoon, April 21st, remarks being made by Mrs. Floyd, of Dorchester, and others.

On Wednesday evening, April 21st, the Children's Progressive Lyceum held its meetings regularly at this place, on each Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock.

On Sunday evening, April 24th, the course of lectures which has for the past eight months been carried on so successfully in Chelsea, closed by a lecture from Miss Jennie Luce, a new convert from the Orthodox church.

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Those who held season tickets, with reserved seats, for the course of Sunday afternoon spiritual lectures, in Music Hall, will no doubt be glad to learn that they can secure the same seats for the next course by making application personally, or by letter, to Mr. Wilson, at the office of the Banner of Light, before the close of the first week in June.

The extracts from Spirit Messages, which we print on our third page, under the heading "An Extraordinary Book," are very interesting.

See call for the meeting of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists, in this city, May 21th.

George W. Messenger, a merchant and prominent citizen of Boston, died at the Tremont House on Wednesday, April 27, aged 57.

Read Mr. Van Name's card, in another column. He is one of the best developed mediums of the day.

On Wednesday evening, April 27, from New York, on Wednesday week. He will return and give more concerts in the fall.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—Here is a paper adapted to the age in which we live, circumscribed by no sectarian boundaries, which command "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." It claims in its search for truth the grand universality of all nature, the arts and sciences, to accomplish its end and aim, to wit: the progress and perfection of the race.

Some of our eating-houses carry out the law of compensation to perfection, says Digby, for when the coffee is weak the butter is strong.

PLANESMEN.—Carpenters. Some of our eating-houses carry out the law of compensation to perfection, says Digby, for when the coffee is weak the butter is strong.

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More Subscribers.

The old subscribers to the Banner of Light whose names are given below have obtained one hundred and five new names for our list since our last report.

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Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST. Price 30 cents per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

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

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

MY HEAD ACHES! Well it may after putting so much poison on your hair. NATHER'S HAIR RESTORATIVE stops the ache, restores the hair to its youthful vigor, and makes you feel like a new person.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass. Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sent and returned) on business, to spiritual friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three-cent stamps. Send for a circular.

SPECIAL NOTICES. HERMAN SNOW. No. 319 KEARNEY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE. Western Agency for all Liberal and Spiritual Books, PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

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GEORGE ELLIS, BOOKSELLER, No. 7 OLD LEVEE STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Keeps constantly for sale a full supply of the SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS.

J. BURNS, Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the fact we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the name and amount of the volume.

WILSON'S Cod Liver Oil and Lime.—Persons who have been taking Oil Liver Oil will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilson has succeeded, from a direction of several professional gentlemen, in combining the pure oil and lime in such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and its effects are entirely unobscured.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Each line in Arabic type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

FINE TOILET SOAPS. "AMERICAN COMPANY." THESE are acknowledged to be the best ever made in the United States, and for purity of material, fragrance of perfume, style, cleanliness and softening effects on the skin, fully equal to any imported.

CANDY GAMBLING. A SMALL SWINDLER.—Among the ingenious frauds now in practice, that of selling "Prize Chewing Candy" to children is one of the most recent.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING! CHEAPEST AND BEST PORTABLE PRESSES. MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

MRS. A. DEXTER, Clairvoyant, Business, and all other communications, 216 West 17th street, New York, Monday and Friday evenings, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

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NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

Uniform with the Harmonist—Only \$1. THE APPROACHING CRISIS; OR, TRUTH VERSUS THEOLOGY

By Andrew Jackson Davis. We have recently issued a complete and thoroughly revised edition of this Review of Dr. Horace Bushnell's Lectures on the Bible and Spiritualism.

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ORDEAL OF LIFE, GRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED. IN THE EXPERIENCES OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED INDIVIDUALS, PROMINHOUSLY DRAWN, FROM ALL NATIONS, RELIGIONS, CLASSES, AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

Given Psychometrically. THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF DR. JOHN C. GRINNELL. IN PRESENCE OF THE CONFIRMER, THOMAS R. HAZARD.

