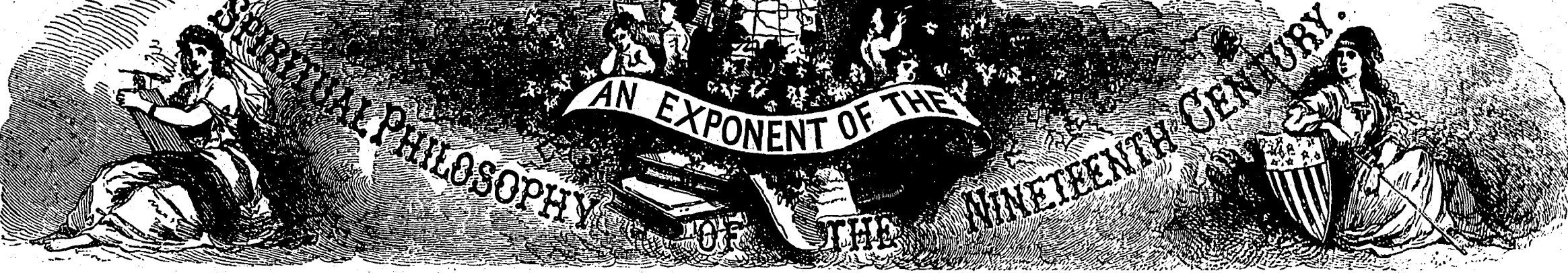


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVIII.

(WM. WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

(\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.)

—NO. 6.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD POSTER.

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now twelve o'clock. Louisa had been reading that forenoon in the novel of Bulwer known as Pelham. She had just closed the book, and given herself to reflections on her own life, when a rap was heard at her door, and a gentleman announced in the parlor. "Ask him to send his name," said Louisa. The servant returned with the answer, "He says he is an old acquaintance of yours, and had rather realize the surprise of the occasion." The fact was, Cushing did not wish to reveal himself beforehand, for he wanted all the opportunity he could have to test the quality of his wife's affections. He designed an unmediated greeting from her. In this he was not disappointed. She received him with mingled surprise and gladness. He had altered some by the experience he had passed through, but gave many tokens of recovered manliness, and was evidently dressed for the occasion. His wife at first interpreted all this to his disadvantage. She thought that, having received her letter, he had taken encouragement from it to come on and seek her companionship again. She trembled for the result.

"You need not look so fearful, Louisa; I have come to you a reformed man."

The whole story of her sister's efforts which she gathered from letters and had heard from Edward then ran through her mind, and she more than half believed the report. She rose from her seat, went to him, and, looking smilingly in his face, said, "And is this really so?" He avowed that he was the very man he professed to be. He said that he had been tempted by the devil, but had turned strongly about. He ran quickly through the whole affair, spoke in the warmest terms of her sister's efforts, and of an influence that had come over him that was strange, mysterious, irresistible. And he frankly declared that he came back to live with her forever.

The heart of the once loving but now hopeful wife began to feel assured and tender toward him. And now, for the first time for a long and weary interval, she clung upon his neck and wept like a child. She avowed that she would take him at his word, but that the proof of all this must be in his constancy. After so long a time she demanded the reasonable privilege to gain by degrees the confidence which had been so destroyed. A wife's affections, she told him, when long tried and trampled on, could not all at once be the unwounded, unfeeling thing that they were. She promised faithfulness, but reminded him of the sad work of the past.

In the evening Edward was sent for. He had been previously made aware of Cushing's return, and was very anxious to see the man who had been with Mrs. Willard, and of whom he had heard so good a report. He became thus acquainted with many more incidents in the life of one he loved so dearly, but declared himself still unable to realize her departure. Cushing eyed him with the intensest interest, and seeing him so much improved since he had acted in the capacity of clerk to him, and noticing the poetic, ethereal character of his mind, ventured to question him a little on business matters. He found him in a better state, but still dissatisfied. The truth was, it was a business utterly unsuited to him. He could not prosecute it successfully without awful qualms of conscience, and he was fairly tired of it. Cushing reminded him also of his own derelictions from duty while he was in the same occupation, and attributed his first departures from rectitude, which led to dissolute habits, to the temptations of such an establishment. He learnt to be there most remorselessly. But Edward was more scrupulous; he was very nearly that "fire proof" boy which his father was told about when he was inquiring of the wholesale merchant concerning a place for him. But it was now Cushing's turn to seek some new employment. He was prepared for it, and was worthy of it. He was determined, this time, to go sure.

"But what will you do?" said his wife anxiously.

"I don't know," he replied; "but just now Willard is on my mind. That man is no further gone than I was. He is more hopeless of himself, but I have seen enough of him to know that there is yet hope of him. He feels bitterly about his wife. But I have an appointment with him for to-morrow, and I mean to see to him."

Edward encouraged it by every consideration. Just at that moment his dream recurred to him. But Cushing determined to try him first. True to his appointment, he went to the hotel the next day and found him. He first told him the remarkable fact of the reawakening of his own memory. He gave him, too, the history of the little book; and, when he took it from his pocket, for he had taken good care to have it in readiness, Willard expressed a desire to read it. So he gave it to him, and charged him to read it carefully and prayerfully. He said he would, nevertheless he laughed some at the idea. Since, however, it came from his wife, he said that, as he felt then, he could almost adore the very covers of it. It was as a charm, a talisman to him.

"What else," said he, "did my wife give you?"

"Nothing but her clothing and jewelry."

"Have you her clothing and jewelry?"

"She left directions for me to take all that was worth saving, with her rings, ear-ornaments and

pins, and deliver them into the hands of Louisa. I have done so; but"—holding up his hand and looking at one finger—"here is one ring which I wish to keep for myself as a memento, and I have Louisa's consent."

As Willard took his hand, and looked at it, he exclaimed, "Great heavens! that was our engagement ring. You cannot have that. I had it made on purpose. Never shall I forget when I put that upon her finger. Here is a braid of her own hair with mine."

All these circumstances so wrought upon him that his friend Cushing seized the favorable opportunity, and prolonged the conversation nearly two hours, strongly urging upon him the importance of a new course of life, and strengthening his appeals by citations from his own experience. On the evening of that day they all met again at the house of Cushing. Here the matter of business came up. What was to be done? What should Cushing do? It was proposed to see Goodman. He was engaged in a wholesale store, of the same kind of goods that Cushing was acquainted with, and it was thought that, possibly, through his influence, a place might be procured for him there. And Willard—what should be done with him?

"Mr. Willard," said Edward, "you are an excellent artist. Are you willing to give up drinking, move into the city, be received into our friendship, and, under our auspices, try to be yourself again?"

The man quailed at the thought. How can I, thought he to himself, when habit has got so strong hold of me? But, after hesitating for a while, he said, "If you will trust me so far as to try me, I will be frank with you, and say thus much: I will come into the city, take a room, and go to work as an artist. But I tell you, candidly, I cannot have full confidence in myself. I know myself so well. But I will try it again, if you will all stand by me. And, Foster, I shall look to you for many things."

Foster got up, extended to him his hand, and promised faithfulness to him forever. He made another beautiful allusion to the departed spirit of his wife, and seemed to recognize her influence with the rest. Poor Willard was now fairly in the grasp of the divine Providence for greater works than any that had been dreamt of. Suffice it to say that he moved into the city in just one week from the time of this interview, and took a room in what is now known as Tremont Row—but was then occupied by smaller buildings—in the immediate vicinity of Gardner Green's Garden. And in the meantime he had read the book. He had taken it with him into the country—at Burlington, Vt., I believe—and read every word of it with attention and seriousness. The effect upon him was different from that upon Cushing. At first he disbelieved it; he took it to be pure fiction; but he had not read far, before he obtained a different conviction. This must be real history, he said, for no man could write so and invent it all; or, at least, if it be fiction at all, it must be largely founded upon fact. But the chief point was, it came so near his own experience in many things, as to create in him a strong self-application. A leading idea of it was the abuse of superior abilities, as it bore upon our relations with the Creator, and the destiny thus involved. He had marked several passages in the margin—among others, this:

"I once knew a man eminent for his gifts and genius, but these things, which are the means of thinking well and doing well, were to him the means of thinking and doing evil; for he excels in genius and talent, has more things than others by which he may set himself against the Divinity, and against all those things which tend to goodness and peace. This man, however, run but a short course. He squandered the first few years of his manhood upon vicious and criminal indulgences, and when he died, confessed that if he had been an idiot, or a man void of common understanding, he should now be comparatively happy; but the reflection that he had been so largely gifted, and that he had made use of those very superior abilities to plunge himself still deeper into wickedness, was a source of the most bitter and painful regret to him."

I saw him in his last hours, and was well acquainted with him in life; and if ever I saw an object of pity and commiseration, it was that man— that dying genius— that never-to-be-forgotten wreck of all that was noble, going down into a darkness that even his genius was so well fitted to explore."

Willard did have a grim faith in some realities beyond the grave; and, to his own candid inspection, he had been a man intellectually fitted to go sounding through that dark abyss. And oh!—problem to all those who begin to set about in earnest for a good life—he felt; the more he dwelt upon the goodness of it, a discouraging sense of his own unworthiness. In other words, he began to see evil in its true light, which is the light of the opposite good. No man knows what evil is, truly and profoundly, who sees it not from a high point of goodness. The angels in heaven know what evil is, more truly than the devils in hell. There are thousands and millions who pass through this life without much sense of evil, from no other reason than that they are in it so deeply. And I speak not now of the lower, more criminal classes exclusively, but of the common classes, who enjoy the reputation of good citizens, and take their places with the so-called virtuous and respectable—those, I mean, who live an easy, quiet life, not troubling themselves about the past, nor having any anxious forebodings of the future, but who live in the present, and enjoy what it brings. They pass their time as listlessly, so far as any real anxiety for their moral or spiritual condition is concerned, as the animals that roam the fields amid the sunshine and the grassy beauties of Nature. Indeed, they often appear, to one of a contemplative mind, to be in a sort of mere animal comfort—easy, unconcerned, so be it that they have good health, good digestion, good bodily

circulation, and a fair share of the goods and pleasures of the world—and thus to be almost enviable. "What makes the odds, so long as you're happy?" is the brief motto of their life; and, truly, it would seem sometimes as if there was but little difference, or rather, as if what difference there was was on the side of their philosophy, if philosophy it can be called. But let these same persons once be waked up to a sense of their moral relations to the eternal Author of all goodness and truth, and to a sense of the real, essential element of human depravity, which is selfishness, in all its forms—let them, in short, receive but the first impulses of a regenerate life, and it is astonishing how this easy, constitutional quiet is dissipated forever. The inner nature is now waked up; and it is so excited, let it be understood, by the influx of the divine spirit of goodness into their selfish and perverted souls. The flow of this goodness is it, that convicts them of evil. To be sure, it takes the form of truth first, and the fears of justice come along with it; but it is none the less goodness in essence; and this in a thousand mysterious ways and wonderful providences, of which the case we are now relating is one conspicuous instance.

The unfortunate Willard had begun to experience these inflowings of the divine mercy. Before, he was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Many more respectable persons are without knowing it. The difference between their case and this, that, in the one, this sense of evil is blunted by a mere natural state—by a constitutional good-naturedness—without any respect to the divine law, or even the divine Person, which keeps them in a thousand amiable and respectable habits which it is only necessary to test by something that crosses their interests, and you shall then see how the virus of selfishness is at the bottom of every one of them, or is the corruption of every one of them, and how all their virtues are put to flight by the application of a touchstone so powerful. In the other case, this sense of evil is not only blunted or obscured by mere naturalism, but the whole moral nature is so overgrown with corruption, so imbruted in gross sensualism, that the man becomes what every evil man would if left to carry out and ultimate his life's love in unrestrained indulgence—a mere brute of a man—a demon, frequently, in human shape.

Willard, I say, had begun to experience the inflowings of the divine spirit; and, to one so quick and imaginative as he was, even the first faint influences were so disturbing to his dark and sinful soul that he recoiled with horror from a deep which seemed already to yawn for him. He began to realize how black and evil a thing he was. He went on from this conviction into increased light. The sun of love rose higher and higher. He was greatly distressed; but, within it all, he finally felt a principle which he knew was the dawning of the day-star within his heart. In other words, it was the fulfillment of Edward's dream. When he looked up, he saw the star, and it brightened; when he turned away, it was obscured. The looking up was typical of looking within—to the great depths of the heavenly nature in every human soul.

One dark and stormy night, when the winds howled demently through the old trees that waved in front of the house where he was then tarrying for a day or two, a few miles from the city, as he was pondering the contents of the book which he had so absorbed him, and musing upon his own possible fate, he was overheard by a friend whom he had taken with him, to be walking his chamber floor, uttering aloud to himself something of the following soliloquy: "My God! my God! what am I? Is it possible that I can persevere? Why do I so intently dwell upon these phantoms? What is it that possesses me?" And he ended with a deep and fervent prayer for the salvation of his immortal soul. It was the first deep and agonizing prayer that the man had ever uttered. It was soon after this the arrangements were completed to have him board, in Boston, at the same house with Cushing and his wife and Edward. This was to keep him as much as possible under their influence, and to watch him narrowly. In the mean time, Cushing had seen Goodman, and had obtained a situation in a wholesale store in Kilby street at a salary of eight hundred dollars for the first year. This was the beginning of the return of his fortunes. He felt now, and his wife felt, that God had not afflicted her sister in vain; and if by her means, directly and indirectly, both these men were to be restored to virtue and happiness—"They will be done."

[To be continued in our next.]

