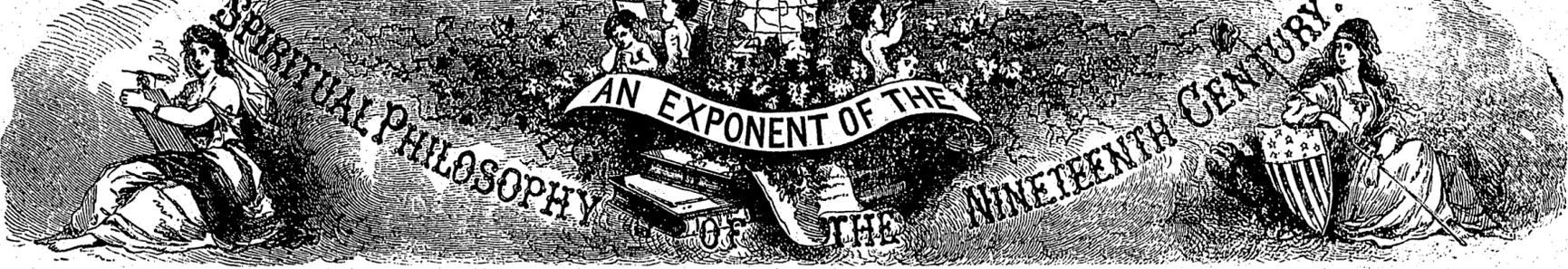


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

MY DEAD DAUGHTER.

BY J. G. JACKSON, M. D.

Have you seen a spirit? If you have not, I have. As I sat in my chair one warm summer eve, in a deep reverie, the fast thickening gloom was dispelled by a light that filled the whole room. I was startled; and looking, there sat on my bed, my dearly loved daughter, who long had been dead. If ever a man disbelieved in "the spirits," "I was I, who determined all things by their merits. So, plucking up courage, to this ghostly shade I said, "My dear daughter, I thought you were dead." She looked in my face with her beautiful eyes, and replied, "My dear father, nobody dies."

"Is that so?" I questioned; "then what is the change that we speak of as death? It is certainly strange for one to be lifeless among men to-day, and to-morrow be lifeless as statue of clay. If not dead, where have you been this long dreary while?" Her countenance glowed with a heavenly smile, and she said, "My dear father, I have been by your side to strengthen your faith, when you have been tried with trouble, and care, and falseness of friends, who have sought your assistance for their selfish ends. Though you have not known it, oft your brow I have fanned, and soothed you to sleep with the touch of my hand."

"But why have my eyes not beheld you before? My needs have been greater, my trials much more than they now appear." "Nay, father," she said, "I come to you now to lift up your head. When you're falling in courage and flagging in faith; when your step has grown feeble and you're thinking of death,

As you term the great change. So to give you good cheer, I have repassed the bounds of the invisible sphere. To bring you back health is my mission, in part, which I surely can do, if you abrogate Art and come back to Nature, who, in sorrest distress, proves a mistress most gentle and kind, to bless."

If talk such as this is not proof pretty plain that those we call dead can come back again, what proof would you have that the dead are not dead, but only have undergone change, as slip said? Would you have them sit down and drink with you, and eat? Would that be less likely to prove a mere cheat?

Do you say that I dreamed that my daughter was there? That her brilliant blue eyes, and her rich golden hair, and her beautiful form, and her delicate fingers, and her voice, o'er whose tones my memory lingers, and the clasp of her hand as she laid it in mine, like a saint at her worship taking hold of her shrine, were all a mere dream—a mere phantasm of brain? Then I would I could dream it all over again, and hear her sweet voice, and see her sweet smile, and have her thoughts and feelings beguile of their sadness and sorrow, oft so painful to bear, and of which I have felt that I have my full share.

But it was not a dream; ere she vanished away, she said, "My dear father, list to all that I say. If you will do great things, yourself must be great. 'Tis the law of Free-will as well as of Fate; all magnificent things that we see on the earth are legitimate outgrowths of manliest worth.

Who lies down to-day like an ox in a furrow, will never win triumphs to crown him to-morrow. God makes a man's future depend on to-day, and crowns him, enthrones him, and gives him great sway, only when bravest work he has thoroughly done, and by courage sublimest has victories won.

So look up, my father! to the heavens look up! He who sits there enthroned once drank from a cup much fuller of sorrow than the one given you. And he drank the last drop, like one faithful and true. Thus the cherubim, seraphim, and angels close by, and the lofty archangels in the most distant sky, never enter his presence, so manifold and holy. Without taking upon them an attitude lowly, no thou then, dear father, a strong and true man, and trust in the Lord; and believe me, he can and will help you, and give you the grace to fill with high honor responsible place."

She was gone! 'T was all dark. Since that summer eve I have not mourned the dead, because I believe they're 'round us—around us to help us to win, through devotion to truth, our redemption from sin; and so be made welcome by the most Holy One, to his presence in heaven, when our labor is done.

—[Loves of Life.]

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

BY M. WARD WELLMAN.

Morning has dawned, the moon has set, A few silvery stars are shining yet; They are looking down with love-like eyes— Down from the blue, the ethereal skies, I'll leave my couch while the starlight gleams, For I've reveled all night in beautiful dreams.

Though care and sorrow may be my lot, Though I sigh in vain for a sunny spot, Though friends may fall, and hope may die, The flood-gates be lifted, the waves dash high, The storm-king may rage, friends false may seem, But these have no part in my beautiful dream.

The day is past—'tis twilight now, Not a branch doth wave on the leafless bough; No sweet wild bird sends forth a song For me to join, and the strain prolong. But birds and flowers, and silvery streams, Are my comrades all in beautiful dreams.

I see the forms that have passed away— That no longer gladden my sight by day; And I wipe the tear and kiss the brow Of those who join round the hearthstone now. They come to me—how sweet it seems To meet my loved in beautiful dreams.

Oh spirit-land, where all will meet, And the joys of the faithful shall be complete; How I long to be there, where all is real, And reveal no shadow in the bright ideal. Yet a glimpse I catch—how grand it seems— Of spirit-life, in my beautiful dreams.

May blessings attend you wherever you be, Is *la langue des abenies* sent to thee, Though I see you not, at morning light, I'm with you in spirit the long, long night; Then joy all day through my heart streams— Oh, blessed be God for beautiful dreams.

Sloughton, Mass., 1870.

LIGHTNING.—A flash of lightning continues scarcely the thousandth part of a second.—Hum. bold.

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 V.

The rumor of the awful judgments of God upon the town of Denby had spread further than the surrounding villages; it had run all through New England, and Trimountain's clergy were holding religious jubilees over the solemn news. They took fresh courage at this proof that God had not forsaken his own, and held forth early and late. It was truly a religious carnival, only the people were pelted with coals of fire and not sugarplums. Fashionable and sedate churches got up early and held eight o'clock prayer meetings. Fashionable and sedate churches of undoubted theology prayed long prayers, and preached long sermons over the heresies of the noblest men and women of Trimountain, the latchet of whose shoes they were not worthy to unloose. They appointed delegates to visit them and labor with them, but these delegates, zealous and earnest, lacked the small worldly grace of courtesy, and thereby failed entirely. Old retired capitalists, who for years had been the main prop of the churches, forgot their morning nap, and, leaning upon their gold-headed sticks, hobbled nimbly over the pavement in haste to be in at the conversion of some noted sinner. Fashionable ladies rang up their weary coachmen at dawn, and were kneeling in pious elegance over their golden-clasped prayer books, their frequent sighs indicative either of their devotion or their weariness. Poor, tired workmen, cheated themselves out of their necessary rest to catch an hour in which to care for their miserable souls. Poor, tired women, rushed with infants in their arms, knowing that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." And little children, too, crowded the anxious seats, fearful lest their little skulls should be used to pave the pit which has no bottom.

Yes, these were stirring times among the elect. Their hoarded gold, which else had never seen the light, was now poured forth in yellow streams, and many a vessel laden heavily and sent forth to savage islands, there to convert the yet un-found and higher types of savage animals, who, at the first opportunity, would devour the bibles and missionaries both, making a bonfire of the bibles to bake or boil the men who brought them. Ay, those animal savages were wiser than the churches which sent them such food. Passing through the streets one might hear the yells and groans of "miserable offenders" striving to save their souls.

The Rev. Dr. Sanctiface shook hands with most unbecoming hilarity with his worthy colleague, the medical Dr. Growingrace, carefully holding up the skirts of his long silken robe as he passed down the aisle, lest it might brush against some outside heretic who could not be brought over. The Rev. Sanctiface had a lifelong lease of his pulpit, and the medical Dr. Growingrace had, by a long and solemn attendance upon his ministrations, so grown into the good graces of the Reverend Doctor, that he had established him one of the main pillars; as prime counselor; as one whose opinion, whose judgment, whose authority was unquestionable. The medical doctor was one of the salt of the earth. Strict and blameless in his daily life as far as was known, rigid in his belief in the church and its creed, solemn in his bearing, punctual in his attendance at all its meetings, and a rigid denunciator of those who differed from him; and was to be the man, or especially to the woman, who should dare differ from him, for he was stern and cold clear to the heart, unforgiving and relentless even to the offender's death. With opinions and prejudices as immovable as a glacier, he would carry them to his grave.

In the midst of these convulsions in people's souls, there came another rumor from Denby. At first it was hidden by the church, then ignored; then, as it gained ground, the church laughed at it, calling it a trick, a delusion of the senses; but finally, when it swept so steadily on and could no longer be laughed at or ignored, then the church gravely pronounced it the work of the devil, and warned all its members in good and regular standing, on pain of eternal punishment, to listen not to its teachings, and wash their hands of its devilish works. But, privately, the Rev. Dr. Sanctiface and the medical Dr. Growingrace called upon Mrs. Stockwell to learn what these things meant, but Mrs. Stockwell was caring for her sick child and could not give them audience.

But still the work of regeneration went on in Denby. John Bent had dreamed dreams, had seen visions. His wife and child were daily visitors. They had talked with him face to face; they had written their earnest wishes through his own hand, and his knowledge was past doubting, his faith undimmed and clear. They had written that he must go to Parson Allen's. John Bent was still human, and he had never felt that he could enter their doors; but yet, he would listen to the voice of his spirit friends, trusting to their higher wisdom to guide his steps aright. So one evening, with the deacon, and his wife, he called at Parson Allen's. The parson and his wife met him gravely, and giving him a chair, began to inquire into the meaning of his wild delusions.

"You say your wife and child come back and talk with you? Utterly impossible!" said the parson, as John Bent handed him a folded paper.

"That paper was written out by my own hands, and Deacon Hunt and his wife saw it written," replied Mr. Bent.

At that moment an audible groan was heard in the room. "Now, John Bent, don't you try to palm off any deception upon us," said madam, with asperity. Again the groan was uttered, louder and more prolonged than before—a groan as of one in distress.

"The groans of the damned," said the parson.

"Catherine," said the minister, "do read this paper;" at the same time placing his hand carelessly upon the table. The paper read:

"Friends, do not turn a deaf ear to these movements. Investigate before condemning. Jerusalem."

"Why, that was my sister's name—Jerusha."

"And John Bent knew it," said Parson Allen.

"True, I did know it; but I did not write the paper, for I never wished to step into your house again," replied Mr. Bent, with feeling.

"Well, well, let us be friendly; but what are you shaking the table so for, John Bent? I always thought you an honest man."

"I do not shake the table. It is the person who has been groaning, who wishes to talk with you."

"John Bent, I verily believe your troubles have turned your head. Preposterous! that a spirit from heaven or hell could cause this table to move! Do I not see your hand upon it? It is evident, beyond all controversy, that you moved this table."

The table now rocked violently, at times rising from the floor. It ceased its movements, and in the same moment John Bent's coat was thrown across the room. Various noises were heard in a bed-room, leading from their sitting-room. The madam thought that Caesar Porter must have gone in, and was moving the furniture around; but, on trying the door, it was impossible to open it, and going into the kitchen, she found Caesar Porter fast asleep by the fire. He yawned sleepily upon being awakened, and she ordered him to come and open the bed-room door. It resisted all his efforts, and before he knew it he was taken firmly hold of, and placed in a chair.

"Get up, Caesar, and open that door."

"Can't stir, massa," responded the negro.

"Preposterous! Rise, and open that door."

"Golly! Mas' Allen; can't stir a mite. Guess I've grow'd down. 'Speet it's the devil, massa."

Parson Allen left his seat to raise Caesar from the chair, when he felt two hands laid upon his shoulders, and himself firmly placed back in his seat. He was speechless with astonishment. The pendulum of the old clock, which had toiled incessantly for half a century, now became visible upon the table. Madam opened the time-piece, and the machinery had ceased moving. The pendulum was not there. Now, footsteps were heard in the room, halting as they passed each individual, then growing fainter, until no sound was audible. And again John Bent became half entranced, and his wife and daughter appeared plainly to him, telling him it was time to go; that they had led thither a band of spirits who would surely do their work, and to meet them again at Parson Allen's in two days' time.

And John Bent rose to depart. And the parson, recovering from his amazement, said to him: "I believe thou art possessed of more than seven devils! Do not, I beseech thee, enter this house again. Depart at once, but in peace."

It was of frequent occurrence at Deacon Hunt's, where John Bent boarded; to have the furniture changed about many times a day; to hear persons passing up and down stairs; to find apples lying about on closet shelves, marked with the print of tiny teeth, for three little children had, years ago, gone from their sight, somewhere the other side of their lives, and they were constrained to believe that their little ones at times returned, especially as playthings, safely locked up for years, were often found lying upon the floor; and once a pair of half-worn shoes, that the mother had laid away embalmed in tears, were found lying upon her pillow when she awoke one morning. All these and many more such evidences had compelled their admission of the power of God to do all things, and believing in his power, why should he not allow their dear ones to return to them? True, they could not understand the method, the means by which material substances could be thus changed from place to place, for they were yet ignorant of science; they only knew that they had as yet to learn that the spirit, when freed from its body of flesh and blood, still "goes marching on;" that it has to teach and be taught—to learn and unlearn; that it requires food and fuel after its kind; that it has to work and rest; and that it even builds highways, bridges of magnetism, over which to return to the earth-sphere and move about tangible, material substances.

CHAPTER VI.

Two days after their visit to the parsonage, as John Bent was struggling to reconcile himself to make another call, Caesar Porter came rushing into the deacon's house with horror depicted in every feature, exclaiming wildly: "Oh, golly mighty! Massa Bent, do come quick. Massa be takin' on 'terrible. Massa, he can't stir a mite from de chair; and missus say she know you done it, 'cause you's got sich heaps ob debils in you. Oh, come quick! come quick!" and back flew the terrified negro without waiting a reply.

Slowly John Bent and the Hunts made their way to the parsonage. In the two days that had intervened since the last visit, John Bent had discoursed much with his spirit friends, and they had given him various instructions regarding the manner of receiving spirit presences. They had told him to speak audibly, to ask questions, and, as far as possible, to put away all fear and terror, for through him was a mighty regeneration to be brought about. When they arrived at Parson Allen's the madam met them at the door.

"John Bent, this is your work!" pointing to her husband, who was sitting in his chair as on the previous evening.

"Thou son of Beelzebub, I command thee to liberate me instantly!" exclaimed the irate parson.

John Bent lightly laid his hand upon the old man's shoulder, and asked the unseen presences to release him from the chair, to which he had now been confined two days and two nights. Immediately the restraints were removed, and he arose from the chair fired with indignation, and approached John Bent with the intent to hurl him from the room, when his hands were instantly seized and tied tightly with a cord which was lying loosely upon the mantel. The old man was now furious with rage, and it was many moments before he would listen to John Bent to allow the intelligences to work in their own way, as best they could, and without opposition. Upon the old man's becoming passive, the cords fell from his hands, and John Bent, requesting them to sit around the table, produced from his pocket a small harmonicon. Placing it upon the table, they remained silent. There was no light, save the flickering of the fire, and soon a soft, low tone was heard from the instrument, which was gently raised until it floated over their heads. It played a sweet, old-fashioned psalm tune, which Madam Allen remembered as being a favorite of her sister Jerusha, and was then dropped suddenly upon the table.

Madam Allen turned her head quickly, for she was sure she had a glimpse of a figure passing near her, when a small parcel became visible in a corner of the apartment. Upon lifting and opening it, she nearly fainted with fright, as it revealed an ancient satin dress, which once had been white, now yellow with age, which she instantly recognized as her sister's—a dress made for her sister's bridal, but never worn, and which for many years had been locked up in an old chest that stood in the parlor chamber.

"How came this dress here?" she asked, looking at Caesar Porter.

"Dunno, missus; guess de devil bring him."

"Caesar, go up to the parlor chamber and see if the chest is open."

"Can't stir a mite, missus. I've growed down agin," replied Caesar, attempting to rise.

John Bent requested silence, and in a few moments gentle taps were heard upon the table. John Bent questioned the intelligence, and was informed that Madam Allen's sister Jerusha had removed the dress from the chest just after their entrance, that she it was who played upon the musical instrument, and she earnestly desired to make known her frequent presence in the house; that a powerful band of spirits had taken possession of the house, feeling the time had come in which to commence their work, resolved that no more souls should be abruptly and murderously hurled into the spirit-world through terrible fear of hell. They had John Bent have no fear but that the work would be accomplished.

In various ways, these beings from the other world wrought out their work. One day, madam's best black silk was missing. The house was searched, each closet and shelf and corner. In three days' time the dress was laid upon the dinner-table in a tumbled heap, and covered with fine ashes. The parson's best high hat and long-skirted blue surcoat were gone one week. The surcoat he had worn thirty years, and great was the dismay of the parish at seeing their pastor ascending the pulpit stairs in his every-day rough-and-ready. Another time, Deacon Hunt had called to pay the quarterly salary, and counted the bills out upon the table, but before the parson could sign the receipt, the bills had disappeared. The parson could not gainsay the fact, seeing it with his own eyes, and the next day, the missing surcoat was found in his chamber, also covered with fine ashes, and in the breast pocket was the roll of bills. All these, and many more equally strange and unlooked-for manifestations took place in their house. Sometimes, persons were heard running up stairs and down; in the still of the night they were often awakened by the sawing of wood, the clattering of shovel and tongs, as though a fire were being built, and the madam could never make sure of finding her best china when company came—and company came often now, for the whole parish was awake.

Did the parson have a particularly hot sermon to deliver, the manuscript was sure to be missing when the hour came. People were waking up, and drawing long breaths, and beginning to understand the goodness, as well as justice of their Creator. Mrs. Stockwell wrote now and then a word of cheer to the brave man, who, from the hour in which he saw and believed, had never turned aside. She had little time for many words, for her child was floating slowly and silently down the dark river; and the mother knew it, and still lived on.

And it was the rumor of all these wonderful actualities that had reached the Rev. Sanctiface in his study, and afterwards in his pulpit, for this true revival pervaded the very atmosphere. Thought projects itself. Thought takes form, is dynamic; and how could he help feeling the thought of the multitude, the thought that the church was an error, its creed a lie?

And how did the people of Denby receive these extraordinary evidences of an unseen power? Did they believe them to be the results of spirit-presences in their homes? A few did so believe, because they saw these beings, and with them it was positive knowledge. But the whole population for miles around drove over to Denby to talk with John Bent, for they had always known him for an honest man. And when they saw furniture raised from the floor, and changed from room to room without the aid of human hands, they were constrained to admit that a power was at work of which they as yet knew nothing. These were a people in whom nothing short of material evidences could have aroused even curiosity; as it was, they began to be convulsed by this moral

earthquake. Their old, time-grown notions were beginning to agitate; that led them to investigate, for as surely as effects always follow causes, so surely does agitation lead to investigation.

The parson's house was literally besieged. Rank and poisonous trees which have grown in healthy soil, whose roots have gone down deep, and have become interlaced until they form a strata in themselves, have need of more than common pruning. They must be dug and cut; yes, tunneled and excavated, by large forces of skilled workmen, who, instead of simply cutting down or burning the exterior growth, descend clear to the bottom, and kill and destroy the very germs. When the germ is lifeless, there can be no growth. And who so competent for this mighty work as the countless armies who have gone "marching on" in new life, in a life of progression; whose hearts have once bled with the errors and mistakes and superstitions of the age, which to them, in their realms of light, are but as dark ages in earth's history? Who but who have once struck on Scylla or Charybdis, can steer straight between the rocks and whirlpool? Who so fitting to guide another's footsteps, as those who have waded breast-deep in Red Seas of tribulation, darkness and despair, who have walked on Roman pebbles with aching, blistering feet, but found not ever their Jerusalem until Charon with his silent boat came to ferry them across to the other shore?