THE SONGS OF LIFE: A NEW COLLECTION OF SIXTEEN PAGES OF MOSTLY ORIGINAL WORDS AND MUSIC. For the Use of Spiritual Gatherings and Lyceums.

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J. WILLIAM VAN NAME, Clairvoyant, Trance Speaker and Medium. WILL, on receiving a lock of hair, full name and age of patient, and a description of symptoms, give a true and correct diagnosis of disease.

1840, PERRY DAVIS'S 1870. VEGETABLE "PAIN KILLER," THE Great Family Medicine of the Age.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE. Contains no LAC SULPHUR—no SUBAR OF LEAD—no LITHARGE—no NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from all Poisonous and Health-Destroying Drugs.

THE LYCEUM BANNER, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED, will be furnished to Lyceums at greatly reduced rates. Send for terms and addresses to LYCEUM BANNER, 158 Washington street, Boston.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, likely a scanning artifact or page number.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit which name it bears through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons.

Invocation.

Holy Father, whith we roll away the stone, that humanity may know that the dead live, we seek thy blessing. Thou knowest our weakness. We seek to become strong in thee.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I will endeavor to answer your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—By L. A. T., of Texas: At one of your circles the controlling intelligence, in answer to the question: "Why don't some of my spirit friends communicate?" gave as a reason "that there is a law which controls the communications of spirits."

A.—It is a universal law of nature by which spirits return, communicating with those who remain on the earth. It is presumed that you all know that this natural law makes certain demands of every living soul, that must be complied with.

Q.—What are some of the conditions necessary to be observed by those who are asking the spirit to control?

A.—One of the conditions requisite, is a passive state of mind on the part of the questioner. Be willing to receive whatever the spirit is able to give, at all times weighing whatever is given in the balance of your own reason, and accepting such as your reason sanctions, and nothing more.

Q.—I ask of a communicating spirit concerning the condition of a certain soul in spirit life, and am answered that the soul is suffering severely from remorse of conscience.

A.—Souls are continually changing states of being—conditions of existence. Therefore it is quite possible that one intelligence might have seen a soul under certain special conditions, while another looking at it another time, might have seen it under different conditions.

Q.—In the case in question, the spirit was seen by both at the same time, and the intelligent spirit said that the Indian saw it in the manner described.

A.—The Indian stands, spiritually, ever upon Nature's platform, and if any condition of mind is to be presented to him, some symbol must be shown him by which he can recognize the true condition of that mind.

CHAIRMAN.—I will read the following letter:

FRANKFORD-ON-MAINE, 7 Morning, July 23d, 1870. To the Editors of the Banner of Light.

DEAR SIR:—Ever since I became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, which has ever since been my greatest comfort and consolation, I was then residing in New York.

Frank Kidder.

It would be far better for some of us if there was no hereafter to mortality; if the spirit laid down in the grave with the body, and was to all intents and purposes extinct.

after all. I judge from that, he is favorably inclined that way; so I have a hope that I may reach him easily. I would say to all my friends that I am well situated in my new life, although I would be willing to come back and run out a few years more in the earth life, if it were possible.

Jennie Emerson.

I am Jennie Emerson. I was born in Somerville, Mass., and died in Detroit. I was thirteen years old. I have been gone six years. I have not my father here, and he is very anxious to talk to his friends, but has never found anything right for him yet.

Reuben Stevenson.

I come only to speak a few words in behalf of my brother, who is not able to speak himself. He is very anxious to communicate with our brother Benjamin, who is here on the earth, concerning his—Charles's—affairs.

Invocation.

Oh sacred Presence, oh divine Life, our Father in wisdom, and our Mother in love, we would mount up on wings as eagles; we would run and not weary; we would walk and not faint.

Question and Answer.

Q.—In the thirty-ninth chapter of the recent publication, purporting to be the spirit-life of Theodore Parker, occurs this language: "The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob still flourishes the wand of peace around the world's board of salvation."

A.—Yes, I do believe in the Jehovah of the Jews. Not as they believed in him, however. I believe that every nation, every people, every tribe of men and women that have ever had an existence on this or any other planet, who have been able to conceive of a God at all, have a proper conception—according to their standard of a God—concerning God.