THAT ONE DROP.—For two years past I have been laboring to save an inebriate. After several relapses he became perfectly sober and gave hope of permanent reform. His wife remarked, "If he falls again it will kill me." Things went on smoothly several months. That once darkened one had become once more a sunny spot. But one day the reformed man met an old friend, who invited him to dinner. At the table wine was furnished, and the entertainer passed the reformed inebriate to take a glass with him. He knew the man's former habits. The unhappy man swallowed one glass, and imbricated the demon in a moment. From that but to this my poor friend has hardly seen a sobriety, and nothing but a miracle of God's grace will ever lift him from the bottomless pit into which he has fallen. A glass of champagne buried him in an instant. In this case it is not difficult to decide who was the greatest sinner. The man who urges a reformed inebriate to touch a drop of intoxicating liquor deserves to be imprisoned in ten years at hard labor. He is not a safe person to run at large, for where is the moral defence of assassination with a knife, and assassination with a "social glass" or poison?—Dr. Cuyler.

Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie was a Swedenborgian, and a firm believer in spiritual manifestations. She used to assert most solemnly that in all her trials, after her first husband's decease, she was in direct communication with him, and that he guided all the important actions of her life.

## PREVISIONS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The years now number more than twenty since my first reading of the PROPHECY OF ORVAL, a most remarkable production of a monk while a resident of the Abbey of Orval, a religious institution situated in the Diocese of Trèves, on the borders of Luxembourg, and the vaticinations of a Jesuit priest, communicated by him at the establishment of that religious order in the town of Poitiers, France, some time in the latter part of the last century, before the first French revolution. The name of this priest does not appear. It is said that he died at the city of Bordeaux, in the "odor of sanctity," not long after making his prophecies. It appears that the name of the monk, the Orval seer, was Philip Olivarius, and that his prophecies were printed as long ago as 1741, under the title of "Les Prvisions d'Orval." These utterances have been called to mind by the passing events of to-day, and a re-portal of them hath been had, being prompted by accounts of the battles of hostile armies and the flowing of hell-frenzied blood in Continental Europe.

I have transcribed some of these aforetime predictions for the benefit of the reader. If he cannot receive them except as the sayings of ecclesiastics, mystics, or madmen, and is disposed to treat them as the wild vagaries of disordered imaginations, or the hallucinations of fevered brains; let him accept them as such, but award to them, at least, the importance of a classification among "curiosities of literature," and that those supposed to relate to the past evince an astonishing coincidence of foretelling and fulfillment. It is no more than reasonable to believe that, if what has been predicted of men and matters, now history, came to pass precisely according to prediction, that which required a future will find like fulfillment in the future.

Here beginneth the Chapter of Prophecy, whose voice comes to us from the walls and towers of ancient Orval, through the distance of more than three centuries, claiming to be "Certain Previsions revealed by God to a Solitary, for the consolation of the children of God." Read and say whether the language is oracular, and its monastic author inspired to unveil the future:

"At that time a young man, come from beyond the sea into the country of Celtic Gaul, shows himself strong in counsel. But the mighty to whom he gives homage will send him to combat in the land of captivity. Victory will bring him back. The sons of Brutus will be confounded at his approach, for he will overpower them, and take the name of emperor. Many high and mighty kings will be sorely afraid, for the eagle will carry off many sceptres and crowns. Men on foot and horse, carrying blood-stained eagles, and as numerous as gnats in the air, will run with him throughout Europe, which will be filled with consternation and carnage; for he will be so powerful that God shall be thought to combat on his side. The church of God, in great desolation, will be somewhat comforted, for the shall see her temples opened again to her lost sheep, and God prayed. But all is over, the moons are passed.

The old man of Sion cries to God from his afflicted heart, and behold! the mighty one is blinded for his crimes. He leaves the great city with an army so mighty that none was ever seen to be compared to it. But no warrior man will be able to withstand the power of the heavens; and behold! the third part, and again the third part of his army has perished by the cold of the Almighty. Two lustres have passed since the age of desolation; the widows and the orphans have cried aloud to the Lord, and behold! God is no longer deaf. The mighty that have been humbled take courage, and the temples of the Lord resound with many holy canticles. But the sons of Brutus view with anger the white flower, and obtain a powerful edict, and God in consequence is angry on account of the elect, and because the holy day is much profaned; nevertheless God will await a return to him during eighteen times twelve moons.

God alone is great. He purifies his people by many tribulations; but an end will also come upon the wicked. At this time a great conspiracy against the white flower moves in the dark, by the designs of an accursed band, and the poor old blood of the Cap leaves the great city, and the sons of Brutus increase mightily. Hark! how the servants of the Lord cry aloud to him. The arrows of the Lord are stored in his wrath for the hearts of the wicked. Won to Celtic Gaul! The cock will efface the white flower, and a powerful one will call himself king of the people. There will be a great commotion among men, for the crown will be placed by the hands of workmen who have combated in the great city. God alone is great! The reign of the wicked will wax more powerful; he will be the emperor, for behold! the opinions of the men of Celtic Gaul are in collision, and confusion is in all minds. The king of the people will be seen very weak; many of the wicked will be against him; but he was ill-seated; and behold! God hurls him down. How, ye sons of Brutus! Call unto you the beasts that are about to devour you. Great God! what a noise of arms! a full number of warriors is not yet completed, and behold many warriors are coming.

It is done! the mountain of the Lord hath cried in his affliction unto God. The sons of Judah have cried unto God from the land of the foreigner; and behold! God is no longer deaf. What fire accompanies his arrows! Ten times six moons, and yet again six times ten moons have fed his wrath. Voe to the great city. Behold! the kings armed by the Lord! But already both fire leveled thee with the earth. Yet the faithful shall not perish. God hath heard their prayer. The place of crime is purified by fire. The waters of the great stream have rolled on toward the sea all crimsoned with blood. Gaul, as it were dismembered, is about to reunite. God loves peace. Come, young prince, quit the isle of captivity. Listen! from the lion to the white flower! Come!

What is foreseen, that God wills. The ancient blood of centuries will again terminate long strug-

gles. A solo pastor will be seen in Celtic Gaul. The man made powerful by God will be firmly seated. Peace will be established by many wise laws. So sage and prudent will be the discomfiting of the Cap, that God will be thought to be with him. Thanks to the Father of Mercies, the Holy Spirit shall again in her temples to the glory of one Lord Almighty.

Many lost sheep come to drink at the living spring. Three kings and princes throw off the mantle of heresy, and open their eyes to the faith of the Lord. At that time two third parts of a great people of the sea will return to the true faith. God is yet blessed during fourteen times six moons, and six times thirteen moons. But God is weary of bestowing his mercies; and yet for the faithful's sake, he will prolong peace during ten times twelve moons. God alone is great! The moon of peace shall be born of the races of Gaul, and again the third part and half, will be without faith. The same will be among other nations. And behold! Six times three moons, and four times five moons, and there is a general falling off, and the end of time has begun. After a number, not complete, of moons, God will combat in the persons of his two just ones. The Man of Sin shall carry off the victory. But all is over. The mighty God has placed before us comprehension a wall of fire. I can see no more. May he be blessed evermore. Amen."

In the foregoing wonderful *apocalypse*, how plainly appear, as in panorama, some of the passing events of other days and years, now become the fixed facts of veritable history! The paragraphs and passages that glide before our view present principles and powers, potentates and princes. Are these personages who figure here the Bourbons? Are these the Bonapartes? Whose mighty army is this, overwhelmed in the frosts and snows of hyperborean regions? The names of what bloody battle-fields are these? Are they not Austrolytz and Jena and Waterloo, etc.? What are these that rise above the waters of the great sea? Behold Elba—St. Helena. Who is that stern, solitary prisoner of the rock, of military men? Do we see yonder a king in flight?—Is it not Charles X.? That other royal refugee—who is it but Louis Philippe?—both escaping from France to England. Do we discover here the President of the French Republic, forgetting his solemn oath, and, by the flash of his sword and the dash of his pen, in an hour producing a *coup d'état*, becoming thereupon the manager of an empire, and styling himself Napoleon III, Emperor?

The old monk of the bygone centuries cries aloud, *God loves peace*; and we have heard the imperial pet phrase, *The Empire is peace*; but today the tramp of soldiery and the thundering of artillery, almost at the very gates of the capital city of France, seem to demonstrate otherwise.

Here commences our citation from that later oracle, whose pages date in the past only about one hundred years:

There will be a reaction, which shall be thought to be the counter-revolution. It will last during some years, so that people may suppose that peace is already restored; but it will be only a patchwork—an ill-sewn garment. There will be no schism; but still the church shall not triumph. Then shall come disturbances in France; a name hateful to the country shall be placed upon the throne. It will not be till after that event that the counter-revolution shall take place. It will be done by strangers. But two parties will first be formed in France, who will carry on a war of extermination. One party will be much more numerous than the other, but the weaker shall prevail. Blood will flow in the great towns, and the convulsions shall be such that men might think the last day to be at hand. But the wicked will not prevail; and in this dire catastrophe shall perish of a great multitude. They will have hoped to have utterly destroyed the church; but for this they will not have had time; for the fearful crisis shall be of short duration. There will be a movement when it will be supposed that all is lost; but still all shall be saved. The faithful shall not perish. Such signs will be given them as will induce them to fly the city. During this convulsion, which will extend to other lands, and not be for France alone, Paris shall be so utterly destroyed that when, twenty years afterwards, fathers shall walk with their children, and the children shall ask, "Why is that desolate spot?" they shall answer, "My children, here once stood a great city, which God destroyed for its crimes." After this fearful convulsion, all will return to order, and the counter-revolution shall be made. Then shall the triumph of the church be such that nothing like it shall be ever seen again; for it will be the last triumph of the church on earth.

These events shall be known to be at hand by the sign that England shall begin to suffer throes of pain, even as it is known that the summer is nigh when the fig-tree puts forth its leaves. England shall experience a revolution, which will be of sufficient duration to give unhappy France time to breathe. Then it shall be by the assistance of France that England shall be fully restored to peace.

Besides these *long sine* predictions of the Orval monk and the Poitiers priest, concerning the destruction of Paris, the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, and the end of the Bonaparte dynasty, I have received from the tongue of a medium in my neighborhood—Mr. P.—L.—and whom there is no more honest man to be found, and but few better prophets—the declaration that Paris will soon be destroyed, in great part, by an unparalelled conflagration, and Napoleon cease to rule, by death or other cause. And this was told to me before the war-cloud had been seen, or any signs of war between France and Prussia had been manifested.

These prophecies—those of the monk as well as those of the Jesuit priest—are in remarkable harmony of prescient declaration. Do they not agree in predicting the downfall of Napoleon III., the destruction of Paris by fire, the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, and legitimacy to be manifested in the person of Henry V., Duke de Chamborde? Are not the two parties spoken of the Moderates and the Red Republicans, who have been warring ever since the strife in the streets of Paris, in the memorable June of 1848? Will Paris become desolate by acts of insurrection and civil war, or by the capture and waste of a foreign foe—and that foe the one now on its march thither? Time must determine the problem. HORACE DRESSER.











The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

OFFICE 154 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 110 NASSAU STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT.

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

### The Wrongs of Women.

It is no mere sentiment that actuates women in their present determined efforts for the improvement of their condition; it is because they know what others do not know and never can know of the tyrant necessities, hardships and injustices that doom them practically to a life of wretched servitude. No society could long continue that permits such a condition of things, whether seen or unseen. The prime necessity of a healthy society is, that all its members shall be free to help themselves. In our modern society, we find an alarming corruption and disintegration going on, principally because it denies to one-half of its members the opportunity to obtain an independent living by honest and reputable exertion. It shuts woman out of all the places where remuneration awaits her effort, and dooms her to sufferings of which, as a class, men have but a most dim and indistinct idea. Not until this great wrong is put right may we hope for the genuine reformation of the social condition. All other applications will be but as plasters to surface sores, while injustice is mining everything at the core and centre. We are well aware of the difficulty of reconstructing the entire social organization, even upon a single point, without time and deliberation; but this is a matter so perfectly simple and direct—merely the opening of a door to petitioners—that future generations will look back in astonishment to see the obstinate reluctance with which we finally acceded them their rights.

As illustrating anew the disadvantage to which the sterner sex put and keep the weaker one, we may instance three several cases which have been alluded to in the public prints of this city. Nothing could well be more cowardly, and even base, than the sentiment they disclose. One was that of a young lady who, being compelled to support herself by her own exertions, applied to the proprietor of a certain establishment of high repute for a situation as saleswoman. At the close of some talk on the subject, she was informed by the proprietor that she did not dress well enough to suit his purpose. To this she replied that she had had the misfortune to be some time out of employment, but that, as soon as she could again earn something, she should take pains to make herself faultlessly presentable. The proprietor answered her that she must do as other girls did—rely on some friend outside, and reckon what she made in the store as clear gain. The second case was that of another young lady, whose application for work at a fashionable establishment on another street was answered in precisely the same manner. The third case was a little different: it was not an application for work or a situation, but the voluntary expression of opinion on the part of the head man of a large retail dry goods establishment, who said he cared nothing how much the wages of the girls in it were reduced, as long as they had some man outside to furnish the money to dress them. To these let us add one of our own knowledge: it is that of a poor woman in this city, who is the sole dependence of a helpless and sick grandparent, having a child of her own to support besides. Formerly she was a capable saleswoman in a large and popular dry goods store on a popular street, but received her peremptory discharge last June, for being absent from her place part of two days in succession by reason of sickness. She has been unable to obtain any employment since. Kind Spiritualists are assisting her in her distress; but they feel that society has no right to cast off its responsibilities upon them or upon any other individuals.