And these were the redeemed who had worked out their own salvation, whose garments had been made white through remorse and penitence; these they were who had been commissioned by the Eternal to return to earth and aid to the uttermost its weary, sun-bursted pilgrims; to never leave or forsake them by day or night until they had reached the Mount; to probe, but to heal; to direct and guide, but to bless. And it was these spirits out of the form and spirits in the form that besieged Parson Allen's house by day and night. Did he call a protracted prayer meeting, they were sure to accompany the opening hymn by the ludicrous blowing of the tin dinner horn, by the tipping of tables, the moving of heavy articles from adjoining rooms, and in various ways to convert the meeting into a physical scene. For this was a spiritual rebellion against the goodness and the all-encompassing love of the Heavenly Father, and strong, porchance rough measures must be adopted to quell it. They could not as yet understand evidences that appealed wholly to the spiritual; they could only recognize an appeal to the senses.

CHAPTER VII.

Revivals had become epidemic, but no longer endemic. They were spreading far and wide. The Church was fighting a fierce battle to hold possession of its old ground, and the spiritual powers had marshaled a force that must ever be irresistible; for are not unseen forces the most potent? The Rev. Sanctiface labored furiously, consulting often with his head man, Deacon Neverdowrong.

Deacon Neverdowrong always wore shiny black clothes, and a tall, dignified hat. No one had ever known him to swerve from an idea or opinion when once formed. He was strictly consistent, and

"Would damn a brother for a doubt."

His handsome wife loved her pearl-colored silks, and rather looked down upon poor Mrs. Bumblebee and Natty, Mrs. Bumblebee's prudent partner. Poor Natty Bumblebee was but his wife's echo. Did she advance an opinion, Natty thought so too. Did she suggest India-rubbers for a damp day, Natty weekly drew them on. Was she invited to the yearly tea-drinking at Mrs. Icicle's, Natty was always expected. When invited to tea, they always went by half-past two in the afternoon, so as to have a good scorable time. And these tea-drinkings were so spicy, for they discussed the shortcomings and backslidings of all the other church members, and the shortcomings and backslidings of all the other church members' relations. But the tea-drinkings were insipid compared to the rare days on which they dined out. Sometimes Mrs. Icicle or Mrs. Woodenhead invited them to dine, and to them they were festival, or saints' days, to be marked in the calendar. On such days they got up early and did up their work, drew the shades down against robin's cage, and shut up the cat, locked each door separately, and placed the key under the mat, put their money and papers in inside pockets, and started by nine in the morning to make a day of it.

Little Miss Properless, Mrs. Icicle's third cousin, whom she had adopted, always dreaded the days on which Mrs. Bumblebee and Natty were to make a visitation. Poor child! she never could be proper. Mrs. Icicle was a proud, stately dame, who was wholly unbendable, either spiritually or physically, and her third cousin was born with the unfortunate but irremediable mania for change, progression; so the poor child was forced to accept many long and tiresome lectures and prohibitions, which she could not but disobey, and it created an antagonism between them which took deeper root every day. Little Miss Properless listened respectfully to Mrs. Icicle, for she was too amiable and grateful to treat her benefactress otherwise than with deference, but still she would pop into reform meetings and women's conventions, and would read radical, even infidel papers and books, and give bread and garments to cold, hungry children at the door, and would not place any of her pennies in the box for foreign missions, or go to the sewing-circle and help make clothes for the gorillas in the interior of Africa. She wanted to be true to her own conscience, and Mrs. Icicle wanted her to be true to the church's conscience. Hence the warfare. Who would win? Little Miss Properless had much conscience and little money; Mrs. Icicle had much money and not so much conscience.

And yet Mrs. Icicle did not mean to be unjust. She really was conscientious, according to her idea of conscience, and she was truly alarmed for her third cousin, upon whom she had passed

Judgment that she was traveling smoothly and pleasantly the broad road to the endless. Yes, those were dreary days for Miss Propriety, who saw Mrs. Woodhead and Natty seated comfortably in Mrs. Leche's parlor, for then there were three to greet her instead of one. And when at times the Woodhead family were invited with them, she would go into a corner, and turning her face to the wall—as she always did when she had bitter medicine to take—pray for another bestowal of patience.

Mrs. Woodhead was a tidy, quiet, respectable woman. Mr. Woodhead was rather a dull man in appearance, but really intelligent. If the cold frostwork of propriety and prim decorousness which surrounded his family could be but partially thawed so one could obtain a glimpse of the real man so carefully enveloped and protected by his blue broadcloth coat and white cravat, which was the emblem of his dignity in the church.

Once in a long time they would receive friends quite unlike themselves, who would engage Mr. Woodhead in conversation, and he would get thoroughly awakened, and become sparkling and animated. But these were rare occasions, and he would again relapse into dullness and sluggishness. The sons resembled their father, and the daughters were like their mother—patterns of industry. Mrs. Woodhead was a perfect house-keeper. No harmless fly could annoy herself "swinging round the circle" in her best drawing-room, or even in the outer porch. They and their friends, the mosquitoes, could only look in through the wire bars. In vain they buzzed and sang their songs with sweet voices. In vain they twittered around and knocked with shiny wing against the bars, imploring just the least speck of a taste either of drop or wasted crumb. No; not the least drop or tiniest crumb would she give them, although they watched the season through, as they did, for the Woodheads lived wholly for themselves and the heathen.

[To be continued.]

Original Essays.

SALVATION THROUGH BUDDHA.

BY A "BUDDHIST."

"My law is a law of grace for all," said Sakhiya-Muni, the divine Buddha, twenty-five centuries since. And this Divine Law then made known to suffering humanity, has led countless millions to rise superior to the pains of existence, and attain that rest for which all souls are ever yearning—Nirvana. This Law knows no race, no sex, for it is the language of the soul, and commands itself to the thinker and seer, and to the artisan and laborer in every land, and has received the grateful thanks of Aryan, Toranian and Mongolian races. This faith is now nearing your homes. Buddhists' temples are erected on American soil; missionaries will yet spread a knowledge of its truths, and reap a bountiful harvest in this land.

I seek to draw your attention to the fundamental principles of this faith, its underlying verities, the law revealed through Buddha. Dismiss once for all from your mind the senseless charge of idolatry and "Joss-worship," and examine with me into its claims, now for the first time seriously presented before you for actual acceptance and belief, as the only method to eternal rest. In doing so, permit me to use only your own writers and translators, where every word may be verified.

In the first place let us examine

THE TESTIMONY OF UNBELIEVERS.

M. Laboulaye, a distinguished savant of the French Academy, remarks: "It is difficult to comprehend how men, not assisted by revelation, could have soared so high, and approached so near the truth." Klaproth, a German Professor of Oriental Languages, says, with pious reservation: "Next to Christianity, no religion has contributed more to ennoble the human race than Buddhism." Sir John Bowring declares that it is idolatrous, because no Buddhist believes his image to be God, or any more than the outward representation of one of those manifestations by which, at vast intervals of time, Deity has seen fit to make himself known. Saint Hilaire says the Buddhist morality is one of endurance, patience, submission and abstinence, rather than of action, energy, enterprise. He says: "Love for all beings is its nucleus, every animal being our possible relative. To love our enemies, to offer our lives for animals, to abstain even from defensive warfare, to govern ourselves, to avoid vices, to pay obedience to superiors, to reverence age, to provide food and shelter for men and animals, to dig wells and plant trees, to despise no religion, show no intolerance, not to persecute, are the virtues of this people."

That this is no mere formal and empty requirement of a neglected law, but an actual duty, we have the authority of Mr. Malcolm, who relates, in his Asiatic Travels, that once, while resting in a small village in Birman, he was scarcely seated, when a woman brought him a nice mat to lie on; another hastened to a spring for cool water, while a man brought to him half-a-dozen freshly picked oranges, and then withdrew, without wishing for any reward. He adds: "Many of these people have never seen a white man before, but I am constantly struck by their politeness. . . . A man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money, feeling and lodging as well as the people."

Of the system itself, he says it is "the best form of religion invented by man." A writer in the Christian Examiner says: "The best precepts of the Bible are contained in the Balagat; there are no sanguinary rites, no self-inflicted tortures, no priestly tyranny, no impure practices." Mr. Hodgson, a long and careful observer, says: "The one infallible diagnosis of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect." James Freeman Clarke, in an admirable sketch of Buddhism, written for the Atlantic Monthly, says: "It is a system of rationalism; it appeals throughout to human reason; it proposes to save man, not from a future, but a present hell, and to save him by teaching. Buddhism has made all its conquests honorably, by a process of rational appeal to the human mind. It was never propagated by force, even when it had the power of imperial rajahs to support it. . . . It has not deceived, and it has not persecuted. In this respect it can teach Christians a lesson. Buddhism has no prejudices against those who profess another faith. The Buddhists have founded no inquisition; they have combined the zeal which converted kingdoms with a toleration almost inexplicable to our Western experience. . . . A Siamese told Crawford that he believed all the religions of the world to be branches of the true religion. A Buddhist in Ceylon sent his son to a Christian school, and told the astonished missionary, 'I respect Christianity as much as Buddhism, for I regard it as a help to Buddhism.' MM. Hue and Gabot converted no Buddhist in Tartary and Tibet, but they partially converted one, bringing him so far as to say that he consid-

ered himself at the same time a good Christian and a good Buddhist.

"Buddhism is also a religion of humanity. Because it lays much stress on reason, it respects all men, since all possess the same gift. In its origin it broke down all castes. All men, of whatever rank, can enter its priesthood. It has an unbounded charity for all souls, and holds it a duty to make sacrifices for all. An incident singularly like that in the fourth chapter of John is recorded of the hermit, who asked a woman of low caste for water, and when she expressed surprise, said: 'Give me drink, and I will give you truth.' The unconditional command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' which applies to all living creatures, has had great influence in softening the manner of the Mongols. . . . Buddhism has abolished human sacrifices, and indeed all bloody offerings, and its innocent altars are only crowned with flowers and leaves."

The testimony of Professor Max Müller is that their "moral code, taken by itself, is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known. On this point, all testimonies, from hostile and friendly quarters, agree. Spence Harly, a Wesleyan missionary, speaking of the 'Dharmapadam,' or the 'Footsteps of the Law,' admits that a collection might be made from the precepts of this work, which, in the purity of its ethics, could hardly be equaled from any other heathen author. . . . Besides the five great commandments, every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossiping, cruelty to animals, is guarded against by special precepts. Among the virtues recommended, we find not only reverence for parents, care for children, submission to authority, gratitude, moderation in time of prosperity, submission in time of trial, equanimity at all times, but virtues unknown in any system of heathen morality, such as the duty of forgiving insults, and not rewarding evil with evil. All virtues, we are told, spring from *Maitri*, and this *Maitri* can only be translated by *charity and love*."

Such is the testimony of Christian writers to the morality and purity of Buddhism. Let us now turn to their own voluminous literature for further information. In the first place answering the natural inquiry

WHO WAS BUDDHA?

In Sanscrit, *buddh* means to know, from which we have Buddha, the *Enlightener*, he who knows, a title, and not a proper name. The English words *bode* and *forbode* are derived from the same root. No system of religion can trace its early history with more accuracy than Buddhism. Sakhiya-Muni, who became, by prayer and meditation, a Buddha, where the pains of existence are passed, and Nirvana, or soul rest, attained, was born at the end of the seventh century before Christ, near Nepal, north of Central India and the kingdom of Oude. Chinese literature preserves the history of pilgrimages made in the fourth and seventh centuries of our era to the holy city, and descriptions of rooms occupied by Buddha during his lifetime.

Popular Buddhism, as in all other religions, has clothed the Buddha with divine honors. His mother, Maia, we are told, was celebrated for her great beauty, and was the virgin bride of the king, his reputed father. She conceived him from a ray of light, for he was no mortal child, but an incarnation of the Deity, who appeared to her "like a cloud in the moonlight" and "passed away from the dewa-loka, and was conceived in the world of men." On the Nepalese pictures of Buddha a vast luminous circle surrounds his head. But many intelligent Buddhists believe the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and the wonderful feats recorded, to be the addition of later days, and opposed to that reason which Buddhism seeks to arouse and put into action.

R. Spence Harly, in his *Eastern Monachism*, says: "The wonders that he performed, were of the most marvelous description; but in those days the possession of supernatural power was a common occurrence, and there were thousands of his disciples who could, with the utmost ease, have overturned the earth, or arrested the course of the sun." Following Buddhist traditions, Mrs. Child tells us: "He was a Heavenly Spirit, dwelling in regions of light and beauty, who of his own free grace and mercy left Paradise, and came down to earth, because he was filled with compassion for the sins and miseries of mankind. He sought to lead them in better paths, and he took suffering upon himself that he might expiate their crimes and mitigate the punishment they must inevitably undergo. . . . So great was his tenderness, that he even descended into the hells to teach the souls in bondage there, and was willing to suffer himself to abridge their period of torment."

Harly, in his *Manual of Buddhism*, records a tradition of Buddha being tempted by a demon, who offered him all honors and wealth if he would forsake his divine mission. The prince declared, "a thousand or a hundred thousand honors such as those to which you refer, would have no power to charm me to-day; I seek the Buddhahip; I want not the seven treasures of the Chakrawarti; therefore, begone, hinder me not."

Setting aside, however, all tradition, we find Buddha to have been a prince whose mind was filled with anxiety for the suffering of humanity. Forsaking all, he plunged into the forest and passed years in refractory, his mind ceaselessly engaged on the great problem of suffering and its remedy; when he thought he had at last discovered the true key and the method of escape he spent the remainder of his life in teaching the Law to the people. What this Law is, and

HOW SALVATION CAN ALONE BE OBTAINED, we will endeavor to show. The Sacred Canon is very voluminous, and is called *Tripitaka*, i. e., the three baskets; the first containing the moral code; the second, Buddha's discourses; the third, works on philosophy. Though miracles outnumber those in the Christian religion, yet Buddha was no mere wonder-worker. He said: "I direct my scholars not to do wonders; I rather say to them: So live that you conceal your good actions and confess your faults." He declared that there was no distinction between the body of a slave and that of a prince, but that each must be judged by the spirit within. And this in India, where the Brahminical law had crushed out of the heart all conception of brotherhood by their system of caste, permitting no intercommunication between them. With his eye fixed on the absolute, he rose above all human requirements and environments, and proclaimed the brotherhood of man.

The Brahmins had suffered their speculations to dwell entirely on the Deity. God was everything; divine absorption, the goal to which human destiny tended. In this devotion they necessarily lost sight of man. They soared in the clouds of metaphysical abstraction, and forgot the matter-of-fact duties of life. To the Brahmin, God is all, matter merely an illusion. "The Spirit is One and Everlasting." "God is concealed in all things." "He fills the all." "Divine, without form is the Spirit, pervading the internal and external of beings, unborn, without breath, shining elevated above the highest and unalterable. Out of

him comes the Breath of Life, the mind and all senses." Buddha, on the contrary, proclaimed man to be the sole object of thought. He has thus been accused by the Christian world of plunging into Atheism, and losing sight of the Fatherhood of God; but Buddha made no hasty plunge. He thought and reflected as no other man has thought and reflected. After years of meditation he came to the conclusion, as thousands have since, that no religion can proclaim the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man without giving an undue preponderance to one or the other. Human development is the key-note of his system. The body is to be esteemed or not, according to the spirit animating it. "The virtues do not ask about castes," thereby striking at the very roots of Brahminism. The old Buddhist writings waive old questions about the origin of the world and of the soul as unanswerable. Accepting the doctrine of man's spiritual and immortal nature, Buddha asked himself how can this endless repetition of suffering, and the evils incident to existence, be avoided? The soul is compelled by its own nature to be ever struggling, aspiring, striving for a higher state; always conscious of its claims and restrictions. To the Brahmin, this was the delicate nature of the soul proclaiming its divine origin and its struggles to be free from the debasing bonds of clay. To the Christian, this endless yearning, this ever insatiable craving, is the token of its immortality and the promise of an ever upward flight in an endless duration, ever receiving and ever craving new knowledge. To the Buddhist this desire of the soul does not stand out alone and unique in the universe, as a promise without a fulfillment, a goal to be ever driving him on with illusory allurement of peace, rest and knowledge. Buddha saw in the nature of the soul no will-of-the-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*. The soul, to his clear vision, was no huge interrogation point, to still more complicate the riddle of existence. He saw in this inward chafing the cause of all suffering, all evil. Struggle, discontent, is the soul's inheritance; rest, peace, knowledge, are the soul's requirements; the two are never found combined, as they are necessarily antagonistic. How can the soul, the intellectual substratum, be prevented from this? Only by attaining that for which it ever craves. To attain this, recognized by every soul as its highest ambition, discontent must be overcome. To meet the desire, extinguishes the desire. To meet this demand of our nature is an imperative duty, and can only be obtained by freedom from existence itself, for existence is suffering.

While other nations feared death, the down-trodden people of the East feared life. To live, was want, privation, struggle. To live, was unsatisfied desire and denial of the soul's aspirations for freedom. To live, was to confine the spirit, to limit its powers. Existence then was to be overcome. The road to this was not through outward observances or sacrificial offerings, but by obeying the laws that hedged in the soul. Knowledge is the gate to rest, complete emancipation. But how attained? Buddha had recognized the spirit as superior to matter—the demands of our spiritual nature to be in consonance with the spiritual laws of the universe, and, therefore, by obedience to and harmony with these laws, the soul would proceed to its goal—KNOWLEDGE. Harmony with law was to be brought about by moral training, a pure life, subjection of the passions, and asserting and maintaining the superiority of the real over the transient.

Buddha said to one: "Friend, this way does not lead to indifference respecting the things of this world, does not lead to freedom from passion, does not lead to prevention of the vicissitudes of existence, does not lead to calm, does not lead to perfect intelligence. . . . to Nirvana."

Duncker epitomizes his teaching thus: "He taught self-denial, chastity, temperance, the control of the passions, to hear injustices from others, to suffer death quietly and without hate of your persecutor, to grieve not for one's own misfortunes, but for those of others. As every one seeks to less his own griefs, so shall he also lessen those of his fellow-men. Hence the exhortation to love, forbearance, patience, sympathy, pity and brotherly feeling. One great secret of Buddha's success was that he preached morality to the people instead of mere metaphysics; but his morality is founded less on love than on *human misery*. He admitted slaves and malefactors among his disciples, and opposed the system of caste on the ground that body, birth, and the whole external world possess but an inferior worth. In the midst of oppressed peoples he showed how evils could be patiently borne, or avoided by the aid of his doctrine. Salvation and redemption have come for all; even the lowest and most abject classes can be freed from the necessity of rebirth."

It was love for man that prompted Buddha to seek some escape from human misery. The highest object is not a mere selfish salvation, as has been asserted. "How can I inherit eternal life?" and "What shall I do to be saved?" are not the motives that lead the soul to Buddhism. Buddha's object was not so much to avoid suffering or attain rest for himself, for he foresaw all to search out the cause of human misery, in the hope of pointing out the way to alleviate it. Millions of Buddhists believed that he voluntarily endured throughout myriads of ages, and in numberless births, the most severe deprivations and afflictions that he might thereby gain the power to free sentient beings from the misery to which they are exposed under every possible form of existence. Of his own free will and accord he rejected a ransoming, or extinction of personal limitations, and threw himself in the stream of successive existence, for the sole benefit of the toiling multitude.

"My law is a law of grace for all," not for a few, nor an elect portion, but for ALL, because founded on the obvious requirements of the soul, it spoke direct to human souls. "Maiming frees man from members which are but transitory; and execution from this foul body which yet dies." The greatest object of existence is to attain the Buddhahip, so graciously made known to man; it lies open to all, and can be attained by one of any caste.

Buddha gave ten commandments; five for universal observance, and five for the preachers of the new faith, 1, not to kill; 2, not to steal; 3, not to commit adultery or any impurity; 4, not to lie; 5, not to become intoxicated. The other five are: 1, to abstain from unseasonable meals; 2, to abstain from theatrical representations and public spectacles; 3, to abstain from expensive dress and personal ornaments and perfumery; 4, to abstain from the use of large or luxurious beds; 5, to abstain from receiving silver or gold.