Benjamin Wadleigh.

I am all right, sir. Benjamin Wadleigh. My occupation, when here, was that of a conductor on a railroad train. My exit from this world was caused by an accident. I was told, about three weeks before the accident occurred, that it would, unless I took extra measures to prevent it; but not believing in those superstitious notions, as I called them, I paid no attention to it, and went on the same as ever.

occupy with regard to their mediums, so far as sight-seeing is concerned. The article winds up with this assertion, that the whole of spirit-seeing is a deception practiced by demons. And, from some further remarks in the article, I judge that they define the term, demons, to be evil spirits.

Now the Crisis says the whole of spirit seeing is a deception, practiced by demons. According to their religious faith, Jesus was God in the flesh. And if he was, he must have known all things, must have known this was a deception, not a reality.

Well, I was requested, if I found I could travel here according to the spiritualistic idea, to find Thomas Paine, and have a talk with him, and see what I thought of him; see if I would not change my views somewhat about him.

Eliza Williams.

I have but recently passed from my body and learned to use that body which belongs more intimately to the spirit. I died at Jacksonville, Florida, where I had gone with the hope of finding health.

I believed in these things with all my soul, but I had not the privilege of examining as I wanted to. I told my friends that it was consoling to me to feel that after I passed out of my poor weak body I could investigate to my entire satisfaction.

John King.

I come here to say—I am John King. [Ah! how do you do?] All right.—I come to say that all the opposition that can be offered to my mediums, the Davenport's, is good for them, and my cause, the cause of Spiritualism. For truth, the more it is rubbed, the brighter it will shine.

Let's so many cobwebs across here, (touching the medium's chest), it's pretty difficult navigating through them. That John King could do it pretty well, because he is well posted in everything that pertains to controlling a medium.

Well, my name is Parker—David, not Theodore, by any means. You will find that out before I get through. I hail from Missouri. [I did not know but you hailed from the Shakers.]

Now, stranger, I do not believe anything in this when I was here, but I had some friends that did. They got converted from the Baptist faith to Universalism, and from that went into Spiritualism.

Well, I was requested, if I found I could travel here according to the spiritualistic idea, to find Thomas Paine, and have a talk with him, and see what I thought of him; see if I would not change my views somewhat about him.

Now if any of my spiritualistic friends have a mind to get up any way by which I can come to them and talk to them about old matters and things, I'd be glad to. I don't care to do it here; only want to let 'em know I can come, and that they are right, and I was wrong. Good day, stranger. [Will you give your age?] My age? I wouldn't never give it when I was here, and I shan't now.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Thursday, March 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lucy Stacy, to her mother, in California; Charles Gould, of Massachusetts, to his friends; William Young, of England.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including various notices and advertisements.



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SOCIETIES.

We often get letters from Spiritualists expressing regret that we have no societies, and expressing regret with redoubled assurances...

There never has been a time when the demand for organization was as great as at the present, and yet the caution against creeds and bonds of every kind is equally great...

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Notes of progress in the West reach us constantly; almost every day some new or once familiar face greets us from regions near or remote from the city...

DEPRIVITY.

A man in St. Louis by the name of Jackson, beat his wife unmercifully, and was fined five dollars. He was brought up under Christian influences...

SUNDAY SCHOOL QUESTIONS.

"Who fell that he might go to his own place? How did he fall?" - Well Spring.

"ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM."

This book by Dr. Falmestock, has now been before the public long enough to merit approbation, and receive what it deserves...

can be induced, and in it the subject talk with the spirits, surely one point is established, and if persons just before the spirit leaves the body can see and converse with their friends who have preceded them...

HIEPWORTH DIXON AND HIS "SPIRITUAL WIVES."

This notorious English author, who was so suddenly blown into popularity by the rapid sale of eight or ten editions of his first book, "New America," was so puffed up with this unexpected success...

ONE IDEA.

An old friend, writing us from Massachusetts, complains that many Spiritualists attend and support churches because Spiritualism has but one idea, and does not supply the whole social and religious nature of man...