Now, here is a state of things calculated to excite the profoundest feelings of pity, anxiety and indignation. It is one, too, that cannot always continue without a remedy. There is so very much wrong in it that its mere weight will overturn any form of society that thinks to go on and carry it without trying to correct it. Who can reflect with anything like satisfaction upon a social plan in which such outrages against one sex are knowingly practiced without a lip of protest save by the women themselves? Are men so fatally short-sighted in their morals as not to see that they are sapping and destroying, by the tyranny of such selfishness as this, the very hopes on which the future is built? Do they not yet understand that injustice as flagrant as this reacts fatally on themselves, on all their interests in the social state, on their higher enjoyments, on their real prosperity? Have they given entertainment to the delusion that they can go on with the entire social scheme on their own shoulders, seeking only self-aggrandizement and self-gratification, and indifferent to the wrongs and sufferings inflicted on women, who are imploring for the more privilege of helping themselves?

No one can say that we are indeed civilized, or anywhere near to it, who views this spectacle, of which we have furnished ever so faint an illustration, without a shudder of astonishment bordering upon actual horror. As we said before, civilization must rest on abstract justice; and if there is the least semblance of justice in this, then barbarism itself may be styled civilization. Is it to be wondered at that woman pleads her own cause on the platform, as she is doing, when she has so little to hope for from the hand of man? Is it at all surprising that she seeks to obtain power for herself through the ballot, that she may command, by its agency, the correction of evils so gross and unreasonable? And she will persist until she at last carries her point. She will not always stand a suppliant to the society where she is entitled to equality. Her wrongs are her most effective weapons of warfare. The longer man permits them to continue, the more certain he makes the triumph toward which she is moving. He will discover that he cannot stand alone, and likewise that he cannot wrong woman without doing a greater wrong to himself.

### The Banner of Light in Washington.

Our friends in Washington, D. C., can always obtain copies of the *Banner of Light* at the new bookstore of Mr. J. B. Adams, corner of 8th and F streets, opposite the post-office.

### Return of Dr. J. R. Newton.

We, with thousands of others, cordially welcome the return of Dr. Newton after his six months' effectual labor in England. That he did a good work there is beyond all question. The *Spiritual Magazine* for October contains a full account of the farewell meeting tendered to the doctor just before his departure, which took place in Cambridge Hall, Newman street. J. C. Luxmoor, Esq., presided. Mr. Thomas Shorter proposed this resolution:

"That we deeply sympathize with Dr. Newton and his mission, and rejoice in his success amongst us, and fervently pray for the undiminished success of his efforts in the promotion of Spiritualism and for the good of humanity."

Mr. Shorter then spoke at length in advocacy of the resolution. He was followed by Mr. Jones, after which Dr. Newton related some interesting cases of cures and spiritual manifestations. Mr. James Burns closed his remarks as follows:

"But the crowning feature of Dr. Newton's teachings was his fearless openness and thorough candor. He openly avowed the truth as it appeared to him, at the expense of cherished friendships and public approbation. I have traveled much with Dr. Newton this summer, and addressed thousands of people, and I am practically certain that Spiritualism is spreading at a very rapid rate, and never so surely and steadily as now."

Dr. Newton has opened an office in Boston, at 23 Harrison avenue, where he will exercise his remarkable gift. Let the afflicted give him a call, and learn the truth of present spirit power as demonstrated in the alleviation of human distress.

### Interesting Subjects.

The frequency with which the plea of insanity has been set up as a defence in criminal cases, has agitated the public mind to a considerable extent, and created a reasonable doubt as to its truth and justice. The precise limits of moral responsibility in such cases ought to be better defined by unprejudiced experts, who have made the subject a special study. A lecture giving a thorough exposition of it was delivered last week to an appreciative audience under the auspices of the Anthropological Society in Worcester, by Professor Mead, late of the Cincinnati College. A vote of thanks was tendered, and a request made that the lecturer would visit that city again. Dr. M. has been for nearly thirty years engaged in that specialty, and has given ten courses of lectures upon it, in medical colleges, and before medical societies in the West. He is about to deliver a lecture on "Omnomania, or the disease of Intemperance, its curability, and our duty in relation thereto," and one upon interesting and anomalous phases of insanity. The unreliability of statements in published reports as to alleged specific causes is pointed out, and a comparison made between Spiritualism and religious excitement as exciting causes.

One or more of these lectures will be given in towns convenient to Boston, on application to Dr. Mead, care of Mr. Wm. Denton, Woblesley, Mass.

### Spiritualism Popular.

When an unpopular cause becomes popular, thousands of timid people rush in "at the eleventh hour," and assert that they were always believers. Our cause having made tremendous headway of late, it is really amusing to observe the "eleventh hour" men making themselves prominent in our ranks. All right, gentlemen. We receive you with open arms. But you must not repudiate the noble PROPHETS who have so long and so tediously toiled to inaugurate the most glorious religion vouchsafed to the human race. Another thing: be generous with your funds, if you would have the world believe in the sincerity of your professions. Patronize our periodicals—the *Banner of Light*, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the *Present Age*, the *American Spiritualist*, the *Lucyann Banner*, the *New Life*, etc. Let your good works become apparent. Lukewarmness and reticence among a certain class of Spiritualists have been a serious drawback upon the efforts of the zealous workers in times past; yet by great perseverance all obstacles have been overcome, and Spiritualism now stands forth before the world a fully demonstrated truth. Let us thank the spirit-world for its mighty aid in our behalf, and in behalf of down-trodden humanity. A new era dawns upon the race.

### A World's Spiritual Convention.

The readers of the *Banner* did not fail to notice, in the report of the Seventh Annual Convention of Spiritualists at Richmond, Indiana, that Mr. Peckles earnestly recommended, in a letter addressed to the Convention, the holding of an international convention of Spiritualists, to take place in London, Paris, or New York, one year from this fall, or from next spring. The reasons leading to this recommendation were to be found embodied in the letter, though addressed to other topics and objects. Whether all things are yet ripe for such a movement may be allowed to be an open question as yet; but it cannot be denied that, when once the different nations meet by their delegated representatives and form a perfect spiritual brotherhood, the event, no matter if heralded by shouts of applause, will introduce an era for whose coming the world has long and hopefully been waiting. It would freshly inspire the human heart to witness a spectacle so full of promise to the happiness, freedom, and progress of the race.

### Marriage of Emma Hardinge.

It will be seen, by the following notice, that the renowned lecturer on the spiritual philosophy, Emma Hardinge, has been joined, in matrimony to one of her own countrymen, Mr. Britton—a gentleman of high standing, worth, and liberal principles. We heartily congratulate our friends, and hope their wedded life may prove all their hearts desire. We are pleased to learn, from a note from Emma to her friends, which will be found in another part of this paper, that she will not withdraw entirely from the work she has been so nobly engaged in for the last fourteen years:

Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1870, married, at Grace Church Rectory, Jersey City, by the Rev. J. Rice, Emma Hardinge to William G. P. Britton, both of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Britton will sail for England Nov. 21, but we hope they will soon return to this country. They carry with them the fervent blessings of thousands.

### Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Are a grand success. The large audiences grow larger each Sunday. Prof. Denton's lectures are more popular than ever. His discourse, Oct. 9th, on "The Philosophy of Death," was unusually interesting. Though thoroughly scientific, the subject-matter seemed to touch the hearts as well as the heads of the multitude, who gave proof of their feelings by earnest attention and frequent applause.

Prof. Denton's last lecture for the present will be given next Sunday afternoon, on "The Coming Day."

See card of Prof. S. B. Britton among our special notices. The Doctor is one of the most skillful practitioners of the age.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. M. S. Hoadley speaks in Hudson, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 23d.

The San Francisco *Pioneer* of Oct. 1st says that the talented Laura Cuppy Smith will shortly give in San Francisco a series of lectures. The public will no doubt greet most cordially Mrs. Cuppy Smith's return to the lecture field, although but for a brief period, as we regret to learn that Mrs. Smith will after these lectures leave us for sojourn in the Atlantic States.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, who recently gave up his office in this city, to Dr. Smith, having completed the writing of his two new works, has been prevailed on by his patrons to resume his practice, and he has accordingly re-purchased the establishment, and will be found at his office, 89 Court street, as per advertisement in another column. Dr. R. is also ready to lecture within a reasonable distance of Boston.

Mrs. J. H. Stillman Sovereign will commence a course of lectures on Spiritualism, on Sunday evening, Nov. 6th, at Howland's Hall, Milwaukee, to be continued every Sunday night until further notice. Under her spirited speaking we hope the people will be aroused to proper action on the importance of Spiritualism.

J. Madison Allen, it will be seen by reference to the list of lecturers, is again in the field, ready for energetic work. Mr. Allen is an educated gentleman, and his medium powers are well developed. As a trance and inspirational speaker he is taking position in the front ranks. His present address is care this office.

Mrs. S. E. Warner will attend the State Convention of Spiritualists in Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 28th of the present month. Will be glad to make engagements to lecture for such societies as may desire her services during the ensuing year. Permanent address, box 98, Cordova, Ill.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is doing excellent work in Salem, Mass. His lectures are attracting great attention.

The *American Spiritualist* says: "We learn that Bro. O. L. Sutcliffe, one of Ohio's most earnest pioneer workers in the cause of Spiritualism, intends spending the winter East, with headquarters at Boston. For years a zealous Methodist, he became familiar with the Bible, which he now uses with telling effect, in proving the truths of Spiritualism. His explanations of the mysteries of that famous book, especially the prophecies and revelations, are original and highly interesting; and if there is to be a revision of its dim and dingy pages, we hope that Bro. Sutcliffe will be employed to do the work. By him, the 'pale horse and his rider' frighten us no more; the gloomy picture of an angry God, the terrors of death and hell, melt away as faded myths before the spiritual power of a true interpretation. Those wishing to engage Mr. Sutcliffe's services can address him at Wooster, Ohio."

Dr. J. K. Bailey is intending to labor in the East this fall, and perhaps during the ensuing winter. He is now in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pa., from whence he goes to Elmira, N. Y. He will answer calls to speak anywhere in Southern New York, or Northern Pennsylvania, along the Erie and intersecting railways. Address, till further notice, Elmira, N. Y.

G. Ames Peirce will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the New England States, within his means of traveling. His phrase of speaking is inspirational trance. "His health since last spring," he writes, "is so far recovered that his guides are anxious to be communicating their ideas of progress to the world." As a clairvoyant physician, healing and descriptive test medium, his services are said to be very "desirable and instructive." Address him, P. O. box 87, Auburn, Me.

### Wonderful Spirit-Manifestations.

A correspondent informs us that on Friday evening, Oct. 7th, he, together with some twenty others, attended a private séance at the residence of Mrs. Cutter, 33 Dover street, Boston, and there saw many remarkable demonstrations of spirit-power in the form of the physical phenomena—such as rope-tying, personating, spirit-touch, &c. All these were done while the medium was entranced. Her hands were tied as no one in the form could have tied them. She gives (he says) every one a chance to examine for themselves, and there is not the slightest opportunity for deception or collusion with other parties, provided a disposition to do so existed.

Our correspondent is informed that Mrs. C. will afford an opportunity on Sunday evenings for the public to investigate the matter, and he advises all interested to avail themselves of the opportunity.

### Discussion in Cincinnati.

A correspondent writing from Cincinnati says: "Rev. Moses Hull is giving us a grand course of lectures. He is having good audiences, and is doing great good. Our society is looking upward. The Rev. John Moore, of Philadelphia, Pa., has offered to debate with Bro. Hull in Cincinnati. We are arranging the preliminaries, and expect the discussion will take place during the third week of October. We have endeavored to get a Cincinnati clergyman to debate with Bro. Hull, but none will accept. I suppose they will do all they can against the success of the discussion. We feel quite confident it will create an interest heretofore unparalleled in our city in the cause of Spiritualism. Old theological teachings must fall when met by Spiritualism."

### Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

By a call in another column it will be seen that this Association will hold a Convention at the City Hall, in Haverhill, Mass., on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22d and 23d. Preparations have been made to ensure a large audience, and good speakers will contribute interest to the occasion.

A business meeting of the Executive Committee of said Association is called, to take place at the Free Circle Room, *Banner of Light* Office, Boston, at 3 P. M. of Wednesday, Oct. 19th. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

### Only \$1.00 for A. J. Davis's New Book.

MESSRS. Wm. WHITE & Co.—Brethren: After a series of delays and expensive accidents, my "Fountain" volume is born into the world. In your last issue, I observe, you very justly remark that it cannot be sold at retail for less than \$1.25 per copy. That is very true. For a book, with even a few illustrations, containing 252 pages, this sum is considered very low. But I particularly request that you put the price down to \$1.00 per copy, so that everybody can afford to purchase one or more, and thus by larger sales make up for the losses occasioned by the while the "Fountain" was in process of manufacture.

Your brother, faithfully,

A. J. DAVIS.

Miss Glyn, the celebrated English tragedienne, has given three readings in this city, at Tremont Temple, to large audiences. "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were read last week. "Othello" is to be given on the 18th, and "Romeo and Juliet" on the 21st inst.

### Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

Boston.—*Mercantile Hall*.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum still continues to hold its meetings here, under the direction of D. N. Ford, conductor, and Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. At its last meeting, Dr. W. A. Dunklee, Treasurer, reported a deficit amounting to over \$100, which he hoped the friends of the movement would unite with in raising; that the organization may be able to free itself from encumbrances. No better object for pecuniary assistance is presented to any one having the means than this Lyceum, and let those possessed only of one talent of this world's goods seek to it that they are able to render a good account of its usury.