Unlike all previous systems, it sought to embrace all mankind within its folds; for unlike all others, before or since, remote or modern, it was based upon the spiritual laws of the universe, and found its recognition in every thinking mind. It sent its missionaries out in every direction, to every nation, no matter what their race or language, to make known to human souls the method of attaining that absolute rest of which they each contained the promise. Though driven from India, the decree of exile, containing these words, "Let those who SLAY NOT, be slain!" remains a monument to their patience and virtue. Spirituality is the great desideratum. Confes-

tion is required of all. If any one has committed a sin in thought, word, or deed, he is to confess and repent before his companions, or those of a higher grade of holiness. But time was not to be spent in vain mourning for sin or enforced penance; it was a religious duty to be active and earnest in the propagation of religious truth, as a boon to down-trodden and suffering souls. "All men, without regard to rank, birth and nation," says Duncker, "form, according to Buddha's view, one great suffering association in this earthly vale of tears. Therefore the commandments of love, forbearance, patience, compassion, pity, brotherliness of all men."

The duty of preaching this knowledge to all men and the method by which conversion is to be effected, is well illustrated in a legend related of Buddha and a rich merchant named Parva, who had left all to follow him, and in his enthusiastic devotion determined to win over a wild tribe to the knowledge of spiritual things. Buddha, wishing to test his firmness, said the people were wild, fierce, cruel, and that he would suffer from insults and injuries. Parva answered: "Then I will still hold them for good, dear people, because they neither beat nor cast stones at me." When, however, they do even this? inquired Buddha. "Then I say still the same, for they could indeed wound me with weapons." But this also will happen. "Nay, they are dear, good people, in that they do not rob me of my life." Once more Buddha questioned him: But when they kill thee? Parva replied: "Then I thank their love and goodness that they free me with so little pain from this miserable body." "Go, Parva," says Buddha, "thyself redeemed, redeem others; thyself saved and consoled, save and console them. Lead them, thyself perfected, thou to perfection." As Parva really succeeded by his invincible mildness in converting the tribe, this instance explains also the fruits generally reaped by Buddhist missions.

Is not this "system of belief" the natural desire of the soul gratified? Does it not rest on spiritual realities, flooding the soul with light, and leading it, through obedience to law, to rise superior to mere physical limitations and attain the great aim of its being? Is desire, knowledge, to be ever dancing in the future, ever alluring us on to new struggles and fresh sacrifices, and endless strife and disappointment, or else stagnation, to be the ultimate destiny of the human soul with its priceless treasures? Are we told that Buddhists practice superstitious rites? Is their literature not filled with miraculous legends and lives of the saints? Do they not worship images? From whom do these inquiries come? Do they know of no superstitious rites in a faith nearer akin to their own? Have they no miraculous legends to relate? Do worshippers of a "Bread-God" object to the pious Buddhist looking with feelings of thankfulness toward the image which recalls the infinite tenderness and love of the divine Buddha? Dismiss such worthless cavils as the fruit of ignorance. A Tibetan Lama told Abbé Hue: "We must not confound religious truth with the superstitions which amuse the credulity of the ignorant. There is but one sole, sovereign Being, who has created all things. He is without beginning and without end; he is without body; he is a spiritual substance." Schlegelwell confirms Hue, and says: "In face of all these gods, the Lamas emphatically maintain monotheism to be the real character of Buddhism."

Similar quotations might be made to any length, but Buddhism is primarily concerned in the one great subject of how to attain the aim of our being. Speculation about God, or absorption in devotional exercises, have ever thrown a screen between man and his brother, and lifted not a feather from the weight of human misery, which still bears down on the soul as before. The soul DEMANDS freedom; freedom from the limitations of personality; the subjection of the material to the realities of soul-life by obedience to the laws of the material and spiritual universe, and this through intuitive knowledge and spiritual perception. Suffering comes through disobedience to law; obedience to and harmony with law must bring rest. Life past, present and to come, involved personality, individual consciousness. One of your own philosophers has declared: "The soul knows only the soul; the rest of events is the flowing robe in which all is clothed." To attain the Buddhahip is but to give freedom to the soul, to remove the restrictions and limitations of material environments—annihilation only of the "flowing robe," and the liberation of the real and enduring. Pain, suffering, agony, striving for the better and purer, repentance is now past, and absolute rest, the soul's magnet, Nirvana, attained. To use their own words, as given by Burnouf: "The fearful night of error is taken from the soul, the sun of knowledge has arisen, the gates of the false ways which lead to the existences filled with misery are closed. I AM ON THE OTHER SHORE, the pure way of heaven is opened, I have entered the road to Nirvana. On this road the ocean of blood and tears are dried, the mountains of human bones broken through, and the army of death annihilated as the elephant overturns the reed bed. He who without distraction follows this way escapes from the circle of transmigration and the revolutions of the world. He can boast, I have performed what was incumbent on me; I have annihilated the existence for myself; I will not again be born. I am freed; I shall see no more existence after this!"

NON-IMMORTALITY—RE-INCARNATION.

BY LIZA BARNEY SAYLES.

Ten years ago, the Spiritualist world was thoroughly shocked by the promulgation of the former doctrine, through the *Banner*, by Prof. Payton Spence, M. D., of New York City, and the forcible enunciation of the same from the rostrums of the land by his wife, the energetic and noble worker and agitator, Mrs. Amanda M. Spence. To-day, the doctrine of re-incarnation does not cause anything like the ominous clatter that filled our air at that time; proving beyond doubt that people were so effectually frightened then, that they can never be as much scared again.

Though they were, and are, my very dear friends, yet when they announced this idea to the world, I was as confounded as almost every other person, and combated with them as well as I knew how. The thing seemed preposterous, judging from all our former education in Spiritualism; but the trouble was, I did not distinguish between immortality, which must be defined as an endless existence, and mere spirit-existence, without the adjective *endless*, which may mean quite differently. When terms were defined, I saw this, and cogitated whether, because the spirit was actually in existence now, that the fact proved to any certainty that it would be so twenty or two hundred years hence, and I really could see no evidence to guarantee it.

Through the most of the anathematizing which was conscientiously bestowed upon them at that time, I was with them in belief, because I was convinced of its reasonableness; which is as far as we can well go, concerning a subject which it will take many ages to prove. Previously, I had come firmly to the conclusion to shrink from no

investigation; if it was to prove that I was predestined to suffer the tortures of the Orthodox damned forever, or if future annihilation was a great fact, let me know the worst, and then I could prepare for it. Many do fear to investigate, lest they may be obliged to change their belief, and that would be unpleasant, as their present opinions are so comfortable; but the truth is what we should seek, as G. L. Ditson well says, "all truth is precious," and if we seek earnestly, the "door will be opened to us." So I sought, and was rewarded by finding a proposition that I had "set my face, like flint," against, prove itself so rational, that I could but give up the contest, and allow its entire probability. At this time, Mrs. Spence very pertinently writes as follows: "If a person desires his present opinion to be true, or that some other opinion may not be true, the desire, in either form, is selfish, human, limited, and stands in the way of his receiving the very truth when it does come—if it has not come to him. To the man who has shed all his selfish loves, feelings, partialities, and prejudices, there is no such thing as *victory or defeat*, in the sphere of ideas, thoughts and opinions. He loves but the truth, and desires that only." Too many fall from not seeing the beauty of truth, and desiring that above all things.

In the re-incarnation idea, I see but a continuation and confirmation of the old theory of non-immortality. The latter was reasoned upon by scientific minds, both on earth and in spirit-life, and was an unanswerable theory; but the former comes to us from spirit-life, given as an absolute fact. We ought not to shrink the question; and I am much interested in G. L. Ditson's articles on the subject, and thank him for writing them. I wish to know more of this. Let us hear all we can. If it is not true it will not stand, but if it is true it will stand. Therefore, investigate. It may be this is the loophole through which some of our poor non-immortals may crawl to escape our otherwise natural doom—remaining as we are. If so, what a blessing to those who desire immortality. And who does not? It is progression, the doctrine we have always advocated, coming to us in a new form. There must be some great truth underlying it.

When the report of *Banner* of Feb. 21st is published, there will be something there upon this subject. I was present, but should not dare report from memory. There have been communications through Mrs. Conant, already reported, that bore affirmatively upon re-incarnation. It seems that some spirits, at least, are cogitating the matter of eternal existence, as see what Mrs. Sheldon says, upon the fourth page of *Banner* No. 4.

Will some one inform us what books we had best read to understand correctly the French idea of re-incarnation? Duyselle, Conn., April 14th, 1870.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

From the New York Times.

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT. By William Mountford.

There are people who believe in the miracles of the past, and who, intellectually speaking, are both gentle and simple. The opinions of scholars and the most unlettered of peasants unite, as they have united at all times for nearly two thousand years, in believing in the miracles of the Saviour. It is likewise true that persons of similarly-contrasted attainments believe in the latter-day phenomena of what is termed Spiritualism. Some of the most cultivated individuals of the age, of both sexes and in both hemispheres, believe in the supernatural origin of these manifestations, and so do thousands of the most ignorant people to be found in either continent. But the number of persons who are at once thoroughly educated and believers in both ancient and modern miracles is scarce, and the conjunction attracts, for obvious reasons, commanding attention. Mr. William Mountford is one of these persons, and his book, called "Miracles, Past and Present," is put forth to account, so far as may be, for the faith that is in him. As might be expected, the work is deeply interesting. Its author judges the miracles of Spiritualism, not so he terms them—by his own personal experience and observation, extending through a term of many years. The result at which he arrives is absolute belief—that is to say, Mr. Mountford believes that phenomena in question are produced by supernatural or immaterial means precisely so far as this goes, as the miracles of old were. The unpleasant effect which his work must produce upon many minds, will be softened by the devout and reverent spirit in which he invariably writes. Numbers of professed Spiritualists will be delighted with the work—to many thinkers it will be interesting as a psychological curiosity, and to others, we apprehend, it must appear simply detestable. The work is well read and long discussed, we have not a doubt, and in so far as such discussion may tend to point the way to truth, such a result of the publication will give no occasion for regret. It is impossible to read such a book, from such a source, without being persuaded afresh of the soundness of a suggestion made by us some time ago, viz., that the question of the origin of the spiritual phenomena was not settled yet. When a man of Mr. Mountford's intellect, scholarship and unmistakably profound sincerity comes forward to bear witness as he does in these pages, we may well hold our judgment in suspense, and counsel thinking people to do likewise.

From the Providence Daily Press.

COSMOLOGY. By George M'Alvaine Ramsey, M. D. Boston: William White & Co., Banner of Light Office, pp. 253.

This is a philosophical disquisition upon the world, planets and suns, and evidently is the result of patient thought and study. Having discoursed of the nature of matter and its aggregation into a world, he then passes to discuss the motion of the mass, and here arises one of the distinctive principles of his system, the origin of axial or diurnal motion. He departs from the theories of previous writers, and displays great ingenuity in building up and elucidating his own. Another point the author invests with interest, is the theory of the axial inclination of the sphere; this inclination he claims is subject to variation, changing periodically with suddenness, and deluges and great changes, climatic and physical, on the surface of the earth. He constructs a peculiar system of ethnology in harmony with other portions of his theory. The book contains numerous illustrative diagrams.

From the Boston Investigator.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW. By Lois Walsbrook. Stories of wronged and outcast women are numerous, and in this volume we have another story of that character. It is well written, full of startling incidents, and might be called sensational, though we are not aware that its pictures can be justly considered overdrawn, for even fiction sometimes is not so strange as truth. The book is very handsomely got up in the printing and binding, and is for sale by William White & Co., 153 Washington street, Boston.

From the Rostrum.

MEDIUMSHIP: ITS LAWS AND CONDITIONS: with brief instructions for the Formation of Spirit Circles. By J. H. Powell. Boston: William White & Co., 153 Washington street. Pp. 22.

To those who wish to learn something in regard to mediumship, and the laws and conditions necessary for the successful formation of spirit circles, this little volume is invaluable. Many interesting incidents are embodied in this little work, which will be profitable to those in search of facts and truths.

The new style of fan, that looks like a revolver, is intended exclusively for the use of young ladies who are considered perfectly killing.

The Queen of Madagascar wants to marry an American clergyman.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

A MOSS ROSE BROUGHT BY INVISIBLE HANDS.

A correspondent sends us, says the New York Evening Post, the following, which he assures us is a true story:

"The writer of this brief article is personally cognizant of the fact that the celebrated Jules Janin has borne the highest testimony to the astute discrimination, philosophical attainments and general education of a certain German lady now residing in this city, 'Astute discrimination' and 'philosophical attainments' are emphasized here, or intended to be so, because the story about which she appears to have played a prominent part, is so strange and incredible that it has been deemed necessary to refer to her clearness of perception and her logical turn of mind to establish the respectability of her evidence in the premises.

Before leaving Berlin, her native city, about eight years ago, she became the intimate friend and companion of a certain Miss G., a very beautiful young girl, who, as a great admirer, complimented her on her music and embroidery. Circumstances so ordered it that these two ladies traveled together through the greater part of Germany, France and Italy with the mother of Alice, who was a wealthy invalid. While sojourning in the vicinity of the lake of Como, Alice, at the instance of her friend, began a piece of embroidery, intended to represent a basket of flowers, which was to be a full blown moss rose, filled with crimson, as Alexander Smith has it. Gradually the canvas became almost odorless, as had after she seemed to open to the sunbeam of her needle as it glinted through the pink and pearly dawn of her fingers. Already had bunches of leaves fallen with careless grace over the verge of the exquisite wrought wicker-work; some rich in that brown intellect, as Alexander Smith has it. Gradually the canvas became almost odorless, as had after she seemed to open to the sunbeam of her needle as it glinted through the pink and pearly dawn of her fingers.

During the progress of this delightful bouquet, and whenever the fair embroiderer sat down to it, she invariably began to sing some portion of that unrivaled cantata, 'Robert toi que j'aime'—a circumstance to which her attention had been called frequently, and which she as constantly repeated with a heart-beating lilt. In this way matters sped until the whole basket was filled, save a vacant spot in the midst of the clustering flowers, yet to be occupied by their flushed queen. At this juncture the mother of Alice was suddenly recalled to Germany; and, both the ladies accompanying her, the embroidery needle was, of course, laid aside for the time being. It was some weeks before she was able to return to the spot where she had so lately labored. She was then accompanied by her mother, and the embroidery was intended as a souvenir for the lady first mentioned in this little history, and as she was most desirous of possessing it completed to the very last touch. Seeing that some time could not but elapse, however, before the work could be finished, she took charge of the canvas, humbly exacting a promise from Alice that, whether dead or alive, she should attend to the embroidery, and that, on the very last day of December, 1860. Through some family complications, not necessary to explain here, the party broke up on arriving in Paris, Alice and her friend meeting no more, the latter having shortly afterward sailed for America, reaching this city, where, as already intimated, she now resides.

From the moment of her landing here, and up to within the last couple of months, she corresponded regularly with her friend, who, although no longer a girl, was still unmarried, notwithstanding the ripeness and fascination of her beauty. In the letters that passed between them, occasional mention was made of the unfinished embroidery; when Alice always justly promised to have the canvas still in her hands, for the purpose of commencing in spirit with the loved one beneath whose fingers it first began to glow.

In this way, time stole on, until the night of the 31st of December, 1869, when this frame was again brought from its hiding-place, and shown to a lady and gentleman who happened to drop in on its owner. After their departure, she who had placed it in a small parlour adjoining her bedchamber, where, after dwelling with tearful eyes upon the happy scenes it awakened, she suddenly formed the resolution of adding the missing flower herself; and to this end, as she was an accomplished embroiderer, she laid out all her colors on the table, determined to commence the work on the following morning. To fulfill this resolve, she sought her bed, when she was soon asleep.

How long she had remained in this state of unconsciousness she was unable to say; but when she again became aware of her existence, she was both surprised and alarmed to discover that the apartment in which the embroidery frame stood was filled with a pale greenish light, and, more inexplicable still, it was occupied by some one who was humming an air that was familiar to her. As she had never before heard the melody, she heart stood still! There was of no mistaking the voice! It was that of Alice, and the song was 'Robert toi que j'aime!' Slowly but surely a great fear overpowered her, until she was totally paralyzed. In vain she attempted to cry out. She could neither speak nor move, so completely was she overpowered; and had not a merciful unconsciousness again taken possession of her, she entertains the idea that her life would have been the forfeit.

It was long after daylight before the spell which had seized upon her was broken; and when, after a hasty toilet, she appeared in the breakfast room, her pale and agitated countenance bespoke at once that she was ill at ease. A foreign letter in a mourning envelope lay beside her plate. It was the letter which she had sealed. Alice G. was dead! She hastened up stairs and sat down at the table where, on the previous night, she had arranged all her embroidery materials. It appeared to her as though they had been slightly disturbed. She glanced furtively toward the embroidery frame! The moss rose was added to the basket of flowers!

It has, without effect, been suggested to this lady that she had herself, while in some abnormal condition, finished the embroidery, and that the arrival of the letter was but a strange coincidence. To all such arguments she turns a deaf ear; averring that she was perfectly conscious of her position while she was listening to the cantata from 'Robert' and that, were she to receive the wealth of gold for working a rose like the one in question, she should never be able to perform the task. In this way she shakes the incredulity of those who know her; although some are not to be convinced that the very singular affair is incapable of being explained on natural principles."

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER.

DEAR BANNER—Knowing that your numerous readers are ever anxious for new demonstrations of our beautiful philosophy, I take the liberty of penning you a few lines concerning some of the remarkable manifestations that have come under my own observation during the past week. I have been to Bedford, N. H., (a distance from the city of Manchester two miles and a half,) on a visit of two days at the pleasant home of good Bro. Austin and wife, and my experience while there may interest some of your friends, and particularly those who are investigating the subject of Spiritualism.

There is living at the home of Mr. Austin a little girl by the name of Ella, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, who for the past year has been controlled in various ways, and personated a great variety of characters. Last winter the spirit of a child, calling himself Frankie E. Martin, formerly of Portsmouth, (he said,) three years of age when he passed away, controlled her, but no particular interest was called forth at that time in regard to it. About six weeks ago,

the same influence controlled her, and has been about her almost constantly, causing, in the meantime, the following manifestations:

At one time a penny was placed in her possession, while under this control, she being entirely ignorant of the fact. This penny was moved about the house in various ways, without coming in contact with any mortal hand. At one time Frankie told Mrs. A. it was in a certain bed. She did not find it when she put the bed in order the next morning, but Frankie insisted that it was there, and wanted them to make another search. He said he put it on the straw bed. Upon close examination it was found in the straw, having been moved when Mrs. A. was at work upon it.

At another time a pencil that Mrs. Austin used one evening after Ella had retired, was missed in the morning. Frankie told Mrs. A. (privately) where it was. Not long after, he (Frankie) said to Mrs. A.: "Oh, Mrs. Austin! go look and see if you are not afraid the house will get afire, and the blaze come out of the place where the funnel goes through!" Of course Mrs. A. was induced to look there, and just below the funnel was found the pencil, lodged in the wall paper, which was slightly torn. I saw it, and know it could not have been placed there by human agency without extra effort, it being beyond the reach of Mr. Austin.

One evening while I was there Ella was sent for milk to a neighboring house, and given twelve cents. She was unable to obtain the milk, and on her return told us she had lost five of her pennies. A word or two of reprimand was offered her for carelessness, and she replied, "I tried to find them." Soon after Frankie came and told us where they were. Early the next morning, before Ella was up, Mr. Austin went to the spot described and found them. Sometime during the forenoon, in order to test Ella, she was sent to look for the lost pennies herself. We watched her from the window, and were assured by her appearance that she had no idea of the information we had received. She returned, apparently disappointed. After dinner, Frankie said to Mr. Austin: "You found five snakes with brass noses"—meaning the pennies—and referred to his going for them in the morning.

One night Ella occupied the room with me; and afterwards a bolt-pin was missing from the table. Search was made for it without any success. At length we called upon Frankie for information. He pointed it out to us, and we saw it lying safely on the projection of the door-casing into a cupboard, much beyond Ella's reach. Many more things I might mention, but those already noted must convince even a skeptic that there is an unseen power at work in the house, moving these articles from place to place. I would have your readers bear in mind that Ella knows nothing where nor when the articles are carried. Frankie says his parents are in spirit-life, that his mother attends and assists him. Ella has been tested in every conceivable way.