"THE CHRIST-IDEA IN HISTORY."

This new book by Hudson Tuttle, is really a valuable addition to the spiritual literature, and should place our young author, if his other works had not already done it, fairly and firmly on the ladder of literary fame...

A Clerical Test.

The writer was in company with a highly intelligent gentleman a few evenings ago, who narrated the following incident. He was seated in a railroad car not a hundred miles from Boston, when a lady entered and moved toward the only seat that was not occupied...

Wilmington, Del.

The Daily Commercial of April 21st alludes to a lecture by Moses Hull, and a notice by Mr. Keene, as follows: "Curious to hear the 'Hull' on it, last evening I went to the Universalists Church and heard a discourse from 'Moses.' His subject was well handled, and he paralleled every case of the ministry of angels as recorded in the Bible...

Washington's Prophecy Fulfilled.

In the "Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams," published in 1839, was a prophecy, by Washington, (see pages 318 and 319.) in the following words: "We are able to discern the period rapidly approximating when man will take up arms against his fellow-man, and go forth to contend with the enemies of his human rights..."

When the battle-smoke shall disappear, and the cannon's fearful tones be heard no more, then will mankind more fully realize the blessing outflowing from the mighty struggle in which they so valiantly contended...

In this eventful revolution, what the patriots of the past failed to accomplish, their descendants will perform, with the timely assistance of invincible powers. By their sides the heavenly hosts will labor, imparting courage and fortitude in each hour of despondency, and urging them onward to a speedy and magnificent triumph...

The picture which I have presented is, indeed, a hideous one. You may think that I speak with too much assurance, and I thus boldly prophesy the dissolution of the American Confederacy, and through it, the destruction of that gigantic structure, Human Slavery!

These extracts are from an address of welcome which Washington made to Adams soon after the latter saw his "last of earth." They contain so distinct a prophecy, published two years before the war, that they may be classed among the proofs that our mediums are sometimes made the instruments of communicating in advance knowledge of coming political events...

Many of our great men may, in 1839, have feared civil war at some time—but no other pen, to my knowledge, described in advance its speedy coming, its vast magnitude, and its momentous results so clearly, as that of the medium, J. D. Stiles, in the above extracts. I have marked the phrases, "dissolution of the confederacy." In 1839, the proof sheets of the "Messages" passed under my eye. Then, "American Confederacy," I supposed meant the United States, and the prophecy was startling. Two years later, the South formed a "confederacy," which has already been dissolved, and its dissolution carried with it the destruction of slavery...

Foreign Items.

We call the following paragraphs from the late London publications, "The Medium and Day-break," the "Spiritual Magazine," and "Human Nature": A large gathering of the friends of William and Mary Howitt, in London, met at the house of Mr. Watts, on Wednesday evening, April 6th, to take farewell of these illustrious writers and friends of progress, previous to their departure for the continent...

Mr. Coleman is making arrangements for giving Dr. Newton a suitable reception on his arrival in London. Other eminent Americans are expected in London at the same time, and they will participate in the proceedings. This meeting will be a grand affair.

The Evening Standard states that the Baroness Kischendorff (formerly Madame Stoltz, Queen of the Grand Opera of Paris) has gone strenuously over into levitation, and is broken into a book entitled "Diets Spiritus," which she puts forth as having been written under the immediate inspiration of Queen Marie Antoinette.

Mr. J. M. Peebles has a work in the press entitled "Jesus: Myth, Man, or God." It is in some respects a sequel to parts of his larger work, "The Secret of the Ages," a new edition of which is also in progress.

THE MEDICAL MEDIUM.—A series of concertances, held on Wednesday evenings, at the Spiritual Institute, 15 Southampton Row, are exciting much interest in the minds of those who attend them. The performer is Mr. Jesse B. H. Shepard, a young American gentleman, who has recently arrived in London from Paris, where he has resided during the last twelve months. He was never taught music in the usual way, but under spirit influence he performs on the piano-forte in a most delightful manner, some of his manifestations being quite as wonderful as if he were a pianist. Every piece he plays sounds as if it were performed by a pianist, so entirely different in the effect of the notes, and so entirely different in the effect of the notes, and so entirely different in the effect of the notes...