The session held Sunday morning, Oct. 9th, was varied and interesting, consisting among other things of declamations and readings by six children, and songs by Chas. W. Sullivan, Edna S. Dodge, Mattie A. Richardson. Mr. F. W. Locke sang one of his own compositions, relating a story before it, to show the circumstances under which it was written. The grand *Banner* March was excellent—about one hundred being in the ranks. Meeting closed with a song from the new Gude.

*Organization of Evening Conferences*.—On Sunday evening, Oct. 9th, quite a number of Spiritualists and friends of the cause assembled at Mercantile Hall, for the purpose of carrying out a plan proposed at a previous afternoon meeting, for the organization of a series of evening conferences during the winter.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. W. A. Dunklee. A. E. Carpenter, from the Committee appointed at the previous meeting to prepare rules of order for the course, made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

1. Name.—Boston Spiritualist Conference.  
2. Object.—To consider topics of various kinds bearing upon the general subject of Spiritualism.  
3. The officers of this Conference shall consist of a Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer, the Chairman to be chosen monthly.  
4. *Addressing Speakers*.—The speaker opening the question shall not be allowed over half an hour. Others shall confine themselves to ten minutes, and no person shall speak twice during one session if others desire the floor.  
5. *The opening speaker* of each meeting shall be appointed by the chair. The question shall be proposed one week in advance, and each speaker shall confine himself to the question as far as possible.

The Conference then proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result: Chairman, M. T. Dolé; Treasurer, W. A. Dunklee; Secretary, John W. Day.

The following named members were appointed a Committee to present subjects for consideration and debate: A. E. Carpenter, H. S. Williams, and John W. Day.

The Chairman then announced the meeting open for remarks. A. E. Carpenter proceeded to read a paper which he had prepared on physical mediumship, as shown in the presence of Miss Mary A. Currier, of Haverhill, Mass., stating that there was no question but that the things were done by some power outside the girl. This account will be published by us hereafter. Mr. Carpenter then added a few remarks strongly supporting the phenomena generally, and saying he was glad to hear Prof. Denton at Music Hall, in the afternoon, speak as he did of the other life.

Dr. H. B. Storer, following, thought that the sincerity and depth of our belief in anything phenomenal should not be made a basis for others to rest on. Let every one examine for him or herself. It was the trouble of our time that persons took too much for granted. He desired that all should carefully examine for themselves. In the interests of truth it was our duty to investigate carefully whatever was said to come from spirits out of dark circles. He said he probably believed as much as anybody concerning the phenomena, but that, in all cases, he must investigate for himself, and according to his own idea.

The remarks of Dr. Storer called forth replies from several. George A. Bacon endorsed the manifestations, citing several cases, among which was one where a perfect stranger (a lady) had at the late National Convention at Richmond, Ind., ascended the platform and showed to the President, Hon. J. G. Wall, the initials of his daughter, who had—unknown to the medium—promised him at a circle the night previous that on the following day she would manifest to him. He thought that in believing the spiritual phenomena we had the evidence of the majority of our senses.

Mr. Stuckney followed, giving his experience among various churches, in his search for a knowledge of immortality, which he found at last in Spiritualism.

John Wetberbe, being called for, responded by declaring that, to his mind, the subject of eternal life, as a matter of demonstration, could never wear out—it was one by the side of which all earthly things sank into nothingness. He believed the true rule of conduct in spiritual as in other matters to be: Be sure you've got a fact, and then stick to it. A fact once demonstrated ought to stand for a million years. He quoted the experience of Horace Greeley, as given by himself in "Recollections of a Busy Life," wherein he, being present at a circle among strangers, received, as a test, written on paper (which was beneath the table, and which he himself declared it was impossible for any of the party to reach—his hands all being on the table) the name of his brother who had died forty-five years before, and whom he had well nigh forgotten. Mr. Greeley expressed himself satisfied that no human agency did this, but summed it all up by saying: Let the affairs of each world be kept by themselves. Mr. Wetberbe could agree with Mr. Greeley in everything in the story save the conclusions he drew from it. He (Wetberbe) would stick to Spiritualism if every one went back from it. He knew there was some outside power at work, and he knew it could not be God—for he had just heard Prof. Denton in the afternoon—so it must be the spirit of man unclashed of the flesh.

Dr. Storer repeated his views that great caution should be observed. He had facts which he was convinced of. One test he had received from Mrs. Girdley had been the most reliable one he had had during his twenty years' experience; much else which he had received was unproven or untrue. He called the attention of all to the fact that he who points out the weak parts of the fortress is of more service than he who marches around it declaiming alone upon its merits.

Mrs. Young said that many mistakes which occurred in the demonstration of the future progress, the errors of today would not be those of tomorrow. We form that each sphere of thought attracts spirits kindred to it. Let us love and live for each other.

Judge Ladd and Mr. Campbell were present, but declined speaking, whereupon Mr. Dolé proceeded to speak of the great good done by the American Liberal Tract Society, which had, in the comparatively short space of its existence, published three hundred thousand pages of tracts, though with but limited means. He then read one of their issues, Tract number eleven: "Modern Phenomena," by William Lloyd Garrison, which was published originally by him (Garrison) as a book notice in the *Liberator* for March 3d, 1851.

H. S. Williams, from the appropriate committee, reported as the subject of the next debate: "Is the spirit-world objective or subjective?" He then proceeded to say that he endorsed the phenomena, but believed in caution in their investigation; and said that the shade of doubt sometimes coming over the mind of the old Spiritualist, itself showed the necessity of a full understanding of the matter, which could only be done by individual careful examination.

The question was accepted for discussion at the next meeting, and Dr. H. B. Storer appointed to open the debate; after which the meeting adjourned.

*Temple Hall*.—The usual circles for spirit manifestations—morning and afternoon—at Temple Hall, were well attended Sunday, Oct. 9th. In the evening F. W. Locke addressed the Spiritualists on the subject of Temperance.

We have received from the Secretary the records of a late meeting held by the Boston Spiritualist Association for the election of officers for the ensuing year:

*Regular Meeting of the Association*.—President Higgins in the chair. The records being read and approved, reports were called for. Treasurer reported all bills paid, and a balance on hand of \$27.00. President reported the condition of the Association at the present time as harmonious and prosperous, notwithstanding the opposition it has had to contend with from outside influences; and if the good order and a crowded hall were indications of success, there was every reason to be encouraged.

The Association then proceeded to ballot for officers, with the following result: President, C. M. Higgins; Vice President, T. R. Tripp; Secretary, Abby N. Burnham; Treasurer, John Howard; Guards, James McCallister, William S. Brown, George S. French.

It was, on motion, voted to unite the Lyceum, now meeting at Codman Hall, 170 Tremont street, with this Association, to be called "Temple Hall Progressive Lyceum." Officers: Conductors, J. McIntire, Guardian, Mattie A. Dana; Assistant Guardian, Abby Joselyn; Secretary, L. Baldwin; Treasurer, J. Howard; Guards, J. Howard, Simpson, Baldwin.

Abby N. Burnham, Secretary.

Temple Hall, Boston, Oct. 3d, 1870.

Codman Hall.—The Ladies' Lyceum Aid Society, of Boston, held its first meeting for the season at this hall, 170 Tremont street, Monday evening, Oct. 10th, and will meet at the same place on each succeeding Monday afternoon till further notice. Ladies who may feel disposed to aid the poor are invited to join the association, and any donations

of money or clothing will be thankfully received and faithfully distributed.

*Lyceum Union Assembly*.—This course of evening dances, carried on under the auspices of the Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum and the Lyceum Aid Society, was commenced on Monday evening, Oct. 10th, at Codman Hall. A full attendance signified the occasion—music by Hall's Quadrille Band—T. M. Carter, leader. In consequence of the success of the opening night, the parties will continue to be held at the same hall during the winter on Monday evening of each week, instead of every two weeks, as previously announced. Tickets may be obtained of M. T. Dolé and the officers of the Children's Lyceum at Mercantile Hall.

*Churches*.—*Granite Hall*.—Prof. William Denton continued his engagement at this place by a highly instructive and entertaining lecture on "The Soul of Things," Sunday evening, Oct. 9th. The course this year bids fair to be as successful as the last, and first-class spiritual meetings "threaten" to become a standing ornament to the city, much to the alarm and disgust of many worthy churchmen.

*Cambridgeport*.—*Harmony Hall*.—The officers and members of the Lyceum at this place are hard at work for its maintenance. On Friday of each week alternately is held either a lecture, meeting or session of the Lyceum Aid Society at private residences, and on each Thursday evening an assembly for dancing at Harmony Hall—proceeds evening to sustain the organization. The winter campaign has fairly begun, and judging from its last session, Sunday morning, Oct. 9th, a good account may be expected from this Lyceum.

*North Scituate*.—*Conquest Hall*.—Daniel J. Bates writes, Oct. 10th: "Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston, spoke at this hall on the 9th inst., to an attentive audience. Subject in the morning, 'Growth'; in the afternoon, 'Penance, or the right.' The lectures abounded in sound logical argument; the latter discourse urging those who had accepted Spiritualism as their religious faith, not to falter or be afraid at any time to acknowledge it to the world, though it might be unpopular; but to say, I am a Spiritualist, and intend to practice my belief by a life of true manhood or true womanhood. The Doctor speaks at the same hall the last Sunday of January."

*LYNN*.—Samuel F. Parsons writes, Oct. 7th: "As I had leisure I thought I would write you a few lines from the City of Souls (Salem). It is not very often that we communicate from this place in the *Banner*, and you may think we are in silent slumber as regards Spiritualism, but this is not so. We are having good meetings, largely attended by the most intellectual, and persons from every church are investigating for themselves our noble theory. As an evidence, that our philosophy is doing its work here, I would say, the Orthodox church in Silsbee street is almost wholly deserted, and handbills have been distributed all around the city, giving invitation for all to come to that church and occupy the seats free; but Orthodox has gone up. It is a commodity that don't sell, even in this paper sale city. Rev. Mr. Holmes preached last Sunday in the High-street Baptist church, on 'Murray, and Modern Universalism.' He acknowledged the fact that Murray was a pious and devout Christian, and a true lover of his fellow-man, but was lacking in brain. The world moves, you see."

### New Publications.

"THE BIBLE IN THE BALANCE" is the striking title of a thoroughly sterling work from the practical pen of Rev. J. G. Fish, who proceeds to weigh the matter with history, chronology, science, literature, and itself. Not to dilate on any other portion of this most able treatise, we must refer the reader to the chapters that recite the wonders of mound-building in the vast valley of the Mississippi, demonstrating facts respecting a race or races of which no records have been left. One should not fail to peruse such expositions with close attention, in studying the basis of his belief in the Bible as it is offered us.

WM. WHITE & Co. publish "THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN: or, Out of the Darkness into the Light," by J. William Van Name. It is a story of struggles and trials, doubts and triumphs, written under influence, conveying striking theories and conceptions in relation to life in and out of the form, and abounding with incidents which will not fail to arrest the attention and sympathy of all who will peruse it. The author is sufficiently well known by his previous productions to attract to this last one from his pen a host of appreciative readers, who will kindle at his glowing descriptions of what is universally dear to the human heart.

CHARLES and EVA ROBERTS'S HOME IN THE WEST is number three of the popular "Charley Roberts Series" for young readers, from the prolific pen of Leo & Shepard, which firm is headquarters for the juveniles in New England. This little volume describes our young friends in a new and interesting light, and all their old acquaintances will take an eager interest in following them to the home they are to enjoy themselves in.

In the "Rosa Abbott Stories" the same publishers issue THE PINES AND BLUEBERRIES, being the sixth of the series. The title is so very taking, as Rosa Abbott no doubt knew it would be, that all the children will be tempted to peep between the covers to see the story itself; and, with their eyes once there, they will be very sure to go through the whole volume.

THE LITTLE MATRONS OF OXFORD forms the sixth of the "Helping-Hand Series," from the same house. It is a pretty tale, and a worthy companion of its popular predecessors.

THE PROVERBS STORIES (Second Series) are likewise issued by the same publishers, their titles being as follows: "A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed," "One Good Turn Deserves Another," and "Actions Speak Louder than Words." They are too well known among young readers, by their first series, to require any special endorsement from us. Coming packed in a neat box, they make a pretty present for those who are of the right age and experience to enjoy them.

No juvenile book made a greater stir in the time of it than "The B. O. W. C.," which went the rounds of the boys of every neighborhood. Who were ourselves as much interested in their excited talk-over it as they were in the book itself. It was wholly original and striking, and it took hold of their imaginations almost like a second "Tom Brown." We have before us the second volume by the same author, entitled "THE BOYS OF GRACE FARM, SECONDO," published by Leo & Shepard. It will be enough to mention the simple fact, to engage the attention of the boys forthwith. They will be as sure to have this follow to the next book as they will to open their bright eyes to the other sunrise.

THE AMERICAN OIL FELLOW for October is a very interesting number. In its departments for the Order are given the Grand Elders' and Grand Secretaries' Reports, and a complete summary of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, together with much general information of value to the Fraternity. Its literary departments are full of choice reading. This popular magazine is published by the A.O.F. Association, No. 60 Nassau street, New York.

THE BUILDER AND MANUFACTURER for October is replete. It is a valuable publication.

### Philip Hall.

[The following message was given at our Public Circle, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Monday afternoon, Oct. 10th, with the request that it be printed at once.]