Aside from these manifestations, Frankie converses through her in a sweet, childish manner, when she is at work or at play. The language is entirely unlike her own, and so is her general appearance when he controls her. He tells us things known only to ourselves, and he caresses those to whom he is attracted, with all the simplicity and innocence of childhood. If such is one of the many phases of Spiritualism, what is it to die? Let us search earnestly for more and more of its sublime truths, for each day of our lives may reveal to us something purer and diviner than yesterday, and as the good angels direct, so may we walk, never abusing their holy oracles.

M. E. B. SAWYER.

Manchester, N. H., April 23d, 1870.

TEST AND VERIFICATION.

At our public circle held Thursday evening, Feb. 17th, a spirit presented himself and gave his name as Charles F. Potter, also his age, time of death; that he was travelling with his father, who was selling cement; that he was taken suddenly with fever; that his mother was sent for; that he recognized her, but was unable to speak to her; he wished us to write immediately to his dear mother, Maria L. Potter, North Prescott, Mass., and inform her that he was not dead, and that he recognized her before he passed away, although he could not make it known. We wrote as directed, and in reply received the following letter. Neither myself, wife, or any person at the circle had any knowledge of the parties whatever. What a blessing it would be were such messages from the dear ones always responded to in the kind, liberal, and gentlemanly manner, as in this instance. What a satisfaction it must be to their dear son to be thus received with loving hearts and outstretched hands by his dear parents. May the angels bless them evermore.

Doston, Feb. 23d, 1870. JOHN HARDY.

Prescott, Mass., Sunday, Feb. 20th, 1870.

Mrs. MARY HARDY—I thank you a thousand times for your kindness in sending me such a comforting message, and I heartily make acknowledgments to you that the incidents mentioned in the message are facts. My son was with me on the road selling cement; he was taken sick with a fever, and died; his mother was sent for. His mother's name is Maria L. Potter. If you receive any more messages from the spirit of my son, please send them to me. Mrs. Hardy, this message has convinced my wife, as well as myself, that there is a real truth in Spiritualism. My boy's name was given right; it was Charles F. Potter. Respectfully yours, DANIEL R. POTTER.

Post-office address, North Prescott, Mass.

MORALITY THE TRUE MANTLE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The following ESSAY was written automatically by the hand of Dr. John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I., in my presence, on the day indicated.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Oct. 10th, 1869.—Dear one, my theme to-day is the mantle of true Christian worship, or "In what mantle would true Christianity array itself?" To live a truly moral life is to live a truly Christian life. True Christianity does not array itself in the gathered folds of a pretentious garb made up of the dark and mystified terms and dogmas of priests. Are men and women to be made "in the only when arrayed in the apparel of the churches that the soul can prize its maker? No; no; true worship consists not in these. It is where the humble Christian walks and builds his temple of praise on every beautiful spot of the great universe. 'Tis no local habitation. 'Tis reared in every place where the child of God is, its dome is mighty, for it towers far, far above material earth. What and where, then, is the true robe of righteousness that mortality wears? It is the garment that covers the nakedness of the soul beneath its ample folds bread for the hungry. 'Tis the spotless robe of charity that echoes not to earth its neighbor's frailties, that sees the stain on another's garments only to wash it in charity's pure stream. Oh Charity! that covereth a multitude of sins, what brighter apparel could the Christian wish to wear whilst on his earth voyage? There are many virtues, but the greatest of them is charity. Beauteous mantle! Spread kindly over earth's children! Wear it—wear it forever, Christian of earth. Is not the true Christian's robe that moral life that should clothe all mankind? When clothed in this we should pass through life purely; and when our earthly remains are carried to the tomb, loved ones will attend, dropping tears of gratitude and charity.

We should drink only at the fountain of truth; we should stop not at every sounding, rattle that runs through some darkening grove, whose waters are tasteless and insipid, for they flow not from Nature's fountain, and are but a deposit of art. We should gather flowers only from the garden of Nature; we should not pluck the unseasonable weeds that grow from error's seed by the wayside, and blossom without fragrance. The soul should drink only of the life-giving fountain; we should thirst for time and eternity in Nature's faultless fountain. We should not feed on error; we should nourish our souls with the bread of life. That food is found in great abundance. There is ample provision made for every longing desire. There will ever be sufficient to feed the hungry children yet to come. We should not float carelessly on the tide of opinion. We should hold fast to the stream of principle, that flows from man to God. 'Tis a deep, strong tide, that few attempt to stem. But on this deep clear stream the bark contend noly with the popular current. They heed not the gathering clouds; they stop not at every port where deceitful banners are raised, proudly lettered, "Here is the land where opinion resides, and where popular freezes over blow." The principle that guides them is the far, far land, where breezes of love come laden with the fragrance of beauteous thoughts; where pure lily blossoms are growing, and where harmony embraces all, and welcomes every victor with a kiss of affection. This is the haven that principle and justice lead us to, and where those who reach it rest not in happy recognition of the loved bright forms that have gone before them.

The God within us the divine spark that glows within this feeble embodiment, shines forth, and reflect in beauteous rays the brilliancy of thy creator! Oh enfeebled faculties, that war with truth and beauty, dim-not the light of this divine monitor within us. For him, to him, and in him alone we should shine. Respectably agents of truth as we are, let us carry back the news and the gifts we have received, each with usury, and according to our endowments so render with gratitude.

Banner Correspondence.

TEXAS.—Mrs. M. J. Wilcox writes, April 14th, as follows: DEAR BANNER—I am reminded of my promise to "report" to you the results of my visit to the "Banner" office in Boston, and I am glad to do so. I was compelled by sheer exhaustion and congestive chills to throw up my engagement with the "Banner" office in Boston. But it is wonderful how our blessed guardians will surround the most discouraging obstacles, and through fire and frost, and temper and pain the weapons of their choosing. No Anna Dickinson raised her holy, sisterly voice when my "Logan" was in the hands of the "Banner" office, and I was in a cold, frosty bed in the second or third story; where, with the mercury at 10 below zero, all preparation was suddenly made for my departure. I was obliged to leave my bed, and there I am able to do much more than formerly. When our "reformers" become less theoretical and more practical, we shall see the fruit of a true philosophy. But I am often struck by the stubborn reality of things, and cannot help but feel that the "Banner" office is a most wonderful place. I refer to this, that Spiritualism, with all its reforms, has hitherto been more theoretical than real or practical, in its sanitary character. By this, I mean that we have not practically recognized our spiritual nature, and, consequently, many nominal Spiritualists expect the most extravagant and unattainable results from the most trifling amount of difficulties and perform a sort of miraculous intervention between cause and result. Some day it is to be hoped the fallacy will be discarded, and all rational expectations will be based on the true basis of the law.

By the faithful care and oversight of my heavenly guides have I been carried along, through an extensive campaign of over two years, until, in fulfillment of their prophecy, I have this past winter labored as independent missionary in the State of Texas, and have been able to do much more than I could have dreamed of. I have, in faithful trust, staked all, for the time being, in this new field of labor. Obligated to meet the factional jealousies of the time and section, still strong and unrelenting, I have been able to do much more than I could have dreamed of. I have, in faithful trust, staked all, for the time being, in this new field of labor. Obligated to meet the factional jealousies of the time and section, still strong and unrelenting, I have been able to do much more than I could have dreamed of.

Everywhere in this "sunny South" have the deep well-springing of our spiritual nature, and, consequently, many nominal Spiritualists expect the most extravagant and unattainable results from the most trifling amount of difficulties and perform a sort of miraculous intervention between cause and result. Some day it is to be hoped the fallacy will be discarded, and all rational expectations will be based on the true basis of the law.

In Texas I have labored arduously, as circumstances would permit, since the 10th of December. In every place I have visited, I have been met with a warm and cordial reception, and have been furnished free of charge. Large congregations have greeted me, many coming "out of curiosity" to go away serious and reflecting. The most intelligent and noble spirits of the South, and the most devoted and earnest professors and the like, privately express sympathy with our cause, and it is a notable fact that many of our most open, unfeeling adherents, are men of public trust and confidence.

True, they talk of all "Radicalism" as imported, and New England Puritanism is spoken of as a foreign commodity, but no honest observer can deny that while New England is at present becoming intensely Unitarian, the South is cordially embracing the spirit of the "Banner" office. Mr. J. R. W. would to-day find a far more ample field in the South than in New England. "Mediums" could be sooner disposed of in the South than in the North. Moral determinations are more perfect here than in New England. The popular conservative press is more the criterion of judgment here than in New England. The South, and with some show of reason, discards New England "toleration"; but forgets that Calvinism South is identical with Calvinism North! For what the conservative spirit of Puritanism has done, and Heywood has been infusing a new life into the New England element, and routing out the thistles of ancient bigotry, few here, however gifted, have seemingly discovered the course of human events, or the great fact that the "Banner" office is the only true and permanent source of the history of America, did pure Puritanism thrive in any section more than in the Southern States to-day. Democracy, as illustrated in New England, at this hour, is intensely Puritanical and Calvinistic. Probably, did Cotton Mathur rule to-day, no section of these United States would follow him so unquestioningly as the South, and never would this same South dream of its obedience to New England precepts.

Such is the law of human authority and human history, and thus are the postulates of human theory tried.

MORRISVILLE.—Joseph D. Sillars writes: A long time has elapsed since I last addressed your numerous readers through your columns, preferring that other and better paths should be taken to reach you in the progress of the liberal principles of our God-born Philosophy in this and other vicinities; but, being advised by my many friends hereabout, I take the present opportunity to apprise you of the rapid progress that Spiritualism is making in Northern Vermont. I left Massachusetts last June to fulfill engagements previously made in Vermont. My first lecture was given in West Concord, a conservative town, where a large number assembled to hear, for the first time, the principles that underlie our Spiritual Philosophy. From there I went to Danville, and delivered three or four lectures, and exercised my best powers to the apparent satisfaction of good audiences. In that town there are a number of believers and knowers in Spiritualism, who are exerting their united influences to hasten their faith upon a permanent foundation. Thence I proceeded to Galois and Marshfield, and shared for four weeks the hospitality of the generous hearts therein. In both places the great good that has been accomplished, and known in Spiritualism, who are exerting their united influences to hasten their faith upon a permanent foundation. Thence I proceeded to Galois and Marshfield, and shared for four weeks the hospitality of the generous hearts therein. In both places the great good that has been accomplished, and known in Spiritualism, who are exerting their united influences to hasten their faith upon a permanent foundation.

holding meetings every fortnight. I have lectured in the place for seven or eight Sabbaths—many of them having been unattended—and there was no lack of interest manifested. Enthusiastic and inspiring auditors greeted me, and I have been able to do much more than I could have dreamed of. I have, in faithful trust, staked all, for the time being, in this new field of labor. Obligated to meet the factional jealousies of the time and section, still strong and unrelenting, I have been able to do much more than I could have dreamed of.

The exercises commenced with a piece from the Morrisville Cornet Band, which gratuitously offered its services, followed by an invocation from the State Missionary, Mr. S. P. Cheney. The spiritual entertainment was announced excellently, and all seemed to enjoy it. Mr. Charles Crane, of Hylodpark, was the presiding officer.

A most interesting feature of the evening was the fact that, while the friends of both friend and foe, nevertheless all seemed to enjoy it. Mr. Charles Crane, of Hylodpark, was the presiding officer.

Washington Territory.—S. M. Smith, writing from this place, under date of March 27th, writes: I have been very much interested in the character and mode of life in this section and other portions of the country, as compared with those of the whites. He was born in Bangor, Maine, some sixty-three years ago, when the Indians in the same-harsh conditions and he to the mountains of America and those on the islands of the Pacific—crossed the continent, from Maine to the Pacific, at San Francisco, and again, in 1841, from the Mississippi river, at Prescott, Wis., to Oregon, and he has since that time been engaged in the same business, and also sailed round Cape Horn, and spent five years on the Pacific coast; he therefore thinks he has "had a pretty good opportunity to learn something of Indian character," and his observations concerning them, that the Indians are a noble and brave people, and that they are not to be despised, and that they are not to be despised, and that they are not to be despised.

CLAREMONT.—Mrs. Adelle M. Stevens, under date of April 27th, writes: As your paper contains many interesting accounts from various sections of the land, reporting labors done by both mortals and immortals, my soul rejoices in the progress of the "Banner" office. I find only a few established Spiritualists in this place, but many who are hungry and thirsty for the sweet bread of life and the refreshing draughts of wisdom which the angels bring from the home of the Father. Some are afraid of a Spiritualist, and all things considered, is fully equal to the rest—judging by appearances. The large majority of the Indians are pursuing the avocations of civilized life—are industrious, and are making a good living; they generally go well dressed, and behave as well as those who claim to be their superiors."

San Francisco.—Although I am not a subscriber to the "Banner" office, I have been very much interested in the character and mode of life in this section and other portions of the country, as compared with those of the whites. He was born in Bangor, Maine, some sixty-three years ago, when the Indians in the same-harsh conditions and he to the mountains of America and those on the islands of the Pacific—crossed the continent, from Maine to the Pacific, at San Francisco, and again, in 1841, from the Mississippi river, at Prescott, Wis., to Oregon, and he has since that time been engaged in the same business, and also sailed round Cape Horn, and spent five years on the Pacific coast; he therefore thinks he has "had a pretty good opportunity to learn something of Indian character," and his observations concerning them, that the Indians are a noble and brave people, and that they are not to be despised, and that they are not to be despised.

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and afterward at Joliet and Lockport, Ill. He gives some facts of his spiritual experience, he having belonged to the circle at Joliet where Abraham James was developed. Mr. Cagwin says he has strong healing powers, with which he has frequently been able to relieve many suffering. He is of the opinion that a good test medium might awaken a deep interest in his locality, as the elements are only waiting to be called out.

Dr. Child and his last Book, "Better Views of Living."

Dr. Child is again engaged in his full and active practice of dentistry; resting, it may be, from his labors in the field of thoughts and humane feelings—thoughts that are deep and revolutionary, and feelings that are compassionate for all human suffering—for the purpose of more efficient usefulness in the great moral and religious conflict and revolution that is already begun. Though his writings are eloquent, and destructive to all our present institutions, they are comforting to the last in all spiritual blessedness. We present the following quotations from reviews of his last book, to show our readers its character, and also the growing liberality of the secular press:

"It is the product of much thought and native power. Of such works there can never be too many, and those who possess any learn from them.—Sunday Times, Philadelphia.

"The writer of this book says: 'Every religion is divine; every faith is true. No creed is false to the inevitable cause of its production; no belief is injurious to the believer, or untrue to the truth which it professes.' The book is a clear, a clever specimen of a great number of brilliant ideas remarkably well expressed; and so thoroughly in the French school of writing that we at first imagined the work a translation. The book is not only clear, but it is also instructive, and, above all, exhibits a liberality of opinion which is its greatest charm. It stands out from the mass of religious platitudes which are shoveled upon us, clear in its great office, and its book should be read by every man who is not a bigot, and we recommend this book as a wise and noble work to all seeking a correct exposition of divine truth.—City Item.

"The author considers Spiritualism a growth, found in the all-embracing virtue of charity; its present form and manifestation are but the beginning, but he looks forward to the time when men will be so far advanced that they will be able to discard the artificial restraints of religion, and the 'charity that suffereth long and is kind' will be the ruling influence on the earth. He considers it as a manifestation of God, and as necessary for the development of the human mind. The author writes in an earnest, devout, Christian spirit, that entitles it to the respectful consideration of those even who may differ with the author.—Evening Telegraph, Philadelphia.

"The author sums up, in fine, for his belief, that 'it believeth all things, it endureth all things.'—Old Fellow Journal, Philadelphia.

"As religion has been understood and accepted, the doctrine which Dr. Child follows is a new and a new view of religion. But he brings forth high morals and a new view of religion. The reading of his book is nothing else but good and moral.—Philadelphia Democrat (printed in German).

"The author looks at religion and worship with new and original views, and presents a religion breaking all sectarian boundaries and uniting liberality in the broadest sense with the school of Christendom. One of the principal ideas of the book is, that God governs the people by and with natural wisdom and original truth, and that the religious with much spirit. The ideas are new, and are presented in an eloquent and understanding form. The book does not lack in thought, in eloquence or appearance.—Republican Free Press, Philadelphia (German language).

"Many excellent things are contained in its pages, although some heterodox and curious opinions are also found therein.—Rockford Gazette.

"The writer of this book is an able, thoughtful and philosophical man, who writes from a broad and liberal standpoint. The questions of religion, worship, Sunday, the devil, commandments, virtue, chastity, death, acts, talents, passions, all the different modes of living, etc.—Yates County Chronicle.

"The object of the author in this volume is to expand and practically demonstrate the consolatory doctrine, that 'whatever is, is right.' It is right that wrongs exist, and right that we should work to right them. It is argued that, although it is right that wrongs exist, it is not right that they should exist. The author is working to the end of the beginning, and the condition of things seems all disorderly, yet all things are working as they should, and will end in the perfection of a wise plan.—State Journal, Madison, Wisconsin.

"The author's book is to all those who are self-poisoned enough to yield their reason to well turned sentences and paradoxical expressions.—The Commoner, Cincinnati.

"It is a most excellent work, and should be widely circulated.—The Commonwealth, Cincinnati.

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The late Rev. Dr. McClintock, says the Newark Advertiser, lost between \$30,000 and \$40,000 worth in the last few years on mining and oil stocks.

The Loss of the Arctic.

A STATEMENT FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Observing in your edition of the 29th of April some matters in relation to the loss of the steamer Arctic of the Collins line between New York and Liverpool, I am reminded of some incidents which were made public at the time, and which may, perhaps, profitably be recalled to attention now.

About the time of her loss, and when the public mind in this city was very much agitated with the fact that she was several days overdue and nothing had been heard from her, one evening at my house several gentlemen were present, and we were holding a circle. Suddenly there came to us several spirits, who told us that they had been passengers on the steamer; that in the night-time they had come in collision with another vessel at sea, which had so seriously injured the steamer that she had sunk, and all on board had perished, except a few who had made their escape in one of her small boats.

Among those who thus had been drowned and were then present speaking to us, were Edward Sandford and Abner Benedict, two lawyers of this city, well known to me, Mahlon Day, a Quaker gentleman of this city, and his wife, the wife and daughter of Mr. Collins, the proprietor of the line, and an English gentleman who was coming to this country to see me, but whose name was not given. Mr. Allen, another lawyer of my acquaintance, who was on board, I was told had escaped in the small boat.

One of the gentlemen present suggested that I ought to inform Mr. Collins of this. I scouted the idea, saying that Mr. Collins would treat the matter with contempt, and look upon us as trying to fool him.

This was on a Friday evening, and after the company had left my house I thought the matter over, and concluded that I ought not to keep it secret from fear of being laughed at. So on Saturday I wrote out a full account of the scene and sent it to T. L. Harris, who was then lecturing for us at Doughty's Hall, for him to read to his audience on the ensuing Sunday. He read only a part of the paper at his meeting, and I published the whole of it in the next number of the Christian Spiritualist, a paper then published in this city.

In due time, after the Sunday reading by Harris, and, if my memory serves me, before the publication in the paper, news of the wreck came to hand. The survivors arrived and confirmed every word that had been said to us, even to the escape of Mr. Allen.

I had then no personal acquaintance with Mr. Collins, and some two or three years afterwards my brother, who was a banker in Wall street, told me of some things which Mr. C. had then lately mentioned to him. It was this: that one morning, when he was in doubt about the fate of his vessel, he was walking backward and forward on the pier where his vessels landed, and was in a good deal of anxiety about his family as well as his property. A stranger came up to him, and told him what had occurred at my house the previous evening, and that he had been present. Mr. C. said he had treated the whole thing with contempt; he had listened to everything he had to say, and then turned away from him, without deigning to make any reply; but that when, in a day or two, news came, confirming everything that stranger had told him, he was astonished, and had immediately looked into the matter; had sought out mediums, and had, in consequence, become a Spiritualist.

It was after this that Mr. Collins and I became acquainted, and he has to me repeated the tale he told my brother.

The publication of the scene which I have mentioned caused me to receive several letters on the subject, from which I learned that at the same time, and before the arrival of the news, accounts of her loss were given at three other circles, so that on four different and independent occasions the spirits gave the information.