Mr. PEEBLES IN YORKSHIRE.—On Monday morning, March 14th, we left Mr. Peebles at the Great Northern Railway en route for Halifax, where he has had a most successful course of lectures. The friends of Spiritualism in that town are thoroughly active and in earnest, as all Yorkshiremen are when they take up a good thing. They accordingly hired the finest public hall in the town—the Mechanics' Hall—for Mr. Peebles's lectures, charged 1s. 6d., and 3s. for admission, Sunday 2s. The meetings were not to begin until the first of the month, but the interest increased, and much excitement was created by the free discussion and questions answered by the lecturer each night. It is reported that five clergymen were present on one evening and three on another, one of whom had the good breeding and "Christian" charity to call the lecturer an "infidel" in his face. The consequence of all this is, that the committee have cleared their expenses, with something over, and everybody is extremely pleased except the "devil and the orthodox."

Spiritualism has attained a position in Yorkshire which is not contended for by the people of the same rank in any other part of the world. In a nice snug hall capable of seating three hundred, has a fine organ, and some one that can play on it. Similar good news from Kighley. Mr. Weatherhead is building a handsome hall at his own expense, and this ancient head-quarters of Progress seems determined to maintain its superiority. We rejoice in the success that attends the

labors of our friend Mr. Peebles. No man could more fully deserve it. We require such a speaker and mediator between truth and the people amongst us at all times. Those who desire a visit from him should make arrangements without delay.

EMINGHAM.—MR. HOME'S VISIT.—A gentleman occupying a distinguished professional position in Edinburgh writes: "Mr. D. D. Home has to-day left this town for Liverpool. While here he held numerous seances which were most successful, and have resulted in the conversion to Spiritualism of many gentlemen highly influential both as to position and character. Many of the phenomena were of a most remarkable order. A letter from Mr. Home informs us that he expects to be in London early in April."

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—Mr. Peebles's discourse at the Sunday Evening Services in the Cavendish Rooms, London, on the 27th of March, was one of the most powerful, in our respects, that we have ever listened to. The subject was "Heaven and Hell: what are they? who are they?" which was characterized by cogent reasoning and great moral power. A curious fact should not be overlooked in estimating the cause of the singular influence which this address had on the hearers. Several seeing mediums who were in the meeting gave corroborative descriptions of spirit forms which were seen behind the speaker. A venerable looking sage, with very long hair and beard, stood on a mound apart from the speaker, the space between whom and this spirit was filled with a white ethereal substance. A female spirit stood to the right, and a male spirit to the left of Mr. Peebles, while an Indian stood right behind him. Streams of light proceeded from the grave-visaged sage to the attendant spirits; and when the ideas were bright and forcible, the color of these streams was golden, but when of an ordinary kind, they were silvery in appearance. The attendant spirits took hold of the streams of light proceeding from the sage, and placed them on the head of the speaker, sometimes in the region of ideality and sometimes that of veneration and benevolence. The Indian spirit made very long passes with his hands all over Mr. Peebles's body, from the head downwards, as if to give him force. These are very interesting facts, and require no comment.

TO MY MOTHER.

I dreamed, dear angel mother, A long, bright dream of thee! Dreamed we were all together, Just as we used to be. Dear father, and you, I, mother, Brothers and sisters, all, At home conversing merrily, Thanksgiving day, in the fall. Oh! the pleasant, dreamy music Of these sweet home voices thrill! My lonely heart with rapture, That delights my spirit still! And a voice in my soul is singing, "The dream of thy heart is nigh, For God in his loving wisdom Can every want supply!"

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"As I gazed, and as I listened, there came a pale, blue-footed maiden, Eyes filled with lurid light; Her body bent with sickness, one heart heavy laden; Her hair had been the ruffled street, And her head had been the night; First went the angel sadly—the angel gladly, And she had the maiden madly smiling from the open door; And I heard a chorus swelling, Grand beyond a mortal's telling, Enter, sister, thou art pure, thou art sinless evermore."

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