I suppose I am not in very good condition, because I know so little about these things. To-day is only the fourth day since I was occupying a human body of my own. I died in Melbourne, Australia, four days ago. My name, Philip Hall, I was born in Charlestown, Mass. I was in my thirtieth year. I have a brother. I suppose he is in Boston. He does not know of my death. I propose to surprise him. [Not an







## Message Department.

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

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

**The Banner of Light Free Circles.**  
These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

**Mrs. Crockett receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.** She gives no private sittings.

**Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.**

**The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.**

### Invocation.

Oh Lord, our God, thou great spirit whose saving grace falls into every life, redeeming it from sin and making it to praise thee, we, thy children who have tasted death, come to thee this hour in behalf of those who have not; and we ask, oh Lord, our God, for greater strength and greater wisdom, greater love and greater charity, and greater patience with which to instruct thy children who are still in the valley and the shadow of mortal life. Oh Infinite Spirit, thou knowest their needs. A great ray of light—more light—has gone up to thee, and the answer has come. Many, many souls have heard the answer, and have joyfully accepted it. Oh Beautiful Spirit of Life, we thank thee for the power with which thou art revealing thyself to thy children in mortal life. We thank thee, oh Lord, for the life-giving spirit of something which is more than faith—ay, which is knowledge—that is flooding the land and causing thy sons and thy daughters everywhere to worship thee in spirit and in truth. And we ask for these thy children, that when they have done with this life, and have entered upon the realities of that life that is to come, may they look back with no regrets, but may a song of praise be upon their lips and prayer in their hearts. Oh our Father, thou saviour of every soul, hear our prayers, and as seemeth best to thee, answer us. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Have you questions, Mr. Chairman?

**Ques.**—If Spiritualists ever organize as a body, must it not be based on absolute and personal freedom?

**Ans.**—The very nature of any and all organizations prohibits such entire personal freedom as seems to be necessary to many souls in this age. Therefore it is not probable that Spiritualists, till they have learned a few more lessons concerning life and its uses, will organize. They seek forth, and it is well; but their steps have thus far been attended with failure, and they will be till the time has arrived when they shall be wiser in spiritual things than they are at the present time.

**Q.**—Has not the Christian church, so called, been an all-grasping and high-handed political despotism, the world over, wherever it has held the supremacy?

**A.**—With shame I answer the question in the affirmative. Religion, that garment of the Holy Spirit, has been desecrated, soiled, dragged in the dust of politics, and maimed in its throne. But there is a religion, pure and unfeigned, that has never found a resting-place within the soul. It has remained there unsoiled, pure as its eternal source; and it is that that will save the soul and give it a heaven hereafter.

**Q.**—Is G. M. Ramey's theory regarding the polar centres correct?—and was Salt Lake, Utah, formerly one of these centres?

**A.**—No, it is not correct.

**Q.**—In H. W. Beecher's Friday evening—June 10th—remarks, he took occasion to allude to the outgoing of Charles Dickens, wherein he says: "Whether he was personally and experimentally a Christian man, God knows—I do not. There is one class of men whom we believe to be Christians. They are producers of spiritual influences. We have no doubt about them. There is another class that we are as positive have produced no spiritual influences. And there is a great class between them; and it is always difficult to say whether they are a little one side or the other." From the above, it would seem Mr. Beecher had somewhat of a doubt as to Mr. D. being a Christian. Now, in what does Christianity consist? Does it belong especially to Jesus Christ? And could not he effect with his pen what Jesus Christ could not by his words?

**A.**—It seems that that American divine is in doubt respecting the Christianity that Charles Dickens possessed. Your correspondent says Mr. Beecher declares that he does not know whether he is a Christian or not. Well, that is very fairly, very candidly stated; and he might, with equal truth, affirm the same of every other living soul. No soul can determine concerning the Christianity of any other soul. It is for each individual soul to determine for themselves whether they are Christian or not. No one else can do it. That Christianity which is in existence at the present time, cloaked with fashionable churches and creeds and dogmas, it is hard to define; for each one defines it to suit themselves—no two alike. The Christianity of a Henry Ward Beecher may not be that of a John P. Smith. They would differ, doubtless, in many essential points; and yet each would consider themselves Christian. Now, this proves conclusively, to my soul, that we must be our own judges concerning what Christianity is, and whether we have it or not.

**Q.**—Had Mr. Beecher the moral right to judge the religious status of Mr. Dickens?

**A.**—Socially speaking, he had; spiritually speaking, he had not. Christianity teaches us to judge not; and if our Christianity be spiritual, be something more than the letter, surely it means precisely what it says—"Judge not, lest ye be judged."

**Q.**—The N. Y. Times London correspondent has a letter wherein he states: "Mr. Dickens was strongly averse to Spiritualism." Has the intelligence knowledge as to its truth or falsity?

**A.**—Yes; the intelligence has knowledge as to its truth or falsity. Mr. Dickens was not an outspoken Spiritualist; but, in his faith, he leaned strongly upon the spiritual side. He denounced the phenomena of Spiritualism that are floating upon its surface to-day. He denounced many of its theories; but the fundamental truths of Spiritualism, Charles Dickens believed and honored.

**June 27.**

### Max Williams.

In response to a call from several of my friends who still remain on the earth, I am here to-day.

They ask me several questions, which I shall answer truthfully. The first is: "Were you a suicide?" I answer, "No"—emphatically, "No." I had no desire to shorten my earthly existence, nor did I, except by accident. The second is: "Are you aware of what has transpired among your own people since your death?" I am aware of it; and, contrary to the expectation of those who have asked the question, I will say I am not sorry for it. The intelligence was received by me with joy. "Did we receive a message from you which was written in Venice?" Yes; you received that message, and it was written by myself, although it did not contain all the truths upon the subject in question that I had intended to give; for, as I said at the close of the message, "My subject has suddenly failed me in power, and therefore I am obliged to stop." "What can we do to inform ourselves concerning Spiritualism?" Read those spiritual works that will inform you concerning phenomenal Spiritualism; then those works that treat upon the grand philosophy of Spiritualism. Then visit those mediums or spiritual subjects who seem to be best adapted for giving general intelligence from the spirit-world, and in that way inform yourselves. But, at all times and under all circumstances, reserve for yourselves the right to decide between right and wrong, taking the say-so of no spirit, however high or low, when it clashes with your own sense of right. My name when here, Max Williams, a native of New York City.

### Polly Cutts.

[How do you do?] I am very well, only I am a little discontented. I don't have so much to do as I want. All my business seems to be cut off, and I don't have enough to do to keep me from getting dissatisfied. [I thought you could always find enough to do on your side.] Well, I suppose some folks can, but I can't. I ain't used to the way things are done here in the spirit-world, and I can't get used to 'em very easily. [Your mind was upon material things?] Yes—yes, I had my mind on money and real estate and such things—have got it on it now, and can't seem to get rid of it very well. I want to do business now, but there don't seem to be any for me to do. I come back here a little while ago, and I told some of my relatives I could assist them, but they don't seem to accept the offer, so I've been waiting round, hoping for something to do. [Can't you associate yourself with some one on earth who is following that kind of business?] Well, that's what I wanted to do, but I'd rather associate with my own folks than with anybody else; but I can't get near enough to 'em, and that's what troubles me—can't get near enough; could help 'em a good deal, and help myself, too, if I could only get near enough, but something shuts me out. [Perhaps they hold the same belief that you did—] I didn't have no belief—didn't know anything at all about it—didn't think much about it. I lived between eighty and ninety years, but I didn't think much about it—wish I had—I wish I had. Perhaps if I had, I should have found more to do here, and been happier. I ain't happy at all—I ain't happy—I don't like here at all. The longer I stay, the more I dislike; but I can't get out of it, as I see. [You must make the best of it.] Well, I'm trying to make the best of it.

I come here to-day to tell my nephew William that I should like to talk to him. I been looking all round to see where was a good place—a good medium—can't have this one, only here, and that's aggravating to those that can't find any one else that they like so well. But I've found a man down here in Salem. He is there now. I seen him in New York. I don't know what his name is—yes, Foster, I believe. [Charles?] I don't know his name—big, fat fellow—most choked me with smoke. Well, he is a good medium. I can use him; and if William will go there, I will do first rate for him. He won't be sorry, now, I tell you. He needn't be afraid to come, because it ain't nothing will hurt him, and if he don't like after coming once, he needn't have anything more to do with it, that's all.

You don't know me, do you? I am Polly Cutts. Now do you know me? [Oh, yes, I am glad you have come.] I am glad to come—anything to get out of that—oh, dear! I don't know. I was active enough in the old days in real estate, buying and selling, but there ain't nothing I can see doing here about it—nothing at all. Can't seem to get used to the benevolent ways of doing things here. They tell me there's enough to do, but I don't get used to doing it.

[A gentleman in the audience asked: Will you tell William where he can find that bible that belonged to Sir William P. P.] Well, I will. If he will go there, I will tell him. I'll do all I can.

[CHAIRMAN.—You will come out all right by-and-by.] Well, it's pretty hard to have everything struck away from you all of a sudden, when you have had so much all your life. [You know, now, how some feel who have nothing here.] They do not miss it, if they never had it. I should do different if I was here now. [If you had given some of your money to aid others when here, you would have found enough to do on the other side.] Should I? Well, I suppose I should. No use preaching about it now. Don't go to preaching about it; it do not do no good. Can't mend the matter now. You print my message, won't you? [Yes.] You won't charge anything, will you? [Oh, no.] Aint got anything to pay with.

### June 27.

### Clara Darwin.

I have an earthly father, and I wish to reach him, to enlighten his soul, and lighten the burden of human life. His soul is fluttering between the two worlds. He knows that he must soon leave the body. He does not regret it, for this life has had more shadows than sunbeams for him, and he is now between eighty and ninety years old, and is poor—very poor—and is waiting for the death-angel to release him from poverty and from suffering. A friend has told him of the beauties of the spirit-land—has told him that the dead can return, and in his soul he has prayed an earnest prayer that if that friend told him the truth, that the great good God would reveal it to him.

Forty-nine years ago this very day my own spirit took its flight from the mortal body. I passed out by accident, if any such there is in life. I was returning to my home, having been sent of an errand by my mother. I was then not quite twelve years of age; and a runaway team suddenly came upon the sidewalk. I was thrown down and so badly injured, that after a few hours I passed on. My father doubtless thinks that I live in the great hereafter, I am so far away from him that I could not come. But I have been near him; I have watched over him. He was very, very dear to me, and, as a child, I was very, very dear to him. Our souls harmonized, and by the great law of spiritual attraction I have returned to him.

I want him to know that there is a beautiful spirit-land, that he has a home there better than he has ever had here, and that all his hopes and his expectations concerning God and a better life will be more than realized. I want him to

lay down the armor of this life peacefully, happily, and to enter upon the other life joyfully. I want him to know that I shall meet him, that others will meet him, that he will receive a welcome such as his heart has sought for these many years, and that a home will be ready for him there. It is long since he has had one here. But he will have it there. Let him have no fear, and speak of these things freely to those who may visit him, if he has faith—which I know he will—and seek to inspire those who have not, and have no fear concerning the hereafter. He has lived a kind life to all with whom he has dealt; he has given when he has had scarcely anything to give from, and all his kind deeds have been treasured up, and a record faithfully kept by the angels, for which he will be justly recompensed. Clara Darwin, to William Darwin, who is at present in the city of New York. The friend who has spoken to him concerning these beautiful truths, will please deliver the message to him when it is published.

June 27.

### James Denny.

It is pretty hard to be obliged to come back and give bad news. [Do you bring bad news?] Why, yes; it is bad news to hear that one of your friends is dead, isn't it? [Bad news to the living.] Yes, oh yes. It is not at all bad news to themselves. You see what brings me here is this: I have a brother who has got as far as Liverpool, and he is waiting for money from me to bring him over to this country. I got sick and died; and that's the end of it. And I was told the last time you met here—I was told by the priest I met here—that I would come with a communication, that it would be received by my brother, and he would understand then why he is not receiving anything from me. How is that? [I think it may be so.] Well, then, his name is Patrick Denny. Mine is James. And I want him to know I am dead, so he will not expect I can do anything for him, of course. I was took sick with fever, and had no chance to send any word at all. I was sick when his letter came, saying that he had got as far as Liverpool, and had not a cent to get any farther. And he is there waiting for me to send for him. I want him to know I am dead, and if there's anything I can do in this world, I will. Of course I can't do what he is wanting. I want his confessor to tell him about it. Do you see? [Yes.] Good day, sir.

June 27.

Seance conducted by John Pye Smith; letters answered by C. H. Crowell.

### Invocation.

Thou Infinite Presence in whom we are spiritually made, and in whom we spiritually live and have our being, thou, our Father in wisdom, and our Mother in love, we come to thee this hour, thanking thee for thy blessings, praising thee for the gift of life, for the crown of immortality which thou hast placed upon our brows, for the spirit of truth which thou hast put into our natures, and for the scriptures of Nature which thou hast opened unto us. Oh loving and wise Spirit, thou hast no need of our praises, but we have need to praise thee. The fountain of our being seems full to overflowing, and we must tune the harp of our being to praise thee now. We thank thee, oh Lord, that the lines of our lot are again cast upon the earth, that thou hast commissioned us to wander again through the valleys of mortal life, giving us the power through human lips to speak peace to thy children, to tell them of a hereafter, of a home beyond the tomb, of a land where death is better understood than here. Enlighten us, our Father, still further in thy wisdom, and unfold to us to understand thy truths, and give us strength and wisdom to bear all the crosses with which we may meet in life. Father, accept our praises, and give us what we need—nothing more. Amen.

June 28.

### Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—I know a man to whom the spirits have given great wealth. He is converting it all to worldly and personal ends. I also know another man who would actually give an angel could ask him to, who has worked hard for years, and received the very humblest fare. Why is this?

**Ans.**—The whole machinery of life, whether here or there, is carried on through chemical laws. It is the chemical affinity that exists within your human bodies for certain articles of exchange that attract those articles to you and make you rich men. The want of those particles, or that power, in your system, makes you poor men. The presence of it gives you power to obtain wealth. The absence deprives you of that power, and you may labor as long as you live in the physical body to obtain wealth, but you cannot obtain it. This is a fact well-known in spiritual science. The scientists of this earthly life have not yet reached it, but they will by-and-by, and when they do, it will be the very cornerstone of a mighty structure, grander and more perfect in science than any that has yet been reared.

**Q.**—This is why in the hands of certain men everything turns to money. You think it is not owing to their superior ability?

**A.**—It is all owing to the action of chemical laws; dependent upon them entirely, whether rich or poor.

**Q.**—If Jesus Christ is not God, why does he not come back here as other spirits do, and deny the statements made by the so-called Christian world, that he came to save sinners, and that through his blood alone we can be saved?

**A.**—Supposing he should come in propria persona. What then? Would it add one whit to the faith that you already have? Perhaps in a few isolated instances it might. But they would be very few. What if I were to tell you that this same Jesus the Christ ministered all over the land to-day? Would you believe it? A very few would. The majority would doubt it. Names, titles, amount to nothing. If you receive a truth through Thomas Paine, that truth is just as dear and just as sacred as if you received it through Jesus Christ.

**Q.**—When Christ said, "But that ye may know that the son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins: he said unto the sick of the palsy—arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house," did he intend to convey the idea that he (Christ) was the son of man, and forgive only physical sins, and that other men would have the same power to forgive sins that he had, namely: by healing people of diseases that they brought upon themselves by sinning physically?

**A.**—Yes, to my mind he meant to convey precisely that idea.

**Q.**—Have we any account of Christ's ever speaking of original depravity or the fall of Adam?

**A.**—No, I think not. At least, I have never seen any record of such an account.

**Q.**—The Bible says God made the first man from a lump of dirt, and the second—or woman—from a rib bone. Now was there ever a higher formation without the two forces, the positive and the negative, the masculine and feminine, or father and mother of the universe? Does not this

law or principle hold good everywhere through the realms of Nature?

**A.**—Yes, when this biblical allegory shall be looked at by the light of spiritual science, it will be better understood; and, instead of believing in a literal hell, you will understand the spirit that underlies the letter. You will be able to translate correctly the meaning of many passages, if not all, that are so mysterious, so much so that theologians pass them by as belonging to the mysteries of God, and therefore sacred. We should not question them, but if we have anything to do with them at all, believe in them just as they are, without alteration, without speculation.

**Q.**—Are the moral principles taught by the Nazarene intact and original in the New Testament?

**A.**—No, they are not. On the contrary, they are deformed and warped to suit the caprices and the ignorance and the bigotry of that class of priests who compiled them long after his decease.

June 28.

### Harriett Porter.

I have friends in Savannah, Georgia. I wish to reach them. They are not relatives, but very dear friends. Their names are Charlotte and William Kelsey. [How old are they?] Probably between fifty and sixty years of age. [Did they go from this section of the country?] I believe they did. [I formerly knew a man of that name.] Perhaps it may be the same. They have lived in Savannah, I think, over twenty years. My name was Harriett Porter. I was engaged as a teacher in their family, and left there just about the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. Their only son had just entered the Southern army as I was leaving. He fell in one of the first battles, and I have to report of him that he was not treated by the Federal troops as was reported. He died very soon after being wounded, and was cared for as well as it was possible to care for the wounded at that time. So he tells me. Knowing as I do that if his parents could understand that he wishes to return and communicate with them, that he would be made happier in his spirit home for it, I have taken it upon myself to come here to-day and plead his cause, because I could do it better than he. I ask that they may open wide the doors of their hearts and their minds, that they may investigate, and know whether their William can come or not. Give him the privilege. Open the door for him, and if he don't come and satisfy them, I shall be very much mistaken. He longs to soothe that mother's aching heart, and would give to her that consolation which she can find nowhere else; and the young sister—she would be a spiritual guide to her, leading her along gently over the rough paths of human life, shutting out the shadows and letting in the sunlight. He asks that they will seek to know whether he can come or not; they pass judgment. I ask as much. I died in less than one year after leaving them.

June 28.

### Eben Perkins.

My name when here was Eben Perkins. I am from Fredericktown, Pa. I come back here to satisfy, if I can, the anxiety of a dear old aunt of mine, who thinks I am in hell, and for this reason: I was a whiskey manufacturer, and as a natural consequence, I sometimes got drunk. I belonged to no church. I made no profession of any kind of religion. This dear old aunt—who brought me up, by the way, my parents having died when I was quite young—considers that my soul is lost, that I am certainly in hell. Well, I am not in heaven, that's certain, because I'm not as happy as I'd like to be. But I am certainly not in hell—not in that kind of hell that that dear old lady thinks I am in, a literal hell of fire and brimstone. She is a believer to the fullest extent in that miserable old dogma.

Now I thought I'd come here and just warn her that I propose to give a series of manifestations at her home, which shall convince her—unless she is invincible to truth—that spirits can return, and that I am not in hell. I have selected my subject, and I know pretty well how much power I can use through him, and I think I am safe in saying that, unless the old lady is thoroughly invincible to truth, I shall shake her Orthodox notions to their very foundations. Not wishing to startle her, not wishing her to feel that something terrible is going to happen because of these unnatural things that are going to take place—she will call them unnatural—I have come here to tell her what I am going to do. I don't propose to ask her to seek for herself, but am going to bring the truth face to face with her. Let her deny it if she can. If she can't, let her receive it and bless God for it.

I manufactured whiskey when here, but I will manufacture a different kind of spiritual truth now I have got where whiskey is not a marketable article. Perhaps if it was I might continue in the business, but as it is not, of course it is no object for me to have anything to do with it. I want that dear old lady to know that while we are in the body we must obey the laws of that body, whether we will or no. That body has certain laws which we must render obedience to, just as there are certain laws governing our spirits which our bodies must render obedience to. I lived in accordance with the laws that were marked out for me, and if it had not been the pleasure of an all-wise God for me to walk in that way, why didn't he turn me the other way. If he was God he had the power; if he had n't the power he was n't God. This dear old aunt used to tell me that I was sinning against God every hour I lived. I used to tell her that I believed that I lived and acted in and through God, and that without his approbation I could not take a single step in life. I believed that he fore-ordained that I should be a whiskey manufacturer, just as much as he fore-ordained that this round, rushing world should keep the orbit that it does. I don't believe in these hap-hazard things—not at all; never did when I was here, and I am sure I have everything to make me believe, since I left the earth, that all things are under the spiritual control of an all-wise Power that will take care that everything comes out right in the end. Good-day, sir.

June 28.

### Nellie Burns.

How do you do, mister? [How do you do, little one?] I am pretty well now. I was awful sick before I died; am pretty well now. I have been dead three weeks. My mother told me to come here, if I could, just as soon as I could, and she has been disappointed and cried a good many times because she didn't see my name, when she thought every week I'd come. But I couldn't; I didn't have the power; I was n't adapted to conditions any time till to-day. My name is Nellie Burns. I lived in Cincinnati, and my mother knows that people can come back after they die. I died of inflammation of the lungs; got a dreadful cold, and I was sick fourteen days, and mother knew I could n't live, and so she made me promise to come back here and let her hear from me, and tell her I lived with, and how I liked. I live with Aunt Olive, but I go all round everywhere I like. I have got four teachers beside Aunt Olive. First I was taken into the children's hos-

pital to rest; and I rested there till I got fit to move about myself, and then I had my teachers and went with Aunt Olive; and I like her splendidly, tell mother. I would n't go back if I could, only to take her. But if I could take her I would mighty quick; yes, I would, because I know how much she wants to come, and how hard it is for her to stay without me.

Father went into the war and was killed. I don't live with him; I don't know why. I never loved him very well when he was here and I was here; he was cross to mother and to me, and didn't take care of us good at all. [You have seen him?] Yes; but I don't know where he lives. Tell mother I don't know where he lives, only I don't live with him, and I am glad of it. I suppose God knew I would n't want to, so he didn't make me.

Tell mother I do n't know when she is coming; nobody has ever told me. If I did I'd tell her. But when she does come I shall be all ready for her, and I shall come to her just as often as I can, till she does, and she must n't cry any more about me. Only think, yesterday I spent my first birthday in heaven! was n't it beautiful? It was the best I ever had. We have everything nice here, tell mother, and she won't have to work, and she won't have to worry about anything. I wish she was here; I don't see why God don't take her. [You will see a good reason for it some time.] Well, I don't now. If I could I would take her very quick. [You must try not to feel badly about it.] Well, I do, only I think of it. [You feel lonely?] No, I don't; oh, no; I feel dreadfully for her; I don't feel lonely for myself; you can't feel lonely here in the beautiful place where I live, but I feel so bad for her, she feels so lonely. Good-by. I was ten years old yesterday, and I suppose mother was feeling dreadfully because it was my birthday in heaven. But I had a grand time.

June 28.

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

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, June 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William M. Thackeray; Henri Lemoine, to his brother in France; Sarah Frances Hammond, died in Frankfurt, Germany.

Monday, Sept. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry C. Wright; Alcinda Wilhelm Slade; Jean McGregor, of Glenview, Scotland, to her mother; James Barry, to his mother; Sarah Jane Smith, to her mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ralph Fairbank; Kate Brown, to her mother; James Doan, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Sept. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Pace, to William Pace, of Boston; James Head, to his wife; Sarah Jane Smith, of Boston, to her mother; William H. Barton, of Boston, to his mother; William H. Barton, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dennis Linn, of New York City; Betsey Brown, of Perry, N. Y.; Mary P. Loxley, of West Philadelphia, Pa., to her mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alexander Clark, of New York City, to his relatives in Maine; Lucy Jackson, of Boston, to her mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Sept. 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Sept. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William McDonald, of New York City, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Allen, of Long Island, to her mother; James Barry, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Sept. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Eliza Rogers, of Haverhill, Mass., to her son Harry; James Jagan, of South Boston, to his son; Anne Grimes, of South Boston, to her mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Sept. 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Morrill, of Amesbury, Mass., to his children; S. Y. Willis, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Margaret Warner, of New York City, to her mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Nov. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Thursday, Nov. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.

Monday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother; John Adams, to his mother.



Mediums in Boston.

MRS. M. A. STICKNEY,  
Clairvoyant and Business Medium,  
225 Cambridge Street, Boston.  
Oct. 15-17

HATTIE T. HILLS,  
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,  
1243 Washington Street, Boston.  
Oct. 15-17

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,  
AT NO. 226 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.  
THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please  
send \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and  
the address, and state sex and age. 15-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-2602-2603-2604-2605-2606-2607-2608-2609-2610-2611-2612-2613-2614-2615-2616-2617-2618-2619-2620-2621-2622-2623-2624-2625-2626-2627-2628



# Banner of Light.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE GRAVEYARD AT BAY VIEW.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS.

"A thousand years shall pass, and then  
I mean to try that road again."  
"Hast thou a year for burial love—  
A wish for transient power—  
All that a century left above—  
To read it in an hour?"

It stands upon the hillside's crest,  
And smiles to greet the tranquil sea;  
The day's last splendors fling the west  
With Titan's glorious tracery;  
And, red as sunset's waning glow,  
The maple leaves are falling low.

And boughs of green and jolly gold  
Still leave their treacherous flags on high,  
As over the path we tread of old,  
Our careless feet so rustling by.  
"Twas years ago, in summer hours,  
When last we brushed the clover flowers.

They lie within each narrow bed—  
Our stern old sires who walked the earth,  
By Calvin's black "election" led,  
Or calmer Wesley's "revived birth."  
Like halcyon warriors, stern and still,  
The headstones thank the rising hill.

For them the parson's wailing cry  
Swept quivering down the sombre years;  
"Great is the Lord," his mystery  
Is darkly writ in human tears.  
But he shall stay all weeping here  
When time is dead, and earth no more."

And shall thou Gabriel's blast awake  
The slumbering dead beside the sea,  
As, by old Grotti's cave and lake,  
Shall spring to life the dauntless "Three."  
When slaves on Safford soil are born,  
And vengeance thrills the Alpine horn?

Ah, no! they rose long years ago,  
Nor shroud, nor tomb, nor grave-mould's clod  
Could stay the spirit's onward glow—  
Like sea-bound streamlets—to its God.  
Land, wave and sky have not a spot  
So bleak, so sad, where they are not!

They come with loving words to cheer  
The soul that laves at sorrow's shrine;  
To all might's wild and jarring sphere  
With heaven's own harmony divine;  
To wipe death's dread baptismal spray  
From forehead bright with endless day.

Dear friend, when, passed the Jordan's tide,  
We reach the spirit's Canaan land,  
On many an earth-bound breeze we'll ride  
And walk the garden, hand in hand,  
And as the wild flowers take the air,  
Give gladly back a perfumed prayer.

Boston, Oct. 1870.

## The Lecture Room.

GROWTH vs. CREATION.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WM. DENTON.  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Oct. 2, 1870.  
Revised for the Banner of Light.