I had a record of this at the time, but it is so long since that it has been mislaid, and I cannot now find it. There was, however, another incident connected with the matter which is of interest.

The spirits told us that when the collision occurred, the captain of the steamer had sent his first mate and a boat's crew out in the dark to find out what harm had been done to the other vessel. The captain was one of those that was saved, and on his arrival confirmed that statement, he, at the time, not dreaming that his vessel had been so badly hurt, but supposing that the other vessel must be. That small boat and her crew had not returned to the steamer before he left her, and they were never afterwards heard of.

But afterwards, at one of my circles, a spirit came, who said he was the survivor of that boat's crew, and told the tale of their fate. They had rowed about in the dark without finding the other vessel, and then returned to reach the steamer, but failed to find her; so the mate in charge steered for the shore, but made very slow progress, and they were several days at sea in that small boat, without food or water, and when at length they came in sight of land they were too weak and exhausted to guide their boat, and she was finally tossed by the surf on a small rock, some distance from the shore, where the boat was wrecked, and only two of her crew were able to get on to the rock—the one who was speaking to me, and one other. That other was thrown partly upon the rock, and was drawn out of the water by this one. But he had soon died, and this one, whose spirit was speaking to me, had survived only a short time, when he, too, died, on that barren rock in the ocean.

Yours, J. W. EDMONDS.

PERSONAL.—In another column will be found the marriage-announcement of two healing mediums, Herpater in their philanthropic labors, they will doubtless find the blending of the positive and negative element of great advantage to them in restoring the afflicted who come under their magnetic healing influence. Formerly Mr. Jewett was known in Vermont and California as a shepherd, but more recently has been practicing one of the noblest of gifts, and obeying the command, "Go heal the sick." The bride and groom of his choice has also been before the world as a laborer in the vineyard. She is a regular graduate of the New England Medical College for females. She has practiced her profession in her native town, Burlington, Vt., and in Boston. Her spiritual gifts are varied. For the last sixteen years she has been a seer, writing, test, healing, speaking, clairvoyant, medical and physical medium, and is endowed with the gift of visions—seeing and conversing with the departed. We learn that Mr. and Mrs. Jewett are about to locate in Detroit, Michigan, where they will remain during the summer months.

Thinking of the value of the circulation of the blood; hence, literary pursuits are conducive to longevity.

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LEWIS COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

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

The Influence of the Press.

This is a something more frequently talked about than understood. What is visible and tangible, people believe they know all about; what is invisible in itself, and but dimly conceived of in its actual results, they fall into a habit of talking about with even more volubility than if it were a substantial object before their very eyes. The influence of the newspaper is but cloudily apprehended even in its amazing results; yet those results belong as much to the substance of things around us, and to the whole structure and progress of society, as if they could be arranged in statistical form and summed up in a brief and impressive statement.

We have no public movement which does not owe its vigor and direction to the power of the newspaper. Society would stagnate if this agency were to be suddenly suppressed. It is not only the critic and censor, but it proposes, advocates, suggests, defends, and stimulates also. Though the mirror of popular opinion, or sentiment, in one sense, it is a great deal more than that, though perhaps insensibly so to the general apprehension; for it is the motor power in affairs, that supplies the push and the energy, besides inspiring the resolution, and conducting by safe paths to the result desired. The press works powerfully by its simple persistency, reiterating where others must be content to utter but once, and then to but limited audiences. It aways public opinion in the very act of reflecting it. It collates the vast variety of thought and view, and by presenting all together enables the community to fix itself more steadily upon a proper and final purpose.

Where should we be, if this arm of service did not stand ready on the instant to denounce misgovernment, to condemn public immorality, to hold up public corruption as detestable and dangerous, and to lash the vices and wrong doings against whose concerted power a preoccupied society could make but feeble headway? We do not deny to the public orator and lecturer, to the pamphleteer, to the book maker, and to many others in fact, an influence commensurate with the power given to each for separate exercise, but the newspaper comes along to gather up and concentrate all these individual influences in one, and wields a proportionate influence in consequence.

The weekly press is, if anything, more influential than the daily, for the reason that, while its issues are sufficiently frequent, they are yet so wide apart as to give time for public events and fresh propositions to ripen somewhat before being presented for handling. Daily occurrences are too much connected, what began yesterday not being as yet completed even to-day. The week's review looks at all occurrences each as a distinct and separate whole. It is thus enabled to hold them off and regard them from every side. This of itself brings deliberateness, comprehensiveness of view, and a reflective temper; and under such most desirable conditions, the public mind is appealed to more dispassionately, and of course, in the long run, more effectively. We fully believe that the weekly press in this country is to become the great lever to move public opinion; holding the place it does between too frequent and hot issues, like the daily, and the too infrequent and retrospective, like the monthly, it must naturally exercise very much of the influence which is coveted by both. We do not pretend to prophesy in particular about it, nor do we cherish any special theory concerning it, which time may or may not entirely verify; but we are fully persuaded that to the weekly press of the not remote future the people of this country will look for the best products of garnered thought and the wisest suggestions of progress. The great mass of the people, too, cannot devote time to the daily paper; the weekly comes to them just as often as their circumstances and intellectual appetite require.

We speak now and here in this strain because of our established belief in the rapidly increasing power of public journalism. It is not possible to overrate or overstate it. It is the life and light of society, supplying sustenance, stimulus, compensation and comfort to the people. It need utter no boasts, because when it speaks in that spirit it parts with its admitted advantage. No actual influence requires any proclamation. It only remains for the editor and publisher to recognize their responsibility to the uttermost. They must abandon all thoughts of self, all the temptations of conceit and corruption, and labor to discharge their duty with sincerity, perfect conscientiousness, and an uninterrupted aspiration after the pure, the true and the good.

Protesting to the Pope.

There are certainly three earnestly written protests in existence, which have been submitted to the Pope, but which he has with singular obstinacy refused to submit, as he is bound, to the Ecumenical Council. The German bishops drew up one, and the French bishops another. The letter of Count Daru, too, formerly the foreign minister of France, has received no attention from His Holiness, Cardinal Antonelli writing that it could not be submitted. The German and French bishops, as might be supposed, are in a state of inflammation over it. In addition to this, the American bishops have likewise protested in fit phrase against the inopportune and improperity of proposing and discussing the Infallibility dogma. It is not to be expected that they will remain wholly patient much longer, especially while aware of the feeling that is waked up among their learned European brethren. But the Pope persists with his darling scheme, nevertheless, as if determined to run the ship on the rocks and destroy her. It will not answer for him to be indifferent to the independent Catholic sentiment that prevails in this country, whatever he may think of that of Europe.

The surplus of the contribution taken up at the close of the Music Hall Spiritual Meetings, after liquidating the debt, was paid into the treasury of the Children's Lyceum, by Mr. Wilson, to the amount of \$20.

The "Igneous Theory."

A correspondent (Morris G. Higley) writing from Decatur, Burt County, Nebraska, informs us that "the Presbyterian clergyman at this place has affirmed that the igneous theory of the creation of the globe has been exploded. And he still further affirms that Lyell has lately come out and denied in toto his former theories respecting the same." Our correspondent states that if such be true, it should be known universally, and if not, it should be flatly contradicted, as it is a point which, urged by a clergyman, might tend to "lead the untutored astray" in their search for the true light.

The statement of the "divine" in this case is wrong in every particular, either purposely so, or through ignorance. So far as the igneous or fiery birth of the earth and other heavenly bodies from the sun is concerned, (as laid down in the nebulous theory of La Place, which Mitchell, the Cincinnati astronomer—and an Orthodox Christian—says is "one of the most sublime speculations that ever resulted from the efforts of human thought,") the geologists of to-day are even drawing nearer each other in their views, and explorations by means of the spectroscopic are confirming their theories. In the words of Prof. William Denton:

"Lyell, in the last edition of his 'Principles,' not only accepts the existence of immense fiery fluid oceans beneath the earth, 'large as the Atlantic and Pacific,' but accounts for earthquakes by disturbances in these oceans, and as Riggs says, 'World Before the Deluge,' 231 page, 'Gives a cautious admission to the idea of a great central fire.'"

Professor Denton further quotes from Professor Hitchcock, in his "Religion of Geology," page 163, in which the following language is used:

"In this, so many and so decisive are the facts which point to the original fluidity of the globe, that no competent judge thinks of doubting that all the matter of which it is composed—certainly its crust—has some time or other been in that state."

Quotations from Sir John Herschell's "Lectures on Scientific Subjects," 11th page, London edition, 1836, give it as his opinion that—

"At twenty miles depth, according to this rate, the ground must be fully red hot; and at no such very great depth beyond, either the whole must be melted, or only the most infusible and intractable kinds of material, such as our fire clays and flint would present some degree of solidity. In short, what the sea floor and icebergs are to the polar seas, so shall we come to regard our continents and mountain ranges in relation to the ocean of melted matter beneath."

The great body of geologists agree as to the facts of the fiery origin of the globe, and the fusion beneath its crust, only some with Herschell hold that there may be, in addition to the ocean of melted matter, "a solid centre, kept so, in spite of the heat, by enormous pressure," "a thing," says Prof. Denton, "of not the slightest importance so far as it affects the great principles of geology."

The creationists, anxious to sustain the Bible stories of a miraculous creation of earth, the fall of man, general deluge and other antiquated notions, are fair to attempt—wherever an opportunity presents itself—to misrepresent and scout the revelations of the great Bible of Nature as read by the geologist; pointing triumphantly to trivial differences in the views of those who have made the science a study; but such are told by Prof. Denton, that "where geologists differ an inch, theologians differ a mile; and whereas geologists have an infallible guide, though they do not yet understand all his teachings, the theologian is led by one of the most contradictory and unscientific productions that was ever penned."

Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch.

This remarkable medium for spirit manifestations, through the piano-forte and voice, continues to give sances at her residence, No. 10 Appleton street, Boston. On Friday evening, April 22d, our reporter attended one of these entertainments. During the first part of the sance Mrs. Hatch sat entranced in one end of a parlor, in perfect darkness—the folding doors being closed—and as each guest was ushered into the other room, which was lighted, she proceeded to give them tests of spirit-presence (through her husband), such as names, descriptions of departed friends, &c., which were truly wonderful, and convincing to those who reflected that she had not even seen the individual who received the test or had any means of ascertaining whether they were male or female.

This part closing, the doors were opened and the company invited to enter the room where Mrs. Hatch was sitting; near the piano seats were arranged and every facility was afforded the curious to watch the operations of the spirit musicians through this medium. The musical performances were executed while the lady was perfectly unconscious. In one case an air was played with one finger of the right hand, the left hand accompanying—in another only the left hand was used. In either case the principal fingers were cold and drawn up or spread out in a hard and cramped position utterly unnatural to a player in the ordinary manner. During the sance she received subjects and improvised pieces upon them from those present who were disposed to furnish them; she also performed "The Battle of the Wilderness," a piece given through her, sometime since, and which has been published. One of the most remarkable points attending her music is the spirit echo which is heard following the strains of her singing, in some cases appearing as if many voices were joining in unison. Those who might be tempted to ascribe this to the vibrations of the piano, the top of which is raised during the singing, are disarmed by the fact that the sound is equally strong when the medium's back is turned to the instrument. Those who are investigating the various phenomena attending modern Spiritualism should visit this medium, as she occupies a plane of development entirely of an original character.

"Life-Blood."

In a tract issued and freely circulated in this city by the Young Men's Christian Association, occurs the following extract: "Do you, as an Evangelized Christian, realize the activity of the friends of infidelity, irreligion, and free religion in Boston? They seek the life-blood of the young, from the Christian homes of New England, now resident in this city." Now is not that unmitigated partisanship and bigotry? And is it true? A proclamation by a professedly Christian association ought at least to proceed on the basis of truth. Assuming that by "the friends of infidelity, irreligion, and free religion in Boston" are meant simply all those who do not subscribe to the creed and dogmas of Orthodoxy, hell fire and a vengeful God included, can the Young Men's Christian Association prove that such people deliberately exert themselves to lead the young into temptations, to teach them intemperance, blasphemy, or vice of any kind? Is not the actual fact just the contrary? Who, in truth, if not those very calumniated "irreligious"ists are the leaders and promoters of every social and individual reform that keeps the community in a condition of moral health? We advise the Association to take this falsehood out of its circular.

A Religious War.

At the close of her first engagement in Montreal, C. W., in 1838, Mrs. Emma Hardinge awoke one morning at sunrise, "in the grey of a cold February dawn," and suddenly entering into the semi-trance condition, in which visions of coming events were often presented to her, saw a gigantic sword in the sky, an account of which, given in her "History of Modern American Spiritualism," runs thus:

"The handle of this tremendous weapon was a simple cross, straight either way, formed of pure white light, which illuminated Canada only, whereas the blade of part-colored rays, communicated its radiance to the whole United States. Whilst this splendid vision lasted, a voice seemed clearly to pronounce these words: 'The blade is already in the United States, the cross still rules in Canada; but blade and handle are one, and the sword will never be sheathed until both are recognized as a unity.'"

A description of this vision, given by her spiritual guides, was at the time published in the Banner of Light and Spiritual Telegraph, and was considered as referring to a political, after which was to come a religious war, which should only terminate when the two countries (Canada and the United States) were united. The political war has been safely passed through. The question arises, whether there was not also another significant (secondary it may be) to the vision. Nominally it is true that the handle of the sword—the cross of St. Andrew, or the British power—does govern in the Canadas; but by the following extract, clipped from the Boston Journal of April 22d, 1870, it would seem that the cross of papal authority was about to make its appearance as a competitor for the prize of temporal power:

"A RELIGIOUS WAR.—An Ottawa (Canada) correspondent of the New York Tribune, after referring to the immediate causes of the present trouble in the Winnipeg region, closes with the following significant remarks:

"Now all this points to one issue—a religious war. Ontario and Quebec have nothing in common. The latter is poor, feudal, conservative and Catholic—as intensely so as the most ardent papist could desire. Ontario is wealthy, enterprising, liberal, liberal, and above all, Protestant to the core. Scott was an Ontario man, an Orangeman, and a volunteer, and his death at the hands of a French Catholic rebel has stirred the people to their heart. You in the United States can form no adequate conception of the deadly hatred between the sects here, intensified by considerations of race and birth. Ontario is wealthy, enterprising, liberal, liberal, and above all, Protestant to the core. Scott was an Ontario man, an Orangeman, and a volunteer, and his death at the hands of a French Catholic rebel has stirred the people to their heart. You in the United States can form no adequate conception of the deadly hatred between the sects here, intensified by considerations of race and birth. 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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our friends have been very kind of late in sending beautiful bouquets to our free circles. Our thanks are especially due to E. J. Carpenter, of Brattleboro, Vt., Mrs. Brooks, of Concord, Mass., A. E. Ames, Cape Cod, and Mrs. Robbins, of Milford, N. H.

Mr. David Hoyt and wife (parents of the renowned test medium, Ada Hoyt Foye) leave their home in East Boston, May 9th, on a visit to California.

Robert Morris, Jr., formerly of this city, son of a prominent colored member of the Suffolk bar, a few days since passed a successful examination and entered at Middle Temple, London, remaining at Stonyhurst College, near Blackburne—a Jesuit college. Mr. Morris graduated a year ago from the Imperial College of France, after spending nine years at that institution.

TOMATOES.—Those who raise this delicious fruit, should, if possible, get the seeds or plants of "Lester's Perfected Tomato," as that is undoubtedly the best. Be sure and get the genuine.

Cleveland, Ohio, has a menagerie elephant of remarkable sensitiveness. He accidentally killed a smaller elephant in the show, and since then tears are continually streaming from his eyes, and a low murmur of groaning is heard. His keeper says he knows as well as man that he is the cause of his mate's death.

The Philadelphia Mercantile Library was opened on Sunday to the public. It is the first institution of the kind opened on Sunday in that city.

Dr. DITSON, one of our contributors, read a few eulogies since before the "Albany Institute," a lecture on the "Antiquity of the Cross," which is said to have created no little excitement in literary circles.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE, a monthly magazine, is to be merged into The Standard, the new monthly that is to take the place of The National Anti-Slavery Standard, an excellent weekly, published in New York.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is the exponent of Spiritualism, and well deserves the success it enjoys. No paper was ever published that treated every subject with more fairness and candor. Anything that can be brought against their philosophy is published, and often without comment, but it handles without gloves all kinds of lumber, whether palmed off as Spiritualism or any other ism. Those wishing to investigate that subject would do well to send for the Banner.—Canastota, N. Y., Herald.

The type and material used in publishing the Imperialist have been sold, to re-appear as the Colored Man's Advocate, at Winchester, Va.

Women's suffrage associations exist in almost all of the Western towns. Our exchanges show that the idea is spreading.

The Boston Police have found and returned during the year 971 stray children.

John Russell Young, formerly of the Tribune, has started a first-class two-cent daily, styled the New York Standard. It is to be "independent in politics, and aims to meet every question and fairly discuss it." Its appearance is very neat.

The Washingtonian Home, located in this city, last year admitted two hundred and ninety-five patients, of whom one hundred and fifty paid nothing, one hundred and thirty-five paid in full, and twenty-six paid part. The fiscal receipts were \$13,949; the expenses \$12,068; and at the annual meeting on Monday evening \$33,336 was placed in the hands of the building committee for a new establishment.

The Common Council, of this city, has appropriated \$20,000 to be expended on the "Glorious Fourth."

Several young ladies in Hartford are under the surgeon's care, for distortion of the feet—supposed to be caused by wearing high heeled shoes, so fashionable with some silly women.

Capt. R. B. Forbes is pressing upon the city government of Boston the expediency of establishing a school-ship large enough to accommodate one hundred and fifty boys, not to be of a penal character. Such a ship could be fitted out for twenty-five thousand dollars. Capt. R. G. F. Candage, a fellow petitioner, states that marine officers of the requisite skill are so rare in this country that three-fourths of the present officers of our ships are foreigners.

The May convention of the New England Labor Reform League will be held in Boston, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, 22d, 23d and 24th.

Miss LOTTIE FOWLER.—A correspondent writing from Worcester, Mass., under date of April 28th, informs us that the above-named test medium has been giving private and public sances in that city, to the universal satisfaction of all who have attended them. The writer (a resident of another section of the United States, and an utter stranger to the medium) received through Miss Fowler a most convincing test of the continued existence and individualized presence of her husband (who had passed on ten years before) and her children—names, dates, causes of decease, &c., being plainly and correctly given.

JUSTICE AND EQUITY.—In 1632, "one Stephen Kent was fined ten pounds, for suffering five Indians to be drunk in his house at Haverhill, and one wounded, shall pay the fine and satisfy for the cure of the wounded Indian." (Served him right).—Coffin's History Newbury.

The supreme court of Missouri has just decided that a marriage between slaves, succeeded by a married life after emancipation, is lawful matrimony, the case being that of Demos Johnson, of St. Louis, whose wife's petition for divorce and alimony was opposed, on the ground that she was a slave—He and not lawfully married. She won the case and \$1000.

A Practical Paradox—Spring freshets carrying away the dams without diminishing the hard swearing.

A Washington special, speaking of the income tax, says that some trouble is expected in the Senate, where the sentiment strongly favors the entire abolition of the income tax. When the general tax bill comes up, it is thought a reduction to three per cent. will be carried, and to take effect from Jan. 1, 1870.

During the delivery of a lecture by Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker in Kansas, a few days ago, a precocious youth in the audience cried out: "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No," was the ready reply; "but your mother had a little jackass!"

The total number of births in Boston the past year was 7405, an increase of 205 over 1868. Number of twin births, 241; triplets, 2.

The coming centenary of Beethoven at Vienna in honor of Beethoven, will last three days, and at its close the first stone of a monument to the great composer will be laid.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Boston.—Mercantile Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum met at this hall, Summer street, Sunday morning, May 1st, with an attendance of one hundred and thirty-eight leaders and children, besides a full number of visitors. Devotions by some fifteen members, (mostly girls,) songs by Edna B. Dodge and Hattie Richardson, of Chelsea, together with marching, silver-chain recitations, &c., tended to make the meeting agreeable.

In the afternoon of the same day, John Harly delivered a lecture at Mercantile Hall, for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum. The remarks of the speaker went to compare the two systems of Orthodox Christianity and Spiritualism, and to show the false position of the former in being willing to accept of spiritual intercourse as recorded in the Bible, while it refused to perceive the manifestations of living inspiration in our times.

The lady members of the Lyceum will give an entertainment for its benefit, consisting of songs, declamations, &c., on the evening of May 12th. A good time may be expected, and it is hoped that all friends of the Lyceum will make an effort to be present.

There will be a meeting for the interchange of opinion on spiritual topics, at Mercantile Hall, Sunday afternoon, May 15th.

On Wednesday evening, May 4th, the regular monthly sociable of the Boston Children's Lyceum was held at the hall 544 Washington street. A pleasant party assembled, consisting of officers, leaders, children and their friends. The exercises consisted of dancing and social converse. These entertainments have been held monthly, under the auspices of the Lyceum Aid Society, during the winter, with good success—the society itself having given sociables for adults weekly, on Wednesday evenings, at the same place.

Temple Hall.—The regular circles (morning and afternoon) were held at this place Sunday, May 1st; and the Boyston Spiritualist Association was addressed by Mrs. Alton in the evening.

During the intermission of the circles the Children's Lyceum meeting in this hall held its regular exercises, with rather an increased attendance. Nine declamations, two songs from the little ones, and the consideration of group questions, completed the session.

This Children's Lyceum contemplates having a festival at Walden Pond, either during the latter part of June or the first of July, and is desirous, if possible, of making it a grand union picnic, wherein all Lyceums who may feel friendly to the movement, can join. Conductors of Lyceums who may see this notice and wish to know more concerning the matter, can address Dr. C. York, Chairman Committee, No. 3 Winthrop street, Charlestown.

CHARLESTOWN.—Washington Hall.—On Sunday, May 1st, C. Fannie Allen spoke at this place, afternoon and evening, to very large audiences. In the afternoon the exercises consisted of an inspirational poem and a lecture on "The Science of Life." Instrumental and vocal music was also furnished by Miss Belle Montrose, of New York. Two inspirational poems—one entitled "Clear the Way," the other drawn up in the form of a dialogue—a lecture on "The Reality of the Seen and the Unseen," and a song by Miss Mamie A. Richardson, completed the evening services. These lectures are being sustained by the efforts of the Lecture Committee and a few earnest workers. It is to be hoped that the friends in Charlestown will rally to their support, and that the Spiritualists of adjoining cities (in the temporary recess of their own lectures) will hear and answer by their presence the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us."

An interesting session of the Social Society, for the benefit of the Spiritualist Association, took place at the house of Dr. A. H. Richardson, 95 Main street, on Wednesday evening, April 27th.

On Monday afternoon, May 2d, the ladies of the Charlestown Association of Spiritualists assembled at the house of Mrs. H. W. Cushman, at Somerville, to celebrate the advent of May, and hold a meeting for the benefit of the lecture course. In the evening—as per invitation—quite a number of gentlemen joined the party, and Mrs. Cushman gave a musical sance to the general acceptance of all. The occasion was one for pleasant remembrance.

On Friday evening, April 29th, the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Charlestown, gave an entertainment at Washington Hall, the proceeds of which were to go toward benefitting its treasury. Instrumental music was furnished by Miss Burnett; an opening piece was chanted by the school; declamations were given by Misses Maria Adams, Georgia Cayvan, Alice Cayvan, of Boston, and Misses L. Wells, E. Cushing, E. Holbrook, I. Smith, R. Nichols, E. Demerit, &c. Dismissed, also by Masters A. Murray, J. Robbins, and W. Holton, of Charlestown; songs were rendered by Misses Maria Adams, Blanche Foster, Georgia Cayvan; a duet (instrumental) by Miss M. Adams and A. Cayvan; two dialogues participated in by Misses Wells, Collier, and Adams, and Masters C. Phelps and G. Nichols; a petite farce, entitled "Pompey's Blunder," was performed by Messrs. Abbott and Burbank; Mrs. Dana, Guardian of the Boyston-street Lyceum, gave a select reading, and a series of five beautiful tableaux were presented, under direction of Mrs. D. Adams, of Boston. At the conclusion of the exercises, Dr. C. York, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, returned thanks to the audience for their presence, and the performers for their services, after which the entertainment closed. It is greatly to be regretted that a larger number were not in attendance, as the Lyceum is sorely in need of pecuniary support from the friends of our faith.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—The meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum at this place on Sunday morning, May 1st, was interesting and well attended. In addition to the usual exercises, answers were given to the question, "Why is it better to do good than to do evil?" and declamations were also recited by Miss George Martin and Master Geo. Plerson. This Lyceum held its first session, on that day, under the direction of its newly-chosen conductor, E. A. Albee. A novel feature was introduced in the target march, whereby the leaders turned the targets to the guards instead of the children, a child accompanying each to bear the badges. At the close of the exercises, some congratulatory remarks were addressed to the school by its former conductor, Dr. S. A. Wheelock.

The ladies and gentlemen connected with this Lyceum have organized themselves into a "Mutual Aid Society"—the preliminary meeting being held on Friday, April 20th—and elected Miss A. R. Martin as President and Treasurer, and Mrs. George Murray Vice President and Secretary. The object of this Society is to benefit and support the Lyceum during the summer months, (and as much longer as possible) by meeting together in social converse, and charging a small fee for admission, in a manner similar to the organization already existing in Charlestown. The meetings will take place on every alternate Friday afternoon and evening, at Harmony Hall—the afternoon being attended by the ladies, and occupied in sewing and other useful employments—the evening being a sociable, to which all gentlemen friendly to the cause are invited. The first regular meeting took place on Friday afternoon and evening, May 6th.

WEST DUXSBURY.—The meetings at this place have been highly successful, both pecuniarily and spiritually, and are held on each alternate Sunday. The course for the present season commenced the first Sunday of April. The previous course—which ended in November last—was managed by a committee of five ladies, and with so much success that they were unanimously elected to carry on the present one. During the winter a love was held in aid of opening the spring meetings, and owing to the persuasions of the energetic committee women, the people were fain to render substantial assistance to the cause. The present course was opened by Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, of Malden; she was followed by Andrew T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H., and Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston. The meetings will be held (as is usual) for a period of nine months. The rest of the year they are necessarily suspended, owing to the inclement weather, and the scattered state of the population.

LOWELL.—Dr. H. B. Storor spoke at this place on the Sundays, May 1st and 8th. The attendance on his lectures was good. It can safely be said that there is a renewal of interest in the Spiritualist cause in that city; the meetings have thus far been successful, and will be continued for the present.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, under the conductorship of Mr. Whitney, who is aided by earnest workers, is flourishing, and giving good promise of future usefulness.

LEWISTOWN.—The course of lectures which for some time past has been supported at this place on every alternate Sunday, closed by an address from N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, on May 8th—the two meetings previous to the final one being delivered by Dr. H. B. Storor, of Boston. Dr. Storor will speak in Putnam, Conn., on the first two Sundays in June.

EAST ANDOVER.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, at this place, is in a highly successful course of operation. Under the conductorship of Freeman Guerry, and with full

rank, it carries on the campaign for liberal ideas, in its peculiar sphere, with a power which has awakened the jealousy and opposition of the creedal Sunday schools, who already begin to feel the drain upon their attendance. Let our Andover friends—young and old—work on fearlessly, remembering that whatever of difficulty is to be overcome, Truth shall triumph at last.

LAWRENCE.—Mrs. Agnes M. Davis addressed the Spiritualists of that city, to good acceptance, on Sunday, May 1st.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The public debt on the 30th of April, less funds in the treasury, amounted to \$2,420,861,334, a decrease during the month of \$11,697,703.

The Naval Court of Inquiry held in Yokohama concerning the Onoda disaster, attaches the whole blame of the casualty to the officers of the Bombay.

The excitement in France over the discovery of the plot to assassinate the Emperor is intense.

The House of Representatives have voted a pension of \$3000 yearly to Mrs. Lincoln. It will probably pass the Senate.

The czar of Russia is dangerously ill.

In the Massachusetts Senate, Tuesday, May 3d, the ten-hour bill was rejected by a vote of 14 to 18 on the question of ordering it to a third reading.

New York liquor dealers are not applying for licenses under the new law, but expecting its enforcement.

The Rev. Charles B. Smythe, of New York, is an ardent lover of the Church of England, and is reported to have been rebuffed after his Sunday morning services, The New York Sun reporter testified that the story was manufactured in that office.

It is reported in Montreal that the Fenian raid into Canada was only a feint to cover a real raid into Winnipeg, where the Irish republicans are to meet, and that the seizure on the part of the Canadian Government was only a feint to extort heavy appropriations from the parliament.

The New York Canal Board has made the following very important reductions in the rates of toll: On salt, 33 1/3 per cent.; on wheat, corn and other grains, 25 per cent.; on flour and coal, 20 per cent.; on blood, pig and scrap-iron, 25 per cent. Other reductions will be made in the same ratio.

The largest merchant steamship in the world, except the Great Eastern, was launched on the Clyde a few days since. It is the "Italy," to run from Liverpool to New York, of 2200 tons measurement and 1000 horse power.

A son of Santa Anna is condemned to be shot in Mexico. He has been fighting against his Government.

The latest news from Venezuela indicates that the revolution there will be successful.

San Domingo is in danger of being again revolutionized. A late cable dispatch says the opponents of the infallibility dogma have been very much strengthened and encouraged by the attitude of many of the European States.

In Rockland, Me., Tuesday night the Lime Rock Bank was forced open by burglars, and \$25000 stolen. The next day several persons engaged in the affair were arrested, and it was believed the money would be recovered.

The land-owners in Ireland now never go abroad without guns in their hands, and the wealthy generally have a corps of soldiers picked upon their estates. These soldiers are their own men, and are engaged, and in many cases refuse to serve. It is the fruit of injustice.

The President has granted permission for Red Cloud and other Sioux chiefs to go to Washington. They will arrive there during the latter part of May. Gen. Sherman objects to their having permission to go. He prefers to fight rather than make terms of peace.

Married.

In this city, by H. F. Gardner, Esq., Mr. Daniel W. Eldredge to Mrs. Annamie F. Merrill, both of Boston.

On May-day, at the Pavilion, by J. P. Gardner, Esq., Solomon W. Jewett of California to Mary E. Allen of Boston.

At Groton Junction, April 19th, at the residence of C. C. Kewell, by Rev. C. Nightingale, Mr. J. W. Nourse and Miss E. T. Stone, both of Fitchburg.

The happy couple are attended by the well-wishes of a host of friends, and as it is seemingly a union of hearts as well as hands, their journey of life can but prove profitable as well as pleasant. Believers in our harmonious philosophy, they have a sufficient ground upon which to stand, and will otherwise be exposed to. May God and the angels guide and bless them, in the earnest prayer of the writer. S. W. A. WILKINSON.

The Austin Kent Fund. Previous acknowledgments: \$21.00 Stacy Taylor, Crosswicks, N. J.; 10.00 N. Beckwith, Hoboken, N. J.; 10.00 Solomon Graves, Gravesville, O.; 2.00 J. K. O., Philadelphia; 1.00 G. L. D., Albany, N. Y.; 1.00 W. H. H., Worcester; 1.00 A. W. W., Boston; 1.00 Maribee; 1.00 Cephas B. Lynn, Charlestown. Total, \$50.00.

The Massachusetts Spiritualist Association will hold a Convention, at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Boston, Tuesday, the 26th of May, day and evening. It is earnestly desired that there should be a full attendance, as the business of importance will come before the Convention. Spiritualists Societies throughout the State are requested to send delegates, and also in towns and cities where there are no local societies, to send a friend or friends to represent one or more of their number, to represent them, for the Association is anxious to hear from every town in the Commonwealth, and to be present, and we feel warranted in promising a pleasant time. For order Executive Committee, H. S. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

Picnics at Walden Pond. The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will hold, during the summer, a series of Grand Union Picnics. The first will take place July 12th. Full particulars respecting the others will be given in due season. Dr. A. H. RICHARDSON, J. S. DODGE.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office: THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 80 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE HARMONIOUS JOURNAL. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by B. B. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cents. THE LYONIAN BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 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, 1163 Broadway, New York. M7. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York, Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. M. K. CASSIEN answers sealed letters, at 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. Terms, \$2.00 and four blue stamps. 3p.M14.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. FINE, 105 E. 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Includes \$2 and 3 stamps. Money returned when letters are not answered. M7. Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4183, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three-cent stamps. Send for a circular. AD.

Special Notices. HERMAN SNOW, No. 219 KEARNEY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, At Eastern prices. Also Planettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, &c. The Banner of Light can always be found on his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—M7.

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

Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names as printed on the cover of our papers. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires: i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond to the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the receipt-givers correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

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

VERY PLAIN. However difficult it is, Some things to understand, One thing is very plain:—It is this: Ours is a favored land. No tyrant rules with his rod. The people are all free, Sworn by our own soil's soil, Which is as it should be; And when our boys desire new "COTTONS," Hat, Coat, Boots, Vest, and Shirts, we'll plain they'll go to GEORGE FENNER'S, Corner of Beach and Washington streets.

To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wheat's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILSON, Chemist, 106 Court street, Boston. Sold by druggists generally.

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The doctrines that form the stumbling-block to intelligent consciousness and to the PROGRESS OF RELIGION.

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Receive attention. In short, the volume is full of live subjects which the world should investigate and discuss.

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THIS natural mineral water, which now stands pre-eminently at the head of all known medicinal waters for its general TONIC and ALTERNATIVE qualities, was discovered at a depth of over one hundred feet, through exploration, in an over-lying layer. Its peculiar chemical combination of Iron, Lime, Magnesia, Potassa and Sulphur, in conjunction with its wonderful magnetic power, is fast establishing it through the unerring test of practical trial, as the best known remedy for FATAL AFFECTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHEA, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, INTERSTITIAL DISORDER, PERALBINEURIA, CUTANEOUS EREPTIONS, GENERAL DEBILITY, arising from imperfect assimilation and destructive medication, including NERVOUS AGONY, &c. It is attracting the attention of physicians and scientific men, but science fails to account for its boundless supply of magnetic force, which is said to thrill the whole system with a new life, when its vitality has been wasted through ignorance of Hygienic laws and subsequent pernicious drug treatment.

David B. Taylor, the discoverer of the MYSTIC WATER, is now engaged in building a large HOARDING HOUSE upon his farm near the Well, to be completed about July, where invalids will have the opportunity, at a moderate outlay of money, to drink freely of the living waters. The Well is located near Bristol, Bucks Co., Penn.

D. S. CADWALLADER, No. 111 North 3rd street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Mrs. MARSHALL, Post Office, Circulars previously at 3 p. m. each day. Private letters, 10 to 12 M., 38 Edinboro street, May 1.—M7.

Mrs. LITTLEJOHN, Medical, Business and Prophetic Clairvoyant, No. 334 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. 2w—May 14.

GREAT REDUCTION TO LYCEUMS. THE LYCEUM BANNER, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED, will be furnished to Lyceums at a greatly reduced rate. Send for new forms and specimens of the BANNER OF LIGHT, BANNER OF LIGHT, No. 173 Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Apr. 26.—3w14.

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While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these messages indicate that spirits every where...

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

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Invocation.

Come nigh unto these mortals, oh ye who have been redeemed from the earth, from the flesh and from sin. Come and inspire them with your faith in God...

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear them. Q.—Did our Lord really send another person, called his son, on earth, who was crucified by the Jews...

Invocation.

Our Father who art in heaven, and no less in hell, teach us to pray. Teach us, oh Lord, to know ourselves. For to know ourselves is to know thee...

Questions and Answers.

Q.—On page 179 of Francis H. Smith's book, "Footprints of a Presbyterian," he says these words occur: "But as I told you once before, a spirit who has dwelt for any length of time in the lower spheres, can never attain to those high regions which they reach who lived a pure life..."

Lucy Stacy.

Mother don't know where I've gone, so I come back to tell her. She thinks I must have gone a great way off, but I haven't, and I don't like to have her think so. I want her to know that I have not gone a great way off, and that I can come to her. My name was Lucy Stacy. I was nine years old, and I got killed. I got killed in the cars. [Do you know where?] I don't know what place it was. We got all smashed up. We were going out to Father. He had been gone five years. He was in California. Mother didn't get killed. She got hurt. But I was killed, and she wishes all California was sunk. I don't. I don't wish so. We didn't expect any such accident; and there was a good many others killed too, and I wonder if their folks want California sunk. I suppose they do. I want mother to know that I live with Georgie, and he knew me as soon as I come. I was not much frightened. I thought we was going horrible funny. I didn't see how we was going right when we was going over and over so, and then when we stuck I didn't know anything. I was awfully jinned in the cars. I want to go to mother, and tell her that I am going to be happy as soon as she knows where I live and don't think I'm such a long way off. But I don't feel happy now, when she thinks I am such a long way off. It makes me homesick and lonesome. [Are you not with her most of the time?] Yes; but she don't know it. I don't want her to cry. And I don't want her to come back to Chicago, because she won't be any happier there. [Is she in California?] Yes; and California didn't kill me. She mustn't feel so bad about it. Good-by, mister. March 3.

Charles Gould.

My name was Charles Gould, from Marblehead. I died in consequence of having an arm amputated, and not properly attended to, during the war. Some of my folks have heard that the rebels amputated my head, instead of my arm. It wasn't so. They done it, for aught I could see, as well as they done any of their own. But I

didn't have proper attention afterward, and so the fever set in, and I finally died. I wrote a note as well as I could, a few days before I died, on a piece of paper that was brought me by a little colored boy, and he said he would smuggle it through into the Union lines some way. He did so—God bless him, wherever he is! But the Union soldier to whom he entrusted it did not seem to think it of much account, and did not forward it. I hope he may never want a similar service done for him. If he does, I hope it will be performed better than he performed mine for me. I think he needs sermonizing a little, and if he will come round where I am, he shall have it, free gratis. I have learned, since I came to the spirit-land, that the little negro boy did as he said he would; I have learned also that this Union soldier did not prove a good bearer of dispatches.

I hope, if he should chance to meet with my communication, that he will give me the privilege of talking to him. I shall be hard, but I shall say some things that will do him good, and not harm. I am comparatively happy in this spirit-world, though I should have been much happier had I known what kind of a place I was going to. For quite a while I could scarcely believe I had gone away from the earth, and I floundered around between daylight and darkness, till I was picked up by some of the good, humane spirits of this life, and taken care of. But I am all right now. I would like to have my folks give me a call, and that, too, without prejudice or fear. They may have as many doubts as they are a mind to, till after I've been. Then I shall allow them to have any. But I want them to meet me without prejudice, and without fear. Those two spiritual compounds are rather antagonistic to spirit control. I died at Richmond, sir. Good day. March 3.

Matthew Young.

It is thirty-one years since I died. My name was Matthew Young. I was the son of a tenant in the grounds of a nobleman named Holden, near London, England. I was murdered, and by the son of this nobleman. There has always been a mystery on the earth with those who knew me, about my death, some thinking I took my own life; others thinking I was murdered by one of the gamesters on the estate. He was held for trial, but finally released, there being no evidence against him. But, after thirty years, it pleases Almighty God to allow me to come here to America, not to condemn my murderer, but to speak the truth. He lives, but I well know no English court will bring him to trial, because of my coming in this way. If it were otherwise, I should not come. My principal object in coming, is to convince him of the truth of this modern Spiritualism, and to ask—since I know I shall convince him—to ask that he will bestow of his worldly goods upon those who have need; that he will enlighten those who need light; that he will give bread to the hungry, and shelter to those who have need of shelter. He can do it; I feel he will do it, because I shall convince him that there is a spirit-world, and that the inhabitants of that world can return and unveil secrets that have been veiled even for thousands of years. No one suspects him. He has never been suspected, therefore there can be no mortal collision in this matter. He will know that I speak the truth, and I only ask, for his own soul's sake, that he will lay up for himself treasure in heaven, and wipe out some of his evil deeds here, by doing good to those who have need. Give a cup of cold water, in the name of Almighty God, to those who thirst, a loaf of bread to those who are hungry, a coat to those who are naked, a house to those who need shelter. Do this, and the blessing of God and his angels will follow. [Will your message reach him?] It will. [Your age?] At the time of my death, eighteen. March 3.

Seance conducted by Rev. Arthur Fuller; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

Invocation.