Those who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will remember that, when Topsy was asked, "Who made you?" she replied, "Nobody, as I know of; 'speaks I growed." It was a very fitting answer—true of Topsy and true of a great many other things as well. The questioner represented a class who believe that everything in the universe was made by a direct creating power—a class who believe that there was a time when there was nothing—not even chaos itself—nothing but the Great First Cause, who out of nothing spoke into existence all that is. He plowed the eternal fallow, and sowed it with millions of blazing suns. Then sprang the planets into existence, called out of nothingness by the word of Omnipotence. Then came the globe, ridged with mountains that were never heaved; filled with rocks that were never agglomerated, with their fossil contents just as we find them—fish that never swam, reptiles that never crawled, birds that were never hatched and never flew; fossil trees, with rings of annual growth that never grew—never had root, though we find them provided with this necessary appendage. All these were made at once, just as they are, when Omnipotence spoke and it was done. Then stands the world, bare, naked, desolate; but Omnipotence speaks again: "Let there be grass; let there be trees;" and the rocks melt into soil in an instant. Up comes the grass; and a carpet of verdure smiles before, but a moment before, the hard crust appeared in its native deformity—a blooming paradise instantly succeeds a gloomy desert. "Trees four hundred feet high, with rings of century growth which they never knew, lift their foreheads to the sky; rivers, with deltas which, of necessity, a million years would have to labor to produce, flow sounding to the sea."

And the same is true of the human race, viewed through this lens of creation. Milton said—and he is almost as good authority among Christians as the Bible:

"The earth obeyed; and straight  
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd it a birth  
Of numerous living creatures, perfect forms,  
Limbs full grown; out of the ground uprose  
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons  
In forest wild, in thick brake, or den;  
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd.  
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in proud herds upspringing.  
The grassy clover now elevated, now half appeared  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His brother parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,  
The ibex, and the tiger, as the male  
Rising, the crumpled earth above them threw  
In hillocks; the swift stag from under ground  
Bore up his branching head."

The water swarms with fishes that were never spawned, and life everywhere is brought into existence at once. Man, of course, was made in the same way. God had only to call him into existence, and of course he came—with hair that never grew; teeth that never were cut, with the appearance of twenty-five years of age, though he was only five minutes on the earth—there he stood, in all his beauty. And woman came too, but in a more clumsy fashion—made out of the rib of a man! No sooner did Adam awake and see the beautiful creature God had given him than he said: "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; thou shalt be called woman, because thou art taken out of a man." And I can imagine Eve making a low bow, and saying, "I'm very much obliged to you, sir." [Laughter.]

Those persons who believe that the universe was spoken out of nothingness must, of necessity, believe that, in the beginning, things everywhere were created by the word of Omnipotence. But is there any truth in this so common notion? This is the question that comes up for consideration to-day. Those who believe that man was created full-grown, believe that religion was called into being in the same fashion—like a pair of boots made for him—and men must receive this as true, under hazard of penalties eternal if denied, and believe in a Bible made for man, and perfect at the beginning, so that no man may add

to or take therefrom—the last completed attempt of Omnipotence to reveal itself to mankind.

The speaker said these two propositions rested on the same foundation. If we could overturn one, we could the other also. Now, what says Mother Nature on this subject? We may behold it. What says the universe of all this? Did ever man see anything created? No man ever did. No man pretends to. Whence the belief that all these were created at the start? Is there, for this, any foundation in fact? Science to-day is teaching us that our planet never came into existence in the way these people who so believe suppose. It is telling us that it came into existence by law, and it points out the very laws by which these grand results were produced. The speaker then went back in time to the days when all matter was in a nebulous condition—a fire mist—and traced the formation of the universe of worlds—thrown off, by the law of centrifugal force, in rings, from the bosom of grand revolving suns—drawn into spherical shape by centripetal attraction—throwing off, in turn, new rings to form other planets. This was the nebulous theory, which was accepted by nine out of ten who had made it a study. Then sprang our planet into existence, a child of the sun, and, as fiery as its father; the moon, the child of the earth. That the earth was originally in the condition which it must have been in order for such formation, could be seen by many indices existing to-day: the heat, increasing as we penetrated toward its heart, the boiling springs, the multitudinous chimneys of the volcanic ranges, all testified to the primitive fiery condition of our planet.

In proper time the crust cooled, the water gathered in the hollows of the hard surface—at first boiling hot—and steamy clouds enveloped the sky. Ages passed ere the first living forms made their appearance in these primal oceans, during which the lifeless globe swung round the sun. The silurian period, with its shales, limestone and sandstone, its corals and graptolites, its shells innumerable; the devonian period, with its primitive fishes, its beds of conglomerate and shale, its limestones and sandstones crowded with the fossil remains of extinct inhabitants of the deep; the carboniferous age, during which were deposited the mighty supplies of the coal measures, were all traced by the speaker with the powerful hand of one accustomed to such delineation, and the march step by step onward was described, from the Giltie and cretaceous periods, with their swarming reptilian forms, to the first mammal, not much larger than a rat, and till we came to the monkey, the prophet of the man. No such speculations as Moses wrote of, and Milton sang of, would do for the mind of the scientific investigator to-day. Man is allied by lineal descent with the brute, and only by growth became as we find him at the present hour; he is the product of ages, the fruit of the vast tree of life, whose root can be traced to the sediment of the old silurian seas, which blossomed in the tertiary, and fruited at last in the man of to-day.

The speaker said it had taken Nature millions of years to write the first chapter of Genesis in her Bible. How it differs from the story so frequently taught in the name of Moses for the good of humanity! Everywhere growth, nowhere creation, everywhere law, nowhere miracle, is the voice of Nature's manifold teachings. "There is a river, thirty feet broad," you say, "leaping from a mountain—a river that never grew." I have seen them myself. But let me, my friend, take you into the caverns in that mountain's heart, and you will perceive a multitude of trickling rills, flowing in darkness, to make up in the aggregate the outer stream. There is the oak tree—the grand monarch of the forest—once a seed, poor, neglected, trampled into the soil by the foot of the passing deer. Watch it with a microscope daily and hourly, and you cannot see that it changes, and yet, by an imperceptible process, carried on through centuries, it expands to a beautiful tree. In such natural lessons the speaker perceived the truth that growth was everywhere. If a savage in the primal forests had never built a log hut, the beautiful hall wherein the present assembly convened would have been an impossibility. A savage, sitting after dinner on the green carpeted earth, blows through a hollow reed, and that is the source from which proceeds the majestic organ, whose tones of melody vibrated on the ears of a Boston audience to-day. The monotonous chant of his fellow savages was the prophecy of the sweet voiced singers who would one day arise, and the rude stamp which accompanied the lugubrious strains of those early men was the fountain head, from whence flowed the modern dance, which had truly been called the "poetry of motion." Art and manufactures had to grow. The cloth coat on a man's back to-day could never have been, had not the wild savage of the far past clothed himself in the skin of his wilder brute contemporaries; the watch in his pocket had to grow—a wheel had to come before the watch could start; the early ones were nearly as large as a dinner plate, and as clumsy as a mouse-trap; it had taken years to bring forth the delicate workmanship of the present hour. The singing ten-kettle was the seed of the steam-engine, but it needed time and the labors of Newcomen, Watt, Fitch and Fulton to bring it to the practical use and enable it to do so much of the world's work to-day.

And what is true of all these things with which man is concerned, is just as true of man himself. Twenty years ago it was the heresy of heresies to teach that man was not put on the earth full fledged. To-day it is almost Orthodox to teach that he came as an apple comes on the matured tree, as the proof of its advanced stage of growth. We can to-day trace the course through which life has advanced from the gelatinous polyps of the early seas, through the fish to the lower mammal, the higher mammal—the man! Every part of man is the result of growth; we cannot point to one which has not been the result of gradual expansion and development throughout the ages. The speaker then proceeded to make citations from the zoological kingdom in proof of this assertion, stating that the erinoids, with their five, ten, twenty (or some multiple of five) fingers, the five toes of the batrachians, the five-boned paddle of the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus, the paw of the monkey, (coarse as it was), the rude palm of the primitive savage, were all indices of the perfect human hand which was to come in our time. It took Nature ages to make man's hand, and she threw away a million models before she found a suitable one from which to fashion that of the nineteenth century. So with man's heart, which pumped life at every stroke through his frame. Go down to the lowest forms of life and they would be found destitute of a heart; they drew in the water of the ocean, through the skin or from the stomach, direct to the various parts of the body. Come up to the lowest forms of the mollusks, and the cold, colorless blood was forced through their bodies by an instrument corresponding in its office, but far removed from the human heart; the snail would be found possessed of an auricle and ventricle; in the fish could be traced a still more perfect heart; in the reptile existed

the first indication of two auricles and two ventricles, approximating through the bird and the mammal to the perfection of man.

Man's brain was also the result of growth, as well. In the protozoa no nerve could be found. In some of the radiates we can trace nervous ganglia. In the cephalopods among mollusks we obtain the first idea of the brain; the fish presented the two hemispheres and the cerebellum or little brain—which man possesses. In the reptile the brain was enlarged, and still more so in the bird; in the lower mammal it was of still larger extent, attaining as we passed on to the monkey more of the appearance of the human brain. Man's brain, said the lecturer, has been made ago after ago. In some cases—as in my own—it is lamentably deficient, [Laughter] but Nature is by no means done with her labor, and man is by no means yet her finished workmanship.

If, then, man was the subject—the result of growth in his every part—those things referring to him must also be the subjects of growth. Religion was not made for man full grown. When man was a baby, he gave us a babyish religion, and the Bible gives an idea of what that religion is. The speaker then proceeded to trace the growth of religion away from the traditional history and inculcations of the Jewish cattle raisers, (some of whom were as rude as the cattle they herded) as given in the Bible, which was handed down to posterity as the last attempt of God to teach the human race—to the present time, when circumstances were demonstrating that if the Bible was not a thing of growth, and its adherents so declared it, then men would grow out of the Bible. The snake in the garden of Eden, he said, had become magnified to the arch enemy of all souls; the fire kindled outside the gates of Jerusalem came to be the everlasting fire in which all the enemies of the faithful were to be burned forever outside the gate of the new Jerusalem. Step by step it grew hotter and hotter till it reached its highest point, but for the last twenty years it had been gradually cooling, and now promises to become in time a comfortable place of abode.

So you see when we appreciate this principle, what grand results inevitably follow. "Why," you say, "if nothing has been created, all things have grown; then there is no need of an Almighty Creator!" Exactly so. "What, no Almighty Creator?" No, nothing of the sort. The work was done without it, because the universe is the source. The only God there is, is Nature, and nothing outside, or back of, or beyond it. Suppose you make a being to make a universe, what have you done? You are worse off than before. Who created this being? whence came he? It is the very same question my boys ask me whenever they get up to three years old: "Father, who made God?" Who shall answer it? We know nothing back of the universe. The universe we know, and we claim that it is all sufficient; we know of no being back of or behind it; all else is pretense. If a man says there is such, ask him for his evidence, and you will find there is no foundation for the assumption, save such as is recorded in that old Jewish story-book, the Bible. "But," says some one, "what becomes of my Heavenly Father?" I can't get along without my Heavenly Father. Why, my friend, how long have you got along without a heavenly mother? I could get along without a Heavenly Father better than a heavenly mother. Do you suppose if there had been a heavenly mother, she would have let that snake into the garden of Eden to tempt and destroy the children a Heavenly Father stood ready to curse for what they could not help? Not she, indeed. She would never have allowed her charge to fall under the terrible denunciations God was about to inflict. She would have seized that serpent and scotched him in an instant! Would she have made a hell wherein to plunge her children for eternal ages? Not so; and if the Heavenly Father had done it, her tears would have drowned its fires forever! Nature, I say, is all there is—father and mother, the one just as much as the other; sister and brother, yet not perhaps in the same signification these words have to us. There is no Father, in the sense in which we have an earthly father and mother. You can tease your father into doing this and that to please you; your mother will strive to shield you from the inevitable results of your own doings; but the laws of eternity are enduring and obdurate, and you cannot escape their results. I am satisfied to accept the universe as I find it—Nature superior to the God of the Bible. Dearest to us, better to us than any of the foolish gods that man has made, we accept this as the only God there is. Nature never changes; never turns to the right or left; and when men come to that conclusion they won't talk any more to God. When men and women come to understand that they cannot change the operations of natural law, long prayers will cease. Our inward desires of course will exist, the soul will breathe them; this is natural, but no attempt will be made to change the laws of the universe by prayer, for the man who could change the operation of law by prayer would be God of the gods themselves.

No creation; no creator; nothing ever was created; all things are the result of growth—have come as the inevitable result of the operation of these natural laws from the beginning. Now you begin to see what follows, if this is accepted. You see man never fell; he has been ascending from the start; there is no go back. Man could never fall in the intended sense any more than the eagle could go back to the cracked shell from which he came, or the oak to the acorn which it split five hundred years ago! And the old story connected with it is false. Man never fell! Then he never needed Jesus to save him from the ruins of the fall. Away, then, go the conceptions of the theologians, for the law of our being is growth, and to such every soul shall attain. We are here on this planet to expand for the ages, and whatever wars with man's growth we must condemn.