Our Father who art in heaven, and no less in hell, teach us to pray. Teach us, oh Lord, to know ourselves. For to know ourselves is to know thee. For within us thou hast mapped out the scriptures of being. Teach us, our Father, how to worship thee aright. Guide us in all things, and leave us not in temptation. When the shadows of adversity close around us, oh be thou especially near unto us, and let the sun of thy love illumine the darkness and make glad our souls. Father, we thank thee for all thou hast bestowed upon us. We praise thee for the unnumbered blessings that thou hast cast into our cup of being, and oh, grant, our Father, that we may always feel that divine gratitude toward thee that is due from us as thy children to thee as our father. Give us pity for those who mourn. Give us strength to bestow upon those who are weak. Give us that divine love that cometh alone from thee, wherewith we may cheer the hearts of thy dear humanity. So shall thy kingdom come, so shall thy will be done here on earth as in heaven. March 7.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—On page 179 of Francis H. Smith's book, "Footprints of a Presbyterian," he says these words occur: "But as I told you once before, a spirit who has dwelt for any length of time in the lower spheres, can never attain to those high regions which they reach who lived a pure life..." If this remark be true, what becomes of the law of eternal progression? In other words, can the impure never become pure in the rolling ages of eternity? A.—To me that paragraph is decidedly untrue. For I know of no soul so dark, so depraved, that it cannot attain to the highest celestial happiness.

Q.—In reference to the birth of "Jesus Christ," A. J. Davis says, in "Divine Revelations," that Joseph and Mary are his parents, and in Alex. Smyth's history of the same person, he says that Herod of Antipas and Hester are his parents. Now, which are to be believed? A.—Neither. Q.—By Allen Porter: As man is born into being without his own agency, and has little or no knowledge—but the germ being in him to learn—how many ways are there for him to obtain knowledge? Are there more than two: one by experimenting, the other by observing the experiments of others? A.—These are the only two direct channels through which we can obtain knowledge. There are an almost infinite number of others, but they are not direct channels, reaching from the infinite to us. Q.—How do you account for so much apathy among Spiritualists in regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism? A.—All states of being, of thought and of feeling have their high tides and their low tides. Sometimes the believer is carried, whether he will or no, upon the heights of inspiration and aspiration. He reaches out intuitively and instinctively to those things that belong to the spirit. At other times he seems to sit in the valley and shadow of spiritual darkness, spiritual apathy.

Why is it? It is because he is so constituted that he cannot always seek. He cannot always be asking. There must be a time when there is a lull in these things. A few years ago, Spiritualists were borne upon the high tide of desire for phenomenal Spiritualism. They battled with the waves for months, ay, for years, and the majority received satisfaction from the warfare. They came forth victorious, and in their ignorance they said, "Now we have enough of this. The world has no longer need of phenomenal Spiritualism, because, forsooth, we have been satisfied." I say in their ignorance they say this, forgetting that there are others, and always will be, coming up the same ladder that they have come up, who have the need of phenomenal Spiritualism. They must have it in order to satisfy the first demands of curiosity in this matter. Those who have said that the world has had enough of phenomenal Spiritualism, will perceive their mistake. They will presently be called to look back, to view the scenes through which they have passed. They will pause and reflect concerning the necessity that exists for others to pass through the same, in order that they too may know concerning Spiritualism.

Q.—Would sickness, accident, or habits of dissipation destroy the power of mediums, as the Davenport and others? A.—Sickness has been known to so entirely change the magnetic currents, or forces, of mediums, as to destroy their mediunistic power. I believe it is a law which will apply to all mediums. Q.—It does not always happen, does it? A.—Not always. Dissipation of itself rarely destroys the mesmeric power, unless it breaks down the physical constitution, and disease ensues. Then it is a secondary matter. Q.—Is there any rule whereby we can ascertain whether this is the commencement of our existence, or whether we have existed prior to this? A.—I know of no such rule. There are many who declare to us that they have a distinct remembrance of another life prior to the one they live in the present experience, but the majority have no such remembrance. Q.—Is this the commencement of our existence? A.—Taking the testimony of those persons who declare to us that they have lived prior to this human existence, I should say certainly, in their case, it was not the commencement, and I should also infer from their state, that it was not the commencement, perhaps, with any of us; that we had lived ages, perhaps, and cycles of ages ago. Q.—Is there any certainty of this, excepting in their statements? A.—No, there is no certainty to us, because we cannot be certain of a thing that we have not experienced. To them it is an absolute certainty; to us it is not.

Q.—Is it possible that some may have existed previous to this life, and others not? A.—Yes, that is my belief. March 7.

William H. Dresser. Eighteen years ago I lived here in Boston. William H. Dresser, my name. I did not die here; I died in a hospital in New York. I was injured by being thrown from a stage there—not fully drunk at the time, but pretty near it. I got injured about the head, and died in consequence. [Were you thrown from an omnibus?] Yes; should not have met with the accident if I had been sober. I have a brother Daniel whom I wish to find, if I can. He is of different make-up from what I was—a sober man and a pious man. I know very well he thinks it is a hard case with me in the other life. So it would be if his religion was true, but, fortunately, it ain't. If I had received the instruction, and care, and medical attendance here in this life that I have received in the spirit-world, I should have been reformed. But when a poor fellow is found here stumbling through the world because of an angularly made-up physical body, he gets drunk to-day and to-morrow he is sent to some institution, where, instead of having the right kind of treatment, he has the very worst kind; instead of being led up out of his evil condition he is led down still further. So every time he falls he goes lower, and lower, and lower. But when good angels take him in hand in the other life, he gets the attention and care that his case demands, and is reformed always. Now mark that; he is always reformed. He never goes down so low but what he is reformed in the spirit-world. Then he is just as much entitled to heaven as anybody else, and if he works for it he can purchase just as good a seat in heaven as anybody else. And he can work for it. He has the power to just as much after death as before. I know my good brother believes differently, but he will find his mistake when he gets here. I want him to know that I have reformed in the other life; that I have outgrown, outlived all those miserable conditions that were attached to me when I was here. I had no voice in my being. I came into this world without ever being consulted with reference to it, and I used to think sometimes that I was made up of sharp corners and pitfalls. I think if I had had any voice in the matter I should have rounded myself off a little, but I had n't, so I was n't to blame for coming here and stumbling round. Well, I died, and have got out of it, thank God. Now if my good brother will lay aside his prejudices in this matter, and will furnish me with a way to talk with him, I should be glad to tell him something about the place where I live and of my experience in this life, and how I have been led out of my dark condition into the one which I now occupy—what I ever dared hope for when here. He thinks I went to hell. Well, I did. But there are many doors by which a spirit can find egress from hell. The angels are constantly going to those spiritual bells and reforming those who are unfortunate enough to exist there—lifting them up. The law of progress runs its carriages. They go to hell, even. We can get aboard and get out as soon as we please. They do not charge us any fare, either. March 7.

Polly Cutts. [How do you do?] I am pretty well. I ain't dead, either. I've lost my body, I know, but I can see what is going on pretty well, and I ain't annihilated. I ain't out of sight and hearing. Glad I'm dead, they are. I know. I see they are glad I'm dead. [Who are glad?] My nieces and nephews. [Why is that?] Because they got my money. Thought I was going to die a long while ago, but I did n't. I've been looking round ever since I lost my body to see what they was doing. [You can see now who your friends were.] Yes; see I did n't have any. Looking after my money—all my nieces and nephews in New Hampshire and Massachusetts was looking for my money. Did n't care a dime whether I lived or died, as long as they got my money. [I hope you had n't much to leave them.] Yes, I did. Had a great deal here in Massachusetts, and a great deal in New Hampshire, and some in New York. [If you had known of this religion before you died you might have chosen to give away your money

and done some good with it.] I heard about it, but did n't know anything about it. I don't suppose I done just right when I was here, but done about as well as I could. I seen you a good many times when I lived here. [You've seen me?] Yes, seen you. I know. I never forgot faces. I was looking at you before I come in here. My name is Cutts. [Of Portsmouth?] Yes. You may call me Polly. They will all know me by "old marm Cutts." There? there! And I want to be known. [Did you do business on State street?] Yes.

I want to tell all my nieces and nephews, particularly the Sheafs, that I can see all that's going on, and they must be pretty careful, else I may tip 'em up, sometime. [You must be looking after these things, and turn them into a new channel.] Well, I am looking after 'em. They got 'em all away from me. They slipped all through my fingers, everything I had—every single thing I had. All my stocks, and real estate, and everything, is gone; and I am here without anything at all. But I can go round where I'm a mind to, and watch what is going on here.

I wish I could have a chance to talk with my nephew, William Sheaf. I should like to very much, about my business here. If you will just say so, you will please me very much. I can tell him how to dispose of some of the real estate to the very best advantage. I know just how to do it. I been looking round, and I see just how things is going to be, and I can tell him what to do to make a good turn—the best one he ever made in his life. [Can you see what is going to happen in advance?] In some things I can. In the money world I can see pretty well. [You have n't got out of that world yet, then?] No; don't want to. Seems so strange to come back here in another body! You ain't going to ask anything, are you? [Oh no; we do n't insist on payment so strenuously as you used to, perhaps.] Oh you need n't be flinging. [Excuse me; I did n't intend it as a fling.] Well, I don't always want to be reminded of it. I did n't always have ready money. [We will trust you.] I don't want to get trusted. I want you to give it to me. [We will.] Very well, I will come again, then. [Your age?] My age? Well, they said I was eighty-eight, but I was n't but eighty-seven. Good-by. I think I will go now. You won't forget to publish it, will you, because I don't pay anything? [Oh no.] March 7.

John Bovee. Well, stranger, that old "sardine" lives in the money element, sure enough. If she ever gets to heaven, it will be the Orthodox heaven, now, sure—the streets paved with gold—because she never would be satisfied with any other place. It would be no heaven to her without it's got walls of precious stones, and streets paved with gold. And she would want to pick up the paving-stones, and sell 'em then. I was a pretty good reader of character when I was here, and as I stood by, waiting for my chance, I was reading her. She is a strange conglomeration of ideas made up into a human being. Has her place and use in the world, I suppose. No matter what I was going to say about her; I will go on with my story about myself.

I am from Columbus, Ohio. My name is John Bovee. Now, stranger, I did n't know anything about these things when I was here. I was an infidel, and more than that, I did n't believe in any future life, or any God, or anything but just what we lived in the present moment. [You believed only in what you saw.] That's all. A Materialist, instead of a Spiritualist. That's the difference. Now I am getting anxious to convert some of our folks to this new faith. I want them to know that there is another life, and a better kind of life than this one here, and that you do n't get shoved into a fixed state hereafter, but you have a chance to go in and make something of yourself. I had some little business transactions about two years before I died with a man by the name of Alexander Hende. We had some trouble about it. He said I cheated him, and I said I didn't. But I come back to say I did—I did; and if he happens to see my communication here, I want him to give me a chance to talk with him privately, and I will put him in the way of getting back all I took from him, and some more besides. So I think he will get paid for making the attempt. If he do n't believe in these things, it makes no difference, only just conform to the conditions. I don't care whether he believes or do n't believe. I want to clear myself of the bad deeds I did when I was here, if I can. I'd like to clear that one up first. If I'm successful in that, will take up some others. Good-by, Captain-general. March 7.

Mahala Davis. I died here in Boston, thirteen years ago. My name was Mahala Davis, and I left a sister here, that I want to speak with—I could return, and I learned five years ago that I could return, and I attempted to come, but failed. I was twenty-eight years of age. I want to tell Margaret many things about our family that were mysterious to us, that always troubled her, and did me when I was here. She will be a great deal happier if she will only let me talk with her. I was sick twenty-two months with consumption. Good day. March 7.

Seance conducted by William E. Channing; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Tuesday, April 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rebecca Noyes, of Boston, in her niece; Matthew Flint, of Killee, Cork Co., Ireland; George D. Prentice, to his friend; Wednesday, April 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thursday, April 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Locke, of Hye, N. H.; Esther Brown, to her aunt; Friday, April 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Wm. Plummer, of the ship "Seabird"; Mrs. M. A. H. to her son, in Boston. Monday, April 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry Cremona, of Orlando, Italy, to his brother; W. H. Harper, of Sandwell, Mass.; Carrie Dennison, of Hoboken, N. J., to her mother and aunt; Mary Jane Perry, died in Boston, to her daughter. Tuesday, April 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry H. H. to his brother; D. D. to his brother; in Boston; Thomas Talbot, Jr., of Portsmouth, N. H., lost on the "Onida"; Rebecca Field, of Wells, Me., to her son. Thursday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel K. Head; Captain Jassett, of the ship "Java"; Samuel Harding, of Harrisburg, Penn. Sunday, April 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John A. Cummings, of Boston; Daniel Kenny, of Halifax, N. S., to his family; Annie Gardner, of St. Louis, to her mother. Tuesday, April 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alvin Nickerson, to his friends on Cape Cod; Samuel K. Head, to his friends; William Denny, of San Francisco, Cal., to friends; Caroline Corbin, to her son, in Atlanta, Ga. Thursday, March 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Lane, of Gloucester, Thimney Co., Ireland, to her sisters, in Boston; William Fairfield, of Central City, Nev., to friends; Nellie Graham, to her mother, in Buffalo, N. Y. Friday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alexander Nelson, of London, Eng., to his friends; Daniel Hancock, of Boston, to his niece, Elizabeth; Jane Elliot, of Philadelphia, to her grandchildren; John Barker, second officer of the ship "Java." Tuesday, March 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John W. Harrell, of Charleston, S. C., to his brother; in Boston; "Belle Wide-Awake"; Ellen Shay, to her sister; Margaret. Monday, March 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George Locke, of Lowell, Mass., to his father; Joel Naon, of Boston; Thomas Barton, wrecked in the ship "Elizabeth," in 1831, to his friends; William Denny, of San Francisco, Cal., to friends; Caroline Corbin, to her son, in Atlanta, Ga. Thursday, March 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Patrick Powers, of Halifax, lost in the steamer "City of Boston"; Nancy Sutt, of Portsmouth, N. H., to her friend; John Gage, of Falmouth, Me., to his brother Theodore; Willis Barnabee, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his friends. Tuesday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jacob Hodgdon, of Exeter, N. H., to his friend, Thomas McAllister; Ham Miller, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his friends; William Robinson, of Boston; John Robinson, of Boston; "Belle Wide-Awake," to Mary D. Stearns. Monday, April 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers:

Peter Holway, of Cambridge, Mass., to his family; Patrick Powers, of Lowell, Mass., to his friends. Tuesday, April 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sunday, April 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ellen Taylor, of Bath, Me., to her sister; Timothy H. Carson, of Dunsmuir, Iowa, to his friends; Caroline Harris, of Nahant, N. H., to her children; Louis Bell, of the bark Orient; George Neilson, of Charlestown, N. S., to his mother. Thursday, April 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Burgess, of Boston, to his wife; Frederic Davis, of Baltimore, Scotland, to his family; Magde Dan; Ellen McDermond, of New York City. Friday, April 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Hayes, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary Hooley, of West Philadelphia, Penn., to her relatives; Martin Dix, of Dayton, O., to his friends; Elizabeth, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Josiah Hanks, of Denver, to his brother. Monday, April 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Robert Mitchell, of St. Louis, Mo., to his friends; George A. Snow; Ruth Adams Story, of New York City; Duke of Wellington, Colonel, to his friends; John Robert Brown, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mark Collins, of Newington, N. H.

Donations. In aid of our Public Free Circles from various parts of the country. M. B. Hill, \$25.00; J. H. Thomas, \$1.00; E. Howard, \$1.00; J. M. H. H. H., \$1.00; Miss Lettie Fowler, \$1.00; Albert Bauer, \$1.00; Leamur Lodge, \$1.00; 50 Friends, \$1.00.

Sending the Banner free to the Poor. Friend, \$1.00.

The "Deadly Sin" of Doing. The following "poetic" advice, based upon the principle of vicarious atonement, is published for the benefit of both "lazy" sinners and sinners, by the "Dublin Tract Repository, under the title of "Leaflets for Letters, (Gospel, No. 38)." This precious document, with many others of like ilk, is distributed on Boston Common and at various public places, on Sunday, by those who think they are doing the Lord service. How different from this narcotic application to still the heart suffering under the sting of conscience, is the bold scalpel stroke of Spiritualism, which tells each struggling soul that within itself smelt its Saviour be born, and that on the sharp amputation of each clinging sin, is based the hope of future progress.

DEADLY DOING. How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purify us from all unrighteousness from DEAD WORKS to serve the living God.—(Heb. ix: 14.)

What, then, must I DO to be saved? Nothing, either great or small; Nothing, sinner, no; Jesus did it—did it all, Long, long ago. When he from his lofty throne, Stepped to do and die, Everything was fully done, Hearken to his cry—"It is finished!" Yes, indeed, Finished every jot. Sinner, this is all you need; Tell me, is it not? Weary, working, harden'd one, Why tell you so? Cease your doing; all was done Long, long ago. Till to Jesus' weak you cling By a simple faith, Doing is a deadly thing—"Doing" ends a death. Cast your deadly "doing" down—Down at Jesus' feet; Stand "in trust" in him alone, Gloriously "counters"!" "Ye are complete in him."—(Col. ii: 10.)

Passed to Spirit-Life: From Garland, Me., March 26th, Albert M. Atkinson, aged 31 years 11 months 22 days.

Another bright spirit has been disrobed, and passed on to his angel home. Although afflicted with that fell destroyer, consumption, he was patient and cheerful through his sickness. He closed up a large mercantile business, settling accounts within a few days of his departure. He was an honest man. He was unable for weeks to speak above a whisper. A few hours before he was liberated his angel band controlled him, and he was able to communicate for hours with his friends, giving his dearest loved wife and children advice and directions in the management of their earthly business. Then with composure and calmness (known only to the practical Spiritualist) he bade adieu to the earth, and walked faithfully by his side to the close of his earthly life, taking his leave of his dear children and friends, assuring them that he should leave them only in body, but should be constantly around and about them, giving them aid and advice as much as when he was in the form. He was enabled, before his body was buried, to return and receive his property, and to counsel and give his mission to his earth friends from a higher and brighter plane, and to be a guardian angel to his dear ones, who so sadly miss his bodily presence. How comforting the knowledge that he is still with us. A. K. P. G.

From Haverhill, Mass., April 13th, Mrs. Mariana Cooper, wife of Thomas S. Bailey, aged 55 years.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after truth, for they shall be filled. Our friend and co-worker, Mrs. Bailey, was one of those noble women who dared to think, act and speak for herself. In early life she was called upon to investigate, and from investigations to arrive at facts, whereby she built a highway of truth upon which she traveled from the material to the spiritual world. In the enjoyment of philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism she has passed on to the world of mind. Having done all that could be done to set her house in order and make home pleasant, she has gone to prepare other mansions for loved ones left behind, and with a true mother's blessing ever over her head, she has attended to the needs of those who mourn her material departure. Haverhill, Mass., April 20th, 1870. W. W. CRAWFORD.

From Westworth, N. H., April 5th, Mrs. Mary Kimball, aged 75 years.

Mrs. Kimball has for many years held converse with the angels, and has waited with a strong heart, and a steady eye for the best man to come and row her over to the other side. Her words of cheer and her deeds of loving kindness, yet we know that another bright spirit is added to the host of workers and another voice is proclaiming, "Because I live, ye shall live also." A. M. STEVENS.

From Boston, April 23d, James P. Mansur, aged 37 years. On Tuesday following his emancipation, friends bore his body tenderly to Mount Hope Cemetery, and with tears of love laid it carefully away. Mrs. F. A. WILSON.

From Long Island, N. Y., April 18th, Lillian Bland, daughter of Henry and Matilda Jenkins, aged 4 years.

While her parents mourn their earthly separation from this plane of affection, they know that their dear little child's presence of life shall end their freed spirits will meet here in that land where souls blossom in God's glorious smile. A spring and summer unfold their petals, and a host of workers and cool zephyrs in the place of frozen earth and wintry blasts, so shall the gentle spirit, now lost to sight return to the active hearts of those who so sadly miss her. Brooklyn, L. I., April 20th, 1870. W. ANDREWS.

From America, Ga., April 17th, James M. Stanford, in the 22d year of his age.

He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, a good citizen, and a friend to humanity. His death was sudden, being caused by apoplexy. He was buried by the Methodist fraternity. A. K.

From Ware, Mass., Feb. 23d, Miss Helen A. Wofford. To the bereaved mother we express our heartfelt sympathies. A. H. B.

(Notices sent to us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.)

Mediums' and Speakers' Convention, at Gowanda, New York. The Second Western New York Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers for 1870 will be held at Gowanda, Ontonagon Co., Saturday and Sunday, June 4th and 5th, commencing at 1 o'clock on Saturday, and 9 on Sunday, holding three sessions each day.

Gowanda is three miles from Perryburg station on the N. Y. & Erie R. R.; where friends will find teams in waiting. Also about fifteen miles from Angola Station, on the Lake Shore R. R., where friends can take the stage at 5 P. M., arriving at Gowanda about 8 o'clock.

Brothers Lyman C. Howe, George W. Taylor, and Prof. A. B. Beals, with many others, are expected to attend and contribute to the interest of the occasion, and render their rich spiritual feast.

Our large experience of previous Conventions of this kind has given us such high expectations, that we are anxious to have this meeting held there, and engage to do all they can to render it a success, and a door is being opened to all seekers for truth, and lovers of our glorious heaven-born philosophy and religion, to attend.

W. H. SEEVER, Secretary. P. L. CLUM, & Committee. April 20th, 1870. P. L. CLUM, & Committee.

Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

By Warren Chace, No. 27 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BIBLE QUESTION.

The Interior, a Christian blank sheet, printed in Chicago, in its issue of March 21st, has a tremendous editorial discharge at liberal ideas, full of the most absurd errors or mistakes, which it evidently supposes its readers will accept for truth, if it does not do it itself, which we can hardly believe the case in any person who attains to the title of editor on so large a paper. He says: "All is comparatively quiet now in this portion of the country, so far as the opposers of the Bible are concerned." He means of course the Bible in the schools, and it may be true, if applied to the part of the city so far as their office extends, but not much beyond. The truth is, the whole country is awakening up to this subject, and will bring it to an issue final and complete, and the Bible will go out or progress will stop and stand still, as the Catholic Church once held it. He says: "The question is not altogether whether Bible-reading as practiced in the schools is profitable or unprofitable, as such; nor is it a question merely of the expediency of yielding an important but unessential point in the method of education to a considerable minority; it is a more question of jurisdiction between Boards of Education and the Courts."

It is in considerable part a question of jurisdiction between the Courts and the Boards of Education, and as such, involving liberty and tyranny. It is the question whether the people have a right to govern, direct and control the education of their own children under the protection of the National Constitution, or whether the local courts shall override both the Constitution and the votes of the district; and we think this issue, fairly made, will give protection to the people against the sectarian courts. He further asks if the acknowledgment of the Bible as a sacred book "has narrowed the intelligence of citizens." Let us ask if Catholicism has narrowed the intelligence of the citizens—and we doubt not this editor and all Protestants will answer in the affirmative; and it is equally true that holding up the Bible in schools as a sacred book, when all science is in direct conflict with it, is certainly narrowing the intelligence of the children who are taught to thus regard it. "Is there in this usage anything that savors of favor to sectarian ambition?" There certainly is, or sectarianism would not be so alarmed, and rush so untidily to its rescue; and further: The Bible is only a sectarian book among the religions of the world, as the Methodist discipline is among Christians, Christians are a religious sect, as Methodists are a Christian sect. America is consecrated to HUMANITY—not to Christianity; to the human race—and not to the Roman Church and its broken fragments, and we are not to be pushed back to the Roman Church, nor stopped with Luther's nor with Calvin's rebellion.

He says this usage "came into being as the natural growth of Christianity in the world." This is not true. The common schools were started by the Puritans, mainly to teach their views of religion, and expound the Bible to sustain them; and they have grown more and more liberal every year as the people became enlightened and science advanced, until the progress has at last reached the point that it is inconsistent to longer continue the Bible in schools where science is taught, and when it becomes necessary to retire it to the churches, where it may remain an idol for all who choose to worship it as long as they wish to retain it. "As a matter of course the Bible, the acknowledged foundation of public morality, was found in the public schools." "Public morality," what is that? The Bible is the acknowledged foundation of the Mormons, the Perfectionists, the New Lights, the Catholics; and it was of slavery a few years ago—and yet the religious standard in wars—even our cruel and merciless war on the Indians, as it has ever been from the time the Puritans resolved that the earth was the Lord's and they his saints, and the poor Indians outlaws. Standard of morality? Look where the shadow of Trinity Church falls, and see what a morality it has wrought out! Look at Grace Church and its pride, and the shame and shame it hides, and tell us what the Christian morality is! The gallows and its disgraceful scenes of conversion and execution are an outgrowth. It certainly is time for a change, and time the Bible was ruled out.

TO WARREN CHASE.

DEAR BROTHER—From your article, "Whence are we?" I see you "believe" man had no beginning, and so on, have no end. I had thought you know your belief on the subject. I can think of nothing which to me is more absurd, even in the old theology, than the doctrine of pre-existence. If the doctrine were true, you and I may have been through the same as an earthly body an indefinite number of times. We are, at least, liable to be forced through an earthly body any number of times in the endless future. I might stand a good chance to get better bodies than the one I am in. I might get worse bodies. On the whole, brother, I prefer the assurance of an endless and dreamless sleep. Yes, sooner give me non-existence than such a liability. I say this coolly and deliberately. I think few men have experienced more real mental and social felicity. Still, I ask nature and the gods to save me from another such a life. I do not fear it. I have so far borne this with courage and patience. I shall get through with what I have to be the material bell of my existence. Then I expect a better life for a season. For many years your life was one of great hardship, but I hope it may never be such as to enable you to fully realize the justification of my words. Brother, what do you do with the doctrine of progression? Have you been improving during the endless past, and only reached our present mental and moral stature? If so, about how much—or how little—will the endless future do us?

In love, I am your brother, AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, New York, April, 1870.

Yes, brother, you and I exist. This is an admitted fact. We were not consulted about our existence, or at least, we have now no knowledge of being a voluntary party to it, nor of fixing the conditions and surroundings, so we have not much more chance of our choice in the future, whether it be annihilation or life. Fixed and immutable laws govern us in all stages and conditions of existence. We cannot if we would put an end to our existence, nor can any other power. Intelligence is eternal in its most minute particle, and there is one in each of us that will maintain its individuality through all eternity; it is divine, and as pure and perfect in degree as the aggregate, which is God. Your painful body can and must be borne only for a brief season. I, too, have beat the bush and been pelted by the storms all my earthly life, and feel, as I near the goal, that a reward is sure. Progression! What a use is made of that word. God—mind—spirit—essence, never progress, being always perfect; bodies grow and decay and renew, and that in

relative progression; and all progress is relative change, universal and eternal. Where we were and where we are to be in countless eons of past and future, are not now in the scope of our knowledge. That we are, is nearly all we do know. We do not even know fully our relative position to each other, hence can scarcely say what progression is in ourselves—children—men—children again—dead—spirits, and then what and where? Our rules are too short to measure further. Many spirits come to earth to learn, and to grow better. Eternal progress from a starting point is an absurdity, unworthy comment, as would be the starting of a ball in a direct line, and continued and eternal speed in a straight line from that point; no such motion can be. All motion is in circles, and all periods rounded by the meeting of two ends. The ancients had a symbol of eternity fitting well. It was a snake with his tail in his mouth, and forever swallowing himself. It is not probable you or I shall ever have just such bodies or lives as we have here, nor is it likely we ever had such before; but the time may come when we shall be thankful for this experience, and glad we lived and fought it out. Let us take it all and bear it, and be ready for the next turn of fortune's wheel. I have already been a thousand times thankful that I was not born of rich, popular, nor of Christian parents. Not because my life here has been easier or more pleasant, but because I already realize my advantages in the next stage of being; and I feel sure, brother, that you too, will rejoice over your earthly lot, however hard it seems now.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Congregational Quarterly says: "Assent to a creed is valueless, if made on the authority of another mind; and yet it is beyond the ability of most children to assent, understandingly, to the theological creeds of some of our churches." So we think; and we think, further, that very few of those who subscribe or assent to the creeds understand them. The whole system has been for many years to build up churches in the outer world, and not the temple of God in the mind, heart and soul of the persons composing it. The better class of Christians have long known and often admit that the churches stand on a society like dead trees in a forest; mere forms, without the life they once had. We notice a leader in the World's Crisis, in which it endorses the Quarterly, and with it calls for a union of all Christians without their creeds. If they could effect this fusion, it would for a time give them a heat somewhat resembling life, which would only hasten their decay. We should like to see a general convention, in which were joined Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Catholics, Methodists, Unitarians, Adventists, Universalists, Baptists, Shakers, Quakers, Mormons, Perfectionists from Oneida Community, and the scores of other sects, all meeting on equal terms and with equal rights, and to see how they would organize without an Infidel or Spiritualist to preside. We are of opinion there would be less harmony than in the great Council at Rome.

A BAD SIGN.

Some person recently called and left a copy of the Bible at each of the Congressional committee rooms, supposed to be sent in by the society for propagating the gospel among the heathen, and probably suggested by Mr. Aruel's late resolution, recommending the reading of that book in schools, and in favor of adopting the Christian religion. Or perhaps encouraged by the progress of the Cullom Bill and the prospect of more Mormon progress from persecution, and perhaps thinking Congress was not aware that Mormons were Christians.

Dr. WILLIAM PERKINS, whose success as a leader has gained him a large notoriety and a glorious reputation in Texas, writes us that the cause in that section of our country is prospering finely, and the demand for mediums and speakers is constant and increasing. We have seen many flattering notices of the Doctor's success in the Texas papers, and some of them from persons widely known as popular men in Church and State. The Doctor will spend some of the longest and hottest days of the season at the celebrated springs in Arkansas, after which we hope and expect to see him in St. Louis.

J. B. FERGUSON.—We are glad to learn that our talented and eloquent brother, J. B. Ferguson, is steadily recovering from his long illness. He is now at his home near Nashville, Tenn., and soon as he is able will be again in the field, and fill out some of the many calls he had to lecture when he was not able to travel. We understand he intends to visit Bloomington and Chicago and other places in Illinois, and we can assure our friends wherever he goes they will have a chance to hear one of the ablest and most logical speakers we have in the field, or ever had.

Mrs. LUCIA H. COWLES.—It gives us pleasure to learn of this faithful and efficient lecturer, that she has been constantly engaged during the past winter on the Western Reserve, and that her meetings have been well attended and highly satisfactory, and that the cause is gaining finely in that enlightened section of our country. She is engaged in Ohio till May 15th, after which she speaks several Sundays in Richmond, Ia., and the friends in Dayton and other places in that vicinity will do well to secure her, as we can assure them an able and excellent speaker.

Dr. Ray Palmer tells this good "evangelical" anecdote: A Western mother, who, by-the-way, is well known as an authoress, told him that her son, whom she had advised to unite with the church, had a difficulty. "I don't see, mother, the great merit in Christ's dying for us. If I could save a dozen men by dying for them, I think I would; much more if there were millions of them." "But, my son, would you die for a dozen grasshoppers?" That set him thinking. After a few days he came to her with his doubts cleared. "I don't know about the grasshoppers; they are a pretty clever kind of bug. But if it was millions of mosquitoes, I think I should let them die!"

How TO EXTERMINATE "CATRILLARS."—Some of our agricultural friends would probably be glad to know how to rid their lands of these pests, therefore we copy the following from Coffin's History of Newbury: "In the end of June, 1646, we had a strong hand of God upon us. Upon a sudden innumerable armies of caterpillars filled the whole country, devouring whole meadows of grass, Indian corn and barley. Much prayer was made about it, and fasting, and the Lord heard and took them away again suddenly in all parts of the country, to the wonderment of all men."

Boston has won from New York the post of the headquarters of the furniture trade, by ingenious machinery counterbalancing the German labor that gave New York the pre-eminence fifteen years ago. The trade this spring is very brisk, especially from the South and West.

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE PEABODY is written by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanford, and published by R. B. Russell, of this city. It is a voluntary and merited tribute from a grateful countryman of the subject of her biography, and must command a wide perusal. It contains a record of his princely acts of benevolence, both in this country and in England, and has for illustrations a portrait of Mr. Peabody, a picture of his birthplace, of the Peabody and Danvers Institutes, of the Peabody and the Peabody Statue in London, and of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore. It is written in an attractive style, and abounds with interesting and instructive incidents. The authoress has brought to abundant materials in the preparation of the volume, and by treating her subject popularly, has secured its extensive sale among the admiring countrymen of its subject. It is a book for young men to read, and for old and rich men to ponder upon. It is handsomely published by Russell, and cannot, for a great variety of strong reasons, fail to make a very large sale.

Carleton publishes, and L. J. Shepard, of this city, has for sale, "The Bible in Hebrew," professing to give "The Hebrew Origin of Hebrew and Christian Religion." The whole is a translation from the French of Louis Jacquelot. The book of the compilation is historical, but, as is common with the better class of modern French productions on historical themes, it is so informed and interwoven with the speculative and theoretical, and so vivified with brisk and crisp narrative, as to be almost a pleasure, and as history it is a web of speculation and opinions. Throughout it is personal, and therefore strikingly interesting. Space will not permit us to follow the author's method through, but we very cordially recommend a perusal of the book to those who would have before them a living presentation of ancient religions, with their historical outgrowth in the modern.

THE STANDARD: A Journal of Reform and Literature, New York. The monthly is an outgrowth of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, a weekly journal which found its vitality in the cause of anti-slavery, under the editorial management of Aaron M. Powell, Esq., until its speciality was attained. The Standard will widen its field of usefulness, by advocating all needed reforms. We are pleased to notice that friend Powell is to be at his helm, aided by Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Child, Higginson, Mrs. Howe, Douglas, Miss Aleot, G. W. Julian, Mrs. Grew, J. T. Burtout, and a score of other contributors. The May number has just come to hand, and contains 60 pages of reading matter from able writers. The general appearance of the magazine wins admiration. May it meet with the success it deserves.

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS: (Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well.) by Mr. R. B. Gleason, M. D., is the title of a very frank and useful book from the head of the Elmira, (N. Y.) Water Cure, and contains the plith of the lectures which the author has delivered for a number of years to her pupils and patients. Those who hear them as they fell from her lips will be very glad to preserve them in their present form, while thousands of women and girls who would become familiar with their physical condition and its proper care, will thank the author from their hearts for the valuable counsel she puts forth in this valuable form. It abounds with good sense, and will perform much excellent and timely service. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

GRIMPS OF A DAUGHTER LEND make the suggestive title of a remarkably pretty little volume, whose contents were given through a writing medium, and published by J. Burns' London. They are especially calculated to dispense comfort to the sorrowing, and to lighten the heavy hours of sickness. There is untold tenderness and love scattered all over these pages, and readers will gladly make it a companion in their solitary hours, to their undeniable improvement and happiness. Many things, too, are explained in this little book, which not all Spiritualists are so conversant with as they should be. We cordially commend the volume to general favor.

Self Green, the well known Spiritualist, publishes a pamphlet, with illustrations, on "True Culture, in which he gives the sum of his practical experiments as a brother of this genus, and shows how to stock ponds and brooks with their living carcasses. His farm is located at Caledonia, N. Y., whence he has sent out many thousands of young fry which have been "school" to him as an apt master. His book will be widely sought for by those who would be initiated into the secret of raising fish for pleasure or profit.

LORISO opens his attractive list of spring publications with the vivacious story of "Marion Berkeley," which is a story for girls, by Laura Cayton. It contains four illustrations by the author. Its sketches are of the girl life at a fashionable boarding school, and as such, are interesting to those who think much of that phase of youthful life. It is freshly and sparklingly told, however, and all the girls who go to school will be peeping into its clear pages immediately.

THE YOUNG SHIP-BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND, by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, is the fifth of the popular "Elm Island Stories," from the press of Lee & Shepard. It brings out the young characters that give life to this series into the world and its exciting duties, and teaches the "beauty of submission, a fear of God, and a conscientious performance of duty." Its lessons are happily inculcated, and will make themselves felt by all the youthful readers of this number of the popular series; though we believe it far better to teach the youth to love rather than fear God.

Prof. Gamble has published, through William White & Co., a pamphlet with the title, "Is It the Despair of Science?" It is in his best vein, and will well repay the perusal it provokes. It is a personal narrative, and of increasing interest to the class.

GOOD WOMEN, SEVERAL MONTHS, and GOOD WOMEN FOR THE YOUNG, all published by Lippincott, Philadelphia. May numbers received.

THE BELLS FOR MAY is received. Published in Cincinnati.

THE VISION OF GOLD & SILVER, a comparison of the past and present management, is the title of a thick pamphlet, written by George Cronch, and dedicated to the stockholders, and bondholders generally.

Mrs. MARY MEXTON for May is received. Among its contents is a story by Miss Alcott.

THE WRITERS MONTHLY, Chicago. The May number has a fine table of contents.

New Music. HOW'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, No. 10, contains twenty-five choice pieces of music, among which are some of the popular compositions, and songs of the day. Six dollars worth for thirty-five cents!

Speakers' Convention. MRS. E. F. FERRIS.—As chairman of the committee to procure homes for worn and wearied Spiritualists, Speakers and Mediums, appointed at the Racine Speakers' Convention, and by request of Mrs. Wilcoxson, I am authorized to call a Speakers' Convention for the Northwest Speakers' Association, at Joliet, Ill. The Convention will commence its sessions in the Court House at 10 A. M., Saturday, May 21st, 1870, and will continue, as ordered by the Committee of Arrangement, through that day and Sunday, the 22nd. The objects of the Convention are to receive reports of the work done by the friends of the cause, and to establish spiritual truth in the minds of the people. This is a preliminary Convention, and they will be requested to say when and where the next Convention of the Association shall be held.

Fifth Annual Convention. The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold their fifth Annual Convention at Sparta, Monroe Co., Wis., commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., Friday, the 17th of June, and continuing in session until Sunday evening, the 19th. The Convention will consist of the various societies chosen by the local organized Societies and Lyceums, each organization being entitled to three delegates, and one for every additional ten members. Any person may become a member by signing the Constitution. A general invitation is extended to speakers and mediums, and to all who are interested in the cause of progress and the subject of Spiritualism. By order of the Executive Committee. Resolved, That the Executive Committee of the Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists, do hereby call a Convention to be held at Sparta, Wis., May 21st, 1870.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM: A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD OF THE ASTOUNDING AND UNPRECEDENTED OPEN COMMUNION BETWEEN EARTH AND THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

ONE VOLUME, LARGE OCTAVO, SIX HUNDRED PAGES. Fourteen Superb Steel Engravings, AUTOGRAPHS OF SPIRITS, Diagram of the Spheres, Executed by Spirits, WOOD CUTS AND LITHOGRAPHIC PLATES. The whole splendidly printed, on tinted paper, with extra fine binding. PRICE, \$3.75, POSTAGE 50 CENTS. By Emma Hardinge. PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, 229 EAST 60TH STREET, NEW YORK.

This wonderful and thrilling history has been gathered up from the annals of thirty-two States by the author herself, collected and written under the direct supervision and guidance of the spirits. It contains excerpts from the Spiritualism of the New England States, Canada, the Territories, Canada, the whole of the Southern, Western and Middle States; ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF DARK CIRCLES, inaugurated by spirits who lived on this planet ten thousand years ago; PORTRAIT OF ORESS, amongst the Red Men, Mines, Gold Diggers, on the Ocean, in Central and South America; RECORDS HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED of Secret Societies, Strange Movements, Apocalyptic Leaders, and the Rise and Fall of Spiritual Movements, Church Trials, Excommunications, Martyrdoms and Triumphs, Witchcraft and Necromancy in the Nineteenth Century, the Mighty Conflict, Irresistible Wars, and Great Triumphs of the most wonderful movement, from the opening of the gates through the "Thoughtless Veil," to the great celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the "Rocheester Knockings"; Professors, Doctors, Lawyers, Judges, Mediums, Societies, the Spiritualists of the West and East, all brought to the tribunal of public judgment; the secret things of the movement disclosed; lights and shadows fearfully revealed. The whole of this stupendous revelation, the last ever issued from the press. The first cost of the work would considerably exceed the sale price which has been fixed upon by the author, with a view of rendering it attainable to all classes of readers. SUBSCRIBERS AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE BANNER OF LIGHT COMPANY, NO. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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