One of the principal objections I have to Christianity is, that its creeds are as iron boxes around the human soul. The speaker proceeded to trace the effect of the creedal teachings upon the human aspirations after truth—the darkening effect of the fears of God and hell which were piled up by a paid priesthood before the gaze of the trembling believer—and said that every grumble from the sufferer was greeted with, "Be still! Hell awaits you, and you will never get to heaven." Hands off, inquirers! Give the soul fair play. It was made for growth and development, and it must have it. All this restriction is put on, all these things are done, under pretense of an absolute necessity—man must have them to prevent him from running riot and suffering eternal penalties. Take an acorn, and put it into a flower-pot in a lady's parlor; water it with tempered water; never allow the winds of heaven to visit it; watch it and nurse it, and what do you have for your pains? A miserable, sapless, stunted bush—a parody on its original. But put it out upon the moor, let it struggle with the storm and the tempest, and it will expand to a tower of strength and a country's pride. There is always a possibility of it, but not so in the former way. So with the soul: God made it for freedom and

growth; let it have a chance, even though the consequences be as disastrous as the lightning to the oak. Nature demands it, and the tendency of the age is to make it worthy of its origin.

The law of man's growth is within him, not outside of him. In the growth of the oak, it is not necessary to make holes in its trunk to put the limbs in, and to fasten on the acorns with glue. This is the way many are doing in their lives to-day, and they are constantly blaming the sun of nature because it melts the glue of artifice, and the fruit falls to the ground. Man's development is within him. The progress of this planet, and man's ultimate progression also, do not depend on the systems of mankind. This world existed before we came.

The lecturer then drew a powerful picture of the past history of the globe; of the oolitic times, when great reptiles crawled up and down the earth, besliming it with their loathsome track, and quoted the language of some cranker who might then have raised his voice, proclaiming in effect, "This world will never be anything. I have watched it as the fires have burned it, the waters overflowed it. The earthquake has rent it, the volcano has shaken it. I am sick and tired at the prospect that lies for it in the future." But out of this seeming darkness, the great principle of growth developed the age wherein man walked the earth with all the great possibilities that lie within him, and the grand future before him.

The lecturer had no doubt that there were those who would go away from the hall, wondering that a man could talk so, but the very fact that he was allowed the freedom of speech to do it was a proof of the growth of the human mind. When the war between the North and South began, the prophets of evil were croaking everywhere, and yet America never saw a brighter day than the one that shines on us now, and the next Sunday will be better, for we shall have advanced that much further on the road of progress. This is no time for despair, but for hope, for joy and rejoicing at what Nature is inviting us to partake of. We have grown in the ages past; shall we now stand still. Have we reached the best possible position that Nature affords? Why, we have only just started—kittens, who have just opened our eyes to take a look around us—but there is the bright sun above us, there is the great, grand future before us—we want a chance to grow. There is an everlasting home for the soul, a home where all the aspirations that have never been met shall be fulfilled in the world that is to come.

When I see the crimes so prevalent to-day, I ask myself what is the cause of them? What made this or that man bad? Look at his head. Compare the shape of it with the head of a philosopher. Did he order his head before he came? No; he had to take the best head Nature could give him. What then? Why, go back for the cause to his parents, his father, his grandfather. There is no more necessity to create a demon to make evil, than to make a God to create the universe. Evil is undeveloped growth; it takes time to bring the lowest propensities into subjection to the higher powers of the brain, and make them do that which is best for themselves and best for all concerned with them.

Then, this accomplished, comes the age that poets have looked forward to—the millennium that Christians have been praying for and prating about, but which can never fall from heaven; the grand height to which man is to attain by marching from age to age. There is no possibility of bringing man forward in a moment of time; all that can be done is to allow the higher nature to govern the brute nature. Shall those men who are basely born—those men who never had a hundredth part of a chance on this planet, ever have an opportunity for expansion in the future? Is there only a place for them where suffering and torture are to afflict them forever? If so, I can understand them as questioning the wisdom and cursing the act of the power that placed them there. Shall these wretched beings never have a chance in the ages to come? They shall, every one of them! [Applause.] Nature has doomed us—placed before us the word—to eternal justice; placed before us in the great eternity something that will compensate us for all the past, however horrible it may have been. [Applause.] There is a life to come, to which we are all tending—a life of progress, of soul development. There is glory for us all. I heard some Methodists sing "glory" at a revival meeting last night, and it seemed to me that in view of this future for universal humanity we might also shout "glory!" The portals of the future open, and all souls shall find themselves at last at home! [Applause.]

## Matters in Europe.

But little of interest is to be gleaned from the telegrams up to the time of going to press. During the week several brilliant attempts were made by Bazarine to cut his way out of Metz, but each time he was repulsed. Some advantage was gained by the French over the Prussians in an action at Arzenay, near Orleans, in which the French were beaten. This has caused a scare at Tours.

There are rumors of serious disaffection in the French armies. The ultra Catholic party is enraged because Garibaldi is to have an important command. General Fleury has resigned because his soldiers cannot be armed with Chassepots, and for other reasons.

Paris is invested closely, and news of bombardment hourly expected, the troops within the walls being full of confidence.

A London special dispatch, dated Rouen, Oct. 11th, says that the provisional government is more anxious to effect the relief of Metz than even that of Paris. The former fortress contains eight hundred thousand Chassepots, immense quantities of ammunition and other stores.

Gambetta escaped with important dispatches from Paris by way of a balloon, and reached Tours in safety. His balloon burst just as he was about to enter Paris by negotiation, which he still believes possible, while the King and others have no faith in diplomatic success.

King Victor Emmanuel has issued an address setting forth the excellence of the unity of Italy just accomplished, and promising protection to the Pope as a spiritual potentate. The English court-martial, on account of the loss of the Iron-clad "Captain," have exonerated all parties concerned. The statement of the gunner, who, with seventeen others, escaped, was that a heavy squall struck the ship, which yielded to its force and capsized. Captain Burgoyne was on deck at the moment. He ordered the topmasts to be lowered, and the boats to be hoisted up as the vessel lay over the bottom of the hurricane deck was exposed to the full force of the wind, and acting as a huge sail, pressed her lower and lower into the water until she turned completely over. Her deck was buried up to the immense weight, pressing upon it, and she filled with water and went down like a stone.

A dispatch dated Tours, Oct. 12th, says that the ministry has just received the following news of an important French victory. The courier who brought the intelligence was permitted to pass through the Prussian lines. A battle occurred on Friday, the 7th inst., between Fort Mont de Valerien and St. Cloud, on the west side of Paris, the French under Gen. Duroc having made a sortie in force. The Prussians were completely defeated, and were forced to retreat to Versailles, entirely surrendering the position they had lately occupied, and from which they might have shelled the western part of Paris.

Berlin dispatches announce that, at the capitulation of Strasbourg, eleven hundred guns, of all sorts, twelve thousand chassepots, three tons of ammunition, and fifty locomotives of the Metz and Strasbourg railroad, which had been collected there, fell into Prussian hands.

## Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Executive Board of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association will hold a business meeting at three P.M., at the Banner of Light Circle Room, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 19. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

H. S. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 7th, Mrs. Celia Dickard, aged 33 years, and her only son Clarence, aged 13 years. Cause as yet a profound mystery. On Saturday morning the bodies of Mrs. Dickard and her son were found in their bed, cold in the embrace of death, with their throats cut in a most inhuman manner. Mrs. Dickard was a devoted, hard-working woman, who had been stricken with poverty, for long and weary years after the death of her husband from disease contracted in our civil war, until she had with the help of the small amount received from the Government as pension and bounty, placed herself beyond the need of cold charity. The dawn of better days seemed to be right at her door. She had secured a new meaning for her, as a sum of money had been left to her by her only child, by his grandfather, and she had made all the arrangements to send her son to college, and to secure for the following morning and evening her son's bequest. The carriage had been ordered to take her to the depot, her articles of apparel had all been carefully packed, a place secured for the son to board in her absence, another person sought to fill her place of labor while absent, and she might remain on her return; and yet after all these careful preparations these bright prospects for the future of the present life, a cruel fate had overtaken her. It is a possibility, a great one, that she had found its way to the public that it was a case of "break" or "clerk." Oh ye angels of the higher life, if it is possible, speak and tell us of the cause of this double change. Mrs. Dickard has left a dear mother, who is a case of "break" or "clerk." It has been her strength and support in her darkest hours. She could feel the presence of spirits, and knew they would ever be with her to counsel and to bless.

W. W. C.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

### THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN;

OR,  
Out of the Darkness into the Light.

A Story of Struggles, Trials, Doubts and Triumphs.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

Author of "In the Cup," "The Unknown," "Estelle Graham," "A Prince of the North," "Woman's Love and Passion," "Adown the Tide," "Deep Waters," "Guardian Angels," etc.

THIS is a fine story, and is written in a style that at once secures the interest and sympathy of the reader. The author is one of the best developed mediums of the day, and in his preface says: "I have written as I have been impelled to write by influences that I could not resist." The story is highly instructive as well as entertaining. Read the following table of

## CONTENTS.

- CHAPTER I—Katy's Visit to Dr. Graham's Office.  
"2—The Little Brown House.  
"3—Departure of Mrs. Graves.  
"4—Katy's Visit to her Mother.  
"5—Mr. Harris Introduced.  
"6—Katy and Carrie start for the City—Their Reception there.  
"7—The Courtship.  
"8—Carrie's Sickness.  
"9—Carrie joins her mother—Katy finds a Friend and Home.  
"10—Marion's Letter.  
"11—Henry and the Doctor.  
"12—Marion's Arrival—Katy's Discovery.  
"13—Mr. Grayson's Departure to a Higher Life.  
"14—Breaking Up and Removal—Katy's Story.  
"15—Talk on Spiritualism.  
"16—A Visit to a Medium.  
"17—Mr. Hall and his Theories.  
"18—Mr. Stanton and Kate start on their Journey.  
"19—Katy's Vision of her Mother.  
"20—A Glimpse of the Spirit-World—Mrs. Grayson Obays it.  
"21—The Hospital.  
"22—The Dawning of Light.  
"23—Katy finds her Father.  
"24—Henry and the Doctor again.  
"25—Henry's Inspiration.  
"26—Mr. Grayson's Recovery.—The Circle.—Katy finds her Brother.  
"27—The Circle in Henry's Studio.  
"28—Darkness and Light.  
"29—Investigations continued.  
"30—The Last Circle.  
"31—Life on the Ocean Wave.  
"32—Home Again.—Mr. Harris out of the Darkness into the Light.  
"33—The Lyceum.  
"34—The Lecture.  
"35—All's well that ends well.

Price \$1.50; postage 10 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 133 Washington street, Boston; also by our New York Agents, the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 115 Nassau street.

142. JUST PUBLISHED—142 ILLUSTRATIONS. 142.

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis,

ENTITLED,

## THE FOUNTAIN:

With Jets of New Meanings.

Illustrated with One Hundred and Forty-two Engravings.

Beautiful paper, fine press-work, superior binding. Price only \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

THIS BOOK IS TREASURING UP THOUGHTS FOR MEN AND PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.

THE young as well as the old can read it and study its lessons and illustrations with ever increasing pleasure and profit. "I have often thought," remarks the author, "if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of a wise man, and that of a fool. There are infinite reveries, numerous extravagancies, and a succession of vanities, which make the mind of a grown-up man and woman, and of little children and our young folks, the same reflection seems to be not less applicable. The power is truly attractive, leading the mind to a state likely to be equally entertaining and profitable to the other. It has thus far been reserved that among the hundreds of thousands of elderly persons who drink deeply and constantly at the fountain of life, more than a few score of young people realize the power of the fountain, and constantly a curious programme of subjects is presented in "THE FOUNTAIN." In the list of contents occur the following:

1. THE EVERLASTING O.
2. BRAVERY AND DESTINY OF MOTHER NATURE.
3. THE DAY OF THE FUTURE.
4. THE SOLITUDES OF ANIMAL LIFE.
5. INDICATION OF REASON IN ANIMALS.
6. FORMATION OF NATIONHOODS IN AMERICA.
7. THE WISDOM OF GETTING KNOWLEDGE.
8. THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.
9. LYCEUM TEACHINGS FOR CHILDREN.
10. IMAGINATION AS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE.
11. PROPHETIC DREAMS AND VISIONS DURING SLEEP.
12. TRUE AND FALSE WORSHIP.
13. ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.
14. REALMS OF SORROW AND SUPERSTITION.
15. EFFECTS OF A MISTAKE IN RELIGION.
16. OXENS AND GONGOLAS AND RELIGIOUSISTS.

First edition just published. It will have a rapid sale.

The price only \$1.00, postage 10 cents. Send your orders to the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., 133 Washington street, Boston.

## HOWARD'S

BOOK OF

## DRAWING-ROOM THEATRICALS.

A COLLECTION OF

## SHORT AND AMUSING PLAYS.

Specially adapted for Private Performance, with Practical Instructions for their Preparation and Management.

EDITED BY

CLARENCE J. HOWARD.

THIS book is designed to meet the evident demand for a collection of short plays suitable for "Home Theatricals." The compiler has had considerable experience in the management of private theatricals, and has selected a carefully chosen list of plays adapted in every particular for that sort of entertainment. Most pieces are too long, or require too many performers to make them suitable for the resources of an ordinary household, while others demand very elaborate costumes, not readily available. This collection of excellent plays is intended to meet all the objections just named. They may be represented in any moderately-sized parlor, without much preparation of costumes or scenery.

12 pp., 12 plays. Price 30 cents, postage free.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 133 Washington street, Boston.

## HUDSON'S

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

FOR HOME PERFORMANCE.

A COLLECTION OF

## HUMOROUS PLAYS.

Suitable for an Amateur Entertainment, with Directions how to carry out a Performance successfully.

EDITED BY

FRANCIS HUDSON.

Some of the plays in this collection are adapted for performance by only one or two persons, and are, in fact, cast, and all of them are in one scene and one act, and may be represented in any moderately-sized parlor, without much preparation of costumes or scenery.

100 pp., super cover. Price 30 cents, postage free.